

## MADE A BONFIRE OF BAD BOOKS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE WANTS ANOTHER WITH THE BLAZE 200 FEET HIGH.

### HE SAYS WE HAVE FUEL ENOUGH

The Washington Divines Give Some Practical Hints as to What to Read—Contrast Instituted Between an Impure and an Elevated Literature—Rules to Guide in Selecting Books and Newspapers.

Washington, July 29.—Dr. Talmage, who has been spending a few days in St. Petersburg, sends the following report of a discourse which will be helpful to those who have an appetite for literature and would like some rules to guide them in the selection of books and newspapers: text, Acts xix, 19. "Many of them also used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men, and they counted the price of them and found it 60,000 pieces of silver."

I had been stirring up Ephesus with some lively sermons about the sins of that place. Among the more important results was the fact that the citizens brought out their bad books and in a public literature a bonfire of them. I see the people coming out with their arms full of Ephesian literature and tossing it into the flames. I hear an economist who is standing by saying: "Stop this waste. Here are \$7,500 worth of books. Do you propose to burn them all up? If you do not want to read them yourselves, sell them and let somebody else read them." "No," said the people; "if these books are not good for anybody else, we shall stand and watch until the last leaf has burned to ashes. They have done us a world of harm, and they shall never do others harm." Hear the flames crackle and roar!

Well, my friends, one of the wants of the cities is a great bonfire of bad books and newspapers. We have enough fuel to make a blaze 200 feet high. Many of the publishing houses would do well to throw into the blaze their entire stock of goods. Bring forth the insufferable and put it into the fire and let it be known in the presence of God and angels and men that you are going to rid your homes of the overtaking and underlying curse of profane literature.

The printing press is the mightiest agency on earth for good and evil. The minister of the gospel, standing in a pulpit, has a responsible position, but I do not think it is as responsible as the position of an editor or a publisher. At what distant point of time, at what far-off cycle of eternity, will cease the influence of a Henry J. Raymond, or a Horace Greeley, or a James Gordon Bennett, or a Watson Webb, or an Erastus Brooks, or a Thomas Knickerbocker? The minister reads the scriptures to the recreation of the daily and weekly newspapers and then either if you can how far up and how far down an editor's reach the influence of the American printing press.

What is to be the issue of all this? I believe the Lord intends that the press should be the chief means for the world's rescue and evangelization, and I think that the great battle of the world is being fought with typewriters and presses, a purified and gospel literature triumphing over, trampling down, and crushing under the tracks of all that is depraved. The only way to overcome unclean literature is by scattering abroad speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press.

I have to tell you that the greatest blessing that ever came to the nations is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums and penitentiaries and has done more to bring shame to the bodies of its infection in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into the sea of death. The London Plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shrouded its millions into the channel course of the morally dead. The longest rail train that ever ran over the tracks was not long enough to carry the beastliness and the putrefaction which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers in the last 20 years, and now it is an indescribable circumstance that I put a question of overmastering importance to you and your families. What books and newspapers shall we read? You see I group them together. A newspaper is only a book in a swifter and more portable shape, and the same rules which will apply to newspaper reading, will apply to book reading. What shall we read? Shall our eyes be the receptacle of everything that an author has a mind to write? Shall there be no distinction between the tree of life and the tree of death? Shall we stoop down and drink out of the trough which the wickedness of men has filled with pollution and shame? Shall we mire in impurity and chase fantastic will-o'-the-wisp across the swamps, when we might walk in the blooming garden of God? Oh, no! For the sake of our present and everlasting welfare we must make an intelligent and Christian choice.

Standing, as we do, chin deep in filthy literature, the question that young people are asking is, "Shall we read novels?" I reply, "There are novels that are pure, good, and elevating to the heart and ennobling to the life. But I have still

further to say that I believe that 70 out of the 100 novels in this day are baleful and destructive to the last degree. A pure work of fiction is history and poetry combined. It is a history of things around us with the licenses and the assumed names of poetry. The world never pays the debt which it owes to such writers of fiction as Hawthorne and Melville and Landan and Flaubert and Arthur and other whose names are familiar to all. The follies of high life were never better exposed than by Miss Edgeworth. The moments of the past were never more faithfully embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. Cooper's novels are healthfully redolent with the breath of the sea and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has smitten the morbidity of the world and led a great many to appreciate the poetry of sound health, strong muscles and fresh air. Thackeray did a grand work in caricaturing the pretensions of gentility and the high blood of Dickens has built his own monument in his books, which are a plea for the poor and the anatomy of injustice, and there are scores of novelists to-day doing mighty work for God and righteousness.

Now, I say, books like these, read at right times and read in right proportion with other books, cannot help but be ennobling and purifying; but, alas, for the loss of the pure literature that has come in the shape of novels, like a fresher overflowing all the banks of decency and common sense. There are coming from some of the most celebrated publishing houses. They are coming with recommendation of some of our religious newspapers. They are coming to curse your children and blast with their infernal dire generations unborn.

I shall take all the world's literature—good novels and bad, travels true and false, histories faithful and incorrect, legends beautiful and monstrous, all tracts, all chronicles, all grand, all family, city, state and national libraries—and pile them up in a pyramid of literature, and then I shall bring to bear upon it some grand, glorious, inflexible, unmistakable Christian principles. God help me to speak with reference to my last account and help you to listen.

I charge you in the first place to stand aloof from all books that give false pictures of life. Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all either angels nor heroes. Women are neither angels nor virgins. And if you depended on such a literature of the day you would get the idea that life instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a fitful and fantastic and extravagant thing. How poorly prepared are that young man and woman spent last night wandering through brilliant passages descriptive of magnificent knavery and wickedness! The man will be looking all day for the heroine in the office, in the factory, in the counting room, and he will not find her, and he will be dissatisfied. A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be nervous, irascible and a nuisance. He will be fit neither for the store, nor for the field, nor for the home. A woman who gives herself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfit for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, plain, disheveled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of a heroine, when she ought to be busy, staring by the half hour at nothing, biting her finger nails into the quick. The plainer after having wandered through a romance all night long in a fabled land of castles and towers, fessellated halls of chivalry, and other unattractive than ever, now that you have walked in the romance through parks and pleasure grounds, and fountains and a parlor with the polished desperado.

Again, abstain from all those books which, while they have some good things, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, and keeps the great cinders. Once in awhile there is a mind like a loadstone which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally exactly the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a man who gets more lured than blackberries, you will burn to go to read a bad book, however good you are. You cannot afford to read a bad book, the influence is insignificant. I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced lockjaw. Alas, if through curiosity and idle curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a look into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not.

some of the finest there have been brought to make sin attractive. Vice is a horrible thing anyhow, but afterwards the thunders of hell roar in the darkness. In this world it is scourged with a whip of scorpions, but do not point it at the wicked, let them writh pursue it across a boundless desert, beating it with ruin and woe. When you come to paint carnality, do not paint it as the wicked, let them writh pursue it across a boundless desert, beating it with ruin and woe. When you come to paint carnality, do not paint it as the wicked, let them writh pursue it across a boundless desert, beating it with ruin and woe. When you come to paint carnality, do not paint it as the wicked, let them writh pursue it across a boundless desert, beating it with ruin and woe.

### An Attempt on the Life of the Shah of Persia.

Paris, August 2.—Muzier-Et-Dn, Shah of Persia, who has been a visitor to the exposition since Saturday, as the guest of France, narrowly escaped an assassin's bullet this morning. It had been arranged that he should today visit Severs and see the National Pottery works, going afterwards to Versailles, and it was just after he had left the Sovereign's palace when a man, dressed in the uniform of a sailor, placed at his disposal for the trip, that the attempt on his life was made.

Only five minutes before the pistol was presented at his breast he was the recipient of a letter which warned him that his life was in danger. No serious thought, however, was given to its contents, so the man, dressed in the uniform of the same character, as he was seated in the landau before leaving the court of the palace, his secretary brought him a letter addressed to the Shah, signed with a name bearing an Italian termination. It said:

"Today you will meet the same fate as Humbert."

In no wise disconcerted the Shah handed the letter to the officer on guard and gave orders for the carriage to start. The gates of the palace were thrown open and the monarch emerged, a large crowd of curious onlookers broke into cries of "Vive Le Shah" and "Vive La Perse."

Hardly had these exclamations died away when the assassin, dressed in the ordinary clothing of a Paris workman, darted forward from between two automobiles, where he was hidden, and rushed toward the Emperor, but before he could reach the monarch's carriage he was seized by a policeman, who rolled under the feet of the horses.

In an instant he was on the carriage step. Holding the pistol in his left hand he raised his right hand to the forehead of the Shah. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, as though undecided where to strike, but he finally decided where to aim. The bullet struck the Shah's forehead, but before the would-be assassin could pull the trigger, a strong hand grasped his wrist and wrenched it so that the weapon dropped to the bottom of the landau.

"I'd like to have a photograph of that man," nonchalantly exclaimed the Shah. Then addressing a few words in his native tongue to the policeman in the carriage he told the coachman to drive on.

Seated in the landau with the Shah at the time the assault was made were the Grand Vizier, the personal physician of the monarch, and General Parent, his personal aide. General Parent, in the course of an interview, subsequently said:

"It was a fine shot, but it did not do any harm. The assassin was not so good as he seemed. It was his own fault. He had a photograph of that man," nonchalantly exclaimed the Shah. Then addressing a few words in his native tongue to the policeman in the carriage he told the coachman to drive on.

"The Shah was not apparently excited by the incident, and when the man had been led away he rested himself in his carriage and quietly spoke in Persian to the Grand Vizier. Then he said to the coachman: 'The assassin of the Alexander III bridge, where a boat was taken to Severs.'

The pistol carried by the would-be murderer was of the latest type, loaded with five cartridges. When the police seized the man he tried to break away and cried: "Vive! Children! People!" An officer tried to stop him, but he shot, "To my assistance, friends."

Then he quieted down and permitted himself to be taken off.

"Why did you attempt to assassinate the Shah?" the officer asked.

"Because," was the reply, "it pleased me. That does not concern you."

To all other questions the prisoner remained dumb, and when the carriage proceeded to the Alexander III bridge, where a boat was taken to Severs.

the Shah. They were on their way to the Pont Alexandre and when they were to take the boat for Severs, to visit the pottery works there. The landau turned to the left toward the avenue Bois De Boulogne, but had not gone far when a man dressed as a carpenter rushed towards the carriage and put his right foot on the step, resting his left hand on the door to assist him in mounting. Then drawing his right hand from his pocket he pushed it toward the breast of the Shah. This hand carried a revolver. The Shah was surprised, but did not really pay much attention to the man until he perceived the weapon. Then he bounded aside, and standing up in the landau, lifted a cane, a second later bringing it down upon the head of his assailant. At the same moment the Grand Vizier jumped to his feet and seized the man by the arm and arm and raised him, actually raising him from the ground. The Grand Vizier is a veritable giant and without apparent effort he in a single moment succeeded in the feat he had just performed. The man, who was a policeman, following on his heels, jumped from his machine and, grasping the man, drew him back. The man, who was a policeman, following on his heels, jumped from his machine and, grasping the man, drew him back. The man, who was a policeman, following on his heels, jumped from his machine and, grasping the man, drew him back.

Up to six o'clock this evening the investigations of the police were not directed toward the man who had attempted to assassinate the Shah. It was not until after this afternoon he maintained absolute silence. Nothing would induce him to say a word. He struggled bravely to avoid a pistol being taken and he held behind his back and foot and his head held between the knees of the photographer's assistant.

12:40 a. m.—Up to midnight nothing regarding the would-be assassin or his connections has been learned that was not known within half an hour after his arrest. He speaks perfect French, although he makes perfect French, mystifies the officials, if having been asserted by one of those who speak with English that a man speaking English was permitted to enter his cell. The visitor addressed him but he gave the appearance of not understanding and when the visitor came away convinced that he was not acquainted with that language.

The impression left was that he is from Southern France, or possibly a border Spaniard.

While the popular belief is that he had an accomplice, there is actual evidence to prove the contrary. The police, thoroughly mystified and disconcerted, although the man has been seen by most of the secret service, are not able to recognize him. Paris has received the news of the attempt with but one sentiment, that of indignation. All eyes are turned upon this outrage upon the guest of the nation. As a result of it, the Shah will hereafter be surrounded by a guard wherever he goes. Extra precautions will also be taken to protect President Loubet.

London, August 3.—The Shah's visit to England has been given up, on account of the attempt to assassinate him at Paris.

Paris, August 3. 4:30 a. m.—It now appears that the police have secured a piece of evidence which will enable them to identify the man. The Shah's assailant had an accomplice. M. Massy, an artist, says that a quarter of an hour before the attempt he saw the criminal in the appearance of the royal visitor. The criminal stamped his feet and exclaimed: "Lord, what a time! I have been waiting for you for a long time."

Amherst News.

Amherst, Aug. 2.—What may prove to be an important arrest was made yesterday at Springfield by Detective Poydras, of Halifax, last Saturday evening a burglar by the name of Gileway was brutally assaulted by an unknown party who struck him over the head with a club, causing him to lose consciousness. The man who assaulted him was a member of the Gileway gang, who had been following him up to Springfield.

Purifying New York.

New York, August 2.—Eighty-one women and eleven men who were arrested in the raid on the Tivoli, a tendorium resort, last night, were arraigned in police court here today. Two of the women were fined \$10 each and another was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Of the men all were discharged excepting John F. O'Connor, the temporary manager of the Tivoli, who was held in \$2,000 bail for examination.

Canadian Dead.

Newmarket, Ont., Aug. 1.—(Special)—Word has just been received by his mother, Mrs. E. Haines, of the death of Private W. Haines of C Company, first contingent, and formerly of Newmarket. Death was caused by enteric fever, and took place at Johannesburg June 6.

SOFT WHITE HANDS

Advertisement for a soap product, featuring an illustration of a hand.

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## This is the Month to Buy a PIANO or ORGAN.



Manufacturers to keep their men and factories running over large dealers like ourselves special price to order during the Summer months. We bought 50 Upright Pianos at large discounts from regular prices, and offer them \$225 to \$275, price \$350 to \$400. ORGANS from \$75.

Send for illustrated Catalogue and terms. C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King Street, St. John, N.

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#### American Warships Narrowly Escaped Peaceful Capture at Montevideo.

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#### A Report to be Made on Harbor Facilities Required.

St. Andrews, Aug. 2.—(Special)—The government has requested the appeals of the people of St. Andrews to provide port facilities by sending Engineers Sheen and Stead, of the public works department here, to make a thorough survey of the port, covering all that portion from Joe's Point to Katy's cove. The survey will occupy about a month.

### Cancer Robbed Of Its Terrors.

No need for painful plasters or operations. Our constitutional treatment eradicates the disease from the system without any suffering. Send two cent stamps for particulars. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Hopewell Hill.

Hopewell Hill, July 20.—The funeral of the late Robert McComan, which took place this afternoon, was the largest seen here for many years. There were over 700 carriages in the funeral procession. The services at the home and at the grave of the Rev. R. Davidson, Presbyterian minister of Riverside, assisted by the Rev. E. F. Davidson, pastor of the Hopewell Baptist church. There were many very beautiful floral offerings on the casket from friends and relatives of the deceased. The pall-bearers were James Hunter, William Stiles, Captain John Hunter, W. J. Carnwath, James H. Carnwath and Dr. James E. M. Carnwath, cousin of the deceased.

Mrs. Agassiz Carries on Her Husband's Pursuits.

Except among those especially interested in science, Louis Agassiz is almost forgotten. His name is not mentioned in the scientific research that he did many years ago, leaving a son, a namesake, and a widow. The son took up the labor of his father, and has done much for the world in the lines marked out by the elder Agassiz. The widow is today one of the best authorities on scientific subjects in the United States. She is living quietly at Cambridge, Mass., but, although advanced in years, devotes much time and study to the favorite pursuit of her distinguished husband.

When the Harvard University annex for women was established, Mrs. Agassiz became its president. It was largely due to her efforts that the governing board of the university made this addition to its educational work. Later, when the annex became Radcliffe College, Mrs. Agassiz remained its president, and every graduate has received her diploma from the hands of Mrs. Agassiz. Last year she resigned the presidency of the college, when she was at once made honorary president, although she was relieved of the active work that her advanced years made it impossible for her to continue. Mrs. Agassiz is, as dean of the college, has charge of the work, which is still very much under the direction of Mrs. Agassiz, and her influence is felt quite as much as when she was the active president.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

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Suburban for Hanington, - - - - - Express for Campbells, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax, - - - - - Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, - - - - - Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene, - - - - - Express for Sussex, - - - - - Express for Hampton, - - - - - Express for Quebec and Montreal, - - - - - Express for Halifax and Sydney, - - - - -

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