Remarkable Case in Criminal Law.

The strangest case on record in the history of criminal law in Texas has just come to light. On December 12, 1892, Peter Meggs was convicted at Anderson, Grimes county, of the murder of Mike Ferry on purely circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to a life term in the State penitentiary, being sent to Huntsville. Two or three months after his arrival there Mike Ferry, the man he was supposed to have murdered, bobbed up in western Texas, where he was arrested for commiting a felony, tried and convicted, and sentenced to a short term in the same prison where his supposed murderer was incarcerated. The men recognized each other immediately, but Ferry being legally dead, cannot testify in behalf of Meggs, and the latter, being a convict, cannot testify in his own behalf.

The matter has been brought to the attention of a firm of Galveston lawyers, one of whom is Congressman Gresham, and they will summon six citizens of Hempstead, where Ferry is well known, to proceed to the penitentiary and identify him. This being done steps will be taken to secure a pardon for him from Governor Hogg, in order that he may testify in behalf of Meggs, and thus secure his release. Lawyers who have been looking up authorities in the case say there is no such instance on record.

A GREAT and good man has gone on record as saying that the person who reads the daily newspapers has the advantage of acquiring a practical education that will stand him in use for about all things he meets with in the ordinary walks of life. The New York World adds to this sentiment when it says that, frankly considered, the increase in the habit of newspaper reading must be adjudged to be altogether for good and for the enlargement and enlightenment of the popular mind. The newspaper-reading habit is one which grows by what it feeds on, and the newspaper is an apostle and missionary. More than all other forms of publication combined, it cultivates the habit of reading, and it is the wide prevalence of that habit which causes books to sell and circulate and gives to the magazines the phenomenal success they have attained in the last ten years. Our public schools teach all our people to read. The newspaper supplies them with profitable matter for reading and stimulates them, to make use of the key of intelligence furnished them by the schools.

MURRAY, the BARBER.

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The Useful Invention of a Russian Army Officer—The Hides of the Beeves Slaughtered to Support an Army on the March Utilized as Boats to Cross Streams.

Substitute for Pontoons.

A Russian engineering journal publishes some details describing a novel method of crossing rivers upon rafts supported by inflated ox hides. Some interesting experiments were recently made by the Russian military authorities which showed that the system will be of great service to an army in the field.

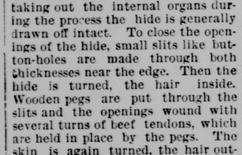
Leather bags made from ox hides are each susceptible of supporting a weight equal to two or more men upon the surface of the water. Droves of cattle that accompany an army to be slaughtered for food furnish a ready supply of hides necessary in the construction of floating rafts. Although the subject may be somewhat technical, it seems interesting to know how it is possible to make these air sacks in the field. When the ox is killed the head is cut off close up and a slit made in the skin of the chest. Then the skin is



THE WAY THE BEEF IS SKINNED

cut above the knees and the legs unjointed at the knees. The skinning commences at the neck and by means of incisions at the proper places and taking out the internal organs during the process the hide is generally drawn off intact. To close the openings of the hide, small slits like button-holes are made through both thicknesses near the edge. Then the hide is turned, the hair inside. Wooden pegs are put through the slits and the openings wound with several turns of beef tendons, which are held in place by the pegs. The skin is again turned, the hair outside. Before closing the last opening a hollow bamboo peg is introduced in the leg and the hide inflated with a bellows or the mouth.

The raft timbers are 11½ to 12 feet in length and 2 to 3 inches in diameter. The inflated hides, four to eight in number, are tied to the corners of the raft. Figure 3 represents such a raft transporting Russian troops. Oar locks are made to support the oars. The raft is floored for transportation of infantry and artillery. An air sack made of ox hide weighs about twenty-five pounds, and can carry a weight equal to the animal that it was taken from. A raft supported by four hides will carry ten men and rise six inches above the water. With six hides it will carry twenty men and project three to four inches above the water. Four of



AN INFLATED HIDE

these men can do the rowing. The hides can be used as soon as made into air sacks, but to preserve them any length of time they should be well salted and dried for three or four days in a ventilated shed and the fresh side coated with a mixture of tallow and tar.

These inflated hides are so buoyant that a large number of soldiers and pieces of artillery can be transported across rivers and other bodies of water, and at much less labor and expense than is involved in carrying a heavy pontoon bridge.

Awkward.

Freedom of speech has its penalties. When Lord Beaconsfield was living at Hughenden Manor he was one day walking on the terrace, in an easy coat and old slouch hat, when two women of strong Gladstonite opinions entered the gate. Supposing him to be a keeper or gardener, they inquired if he would show them over the place, which he at once undertook to do. While they were walking about they overwhelmed him with questions as to the habits of the master of the manor, and one of them finally said: "Do you think you could manage to get us a sight of the old beast himself?" "Madam," was the polite rejoinder, "the old beast has the honor to wait upon you now."

Tempering Tools.

The following is the Swiss method for hardening cast steel for cutting tools. Mix in a suitable vessel four parts of pulverized resin and two parts of train oil. Stir well in this one part of hot tallow. Into this mixture the article to be hardened is plunged at a low red heat, and held there until thoroughly cooled. Without cleaning off, the piece is again put into the fire and suitably tempered in the ordinary way. An examination of steel thus hardened indicates that the hardening is deeper and more uniformly distributed than is commonly the case, and that the steel is much less brittle.

THE fly in the German Emperor's ointment is the fact that the French army outnumbers his own. According to the latest returns France had 138,990 horses and an army of 570,603, of whom 28,107 were officers. The German army at the same date numbered 511,657, of whom 20,440 were officers; the horses numbered 93,908. France has, of course, her foreign possessions to look after; but the Emperor does not feel easy without as big an army as his republican neighbor and inveterate enemy has.

AWARDED A FORTUNE.

An Almshouse Inmate Wins a $70,000 Suit at Norfolk.

Mrs. Amanda C. Ribble, an inmate of the almshouse in Richmond, Va., won a suit in Corporation Court awarding her real estate valued at $70,000.

Mrs. Ribble has been an inmate of the almshouse constantly since May 23, 1891. This suit was for the possession of real estate near Norfolk city and has been in the courts for several years.

RECOVERY TO BE RAPID.

Comptroller Eckels Says the Financial Trouble is Over.

Comptroller Eckles of the United States Treasury Department, says in an interview:

"I believe the recovery from the financial depression will be more rapid than the people have ever witnessed before. Conditions are favorable all over the country. There were seventy-two bank failures in July and only thirty-two in August. The first week in July we had thirty-one banks to close, the first week in August there were but thirteen and the last week in August we had only one. During the past two weeks fifty-two banks have resumed business, and of the others in the hands of the Bank Examiners ninety per cent. will reopen their doors. There has been a net increase of $20,000,000 in the circulation of National bank notes during the depression."

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ 55	@	$ 4 40
High Grade Extra	3 60		3 65
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68¼		68¼
CORN—No. 2 White	51		51
OATS—Southern & Penn.	39		35
Western White	34		35
Mixed	31		32
RYE—No. 2	53		54
HAY—Choice Timothy	17 00		18 00
Good to Prime	16 00		17 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	10 00		10 50
Wheat Blocks	7 00		7 50
Oat Blocks	7 50		8 00

CANNED GOODS.

TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	$ 90	@	$ 1 25
No. 2	82½		85
PEAS—Standards	1 20		1 60
Seconds			1 00
CORN—Dry Pack			1 15
Moist			1 00

HIDES.

CITY STEERS	$ 5½	@	$ 6
City Cows	4		4½
Southern No. 2	5½		6¼

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 70	@	$ 75
ONIONS	2 60		2 75
Yams	4 00		4 00

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	8½	@	9
Clear ribsides			9½
Hams	13¾		13½
Mess Pork, per bar			16 0
LARD—Crude			9½
Best refined			10¾

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 24	@	$ 25
Under fine	21		23
Roll	20		21

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N.Y. Factory	$ 10	@	$ 10½
N. Y. flats	10¼		10½
Skim Cheese	5		7

EGGS.

EGGS—State	$ 15	@	$ 15½
North Carolina	14		14½

POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens	$ 9	@	$ 10
Ducks, per lb	9		10

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	$ 1 50	@	$ 1 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		8 00
Fancy	12 00		13 00

LIVE STOCK.

BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 4 60	@	$ 4 70
Good to Fair	4 00		4 60
SHEEP	3 75		4 00
Hogs	6 00		6 60

FURS AND SKINS.

MUSKRAT	$ 10	@	$ 11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 15	@	$ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68¼		68¾
RYE—Western	57		59
CORN—No. 2	47¾		47¾
OATS—No. 2	30		30¾
BUTTER—State	17		23
EGGS—State	17		17½
CHEESE—State	8¾		9½

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@	$ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65¾		66
CORN—No. 2	47¾		47½
OATS—No. 2	32		34
BUTTER—State	29		33
EGGS—Penns. fr	17		17½

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Week-Day Religion."

TEXT "*In all thy ways acknowledge Him.*"—Proverbs iii., 6.

There has been a tendency in all lands and ages to set apart certain days, places and occasions for especial religious service, and to think that they formed the realm in which religion was chiefly to act. Now, while holy days and holy places have their use, they can never be a substitute for continuous exercise of faith and prayer.

In other words, a man cannot be so good a Christian on Sabbath that he can afford to be a worldling all the week. If a steamer start for Southampton and sail one day in that direction and the other six days sail in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? Just as soon as the man will get to heaven who sails on the Sabbath day toward that which is good, and the other six days of the week sails toward the world, the flesh and the devil. You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence all the rest of the week.

Genuine religion is not spasmodic, does not go by fits and starts, is not an attack of chills and fever—now cold until your teeth chatter, now hot until your bones ache. Genuine religion marches on steadily up steep hills and along dangerous declivities, its eye ever on the overarching hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

I propose, so far as God may help me, to show you how we may bring our religion into ordinary life and practice it in common things—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow.

And, in the first place, I remark, we ought to bring religion into our ordinary conversation. A dam breaks, and two or three villages are submerged, a South American earthquake swallows a city, and people begin to talk about the uncertainty of human life, and in that conversation I think they are engaging in religious service when there may be no religion at all. I have noticed that in proportion as Christian experience is shallow men talk about funerals and deathbeds and hearses and tombstones and epitaphs.

If a man have the religion of the gospel in its full power in his soul, he will talk chiefly about this world and the eternal world and very little comparatively about the insignificant pass between this and that. Yet how seldom it is that in the 1892 the Judgment is a welcome theme! If a man full of the gospel of Christ goes into a religious circle and begins to talk about sacred things, all the conversation is hushed, and things become exceedingly awkward. As on a summer day, the forest full of song and chirp and carol, mighty chorus of bird harmonies, every branch an orchestra, if a hawk appears in the sky, all the voices are hushed, so I have sometimes seen a social circle that professed to be Christian silenced by the appearance of the great theme of God and religion.

Now, my friends, if we have the religion of Christ in our soul, we will talk about it in an exhilarant mood. It is more refreshing than the waters, it is brighter than the sunshine, it gives a man joy here and prepares him for everlasting happiness before the throne of God. And yet, if the theme of religion be introduced into a circle, everything is silenced—silenced unless perhaps an aged Christian man in the corner of the room, feeling that something ought to be said, puts one foot over the other and sighs heavily and says, "Oh, yes; that's so!"

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is not something to be groaned about, but something to talk about and sing about, your face irradiant. The trouble is that men profess the faith of the gospel are often so inconsistent that they are afraid their conversation will not harmonize with their life. We cannot talk the gospel unless we live the gospel. You will often find a man whose entire life is full of inconsistencies filling his conversation with such expressions as, "We are miserable sinners," "The Lord help us," "The Lord bless you," interlarding their conversation with such phrases, which are mere canting, and canting is the worst kind of hypocrisy.

If a man have the grace of God in his heart dominant, he can talk religion, and it will seem natural, and men, instead of being repulsed by it, will be attracted by it. Do you not know that when two Christian people talk as they ought about the things of Christ and heaven God gives special attention, and He writes it all down. Malachi iii., 16. "Then they that feared the Lord talked one to the other, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written."

But I remark again, we ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary employments. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory for a man who manages a large business, who has great traffic, who holds a great estate—it is a grand thing for bankers and for shippers—but in my thread and needle store, in my trimming establishment, in my insignificant work of life, you cannot apply those grand gospel principles." Who told you that? Do you not know that a father's look on a boy's face attracts God's attention as certainly as the path of a blazing sun, and that the moss that creeps up the side of the rock attracts God's attention as certainly as the waving tops of the Lebanon pine and Lebanon cedar, and that the crackling of an alder under a cow's hoof sounds as loudly in God's ear as the snap of a world's confloration, and that no work is so insignificant thing in your life is of enough importance to attract the attention of the Lord God Almighty?

My brother, you cannot be called to do anything so insignificant but God will help you in it. If you are a fisherman, Christ will stand by you as He did by Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. Are you a drawer of water? He will be with you as at the well curb when talking with the Samaritan woman. Are you a custom house officer? Christ will call you as He did Matthew at the receipt of custom. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank's vault and could almost crush you with a hundred thousand hard dollars. And yet there are men who profess the religion of Jesus Christ who do not bring the religion of the gospel into their ordinary occupations and employments.

There are in the churches of this day men who seem very devout on the Sabbath who are far from that during the week. A country merchant arrives in this city, and he goes into the store to buy goods of a man who professes religion, but has no grace in his heart. The country merchant is swindled. He is too exhausted to go home that week; he tarries in town. On Sabbath he goes to some church for consolation, and what is his amazement to find that the man who carries around the poor box is the very one who swindled him. But next week the deacon has his black coat on now and looks solemn and goes home talking about that blessed sermon! Christians on Sunday. Worldlings during the week.

That man does not realize that God knows every dishonest dollar he has in his pocket, that God is looking right through the iron wall of his money safe, and that the day of judgment is coming on, and that "as the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." But how many there are who do not bring the religion of Christ into their every day occupation. They think religion is for Sundays.

Suppose you were to go out to fight for your country in some great contest, would you go to do the battling at Troy or at Springfield? No, you would go there to get your swords and muskets. Then you would go out in the face of the enemy and contend for your country. Now, I take the Sabbath day and the church to be only the armory where we are to get equipped for the great battle of life, and that battlefield is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "Antioch," and "St. Martin's" and "Old Hundred" are not worth much if we do not sing all the week. A sermon is of little account if we cannot carry it behind the counter and behind the plow. The Sabbath day is of no value if it last only 24 hours.

"Oh," says some one, "if I had a great sphere, I would do that. If I could have lived in the time of Martin Luther, if I could have been Paul's traveling companion, if I had some great and resounding work to do, then I should put into application all that you say." I must admit that the romance and knight errantry have gone out of life. There is but very little of it left in the world. The temples of Rome have been changed into smithies. The classic mansion at Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks. The muses have retreated before the emigrant's ax and the trapper's gun, and a Vermonter might go over the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains and see neither an Oread nor a Sylph.

The groves where the gods used to dwell have been cut up for firewood, and the man who is looking for great spheres and great scenes for action will not find them. And yet there are Alps to scale and there are Hellesponts to swim, and they are in common life. It is absurd for you to say that you would serve God if you had a great sphere. If you do not serve Him on a small scale, you would not on a large scale. If you cannot stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk?

Our national government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, oh Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction.

A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers, rowing up the Ganges, were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles.

Suppose a soldier should say, "Tais is only a skirmish, and there are only a few enemies—I won't load my gun; wait until I get into some great general engagement." That man is a coward and would be a coward in any sphere. If a man does not serve his country in a skirmish, he will not in a Waterloo. And if you are not faithful going out against the single-handed misfortunes of this life you would not be faithful when great disasters with their thundering artillery came rolling down over the soul.

This brings me to another point. We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our trials. If we have a bereavement, if we lose our fortune, if some great trouble blast like the tempest, then we go to God for comfort, but yesterday in the little annoyances of your store or office, or shop or factory, or banking house, did you go to God for comfort? You did not.

My friends, you need to take the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ into the most ordinary trials of your life. You have your misfortunes, you have your anxieties, you have your vexations. "Oh," you say, "they don't shape my character. Since I lost my child, since I have lost my property, I have been a very different man from what I was." My brother, it is the little annoyances of your life that are souring your disposition, chipping your moral character and making you less and less of a man.

You go into an artist's studio. You see him making a piece of sculpture. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" With his mallet and his chisel he goes click, click, click! and you can hardly see from stroke to stroke that there is any impression made upon the stone, and yet the work is going on. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I must make it in this way, stroke by stroke." And he continues on by week and month until after awhile every man that enters the studio is fascinated.

Well, I find God dealing with some man. He is shaping him for time and shaping him for eternity. I say, "O Lord, why not with one tremendous blow of calamity shape that man for the next world?" God says, "That's not the way I deal with this mat. It is stroke after stroke, annoyance after annoyance, irritation after irritation, and after awhile he will be done and a glad spectacle for angels and men."

Not by one great stroke, but by ten thousand little strokes of misfortune are men fitted for heaven. You know that large fortunes can soon be scattered by being paid out in small sums of money, and the largest estate of Christian character is sometimes entirely lost by these small depletions.

We must bring the religion of Jesus Christ to help us in these little annoyances. Do not say that anything is too insignificant to affect your character. Rats may sink a ship. One heifer match may destroy a temple. A queen got her death by smelling of a poisoned rose. The scratch of a sixpenny nail may give you the lockjaw. Colossians is a welcome theme! If a man full of the gospel of Christ goes into a religious circle and begins to talk about sacred things, all the conversation is hushed, and things become exceedingly awkward. As on a summer day, the forest full of song and chirp and carol, mighty chorus of bird harmonies, every branch an orchestra, if a hawk appears in the sky, all the voices are hushed, so I have sometimes seen a social circle that professed to be Christian silenced by the appearance of the great theme of God and religion.

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Our national government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, oh Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction.

A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers, rowing up the Ganges, were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles.

Suppose a soldier should say, "Tais is only a skirmish, and there are only a few enemies—I won't load my gun; wait until I get into some great general engagement." That man is a coward and would be a coward in any sphere. If a man does not serve his country in a skirmish, he will not in a Waterloo. And if you are not faithful going out against the single-handed misfortunes of this life you would not be faithful when great disasters with their thundering artillery came rolling down over the soul.

This brings me to another point. We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our trials. If we have a bereavement, if we lose our fortune, if some great trouble blast like the tempest, then we go to God for comfort, but yesterday in the little annoyances of your store or office, or shop or factory, or banking house, did you go to God for comfort? You did not.

My friends, you need to take the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ into the most ordinary trials of your life. You have your misfortunes, you have your anxieties, you have your vexations. "Oh," you say, "they don't shape my character. Since I lost my child, since I have lost my property, I have been a very different man from what I was." My brother, it is the little annoyances of your life that are souring your disposition, chipping your moral character and making you less and less of a man.

You go into an artist's studio. You see him making a piece of sculpture. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" With his mallet and his chisel he goes click, click, click! and you can hardly see from stroke to stroke that there is any impression made upon the stone, and yet the work is going on. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I must make it in this way, stroke by stroke." And he continues on by week and month until after awhile every man that enters the studio is fascinated.

Well, I find God dealing with some man. He is shaping him for time and shaping him for eternity. I say, "O Lord, why not with one tremendous blow of calamity shape that man for the next world?" God says, "That's not the way I deal with this mat. It is stroke after stroke, annoyance after annoyance, irritation after irritation, and after awhile he will be done and a glad spectacle for angels and men."

Not by one great stroke, but by ten thousand little strokes of misfortune are men fitted for heaven. You know that large fortunes can soon be scattered by being paid out in small sums of money, and the largest estate of Christian character is sometimes entirely lost by these small depletions.

We must bring the religion of Jesus Christ to help us in these little annoyances. Do not say that anything is too insignificant to affect your character. Rats may sink a ship. One heifer match may destroy a temple. A queen got her death by smelling of a poisoned rose. The scratch of a sixpenny nail may give you the lockjaw. Colossians is a welcome theme! If a man full of the gospel of Christ goes into a religious circle and begins to talk about sacred things, all the conversation is hushed, and things become exceedingly awkward. As on a summer day, the forest full of song and chirp and carol, mighty chorus of bird harmonies, every branch an orchestra, if a hawk appears in the sky, all the voices are hushed, so I have sometimes seen a social circle that professed to be Christian silenced by the appearance of the great theme of God and religion.

Now, my friends, if we have the religion of Christ in our soul, we will talk about it in an exhilarant mood. It is more refreshing than the waters, it is brighter than the sunshine, it gives a man joy here and prepares him for everlasting happiness before the throne of God. And yet, if the theme of religion be introduced into a circle, everything is silenced—silenced unless perhaps an aged Christian man in the corner of the room, feeling that something ought to be said, puts one foot over the other and sighs heavily and says, "Oh, yes; that's so!"

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is not something to be groaned about, but something to talk about and sing about, your face irradiant. The trouble is that men profess the faith of the gospel are often so inconsistent that they are afraid their conversation will not harmonize with their life. We cannot talk the gospel unless we live the gospel. You will often find a man whose entire life is full of inconsistencies filling his conversation with such expressions as, "We are miserable sinners," "The Lord help us," "The Lord bless you," interlarding their conversation with such phrases, which are mere canting, and canting is the worst kind of hypocrisy.

If a man have the grace of God in his heart dominant, he can talk religion, and it will seem natural, and men, instead of being repulsed by it, will be attracted by it. Do you not know that when two Christian people talk as they ought about the things of Christ and heaven God gives special attention, and He writes it all down. Malachi iii., 16. "Then they that feared the Lord talked one to the other, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written."

But I remark again, we ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary employments. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory for a man who manages a large business, who has great traffic, who holds a great estate—it is a grand thing for bankers and for shippers—but in my thread and needle store, in my trimming establishment, in my insignificant work of life, you cannot apply those grand gospel principles." Who told you that? Do you not know that a father's look on a boy's face attracts God's attention as certainly as the path of a blazing sun, and that the moss that creeps up the side of the rock attracts God's attention as certainly as the waving tops of the Lebanon pine and Lebanon cedar, and that the crackling of an alder under a cow's hoof sounds as loudly in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration, and that no work is so insignificant thing in your life is of enough importance to attract the attention of the Lord God Almighty?

My brother, you cannot be called to do anything so insignificant but God will help you in it. If you are a fisherman, Christ will stand by you as He did by Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. Are you a drawer of water? He will be with you as at the well curb when talking with the Samaritan woman. Are you a custom house officer? Christ will call you as He did Matthew at the receipt of custom. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank's vault and could almost crush you with a hundred thousand hard dollars. And yet there are men who profess the religion of Jesus Christ who do not bring the religion of the gospel into their ordinary occupations and employments.

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