TABERNACLE PULPIT.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE BURDEN BEARER.

His First Discourse Since He Was Made Chaplain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon last Sunday morning was "The Burden Bearer," and his text Psalms lv, 22: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

David was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advises you and me as to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden bearing. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text does not fit the occasion. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

In the far East wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water; but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder. The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family; but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in the gift of the people of the county; and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust Him." Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. I have a friend who entered the life of an evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that in the morning at prayers he said: "O Lord, thou knowest we have not a mouthful of food in the house! Help us, help us!"

And he started out on the street, and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know I am a flour merchant; if you won't be offended I should like to send you a barrel of flour." My friend cast his burden on the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. In the Straits of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where, whichever way a ship captain puts his ship he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running into the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. Some of them may be here this morning, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee."

First—There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man harried and perplexed and annoyed in business life we are apt to say: "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah! that man may not be to blame at all. When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust, and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop, and a thousand other questions perplex business men, until their hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are plowed in the cheek; and the stocks go up by the mountains and go down by the valleys, and they are at their wits' ends, and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all these severities of rivalry in business, how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart! You hear that it is avarice which drives these men through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are toiling on for others.

To educate their children, to put the wing of protection over their households, to have something left, so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poorhouse—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business. Some of us remember when the Central America was coming home from California it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic Captain of that ship, and went down with most of the passengers.

Some of them got into lifeboats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand, and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down that man shouted to a comrade in the boat. "Here, John, catch this gold! There are $3,000. Take it home to my old mother. It will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world. Ah! my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; He knows what mortgazee is about to foreclose; He knows what note you cannot pay; He knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; He knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yard stick down to the sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be King, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier, will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take this Book and put it down by your ledger, and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

A young accountant in New York city got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went down there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "Oh, Lord, thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me to-day—help me this morning!" The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so, opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything.

Second—There are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted and his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against raillery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had adornments.

The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it. It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you.

The world always has a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse The most sublime tragedy of self-sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages, and in all lands, the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber."

And what makes the persecution of life worse is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you have loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming synical.

A clergyman of the Universalist church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house and went there. He said to the man of the house, "I understand you are a Universalist; I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been cheated and slandered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!" The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls!

If you cannot endure a little persecution, how do you think our fathers endured great persecutions? Motley, in his "Dutch Republic," tells us of Egmont, the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded, unfastened his collar on the way to the scaffold, and when they asked him why he did that he said, "So they will not be detained in their work; I want to be ready." Oh, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!"

Now, if you have come across ill treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galileo and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and Heaven. Budge not one inch, though all hell wreck upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knows all about persecution? Was He not hissed at? Was He not struck on the cheek? Was He not pursued all the days of his life? Did they not expectorate upon Him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon Him." And cannot He understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Third—There are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce cholera and malignant fevers take the castle of life by storm, we appeal to God; but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics, and their plasters, and their cordials, rather than upon heavenly stimulants. Oh, how few people there are completely well. Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time; but how you have had to war against physical ailment! Antediluvians, without medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds, but he who has gone through the gauntlet of disease in our time, and has come to 70 years of age, is a hero worthy of a palm.

The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky and the sparkle out of the wave and the sweetness out of the fruit and the luster out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear roars with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous! "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His was crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under the cross.

When you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than any anodyne, and more vitalizing than any stimulant, and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but what the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvelous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past.

Another burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. Ah! these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry, perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune! If we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity; but who will bring back the dear departed? Alas! me for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again. Alas! me for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footprints. Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage.

What bitter Marahs in the wilderness! What cities of the dead! What long black shadow from the wing of death! What eyes sunken with grief! What hands tremulous with bereavement! What instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Aye, let the soul ride into the harbor of my text.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Now, the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were continually kept burning. The scarred feet of him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

Then there are many who carry the burden of sin. Ah, we carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human defilement, or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud, and the rapine, and the murder, and the crime of all the centuries! Aye, if I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the soul of the best men in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight. Sin, grim and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch never will relax unless it be under the heel of Him who came to destroy the works of the devil.

Oh, to have a mountain of sin in the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? Oh yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless One came to take the consequences of our sin! And I know He is in earnest. How do I know it? By the streaming temples and the streaming hands as He says, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Why will prodigals live on swines' husks when the robe, and the ring, and the father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara desert of sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be houseless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and the daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

It has been objected to those who speak of the "emotions" of an ant or a bee, for example, that we are not justified in applying terms derived from human psychology to animals so remote in structere from the human type. Dr. Romanes replies to this objection by showing that the ground of all inferences as to the mental processes of animals is an argument from the analogy of their actions with our own. "Now, it is of course perfectly true that the less the resemblance the less is the value of any analogy built upon the resemblance, and, therefore, that the inference of an aunt or a bee feeling sympathy or rage is not so valid as the similar inference in the case of a dog or a monkey. Still it is an inference, and, so far as it goes, a valid one—being, in fact, the only inference available. That is to say, if we observe an ant or a bee apparently exhibiting sympathy or rage, we must either conclude that some psychological state resembling that of sympathy or rage is present, or else refuse to think about the subject at all; from the observal facts there is no other inference open."

Assuming that we are justified in concluding that the mental processes are similar when there are similar external appearances, we still need a criterion of metal, as distingui hed from reflex, action; for we find, both in men and animals, examples of actions that are "mind-like and yet not truly mental." "Objectively considered, the only distinction between adaptive movements due to reflex-action and adaptive movements due to mental perception consists in the former depending on inherited mechanism within the nervous system being so constructed as to effect particularly adaptive movements in response to particular stimulations, while the latter are independent of any such inherited adjustment of special mechanism to the exigencies of special circumstances." The criterion proposed is, therefore: "Does the organism learn to make new adjustments, or to modify old ones, in accordance with the results of its own individual experience?" If it does we have the evidence that the limit of nonmental action has been passed; that is, we are able to fix, by means of this criterion, "the upper limit of non-mental action." After distinguishing reflex from mental action, it remains to distinguish "instinct" from "reason." Dr. Romanes proposes to define instinct as "reflex action into which there is imported the element of consciousness," and "reason or intelligence" as "the faculty which is concerned in the intentional adaptation of means to ends."

Gorgeous Committee-Rooms for Senators.

If the constituents of some of the Senators who have been long enough in service to get hold of all the good things that are to be had by a Senator who is up to snuff could catch a glimpse of some of the new committee-rooms down under the marble terraces, they would be astounded, no matter whether they came from the rural districts or from one of the large cities. It was not many years ago when country visitors to the Capitol were taken by the guides into the rooms of the Committee on Appropriations, District of Columbia, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, and others of that kind to give them an idea of Senatorial magnificence. These rooms, beautiful and imposing as they are, with their oil-painted walls, massive furniture and elegant drapery, are shabby in comparison with some of the rooms recently fitted up under the marble terraces. Here all the modern ideas of house decoration, the invention of electrical appliances, and the skill of the upholsterer have been utilized with an effect that is quite startling, when it is remembered that the taxpayers foot the bills. One room that is assigned to a committee that has not held a meeting for ten years can be taken as a sample of the whole. It is a small room compared with some of the old ones, but it has a consultation room adjoining. Both are fitted up in the most elegant style. The cherry tables, desks and chairs are of the finest workmanship, the Oriental rugs that cover the floor are as thick as any that are made, and the lace curtains at the windows would do credit to the drawing-room of a rich Senator's wife. Gas burns in an artificial log fire in the grates, and the latest designs in electric fixtures brighten the rooms with a gay effect. Typewriters and graphophones in cherry cases are scattered about as freely as inkstands are in ordinary offices, and there seems nothing wanting that could possibly be wished for, except, perhaps, grand pianos. It is not unlikely that this omission may yet be supplied.—*Washington letter.*

Bound to a Wild Horse.

Among the tragic events that, written upon the page of the history of Texas' early struggle for liberty, make it one of the most glorious in the annals of the world, there is none more thrilling or terrible than the fate of Dr. James Grant. Grant was a Scotchman by birth and a physician, but owing to ill health settled in Mexico and became a citizen in 1825. In 1833 he made attempts at colonization on the Rio Grande River, but none of them were very successful. He next devoted himself to politics and in 1835 was a member of the Legislature dispersed by General Cos. In 1836 he projected an expedition to the Rio Grande for the purpose of re-establishing the Constitution of 1824, for a time at least. With forty others he was taken prisoner by General Urrea twenty-five miles southwest of San Patricio. Known to be a physician he was promised a passport from the country if he would dress the wounds of the Mexicans who were injured in effecting his capture. This he did; but instead of the promise being carried out he was put astride of a wild horse. His feet were bound to th se of the animal and his hands to its tail. The horse was then freed and bounded forth like a demon. Next day the mangled remains of Grant were found outside San Patricio and were left unburied.

Woman's Impulse.

Once upon a time a Boston lady playing chess with her husband suddenly perceived that her opponent was about to take her queen on the board. Seizing the threatened piece, she fled with it out of doors, and, seating herself on the steps, refused to give it up. The New Haven woman who grabbed a compromising letter in a divorce case in open court and tore it into fragments was, like her Boston example, only womanly. For all women are believed to act from impulse. Their intuition and their impulse are their strongest points.—*Newark Advertiser.*

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The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Too Much Help.

The Bangor *Commercial* prints a story of an Auburn girl who is likely to make an excellent newspaper reporter, in the natural course of events.

She came home from the grammar school, and asked her mother to help her with a composition upon a certain assigned topic. She sat down to write, and her mother began to dictate the composition, word for word.

"Oh, that's not what I want at all!" exclaimed the girl. "You just give me the facts, and I will embellish them."

And She Smiled.

Stout lady passenger in a street-car (wincing), he had trodden on her best corn)—Phew! clumsy!

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