EVENING CAPITAL JOURNAL, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1898.

THE PRACTICAL THEME OF DR. TAL-MAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Religion Is Applicable to the Commonportance of Small Things-"In All Thy Ways Acknowledge Him."

BROOKLYN, Sept. 3.-Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in selecting a topic for today chose one of practical value to all classes -viz, "Week Day Religion." The text is from Proverbs iii, 6, "In all thy ways acknowledge him."

There has been a tendency in all lands and ages to set apart certain days, places and occasions for aspecial religions service, and to think that they formed the realm in which religion was chiefly to act. Now, while holy days and holy places have their use, they can never be a substitute for continuous exercise of faith and prayer.

In other words, a man cannot be so good a Christian on Sabbath that he can afford to be a worldling all the week. If a steamer start for Southampton and sail one day in that direction and the other six days sail in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to is his amazement to find that the man Southampton? Just as soon as the man who carries around the poor box is the will get to heaven who sails on the Sabbath day toward that which is good, and the other six days of the week sails toward the world, the flesh and the devil. You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence all the rest of the week.

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GENUINE RELIGION NOT SPASMODIC.

week.

Genuine religion is not spasmodic, does not go by fits and starts, is not an his pocket, that God is looking right attack of chills and fever-now cold un- through the iron wall of his money safe, til your teeth chatter, now hot until and that the day of judgment is coming, your bones ache. Genuine religion and that "as the partridge sitteth on marches on steadily, up steep hills and eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer along dangerous declivities, its eye ever on the everlasting hills crowned with leave them in the midst of his days, and got her death by smelling of a poisoned the castles of the blessed.

I propose, so far as God may help me, to show you how we may bring our re- religion of Christ into their everyday ligion into ordinary life and practice it occupation. They think religion is for drink of water at a Franciscan convent. in common things-yesterday, today, Sundays. tomorrow.

And, in the first place, I remark, we ought to bring religion into our ordinary | would you go to do the battling at Troy conversation. A dam breaks, and two or three villages are submerged, a South there to get your swords and muskets. American earthquake swallows a city, and people begin to talk about the uncertainty of human life, and in that conversation think they are engaging in religious service when there may be no religion at all. I have noticed that in proportion as Christian experience is shallow men talk about about funerals and deathbeds and hearses and tombstones and epitaphs.

If a man have the religion of the gospel in its full power in his soul, he will talk chiefly about this world and the eternal world and very little comparatively about the insignificant pass between this and that. Yet how seldom it is that the religion of Christ is a welcome theme! If a man full of the gospel of Christ goes into a religious circle and begins to talk about sacred things, all the conversation is hushed, and things

WEEK DAY RELIGION. | cant thing in your life is of enough im- anxieties, you have your vexations. portance to attract the attention of the "Oh," you say, "they don't shape my Lord God Almighty?

My brother, you cannot be called to I have lost my property, I have been a do anything so insignificant but God very different man from what I was." will help you in it. If you are a fisher- My brother, it is the little annoyances man, Christ will stand by you as he did of your life that are souring your disby Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. position, clipping your moral character place Affairs of Life-The Aggregate Im- Are you a drawer of water? He will and making you less and less of a man. be with you as at the well curb when You go into an artist's studio. You talking with the Samaritan woman. see him making a piece of sculpture. Are you a custom house officer? Christ You say, "Why don't you strike hardwill call you as he did Matthew at the er?" With his mallet and his chisel he receipt of custom. The man who has goes click, click, click! and you can only a day's wages in his pocket as cerhardly see from stroke to stroke that tainly needs religion as he who rattles there is any impression made upon the the keys of a bank and could abscond stone, and yet the work is going on. with a hundred thousand hard dollars. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?"

And yet there are men who profess the "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter religion of Jesus Christ who do not bring the statue. I must make it in this way, the religion of the gospel into their ordistroke by stroke." And he continues on nary occupations and employments. by week and month until after awhile There are in the churches of this day

every man that enters the studio is fasmen who seem very devout on the Sabcinated. bath who are far from that during the Well, I find God dealing with some week. A country merchant arrives in this city, and he goes into the store to shaping him for eternity. I say, "O buy goods of a man who professes reli-Lord, why not with one tremendous blow gion, but has no grace in his heart. The of calamity shape that man for the next world?" God says, "That's not the way country merchant is swindled. He is too exhausted to go home that week; he tar-I deal with this man; it is stroke after ries in town. On Sabbath he goes to stroke, annoyance after annoyance, irritation after irritation, and after awhile he will be done and a glad spectacle for angels and men." very one who swindled him. But never mind. The deacon has his black coat on

Not by one great stroke, but by ter now and looks solemn and goes home thousand little strokes of misfortune are talking about that blessed sermon! Chrismen fitted for heaven. You know that tians on Sunday. Worldings during the large fortunes can soon be scattered by being paid out in small sums of money GOD SEES SMALL SINS. and the largest estate of Christian char-

That man does not realize that God acter is sometimes entirely lost by these knows every dishonest dollar he has in small depletions. We must bring the religion of Jesus Christ to help us in these little annoyances. Do not say that anything is too insignificant to affect your character. getteth riches and not by right shall match may destroy a temple. A queen at his end shall be a fool." But how rose. The scratch of a sixpenny nail many there are who do not bring the may give you the lockjaw. Columbus, by asking for a piece of bread and a

came to the discovery of a new world. Suppose you were to go out to fight And there is a great connection between for your country in some great contest, trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

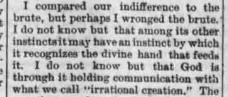
or at Springfield? No, you would go Do you not suppose that God cares for your insignificant sorrows? Why, my Then you would go out in the face of the friends, there is nothing insignificant in enemy and contend for your country. your life. How dare you take the re-Now, I take the Sabbath day and the sponsibility of saying that there is? Do church to be only the armory where we you not know that the whole universe is are to get equipped for the great battle not ashamed to take care of one violet? I say: "What are you doing down there of life, and that battlefield is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friin the grass, poor little violet? Nobody day and Saturday. "Antioch," and "St. Martin's" and "Old Hundred" are not knows you are here. Are you not afraid nights? You will die with thirst. Nobody cares for you. You will suffer; you will perish." "No," says a star, "Til worth much if we do not sing all the week. A sermon is of little account if watch over it tonight." "No," says the cloud, "I'll give it drink." "No," says we cannot carry it behind the counter and behind the plow. The Sabbath day is of no value if it last only 24 hours. the sun, "I'll warm it in my bosom." And then the wind rises and comes

"Oh," says some one, "if I had a great sphere, I would do that. If I could have bending down the grain and sounding lived in the time of Martin Luther, if 1 its psalm through the forest, and I say could have been Paul's traveling com-"Whither away, O wind, on such swift wing?" and it answers, "I am going to panion, if I had some great and resounding work to do, then I should put into application all that you say." I must I see pulleys at work in the sky, and the become exceedingly awkward. As on a admit that the romance and knight er- clouds are drawing water, and I say, summer day, the forests full of song and rantry have gone out of life. There is "What are you doing there, O clouds?" chirp and carol, mighty chorus of bird but very little of it left in the world. They say, "We are drawing water for harmonies, every branch an orchestra. The temples of Rouen have been changed that violet." And then I look down into if a hawk appears in the sky, all the into smithies. The classic mansion at the grass, and I say, "Can it be that God voices are hushed, so I have sometimes Ashland has been cut up into walking takes care of a poor thing like you?" and sticks. The muses have retreated be- the answer comes up, "Yes, yes; God fore the emigrant's ax and the trapper'. clothes the grass of the field, and he has gun, and a Vermonter might go over the never forgotten me, a poor violet." Oh, Alleghany and the Rocky mountains and my friends, if the heavens bend down to see neither an Oread nor a Sylph. such insignificent ministry as that, I tell The groves where the gods used to you God is willing to bend down to your dwell have been cut up for firewood, and case, since he is just as careful about the man who is looking for great spheres the construction of a spider's eye as he and great scenes for action will not find | is in the conformation of flaming galthem. And yet there are Alps to scale, axies. Plato had a fable which I have now and there are Hellesponts to swim, and nearly forgotton, but it ran something they are in common life. It is absurd like this: He said spirits of the other for you to say that you would serve God world came back to this world to find a body and find a sphere of work. One serve him on a small scale, you would not on a large scale. If you cannot and did his work. Another spirit came stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk? A TARIFF ON ANNOYANCES. Our national government does not taken, and all the grand work is taken. thing it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. one replied, "Ah, the best one has been much, but in the aggregate to millions that?" And the reply was, "The body and millions of dollars. And I would of a common man, doing a common have you, oh, Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This good fable for the church. might not amount to much in single But, I remark again, we ought to cases, but in the aggregate it would be a bring the religion of Jesus Christ into great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. the president of the United States and A bee can suck honey even out of a the governors make proclamation, and nettle, and if you have the grace of God we are called together in our churches in your heart you can get sweetness out to give thanks to God for his goodness. of that which would otherwise irritate But every day ought to be a thanksgiv-If a man have the grace of God in his and annoy. A returned missionary told We take most of the blessings ing day. me that a company of adventurers rowof life as a matter of course. We have ing up the Ganges were stung to death had ten thousand blessings this morning by flies that infest that region at certain for which we have not thanked God. seasons. I have seen the earth strewn Before the night comes we will have a thousand more blessings you will never think of mentioning before God. HOW TO APPRECIATE OUR BLESSINGS. conquer these small troubles. We must see a blind man led along by Suppose a soldier should say, "This is his dog before we learn what a grand thing it is to have one's eyesight. few enemies-I won't load my gun; wait must see a man with St. Vitus' dance beuntil I get into some great general enfore we learn what a grand thing it is gagement." That man is a coward and to have the use of our physical energies? would be a coward in any sphere. If a We must are some soldier crippled, limpman does not serve his country in a ing along on his crutch or his empty skirmish, he will not in a Waterloo. And coatsleeve pinned up, before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use if you are not faithful going out against the single handed misfortunes of this of all our physical faculties. In other words, we are so stupid that nothing but to the standing of tenants, and for a congreat disasters with their thundering arthe misfortunes of others can wake us tillery came rolling down over the soul. up to an appreciation of our common This brings me to another point. We SHIDURS. ought to bring the religion of Jesus We get on board a train and start for Christ into all our trials. If we have a Boston and come to Norwalk bridge, some great trouble blast like the tem- and the "draw" is off and crash! goes the pest, then we go to God for comfort, but train. Fifty lives dashed out. We esyesterday in the little annoyances of cape. We come home in great exciteour store or office or shop or factory or ment and call our friends around us, and they congratulate us, and we all kneel banking house did you go to God for down and thank God for our escape two or three companies may be necesunder a cow's hoof sounds as loudiy in God's car as the snap of a world's con-fiagration, and that the most insignifi- have your misfortunes, you have your

you get to Boston in sarety. 'Inen you return home. Not an accident, not an alarm. No thanks. character. Since I lost my child, since In other words, you seem to be more grateful when 50 people lose their lives and you get off than you are grateful to God when you all get off and you have no alarm at all. Now, you ought to be thankful when you escape from accident, but more thankful when they all escape. In the one case your gratitude is somewhat selfish; in the other it is more like what it ought to be.

Oh, these common mercies, these Oh. these common mercies, these common blessings, how little we appre-ciate them and how soon we forget them! Like the ox grazing, with the clover up to its eyes, like the bird pick-ing the worm set of the form ing the worm out of the furrow-never thinking to thank God, who makes the grass grow and who gives life to every living thing from the animalculæ in the sod to the seraph on the throne. Thanksgiving on the 27th of November, in the autumn of the year, but blessings hour

man. He is shaping him for time and at all. by hour and day by day and no thanks



cow that stands under the willow by the water course chewing its cud looks very thankful, and who can tell how much a bird means by its song? The aroma of the flowers smells like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the smoke of a morning sacrifice. Oh, that we were as responsive!

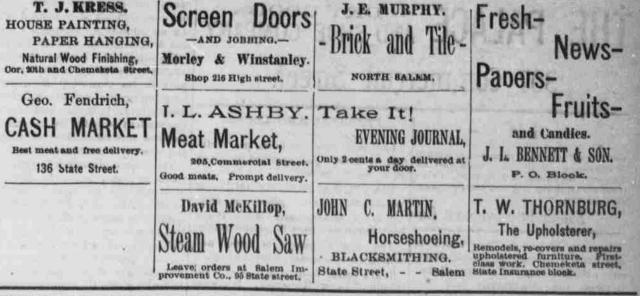
If you were thirsty and asked me for a drink and I gave you this glass of water, your common instinct would reply, "Thank you." And yet, how many chalices of mercy we get hour by hour from the hand of the Lord, our Father and our King, and we do not even think to say, "Thank you." More just to men than we are just to God. INGRATITUDE.

Who thinks of thanking God for the water gushing up in the well, foaming in the cascade, laughing over the rocks, pattering in the shower, clapping its hands in the sea? Who thinks to thank hands in the sea? Who thinks to thank R. P. BOISE. Attorney at law, Salem, Ore God for that? Who thinks to thank R. gon. Office 274 Commercial street. God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer day? Who thinks to thank God for this won-H. J. BIGGER, Attorney at law, Salem, Ore derful physical organism, this sweep of derful physical organism, this sweep of vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this crimson tide rolling National bank, Salem, Oregon. into the ear, this crimson tide rolling through arteries and veins, this drumming of the heart on the march of immortality?

I convict myself, and I convict every one of you while I say these things, that we are unappreciative of the common mercies of life. And yet if they were withdrawn, the heavens would withhold their rain, and the earth would crack open under our feet, and famine and desolation and sickness and woe would stalk across the earth, and the whole earth would become a place of skulls.

Oh, my friends, let us wake up to an appreciation of the common mercies of life. Let every day be a Sabbath, every life. Let every day be a Sabbath, every meal a sacrament, every room a holy of holies. We all have burdens to bear; let office sio Commercial street, in Eldridge bio Residence 470 Commercial street.





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East and South

-VIA-

THE SHASTA ROUTE

seen a social circle that professed to be Christian silenced by the appearance of the great theme of God and religion.

Now, my friends, if we have the religion of Christ in our soul, we will talk about it in an exhilarant mood. It is more refreshing than the waters, it is brighter than the sunshine, it gives a man joy here and prepares him for everlasting happiness before the throne of God. And yet, if the theme of religion be introduced into a circle, everything is silenced-silenced unless perhaps an aged Christian man in the corner of the if you had a great sphere. If you do not room, feeling that something ought to be said, puts one foot over the other and sighs heavily and says, "Oh, yes; that's 80!

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is not something to be groaned about, but something to 'talk about and sing about, your face irradiated. The trouble is that men professing the faith of the The individual taxes do not amount to gospel are often so inconsistent that they are afraid their conversation will not harmonize with their life. We cannot talk the gospel unless we live the gospel. You will often find a man whose entire life is full of inconsistencies filling his conversation with such expressions as, "We are miserable sinners," "The Lord help us," "The Lord bless you," interlarding their conversation

with such phrases, which are mere canting, and canting is the worst kind of hypocrisy.

heart dominant, he can talk religion, and it will seem natural, and men, instead of being repulsed by it, will be attracted ! by it. Do you not know that when two Christian people talk as they ought about with the carcasses of men slain by insect the things of Christ and heaven God annoyances. The only way to get pregives special attention, and he writes it pared for the great troubles of life is to all down. Malachi iii, 16, "Then they that feared the Lord talked one to the other, and the Lord hearkened and heard, only a skirmish, and there are only a and a book of remembrance was writ-

RELIGION IN EVERYDAY AFFAIRS.

But I remark again, we ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary employments. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory for a man who manages a large business, who has great the single handed misfortunes of this traffic, who holds a great estate-it is a life you would not be faithful when grand thing for bankers and for shippers-but in my thread and needle store, in my trimming establishment, in my insignificant work of life, you cannot apply those grand gospel principles." Who told you that? Do you not know that a faded leaf on a brook's surface attracts God's attention as certainly as the path of a blazing sun, and that the moss that creeps up the side of the rock attracts God's attention as certainly as the way-ing tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon

battles to fight; let us conrageously fight them. S. C. BROWNE, M. D., Physician and Sur-them. S. connerclai street. If we want to die right, we must live

DR. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 92 State street Balem, Oregon. Fluished dental opera, tions of every description. Painless jopera-tions a specialty. right. You go home and attend to your little sphere of duties. I will go home and attend to my little sphere of duties. You cannot do my work; I cannot do your work. Negligence and indolence Vania Office, Besh-Breyman Block, Salem. will win the hiss of everlasting scorn. W. D. PUOH, Architect, plans, specifica-tions and superintendence for al. classes of buildings. Office 250 Commercial while faithfulness will gather its gar-

lands and wave its scepter and sit upon street, up stairs. its throne long after the world has put on ashes and eternal ages have begun

their march.

Dancing Amid Daisies.

A "daisy dance" is the latest in entertainments given by an original young spirit came and took the body of a king lady at her summer home. Adjoining the old homestead is a great daisy field. and took the body of a poet and did his The white petals of the flowers stretch work. After awhile Ulysses came, and afar before one's eyes in a sheet of snowy he said: "Why, all the fine bodies are whiteness. In the center of this field was erected a dancing platform. At one There is nothing left for me." And some | end the musicians sat beneath a mammoth daisy, that had been made by the left for you." Ulysses said, "What's village carpenter and draped with white cheese cloth. The sides of the waxed dancing floor were also draped with this work and for a common reward." A inexpensive material to harmonize with good fable for the world and just as the whiteness of the surrounding daisy field.

The young hosteas received her friends in the white and bamboo furnished parour ordinary blessings. Every autumn lor of the country house dressed in a simply made white silk mulle gown, and wearing only gold jewelry and natural daisies for ornaments. The mantel before which she stood and the wide window sills were banked with daisies, and trailing about the mirrors and in great jardiniers were those same pretty field blossoms. The lady guests were requested to wear white of any material, but Repairing a Specialty. surely white, with daisies for floral decorations. And the chaste airiness of the

fair ones as they danced in the light of a bright July moon can best be imagined .-- New York Advertiser.

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