

Plow, Hammer, Pen

Talmage Eloquently Counts Their Conquests—A Thanksgiving Sermon

Washington, Nov. 24.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a national congratulation over the achievements of brain and hand during the past twelve months. The texts are: I Corinthians IX, 10, "He that ploweth should plow in hope;" Isaiah XLII, 7, "He that smootheneth with the hammer," Judges V, 14, "They that handle the pen of the writer."

There is a table being spread across the top of the two great ranges of mountains which ridge this continent, a table which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas. It is the Thanksgiving table. The nation's steady rush to the depots and the long rail trains darting their lanterns along the tracks of the Boston and Lowell, the Georgia Central, the Chicago Great Western, the St. Paul and Duluth and the Southern railway? Ask the happy group in the New England farm house; ask the villagers whose song of praise in the morning will come over the Berkshire hills; ask all the plantations of the south which have adopted the New England custom of setting apart a day of thanksgiving. Oh, it is a day of national festivity! Clap your hands, ye people, and shout aloud for joy! Through the organ pipes let there come down the thunder of a nation's rejoicing! Blow the cornet! Wave the palm branches! "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men!" Things have marvelously changed. Time was when the stern edict of governments forbade religious assemblages. Those who dared to be so unloyal to their King as to acknowledge the day of thanksgiving were punished. Churches awfully silent in worship suddenly heard their doors swung open, and down upon a church aisle a score of muskets thumped as the leaders bade them "Ground arms!" This custom of honoring fathers, the husbands, the sons and brothers of the plow, the hammer and the pen, which came down from olden time, when it was absolutely necessary that the father or brother should sit at the end of the church pew fully armed to defend the helpless mother and her children, but now how changed! Severe penalties are now threatened against anyone who shall interrupt religious services, and annually, at the command of the highest official in the United States, we gather together for thanksgiving in holy worship. Day by day I would stir your souls to joyful thanksgiving while I speak of the mercies of God and in unconventional way recount the conquests of the plow, the hammer and the pen.

Most of the implements of husbandry have been superseded by modern inventions, but the plow has never lost its reign. It has furrowed its way through all the ages. Its victories have been waved by the barley of Palestine, the wheat of Persia, the flax of Germany, the rice stalks of China, the rich grasses of Italy. It has turned over a mammoth of Siberia, the mastodon of Egypt and the pine groves of Thessaly. Its iron foot has marched where Moses wrote and Homer sang and Aristotle taught and Alexander mounted his war charger. It hath wrung his collar on Norwegian wilds and ripped out the stumps of the American forest, pushed its way through the savannas of the Carolinas and trembling in the grasp of the New Hampshire yeomanry. American civilization hath kept step with the rattle of his cleaves, and on its beam hath ridden thrift and national plenty.

I do not wonder that the Japanese and the Chinese and the Phenicians so particularly extolled husbandry or that Cinchus went from the consulship to the plow or that Noah was a farmer before he became a shipbuilder, or that Elisha was in the field plowing with twelve yoke of oxen when the mantle fell on him or that the Egyptians in their paganism worshipped the ox as a deity. Plowmen, find some rich gold mines in his province, so he turned all the population to digging in the mines. Tillage was neglected, and there came a great famine. One day the wife of the king invited him to a great banquet, and he came in and sat down, and there were pieces of gold in the shape of bread and pieces of gold in the shape of joints of meat, and the king was disgusted and he said, "I cannot eat this." Neither can the people," said his wife most suggestively, and then they went back to the tillage.

To get an appreciation of what the American plow has accomplished I take you into the western wilderness. Here in the dense forest I find a collection of Indian wigwams. With belts of wampum the men lazily sit on the skins of deer, smoking their feathered calumets, or driven forth by hunger, I track their moosehorns far away as they make the forest echoes crazy with their wild wail or fish in the waters of the still lake. Now tribes challenge, and council fires blaze, and warwhoops ring, and chiefs lead the tomahawks for battle. After awhile warriors from the Atlantic coast come to these forests. By day trees are felled, and by night bonfires keep off the wolves. Log cabins rise, and the great trees begin to throw their branches in the path of the conquering white man. Farms are cleared. Stumps, the monuments of elain forests, crumble and are burned. Villages appear, with smiths at the bellows, masons on the wall, carpenters on the house-top, Churches rise in honor of the Great Spirit whom the red men ignorantly worship. Steamers on the

lake convey merchandise to her wharf and carry away the uncounted bushels that have come to the market. Bring hither wreaths of wheat and crowns of rye and let the mills and the machinery of barn and field unite their voices to celebrate the triumph, for the wilderness hath retreated and the plow hath conquered.

Parts of the country, under industrious tillage, have become an Eden of fruitfulness, in which religion stands as the tree of life and educational advantages are the tree of knowledge of good and evil, but one of them forbid good. We are ourselves surrounded by well cultured farmers. They were worked by your fathers, and perhaps your mothers helped spread the hay in the field. On their headstones are the names you bear. As when you were boys, in the sultry noon you sought for the harvest field with refreshments for your fathers and found them taking their noon spell sound asleep under the trees, so peacefully now they sleep in some country churchyard. No more fatigued. Death has plowed for them the deep furrow of a grave.

Although most of us have nothing directly to do with the tillage of the soil, yet in all our occupations we feel the effect of successful or blighted industry. We must, in all our occupations, rejoice over the victories of the plow to-day. The earth was once cursed for man's sake, and occasionally the soil revenges itself on us by refusing a bountiful harvest. I suppose that but for sin the earth would be producing wheat and corn and sweet fruits as naturally as now it produces mulein stocks and Canada thistles. There is hardly a hillock between the forests of Maine and the lagoons of Florida, between the peach orchards of New Jersey and the pines of Oregon, that has not sometimes shown its natural and total depravity. These thorns and thistle seem to have usurped the soil, and nothing but the rebellion of the plow can uproot their supremacy. But God is good. Now, if one of our seasons partially proves a failure the earth seems to repent in the next summer in more munificent supply.

Praise God for the great harvests that have been reaped this last year! Some of them, injured by drought or insects or freshets, were not as bountiful as usual, others far in excess of what have ever before been gathered, while higher prices will help make up for any decreased supply. Sure sign of agricultural prosperity we have in the fact that cattle and horses and sheep and swine and all farm animals have during the last two years increased in value. Twenty million swine slaughtered this last year, and yet so many hogs left. Enormous paying off of farm mortgages has spoiled the old speeches of the calamity of the American farmer. Its iron arm has fought its way down from the beginning to the present. Under its wing the city of Enoch rose, and the foundry of Tubal Cain resounded, and the ark floated on the deluge. At its clang ancient temples spread their magnificence and chariots rushed out fit for the battle. Its iron fist smote the marble of Paros, and it reared in sculptured Minervas and the Pentelic mines until from them a Parthenon was reared whiter than a palace of ice and pure as an angel's dream. Damascus and Jerusalem and Rome and Venice and Paris and London and Philadelphia and New York and Washington are but the long protracted echoes of the hammer. Under the hammer everywhere dwellings have gone up, ornate and luxurious and asylums have added additional glory to the enterprise as well as the beneficence of the American people. Vast public works have been constructed, bridges have been built over rivers and tunnels dug under mountains, and churches of marble beauty have gone up for Him who had not where to lay His head, and the old theory is exploded that because Christ was born in a manger we must always worship Him in a barn.

Railroads of fabulous length have been completed, over which western trains rush past the swift footed deer, making the frightened birds to dart into the heavens at the cough of the smoke pipes and the savage yell of the steam whistle. In hot haste our national industry advances, her breath in the air of 10,000 furnaces, her song the voice of uncounted factories, her footsteps the flash of wheel buckets and the tread of the shaft and the stamp of foundries. Talk about antediluvian longevity! I think the average of human life is more now than it ever was. Through mechanical facilities men work so much faster and accomplish so much more in a lifetime that a man can afford to die now at forty years as well as one of old age. I think the average of human life in point of accomplishment is now equivalent to about 800 years, as near as I can calculate. In all our occupations and professions we feel the effect of a crippled or enlarged mechanical enterprise. We all have stock in every house that is built and in every public conveyance that is constructed and in every ship that is sailed. When we see the hand-working men of the land living in comfortable abodes, with luxuries upon their tables that once even kings could not afford, having the advantage of thorough education, of accomplishment, and art, we are all ready at this season to unite with them in praise to God for his goodness.

Now I come to speak of the conquests of the pen. This is the symbol of all intellectuality. The painter's pencil and the sculptor's chisel and the philosopher's laboratory are all brothers of the pen, and therefore this may be used as a symbol of intellectual advancement. There are those disposed to decry everything American. Having seen Melrose and Glastonbury by moonlight, they never beheld among us an impressive structure, or having strolled through the picture galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, they are disgusted with our academies of art. It makes me sick to hear these people who have been to Europe come home talking with a foreign accent and spinning foreign canopies and talking of moonlight on castles by the sea. I think the biggest fool in the country is the traveled fool.

Sunday School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. XI.
DECEMBER 15, 1901.

The Passover.—Ex. 12:1-11. Commentary.—I. The Lord spoke: "The work of redemption, the appointment of the feast, the change in the calendar, were all divine. The source of all was God, not Moses."

2. This month—Abib, or Nisan; corresponding as nearly as possible to the last half of March and the first half of April. The Jewish month began with the new moon. Beginning of months—"The first not only in order, but in estimation, it had formerly been the seventh according to the reckoning of the civil year which began in September and which counted the months backward but from this time Abib was to stand first in the national religious year."

3. Speak, etc.—Through the elders. V. 21. A lamb for an house—"A kid might be taken. V. 5. The service was to be a domestic one, for the deliverance was to be from an evil threatened to every house in Egypt."

4. If the household be unclean—"That is, if there be not enough persons in one family to eat a whole lamb, then two families must join."

5. Without blemish—That is, entire, whole, sound, having neither defect nor deformity. This was a type of Christ.

6. The lamb was to be kept until the fourth day—"It was to be separated from the rest of the flock four days before the time of sacrifice in the evening—Literally, 'between the evenings'—that is, from the time the sun begins to decline to that of its full setting, say between 3 and 6 o'clock—Elderheim."

7. Take of the blood—"The life is in the blood. This typifies the blood of Christ, which was shed for the sins of the world. Strike it—This was done by dipping a bunch of hyssop into the blood. V. 22. Two sides posted, etc.—This was done as a mark of safety, a token of deliverance."

8. Eat the flesh—Undoubtedly the feast had a physical purpose. The Israelites had to eat in the middle of the night on a long and wearisome journey; and it was important that they should not start fasting."

9. Raw—That is, unfit for use, and therefore unfit for representing spiritual enjoyment.—Murphy. Sodden—Bolted. "It must not be deprived of the portion of its savor." Head with his legs, etc.—See P. V. No. 1. The bone was to be broken. This pointed to Christ. See John X:36.

10. Eat nothing of it remain—"The lamb was to be eaten, all eaten, eaten by all, and eaten at once. Lord Jesus is to be received into the soul as its food, and this is to be done with a whole Christ, by each one of His people, and done just now."

11. Girdle, etc.—Every preparation must be made for an immediate departure. "The long, flowing robes were girded around the loins; shoes were put on, not worn in the house or at meals, were fastened on the feet; and the traveler's staff was taken in hand. These instructions are understood by the Jews to apply only to the first passover.—Cook. The Jews were called by this name because of the destroying angel passed over the dwellings of the Israelites, while destroying the Egyptians."

12. Gods of Egypt—"I. God smote the objects of Egyptian worship, in the destruction of the first-born of the king and the animals which were worshipped. This showed the worthlessness of these gods, for they were powerless to save the people."

13. The blood a token—"Of sign. The blood was a sign of God's mercy, love, protection, and deliverance; it was also a sign of the obedience and faith of the Israelites."

14. This day—a memorial—"To keep in remembrance God's mercy in bringing them out of Egypt, and his judgments on their oppressors, a feast, and celebrated with solemn religious joy as long as they remained a distinct people." An ordinance—it was an institution of God, and was to be observed for ever and set aside by any human authority."

15. Cut off—"There are thirty-six places in which this cutting off is threatened against the Jews for neglect of some particular duty."

16. An holy convocation—"The people were called together by the sound of trumpets to attend the rites and ordinances of divine worship. It is a holy being and must be worshipped in holiness.—Psalm xxiv. 2."

Four Good Short Stories

THE MARKETS

Toronto Farmers' Market.
Dec. 9.—There was a fairly good market on Saturday, with prices generally firm. Wheat higher for the best qualities; 500 bushels of white sold at 67 to 70c, 1,200 bushels of red at 67 to 77c, 1,400 bushels of goose at 66c to 67c, and 100 bushels of spring at 69c. Barley steady, with sales of 2,000 bushels, at 59c to 62c. Oats continue firm, there being sales of 1,500 bushels at 48 to 49c. Rye unchanged, 100 bushels selling at 59c, and peas steady at 78c for 100 bushels.

Hay a trifle firmer, with sales of 25 loads at \$10 to \$11.50 for timothy, and \$7 to \$8.50 per ton for clover. Straw unchanged, four loads selling at \$9 to \$10 per load. Dressed hogs are firm, selling at \$7.75 to \$8.15 per cwt.

Leading Wheat Markets.
Following are the closing quotations at important centres to-day:

| | Cash | May |
|----------------------|--------|--------|
| New York | ... | 65 7/8 |
| Chicago | ... | 82 3/8 |
| Toledo | ... | 85 5/8 |
| Duluth, No. 1 North- | ... | 87 3/8 |
| Duluth, No. 1 Hard | 76 3/4 | 79 3/8 |

English Live Stock Market
Liverpool, Dec. 7.—Cattle are unchanged at 12 to 13c per lb. (dressed weight); refrigerator beef is 9 1/2c per lb.

Toronto Live Stock Markets.
Export cattle, choice, per cwt. 42 1/2 to 50 00

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------------|
| do medium | 35 00 to 40 00 |
| do cows | 30 00 to 35 00 |
| Butcher cattle, picked | 40 00 to 45 00 |
| do choice | 30 00 to 35 00 |
| do fair | 25 00 to 30 00 |
| do common | 20 00 to 25 00 |
| do cows | 15 00 to 20 00 |
| do bulls | 20 00 to 25 00 |
| Feeders, shorthorn | 30 00 to 35 00 |
| do medium | 25 00 to 30 00 |
| Stockers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs. | 30 00 to 35 00 |
| do light | 25 00 to 30 00 |
| Milk cows, each | 50 00 to 60 00 |
| Sheep, wethers, per cwt. | 27 50 to 30 00 |
| do lambs | 25 00 to 28 00 |
| Calves, per head | 3 00 to 3 05 |
| Hogs, choice, per cwt. | 6 12 1/2 to 6 15 |
| Hogs, fat, per cwt. | 5 75 to 6 00 |
| Hogs, light, per cwt. | 5 87 1/2 to 6 00 |

Bradstreet's on Trade.
There has been activity in wholesale trade circles at Montreal this week. Stocking has shown good results, and the wholesale trade seems well satisfied. Trade at Hamilton, it is learned by Bradstreet's, is very good. The holiday demand from the jobbers is large. A feature is the demand for expensive articles, and the volume of trade for the last month of this year promises to show a large expansion in many departments. There have been few lines to job, and there is a feeling of confidence in the future. The fine cold weather has helped trade in a wholesale way at Toronto the past week. Seasonable lines are moving out well now. It being necessary for retailers to sort stocks in order to meet the increasing demand stimulated by winter temperature. The holiday business is very active now, and that is swelling the volume of trade. Trade at the Pacific coast cities is more active owing to the demand for holiday goods. It is expected that this trade will be very heavy this year. Trade at Winnipeg has been helped the past week by bright weather. The wholesale trade is fairly active. There is a good demand for holiday goods.

Substantial Consolation.
A Georgia girl wrote to her lover: "Dear John—I cannot marry you; but please don't kill yourself!" To which John made answer as follows: "Dear Molly—No danger; I've just won \$50 on a horse race!"

"Hm," said the irritable barber. "It's easy enough to grumble! Didn't I give you a hair cut? What more do you want for three-halfpence?"

"The stubble has been removed," recomplimented the customer, "but with a large amount of my chin."

"Well, what of that?" demanded the angry barber. "Didn't I daub alum on that rash in your ear?"

"You did," said the exacting customer.

"But you cut off the top of my nose."

"And I pasted it on with court-plaster."

"True enough. But you severed one of my eyebrows."

"I kept the razor out of your eye, didn't I?"

"Well, you are hard to satisfy! My advice to you is to grow a beard and buy a safety razor, and not come round insulting us barbers."

One of those fellows that want a sovereign's worth of surgery, with each shave, and then kick because you were not chloroformed."

A Granthan gentleman was bitten in the calf of a leg by a dog, and demanded a summons against the man he supposed to be the owner of the offending animal.

The old fellow was the defence offered at the trial.

1. By testimony in favor of the good character of my dog, I shall prove that he could not be so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite anybody.

2. He's blind and cannot see to bite.

3. If he could see it would be impossible for him to bite, as he has no teeth.

4. Granting his eyes and his teeth to be good, he was securely muzzled.

5. My dog died six months ago.

6. I never had a dog.

Some of the inmates of a Yorkshire asylum were engaged in sawing wood, and an attendant thought that one old fellow, who appeared to be working as hard as anybody, had not much to show for his labor.

Approaching him, the attendant soon discovered the cause of this.

"The old man had turned his saw upside down, with the teeth in the air, and was working away with the back of the tool."

"Here, I say, J—," remarked the attendant, "what are you doing? You'll never cut the wood in that fashion. Turn the saw over!"

The old man paused and stared conspicuously at the attendant.

"Did I ever try a saw this way?" he asked.

"Well, no," replied the attendant. "Of course I haven't."

"Then, honestly, mon," was the instant rejoinder. "I've tried both ways, I hev, and—impressively—this is t' easiest."

"No, sir," said the old gentleman, bringing his fist down hard on the desk in front of him, "I will never consent to my daughter's becoming the wife of a man who uses strong drink."

If You Have Asthma

Bronchitis or a Severe Cold on the Chest and Lungs, Doctors Will Point You to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as the Most Effective Treatment.

For every class of disease there is one medicine which stands pre-eminent as being superior to all others. In the case of Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung ailments the recognized treatment is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Doctors do not hesitate to say that when the patient becomes flushed and exhausted in his struggle for breath, wheezes loudly and experiences intense agony in his chest and lungs there is no preparation available that will give such prompt and thorough relief as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville, Ont., says: "I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the Asthma very bad; I could get nothing to do me any good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, as he had and tried it, and it proved successful. I tried it and it cured me. I am thankful to-day to say I am a well woman through the use of this remedy. I keep it in the house all the time, and would not be without it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is so well known in the homes of Canada that it seems unnecessary to add further comment, but a word of warning may be needed. There are other preparations of Linseed and Turpentine, imitations of Dr. Chase's. Be sure the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on the label. Twenty-five cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60c. All Dealers or Edman, Toronto.

WISK AND OTHERWISE

"I thought he threatened to commit suicide?"

"He did try it, but the pistol missed fire."

"Ah! and so did he."

Good nature is one of the richest fruits of true Christianity.—H. W. Beecher.

Mama—What's the matter, Willie? Didn't you have a good time at the party?

Willie—Now!

"Why? Didn't you get enough to eat?"

"Yes; but I didn't get too much."

The world is full of hopeful analogies and humanly right eggs could possibilities.—George East.

It was hard to keep her temper. For his conduct made her wince, yet she kept it—idem semper.—She's displayed it ever since.