TABERNACLE

Dr. Talmage Preaches on His Visit to the Acropolis.

Continuation of Sermons on His Trip Through the Holy Land, and What He Saw Confirmatory of the Bible.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 22 .- The congregation at the Tabernacle, led by cornet and organ, sang this morning with great power the hymn of Isaac Watts, beginning:

"Our God, our help in ages past,

Our hope for years to com The sermon, which was on the Acropolis, is the sixth of the series which Dr. Talmage is preaching on the subjects suggested by his tour in Bible lands. His text was taken from Acts xvii:16: "While Paul waited for them at Athens his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry."

It seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, and my watch slowly announced to me 1 and 2 and 3 and 4 o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn, I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek history. That prowess and Greek history. That had been followed by defeat that the himself up and the stoop has gone out Greeks wished in marble to indicate of his shoulders and he looks about and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open before us. The mightiest geographical name on earth today is America. The signature of an American president and secretary of state will take a man where an feet high and six feet two inches in army could not. Those names brought us into the presence of a most gracious tions! Painted porticos, architraves tinged with ochre, shields of gold hung tinged with ochre, shields of gold hung Greece, and her cordiality was more like that of a sister than the occupant gods, oxen on the way to sacrifice, statof a throne room. No formal bow as use of the deities Dionysius, Promewhen monarchs are approached, but a theus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, cordial shake of the hand, and earnest Poseidon; in one frieze twelve divinicordial shake of the hand, and earnest and our beloved country far away. But this morning we pass through where fates the furies; this morning we pass through where fates the furies; statue of Jupiter stood the Agora, the ancient market holding in his right hand the thunderplace, the locality where philosophers bolt: silver-footed chair in which oration on the crown, had heard Æswhile they talked, and where Paul, the Booths and bazaars were set up for Far out at sea the sailors saw this staomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had dis-Augustus to have of its own accord tinct places set apart for convocation. turned around from east to west and The Plateans must meet at the cheese market, the Decelians at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters. The mar-frankincense headquarters are solved to solve the The Plateans must meet at the cheese spit blood; statues made out of shields moved "Let us run the race that is set before and the marks of explosion and battle. us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garland, but we an incor-ruptible." The marble and the gilding have been removed, but the bick of the anget from it some idea of the delicate lustre of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain As in Athens, that evening in 1900 have been removed, but the high mounds against which the seats were piled are still there. The Stadium is and striped with silver and affame very tunnel through which the de-feated racer departed from the Sta-cast off from the noonday sun. The dium and from the hisses of the people, and there are the stairs up which the victor went to the top of the hill to be crowned with the laurel. In this the great ocean of time. be crowned with the laurel. place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place, and while Hadrian, torical ground, and so at the word the world." Why, they thought that given by the lookers-on we started side by side, but before I got through made it, that Apollo made it, that "Lay aside every weight." My heavy the Parthenon, yea, all the gods and overcoat, and my friend's freedom goddesses of the Acropolis to make it, from such encumbrance showed the advantage in any kind of a race of "laying aside every weight." We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumfrence to the here stands a man without any eccle sistical title, neither a D. D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world extra and here the inference that all at the base and a thousand feet in circumference at the top, and 300 feet so near that all the people standing on high. On it has been crowded more the steps of the Parthenon could hear high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of te.nples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the center of all world; Attica, the center of the world; Attica, the center of Greece: Athens, the center of Attica, and the Acropolis the center of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it: Verres plun-dered it. Lord Elgin, the English amanakes have shaken it: verres plun-dered it. Lord Elgin, the English am-bassador at Constantinople, got per-mission of the sultan to remove from the Acropolis fallen pieces of the build-ing, but he took from the building to had the greatest of all sculptors. as tounded assemblage on my rough heights, is the God of music, the God of wisdom, the God of power, the God of mercy, the God of love, the God of storms, the God of sunshine, the God of the sea

overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the general, at-tempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Vic-tory, but the clumsy machinery drop-ped it, and all was lost. The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and fall-ing cracked and splintered. But ing cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and inconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history wand to restore it. At one wave of my hand on that clear morning in 1889. it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it, and Ictinus planned it, and Phidias chiselled it and Protogines painted it and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the ancients, open to let you in, and you ascend by sixty marble steps the propylæa, which Epaminondas wanted to transfer to Thebes but permission L am glad to

But, the overshadowing wonsquare. of the morning; horses of the sun, the

PULPIT England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of \$800,000. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the general, atutmast, now to be told that those statutes see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing?" Oh, Paul stop for a moment and give these startled audi-tors time to eatch their breath!

But surely the preacher on the pulpit of rock on Mars Hill will stop now. His audience can endure no more. Two thunderbolts are enough. No, in the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which to them is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others, as he cries out: "hath made of one blood all nations." Oh, of the ages. I saw it as it was thous-of years ago. I had read so much about it, that I needed no magician's ience in the world. Do not say "of ience in the world. Do not say "of one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Solon, and Lycurgus, and Draco, and Sophocles, and Euripedes, and Æschylus, and Pericles, and Phiand Æschylus, and Pericles, and Phi-dias, and Miltiades blood just like the Persians, like the Turks, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood, all nations."

Epaminondas wanted to transfer to Thebes, but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the re-moval of this architectural miradic Paulo to the series of th Surely that must be the closing parmoval of this architectural miracle. Paul has smashed the Acropolis and In the days when 10 cents would do smashed the national pride of the more than a dollar now, the building Greeks, and what nore can he say? In the days when 10 cents would do smashed the hational pride of the have considered today, a han the su-more than a dollar now, the building Greeks, and what nore can he say? perior of the whole human race, the in-cost \$2,300,000. See its five Those Grecian orators, standing on fidels but pigmies or homunculi com-that place, always closed their ad-to an officer for only one day lest the dresses with something sublime and thought what a rapturous contemptation to go in and misappropriate the treasures be too great for him; its ceiling a mingling of blue and scarlet and green, and the walls abloom with that he has yet said. Heretofore he shall have the opportunity, amid the pictures uttermost in thought and cor-poring. Yonder is a temple to a god-dess called "Victory without Wings." So many of the triumphs of the world beam followed by defeat that the bit shoulders and he looks about now he will close by hurling two at him what was the greatest occasion of once. The little old man under the all his life. He may say: "The shiparmed with most generous and lovely that victory for Athens had come never three feet taller than when he began armed with most generous and lovery letters from the president of the United States, and his secretary of state, and during all our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and thunderbolts together with a cord of der of all the hill is the Parthenon. In inconsumable courage and hurls them days when money was ten times more at the crowd now standing or sitting when I sa valuable than now, it cost \$4,600,000. aghast—the two thunderbolts of resur- idolatry!" It is a Doric grandeur, having forty-six columns, each column thirty-four ing words were: "Because he hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto up, lines of most delicate curve, figures all men in that he hath raised him of horses and men and women and from the dead." Remember those thoughts were to them novel and provocative; that Christ, the despised Naz-arine, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of questions about our personal welfare But Marathons; chariot of night; chariot and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of elocutionary power ever The ancestors of some of those heard. Greeks had heard Demosthenes in his chines in his speech against Timarchus only a few miles away. Here is the and Ctesiphon, had heard Plato in his colossal statue of Minerva in full ar- great argument for immortality of the Christian logician, flung many a proud stoic, and got the laugh on many an of a Sphinx on her head,griffins by her bed, suicidal cup of hemlock in hand, impertinent epicurean. The market side (which are lions with eagle's beak) leave his hearers in emotion too great spear in one hand, statue of Liberty in to bear, had in the theater of Dionysius place was the center of social and po-litical life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. merchandise of all kinds, except meat, but everything must be sold for cash, and there must be no lying about the value of commodities, and the Agoran-omi who ruled the place could inflict. Far out at sea the sailors saw this sta-tue of Minerva rising high above all the temples, glittering in the sun. statue of a lioners, and there are the Graces and vorder a horder a back of moral power as that with which Paul now whelmed his hearers. At those two thoughts of Augustus to have of its own accord resurrection and judgment the audience sprang to their feet. Some they adjourn to some other to hear more on the theme, but others would many of last year's growth, feathers. orator to ket place was a space 350 yards long Olympodorus, a Greek, memorable for pieces. The record says: "Some hewn stone dishes cut in the ledges of and 250 wide, and it was given up to the fact that he was cheerful when mocked." I suppose it means that they the rocks and rotting sheepskins the and 250 wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise, and lounging and philosophizing. All this you need bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily them tatue of Hygeis, and the statue of tatue of Hygeis, and tatue tatue tat disputed he in the market daily them that met him." You see it was the best place to get an audience, and if a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits of today we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot-races occurred. Pard had hean out, there no doubt Paul had been out there no doubt for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures when he tells us: speciman has on it the dust of ages, "Some mocked." But, that scene adjourned to the day of which the sacred As in Athens, that evening in 1889, we climbed down the pile of slippery rocks, where all this had occurred, on piled are still there. The Stadium is 680 feet long, 130 feet wide, and held 40,000 spectators. There is today the ing light of those ancients must have wery tunned through which the day wallowing in tide, I seemed to hear those two hills of a few moments, though not before in sublime and awful converse. "I am he had left sundry nasty marks with chiefly of the past," said the Acropoles. his teeth in the fleshy part of one "I am chiefly of the future," replied Mars Hill. "My orators are dead. My law-givers are dead. My poets are dead. My architects are dead. My times took place, and while Hadrian, the emperor, sat on yonder height, 1,000 beasts were slain in one celebra-tion. But it was chiefly for foot rac-ing, and so I proposed to my friend that day while we were in the Stadium that we try which of us could run the that day while of an of this his-that day while we try which of us could run the that day while we dend of this hiscourse was necessary in order that you sculptors are dead. I am a monument may understand the boldness, the de- of the dead past. I shall never again who will never again utter a doom, and orators who will never again make a massion remained a mystery. Latter-I found out what Paul meant when he compares the spiritual race with the race in this very Stadium, as he says: "Lay aside every weight." My heavy the Parthenon, yea, all the gods and procent and we find the parthenon, yea, all the gods and procent and we find the parthenon we are participated as the part of the parthenon we find the parthenon we are participated as the part of the parthenon we are participated as the part of the part hearing of the wisest men and the populace on my rocky shoulders, have only begun their majestic roll; the brotherhood of man, and the Christ of God, and the peroration of resurrec-tion and last judgment with which the Tarsian orator closed his sermon that day amid the mocking crowd, shall yet revolutionize the planet Oh, Acro-polis! I have stood here long enough to witness that your gods are no gods auditors; they are turning pale, and then red, and then wrathful. There had been several earthquakes in that region; but that was the severest shock Ceres never grew a harvest. Your goddess of wisdom, Minerva, never knew the Greek alphabet Your Jupi-ter could not handle the lightnings But the God whom I proclaimed on the day when Paul preached before the these astounded assemblage on my rough Mount heights, is the God of music, the God

gued for the immortancy of the, and and my Socrates praised virtue, and my Miltiades at Marathon drove back the Persian oppressors." "Yes," said the Persian oppressors." "Yes," said Mars Hill, "your Plato laboriously guessed at the immortality of the soul, but my Paul, divinely inspired, de-clared it as a fact straight from God. Your Socrates praised virtue, but expired as a suicide.

my mind, I thought on the same subject on which as a boy I made my com-mencement speech in Niblo's theatre on graduation day from the New York university, viz: "The moral effects of sculpture and architecture," but fur-ther than I could have thought in boy-gas is turned off at half-past 10. I that the moral effects of architecture gles the martyrs went through in order that in our time the Gospel might have could absorb a hero like him whom we have considered today, a man the suhe shall have the opportunity, amid the me; familiarities of the skies, of asking all his life. He may say: "The ship-wreck of Melita." He may say: "The riot at Ephesus." He may say: "My last walk on the road to Ostia." But. I think he will say: "The day I stood on Mars Hill addressing the indignant

Areopagites, and looking off upon the towering form of the goddess Minerva. and the majesty of the Parthenon, and all the brilliant divinites of the Acropolis. That account in the Bible was true. My spirit was stirred within me when I saw the city wholly given up to

A WILD MAN OF NATAL.

Captured After an Exciting Ruce Among Rocks and Caves.

A certain Cecil Yonge possesses a farm situated on the Inhlven peak, which is 7.000 feet above the level of the sea. Early last week Mr. Yonge's shepherd, a native, it must be borne in mind, happened to be on the peak after sundown, when he "perceived the reflection of a light appearing from amid a huge jumble of rock and wild scrub," says the Cape *Times*. He also distinctly heard what he after-ward described as "a weird fabber, half scream, half song, apparently manuating from the howels of the emanating from the bowels of the great mountain." The native, as may be imagined, made tracks for the homestead, where he duly arrived, "breathless and terror-stricken." Mr. Yonge, anxious for adventure, credited his herd's story, and next morning, accompanied by a force of mounted police and a posse of natives and dogs, set out for the scene of adventure, which locality we are assured "was the haunt a few years since of wild beasts innumerable and of the depredating bushmen in particular. traces of whom are to this day to be found all over the farm."

rags and old sacking, old tins, roughly moldering bones and heaps of putrid skins, many began to grow nervous and faint, and an unexpressed fear of losing their way caused general uneasiness. Yap! yap! sounded the shrill echo of a terrier's excited bark as he came back to his masters terrified and angry. From point to point, passage to passage, cave to cave, then commenced one of the weirdest chases that man ever experienced, amid the midnight-like gloom of those lanternlighted caverns. Scramble and scurry from ledge to ledge careered an unknown inhabitant of the caves. He was driven to bay in the farthermost corner of the vault. He was a wild terror. To secure him was the work native's thigh. It was no easy task, so to speak, to bring him to land.

THE SHIRT FINISHER. Sad Recital by a Poor Girl Who is Obliged to Do Good Work for Poor

Pay.

"I don't know what I am going to do bout it." said the shirt-finisher. "My soom-mates vow they won't consent to nave the alarm clock go off at half-past 5 in the morning. You see all three of 'em are salesladies and so they can afford to lie abed till nearly 7 As that night in Athens I put my tired head on my pillow, and the ex-citing scenes of the day passed through I can not wake without the alarm. I'd rather sew late at night, so as to sleep the next morning, but my room-mates won't agree to my having a candle, as they say the light keeps them awake; don't sew ou buttons in my dreams, as that woman done in the 'Song of the Shirt' (I heard it read at a club meeting). but it would be a great saving of time if I could sew them on in the dark. By working early and late I can't finish more than 5 shirts a dayl consider myself in luck when I can pay my board, \$3, at the end of the week. For stock shirts I get only \$1 a lozen, and when business ain't brisk, of course, I get more stocks than anything else.

"I could do an awful lot more if I was allowed to slight my work, like girls who finish cheap jerseys. The buttons drop off my jersey's the first time I fasten 'em. but no such work as that is put on shirts. It ain't poor work, poor pay with me, but good work, poor pay. The overlooker at our place, though she wears glasses, has got the eyes of a hawk, and in the button-holes the stitches have to be just so close together, and the hemming in the gussets has to be almost as nice as what would be put on a pocket handkerchief; the buttons must be sewed on hard and tight; and as for the eyelets, they are just the torment of my life, they have to be worked so awfully round and smooth. I always dread to get a set of shirts with cyclets in 'em because then I am sure to be found fault with when I hand my work insometimes I get 'em too large and sometimes too small. I don't have

that trouble with button-holes, because they are cut for me. Supplied with thread and needles! That we ain't! We buy our own thread and needles, and it counts up in and I can tell you. That's all I do buy -wadays, and it often comes out of my board money. As for having my washing done, I just told the super-Intendent of the home where I live that just couldn't afford it, and so there has been an exception made in my favor, and I am allowed to go into the laundry and wash my own duds. t's against the rules for the other boarders to do it, though they all like to no matter how much they may earn. The girls in my room are always wash ing their handkerchiefs and such things, and hanging them behind their wash stands where they think they won't be

Why do I work for so little? Well, 13 a week is better than no dollars a week, and as I ain't got nobody to look to for support, I have to catch on to any work that comes along. Relations? None nearer than cousins, and they don't amount to much-at least, mine don't. Why a cousin of mine, whose husband carns his \$3 a day as a painter, invited me to do my washing at her house (that was before I got permission to do it at the home) and afterwards fell out with me, and made me pay for the coal I had burned in heating my 'rous.

"The girls in my room tell me that I could never get a place in a store be-rause I am not tall enough; but if I could once lay up money enough to pay my board for a week or two I'd tramp up and down the city till I found a place where they would take me. was in a store once around the holidays, when there was a lot of extra hands needed, and I tell you it was a satisfaction to bring home my \$5 every Saturday night! It's an awful misfortune to be so short when a girl has her own living to make. If I was six inches taller I'd be earning almost half as much again as I am now, for I ain't one of the stuck-up sort who think they are put behind a counter only to show off their bangs and their bangles. I made a lot of sales when I worked as an extra, and I could do it again as a "egular hand if the storekeepers could only get over my being short. I get out of all patience when I hear a girl whining and saying she don't see why she has to work. Why work is what I want, and the only thing that I do want. If I could earn \$5 a week at shirt-finishing. I'd be willing to keep at it till I was too old to thread a needle. It's only work that doesn't out on which have the total to the shirt pay enough to keep me that I don't like. On \$5 a week I could live like a lady; three for my board; one to put aside for my dress; and one for my other expenses. Any girl that's got the knack of fixing things can dress decent on \$50 a year, but it's awful hard to do it on nothing."-N.

That Was All.

Weary Clerk (after cutting off twen ty-five samples of dress goods)-Is that all, madam?

Miss Grabbe-Um-I would like one more samples. My mother is so par-

more samples. My mother is so par-ticular. Cut me off a piece from that roll under your hand. Little Sister (loudly)—Why, Moll, that won't do at all. Mother said she wasn't going to have any blue in that crazy quilt, 'cause it always fades.

Chile is a great country for newspapers. There are more than forty of them in Valparaiso and Santiago, and there are others in all the head towns there are others in all the head towns of departments. Chile has many liter-ary men, including a regiment of poets, and also many scientific men and a multitude of statesmen and generals. The schools are free, and the educa-tional system provides for provincial livesume, normal schools are accident lyceums, normal schools, an agricul-tural school, schools for the arts and trades, military and naval academies and a national university, all sup-ported by the government. In some years there have been 1,000 students at the Santiago university.

An industrious hive of Andrew county Missouri, bees lately made a record of twelve pounds of honey in twelve hours,

-Crime is very rare among women in Scotland.



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In this the great ocean of time. What I have so far said in this dis-

the splendid covering of the Acropolis, it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy. Look at the faces of his region; but that was the severest shock these men had ever felt. The Persiaus had bombarded the Acropolis from the heights of Mars Hill, but this Pauline bombardment was greater and more terrific. "What," said his hearers, have we been hauling with many okes of oxen for centuries these

lay men of science have learned that his snakeship's ribs furnish him with a means of progression. So, instead of having a pair or two pairs of "feet." they really have from 150 to 200 pairs Aristotle thought that serpents had as many ribs as there are days in a month, but had he examined a python he would have readily detected his mistake, that species having 400. Snakes move in this way: Each vertebra supports a pair of ribs, which act like a pair of legs, the extremities being connected by a broad plate. The hind part of this plate is free, and when the ribs are moved forward that end is raised so that it takes hold of the surface underneath, even though it be glass, the straightening of the reptile propelling it forward .- St. Louis Reublic.

An Unusual Sight.

It is unusual to see grain standing in the field ready to cut while three inches of snow covers the ground. But this could have been seen on the 1st day of October, 1891, in Suake River valley, Idaho.

The largest tombstone in the world (monuments erected to distinguished persons excepted) is probably that of the late Henry Scarlett of Upsor county, Georgia. Scarlett was very wealthy, and noted for his misan-thropic tendencies. He led the life of a hermit. Why, no one knew, but it was hinted that he was a victim of disappointed love. Several years before his death, which occurred in the spring of 1888, he selected a monster bowlder, a miniature mountain of granite, 100x250 feet in dimensions for a tombstone, and had it appropri ately lettered by a marble cutter. cave fitted up as a roomy tomb was excavated under the huge bowlder. Scarlett himself superintending the work. After his death neighbors, re latives, and friends carried the re mains and deposited them under the rock according to ante-mortem direc tions, and to-day the mortal parts o Henry Scarlett repose under the mos gigantic tombstone in the world.

Y. Tribune.

ber's baby.

