

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S
STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Moses and Miriam on the
Banks of the Red Sea."

TEXT: "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, singing and dancing. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."—Exodus xv., 20, 21.

Sermonizers are naturally so busy in getting the Israelites safely through the parted Red sea and the Egyptian army drowned in the returning waters that but little time is ordinarily given to what the Lord's people did after they got well up high and dry on the beach. That was the beach of the Red sea, which is at its greatest width 200 miles and at its least width 12 miles. Why is the adjective "red" used in describing this water? It is called the Red sea because the mountains on its western coast look as though sprinkled with brick dust, and the water is colored with red seaweed and has red zoophytes and red coral.

This sea was by the heels of Egyptian, Phœnician and Arabian ships anchored in an insignificant pond or puddle on the beach, which my text calls us to stand. I hear upon it the sound of a tambourine, for which the timbrel was only another name—an instrument of music made out of a circular hoop, with pieces of metal fixed in the sides of it, which made a ringing sound, and over which hoop a piece of parchment was stretched, and this was beaten by the knuckles of the performer.

The Israelites, standing on the beach of the Red sea, were making music on their deliverance from the pursuing Egyptians, and I hear the Israelitish men with their deep bass voices, and I hear the timbrel of Miriam, as she leads the women in their jubilee. Rather lively instruments, you say, for religious service, the timbrel or tambourine. But I think God sanctified it. And I rather think we will have to put a little more of the festive into our religious services and drive out the dolorous and funeral, and the day may come when the timbrel will resume its place in the sanctuary. But that which occupied the attention of all the men and women of that Israelitish host was the celebration of their victory. They had crossed. They had triumphed. They were free.

More wonder was this victory and defeat than when the hosts of Richard overcame the hosts of Saladin at Azzotus, than when at Bannockburn Scotland was set free; than when the Earl of Northumberland was driven back at Epsom Moor, than when at the battle of Wakefield York was slain, than when at Bosworth Field Richard was left dead, than when the Athenians under Miltiades at Marathon put the Persians to flight, for this victory of my text was gained without sword or catapult or spear. The weapon was a lifted and prostrated sea. "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day feels much as Moses and Miriam did when they stood on the banks of the Red sea after their safe emergence from the waters. By the help of God and the generosity of our friends here and elsewhere our \$140,000 of floating church debt is forever gone, and this house, which with the ground upon which it stands, represents \$410,000, I this day reconsecrate to God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. A stranger might ask how could this church get rid of a floating debt, stout as any that ever rolled across the Red sea of my text.

Examine all the pages of church history and all the pages of the sacred scriptures, and show me an organization, sacred and secular, that ever had to build three great structures, two of them destroyed by fire. Take any of your biggest insurance companies, or your biggest banks, or your biggest newspaper establishments and let them have to build three times on the same foundation, and it would cost them a struggle if not demolition. My text speaks of the Red sea once crossed, but the Red sea would not have so much overcome us. It was with us Red sea after Red sea. Three Red seas yet to cross, and then God, we stand on the shore, and we are content in absence of a timbrel we chant "Sing ye unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

But why the great expense of this structure? My answer is the immensity of the firmness of it. It cost over \$34,000 to the cellar before one stone was laid, reaching as the foundation does from street to street, and then the building of the house was constructed in a way, we are told by experienced builders who had nothing to do with it, for durability of foundation wall such as characterizes hardly any other building in this city. To the day of your death and mine, and for our children and grandchildren after us, it will stand here a house of God and a gate of heaven.

For me personally this is a time of gladness more than tongue or pen orte can tell. For twenty-four years I had been building churches in Brooklyn and seeing them burn until I felt I could endure the strain no longer, and I had written my resignation as pastor and had appointed to read it two Sabbaths ago and close my work in Brooklyn forever. I felt that my chief work was yet to be done, but that I could not do it with the Alps on one shoulder and the Himalayas on the other. But God has intervened, and the way is clear, and I am here and expect to be here until my work on earth is done.

My thanks must be first to God and then to all who have contributed by large gift or small to this emancipation. Thanks to the men, women and children who have helped, and sometimes helped with their sacrifice. I know must have won the applause of the heavens. If you could only read with me a few of the thousands of letters that have come to my desk in The Christian Herald, you would know how deep their sympathy and how large their love. "I have been a language of one noble youth," writes a mother in this day make new work in all departments resume our work for God and our prayers have been answered. The Brooklyn Tabernacle, Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

clear through the struggles of this life, we would never shout at all. Copy the habit of Miriam and Moses. The moment you get a victory celebrate it. The time and place to hold a jubilee for the safe crossing of the Red sea is on its beach and before you leave it. It is awful, the delayed hosannas, the belated halleluiahs, the postponed doxologies, the trains of thanksgiving coming in so long after they are due!

The time to thank God for a rescue from temptation is the moment after you have broken the wine flask. The time to thank God for your salvation is the moment after the first flush of pardon. The time to be grateful for the comfort of your bereft soul is the first moment of Christ's appearance at the mausoleum of Lazarus, the time for Miriam's tambourine to sound its most jubilant note is the moment the last Israelite puts his foot on the sand on the parted inland ocean. Alas, that when God's mercies have such swift wings our praises should have such long feet!

Notice that Miriam's song in my text had for its burden the overthrow of the enemy. It was not so much the infantry or the men on foot over whose defeat she rejoiced with ringing timbrel, but over the men on horseback, the mounted troops. "The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." True, the mausoleum of war is the cavern of Wilton, says that in that host that crossed the Red sea there were 50,000 cavalrymen. Euphrates rode into battle with 5000 cavalrymen and Alexander with 7000. Marlborough defeated his cavalry for the triumph at Blenheim. It was not alone the snow that despoiled the French armies in retreat from Moscow, but the mounted Cossacks, Czarism decided the battles of Lutzen and Leipzig and Winchester and Hanover Court House and Five Forks. Some of you may have been in the countless raids led on by the mounted troops of the Mongols or the Tartars, or the Cossacks, or the Cuirassiers, or the Hussars, or the Lancers, or the Dragoons, or the Cavalry. The army saddles are the thrones of battle. Hurricanes in stirrups are the cavalrymen.

No wonder that Miriam was chiefly grateful that the Egyptian cavalrymen, pursuing the Israelites half the way to the Red sea, were unassisted, unstrapped, unhorsed.

I have to tell you, O child of God, that the Lord, who is on your side now and forever, has at His disposal and under His command all waters, all winds, all lightnings, all time and all eternity. Come, look me in the face while I utter the word God commands me to speak to you, "two weapons formed against you shall prosper." Don't throw away your tambourine. You will want it as surely as you sit there and I stand here, and the trumpet will play on it, whether standing on beach of time or beach of eternity, will be the tune that Miriam played when she cried "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

I expect to have a good laugh with you in heaven, for the Bible says in Luke, sixth chapter, twenty-first verse, "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." We shall not spend all eternity again singing, but sometimes in review of the past, as Christ says, we shall laugh. There is nothing wrong in laughter. It all depends on what you laugh at, and when you laugh. Nothing, it seems, will more thoroughly kindle our heavenly hilarities after we have got inside the portals of heaven than to see in this world we are so proud of things which ought not to have brought us to tears at all. How often we work our way up to a great step about nothing. The Red sea is a great step about nothing. The Egyptian cavalrymen may be well mounted, but if they trust the Lord we will go through no more hurt by the water than when in Babylon we sailed our garments to the king and barefoot crossed the mud we trod on the old homestead. The Red sea may seem to be against you, but I guess it will be right with you if you have God on your side, and all the angelic, choroidal, seraphic and archangelic kingdoms. If God be for you, who can be against you?

But let us rejoice Miriam a little for the instrument of music she played in the divine service on the sandy beach. Why did she not take some other instrument? The harp was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? The cymbal was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? The trumpet was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? Amid that great host there must have been musical instruments more used in religious service. No, she took that which she liked the best and on which she could repose, first that of the retreat of the waves of the Red sea, and then the triumph of the clapping of the hands of their destruction. I withdrew my criticism of Miriam. I never once take her or her best mode of divine worship and celebration. My idea of heaven is a place where we can do as we please and be everything we want. Of course we will do nothing wrong and want nothing harmful.

How much of the material and physical will finally make up the heavenly world I know not, but I think Gabriel will have his trumpet, and David his harp, and Handel his organ, and Thibault his piano, and the great Norwegian performer his violin, and Miriam her timbrel, and as I cannot carry music on any of them I think I will move around among all of them and list. But there are my friends of the Scotch Covenanter church who do not like musical instruments at all in divine worship, and they need not have them.

What a day it will be when we stand on the beach of heaven and look back on the Red sea of this world's sin and trouble and celebrate the fact that we have got through and got over and got up, our sins and our troubles attempting to follow gone clear down under the waves.

Oh, crimson floods roll over them and drown them, and drown them forever! In an looking forward to eternal socialities. To be with God and never sin against Him. To be with Christ and forever feel His love. To walk together in robes of white with those with whom on earth we walked together in black garment of mourning. To gather up the members of our scattered families and embrace them with no embarrassment, though all heaven be looking on.

A mine in Scotland caved in and caught amid the rocks a young man who in a few days was to have been united in holy marriage. No one could tell his name, but some one made her belief that he had changed his mind about the marriage, and fully disappeared. Fifty years passed on, when one day the miners delving in the earth suddenly came on the body of that young man who had all those years been kept from the altar and looked just as it was the day of the calamity. Strong, manly, noble youth, he sat there looking at the day he died. But no one recognized the silent form.

Massachusetts Insurance.
Boston, May 26.—Insurance Commissioner Merrill in his annual report, says the entire insurance in force at the end of the year by all companies in the State was \$4,077,168.44 and the number of policies 1,471,908.

Another Monte Carlo Victim.
St. Louis, May 29.—A despatch from the States that an American named Clerk had lost a fortune at Monte Carlo.

Nature invariably does two things when she tries to grow a tree, she protects the bark from the hottest sunshine, and roots from severe changes of temperature. Both these points are invariably overlooked by man.

Observe a maple or elm or birch as it shoots up from the ground. Its sides are clothed all the way with small twigs, unless removed by knife or browsing.

Any tree starting in an open lot is thus protected from the sun. Otherwise the extreme heat will rupture cells, and the bark will dry or split. As far as possible there must be equal development of cells on all sides of the tree. But care of the roots is even more important.

The feeding of a tree is at unequal depths, but most of it is near the surface. If the sun be allowed to strike directly on the soil the finer rootlets that do the foraging are destroyed, and extreme droughts will affect the roots for a foot in depth.

What is worse, the extreme changes of temperature also affect the tree and suck its life away. In some cases such conditions are produced as encourage the development of fungi or other enemies to plant life.

Nature guards against this by laying down each autumn a layer of leaves to smother her forests or solitary pets.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Inflicted with sore eyes see Dr. Thompson's eye water. Druggists sell at 25c. p. bottle.

The perfectly round pearls are the most valuable.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Cheaper, Anywhere.

There are no undertakers in Japan and when a person dies it is the custom for his nearest relatives to put him in a coffin and bury him.



Profoundly Grateful For Help Derived From Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I am profoundly impressed with the medical virtues of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was threatened with cancer, and disagreeable eruptions on my back and other places. The cancer was appearing on my leg. I had been using various remedies, but nothing had done me any good. I had nearly given up, when I obtained a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and by the time it was gone the cancer had nearly disappeared. I have used four bottles, and I believe it has saved me from premature death. I am now almost 35 years of age and I work like a tiger. And I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has had much to do with my vigor and strength." REV. O. H. POWER, 324 Hanover Street, Chicago, Ill.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, for indigestion, cure headache, 25 cents.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE NOT R.P.

Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair, they will give you more comfort and service for the money than any other make. Best in the world.

\$5.00	\$3.00
\$4.00	\$2.50
\$3.50	\$2.00
\$2.50	\$1.75
\$2.25	\$1.50
\$2.00	\$1.25
FOR GENTLEMEN	FOR LADIES
FOR BOYS	FOR MISSSES

W. L. Douglas Shoes are made in all the Latest Styles.

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE don't pay \$6 to \$8, try my \$3.50, \$4 or \$5 Shoe. They will fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, you can do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. My name and price is stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy. Take no substitute. I send shoes by mail on receipt of price, postage free, when Shoe Dealers cannot supply you. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived—With Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the face and burn the eyes. The RISEING SUN Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

How Paper Money Started.

Paper money developed from the bills of exchange or certificates of the banks and was probably first issued by the Italian bankers of the fourteenth century. Governments found it an easy way of obtaining money in times of necessity, being, in effect, a forced loan from the people. Paper bills are promises to pay and when the Government issues them in exchange for supplies or services it has actually borrowed just so much from the man to whom it pays them. It, however, allows him to pass this note in payment of his debts, so instead of being a loan from him singly, it is a loan from the whole people.

The ease with which the notes may be issued has led many Governments into disastrous experiments in time of war and stress, the promises being issued in such profusion that they become of no value.

The continental currency issued during the Revolution by the American Congress and the assignats of the French Revolution may be instanced. Paper money depends for its value on the ability of the authority that issues it to give value for it when payment is demanded. When the issue of the Civil War was in doubt the value of the greenbacks issued by the United States sank to one-third their face value, due partly to a lack of confidence in the Government, and due still more to the certainty that payment of the notes must be indefinitely postponed.

Even when the war closed and there was no longer doubt of the Government, the currency was depreciated for thirteen years. The Government was in the position of the man known to his neighbors as "good but slow pay." His notes pass at a discount. The Government was known to be good for the amount, and it was certain that it would be ready to redeem its notes some day, but that was not enough for the man who wanted to see the money right away. He thus passed the note at a discount.

The value of paper money thus depends at any given moment on the promise of the Government to redeem it. If the promise will be met when the notes are presented they pass at their face value. If there is a doubt on this point the notes must pass at a discount, greater or less, according to circumstances. If there is no chance that they will ever be paid they are worth nothing at all. As the United States Government has stood since 1790 to redeem in gold any notes as soon as presented, its currency passes without question at its face value. San Francisco Examiner.

Future Sovereigns.

Our readers may like to have before them a list of the heirs to the thrones of the world. We give below what we believe to be an accurate as well as a full list of all the important heirs apparent and heirs presumptive to the crowns of important countries in Europe and Asia, except China. There is no longer any monarchy on the American continent, although foreign monarchial countries still have American dependencies. The date following the description of the heir is the year of his birth:

Austria-Hungary. Archduke Karl Ludwig, brother of the Emperor. 1833.
Bavaria. Prince Luitpold, uncle of the King. 1821.
Belgium. Prince Philippe, Count of Flanders, brother of the King. 1837.

Bulgaria. No heir.
Denmark. Prince Frederick, son of the King. 1843.
Germany and Prussia. Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, son of the Emperor-King. 1882.
Great Britain. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, son of the Queen. 1841.

Greece. Prince Konstantinos, son of the King. 1868.
Italy. Vittorio Emanuele, Prince of Naples, son of the King. 1869.
Japan. Prince Yoshihito, son of the Emperor. 1877.
Montenegro. Prince Danilo Alexander, son of the reigning Prince. 1871.

Netherlands. No heir. Queen a minor.
Persia. Muzaffer-ed-din, son of the Shah. 1853.
Portugal. Prince Luis Felipe, Duke of Braganza, son of the King. 1847.

Roumania. Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, nephew of the King. 1865.
Russia. Grand Duke Nicholas, son of the Emperor. 1868.
Saxony. Prince George, Duke of Saxony, brother of the King. 1832.
Serbia. No heir. King a minor.

Siam. Prince Soudetch Chompha Maha Vajirunnis, son of the King. 1878.
Spain. Infanta Maria-de-las-Mercedes, sister of the King. 1880.
Sweden and Norway. Prince Gustaf, Duke of Wermland, son of the King. 1858.
Turkey. Mehmed-Reshad Effendi, brother of the Sultan. 1844.

Bowser thinks he would like to be a physician. When a doctor treats, he says, it is the other fellow that puts up the money.—Boston Transcript.

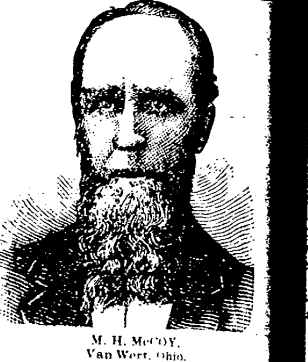
Keep poisons labelled, and out of the way of children.

"German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boesch's German Syrup was made about fifteen years ago. I contracted a cough which resulted in a hoarseness which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of months. After trying a physician without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J.

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CURES CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS
ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
LAXATIVE FOR A CASIE WILL NOT CURE
An agreeable Laxative and Nerve Tonic
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 25c. per bottle and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.
KO NO The Favorite Remedy for the Teeth and Throat, etc.

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Acted like Magic! Suffered Years with Kidneys and Liver. LIFE WAS A BURDEN!

Mr. McCoy is a wealthy and influential citizen of Van Wert, and a man known for miles around. See what he says:—"For years I was a terrible sufferer with Kidney and Liver trouble, also nervous prostration and poor health in general. I was all run down and life a burden. I tried physicians and every available remedy, but found no relief. I was induced to give Swamp-Root a trial, which acted like magic, and to-day I am entirely cured and as good a man as ever. It is without question the greatest remedy in the world. Any one in doubt of this statement can address me."

M. H. MCCOY, Van Wert, Ohio.
Guarantee.—If one of our bottles of Swamp-Root is not benefited, the "Kidney and Liver" will refund the money.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" and Consultation Free.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.
At Druggists, 50c. or \$1.00 per bottle.

Dr. Kilmer's Parilla Liver Pills ARE THE BEST! 42 Pills, 25 cents.

Getting Thin

is often equivalent to getting ill. If loss of flesh can be arrested and disease baffled the "weak spots" in the system are eradicated.

Scott's Emulsion

is an absolute corrective of "weak spots." It is a builder of worn out failing tissue—nature's food that stops waste and creates healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bown, Chemists, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Our book on Hood and Pills Diseases named.

FOR THE LADIES.

A FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR At a recent charity bazaar, the Princess d'Arenberg's real estate, Vienna, Austria, one of the most valuable stallholders was the Marquess of Avenberg. An English who was present offered to pay for the charity if the marchioness gave him only one kiss. This was the great joy of the onlookers. The kiss was paid for on the spot with a five thousand dollar note.—[Chicago Herald.]

THE NEWEST JEWELRY. The latest fads in jewelry are green frogs and tortoiseshells made of emeralds. Besides these there are emeralds and serpents. A wild wing is the newest design for brooches and brooch. The daintiest brooches consist of three tiny carved in colored stones and pearls, gold or enamelled twig. Diamond ornaments for the corsage are represent bows and strands of pearls. The bow is usually worn on the left and the ribbons follow the curve of the bodice.—[Detroit Free Press.]

CAPE OF LACE. Lace capes, fashioned much like winter models, with velvet of furs and collars, have made a appearance, like many other of the fashions, long before they are new. These capes are very handsome, especially those which are only lined with expensive cut jet or fringes. Some costly French models are lined throughout with velvet, dotted with cabochons, and the models are lined throughout with jetted galloon in stripes falling from the cape from the yoke.—[New York World.]

WOMAN IN JAPAN.

Every fold of the dress, every sash, has its meaning in Japan. It tells the sex of the tiniest garments, for the little girls have the brightest, gayest colors. Every woman is a walking biography of herself. You know by the dress, the sash her rank, her age, her position. The wife's dress differs from the maid's and womanhood has its insignia, which other women may not wear. You might object to the dress, but it is considered quite as much of a privilege to ask a woman her age as to ask a man her age. She will always answer you at once, saying: "How old do you think?" and (Cal.) Echo.

FEMININITY'S MANY PAGES.

Women who meddle with the world are beginning to wear badges to represent their orders. The knights of old. The college girls have their class colors in red or blue. In addition she is a colonial. The will probably wear a badge of buff, and white in enamel and gold. Justifies to her ancestry. It is a more women are proud to wear a badge than to display the modest silver cross with the purple ribbon belongs to the Daughters of the The women of the Federated Clubs in order of pink and blue, and the members of the Isabella Society, and Women's Relief Corps still another woman of great energy may at time to wear on occasions the ribbon of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the yellow female suffragists, and mourn that are no more societies to demure time.—[New York Post.]

DRESS THIRTEEN HUNDRED YEARS.

The oldest dress in the world is probably that described by a French traveler in Japan. It belonged to an Empress who lived in the Thirteenth century, and it has been kept all these years in a temple near Yokohama, the priests sometimes exhibit it for sufficient reward. It is kept in a coffer, and it is shrouded in white robes or robes, for there are said to be, are described as a diaphanous, crumbling at the edges with age. The material is crepe or any stuff, and the effect must be that worn by the serpentine dancer made with a long train, pagoda and a high collar like a Median. The upper layer was once white, and now the color of ivory, embroidered with birds the size of crows, dragons' heads, green, blue and red. Then come seven layers of the silk in yellow, blue, violet, old gold, green, on which seem scattered small animals, all in flight. The seventh touches the body of the long dress, is violet embroidered with figures like phantoms. The embroidery on this wonderful robe is said to be transparent as the gauze. The whole is smoke colored.—[Washington Post.]

THE NEW BODICES.

The new bodices of taffeta silk generally quite full. They are with bretelles or wide collars and of Venetian guipure or Russian broderie; or where the skirt is trimmed with ruffles, edged with point d'Alencon lace, there is a ruffle of silk surrounding the shoulders in a berthlike fashion, similarly with lace. Where this extreme effect is not becoming, the bodice is made up by a small pleated shoulder to give a slight bouffant to the top of the sleeves. This is more pleasing to most women than the long effect of the fashionable bodices. Combinations of color are seen on