

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PRINTER'S INK THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

Good Influence of Newspapers and Books—The Public Conscience Is Easily Awakened—Letter-Writing a Good Habit for the Young.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, March 17.—In a new way and from a peculiar text Dr. Talmage discourses of good influences, brought to bear for the world's improvement. The text is Ezekiel ix, 2, "And one man among them was clothed with linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side."

The poem from which my text is taken is epic, lyric, dramatic, weird and overpowering. It is more than Homeric or Dantesque. No one ever had such divine dreams as Ezekiel. In a vision this prophet had seen wrathful angels, destroying angels, each with a sword, but in my text he sees a merciful angel with an inkhorn. The receptacle for the ink in olden time was made out of the horn of a cow or a ram or a roebuck, as now it is made out of metal or glass, and therefore was called the inkhorn, as now we say inkstand. We have all spoken of the power of the sword, of the power of wealth, of the power of office, of the power of social influence, but today I speak of the power for good or evil in the inkstand. It is upon your tables, holding a black or blue or red liquid. It is a fortress, an armory, a gateway, a ransom or a demolition. "You mistake," says some one; "it is the pen that has the power." No, my friend. What is the influence of a dry pen? Pass it up and down a sheet of paper, and it leaves no mark. It expresses no opinion. It gives no warning. It spreads no intelligence. It is the liquid which the pen dips out of the inkstand that does the work. Here and there a celebrated pen, with which a Declaration of Independence or a Magna Charta or a treaty was signed has been kept in literary museum or national archives, but for the most part the pens, whether, as of old, made out of reed or later of wood of bird or still later of metallic substance, have disappeared, while the liquid which the pens took from the inkstand remains in scrolls which, if put together, would be large enough to enwrap the round world. For practical, for moral, for religious, for eternal purposes, I speak of the mission of "the writer's inkhorn."

Writing to Old Folks at Home.

O ye who have with recent years set up homes of your own, out of the new home inkstand write often to the old folks, if they be still living! A letter means more to them than to us, who are amid the activities of life and to whom postal correspondence is more than we can manage. They await the coming of the letter. Undertake no great thing in life without their advice. Old people for counsel; young people for action. Even though through decadence they may be incompetent to give valuable opinions on important affairs, compliment them by asking their counsel. It will do them good. It will make their last days exhilarant. Make that home inkstand a source of rejuvenescence to those who are near the terminus of the earthly journey. Domestic correspondence is not attended to at once. The newspaper, joining with the telegraph, bears the tidings of all the neighborhood, but the swiftest revolving wheel of modern printing press and quickest flash along the electric wires can never do the sympathetic work of the home inkstand. As the merciful angel of my text appeared before the brazen altar with the inkhorn at his side in Ezekiel's vision, so let the angel of filial kindness appear at the altars of the old homestead.

The Author's Responsibilities.

Furthermore, the inkstand of the business man has its mission. Between now and the hour of your demise, O commercial man, O professional man, there will not be a day when you can not dip from the inkhorn a message that will influence temporal and eternal destinies. There is a rash young man running into wild speculation, and with as much ink as you can put on the pen at one time you may save him from the Niagara rapids of a ruined life. On the next street there is a young man started in business who, through lack of patronage or mistake in purchase of goods or want of adaptation, is on the brink of collapse. One line of ink from your pen will save him from being an underling all his life and start him on a career that will win him a fortune which will enable him to become an endower of libraries, an opener of art galleries and builder of churches.

Furthermore, great are the responsibilities of the author's inkhorn. All the people, or nearly all the people, read, and that which they read decides their morals or immorals, their prosperity or failure, their faith or their unbelief, their purity or corruption, their heaven or hell. Show me any man's library, great or small, and after examining the books, finding those with leaves uncut, but displayed for sake of the binding, and those worn with frequent perusal, and without ever seeing the man or knowing his name, I will tell you his likes and his dislikes; his morals, good or bad or indifferent; his qualifications for business or artistic or professional or mechanical life. The best index to any man's character is the book he prefers above all others. Oh, the power of a book for good or evil!

The Influence of Books.

Through books we sit down and talk with the mightiest spirits of all the ages. We accompany Tenyson on his spring-time walk as he falls upon his

knees in the meadows, crying to his companion: "Violets, man, violets! Smell them!" Or we ride with Trajan in his triumphal march, or stand with Godfrey at the taking of Jerusalem, or with arctic explorer hear the crash of the icebergs, or are received with Hernando Cortes in the halls of Montezuma, or watch in the observatory as Herschel with his telescope captures another star, or the ink in the inkhorn turns red as blood, and we are at Marengo and Arbelia, and Eylau and Borodino and Leipsic; or we sail with Hamilcar from Carthage to Palermo, or we see Galilei fighting for the solar system, and around us gather for conversation Aristotle and Plato and Robert South and Sydney Smith and Locke and Samuel Rogers and Chaucer and Paul Richter and Swift and Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt and Talleyrand and Burke and Edward Irving, while, to make music for us, Handel and Mozart and Mendelssohn come in, and we watch Columbus landing, and see John Harvard's legacy of £900 paid over to the founding of Harvard university, and Joshua Reynolds and David Wilkie and Rembrandt tell us of their pictures. Oh, the books! Thank God for the books, and thank be to all the authors! May the inkhorn ever be under divine inspiration!

When a bad book is printed you do well to blame the publisher, but most of all blame the author. The malaria rose from his inkstand. The poison that caused the moral or spiritual death dropped in the fluid from the tip of his pen. The manufacturer of that ink could tell you that it is made of tannin and iron and nutgalls and green vitriol, but many an author has dipped from his inkstand hypercriticism and malevolence and slander and salaciousness as from a fountain of death. But blessed be God for the author's inkstand in 10,000 studies which are dedicated to pure intelligence, highest inspiration and grandest purpose. They are the inkstands out of which will be dipped the redemption of the world. The destroying angels with their swords seen in Ezekiel's vision will be finally overcome by the merciful angel with the writer's inkhorn.

Newspaper Impressions.

A wrong theory is abroad that the newspaper impression is ephemeral. Because we read and cast it aside in an hour and never see it again we are not to judge that we are parted from its influence. No volume of 500 pages makes such impression upon the people as the daily newspaper. It is not what we put away carefully upon the shelf and once in a while refer to that has as close relation to our welfare as the story of what the world is now doing or has recently done. Yesterday was more to do with today than something occurring a century previous. The engineers who now guide the rail trains, the captains who now command the ships, the architects who now design the buildings, the batons that now control the orchestras, the legislators who now make the laws, the generals who now march the hosts, the rulers who now govern the nations, the inkhorns that now flood the world with intelligence—these are what we have most to do with.

You have all seen what is called indelible ink, which is a weak solution of silver nitrate, and that ink you can not rub out or wash out. Put it there, and it stays. Well, the liquid of the editorial and reportorial inkstands is an indelible ink. It puts upon the souls of the passing generations characters of light or darkness that time cannot wash out and eternity cannot efface. Forever indelible. Be careful how you use it. The impression made with it will be resplendent or repulsive on the day for which all other days were made.

But how shall I speak of the inkhorn of the world's evangelization? Oh, how many loving and brilliant and glorious pens have been dipped into it! Thomas a Kempis dipped into it and brought up his "Imitation of Christ." Horace Bushnell dipped into it and brought up "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." Thomas Binney dipped into it and brought up his "Weigh House Chapel Discourses." Conybeare dipped into it and brought up the "Life and Epistles of Paul." Archbishop Trench dipped into it and brought up the "Epistles to the Seven Churches." Stuart Robinson dipped into it and brought up "Discourses of Redemption." Austin Phelps dipped into it and brought up "The Still Hour." Mark Hopkins dipped into it and brought up "Evidence of Christianity." Thomas Guthrie dipped into it and brought up "The Gospel in Ezekiel." John Cumming dipped into it and brought up "The Apocalypse." Oh, the influence of Christian literature! Oh, the mighty streams of evangelistic power that have poured from the writer's inkhorn that appeared in Ezekiel's vision!

The Mothers' Letters.

While you recognize the distinguished ones who have dipped into the inkstand of the world's evangelization do not forget that there are hundreds of thousands of unknown men and women who are engaged in inconspicuous ways doing the same thing! How many anxious mothers writing to the boys in town! How many sisters writing encouragement to brothers far away! How many invalids bolstered up in bed, the inkhorn on the stand at their side, writing letters of condolence to those worse off than themselves! They are flying all the time kind words, gospel words, helpful words, saving words. Call the evangelistic inkhorn into service in the early morning, when you feel well and you are grateful for the protection during your sleeping hours, and write before you retire at close of day to those who all night long will be saying, "Would to God it were morning!" How many bruised and disappointed and wronged souls of earth would be glad to get a

letter from you! Stir up that consolatory inkhorn.

The Inkhorn of God's Mercy.

The other angels spoken of in my text were destroying angels, and each had what the Bible calls a "slaughter weapon" in his hand. It was a lance or a battleax or a sword. God hasten the time when the last lance shall be shattered and the last battleax dulled and the last sword sheathed, never again to leave the scabbard, and the angel of the text, who, Matthew Henry says, was the Lord Jesus Christ, shall, from the full inkhorn of his mercy, give a saving call to all nations. That day may be far off, but it is helpful to think of its coming. As Dr. Raleigh declared, that when 50 miles at sea off the coast of New England the cattle on board the ship, as well as himself, scented the clover on the New England hills, so we, amid all the tossing waves of the world's controversies, inhale the redolence of the white lilies of universal peace. Is it not time that the boasted invention of new and more explosive and more widely devastating weapons of death be stopped forever, and the gospel have a chance and the question be not asked, How many shots can be fired in a minute? but, How many souls may be ransomed in a day? The world needs less powder and more grace, fewer fortresses and more churches, less power to destroy and more power to save. Oh, I am sick of the war cries and the extinguished eye-sight and the splintered homes and the grave trenches and the widowhood and orphanage and childlessness which sob and groan and die in the wake of the armies on both sides of the sea! Oh, for less of the slaughter weapon and more of the evangelizing inkhorn! Oh, for the stopping of the science of assassination, that crime of crimes, that woe of woes, that horror of horrors, that hell of hells—war, which this moment stands reeking with blood and washing itself in tears and blaspheming the heavens and pushing off the edge of this life men who have as much right to live as you and I have, and blasting homes in which their dwells as much loveliness as in our own! Would that the merciful angel of my text take the last weapon of war and fling it off and fling it down with such force that it shall clang on the lowest round of the perdition where the first keen edge of human strife was sharpened! War! In the name of Almighty God and of all the homesteads it has destroyed and is now destroying, I hate it, I denounce it, I curse it!

Stocum's Spray.

England, it seems, has something to learn from America, even in the matter of boat building. Capt. Joshua Stocum, author of "Sailing Alone Around the World," has just received a letter from a stranger, bearing an East Indian stamp, and postmarked Berbera (Africa), London, and New York, in which his correspondent expresses a desire to possess a boat built on the lines of the famous sloop Spray. "I have an island in the Indian ocean," the Englishman writes, "separated by some 40 miles from the main group at which steamers call. Its produce has to be ferried twice a month to the steamer station. Often, in the monsoons, the seas run high, and a stout boat is necessary, as well as one that can sail well to windward, and do something in light airs. A boat like the Spray would just do, and would also be a great pleasure, for there are numbers of neighboring islands one would like to visit, and sometimes a run to Bombay, or Ceylon, or Mombasa, or Maritius, would be possible." Needless to say, the gallant captain lost no time in forwarding the Spray's specifications, in answer to this flattering request.

New Kind of Phonograph.

At the last meeting of the Berlin Polytechnic society an engineer named Leisner explained a new kind of phonograph for service at sea, writes a Berlin correspondent. By coupling together membranes, between each of which a microphone is fixed, he has succeeded in so strengthening the tone emitted by all sound that any noise can be heard for a distance of three sea miles. It is suggested that by means of this invention a commander at sea will be able to issue his orders to all the ships in his fleet, and that in the same manner ships will be able to communicate with each other in the densest fog. Of course, it would be equally useful on land, and railway accidents, it is thought, may be also greatly diminished, as warnings could be given at long distances apart.

Tennel's Successor.

Of Linley Sambourne, Sir John Tennel's successor on Punch, it is said that he is short and stout and would easily be taken for a prosperous gentleman farmer, whose only thought was crops and horses! He lives in a charming and artistic house in Kensington, one of whose features is a vast collection of photographs to be used in his works as a cartoonist. They are assorted, we are told, into scores of departments. Kings, queens, soldiers, sailors, judges, members of parliament, actors, actresses, celebrities, notoriety, animals—there are thousands of them in these drawers. There are also photographs of the uniforms of the armies and courts of all European countries.

From Judge to Constable.

Daniel R. Magruder, former judge of the Maryland Court of Appeals, is a constable at Annapolis. To the protest of the citizens that constables had not been appointed the board in charge of the matter replied that men could not be found to accept the office. When Judge Magruder stated that plenty of good men could be found it was suggested in banter that the judge should accept, and he did.

BIG AFRICAN LAKES.

TRAVELER'S SOLUTION OF THE TANGANYIKA MYSTERY.

Fauna of the Big Lakes Found to Be Wholly Lacustrine—Volcanoes Dam Up a Stream and Turn the Water the Other Way.

The mystery that has always surrounded the great lakes of Central Africa is largely solved in the new number of the Geographical Journal by Mr. J. E. S. Moore. His explorations have linked together much information previously rather fragmentary. Tanganyika was discovered by Burton and Speke in 1857, and the latter brought to England a few shells picked up on its shore which found their way to the British museum. Some of them puzzled the experts, for, though taken from a fresh water lake very far inland, they strongly resembled genera which inhabit the sea. They had also a curiously old world aspect, as if they were lineal descendants of shells which lived about the time when the limestones called oolites were formed, or considerably before our chalk was deposited. But the little known about Africa had led geologists to suppose that, at any rate, the central and southern parts had been above the sea far longer than this. In course of time, however, more discoveries were made in Tanganyika, including shells of similar types, peculiar fishes, crabs, prawns, sponges, and even a jelly fish—in fact, a number of creatures, all suggesting that their ancestors had been marine. Then in 1897 Mr. Moore visited the lake and brought back collections which placed the matter beyond doubt. But the settlement of that question only raised another. In what way did Tanganyika communicate with the sea? Some ten years ago Prof. Suess, of Vienna, by piecing together the information gathered by travelers in the more central parts of Africa, came to the conclusion that the continent on its eastern side was traversed by a remarkable group of rifts, which had resulted in the formation of valleys. In these lay the longer and narrower of the African lakes. He traced the "rift system" from Syria, along the valley of the Jordan, down the Red sea, southward into Africa. Near Lake Rudolf it divides the two branches opening out to inclose a broad tract of highlands in the middle of which is the wide Victoria Nyanza. The western arm passes through the Albert lake, Kivu and Tanganyika, turning eastward from the south end of the last to the head of Nyassa. Here it is very probably joined by the eastern branch, which can be traced for a long way, passing to the west of Kenya and Kilimanjaro. These great rifts would seem to be the natural lines of connection with the ancient ocean, and, if so, that could be tracked by seeing which of the lakes contained the strange creatures of Tanganyika. So a second expedition was organized, headed by Mr. Moore to examine the whole chain of lakes along the western "Rift Valley," from Nyassa to the Albert Nyanza. His former expedition had made it almost certain that Nyassa had never been in communication with the sea. Consequently, the way could not have been from the south. In Tanganyika he found still more evidence of an ancient marine fauna which had tenanted its waters at a time when the lake covered a much larger area. But neither in Kivu nor in the Albert Edward lake, nor in the Albert Nyanza could he discover any traces of these marine creatures. Their fauna, like that of Nyassa, was wholly lacustrine. More than that, Mr. Moore found that the river draining Kivu descends as a torrent through an upland region to the old head of Tanganyika and that the former lake is cut off from the Albert Edward by a huge mass of volcanoes some of which are still active. Strange as it may seem he gives good reasons for believing that Kivu had been formed by the outbreking of these volcanoes, which have dammed up a stream that formerly ran to the north 'till the water at last found an outlet in the opposite direction down to Tanganyika. Thus, strange as it may seem, the sea can only have lain to the west, over the present basin of the Congo.—London Standard.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

There is much difference between being washed white and being whitewashed.

There are a great many Remedies, but there is one CURE for a poor complexion: that is Garfield Tea which cures by purifying the Blood, thus Removing the Cause.

Wise men of ancient times were probably no wiser than other men, but they talked less.

Pain relieved, sickness prevented, by timely use of Wizard Oil. Keep it always in the home.

The best hearts are always the bravest.

Dying is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Every noble work is at first impossible.

A Remedy for the Grippe.

Physicians recommend KEMP'S BALSAM for patients afflicted with the grippe, as it is especially adapted for the throat and lungs. Don't wait for the first symptoms, but get a bottle today and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected, the grippe brings on pneumonia. KEMP'S BALSAM prevents this by keeping the cough loose and the lungs free from inflammation. All druggists, 25c and 50c.

A new island has been formed out at sea, about 10 miles from the mouth of the Rhone.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

There is much difference between being washed white and being whitewashed.

There are a great many Remedies, but there is one CURE for a poor complexion: that is Garfield Tea which cures by purifying the Blood, thus Removing the Cause.

Wise men of ancient times were probably no wiser than other men, but they talked less.

Pain relieved, sickness prevented, by timely use of Wizard Oil. Keep it always in the home.

The best hearts are always the bravest.

Dying is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Every noble work is at first impossible.

On the average English sovereigns since 1894 have lived about 56 years and reigned about 33 years.

When looking for game it is useless to visit the bargain counters of humanity. All things can lead astray those ill-favored.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

The hand which hath long held a violet doth not soon forego its fragrance. It is a poor widow that can't remarry. Rich ones are soon gobbled up.

FTS Permanently Cured. Soften or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kane, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Greatness is never thrust upon the man who leads an aimless life.

The remarkable success of Garfield Tea, the great HEIK cure for constipation and Sick Headache, is due to its healthful action on all the digestive organs.

The marvellous church will often mean the minimized Christ.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

He who takes all he can get often gets more than he can take.

When You Buy Ink get Carter's and you will get the best every time. "Inkling's" free. Carter's Ink Co., Boston.

Silence speaks much, words more and actions most of all.

Pinkham's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

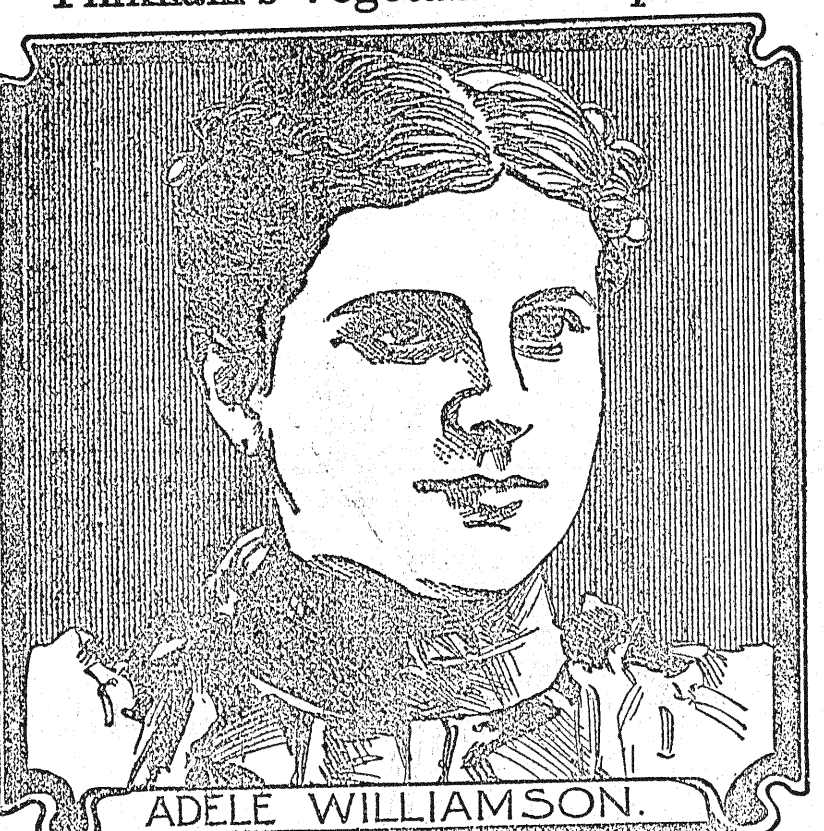
The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.

Baseball players; Golf players; all players chew White's Yucatan whilst playing.

When love calls Him Lord there is no sweeter word.

Nervous Prostration.

A Noted Boston Woman Describes its Symptoms and Terrors.—Two Severe Cases Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



"I am so nervous! no one ever suffered as I do! There isn't a well inch in my body. I honestly believe my lungs are diseased, my chest pains me so, but I have no cough. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion terribly, and palpitation of the heart; am losing flesh; and this headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I had hysterics.

"There is a weight in the lower part of my bowels, bearing down all the time, with pains in my groins and thighs—I can't sleep, walk, or sit, and blue—oh goodness! I am simply the most miserable of women."

This is a most vivid description of a woman suffering with nervous prostration, caused by inflammation or some other diseased condition of the womb.

No woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is no need of it. Read about Miss Williamson's case and how she was cured.

Two Bad Cases of Nervous Prostration Cured. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM;—I was suffering such tortures from nervous prostration that life was a burden. I could not sleep at all, and was too weak to walk across the floor. My heart was affected so that often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."

MISS ADELE WILLIAMSON, 196 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$500, which will be paid to any person who can find the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE. The real worth of W. L. Douglas shoes is \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes compared with other makes is \$4.00 to \$5.00. Our \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equaled at any price. We make and sell more \$2.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the United States.

THE REASON more W. L. Douglas \$3 and \$3.50 shoes are sold than any other makes is because THEY ARE BETTER. Your dealer should keep them in stock. If your dealer will not get them for you, send direct to factory, enclosing price and 2c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. Write for catalogue showing new Spring styles. We use Fast Colors. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

