Worldly Marriages.

DR. TALMAGE'S SECOND SERMON TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA, PREACHED SUNDAY MORNING JANUARY 15 1888.

"And there was a man in Maon whose possessions were in Carmel, and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats" 1 Sam. 25:2

My text introduces us to a drunken bloat of large property. Before the day of safety deposits and Government bonds and national banks, people had their investment in flocks and herds, and his man, Nabal, of the text, had much of his possessions in live-stock. He came also of a distinguished family, and had married into Caleb for an ancestor. But his decorations were drunk, a church sot and a fool.

One instance to illustrate: It was a wool raising country, and at the time of shearing a great feast was prepared for the shearers; and David and his warriors, who had in other days saved from destruction the threshing floors of Nabal, sent to him, asking in the time of plenty, for some bread for their starving men. And Nabal cried out: "Who is David?" As though an Englishman had said, "Who is Wellington?" or a Canadian should say, "Who is Van Horne?" or an American should say, "Who is Washington?" Nothing did Nabal give to the starving men, and that night the scoundrel lay dead drunk at home; and the Bible gives us a full length picture of him, sprawling and maudlin and helpless.

Now that was the man whom Abigail, the lovely and gracious and good woman, married—a tree planted beside a thistle, a palm branch twined in a wreath of deadly nightshade. Surely that was no one of the matches made in heaven. We throw up our hands in horror at that wedding. How did she ever consent to link her destinies with such a creature. Well, she no doubt thought that it would be an honor to be associated with an aristocratic family; and no one can despise a great name. Besides this, wealth would come, and with it choice of gold and mansions lighted by swinging lamps of aromatic oil, and resounding with the chime of the spinners, and of ships laden with wine from the richest vineyards, and fruits from the ripest orchards, and nuts gathered from foreign woods, and means enabling to scatter of gold, set on by shapes in bright uniform.

Before she plighted her troth with this disorganized man, she sometimes said to herself: "How can I endure him? To be associated for life with such a debauchee I cannot and will not!" But then again she said to herself: "It is time I was married, and this is a cold world to depend on and get along in. I might do worse, and may be I will make a rather good man out of him, and marriage is a lottery, anyhow." And when, one day, the representative of a great house presented himself in a parenthesis of mahogany, and with an assured geniality and exclusivity of manner and with promises of fidelity and kindness and self abnegation, Miss Jane, coming smiling on a Morris chair, and the great coolest woman contemplated her happiness to the keeping of this influential son of fortune, whose possessions were in Carmel; "and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep, and a thousand goats."

Behold here a domestic tragedy repeated every hour of every day, all over Christendom—marriage for worldly success, without regard to character. So Marie Jeanne Phlipon, the daughter of the king's engraver, became the famous Madame Roland of history, the vivacious and brilliant girl, married with the cold, formal, monotonous man, because he came of an affluent family of Amiens, and had lordly blood in his veins. The day when, through political revolution, this patriotic woman was led to the scaffold, around which lay piles of human heads that had fallen from the axe, and she said to an aged man whom she had comforted as they ascended the scaffold, "Go first, that you may not witness my death," and then, undaunted, took her turn to die—that day was to her only the last act of a tragedy, of which her marriage day was the first.

Good and general character in a man is the first requisite for a woman's happy marriage. Mistake me not as to depreciation of worldly prosperities. There is a religious cant that would seem to represent poverty as a virtue, and wealth as a crime. I can take you through a thousand mansions, where God is as much worshipped as He ever was in a cabin. The Gospel inculcates the virtues which tend toward wealth. In the millennium we will all dwell in palaces, and ride in chariots, and sit at sumptuous banquets, and sleep under rich embroideries, and live four or five hundred years, for, if according to the Bible, in those times a child shall die a hundred years old, the average of human life will be at least five centuries.

The whole tendency of sin is toward poverty, and the whole tendency of righteousness is toward wealth. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come. No inventory can be made of the picture galleries consecrated to God, and of sculpture and libraries, and pillared magnificence, and of parks and fountains and gardens in the ownership of good men and women. The two most lordly residences in which I was ever a guest, had morning and evening prayers, all the employees present, and all day long there was cheerful piety in the conversation and behavior. Lord Radstock carried the Gospel to the Russian nobility. Lord Cairns and Lord Cairns spent their vacation in evangelistic services. Lord Congleton became a missionary to Bagdad. And the Christ who was born in an Eastern caravansary has lived in a palace.

It is a grand thing to have plenty of money; and horses that don't compel you to take the dust of every lumbering and lazy vehicle; and books of history that give you a glimpse of all the past; and shelves of poetry to which you may go and ask Milton or Tennyson or Spencer or Tom Moore or Robert Burns to step down and spend an evening with you; and other shelves to which you may go while you feel disgusted with the shams of the world, and ask Thackeray to express your chagrin, or Charles Dickens to expose Pecksniffianism, or Thomas Carlyle to thunder your indignation; or the other shelves where the old Gospel writers stand ready to warn and cheer us, while they open doors into that City which is so bright the noonday sun is abolished.

There is no virtue in owning a horse that takes four minutes to go a mile, if you can own one that can go in a little over two minutes and a half; no virtue in running into the teeth of a northeast wind with this apparel if you can afford furs; no virtue in being poor when you can honestly be rich. There are some of men and women that I have only to mention, and they suggest not only wealth, but religion and generosity and philanthropy, such as Amos Lawrence, James Lenox, Peter Cooper, William E. Dodge, Lord Shaftesbury, Miss Catherine Wolfe and Mrs. Astor. A recent writer says, that of fifty leading business men in one of our Eastern cities, and of the fifty leading business men of one of our Western cities, three fourth of them are Christians.

The fact is, that about all the brain and the business genius is on the side of religion. Infidelity is incipient insanity. All infidels are cranks. Many of them talk brightly, but you soon find that in their mental machinery there is a screw loose. When they are not lecturing against Christianity they are sitting in bar-rooms inquiring tobacco juice, and when they get mad swear till the place is sulphurous. They only talk to keep their courage up, and at best will feel like the infidel who begged to be buried with his Christian wife and daughter, and when asked why he wanted such burial, replied: "If there be a resurrection of the good, as some folks say there will be, my Christian wife and daughter will somehow get me up and take me along with them."

Men may pretend to despise religion, but they are rank hypocrites. The sea-captain was right when he came up to the village on the seacoast, and insisted on paying ten dollars to the church, although he did not attend himself. When asked his reason, he said that he had been in the habit of carrying cargoes of oysters and clams from that place, and he found, since that church was built, the people were more honest than they used to be, for before the church was built he often found the load, when he came to count it, a thousand clams short. Yes. Godliness is profitable for both worlds. Most of the great, honest, permanent worldly successes are by those who reverence God and the Bible. What I do say is that if a man have nothing but social position and financial resources, a woman who puts her happiness by marriage in his hands, repeats the folly of Abigail when she accepted disagreeable Nabal, "whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep, and a thousand goats."

If there be good moral character accompanied by affluent circumstances, I congratulate you. It not, let the morning lark fly clear of the Rocky Mountain eagle. The sacrifice of woman on the altar of social and financial expectation is cruel and stupendous. I sketch you a scene you have more than once witnessed. A comfortable home, with nothing more than ordinary surroundings; but an attractive daughter, carefully and Christianly reared. From the outside world comes in a man with nothing but money, unless you count profanity and selfishness and fondness for champagne and general recklessness as a part of his possession. He has his coat collar turned up when there is no chill in the air, but because it gives him an air of abandon; and eyeglass, not because he is near sighted, but because it gives a classical appearance; and with an attire somewhat loud, a cane thick enough to be the club of Hercules, and clutched at the middle, his conversation interlarded with French phrase, inaccurately pronounced, and a sweep of manner indicating that he was not born like most folks, but terrestrially landed. By arts learned of the devil he insinuates himself into the affections of the daughter of that Christian home. All the kindred congratulate her on the almost supernatural prospects. Reports come in that the young man is fast in his habits, that he has broken several young hearts, and that he is mean and selfish and cruel. But all this is covered up with the fact that he has several house in his own name, and has large deposits at the bank, and, more than all, has a father worth many hundred thousand dollars and very feeble in health, and may any day drop off, and this is the only son; and a round dollar held close to one's eye is large enough to shut out a great desert, and how much more will several bushels of dollars shut out!

The marriage day comes and goes. The wedding ring was costly enough, and the orange blossoms fragrant enough, and the benediction solemn enough, and the wedding march stirring enough. And the audience shed tears of sympathetic gladness, supposing that the craft containing the two has sailed off on a placid lake, although God knows that they are launched on a dark sea, its waters brackish with tears, and ghastly with ghastly faces of despair, floating to the surface, and then going down. There they are, the newly married pair in their new home. He turns out to be a tyrant. Her will is nothing, his will everything. Lavish of money for his own pleasure, he begrudges her the pennies he pinches out into her trembling palm. Instead of the kind words she left behind in her former home, now there are complaints and faultfindings. He is the master, and she the slave.

The worst villain on earth is the man who, having captured a woman from her father's house, and after the oath of the marriage altar has been pronounced, says, by his manner if not his words: "I have you now in my power. What can you do? My arm is stronger than yours. My voice is louder than yours. My fortune is greater than yours. My name is mightier than yours. Now crouch before me like a dog. Now crawl away from me like a reptile. You are nothing but a woman, anyhow. Down, you miserable wretch!" Can halls of mosaic, can long lines of Etruscan bronze, or statuary by Palmer and Powers and Crawford and Chantry and Canova, can galleries rich from the pencil of Bierstadt and Church and Kensett and Cole and Cropsey, can flutes played on by an Ole Bull, or pianos fingered by a Gottschalk, or solos warbled by a Sonntag, could wardrobes like that of a Marie Antoinette, could jewels like those of a Eugenie, make a wife in such a companionship happy? Imprisoned in a castle! Her golden bracelets are the chains of a life-long servitude. There is a sword over her every feast, not like that of Damocles staying suspended, but dropping through her lacerated heart. Her wardrobe is full of shrouds for deaths which she dies daily, and she is buried alive, though buried under gorgeous upholstery. There is one word that sounds under the arches, and rolls along the corridors, and weeps in the falling fountains, and echoes in the shutting of every door, and groans in every note of stringed and wind instruments: "Woe! Woe!" The oxen and sheep, in olden times, brought to a temple of Jupiter to be sacrificed, used to be covered with ribbons and flowers—ribbons on the horns and flowers on the neck. But the floral and ribboned decoration did not make the stab of the butcher's knife less deathful; and all the chandeliers you hang over such a woman, and all the rubes with which you enwrap her, and all the bewitching charms with which you embank her footsteps, are the ribbons and flowers of a horrible butchery.

As if to show how wretched a good woman may be in splendid surroundings, we have two recent illustrations. Two ducal palaces in Great Britain. They are the scene of the best things that are possible in art, in literature, in architecture, the accumulation of other estates, until their wealth is beyond calculation, and their grandeur beyond description. One of the castles has a cabinet set with gems that cost two million five hundred thousand dollars, and the walls of it bloom with Rembrandts and Claudes and Poussins and Guidos and Raphaels, and there are Southdown flocks in summer grazing on its lawns, and Arab steeds prancing at the doorways on the "first open day at the kennels." From the one castle the duchess has removed with her children, because she can no longer endure the orgies of her husband, the duke, and in the other castle the duchess remains, confronted by insults and abominations, in the presence of which I do not think God or decent society requires a good woman to remain.

Alas for those ducal country seats! They on a large scale illustrate what on a smaller scale may be seen in many places, that without moral character in a husband, all the accessories of wealth are to a wife's soul tantalization and mockery. When Abigail finds Nabal, her husband, beastly drunk, as she comes home from interceding for his fortune and life, it was no alleviation that the old brute had possessions in Carmel, and "was very great, and had three thousand sheep, and one thousand goats," and he the worst great among them. The animal in his nature seized the soul and ran off with it. Before things are right in this world genteel villainies are to be expurgated. Instead of being welcomed into respectable society because of the amount of stars and garters and medals and estates they represent, they ought to be fumigated two or three years before they are allowed, without peril to themselves, to put their hand on the door knob of a moral house. The time must come when a masculine estray will be as repugnant to good society as a feminine estray, and no coat of arms or family emblazonry or epaulet can pass a Lothario unchallenged among the sanctities of home life. By what law of God or common sense, is an Absalom better than a Delilah, a Don Juan better than a Messalina? The brush that paints the one black must paint the other black.

But what a spectacle it was when last summer much of "watering place" society went wild with enthusiasm over an unclean foreign dignitary, whose name in both hemispheres is a synonym for profligacy, and princesses of American society from all parts of the land had him ride in their carriages and sit at their tables, though they knew him to be a loathsome lazaretto, a charnel house of moral putrefaction, his breath a typhoid, his foot that of a satyr and his touch death. Here is an evil that men cannot stop, but women may. Keep all such out of your parlors, have no recognition for them in the street, and no more think of allying your destiny with theirs than "gales from Araby" would consent to pass the honeymoon with an Egyptian plague. All that money or social position a bad man brings to a woman in marriage is a splendid despair, a gilded horror, a brilliant agony, a prolonged death; and the longer the marital union lasts, the more evident will be the fact, that she might better never have been born. Yet you and I have been at brilliant weddings, where, before the feast was over, the bridegroom's tongue was thick, and his eye glassy, and his step a stagger, as he clicked glasses with jolly comrades, all going, with lightning express train, to the fatal crash over the embankment of a ruined life and a lost eternity.

Woman, join not your right hand with such a right hand. Accept from such an one no jewel for finger or ear, lest that sparkle of precious stone turn out to be the eye of a basilisk; and let not the ring come on the finger of your right hand, lest that ring turn out to be one link of a chain that shall bind you in never-ending captivity. In the name of God and heaven and home, in the name of all time and all eternity, I forbid the banns! Consent not to join one of the many regiments of women who have married for worldly success without regard to moral character.

If you are ambitious, O woman, for noble affiancing, why not marry a king? And to that honor you are invited by the Monarch of heaven and earth, and this day a voice from the sky sounds forth: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." Let Him put upon thee the ring of this royal marriage. Here is an honor worth reaching after. By repentance and faith you may come into a marriage with the Emperor of universal dominion, and you may be an Empress unto God forever, and reign with Him in palaces that the centuries cannot crumble, or cannonades demolish.

High, worldly marriage is not necessary for woman, or marriage of any kind, in order to your happiness. Celibacy has been honored by the best Being that ever lived and His greatest apostles—Christ and Paul. What higher honor could single life on earth have? But what you need, O woman, is to be affianced forever and forever, and the banns of that marriage I am this moment here and now ready to publish. Let the angels of heaven bend from their galleries of light to witness, while I pronounce you one—a loving God and a forgiven soul.

One of the most stirring passages in history with which I am acquainted, tells us how Cleopatra, the exiled Queen of Egypt, won the sympathies of Julius Cæsar, the conqueror, until he became the bridegroom, and she the bride. Driven from her throne, she sailed away on the Mediterranean Sea in a storm, and when the large ship anchored, she put out with one womanly friend in a small boat, until she arrived at Alexandria, where was Cæsar, the great general. Knowing that she would not be permitted to land or pass the guards on the way to Cæsar's palace, she laid upon the bottom of the boat some shawls and scarfs and richly dyed upholstery, and then lay down upon them, and her friend wrapped her in them, and she was admitted ashore in this wrapping of goods, which was announced as a present for Cæsar. This bundle was permitted to pass the guards of the gates of the palace and was put down at the feet of the Roman general. When the bundle was unrolled, there arose before Cæsar one whose courage and beauty and brilliancy are the astonishment of the ages. This exiled queen of Egypt told the story of her sorrows, and he promised her that she should get back her throne in Egypt and take the throne of wifely dominion in his own heart. Afterwards they made a triumphal tour in a barge that the pictures of many art galleries have called "Cleopatra's Barge," and that barge was covered with silken awning, and its deck was soft with luxuriant carpets, and the oars were silver-tipped, and the prow was gold mounted, and the air was redolent with the epicery of tropical gardens, and resonant with the music that made the night glad as the day.

For my rejoice, O woman, that you are not a Cleopatra, and that the One to whom you may be affianced had none of the sins of Cæsar, the conqueror. But it suggests to me how you, a soul exiled from happiness and peace, may find your way to the feet of the Conqueror of earth and sky. Though it may be a dark night of spiritual agitation in which you put out into the harbor of peace, you may sail, and when all the wrappings of fear, and doubt and sin shall be removed you will be found at the feet of Him who will put you on a throne to be acknowledged as His in the day when all the silver trumpets of the sky shall proclaim: "Behold the bridegroom cometh;" and in a barge of light you sail with Him the river whose source is the foot of the throne, and whose mouth is at the sea of glass mingled with fire.

The Wise and Winsome Walk.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

The early Christian church was born in a prayer-meeting, and baptized by the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost; it then set about its Heaven-appointed mission of converting men to Christ. Peter's pungent sermon to the Jerusalem sinners pierced their hearts with conviction, and three thousand were converted in a single day. The Book of the Acts of the Apostles is largely a record of personal labors for winning souls; the Epistles are not addressed to the heathen or to impenitent sinners, but to the newly-born churches, teaching them how to live. Instruction in the Christian life is the main topic of Paul and Peter, John and James. And one idea runs through them all, and that is that Christ's people are to live in such a way as not only to honor their Master, but in such a way as to attract the outside world to him.

"Walk in wisdom towards them that are without," was one of Paul's pithy and pungent injunctions. Christ came into the world to seek and to save those who were lost. His commission to his disciples was to go after the "outsiders" and to bring them in. That commission is as binding on Christians to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago. Every one now who enters the church of Jesus Christ, enters not only into peculiar relations with Christ, but into peculiar duties towards the unconverted. "Ye are my witnesses"; "ye are the light of the world, so let your lights shine that ye may be seen of men." The outside world watches us sharply, and our Master intended that we should be watched. It is a stereotyped truth that professed Christian is the world's Bible. He is the only Bible that the majority of outsiders ever look at. They form their impressions of Christianity, not as it is revealed in the Holy Scriptures, but as it is revealed in us. They do not study God's Bible, but they do study church members. Now, if we are the world's Bible, we ought to live in such a way as not to require any commentary to explain us. If we are doorkeepers to the way of life and the fold of Christ, we are put there to attract the outsiders and draw them in—not to block the door and drive them off. Every inconsistent church member is guilty of a triple sin—first toward Christ, secondly toward his own soul, and then toward the impenitent whom he repels when he ought to be winning them.

(1.) What is a "wise walk towards them that are without?" In the first place it is such a walk as does not give the lie to our professions. We tell the unconverted that the religion of Jesus Christ will make them cheerful under trials, and then, perhaps, fall to fretting at Providence, and put on a distressing gloom as soon as trials smile in the face. We talk about patience, and lose temper under the first provocation. In the prayer meeting we pray as if religion was the "one thing needful," but elsewhere lives as if money-grabbing or social ambition were the chief end of our lives. What is all this but belying our Christianity, and disgusting other people with it. If in walking through an orchard we pick up a fair-looking apple, but on putting our teeth in it find it setting our teeth on edge, we fling it down and try no more from that tree. So the world tastes of Christians, and if they find them sour or bitter in temper, or worm eaten, they turn away in disgust and disappointment. "By your fruits shall men know you," says our Master. We must make religion taste sweetly if we want to recommend it to outsiders. Very few people are made infidels by pernicious books; it is the unworthy walk of too many church members which makes them sceptics. When a man of the world says scoffingly, "one of your church members cheated me in trade," I feel that the wickedest part of the fraud was that he robbed the man of his respect for the religion of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, a noble, honest, godly life is the most convincing and converting sermon that can be delivered. Christ's people have got to live the world to him, or the world is lost.

(2.) We can never win outsiders by compromising with them. "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you"—*i. e.*, when the lovers of sin shall applaud you. A minister of Christ may purchase his popularity at the dear price of losing all his influence over men's consciences. Human favor gained by connivance with wrong—in business, in politics, in social fashions—is treason to our Master. The people of the world do not expect Christians to do as they do; when we surrender our principles, they are secretly shocked and disgusted. If we would draw men out of a pit we must have a firm, strong foothold or they will draw us in. He who walks closest to Christ will have the most power to convert sinners to him. When Jesus lives in us, it is not we who move others; it is the Christ incarnated in our conduct. "I tried to be a sceptic when I was a young man," said Cecil; "but my mother's life was too much for me." It was Jesus Christ in his good mother that was "too much" for him and converted him.

(3.) This subject has a vital bearing on all direct efforts for the conversion of the impenitent. "He that is wise winneth souls"; that is the correct reading of the often perverted text. It is astonishing to observe how little common sense some good people exhibit in their well-meant efforts to bring their children or their scholars or their friends to the Saviour. A father will ask for prayers for an unconverted son, and then treat the boy so harshly or talk to him so tauntingly as only to harden him. Some good people badger their children with ill timed and ill tempered talk about their souls. Nothing requires more tact and gentleness and loving kindness than to converse with persons on the most vital of all questions. If we want to water a flower we don't dash a whole pailful on it and wash it out of the ground; we sprinkle it. God does not send his Spirit as a water spout, but as a rain. Let us pray for wisdom when we are trying to win souls. Paul was consumed with zeal, and yet showed wonderful sagacity in adaptation to every case he took hold of.

We must watch for opportunities. "Walk in wisdom toward them that are without," says the Apostle, "redeeming the time." The literal meaning of the phrase is "buying the opportunity." Chances must be sought for to put in the right word; and when God gives us the chance, we must make the most of it. Here was the secret of Harlan Page's wonderful success in winning souls. He watched for opportunities and then spoke a very plain, close-fitting truth in a very loving way. There was no cant about him. The Spirit of God helped him, as he will always help us if we undertake the conversion of souls to please our Master.

We must go on the principle now or never. This will make us eager to embrace opportunities; and in turn we must urge the impenitent to accept Christ at once. Every act of kindness we can do to the unconverted may help to give us a key to their hearts. Then let us use it to introduce our Master there. They that are wise in their walk, and wise in their work may turn many to righteousness. "They that are wise to win souls shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

On Good Listening.

BY JOHN A. BROADUS D D, LL.D.

We are willing to grant, if you insist on it, that there is not much good preaching; but we beg leave to remark that the proportion of good preachers is quite as great as the proportion of good listeners. It is evident that each will help the other. One great point of excellence in a preacher, especially to the restless hearers of the present day, will be that he is easy to listen to. There is no desire in this article to lessen the preacher's responsibility in this respect. Let all preachers strive to be so clear, so sprightly, so earnest and magnetic, that men may hear with ease and pleasure and profit; nay, let them solemnly strive so to speak, in love of their hearers and in the fear of God, that men cannot choose but hear. Meantime, the hearers have also a great responsibility.

Consider then some of the reasons why you should listen well.

(1) For your own sake. The Saviour spoke the parable of the sower for the express purpose of showing that the same word of the gospel will produce no effect, a slight or temporary effect, or a good effect in various degrees, exactly according as it is properly heard; and his own application of the parables is, "Take heed therefore how ye hear." The best preacher in the world, even Paul, even Jesus, has often been heard to no profit; and the very poorest preacher, provided he give some grains of real gospel truth, may be so well heard as to do real good. Remember, O hearer, that this man in his weakness is trying to preach to us God's word of salvation. We shall not answer for his speaking. But we shall assuredly answer for our hearing.

(2) For the preacher's sake. Demosthenes is reported to have said that eloquence resides as much in the ear as in the tongue. It is a great truth, and might well have been uttered by the greatest of orators. O what a comfort it is to preach when all the people listen with all their hearts! Even a few very good listeners greatly help the preacher; even one who listens with full sympathy may sometimes save a sermon that would otherwise have utterly failed. And alas, even a few conspicuously bad listeners may render the preacher's task almost hopeless. When a new pastor is coming, or a visiting minister, people often wonder how they will like his preaching; it rarely occurs to them as a matter of interest, how he will like their listening. They ask one another afterwards, "How did you like him?" Right seldom do they ask, "How do you suppose he liked us?" Let us always try to listen so well as to help the preacher.

(3) For the sake of other hearers. Few things are more promptly contagious than good or bad listening. One very bad listener will often annoy and hinder a large section of the congregation. And it is beautiful to observe how one deeply earnest listener will be gradually felt, more and more, in gently widening circles, by those around. Many people find it very hard to listen to preaching. They may be in bad health and low spirits, or consumed with cares. They may be sadly indifferent to the greatest thoughts and the highest things. If you listen well, that will make it a little easier for them to do likewise; and how could you render them a greater kindness?

(4) For Christ's own sake. He sends his servants to speak in his name the gospel of his salvation. He lays it as a burden of responsibility on their hearts, that they must preach, in love to men and in love to him. If they bring the real gospel, and are at all in earnest, he speaks through them; and we should receive what they say, as being not simply the words of a fellow-man who seeks our good, but as in a just sense the word of Christ. Surely he deserves to be heard.

Good friend, suppose you lay to heart these reasons for listening well. Some other day we may try to indicate in what consists good listening.—*W. Recorder.*

—A scheme for the erection of a bridge over the English channel is in active consideration among French capitalists and engineers. The projected bridge would be 22 miles long, resting on piers of concrete and masonry 160 feet long by 100 feet feet broad, placed at intervals of 550 yards. The causeway of the bridge would be 160 feet above the sea-level, to permit the passage of ships, and would be 100 feet wide. The estimate of cost is $200,000,000.

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Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, the food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

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