

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

REWARDS OF ENDEAVOR SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text—"I Have Finished the Work Which Thou Gavest Me to Do"—John XVII, 4—The Fruits of Well Won Victory.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Kloppsch.] There is a profound satisfaction in the completion of anything we have undertaken. We lift the capstone with exultation, while, on the other hand, there is nothing more disappointing than after having toiled in a certain direction to find that our time is wasted and our investment profitless. Christ came to throw up a highway on which the whole world might, if it chose, mount into heaven. He did it. The foul mouthed crew who attempted to tread on him could not extinguish the sublime satisfaction which he expressed when he said, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

Alexander the Great was wounded, and the doctors could not medicate his wounds, and he seemed to be dying, and in his dream the sick man saw a plant with a peculiar flower, and he dreamed that that plant was put upon his wound and that immediately it was cured. And Alexander, waking from his dream, told this to the physician, and the physician wandered out until he found just the kind of plant which the sick man had described, brought it to him, and the wound was healed. Well, the human race had been hurt with the deadliest of all wounds—that of sin. It was the business of Christ to bring a balm for that wound—the balm of divine restoration. In carrying this business to a successful issue the difficulties were stupendous.

The Spiritual Uplifting.

In many of our plans we have our friends to help us; some to draw a sketch of the plan, others to help us in the execution. But Christ fought every inch of his way against bitter hostility and amid circumstances all calculated to depress and defeat.

In his father's shop no more intercourse was necessary than is ordinarily necessary in bargaining with men that have work to do; yet Christ, with hands hard from use of tools of trade, was called forth to become a public speaker, to preach in the face of mobs, while some wept and some shook their fists and some gnashed upon him with their teeth and many wanted him out of the way. To address orderly and respectful assemblages is not so easy as it may seem, but it requires more energy and more force and more concentration to address an exasperated mob. The villagers of Nazareth heard the pounding of his hammer, but all the wide reaches of eternity were to hear the stroke of his spiritual uplifting.

So also the habits of dress and diet were against him. The mighty men of Christ's time did not appear in apparel without trinkets and adornments. None of the Caesars would have appeared in citizen's apparel. Yet here was a man, here was a professed king, who always wore the same coat. Indeed, it was far from shabby, for after he had worn it a long while the gamblers thought it worth raffling about, but still it was far from being an imperial robe. It was a coat that any ordinary man might have worn on an ordinary occasion.

Neither was there any pretension in his diet. No cupbearer with golden chalice brought him wine to drink. On the seashore he ate fish, first having broiled it himself. No one fetched him water to drink; but, bending over the well in Samaria, he begged a drink. He sat at only one banquet, and that not at all sumptuous, for to relieve the awkwardness of the host one of the guests had to prepare wine for the company.

Man Without a Diploma.

All this was against Christ. So the fact that he was not regularly graduated was against him. If a man come with the diplomas of colleges and schools and theological seminaries, and he has been through foreign travel, the world is disposed to listen. But here was a man who had graduated at no college, had not in any academy by ordinary means learned the alphabet of the language he spoke, and yet he proposed to talk, to instruct in subjects which had confounded the mightiest intellects. John says: "The Jews marvelled, saying, How hath this man letters, having never learned?" We, in our day, have found out that a man without a diploma may know as much as a man with one and that a college can not transform a sluggard into a philosopher or a theological seminary teach a fool to preach. An empty head after the lying on of hands of the presbytery is empty still. But it shocked all existing prejudices in those olden times for a man with no scholastic pretensions and no graduation from a learned institution to set himself up for a teacher. It was against him.

So also the brevity of his life was against him. He had not come to what we call mid-life. But very few men do anything before 33 years of age, and yet that was the point at which Christ's life terminated. The first 15 years you take in nursery and school. Then it will take you six years to get into your occupation or profession. That will bring you to 21 years. Then it will take you ten years at least to get established in your life work, correcting the mistakes you have made. If any man at 33 years of age gets fully established in his life work he is the exception. Yet that is the

point at which Christ's life terminated.

"Blessed Are the Poor."

Popular opinion declared in those days, "Blessed is the merchant who has a castle down on the banks of Lake Tiberias." This young man said, "Blessed are the poor." Popular opinion said in those days, "Blessed are those who live amid statuary and fountains and gardens and congratulations and all kinds of festivity." This young man responded, "Blessed are they that mourn." Public opinion in those days said, "Blessed is the Roman eagle, the flap of whose wing startles nations and the plunge of whose iron beak inflicts cruelty upon its enemies." This young man responded, "Blessed are the merciful." Popular opinion said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." In other words, if a man knocks your eye out knock his out. If a man breaks your tooth break his. Retort for retort, sarcasm for sarcasm, irony for irony, persecution for persecution, wound for wound. Christ said, "Pray for them that despitefully use you." They looked at his eye. It was like any other man's eye, except perhaps more speaking. They felt his hand, made of bone and muscle and nerves and flesh, just like any other hand. Yet what bold treatment of subjects, what supernatural demands, what strange doctrine! They felt the solid earth under them, and yet Christ said, "I bear up the pillars of this world." They looked at the moon. He said, "I will turn it into blood." They looked at the sea. He said, "I will hush it." They looked at the stars. He said, "I will shake them down like untimely figs." Did ever one so young say things so bold? It was all against him.

After the battle of Antietam, when a general rode along the lines, although the soldiers were lying down exhausted, they rose with great enthusiasm and huzzas. As Napoleon returned from his captivity his first step on the wharf shook all the kingdoms, and 250,000 men flocked to his standards. It took 3,000 troops to watch him in his exile. So there have been men of wonderful magnetism of person. But hear me while I tell you of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill which has never been excited by any other. Napoleon had around him the memories of Marengo and Austerlitz and Jena, but here was a man who had fought no battles, who wore no epaulettes, who brandished no sword. He had probably never seen a prince or shaken hands with a nobleman. The only extraordinary person we know of as being in his company was his own mother, and she was so poor that in the most delicate and solemn hour that comes to a woman's soul she was obliged to lie down among drivers grooming the beasts of burden.

The Question of Lineage.

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside him, and says: "My father was a merchant prince. He had a castle on the beach in Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation and says to Christ, "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers, "I never graduated." Aha, the idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet no sooner does he set foot in the towns or cities of Judaea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for a day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that at the risk of starving they follow him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down flat before him and says, "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes and says, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." "A poor, sick, panting woman presses through the crowd and says, 'I must touch the hem of his garment.' Children who love their mother better than any one else struggle to get into his arms, and to kiss his cheek, and to run their fingers through his hair, and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which he does not take one, saying, 'I must have them. I will fill heaven with these, for every cedar that I plant in heaven I will have 50 white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judaea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold it not back, O weeping mother! Lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Victory Over Nature.

See him victorious over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulcher. It swallowed the Central American, the President and the Spanish armada as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Some of us who have sailed on it know that Lake Galilee, when aroused in a storm, is overwhelming, and yet that sea crouched in his presence, and licked his feet. He knew all the waves and the wind. When he beckoned they came. When he frowned, they fled. The heel of his foot made no indentation on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely withered no human power can restore them, and when a limb is once dead it is dead. But here is a paralytic—his hand lifeless. Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thy hand," and he stretches it forth.

In the eye infirmity how many dis-

eases of that delicate organ have been cured? But Jesus says to one blind, "Be open!" and the light of heaven rushes through gates that have never before been opened. The frost or an ax may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word. Chemistry may do many wonderful things, but what chemist at a wedding when the wine gave out could change a pail of water into a caask of wine? What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes, until in a place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it they let it down again, and the disciples lay hold and began to pull, when by reason of the multitude of fish the net broke. Nature is his servant. The flowers—he twisted them into his sermons; the winds—they were his lullaby when he slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glitteringly on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over his birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at his death. Behold his victory over the grave! The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the door of the sepulcher, but none on the inside. He enters that realm and says, "Daughter of Jairus, sit up!" and she sits up. To Lazarus, "Come forth!" and he came forth. To the widow's son he said, "Get up from that bier!" and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death and hung them to his girdle and cried until all the graveyards of the earth heard him, "O Death, I will be thy plague! O Grave, I will be thy destruction!"

The Supernatural Nature.

No man could go through all the obstacles I have described, you say, without having a nature supernatural. In that arm, amid its muscles and nerves and bones, were intertwined the energies of omnipotence. In the syllables of that voice there was the emphasis of the eternal God. That foot that walked the deck of the ship in Gennesaret shall stamp kingdoms of darkness into demotion. This poverty struck Christ down, owned Tiberias, owned all the castles on its beach and all the skies that looked down into its water, owned all the earth and all the heavens. To him of the plain coat belonged the robes of celestial royalty. He who walked the road to Emmaus the lightnings were the fire shod steeds of his chariot. Yet there are those who look on and see Christ turn water into wine, and they say, "It was sleight of hand!" And they see Christ raise the dead to life, and they say, "Easily explained; not really dead; playing dead." And they see Christ giving sight to the blind man, and they say, "Clairvoyant doctor." Oh what shall they do on the day when Christ rises up in judgment and the hills shall rock and the trumpets shall call, peal on peal?

Christ a Sympathizer.

My subject also reassures us of the fact that in all our struggles we have a sympathizer. You cannot tell Christ anything new about hardship. I do not think that wide ages of eternity will take the scars from his punctured side and his lacerated temples and his sore hands. You will never have a burden weighing so many pounds as that burden Christ carried up the bloody hill. You will never have any suffering worse than he endured, when with tongue hot and cracked and inflamed and swollen, he moaned, "I thirst." You will never be surrounded by worse hostility than that which stood around Christ's feet, foaming, reviling, livid with rage, howling down his prayers, and snuffing up the smell of blood. O ye faint hearted, O ye troubled, O ye persecuted one, here is a heart that can sympathize with you!

Ahead of America.

I know it would be wrong to explain our being three years ahead of a New England boy merely from the scholarly preparation of our teachers, says Professor Hugo Munsterberg. A second factor, which is hardly less important, stands clear before my mind, too; the help which our school found in our homes. I do not mean that we were helped in our work, but the teachers were silently helped by the spirit which prevailed in our homes with regard to the school work. The school had the right of way, our parents reinforced our belief in the work and our respect for the teachers; a reprintman in the school was a shadow on our home life; a word of praise in the school was a ray of sunshine for the household. The excellent school books, the wise plans for the upbuilding of the ten years' course, the hygienic care, the external stimulations, have all, of course, helped toward the results; and yet I am convinced that their effect was entirely secondary compared with those two features, the scholarly enthusiasm of our teachers, and the respect for the school on the part of our parents. —Atlantic Monthly.

Help Wanted to Use the Seeds.

A member of congress from an agricultural district in the west read a letter recently received from one of his people. It read thus: "To the Very Honorable Mr. Blank: Kind sir and esteemed friend—I have the seeds. They came this morning and suit very well, specially the cabbage seed which grows well in this soil. Please send me 2 loads of fertilizer and a new harrow (mine is broke so it ain't no good) and if you could send me a man for a couple of days I would be obliged. With this help I know the garden stuff will turn out all rite and I will send some to you and the president. Your grateful well wisher and Supporter." —New York Tribune.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Trick on "Old" Jones—Where Is Morrell Island?—Jimmy Dooling, Aged 13, Saved Four Lives—Twelve Things for Girls to Remember.

Her Weary Wooden Soldier.
My wooden head is cracked across,
I've lost my youthful charms;
I've lost, alack, one wooden leg,
And both my wooden arms.

Full many a fight have I been in
'Twixt Fred and brother Hugh;
I've been officer and private
(I've been ammunition, too).

I've been used to poke the fire with;
I've been dipped into the ink;
And I've made a perilous journey
Adown the kitchen sink.

I've been drowned, and I've been married;
I've been buried and dug up;
I've been "worried" round the garden
By that seven months' old pup.

In short, this mortal life is such
That, though I'm truly brave,
I long with all my wooden heart,
For just a quiet grave.

Jimmy Dooling Saved Lives.

Jimmy Dooling, 13 years old, of 38 Front street, New York, is aggrieved and the whole of the First ward, including the police, sympathize with him, and it is something for the police to sympathize with a small boy in the First ward. Although so small in stature that he looks not more than 9 years old, Jimmy has rescued at least five persons from drowning. "An' at dat," he said last night to a Sun reporter, "I hain't got no medal for fer wot I done. I hope dis one'll git fer me." Dooling's fifth rescue was achieved yesterday afternoon on the remains of pier 5, East river. The pier is being torn away, and the boys from the houses near by have been playing tag in it, jumping from pile to pile. Jimmy Dooling was "it" yesterday. He was chasing James Hart, 12 years old, of 12 Stone street, when Hart slipped and fell into the water. Hart cannot swim, and Jimmy Dooling knew this, and plunged in after him. He managed to boost Hart up on one of the piles far enough to enable a workman on the pier to reach down and pull him up. Then Dooling climbed out himself and went home to dry his clothes. Jimmy Hart was put to bed, and his father, who is a policeman attached to the Old Slip station, promised him a whipping if he ever played on the pier again unless Jimmy Dooling was there. Jimmy Dooling acquired the habit of life saving last summer. It began when his pet dog fell into the river. Jimmy jumped in and brought the animal safe to shore. Within two weeks he had pulled two small boys out of the river. Then he stopped life-saving until January last, when he rescued 10-year-old Michael Tague, as the Sun related at the time. A month later he jumped into the icy water again and pulled out a small boy whose name Dooling can not remember. "If ever a kid ought to get a medal," said Capt. Killilea of the Old Slip station last night, "that kid deserves one." Policeman Quinn of the Old Slip precinct has a reputation as a life-saver, too. Quinn has more than fifty rescues to his credit. Last night two girls stopped to admire him while the Sun reporter was talking to Jimmy Dooling about his rescues. All the boys in the neighborhood crowded around the youthful hero. Quinn looked at the crowd and scattered it quickly with many threats. "He's gettin' jealous," said one of the girls, looking at Quinn. "Dat kid is stealin' his business." Quinn looked disgusted and Jimmy Dooling grinned.—Exchange.

Where Is Morrell Island?

The United States steamer Iroquois is about to start in search of a lost island in the middle of the Pacific ocean. This island, called Morrell, is supposed to be situated in N. lat. 29 deg. 55 min. and E. lon. 174 deg. 39 min. It was discovered in 1825 by a man named Morrell, according to a report made by him when he returned home. He represented it to be so low that it was almost level with the water, and that it was about four miles in circumference. But later navigators have declared their inability to find it. Map makers placed it on their charts, and it is still kept on official maps issued for the guidance of sailors. The danger that ships might be wrecked on its reefs if there were nothing on the charts to indicate its presence in that locality has prevented its removal from the map. It is represented to be nearly on the line between Honolulu and Yokohama. But Capt. Cooksey of the transport Grant, who recently arrived at San Francisco, reports that on February 6 he sailed directly over the place where the island is supposed to be, and that he saw no sign of land within a radius of twenty-five miles. It requires a careful survey to determine whether a small island like that really exists or not. Defects in chronometers and errors in calculations may account for mistakes in locating such a small tract of land in the middle of a vast ocean, and in the days of Capt. Morrell this liability to err was much greater than it is at present.

Recent trade developments in the Pacific ocean have caused the hydrographic officers of the navy department to inquire with more care and deeper interest into the existence of small islands of this kind, which may be an obstacle in the path of navigation.

Many are kept on official charts as an extra precaution, but they are removed as soon as their mythical character is shown. It is for the purpose of determining in a definite way the truth in regard to Morrell island that the Iroquois will be sent on its cruise. It will make an accurate survey of all that part of the Pacific, and upon the report it brings back will depend whether Morrell island retains its place on the official charts or not.

For Girls to Remember.

Some one has suggested twelve things that every girl can learn before she is twelve. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach: Shut the door, and shut it softly. Keep your own room in tasteful order. Have an hour for rising, and rise. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours. Always know where your things are. Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable. Never come to breakfast without a collar. Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned. Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand. Never fidget or hum so as to disturb others. Never fuss or fret.

ORIGIN OF THE MANOR.

It Was Once Synonymous with Township or Villa.

The term "manor" runs all through the great survey of the eleventh century and was evidently the unit of society which the royal commissioners had in mind. Either as constituent elements of manors or as their feudal possessors, all the rural population of England were ranked. Even since this word has been rescued by the economic historians from the vague, intangible unreality of its use by lawyers and the early historians of law, it has been supposed that its significance in the eleventh century was the same as in later centuries, and that it therefore represented a territorial district as well as a legal conception, being synonymous to this extent with township or villa, says the International Monthly. That is to say, a manor was a stretch of land with the people on it, over which the lord of the manor possessed judicial and semi-proprietory rights. England was considered to be made up of a multitude of such manors, each of which was, to a considerable extent, a microcosm of the whole nation. The meaning which Prof. Maitland extracts from Domesday Book is a far different one. "A manor is a house against which geld is charged." By a long and skillful analysis of the uses of the term he reaches the conclusion that it had in the eleventh century a distinct, technical significance, and that a manor was simply the place where the government land tax due from certain land and its occupants was paid in one lump sum. The man to whom the government looked for the tax was the holder of the manor. A manor was, therefore, sometimes a single tenement of a few acres, sometimes a whole vill, sometimes a number of holdings scattered in many vills, other manors being represented in the same agricultural groups. It was not, therefore, either an agricultural or a judicial whole, but merely a unit of taxation. If this is so, it has great significance for that most vital of all the questions in the early social history of England still in dispute, whether the mass of the people began in serfdom and only gradually emerged into freedom, as Mr. Seebohm, Prof. Ashley and others, with various reservations suppose; or whether they began in freedom and sunk later into serfdom, as is taken for granted by Freeman, Green and their school.

SCIENTIFIC RECREATION.

Making Milk and Water Change Glasses.

A pretty bit of scientific recreation which comes in handy after dinner is sometimes called by the high-sounding title of "The Revenge of the Daniades," in allusion to the daughters of Danaus, who, as a punishment for their crimes, were condemned to forever draw water with leaky vessels. Fill completely two glasses of exactly the same size and shape, one with water, the other with milk. Stretch over the mouth of the glass containing the water a circular covering of tulle or other thin goods somewhat larger than the glass and previously moistened. Now smooth the lapping over tulle as closely to the glass as possible, and holding the palm of the right hand squarely to the mouth of this glass, seize the stem with the left and turn it quickly upside down, avoiding the entrance of air. Next slide the right hand softly away from underneath, and much to your astonishment, the tulle will remain, sticking to the glass, while not a drop of water will fall out through that exceedingly leaky tissue. You will very soon succeed in this experiment. Hereon follows the second part: Place your full, but not dripping glass of water, thus turned upside down, but not inside out, over the full glass of milk, and you will soon see little jets of white liquid penetrating the tulle in every direction. It is the milk, progressively mounting the superior glass, while in the same proportion yields water to the lower glass in the opposite direction. At the end of about a quarter of an hour the exchange will be complete, and you will see the lower glass filled with pure, transparent water, while the upper one will be full of white milk.—Exchange.

Willing to Take Something.

A deaf woman figured as the plaintiff in a minor case recently tried at the Durham (England) assizes and after repeated failures to make her understanding that her counsel should get her to agree to a compromise. "Ask her what she will take to settle it," said the court. The lawyer thereupon shouted out very loudly to his client: "His lordship wants to know what you will take." She smilingly replied: "I thank his lordship very kindly, and if it's no inconvenience to him I'll take a little warm ale."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bodily Distress Destroys Good Temper.

Physicians say that there is no person who can retain his or her mobility of character under long-continued bodily distress. The argument that some invalids and cripples have beautiful dispositions does not apply, for the reason that although such persons imagine themselves in constant pain, there are really long intervals of relief and quietude.

"Protection" for Gamblers.

It is estimated that gamblers in New York have been paying over \$2,000,000 a year for "protection."