

Significance of the Palm

Talmage Talks of the Olive Branches—A Discourse Full of the Breath of the Hills and the Fields

Washington, Sept. 1.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of the breath of the hills and fields and is a summer sermon. Text, Nehemiah viii, 15: "Go forth into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees to make booths."

It is worth nothing for this world, and it is destruction for eternity. Give me 500 men and women fully consecrated to Christ, and we will take this city for God in three years.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. XII. SEPTEMBER 22, 1901.

Woes of Intemperance.—Prov. 23: 29-33. Commentary.—29. Who a divine commission to every man to investigate the prevailing cause of woe and sorrow and strife, and thus be deterred from taking the wrong course in life.—Smith. Hath woe—What space would be needed to record the names of all who could truthfully say "I" to this question! Woe—Direful distress; both the condemnation for a sin committed, and a certain awful condition of suffering. Who hath sorrow—The Hebrew word means, first poverty and then misery. Who hath contentions—Those who responded to the first two questions will also respond to this. Misdeeds of all the brawls and fights, quarrels and misunderstandings are traceable to drink.—Pentecost. Who hath babbling—Babble refers to the tendency of strong drink to foolish and unnecessary talking, revealing secrets, vile conversation and noisy demonstrations.

Brother Spears' Song Testimony.

Col. C. C. Fogle, attorney-at-law, of Lancaster, Mo., relates the following legal incident, according to the Macon, Mo., Republican: "One of the most original lawyers I ever met in my life was 'Sam' Dyrart, who some twenty years ago was a resident of our county. He is some kin to Major 'Ben' Dyrart, of your town. 'Sam' was a born humorist, and could have made his fortune in the lecture field. When he lived up our way he was engaged on one occasion to defend a lot of boys and girls charged with disturbing a religious assembly out in the country by laughing and giggling—that is the way the information read. The case was tried before Squire A. C. Bailey, a good old man, who has long since gone to his reward. Like all cases of the sort it attracted an immense crowd from the vicinity of the alleged outrage. T. C. Tadlock prosecuted, and he was instructed by the church people to spare no pains to convict the disturbers, who were very much frightened by being dragged into court. All the defendants were children of good families, and it was their first offense. They candidly admitted they had done it, and the State insisted that by their own mouths they were condemned. Brother 'Dye' Spears, a righteous man of puritanic type, was the main prosecuting witness. He had conducted the service, and he testified that the unseemly behavior of the rioters' after he told his story in chief he sat down with clasped hands waiting for the defendant's attorney to begin on him. He didn't have long to wait. The examination began like this: 'Brother Spears, you led the meeting that night?' 'Did, sir.' 'You prayed?' 'I did, sir.' 'And preached?' 'I tried to.' 'And sang?' 'I sang.' 'What did you sing?' 'There is a Fountain Filled with Blood, sir.' Here Mr. Dyrart pulled a hymn book from his pocket and handed it to the witness, with the remark: 'Please turn to that song, Brother Spears.' The witness did so. 'That's what you sang that night, is it, sir?' 'Well, stand up and sing it now, please.' 'What?' 'You heard what I said, Brother Spears?' 'I can't sing before this sort of crowd.'

The Markets

Cheese Markets. Stirling, Sept. 11.—At the Stirling Cheese Board to-day 1,600 white were boarded. Sales, 1,507 at 9c. Balance unsold. Picton, Sept. 11.—At the Cheese Board to-day 14 factories boarded 850 boxes, all colored. Highest bid, 91-4c; 350 boxes sold. Buyers—Saxsmith and Barr. Napanee, Sept. 11.—At the Cheese Board to-day 14 factories boarded 893 boxes cheese, 408 white, and 485 colored; 190 colored sold at 91-15c and 69 white at 9c. Russell, Sept. 11.—At the Russell Cheese Board to-night 375 boxes cheese were boarded; 87-8c bid; no sales on board. Woodstock, Sept. 11.—To-day 19 factories boarded 5,015 boxes cheese, but no sales were made, highest price bid being 87-8c. Toronto Fruit Market. Receipts to-day on the local market were only moderate. The demand was good and offerings were well taken. We quote: Peaches, per basket, Crawford's, 60c to \$1; white, 40c to 60c; pears, per basket, 25c to 40c, per barrel \$2 to \$2.50; plums, per basket, 20c to 30c; huckleberries, per basket, 90c to \$1; apples, per basket 20c to 25c, per barrel \$2 to \$3; muskmelons, per crate 30c to 40c, per bushel 15c to 20c; watermelons, each 12c to 20c; grapes, small basket 20c to 25c, large basket 35c to 45c; bananas, per bunch, \$1.25 to \$2; lemons, per box, \$3 to \$4; oranges, per box, \$4 to \$5; pineapples, per crate, \$4 to \$5. Toronto Farmers' Market. Receipts of grain on the street market here to-day were moderate, 2,550 bushels. Wheat No good fall wheat offered. One hundred bushels of poor red sold at 61c to 65c, and 150 bushels of good wheat steady at 67c to 68c. Good white fall wheat is worth around 72c. Barley—One thousand bushels sold at 47c to 53c. Oats—Four hundred bushels of new oats sold steady at 37c to 38c. Hay and Straw—Ten loads of new hay sold steady at \$10 to \$11, and one load of oat at \$13. One load of straw sold at \$10. Cheese Markets. Lindsay, Sept. 9.—The Victoria Cheese Board met here this morning. Messrs. Baynes, present were Messrs. Flavell, Fitzgerald and Whittton; 1,689 boxes were boarded. Mr. Flavell loaned the balance. Price paid was 91-8c. Release made on September 23rd, during fall fair. Closing Wheat Market. Chicago, Dec. Sept. 11. New York, 70 1/2 68-3/4. Toledo, 76 3/8 75. Duluth, No. 1 north, 73 1/8 72. Minn., No. 1 north, 65 5/8. Milwaukee, 68 1/4. Detroit, No. 2 red, 69 1/4. St. Louis, 71 1/4. 70. Australian Trade. Ottawa, Sept. 11.—A report was received to-day at the Department of Trade and Commerce from J. S. Larke, the Government's Commercial Agent in Australia. It is dated Aug. 13. Mr. Larke reports that Australian trade is quiet; the commonwealth, he adds, is suffering from the long series of holidays; and the extra expenditure of the royal visit; payments are slow, the price of wool has not encouraged the tariff had a depressing effect. Dealing with matters affecting Canada trade, he does not consider that any change will materially affect the existing conditions of trade. The Australian Parliaments are following New Zealand in passing laws bearing on the relation of Capital and Labor. The recent Census has disclosed that Australia is gaining a little increase of white people from the immigration barely balances the emigration. Mr. Larke adds that if the new tariff is not much higher than anticipated, it will not materially change existing trade conditions. He cautions Canadians from investing in manufactures at the present time without due consideration. Summer Drinks. Mead—Ten gallons of water, two lemons cut in slices, two gallons honey and a handful of dried ginger root, all mixed together and boiled half an hour, skimming carefully all the time. When boiling is done, once hops, remove from the fire, and the liquid is lukewarm add a strong yeast and put into a cask to work for about three weeks, when it will be fit for use. Hopok—Boil three-quarters of an ounce of hops and half an ounce of ginger in a quart of water for half an hour, add one pound of brown sugar; boil for ten minutes longer; pour into a pan and add five quarts of boiling water. Bottle when cold, and it will be ready for drinking at once. Oatmeal Drink—Mix one pound of oatmeal with ten gallons of cold water, boil it for an hour and strain it through a rather coarse gray strainer, add brown sugar to taste while hot. It is very much improved by the addition of one ounce of citric acid, or two ounces of tartaric acid. The thinly cut rind of two or three lemons or oranges may be boiled in it; or a still cheaper flavoring is to add, before boiling, a bit of cinnamon stick or a few cloves, to be served cold. Summer Drink—Mix one ounce of esser's of ginger and one ounce of esser's of cloves; put twenty or thirty drops in a tumbler of water. This renders even tepid water good. Still Lemonade—Stir a small half-spoonful of tartaric acid into a quart of cold water, add a table-spoonful of easter sugar and the juice of half a lemon; stir well; it is ready for use, though a lump of ice will improve it. There is nothing else on earth so annoying as procrastination in decisions. Do you suppose that, with an engine like this, I could afford to put anything into the boiler that would make the machinery run wild? It is all right in some cases to bank on a man's pedigree; but in most men

But my text goes further. It says, "Go up into the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches." Now, what is suggested by the pine branch? The pine tree is healthy, it is aromatic, it is evergreen. How is the physician says to his invalid patients: "Go and have a breath of the pines. That will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go south every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get the influence of the pine. There is health in it, and this pine branch of the text suggests the helpfulness of our holy religion. It is full of health—health for all, health for the mind, health for the soul. I knew an aged man who had no capital of physical health. He had had all the diseases you could imagine. He did not eat enough to keep a child alive. He lived on a beverage of hoochanna. He lived high for the undined every day with the King. He was kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It is a healthy religion, healthy for the eye, healthy for the hand, healthy for the feet, healthy for the heart, healthy for the liver, healthy for the spleen, healthy for the whole man. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstances, such holy equanimity. Oh, that we all possessed it, that we possessed it now! I mean it is healthy if a man gets enough of it. Now, here are some people who get just enough religion to bother them, just enough religion to make them sick, but if a man takes a full, deep, round inhalation of these pine branches of the gospel arbor he will find it buoyant, exuberant, undying, immortal health.

30.—They that tarry long at the wine—This prohibits moderate drinking. Do not put yourself in the way of temptation. When it is red—The bright color of the wine gives it an attractive look. To make one's bed on the waves of the sea would be to be swallowed up in death. So is the drunken man—Pentecost. Upon the drunkard's head shall drink be poured. The drunkard is a slave to appetite.

31. Look not thou upon the wine—This prohibits moderate drinking. Do not put yourself in the way of temptation. When it is red—The bright color of the wine gives it an attractive look. To make one's bed on the waves of the sea would be to be swallowed up in death. So is the drunken man—Pentecost. Upon the drunkard's head shall drink be poured. The drunkard is a slave to appetite.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Possessions. In this lesson are enumerated the possessions, all of which are given to a single individual. He who deals out such bounties never deals sparingly. He makes the first instalment call for another. They are like links in a chain. Through the possession of Satan has made himself a viceroy over the world. His named bounty, and thus put his seal upon him and claimed him as his rightful heir. Woe, sorrow, contentment, babbling, and redness of eyes—all, are these the possessions which Satan bestows upon his followers? Do we have, witnesses to the truth of such a thing? Alas, too many!

Prospects. There is something to which the drunkard may look forward. At last it lieth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. He gets his portion. He must live with snakes and scorpions. Home, family, friends, business, reputation and prosperity were flung aside at the entrance into this life. He is a walking advertisement for saloons, and he does not know it. He knows just enough to find the way to the saloon, and he puts no protection against his life. He is at home as much at one place as another. He thinks not of the personal appearance. He is not in search of death, but hurriedly running toward it.

Roofing Slates; Their Names.

The names applied to the various sizes of roofing-slates are very curious, being all founded upon feminine titles. Thus, slates 16 inches long by 8 inches wide are called "ladies"; 18 in. by 10 "princesses"; 22 in. by 12 "queens"; 26 in. by 14. These names were given to slates by General Warburton, the proprietor of one of the largest North American slate quarries, about a century ago.

32. At last it lieth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. He gets his portion. He must live with snakes and scorpions. Home, family, friends, business, reputation and prosperity were flung aside at the entrance into this life. He is a walking advertisement for saloons, and he does not know it. He knows just enough to find the way to the saloon, and he puts no protection against his life. He is at home as much at one place as another. He thinks not of the personal appearance. He is not in search of death, but hurriedly running toward it.

33. Things eyes shall behold strange women—The loving wife will be forgotten and her goodness despised, and evil desires spring up to fill her with bitterness. To go from her with other women who have fallen into the same pit of drunkenness as yourself. Things eyes shall utter forward things—Inebriated men or women indulge in the use of strong drink, and they utter the bare to every sin that follows in the train.

34. As he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, so shall the drunkard be swallowed up in death. So is the drunken man—Pentecost. Upon the drunkard's head shall drink be poured. The drunkard is a slave to appetite.

Feminine Revenge.

Mrs. C. Newman, of Campbell Park, a Chicago suburb, was building a handsome white stone house, when some one discovered that the bay window extended four feet over the building line. Neighbors attacked her in the courts, and the house had to come down. She hanged her revenge. Engaging the services of an architect, she began to put up a shanty on the site that will squat as a reproach and an eye-sore. Campbell Park is a beautiful place. The shanty stands with its back to the street. A man who never before had done any painting was hired to smear it yellow. Then in a local paper appeared this advertisement: "Wanted, a noisy family to occupy a new house; must be at least five boys; red-haired ones preferred."—New York Tribune.

The steel strikers have failed to induce the Duquesne Carnegie workers to come out. Milwaukee men are discussing a return to work.

35. They have stricken me—and I was not hurt. With conscience scared and self-respect trampled, drunkard boasts of the things which should make him blush with shame. They are like links in a chain. Through the possession of Satan has made himself a viceroy over the world. His named bounty, and thus put his seal upon him and claimed him as his rightful heir. Woe, sorrow, contentment, babbling, and redness of eyes—all, are these the possessions which Satan bestows upon his followers? Do we have, witnesses to the truth of such a thing? Alas, too many!

Well, my friends, you see I have omitted one or two points not because I forgot to present them, but because I have not time to present them. I have shown you here is the olive branch of peace, here is the pine branch of evergreen gospel consolation, here is the palm tree branch of usefulness and of victory, and here are the myrtle branches of thick trees. The smell of the arbor is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. Come into the booth. I went out at different times with a few of the mountains to catch pigeons, and we made our booth, and we sat in that booth and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky, and after a while they dropped into the net, and we were successful. So I come now to the door of this gospel booth. I look out. I see flocks of souls flying hither and flying thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window. Come into the booth. Come into the booth.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"Wheeler seems to be stuck on that new doctor of his." "Yes, he's so up-to-date. When Wheeler was sick in bed the doctor said: 'Oh, well—heaven on your part again in a few days.'" "If you would create something you must be something.—Goethe.

Wile—Say, Ed, yer Mom's callin' yer, and I bet she's mad. Ed—Now, she ain't. She's callin' 'Eddie.' If she was mad she'd be callin' me 'Edward'.

Only man clogs his happiness with care, destroying what is with thoughts of what may be.—Dryden.

Nell—Why do you call her an optimist? Belle—She thinks when she writes a letter and puts "In haste" on the corner of the envelope the postal authorities almost break their necks to rush it through.

Walker—Queer fellow, Jenks. Touchy, isn't he? Borroughs—Hardly. At least, not to the extent of \$5, for I've tried him.