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Tastano, June 4th, 1902. Managor *********

SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL

Dr. Talmage Shows the Inspira tion of Example.

CAN THESE DRY BONES LIVE ?"

Glowing Tribute to Those Who Fell on the Battlefield-Christians Should Labor to So Disseminate the Teachings of Jesus that War in the Future Shall Become an Impossibility,

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Can-ada, in the year 1922 by William Baily, of To-ronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa-

Chicago, June 1 .- In this sermon the Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage shows how the dead heroes whose graves are garlanded on Memorial day live again in the spirit which their self sacrifice inspires; text, Ezekiel xxxvii, 3, "Can these bones live?"

A dark, gruesome vallery, peopled with the strangest of all strange hosts, a great army of bleached skeletons, is the scene of the prophet's vision. Amid the millions and billions of dry bones there is not the gleam of one eye, the beating of one heart, the welcome of one handclasp. All are motionless. All are dead. Then, in the silence, there comes a voice asking the momentous ques-tion, "Can these bones live?" And, strange to say, as if in answer, the dry bones begin to move, the joints, i e rusty hinges, creaking from long The different skeletons lift themselves and stand up. Then, stranger still, these skeleton forms down, as we would bend to gather the fresh, clean linen after a morning bath, and they clothe themselves in garments of flesh and blood. God first asked Ezekiel whether the dry bones could live. Then God showed the prophet by visual mani-festation that they could.

The same question which was asked the ancient prophet I ask you this national Memorial day in reference to the bones, the dry bones, of the soldiers who died in the civil war. I ask the question because I intend to answer it myself. I want to prove this morning that the men who met a soldier's death fighting bravely are not dead. They are more alive to.
day than when their deeds testified
to the world that the heroes and heroines—for I shall speak in refer-ence to both—should be classed among the moral and intellectual forces of their day and generation. The dead of the battlefields are intensely alive to-day in their inspir-

ing examples. Every true soldier knows what I mean by the over-

whelming power of a personal ex-

It is the ability which a

brave leader, by a deed of heroism, has to instill the courage of his own life into other lives. There comes a crisis in the battle. What does the assaulting brigade commander do? Does he keep his position in the rear of his troops, where he has a right to stay? Does he send one of his staff officers to lead in the charge? Does he look after his own safety? He draws his sword and steps to the front of his brigade. He hurriedly utters a few inspiring words. He says: "Boys, the safety of the whole army depends upon this move. Either we must capture yon-der hill and break that opposing line, or else the whole force must re-treat or surrender. Some of us may lay down our lives there. Will you follow me, men? I ask no man to go where I am not ready to lead. I ask no man to charge where it may not be possible for him to step over my dead body. Men, will you go?
Will you go?' And all down the
line of throats there comes the hoarse answer; "Aye, general, we will go! We will go!" This was the go! We will go!" This was the way General George Edward Pickett This was the way Marshal Ney did when he led the Old Guard down into the ravine of Ohain, where the Waterloo tragedy was practically ended. This was the way Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, did upon the battlefield of Barnet. When the great kingmaker saw that his troops were being routed, he rode to the top of a hill and dismounted. There, within sight of his men, he drove his sword into the heart of his noble war charger. Then, having cut off all possibility of personal escape, he called his troops, saying: "The com-mander of the English forces is here to conquer or die! Will his men be willing to die with him?" The retreating soldiers gathered aroun their noble leader and died by thou-sands as the Earl of Warwick him-self died. War may be hell, as an American general once bluntly declared, but by the gleam of the hot, hissing, demoniac flames of that awful inferno are seen the heroic deeds

of many whose noble lives have been tried and purified by the fires of an earthly martyrdom. Sometimes we are apt to errone ously believe that the only sufferings of war were to be found in the gunshot wounds and the swamp fevers, in the heartrending cries of "Water! heard at night from the Water !" wounded lying between the contend-ing lines, in the colds, the heats, the nger, the weariness and the homeickness suffered by the men at the front. But I have always believed that the wives and mothers and the sisters and sweethearts who stayed at home to weep suffered far more than the husbands and sons and brothers who donned their uniforms. and went forth to die. Think of their sad, weary nights! Think of their startled ears when the rumors were heard that a great battle was about to be fought! Think of their wet eyes, scanning the long newspaper columns of the dead and miss ing! That awful word "missing!"
Think of the poverty which the young widow had to face, with four or five children at her back! To-day we honor the dead soldiers who wore the blue and the gray. We ought also honor the wives and mothers, the sweethearts and the sisters, who were willing to give those soldiers as a sacrifice, as well as the heroes who were willing to die.

the north and south may have suf-fered greatly, yet by their very suf-ferings God was able to heal the wounds, the bleeding wounds, of the The breaking hearts of the nation. The breaking hearts of the north reached out toward the breaking hearts of the south, and they found that in their troubles they were sisters. Some of the bereft mothers had sons fighting in both armics. As such a mother set in armies. As such a mother sat in her family plot between the two graves-between the grave of her boy in blue and that of her boy in gray -she prayed that the past civil strife might be forever buried. She plead-

ed with earnest prayer because her boys who died had come from the same cradle and looked up into the eyes of the same mother. The dead of battlefields are intensely alive to-day because they have proved that the strength of their country is to be found in the multi-tudes of its consecrated homes and not in the size of its standing armies. When the civil war broke out, there were not enrolled upon the muster of the war department more than 25,000 men. The traveler could go up and down the length and breadth of the land without seeing an American soldier in uniform except in a few forts built for protection against the Indians and in places like Governors Island and Fort Sumter. Europe was shaking under the tramp of the martial hosts which were narshaled upon every frontier; yet in America there were not eno oldiers to make a respectable lookng national awkward squad. But no oper did the bugle blast of war ound than the volunteers came from everywhere. They came from the pine woods of Maine and the Louiana plantations, from among

California flowers and the Alabama cottonuelds, from the Dakota praiies and the Mississippi flat-boats, rom the Pennsylvania mines and the South Carolina tobacco factories. They came by the tens of thousands. They came by the hundreds of thou-They came by the million sands. They came to prove for all time that for this country, at least, there is no need of a great standing army. When war breaks out, a nation has use the ships which it, has constructed in times of peace. It takes years to build a ficating fighting machine. But what I have said is true in reference to a standing army.
A country, which in a few months could produce well disciplined armies, as the army of the south and the

army of the north, does not need, save in times of war, to call the keenest brains, the strongest arms and the brawniest bodies from the avocations of peace and have the nation groaning under the weight of seless taxation It does not need o have fewer merchants, fewer choolteachers, fewer lawyers and ministers and mechanics and farmers a order to have more privates and icutenants and captains and majors colonels and generals. If we have the right kind of homes, there will be officers and privates ready to protect the country from a foreign

foe whenever they are needed.

Where can you find a greater exam-le of heroism than that exhibited by the colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment. As he was leading in a upturned face of his own boy. All that he did was to kneel a moment and kiss his child, saying, "Goodby, my darling; goodby!" Then he turned and waved his sword, crying "Come on, boys! Come on! Charge and follow me!" Where can you find a greater deed of heroism than that exhibited upon the field of battle when the ambulance corps found among the wounded a boy with both of his eyes shot out. There he sat, holding in his arms the dead body of holding in his arms the dead body of noiding in his arms the dead body of another boy. They were brothers. As the surgeon's aid came near they heard the blind boy whispering to the dead boy: "Poor Bobby! Poor Bobby! Mamma told me to look after you and I will Poor Bobby! ter you and I will. Poor Bobby! Poor Bobby!" Ah, in a land of the free and the brave we do not want a greater standing army! We do need, owever, more consecrated homes; we do need more fathers and mothers who will build the right kind of family altars; we do need the right kind of Christian churches, where those children can be brought in contact with God; we need those Christian boys and girls started in the right kind of avocations. Then when war comes, the Christian homes of the north and the south, the east and the west, will yield up their sons for the battle and their daughters for the field hospitals.

The Christian dead of the battlefields are intensely alive to-day in the heavenly recognitions which been given to them. Impossible is it to suppose that God would allow his servants who were found in armies and who died upon battlefields to go unrewarded. In the beautiful sermon upon the mount Christ pro-nounced a blessing on those whose lives were full of tears and heartaches, poverty and persecution, slander and death. words apply to those brave men?
Did they not suffer enough? Were
flot their wounds deep enough? Did not they hunger enough and have homesickness enough? Did not many a fair cheeked boy under his blanket at night sob himself to sleep, or unable to sleep, keep on crying, "Oh, mother, mother, if I could only see mother!" In one of the national museums I saw a Bible which had saved a soldier's life. When the young man left home, his mother gave it to him. In battle he was carrying it in his coat pocket just over the heart. A flying bullet almost cut its way through the Bible, but it was stopped at one of the leaves of the four gospels. Did not many a dying soldier have one of these Bibles in his hand? Did he not weep over it when he was dying far away from home? Can God forget his Christian soldiers who died upon the battle-neld? No, no! The Bible describes the entrance into heaven of a mighty host marching through the gates as before the reviewing stand of a earthly ruler. St. John in apocalyp-tic vision cried out in rapture as he saw them, "Who are these who are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" There must have been many seen by his prophetic eye to

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whom the answer that he received would apply, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the

Lamb. When the English soldiers came back from the Crimean war all London turned out to greet them. After they had marched past the reviewing stand Queen Victoria and the Prince ensort arose to receive those heroes who were to be decorated with medals. As each soldier approached the Queen, with her own hand, pinned the medal upon the breast of the man she wished to honor. Some of these soldiers had an empty sleeve; some came on crutches; some had their heads bandaged. At last there came litter. In it was carried the physical wreck of a man. Both of his legs had been shot away. One of his arms was gone. His body had simpbeen riddled with bullets. Then she Queen, with tears in her eyes, bade the bearers halt. She left her place and descended the steps of her stand to the side of the litter. She bent over the poor veteran. On acwished to honor him more than any

of the rest. Let us go forth to decorate with flowers the graves of the soldiers who died upon the field of battle because their glorious memories still live in our hearts. Let us decorate all the graves alike; let us put just as large a wreath upon the grave of the un-known picket who was shot by the sharpshooter in the moonlight while doing sentinel duty as upon the grave of the most noted general of the war. Let each receive the same meed of honor and the same floral tribute at the hands of their countrymen as the humble color hearer who when the regiment was retreating rallied the men just before he was struck by a bullet and leaped up into the air, crying, "Oh, my God I'm gone!" and fell dead. Give a hero's garland to the farmer's boy who kissed his mother under the sha-

dow of the apple tree when he went forth to die. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his for his friends." Every one of that a man lay down his life dead heroes paid the greatest of all acrifices for his country. They gave their lives in order that others might ive. And as we, one and all, fellow countrymen, from the north, the east, the south and the west, kneel down to place the Memorial day flowers upon their graves, may swear before God by the altars the dead that we will oppose inflexible determination any one who will ever again try to stir up sec tional strife. The civil war is dead. By the blood of our loved ones we swear it. The civil war is dead! By the northern regiments which follow ed Fitz-Hugh Lee and Joe Wheeler and the southern regiments that followed Lawton and Merritt in the Spanish-American war, when north and south fought side by side, we

know it. Then, as we kneel on Memorial day by the altars of the dead soldiers who fell upon American battlefields may we consecrate anew our lives to our country's service. May realize that when we serve our Lord and Master best, then we serve bes our nation. May the sorrow and the

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we this day commemorate instill in our hearts a profound love of peace and a deeper consecration to Him whose name is the Prince of Peace. Let us labor to so disseminate the teachings of Jesus that war in the future shall become an impossibility. Then shall be only gospel peace.
Then the people will not only love the Lord their God with all their hearts but they shall love their neighbors as themselves. Then the glory of the Lord shall cover this land as the waters cover the sea.

Culture That Is Best.

Knowledge, thought, common sense—are the equipment of the head. Affection, sentiment, sympathy—these are the equipment of the heart. We call the man without the equipment of the head, a fool. What shall we call the man without the equipment of the heart? We give years of time and great care and attention to the training of the head. Are we, in ourselves or in our children, to let the heart go all untrained? After all, which is the best for a man or woman, which will send us on happily and helpful in life, a sufficient equipment of knowledge, which is the power of the head, or a sufficient equipment of sympathy, which is the power of the heart? O! it is sad to see the fool of a withered head, but it is pitiful to see the fool of a withered heart. And it is well that we receive with high honor the names of men of genius and of wisdom, but the name that is above ev ery other name is the name of Him who came unto men with the divinest gift of a tender and loving human heart.

Some Bad I argains. A Sabbath School teacher once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of anyone making a bad

bargain. "I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." A second said: "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." Ananias and

A third replied: "Ananias and Saphira made a bad bargain when they sold their land, and then told Peter a falsehood about it.' A fourth observed: "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who to gain the whole world loses his

What's in a Dream?

He was young and bashful, She was—ahem! — not thirty.
"Miss Robinson," he began diffidently, "I am-er-a little supersti-tious, and I dreamed last night that er-proposed to you. Is that a sign of anything?"
"It's a sign," she said desperately,

"that you've got a deal more sense whn asleep than when you're

The First London Theater. land was the Theater. It was erected in the year 1576, and its builder was James Burbage, father of the famous actor Richard Burbage and himself an actor of some repute. Access to the Theater seems in old times to have been over Finsbury fields. The Curtain, which, curiously, is named from the region or old manor on which the playhouse was erected and not from the familiar drapery of the stage, was situated south of Holywell lane, in Moorsfield (modern Gloucester street), and is first mentioned in the following year, 1577. Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was among the many plays first acted there. The Theater was moved away to the Bankside, and the old materials were employed in building the Globe, Shakespeare's chief theater, in 1598. The Curtain continued to be used as a playliouse far into the reign of King James. No picture of either of these original theaters has been handed down, and owing to their position without the walls none of the old maps represents their precise location.-Lipincott's.

Poor Old Lady Beaconsfield. There is nothing in his life, says Lord sonald, that redounds more to Lord Beaconsfield's credit than the manner in which he treated his wife. She could never have been but a somewhat ommonplace though good hearted woman. As she grew old she became a wreck of humanity, but the poor, faded, painted old lady was ever treated by her husband with a deference and regard truly touching. It was painful to see how, in what we are pleased to call the highest society, poor old Lady Beaconsfield was made a butt and a laughing stock. Knowing how sensitive Lord Beaconsfield was to anything approaching ridicule, I felt how bitterly he must have suffered when in a crowded hall or drawing room his hosts would what they called "draw out old Lady Beaconsfield" and laugh at her to her face, showing no reticence, regard or decent feeling for the poor hus band, who, imperturbable as he ever appeared, was probably suffering acutely at the conduct of his ill bred hosts.

A Thief, but No Liar. Magistrate (to new policeman)—Did you notice no suspicious character about the neighborhood?

New Policeman-Shure, yer honor, I saw but one man, an' I asked him what he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he, "I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry sthore in the vicinity later on." At that I sez, "I wish you suc-

did open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on and stole seventeen New Policeman (after a pause)-Be-orra, yer honor, the man may have

Magistrate (disgusted)-Yes, and he

been a thafe, but he was no liar,-

What is

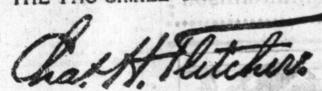
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