

TALMAGE FOLLOWS PAUL.

THE DOCTOR PREACHES IN ATHENS ON PAUL'S MISSION THERE.

Vivid Word Pictures of Ancient Athens and Corinth—The Bible is but an Introduction to the Great Knowledge of the Future—Paul's Anticipations of Heaven.

ATHENS, Nov. 24.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city this evening to a group of friends, basing his discourse on the following two passages from the Pauline epistles: I Corinthians ii, 9: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard," and I Corinthians xiii, 12: "For now we see through a glass darkly." The sermon was as follows:

Both these sentences written by the most illustrious merely human being the world ever saw, one who walked these streets, and preached from yonder pile of rocks, Mars Hill. Though more classic associations are connected with this city than with any city under the sun, because here Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Demosthenes, and Pericles, and Herodotus, and Pythagoras, and Xenophon, and Praxiteles wrote or chiseled, or taught or thundered or sung, yet in my mind all those men and their teachings were eclipsed by Paul and the Gospel he preached in this city and in your nearby city of Corinth. Yesterday, standing on the old fortress at Corinth, the Acro-Corinthus, out from the ruins at its base arose in my imagination the old city, just as Paul saw it. I have been told that for splendor the world beholds no such wonder today as that ancient Corinth standing on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticos and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and statue, and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains, into which, from apertures at the side, there gushed waters every where known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the corinthian, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overturned, no base-relief touched. From the edge of the city the hill held its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1,000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

PAUL ADDRESSED HIGH INTELLIGENCE. Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered one of my texts. They had heard the best music in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no character in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acro-Corinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that splendid gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Indeed, both my texts, the one spoken by Paul and the one written by Paul, show us that we have very imperfect eyesight, and that our day of vision is yet to come: for now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face. So Paul takes the responsibility of saying that even the Bible is an indistinct mirror, and that its mission shall be finally suspended. I think there may be one Bible in heaven fastened to the throne. Just as now, in a museum, we have a lamp exhumed from Herculaneum or Nineveh, and we look at it with great interest and say: "How poor a light it must have given, compared with our modern lamps," so I think that this Bible, which was a lamp to our feet in this world, may lie near the throne of God, exciting our interest to all eternity by the contrast between its comparatively feeble light and the illumination of heaven. The Bible, now, is the scaffolding to the rising temple, but when the building is done there will be no use for the scaffolding. The idea I shall develop today is, that in this world our knowledge is comparatively dim and unsatisfactory, but nevertheless is introductory to grander and more complete vision. This is eminently true in regard to our view of God.

"CANST THOU FIND OUT GOD?" We hear so much about God that we conclude that we understand him. He is represented as having the tenderness of a father, the firmness of a judge, the pomp of a king and the love of a mother. We hear about him, talk about him, write about him. We slip his name in infancy, and it trembles on the tongue of the dying octogenarian. We think that we know very much about him. Take the attribute of mercy. Do we understand it? The Bible blossoms all over with that word, mercy. It speaks again and again of the tender mercies of God, of the sure mercies, of the great mercies, of the mercy that endureth forever, of the multitude of his mercies. And yet I know that the views we have of this great being are most indelicate, one-sided and incomplete. When, at death, the gates shall be open, and we shall look directly upon him, how new and surprising! We see upon canvas a picture of the morning. We study the cloud in the sky, the dew upon the grass, and the husbandman on the way to the field. Beautiful picture of the morning! But we rise at daybreak, and go up on a hill to see for ourselves that which was represented to us. While we look, the mountains are re-figured. The burnished gates of heaven swing open and shut, to let pass a host of fiery splendors. The clouds are all abloom, and hang pendant from arches of alabaster and amethyst. The waters make pathway of inland pearl for the light to walk upon; and there is morning on the sea. The

crags uncover their scarred visages; and there is morning among the mountains. Now you go home, and how tame your picture of the morning seems in contrast! Greater than that shall be the contrast between this scriptural view of God and that which we shall have when standing face to face. This is a picture of the morning: that will be the morning itself.

Again: My texts are true of the Saviour's excellency. By image, and sweet rhythm of expression, and startling antithesis, Christ is set forth—his love, his compassion, his work, his life, his death, his resurrection. We are challenged to measure it, to compute it, to weigh it. In the hour of our broken enchantment, we mount up into high experience of his love, and shout until the countenance glows, and the blood bounds, and the whole nature is exhilarated. "I have found him." And yet it is through a glass, darkly. We see not half of that compassionate face. We feel not half the warmth of that loving heart. We wait for death to let us rush into his outspread arms. Then we shall be face to face. Not shadow then, but substance. Not hope then, but the fulfilling of all prefigurement. That will be a magnificent unfolding.

TO SEE EYE TO EYE. The rushing out in view of all hidden excellency; the coming again of a long-absent Jesus to meet us—not in rags and in penury and death, but amidst a light and pomp and outbursting joy such as none but a glorified intelligence could experience. Oh! to gaze full upon the brow that was lacerated, upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed; to stand close up in the presence of him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, and agonized for us in the garden, and died for us in horrible crucifixion; to feel of him, to embrace him, to take his hand, to kiss his feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering; to say: "This is my Jesus! He gave himself for me. I shall never leave his presence. I shall forever behold his glory. I shall eternally hear his voice. Lord Jesus, now I see thee! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was distorted. I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on thee. No more looking through imperfect glasses. No more studying thee in the darkness. But, as long as this throne stands, and this everlasting river flows, and those garlands bloom, and these arches of victory remain to greet home heaven's conquerors, so long I shall see thee, Jesus of my choice; Jesus of my song; Jesus of my triumph—forever and forever—face to face!"

The idea of my texts is just as true when applied to God's providence. Who has not come to some pass in life thoroughly inexplicable? You say: "What does this mean? What is God going to do with me now? He tells me that all things work together for good. This does not look like it." You continue to study the dispensation, and after a while guess about what God means. "He means to teach me this. I think he means to teach me that. Perhaps it is to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps to teach me the uncertainty of life." But after all, it is only a guess—a looking through the glass, darkly. The Bible assures us there shall be a satisfactory unfolding. "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." You will know why God took to himself that only child. Next door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group, instead of your only one? Why single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart-beating responsive to yours? Why did God give you a child at all, if he meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your youth with the brimming of life, if he meant to dash it down? Why allow all the tendrils of your heart to wind around that object, and then, when every fiber of your own life seemed to be interlocked with the child's life, with strong hand to tear you apart, until you fall bleeding and crushed, your dwelling desolate, your hopes blasted, your heart broken? Do you suppose that God will explain that? Yes, he will make it plainer than any mathematical problem—as plain as that two and two make four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right—all right. "Just and true are all thy ways, thou king of saints."

PROVIDENTIAL HINDRANCES IN LIFE. Here is a man who cannot get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time and to sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprise, and fails; that business, and is disappointed. The man next door to him has a lucrative trade, but he lacks customers. A new prospect opens. His income is increased. But that year his family are sick; and the profits are expended in trying to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success; begins to expect disasters. Others wait for something to turn up; he waits for it to turn down. Others, with only half as much education and character, get on twice as well. He sometimes guesses as to what it all means. He says: "Perhaps riches would spoil me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keep me humble. Perhaps I might, if things were otherwise, be tempted into dissipation." But there is no complete solution of the mystery. He sees through a glass, darkly, and must wait for a higher unfolding. Will there be an explanation? Yes; God will take that man in the light of the throne, and say: "Child immortal, hear the explanation! You remember the falling of that great enterprise. This is the explanation." And you will answer: "It is all right!"

I see, every day, profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne, no dark mystery can lie. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel that he was denuded with lions; and Paul that he was humpbacked; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and the sewing-woman that she could get only a few pence for making a garment; and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments; but pauper children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod-carriers will sing it, those who were once the offscouring of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching hearts, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies.

HOW MANY SHALL BE SAVED? Again: The thought of my texts is true when applied to the enjoyment of the righteous in heaven. I think we have but little idea of the number of the righteous in heaven. Infidels say: "Your heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost; for, according to your teaching, the

majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. I suppose that the few sick people in the hospitals of our great cities, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of well people, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the health of heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that seas of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority. Take all the congregations that have assembled for worship throughout Christendom. Put them together, and they would make but a small audience compared with the thousands and tens of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and the hundred and forty and four thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those dashed up to heaven in martyr fires; those tossed for many years upon the invalid couch; those fought in the armies of liberty, and rose as they fell; those tumbled from high scaffolding, or slipped from the mast, or were washed off into the sea. They came up from Corinth, from Laodicea, from the Red Sea bank and Gennesaret's wave, from Egyptian brickyards, and Gideon's threshing floor. Those thousands of years ago slept the last sleep, and these are this moment having their eyes closed, and their limbs stretched out for the sepulcher.

A general expecting an attack from the enemy stands on a hill and looks through a field glass, and sees, in the great distance, multitudes approaching, but has no idea of their numbers. He says: "I cannot tell anything about them. I merely know that there are a great number." And so John, without attempting to count, says: "A great multitude that no man can number." We are told that heaven is a place of happiness; but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions. To help us understand the joy of heaven, the Bible takes us to a river. We stand on the grassy bank. We see the waters flow on with ceaseless wave. But the fifth of the cities is emptied into it, and the banks are torn, and unhealthy exhalations spring up from it, and we fail to get an idea of the river of life in heaven.

A GLORIOUS AND EVERLASTING REUNION. We get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living, and the children came home. A good time that! But it had this drawback—all were not there. That brother went off to sea, and never was heard from. That sister—did we not lay her away in the freshness of her young life, never more in this world to look upon her? Ah! there was a skeleton at the feast; and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas day. Not so with heaven's reunions. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a Christian parent will look around and find all his children there. "Ah!" he says, "can it be possible that we are all here—life's perils over the Jordan passed and not one wanting? Why, even the poor little that I almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsels! but grace hath triumphed. All here! all here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring, and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. All here!"

No more breaking of heartstrings, but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed of many hardships, shall join their parents over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenances forever, face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea; from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress; but we shall all meet in rapture and jubilee, face to face.

Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few days ago they sat with us studying these gospel themes; but they only saw dimly—now revelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you floundering in the darkness. You stand wonder-struck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of life were dashed out. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed and of him who carries them in his bosom, you shall soon stand face to face. Oh! that our last hour may kindle up with this promised joy! May we be able to say, like the Christian not long ago, departing: "Though a pilgrim walking through the valley, the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak!" or, like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cookman, who took his flight to the throne of God, saying in his last moment that which has already gone into Christian classics: "I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

An Automatic Fog Signal. A new fog signaling apparatus has lately been perfected in England which is of sufficient merit to attract the attention of all those interested in the saving of life and property at sea. It calls into use electricity, which admits of the signals being automatically worked, and at the same time records every signal as it is given on a band of graduated paper. This paper forms a complete register of the signals, and is documentary evidence in case of dispute as to whether or not a vessel was signaling when a collision occurred.

The apparatus consists of a single switch, which is placed on the vessel's bridge, so that the signaling can be controlled by the officer on watch. When it is desired to blow the signal whistle or to begin the automatic signaling, whatever its nature may be, the lever is turned to the "under way" notch if the vessel is moving, and the electric current at once begins working the valve of the steam whistle at regular intervals, conforming to what the law specifies. Should the vessel be at anchor the switch is turned to "at anchor," and the bell is rung in the same way. The register consists of the band of paper properly subdivided and moved along by clock work. A traveling pointer, actuated by an electro-magnet, pricks the paper at every sound of the bell or whistle. The signaling can also be made at will, entirely independent of the automatic mechanism, by simply pressing a button which closes the circuit leading to the bell or whistle.—New York Herald.

A Revolting Spectacle. The other day, in a city not a thousand miles from Seattle, a grandfather and a father were contending in court for the custody of a family of children. One of the children, a bright boy of 10 years, was placed on the witness stand, and repeatedly declared: "I hate my father! I hate him! I hate him!" The father bowed his head and wept. The grandfather—a member of the United States senate, by the way—smiled and seemed to approve. It was a revolting spectacle. The father was a feeble, purposeless creature, probably unfit for custody of the children, but nobody could teach the boy any worse lesson than he seems to have learned.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.



No. 684.—A Word Puzzle. 1. A measure, area of land 2 An iridescent lining of a certain shell. 3 Transpose, a wading bird. 4. Behold and transpose, and get "that which is adjacent." 5 Behold and transpose again and obtain a division of time. 6. Curtail and find in error. 7 Curtail once more and "a direction" remains.

No. 685.—Acrostic. The father of the Grecian Jove, A little boy that's blind, A mighty land in all the world, The mother of mankind, A poet whose love sonnets Are still very much admired; The initial letters will declare A blessing to the tired.

No. 686.—A Diamond and a Half square. 1. A letter, to drink; to hold back, a number; set free, displayed, estimated; guided; a letter. 2. Not having wings, as insects; those who smooth with a plane; idle talk; a passage; to depend upon, unrefined metal; a pronoun; a letter from Washington.

No. 687.—Geographical Enigmas. Example: A month and a vowel. Answer, Augusta. 1. An animal and dexterity. 2. Yeast and value. 3. A master and a weight. 4. Fresh and an old boat. 5. Bass and a measure. 6. Swarthy and a church. 7. To hold fast and to disembark. 8. A jump and a meadow. 9. Fresh, a conjunction, and inclines. 10. An animal and a crossing. 11. A feminine name, a garment and bounds. 12. A human being, a box, and to sin. 13. A toy, to knot, and a statesman. 14. A feminine name and a sphere. 15. A masculine nickname, a vowel, a person, and to strike gently.

No. 688.—Arithmetical. Put down 101, divide by 50, and add a cipher. Result, 1 taken from 9.

No. 689.—Crossword Enigma. My first is in nun and not in sun. My second is in nap and not in fun. My third is in pay and not in debt. My fourth is in bone and not in bet. My fifth is in love and not in hatred. My sixth is in time and also in red. My seventh is in boat and not in ship. My eighth is in hand and not in whip. My whole is the name of a great conqueror.



No. 691.—What is it? My head and tail both equal are, My middle slender as a bee; Whether I stand on head or heel, 'Tis all the same to you or me; But if my head should be cut off, The matter's true although 'tis strange, My head and body severed thus, Immediately to nothing change.

No. 692.—Curtailments. Complete, I am a useful grain; One letter off, there will remain An agent in producing growth; Once more behead, what few are left To do, is seen; curtail again A proposition will remain.

No. 693.—Easy Word Squares. 1. A place of sale; to assert; a town of Nevada; stepped. 2. Departed; a large lake; bites; a trial.

No. 694.—Central Acrostic. Central, a large city of the United States. 1. Running matches. 2. Made of ash wood. 3. During. 4. Walks slowly. 5. A movable seat. 6. To cause to be produced. 7. Reduced to pieces.

No. 695.—Beholdings. Behold solitary and leave a single thing. Behold to abbreviate and leave a structure over a river. Behold to apprehend evil and leave a part of the body.

No. 696.—Geographical Riddles. 1. What mountain is a covering for the head? 2. What river in Africa is a juicy fruit? 3. What river in the western part of the United States is a serpent? 4. What one near it is a fish? 5. What cape of Florida is an animal? 6. What cape in North America breathes a parting benediction?

Appropriate Mottoes. For gunners—Off like a shot! For violin players—Feedle-de-dee. For pork butchers—The whole hog or none. For betting men—Where's the odds! For unsuccessful poets—Hard lines. For bakers—Early to bread and early to rise.

Key to the Puzzle. No. 675.—A Seasonable Acrostic: Third row, Heartfelt Thanks; sixth row, Thanks giving Day. Cross Words: 1. Athletic. 2. Wretched. 3. Standard. 4. Strained. 5. Attacked. 6. Diffused. 7. Presages. 8. Religion. 9. Outlives. 10. Catering. 11. Schooner. 12. Analogue. 13. Consider. 14. Instant. 15. Unstayed.

No. 676.—A Word Square: R O M E O P A L M A U L A E L L A

No. 677.—Hidden Words: Names of Objects.—Trowel, lady, eagle, antelope, nest, arch, ostrich, box, engine. Hidden Words: Rich, dye, star, row, glean, oxen, well, host, open. No. 678.—Beholdments: Lone—one—N. E.—E.

No. 679.—Charade: Hum—bug. No. 680.—What is My Name? A kiss. No. 681.—Numerical Enigma: Tobacco. No. 682.—An Easy Riddle: Mentz. No. 683.—Cosmograms: Because we cannot make them here (hear). Because it is in firm (firm). Because they put out tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard. He gets wet. The former are dead men and the latter needed men dead.

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