

THE ANCIENT WAR HORSE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of His Strength and Fleetness.

The Redeemed Are Represented as Riding on White Horses--Strength of the Weakest Inhabitant of Heaven--Parade of Soldiers in the Celestial City "With the Great Commander at the Head.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses."—Revelations xix. 14.

We cannot, in this age, understand the beauty and glory of the ancient horse. This animal comes to us through centuries of oppression and hard treatment, which have taken the gracefulness from his limbs, and the flame from his eye, and the arch of pomp from his neck. The finest horse that is now to be found prancing in the parks, an ancient king would not have been seen riding. Of old, the ox and the ass tilled the ground and carried the burdens; but the horse was used for coronations and triumphal processions, kings and chieftains sitting upon him. Job describes a war-horse until I cannot hear the clamping of his bit, and the clatter of his hoofs among the fallen shields. "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth forth to meet the armed men. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

When my text, in figure, represents the armies of the glorified as riding upon white horses, it sets forth the strength, the fleetness, the victory, and the innocence of the redeemed. The horse has always been an emblem of strength. When startled by a sudden sight or sound, how he plunges along the highway! The hand of the strong driver on the reins is like the grasp of a giant. His hoofs strike fire, the harness is snapped, and the vehicle hurled over the rocks. With nostril panting and foam flying in flakes, his head tossed on either side in wild triumph, he stops not for the missiles hurled at him, nor the whistling of the multitude. Away he flies, irresistibly!

Therefore, when the redeemed are represented as riding on white horses, their strength is set forth. The days of their invalidism and decrepitude are past. Never shall they be sick again or tired again. Take the strength of ten of the giants of earth, and the weakest inhabitant of heaven could master him. O the day when, having put off the last physical impediment, you shall come to the nightingale of heavenly vigour! There will be hardly anything you cannot lift, crush, or conquer. The horse used in the text is also the emblem of fleetness.

THE WILD HORSES ON the plain, at the appearance of the hunter, make the miles slip under them, as with a snort they bound away, and the dust rises in whirlwinds from their flying feet, until far away they halt with their faces to their pursuer, and neigh in gladness at their escape. More swift than they shall be the redeemed in heaven. O the exhilaration of feeling that you can take worlds at a bound, vast distances instantly overcome—no difference between here and there! Heaven is said to be the centre of the universe. If so, how swift must a messenger spirit fly, in order to reach us in any crisis of peril! Light flies one hundred and ninety-five thousand miles a second, and yet there are worlds that have been created for ages, whose light has just reached us. If light, flying one hundred and ninety-four thousand miles a second, has taken ages to come from worlds this side of heaven, how swift must a messenger spirit fly from heaven, in order to administer unto us! Swiftly, swifter than eagles, or wings, or light, are the redeemed.

The horse in the text is also a symbol of victory. He was not used on ordinary occasions; but the conqueror mounted him, and rode on among the acclamations of the rejoicing multitudes. So all the redeemed of heaven are victors. Yes, they are more than conquerors through him that loved them. My text places us on one of the many avenues of the Celestial City. The soldiers of God have come up from earthly battle and are on parade. We shall not have time to see all the great hosts of the redeemed; but John, in my text, points out a few of the battalions: "And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses."

You have sometimes stood in a street waiting for a carriage for a procession to come up. Then you saw a great excitement in the street, and heard unusual shouting, and you knew that the procession was near. I hear the sound of the heavenly host advancing. The shout of the redeemed from the mansions of the palaces of heaven seems nearer. The procession is in sight, the marshals of heaven clear the way, and the great Commander rides past at the head of the host.

THE ROMAN VICTOR, having slain at least five thousand men in battle, rode into the ancient

with which she once swooped to the drowning from Alnwick Castle. The good Samaritan, who put the wounded man on his horse while he himself walked, now riding more firmly for that charitable dismounting. Thousand of men and women who served God, and grandly did their duty—whole companies, regiments, battalions, Pass on, great troop of God! It seems as if there were no end to it. Forward, ye army of Christian workers! Ride on, while the sufferers whom you healed, and the ignorant whom you instructed, and the feeble whom you healed, and the abandoned whom you reclaimed, come out on the streets of heaven to greet you!

'RIDE ON! RIDE ON! Here comes a great column of the Christian host. They always walked on earth. The only ride they ever had was in the horse that took them to Potter's Field. They went day by day, poorly clad, and meanly fed, and in-justlyly salted. They were jostled out of houses whose rent they could not pay, and out of churches where their presence was an offence. Considering the insignificant way many of these went out of the world, the poor way they passed, and the shroud, and the haste of the obsequies you might have expected for them a tame reception on the other side; but a shining retinue was waiting beyond the river for their departing spirits, and they passed in a chariot of glory, confronted them, and snow-white chargers of heaven are brought in, and the conquerors mounted; and here they pass in the throng of the victors, poor-horse exchanged for palace, rage for imperial attire, and walking for seats on the white horse from the King's stable. Ride on, ye victors!

Another retinue: that of the Christian invalids. These who pass now languished for many a year on their couches. From the first, they were strength, and the exhilaration with which they ride, you would not have supposed that they had been double with ailments, and had crouched with pain, and had writhed in sufferings that were ghastly to the beholder. But after twenty years of useless prescription, and all surgery had failed, in one moment they recovered. The sick groom named Death came out and said, "Ride on, ye conquerors! Victors of Dunottar Castle, and Bass Rock, and Rutherglen! Ride on!"

Here come the regiment of English martyrs. Queen Mary against King Jesus made an uneven fight. Twenty thousand chariots of God coming down the steep of heaven. WILL RIDE OVER ANY FOE. Queen Mary thought that by sword and fire she had driven Protestants down, but she only drove them up. Here they pass: Bishop Hooper, and Rogers, Preliminary of St. Paul's, and Atchab Cramer, who put his courage back in time to save his soul; and Anne Askew, who at twenty-five years of age, rather than forsake her God, submitted first to the rack without a groan, and then went with bones so dislocated she must be carried on a chair to the stake, her last words ris- ing through flames being a prayer for women, whom God had put in the world, and whom she had persecuted. The iron fingers of torture left no eternal life. Ride on, thou glorious regiment of English martyrs!

Look at this advancing host of a hundred thousand. Who are they? Look upon the flag, and upon their uniform and tell us. They are the Protestants who fell on St. Bartholomew's Day in Paris, in Lyons, in Orleans, in Bordeaux, while the king looked out of the window and cried, "Kill! Kill!" O what a night, followed by what a day! Who would think that these on white horses were tossed out of windows, and manacled, and torn, and dragged, and slain, until it seemed that the cause of God had perished, and cities were illuminated with infernal joy, and the cannon of St. Bartholomew thundered the triumph of hell! Their ashes were scattered in the Rhodanes, and their bodies were thrown into the Seine, but their souls went up out of a nation's shriek into the light of God; and now they pass along the boulevard of heaven.

"Soldier of God, well done! Rest in Thy Master's joy." Rest in Thy Master's joy. Ride on, ye mounted troops of St. Bartholomew's Day!

Here comes up another host of the redeemed; the regiment of Christian philanthropists. They went down into the battle field to take care of the wounded; they plunged into the damp and moulded prisons, and pleaded before God and human governors in behalf of the incarcerated; they preached Christ among the heathen; they carried bread and balm into the garrets of pain; but in the SWEET RIVER OF DEATH they washed off the filth and the somnolence of those to whom they had administered.

Now they pass through the streets of heaven in glorious review. There is John Howard, who circumnavigated the globe in the name of him who said, "I was sick and ye visited me." What to him were the thanks of the House of Commons or the recognition of all the government on earth compared with the joy of this day, in which he rides on, followed by multitudes of those whom he found in dungeons of darkness and fetters of pain! Here go the Moravian missionaries, who were told that they could not go on a Christian errand to a hospital where the plague was raging unless they came out—deliberately made all arrangements and went in, and took care of the sick, and then lay down beside the dying themselves to die. Here goes Elliott, who chased tigers for Christ among savages, travelling on foot through the wilds, saying, "My feet are always wet, I pull off my boots and wring my stockings, and put them on again and go forward, trying to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Here go the soldiers of Jesus Christ, defying the savages, who made him stop preaching or die, by saying to them, "I am about the work of the great God, Touch me if you dare!"

The Maid of Saragossa, the angel of the Spanish battlefields, passes by. Elizabeth Fry, followed by those whom she showed the way from Newgate prison to heaven. Grace Darling, of the strong oar and the sea-bird's wing,

with which she once swooped to the drowning from Alnwick Castle. The good Samaritan, who put the wounded man on his horse while he himself walked, now riding more firmly for that charitable dismounting. Thousand of men and women who served God, and grandly did their duty—whole companies, regiments, battalions, Pass on, great troop of God! It seems as if there were no end to it. Forward, ye army of Christian workers! Ride on, while the sufferers whom you healed, and the ignorant whom you instructed, and the feeble whom you healed, and the abandoned whom you reclaimed, come out on the streets of heaven to greet you!

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detachment of native troops under a native commander must pass that way. He enjoined absolute silence upon his force. They his behind sand hills and the bare rock masses. Osman Digna threatened with death any man who moved before he gave the word. When the enemy had involved themselves in the defile the slave dealer signalled. On rushed the men from their concealment. The enemy were almost annihilated, and all Osman Digna's lost prestige returned to him.

VICTORY AFTER VICTORY.

Four more splendid victories over the Government forces followed in quick succession. The British found to their amazement that this outlawed slave trader was a general in six months he had made himself master of the country round about. His army grew like a field of wheat. He drilled and disciplined his desert horde, as Hannibal had drilled and disciplined the Carthaginian mob.

The dilemma of the English was extreme. They retreated their almost fatal mistake of having underrated the foe by sending General Graham's army against him. Before the Englishman could take the field Tokar had fallen. General Graham was dumfounded. His first act was to send messengers to Osman Digna demanding his submission. This communication the Mohammedan did not condescend to notice. He simply threw up breastworks in the oasis and waited for Graham to come up. The latter lost no time. With Baker Pasha and Colonel Burnaby to guide him, General Graham arrived at El Teb in four hours. He had about four thousand men. Osman Digna's force approached six thousand, almost wholly Soudanese. He began the battle by shelling the advancing oblong square of British. No answer was made until Graham had conducted his men quite around the breastworks. Then he opened with artillery and infantry at once. The Soudanese staggered under the shock. The English rushed upon their enemy.

The battle lasted three hours. Osman lost fully 1,000 men, the British barely 25 killed and 140 wounded. The Mohammedan fell back to Suakin, and in two weeks had entrenched himself near that city with a new army. The British moved upon Suakin in squares. The advancing columns were like a long, living ladder. Osman Digna detached several small forces to harry the oncoming enemy. The battalions and marines had been enjoined to hold their fire. The English advance guard, however, persisted in firing stray volleys. This disobedience led to disaster. The line of march was hidden in the smoke of its own fire. The Soudanese crept up beneath the shelter thus afforded. They sprang upon the English ranks and beat them back. The capacity of the Arab for hand-to-hand conflict served Osman Digna's purpose well. The Gatling guns fell into the hands of his men.

CARNAGE IN THE DESERT.

Only the intrepidity of General Graham averted a rout. He reformed his broken ranks and charged the yelling Arabs. So hot became the fire from the English artillery that the forces of Osman broke in dismay. General Graham made good his advance, and forced Osman from Suakin, but no material advantage resulted. Osman Digna took the field again in a few weeks. About 4,000 Soudanese and Arabs had fallen. On the other hand, Graham had lost a fifth of his army. These events revealed clearly the Mohammedan's plan of campaign. The loss of life was his course, and Osman Digna. His men were eager to be slaughtered, that they might enter the portals of Paradise. If the English won a victory he let them have it, and then harassed them from the desert. Such was his course when he came from Suakin. The English held the town but Osman Digna held the English.

British policy contemplated the building of a railway from Suakin to Berber. Before the design could be carried out the hostile forces had to be swept from the desert. Osman Digna stood in the way. All the power of Britain was brought to bear to dislodge the Mohammedan. The effort was vain. He was driven from one stronghold only to establish a new one. Army after army swept down into the desert, but the country could not be cleared. By 1885 the state of war had been transferred to Kordofan. In this campaign Osman had the aid of two of his nephews—Ahmed and Fagi Digna.

Osman had performed prodigies for the Mahdi after shutting the English out of Suakin. He aroused the English, Shilluk, Mijardoff and Bishik tribes. These tribes afforded him levy after levy of recruits. He now demanded the surrender of both Suakin and Suakin and even made an attack. In this he was repulsed. But he massacred 156 soldiers and two officers in a rocky pass not 20 miles from Suakin.

A MAZE OF MOVEMENTS.

The military operations of the following months are not easily followed. The accounts are so contradictory. The news came, late in 1885, that Osman Digna had been slain and his whole army captured. It turned out that Osman had really won a victory. He arose from the dead on June 18, 1886. On that day he appeared before Tokar with another of his innumerable armies. The English now made heroic efforts to keep the Suakin route open. They hoped to do this by driving Osman before them. The proposed railway from Suakin to Berber remained on paper.

All this time the Mahdi of the desert had continued his slave traffic. His roving bands descended upon tribes friendly to the English and bore off their men and women. The captives were reported to Arabia, and there sold. The profits netted Osman Digna prodigious sums. Not were the British able to put a stop to Osman's operations.

The dead-lock dragged along until 1888. In that year Colonel Kitchener, as he then was, determined to deal with Osman Digna a decisive blow. Kitchener was then Governor General of the Red Sea littoral. He fell upon the slave trader's camp, captured it and formed his troops and took his own camp from the rear. In the fighting Kitchener got a severe wound, which has never since wholly ceased to trouble him. Osman lost a band of slaves in this fight. He fell back to Darah

with about 2,000 men, and won a victory over the Anhar tribesmen sent out to check him. Next he returned upon Kitchener's regiments at Hand-doub. The Baggara horse charged the English forces and swept all before them. In the following April Osman was joined by Abu Gireh, at the head of 3,000 men.

The British, to their profound chagrin, were compelled to open negotiations with the man whom they had so lightly undertaken to subdue. Osman Digna received the emissaries at the head of his forces. He listened to what they had to say, but they could not move him an inch. He declared that he would attack every armed force found within the limits of what he deemed his own territory. He was, however, disposed to allow trading with him certain limits.

PLAYING HIS OWN GAME.

This really meant that the Mohammedan commander would do anything calculated to promote traffic in slavery. That enriched him. The English were far from satisfied. Their vessels patrolled the coast night and day. But they could not break up Osman's pet traffic. The slaves continued to be captured and exported in large numbers. The great Digna had become a buccaneer of the desert. He was playing a game that meant the more to him the longer it lasted. He laughed at the British power to scorn.

OSMAN DIGNA'S THREAT.

The man who first realized this situation was Kitchener. He saw clearly that his country was playing into the hands of the slave traffic. He advocated an entire abandonment of the plan of campaign. It seems incredible now, but it is a fact that the Cabinet in London refused to entertain Kitchener's project for a reorganized military movement.

The history of the next few years is but a repetition of what went before. Osman Digna held his own, for what he all he wanted to hold. He ran down to Omdurman, perfected his plans, sold his slaves and enriched himself. Kitchener set about his great work of organization. He now paid no particular attention to Osman. That worthy remained as elusive as the wind. Ambitious colonies and majors tried to capture him. Picked battles raged.

On the whole, however, the Mohammedan slave's power declined. England was no longer playing his game. The religious influence of the Mahdist movement waned. Long before the great day at Omdurman the Soudan had passed out of Osman Digna's hands. He had sunk to the level of a bandit at large within its limits.

When Kitchener went to Khartoum Osman Digna was never out of his thoughts. Positive offers were given to take the slave trader, dead or alive. But although the great Englishman started the quarry, he could not run it to earth. Osman came out of the fray alive and free. He had lost some credit in the last few years even with his own following. The events at Atbara, at Dongola revealed the slave trader in his true colors as a self-seeker.

"What news have you, and how fare the faithful?" enquired Abdullah on one occasion, when Osman came to Omdurman to report.

"Master," replied Digna, "I led the faithful to Paradise."

"Then why did you not go with them?" returned Abdullah. "God," replied the slave trader, "hath not ordained it so."

The end came ingloriously. Ever since the fall of Khartoum Osman Digna has been a hunted man. He returned to his old haunts near Tokar. Suakin has long since been garrisoned by the English. The commander there, Captain Burgess, organized an expedition and ran Osman Digna to earth in the hills. The old slave trader is now under lock and key.

CORK FLOOR.

An Old-Fashioned Article Used in New Fashioned Ways.

Cork, as every one knows, is one of the best non-conductors of heat or sound. That it has not been more widely used in building is due chiefly to the difficulty of obtaining it in an unaltered form. A product called cork tiling has recently been placed upon the market which is made of what is known to the trade as "virgin cork," ground, compressed and otherwise treated by a patented process, and which is free from the cement and glue usually used to hold the particles together.

We are informed that this made of this pure, compressed cork forms an admirable flooring, which, besides being noiseless, waterproof, warm and germ proof, is capable of withstanding hard usage. By varying the degree of compression and modifying the manufacturing process slightly, sheets of cork, different in color and density, are obtained, which, when sawed and finished in the form of panels, can be used for wainscoting alone, or in connection with cork tile floors.

To Stop Bleeding—A handful of flour bound on the cut.

There is practically no difference, so far as the value is concerned, between the white-shelled and the brown-shelled egg.

Scorpions from grasshoppers is said to make the human skin soft and smooth and youthful-looking. It is the invention of a Madrid manufacturer, and the beauties of Spain are in ecstasies about it.

The happy man, according to Jeremy Tay, is he that hath the fervent desire and the most quiet passions, whose wants are soon provided for, and whose possessions cannot be disturbed with violent fears, he that dwells next door to satisfaction, and can convey his needs and lay them down where he pleases.

CONSIDERATE.

They say he is a very careful, conscientious husband. He is. Whenever he is going to be home to dinner he always lets his wife know beforehand.