

THE CLOUDS HIS CHARIOT.

LAST SUNDAY'S DIVINE SERVICES IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Dr. Talmage Says That Man Was Made to Look Upward—God Does Not Belittle Himself When He Takes a Chariot as a Conveyance—The Storm Cloud.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 29.—The hymn sung at the opening of the services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning was:

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise.

After expounding appropriate passages of Scripture, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took the text, Psalm civ, 3: "Who maketh the clouds his chariot." Dr. Talmage said: "Brutes are constructed so as to look down. Those earthly creatures that have wings when they rise from the earth still look down, and the eagle searches for mice in the grass and the raven for carcases in the field. Man alone is made to look up. To induce him to look up God makes the sky a picture gallery, a Düsseldorf, a Luxembourg, a Vatican that eclipses all that Germany or French or Italian art ever accomplished. But God has failed so far to attract the attention of most of us by the scenery of the sky. We go into raptures over flowers in the soil, but have little or no appreciation of the "morning glories" that bloom on the wall of the sky at sunrise or the dahlias in the clouds at sunset. We are in ecstasies over a gobelin tapestry or a bridal veil of curve fabric, or a snowbank of exquisite curve, but see not at all, or see without emotion, the bridal veils of mist that cover the face of the Catskills, or the swaying upholstery around the couch of the dying day, or the snowbanks of vapor piled up in the heavens.

My text bids us lift our chin three or four inches and open the two telescopes which forward are put on swivel easily turned upward, and see that the clouds are not merely uninteresting signs of wet or dry weather, but that they are embroidered canopies of shade, that they are conservatories of the sky, that they are thrones of pomp, that they are crystalline bars, that they are paintings in water color, that they are the angels of the mist, that they are great cathedrals of light with broad aisles for angelic feet to walk through and bow at altars of amber and alabaster, that they are the mothers of the dew, that they are leaders for ascending and descending glories, that they are of belching flame, Niagara of color, that they are the masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. The clouds are a favorite Bible simile and the sacred writers have made much use of them. After the deluge God hung on a cloud in concourse bands the colors of the spectrum, saying: "I do set my bow in the clouds." As a mountain is sometimes entirely hidden by the vapors, so, says God, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions." David measures the divine goodness and found it so high he apostrophized: "Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." As sometimes there are thousands of fleeces of vapors ascending across the heavens, so, says Isaiah, will be the converts in the millennium "as clouds and as doves." As in the wet season no sooner does the sky clear than there comes another obscuration, so, says Solomon, one ache or ailment of old folks has no more than gone than another pain comes "as clouds return in the rain." A column of illumined cloud led the Israelites across the wilderness. In the book of Job Elihu, watching the clouds, could not understand why they did not fall or why they did not roll together, the laws of evaporation and condensation then not being understood, and he cries out: "Dost thou know the balancing of the clouds? When I read my text it suggests to me that the clouds are the Creator's equippers, and their whirling masses are the wheels, and the tongue of the cloud is the pole of the celestial vehicle and the winds are the harness and driver, and God is the royal occupant and driver "who maketh the clouds his chariot."

To understand the palmetist's meaning in the text you must know that the chariot of old was sometimes a sculptured brilliancy made out of ivory, sometimes of solid silver, and rolls on two wheels which were fastened to the axle by stout pins, and the awful defeat of Osemanus by Pelops was caused by the fact that a traitorous charioteer had inserted a linch pin of wax instead of a linch pin of iron. All of the six hundred chariots of Pharaoh lost their linch pins in the Red Sea for the Bible says: "The Lord took off their wheels." Look at the long flash of Solomon's fourteen hundred chariots, and the thirty thousand chariots of the Philistines. If you have ever visited the buildings where a king or queen keeps the coaches of state, as I have, you know that kings and queens have great varieties of turnout. The keeper tells you: "This is the state carriage and used only on great occasions." "This is the coronation carriage and in it the king rode on the day he took the throne." "In this the queen went to open parliament." "This is the coach in which the czar and the sultan rode on the occasions of their visit." All costly and tinselated and enriched and emblazoned are they, and when the driver takes the reins of the ten white horses in his hands, and amid mounted troops and bands in full force sounding the national air, the splendor starts and rolls on under arches entwined with banners, and amid the huzzas of hundreds of thousands of spectators the scene is memorable. But my text puts all such occasions into insignificance, as it represents the King of the Universe coming to the door of his palace and the gilded vapors of the heavens rolling up to his feet, and he sleeping in and taking the reins of the galloping winds in his hand, starts in triumphal ride under the arches of opal and chrysolite, the clouds his chariot.

My hearers, do not think that God belittles himself when he takes such conveyance. Do you know that the clouds are among the most wondrous and majestic things in the whole universe? Do you know that they are flying lakes and rivers and oceans? God waded his hand over them and said, "Come up higher" and they obeyed the mandate. That cloud, instead of being, as it seems, a small gathering of vapors a few yards wide and high, is really seven or eight miles across, and is a mountain, from its base to its top, 15,000 feet, 30,000 feet, and cut through with ravines 5,000 feet deep. No, David did not make a fragile or unworthy representation of God in the text when he spoke of the clouds as his chariot. But as I suggested in the case of an earthly king, he has his morning cloud chariot and his evening cloud chariot—the cloud chariot in which he rode down to Sinai to open the law, and the cloud chariot in which he rode down to Tabor to honor the Gospel, and the cloud chariot in which he will come to judgment.

When he rides out in his morning chariot at this season, about 6 o'clock, he puts golden coronets on the dome of cities, and silvers the rivers, and out of the dew makes a diamond ring for the finger of every grass blade, and bids good cheer to invalids who in the night said: "Would God it were morning." From this morning cloud chariot he

light for the heavens, light for the land and light for the sea, great bars of it, great wreaths of it, a world full of it. Hail him in worship as every morning he drives out in his chariot of morning cloud, and cry with David: "My voice shall thou hear in the morning; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee and look up." I rejoice in these Scripture ejaculations: "Joy cometh in the morning." "My soul waiteth for thee more than that they watch for the morning." "If I take the wing of the morning," "The eyelids of the morning," "The morning cometh," "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?" "Hither going forth is prepared as the morning." "As the morning spread on the mountains," "That thou shouldst visit him every morning." "What a mighty thing the King throws from his chariot when he throws us the morning!

Yes; he has his evening cloud chariot. It is made out of the saffron and the gold and the purple and the orange and the vermilion and the purple of the sunset. That is the place where the splendors that have marched through the day, having ended the procession, throw down their torches and set the day on fire. That is the only hour of the day when the atmosphere is clear enough to let us see the wall of the heavenly city with its twelve manner of precious stones, from foundation of jasper to middle strata of sardius and on up to the coping of amethyst. At that hour, without any of Elisha's supernatural vision, we see horses of fire and chariots of fire and banners of fire and ships of fire and cities of fire, seas of fire, and it seems as if the last conflagration had begun and there is a world on fire. When God makes these clouds his chariot let us all kneel. Another day past, what have we done with it? Another day dead, and this is its gorgeous entourage. Now is the time for David called the "evening oblation," or the Daniel called the "evening sacrifice." Oh, who! what a chariot made out of evening clouds! Have you lung over the taffrail of the ocean and seen this cloudy vehicle roll over the pavements of a calm summer sea, the wheels dripping with the magnificence have you from the top of Ben Lomond or the Cordilleras or the Berkshire hills seen the day pillowed for the night, and yet had no aspiration of praise and homage? Oh, what a rich God we have that he can put on one evening sky picture that excels Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" and Ghirlandajo's "Adoration of the Magi" and whole galleries of madonnas, and for only an hour, and then throw them away, and the next evening put on the same sky smiling that excels all that the Raphael and the Titians and the Rembrandts and the Correggios and the Leonardo da Vincis ever executed, and then draw a curtain of mist over them never again to be exhibited! How rich God must be to have a new chariot of clouds every evening!

But the Bible tells us that our King also has a black chariot. "Clouds and darkness," we are told, "are round about him." That chariot is cloven out of night, and that night is trouble. When he rides forth in that black chariot, pestilence and earthquakes, and famines and hurricanes, and he attend him. Then let the earth tremble. Then let nations pray. Again and again he has ridden forth in that chariot of black clouds, across England and France and Italy and Russia and America, and over all nations. That which men took for the sound of cannonading at Sebastopol, at Sedan, at Gettysburg, at Tel-el-Kehir, at Bunker Hill, were only the rumblings of the black chariot of the Almighty. Aye, it is the chariot of storm cloud armed with thunderbolts, and neither man, nor angel, nor devil, nor earth, nor hell, nor heaven can resist him. On those boulevards of blue this chariot never tamps out for anything. Aye, no one else drives there. Under one wheel of that chariot of Babylon was crushed and Babel fell, and the Roman empire was prostrated, and Atlantis, a whole continent that once connected Europe with America, sank clear out of sight, so that the longest anchor of ocean steamer cannot touch the tops of its highest mountains. The throne of the Caesars was less than a pebble under the right wheel of this chariot, and the Austrian despotism less than a snowflake under the left wheel. And over destroyed world-wide worlds that chariot has rolled without a jar or jolt. This black chariot of war cloud rolled up to the northwest of Europe in 1812, and four hundred thousand men marched to take Moscow, but that chariot of clouds rolled back, and only twenty-five thousand out of the four hundred thousand troops lived to return. No great snow storm like that had ever before or has ever since visited Russia. Aye, the chariot of the Lord is irresistible. There is only one thing that can halt or turn any of his chariots, and that is prayer. Again and again it has stopped its wheels, and the chariot of black clouds under that sanctified human breath has blossomed into such brightness and color that men and angels had to veil their faces from its brightness. Mark you, the ancient chariot which Isaiah uses as a symbol in my text had only two wheels, and that was that it only turn quickly, two wheels taking less than half the time to turn than four wheels would have taken. And our Lord's chariot has only two wheels, and that means instant reversal, and instant help, and instant deliverance. While the combined forces of the universe in battle array could not stop his black chariot a second or diverge it an inch, the driver of that chariot says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." "While they are yet speaking I will hear." "Two wheeled chariot, one wheel justice, and the other wheel mercy. Aye, they are swift wheels. A cloud, whether it belongs to the cirrus, the cumulus, the stratus, or belongs to the stratus, the cumulus, or to the cumulus, the lowest range, seems to move slowly along the sky, if it moves at all. But many of the clouds go at a speed that would seem lethargic a vestibule limited lightning express train, so swift is the chariot of our God—yes, swifter than the storm, swifter than the light. Yet a child ten years old has been known to reach up, and with the hand of prayer take the course of that chariot by the bit and slow it up, or stop it, or turn it aside, or turn it back. The boy Samuel stopped it. Elijah stopped it. Hezekiah stopped it. Daniel stopped it. Joshua stopped it. Esther stopped it. Ruth stopped it. Hannah stopped it. Mary stopped it. My father stopped it. My mother stopped it. My sister stopped it. We have in our Sabbath schools children who again and again and again have stopped it.

Notice that these old time chariots, which my text uses for symbol, had what we would call a high dashboard at the front, but were open behind. And the king would stand at the dashboard and drive with his own hands. And I am glad that he, whose chariot the clouds are, drives himself. He does not let natural law drive, for natural law is deaf. He does not let fate drive, for fate is merciless. But our Father King drives himself, and he puts his loving hand on the reins of the flying couriers, and he has a loving ear open to the cry of all who want to catch his attention. Oh, I am so glad that my Father drives, and never drives too fast, and never drives too slow, and never drives off the precipice, and that he controls by a bit that never breaks, the wild and most raging circumstances. I heard of a ship captain who cut out with his vessel

with a large number of passengers from Buffalo, on Lake Erie, very early in the season and while there was much ice. When they were well out the captain saw to his horror that the ice was closing in on him from all sides, and he saw no way out from destruction and death. He called into the cabin the passengers and all the crew that could be spared from their posts, and told them that the ship must be lost unless God interposed, and I thought he was not a Christian man, he said, "Let us pray," and they all knelt asking God to come for their deliverance. They went back to the deck and the man at the wheel shouted: "All right, captain, it's blowing now by nor'west now." While the prayer was going on in the cabin the wind changed and blew the ice out of the way. The mate asked: "Shall I put on more sail, cap'n?" "No!" responded the captain. "Don't touch her. Some one else is managing this ship." Oh, men and women, shut in on all sides by icy troubles and misfortunes, in earnest prayer put all your affairs in the hands of God. You will come out all right. Some one else is managing the ship! It did not merely happen so that when Leyden was besieged, and the Duke of Alva felt sure of his triumph, suddenly the wind turned, and the swollen waters compelled him to stop the siege, and the city was saved. God that night drove along the coast of the Netherlands in a black chariot of storm cloud. It did not merely happen so that Luther rose from the place where he was sitting just in time to keep from being crushed by a stone that the instant after fell on the very spot. Had he not escaped, where would have been the Reformation? It did not merely happen so that Columbus was saved from drowning by an oar that was floating on the waters. Otherwise, who would have unveiled America! It did not merely happen so that when George Washington was in Brooklyn a great fog settled down over all the place, where the church steeple, and over all this end of Long Island, and that under that fog he and his army escaped from the clutches of Gen. Howe and Clinton. In a chariot of mist and cloud the God of American independence rode along here. On that pillow of consolation I put down my head to sleep at night. On that solid foundation I build when I see this nation in political paroxysm every four years, not because they care two cents about whether it is high tariff or low tariff or no tariff at all, but only whether the Democrats or Republicans shall have the salaried offices. Yes, when European nations are holding their breath, wondering whether Russia or Germany will launch a war that will incardinate a continent, fall in line, in the faith that my Father drives. Yes, I cast this as an anchor, and plant this as a column of strength, and lift this as a telescope, and build this as a fortress, and propose without any perturbation to launch upon an unknown future triumphant in the fact that my Father drives. Yes, he drives very near. I know that many of the clouds that you see in summer are far off, the bases of some of them five miles above the earth. High on the highest peaks of the Andes travelers have seen clouds far higher than where they were standing. Gay masses, after he had risen in a balloon twenty-three thousand feet, still saw clouds above him.

But there are clouds that touch the earth and discharge their rain, and, though the clouds out of which God's chariot is made may sometimes be far away, often they are close, and they touch our shoulders and they touch our homes and they touch us all over. I have read of two rides that the Lord took in two different chariots of clouds, and of another that he will take. One day, in a chariot of clouds that were a mingling of fog and smoke and fire, God drove down to the top of a terrible crag fifteen hundred feet high, now called Jebel-Musa, then called Mount Sinai, and he stepped out of his chariot among the split shavings of rock. The mountain shook as with an ague, and there were ten volleys of thunder, each of the ten emphasizing a tremendous "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not." Then the Lord summoned his chariot of cloud and drove up the hills of heaven. They were dark and portentous clouds that made that chariot at the giving of the law. But one day he took another ride, and this time down to Mount Sinai, the clouds out of which his chariot was made, and made it rain, from all of them, and the music was a mingling of organ and chime and triumphant march. "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." Transfiguration chariot!

"Oh, say hundreds of you," I wish I could have seen those chariots—the black one that brought the Lord to Jebel-Musa at the giving of the law, and the white one that brought him down to Tabor." Never mind, you will see something grander than that, and it will be a mightier mingling of the somber and the radiant, and the pomp of it will be such that the chariots in which Trajan and Diocletian, and Zenobia, and Caesar, and Alexander, and all the conquerors of all the ages rode will be unworthy of mention; and what stirs me the most is that when he comes in that chariot of cloud and goes back, he will ask you and me to ride with him both ways. How do I know that the judgment chariot will be made out of clouds? Revelation 1, 7: "Behold he cometh with clouds." Oh, he will not then ride through the heavens alone as he does now. He is going to bring along with him an escort of ten full regiments. Inspiration says: "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints." But these figures simply mean that there will be a great throng, and you shall probably through the monument of Christ be able to see before that, I hope that we can see him down in that escort of chariot. Christ is the center chariot, but chariots before him to clear the way, and chariots behind him and chariots on either side of him. Perhaps the prophets and patriarchs of the old dispensation may ride ahead, each one charioted—Abraham and Moses and Ezekiel and David and Joshua, who foretold his first coming. On either side of the central chariot apostles and martyrs who in the same or approximate centuries suffered for him—Paul, Stephen and Ignatius and Polycarp and Justin Martyr and multitudes who went up in chariot of fire now coming in chariot of cloud, while in the rear of the central chariot shall be the multitudes of later days and of our own time who have tried to serve the Lord, ourselves, I hope, among them. "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints." Yes; although all unworthy of such companionship, we want to come with him on that day to see the last of this old world which was once our residence. Coming through the skies, myriads of chariots rolling on and rolling down. By that time how changed this world will be. Its deserts all flowers, its rocks all mossed and lichened, its porches all palaces, its sorrows all joys, its sins all virtues, and in the same pasture field lion and calf, and on the same perch hawk and dove. Now the chariots of cloud strike the earth, filling all the valleys and covering all the mountain sides, and halting in all the cemeteries and graveyards and over the waters deep where the dead sleep in coral sarcophagi. A loud blast of the resurrection trumpet is given, and the bodies of the dead rise and join the spirits from which they have long been separated. Then Christ our King, rising in the center chariot of cloud, with his scarred

hands was the signal, and the chariots whirled and came into line for glorious ascent. Drive on! Drive on! Chariots of cloud ahead of the King, chariots of cloud on either side of the King, chariots of clouds following the King. Upward and apace starry hosts and through immensities and across infinites, higher, higher, higher, unto the gates, the shining gates. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, for him who maketh the clouds his chariot, and who, through condescending and uplifting grace, invites us to mount and ride with him.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS.

A mountain in Colorado has been named Mount Sheridan.

There is a rumor that King Solomon's mines have been found in the Fomoto mountains.

One watermelon doctored with half an ounce of strychnine killed 2,000 rabbits on a ranch at Traver, Cal.

The newest oddity in brooches is a kitten of dead black enamel touched with white spots and having eyes of rose diamonds.

A San Francisco couple who desired to get married chartered a tug and had the ceremony performed while the boat was in the open sea.

At a New York festivity, a brilliant spectacle was a hunting quadrille danced by a dozen men in red hunting coats, with a dozen ladies each wearing red sashes.

A Connecticut couple couldn't agree on a physician to attend one of their children, and a squabble which followed now has its outcome in a suit for divorce instituted by the wife.

English physicians condemn cigarette smoking because it produces throat diseases. Even the best cigarettes are dangerous. They cause more consumption of nicotine than either the cigar or the pipe.

A correspondent of The Liverpool Mercury says that he heard some cornet playing from a photograph which had been repeated more than a thousand times, and all the notes were as clear and distinct as ever.

A man who has been in the habit of lying awake at night has discovered a remedy for sleeplessness. He takes beside the pillow and adopts the practice of sleeping with his head and body nearly on the same level. Only men, among the animals, seem to require a pillow.

The cranberry pickers are out in full force down on the Cape Cod preparing to gather in the harvest. A great many families are enabled to lay by from \$100 to \$300 every year as the reward of their industry in the cranberry fields, which keeps the winter fires going and drives warm the door.

Connoisseurs in the art of slow torture say there is nothing like the neutral tie-tac to stir the blood and madden the brain. The tie-tac is a bullet on a string, by means of which, and with the help of Satan, small boys mysteriously rap a melancholy monotone on the window pane and banish sleep from the inmate of the haunted chamber as effectively as if he were on the rack.

A remarkable double headed child was recently born to a French family named Reoubaud, in Manchester, Me. The heads are both perfect, and are joined to the body by two short, well shaped necks. It uses its mouth and eyes apparently at will in eating, crying, walking, and even sleeping. The child was much shocked at the appearance of their baby, and went at once to Montreal to avoid the notice of their neighbors. The child is likely to live.

A unique congress of women will be held next year in Paris to celebrate the centenary of the great revolution. For three weeks the congress will be a national one, after which, for eight days, women from all parts of the world will be invited to take part. It is stated that 25,000 women will be invited for the meeting on July 22. Woman's part in the revolution was so prominent that it seems fitting that it should be remembered.

According to careful calculations made by a British clergyman of note and just published Protestants have increased during the last hundred years from 37,000,000 to 131,000,000, or nearly fourfold. Roman Catholics during the same period have increased from 80,000,000 to 168,000,000, or twofold. The Greek church during the century has increased from 40,000,000 to 83,000,000, also twofold.

German steamers are crowding out British shipping at Nagasaki, Japan. German coastwise shipping is advancing by leaps and bounds. In 1890-91 British ships of 146,994 tons entered Nagasaki, against 24 German vessels of 12,682 tons; during 1897 there were 267 British vessels of 229,709 tons, and 217 German of 162,383 tons. The German steamers are smaller than the British, but they do more business, as they are better adapted to the trade.

Germany's Balloon Vine Ships.
The manufacturers of the German army corps which have taken place in various parts of the empire under the personal supervision of William II have caused less attention than the experiments at Spandau with the new balloon war ships of the German army. To all reports they proved a complete success. These balloons are able to carry a considerable quantity of explosives and may be easily transported on two one horse carts. The invention of a German ordnance officer permits the generation of the gas at the place of ascension. At these experiments a new explosive was used. Its destructive powers are said to be wonderful and far superior to melinite, with which the French have supplied their forts, naval and field artillery. Recent experiments made at Lydd and Portsmouth, England, clearly prove that chemical compounds have superseded gunpowder as a propelling force for projectiles and flying shells and cylindrical cased shot.—Philadelphia Times.

The Cost of Cremation.
Cremation is not always cheap in Europe, as an extraordinary occurrence related by a New York Times correspondent illustrates. It seems that the proposed reform of the French burial laws not yet having taken effect, cremation is still illegal in France, so Frenchmen have to go to Italy for the purpose. A Parisian who recently died was by the provisions of his will taken to Milan for cremation. The Italian customs authorities levied \$70 import duty on the body when it entered the country, and charged the same amount export duty on the ashes when taken back into France. Being challenged as to the legality of this double performance, they sagaciously replied that all laws are the same to a dead man.—Frank Leslie's.

A Novel Chariot Race.
A novel and very pretty spectacle was introduced at a Brooklyn swimming school exhibition. It was called the chariot race. Two little papier mache chariots were constructed and in each one was a 4-year-old child. Harnessed to the chariots were two little boys, who swam over the course drawn along the shore. The boys were about 6 years old yet they made very good time, and the winner was presented with a fine fishing pole. The children in the chariot enjoyed the race quite as much as the boys.—Chicago Herald.

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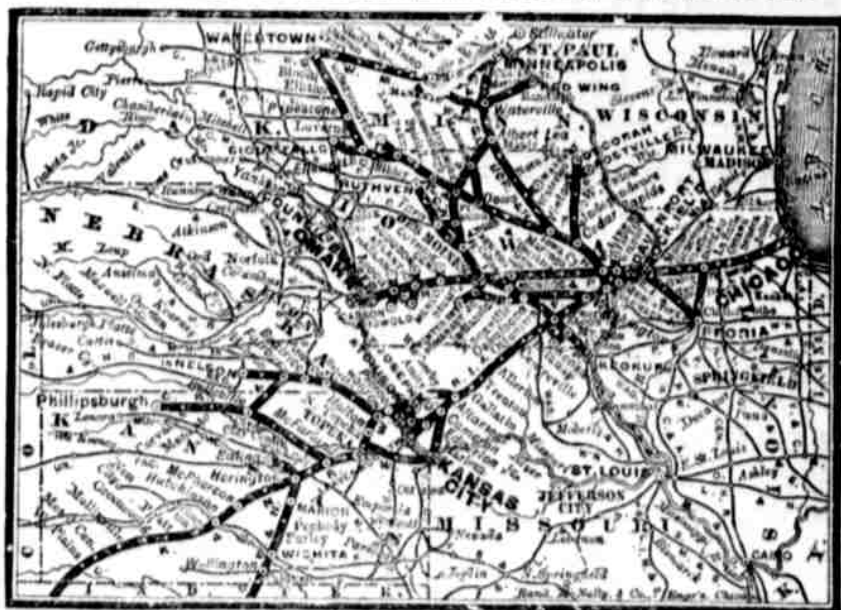
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