

DR. TALMAGE IN ATHENS

WONDERS OF THE ACROPOLIS AND ITS SUGGESTIONS.

The Market Where the Athenians Daily Met to Hear or Tell Some New Thing. St. Paul on Mars Hill—A City Wholly Given to Idolatry.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 23.—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 come, Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come.

The sermon, which was on the Acropolis, is the sixth of the series 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 one and two and three and four 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 morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely 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 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 army could not. Those names brought us into the presence of a most gracious and beautiful sovereign, the queen of Greece, and her cordiality was more like that of a sister than the occupant of a throne room. No formal bow as when monarchs are approached, but a cordial shake of the hand, and earnest questions about our personal welfare and our beloved country far away.

But this morning we pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market place, the locality where the philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul, the Christian logician, flung many a proud Stoic and got the laugh on many an impertinent Epicurean. The market place was the center of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Booths and bazaars were set up for 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 Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Platonians met at the cheese market, the Decelians at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters.

The market place was a space three hundred and fifty yards long and two hundred and fifty wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise, and lounging and philosophizing. All this you need to know in order to understand the Bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily with 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 why must. The Stadium was the place where the footraces occurred.

THE RACE IN THE STADIUM. Paul had been out there no doubt, for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures when he tells us, "Let us run the race that is set before us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garland, but we an incorruptible." The marble and the gliding have been removed, but the high mounds against which the seats were piled are still there. The Stadium is six hundred and eighty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and held forty thousand spectators. There is today the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the Stadium 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 place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place, and while Hadrian, the emperor, sat on yonder height one thousand beasts were slain in one celebration. But it was chiefly for foot racing, and so I proposed to my friend that day while we were in the Stadium that we try which of us could run the sooner from end to end of this historical ground, and so at the word given by the lookers on we started side by side, but before I got through 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 overcoat and my friend's freedom from such incubrance 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 circumference at the base and a thousand feet in circumference at the top and three hundred feet high. On it have been crowded most elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of temples 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 things—Greece, 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 plundered it.

Lord Elgin, the English ambassador at Constantinople, got permission of the sultan to remove from the Acropolis fallen pieces of the building, but he took from the building to England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of eight hundred thousand dollars. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the general, attempted to remove from a monument the sculptured car of horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery dropped 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 falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it that I need no magician's wand to restore it.

And the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposite hill—the Acropolis—that moment aglitter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God who made the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Eros made it, that Pandorus made it, that Boreas made it, that it took all the gods of the Parthenon, yea, all the gods and goddesses of the Acropolis to make it, and here stands a man without any ecclesiastical title, neither a B. D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth, and hence the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy. Look at the faces of his 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 these men had ever felt.

The Persians had bombarded the Acropolis from the heights of Mars Hill, but this Persian bombardment was greater and more terrific. "What," said his hearers, "have we been hauling with many oxen for centuries these blocks from the quarries of Mount Pentelicon, and have we had our architects putting up these structures of unparalleled splendor, and have we had the greatest of all sculptors, Phidias, with his men chiseling away at those wondrous pediments and cutting away at these friezes, and have we taxed the nation's resources to the utmost, now to be told that those statues see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing?"

"Oh, Paul, stop for a moment and give these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at the interesting landscape, and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period, or so much as a colon or semicolon, but launches the second thunderbolt right after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say, God 'dwelleth not in temples made with hands.' Oh, Paul! Is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the Theseum, or more in the Erechtheum, or more in the temple of Zeus Olympius than in the open air, more than on the hill where we are sitting, more than on Mount Hymettus out yonder, from which the bees get their honey? 'No more!' responds Paul, 'He dwelleth not in temples made with hands.'"

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. He cries out, "hath made of one blood all nations." Oh, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience 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 Euripides and Eschylus and Pericles and Phidias 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."

THE ORATORS OF GREECE. Surely that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. His auditors must let up from the nervous strain. Paul has smashed the Acropolis and smashed the national pride of the Greeks, and what more can he say? Those Grecian orators, standing on that place, always chose their addresses with something sublime and majestic—a peroration—and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all that he has yet said. Hereafter he has hurled one thunderbolt at a time; now he will close by hurling two at once. The little old man, under the power of his speech, has straightened himself up, and the stoop has gone out of his shoulders, and he looks about as tall as when he began; and his eyes, which were quiet, became two flames of fire; and his face, which was calm in the introduction, now depicts a whirlwind of emotion as he ties the two thunderbolts together with a cord of inconsumable courage and hurls them at the crowd now standing or sitting aghast—the two thunderbolts of Resurrection and Last Judgment. His closing words were, "Because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness; by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead."

Remember those thoughts were to them novel and provocative; that Christ, the despised Nazarene, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of their cemeteries to stand before him and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of eloquently power ever heard. The audience of some of those Greeks had heard Demosthenes in his oration on the crown, had heard Eschines in his speeches against Timarchus and Ctesiphon, had heard Plato in his great argument for immortality of the soul, had heard Socrates on his deathbed, suicidal cup of hemlock in hand, leave his hearers in emotion too great to bear; had in the theater of Dionysius at the foot of the Acropolis (the ruins of its piled amphitheater and the marble floor of its orchestra still there) seen enacted the tragedies of Eschylus and Sophocles, but neither had the ancestors of these Grecians on Mars Hill or themselves ever heard or witnessed such tornadoes of moral power as that with which Paul now whelmed his hearers. At those two thoughts of resurrection and judgment the audience sprang to their feet. Some moved they adjourn to some other day to hear more on the same theme, but others would have torn the sacred orator to pieces.

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But that scene adjourned to the day of which the sacred orator had spoken—the day of resurrection and judgment.

WEAKNESS OF THE GREEKS. As in Athens, that evening in 1889, we climbed down the pile of slippery rocks, where all this had occurred, on our way back to our hotel, I stood half way between the Acropolis and Mars Hill in the gathering shadows of evening, I seemed to hear those two miles in sublime and awful converse. "I am chiefly of the past," said the Acropolis. "I am chiefly of the future," replied Mars Hill. "The Acropolis

let us planned it and Phidias chiseled it and Protogenes painted it and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were completely guarded by the ancients, open to let you in and you ascend by sixty marble steps the propylaea, which Epaminondas wanted to transfer to Thebes, but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the removal of this architectural miracle. In the days when ten cents would do more than a dollar now, the building cost two million three hundred thousand dollars. See its five ornamental gates, the keys entrusted to an officer for only one day, lest the temptation 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 pictures at most in thought and coloring. Yonder is a temple to a goddess called "Victory Without Wings." So many of the triumphs of the world had been followed by defeat that the Greeks wished in marble to indicate that victory for Athens had come, never again to fly away, and hence this temple to "Victory Without Wings"—a temple of marble, snow white and glittering. Yonder behold the pedestal of Agrippa, twenty-seven feet high and twelve feet square.

WONDERS OF THE PARTHENON. But the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now it cost four million six hundred thousand dollars. It is a Doric structure, having forty-six columns, each column thirty-four feet high and six feet two inches in diameter. Wondrous intercolumniations! Painted porticoes, architraves tinged with ochre, shields of gold hung up, lines of most delicate curve, figures of horses and men and women and gods, oxen on the way to sacrifice, statues of the deities Dionysius, Prometheus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one piece twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; weaponry from Marathon; chariot of night; chariot of the morning; horses of the sun, the fates, the furies; statue of Jupiter holding in his right hand the thunderbolt; silver bottled chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis only a few miles away.

Here is the colossal statue of Minerva in full armor, eyes of gray colored stone, figure of a Sphinx on her head, griffins by her side (with a lion's mane and eagle's beak), spear in one hand, statue of liberty in the other, a shield carved with battle scenes, and even the slippers sculptured and tied on with thongs of gold. Far out at sea the sailors saw this statue of Minerva rising high above all the temples, glittering in the sun. Here are statues of equestrians, statue of a lioness, and there are the Graces, and yonder a horse in bronze.

There is a statue said in the time of Augustus to have of its own accord turned around from east to west and spit blood; statues made out of shields conquered in battle; statue of Apollo, the expeller of locusts; statue of Amarcion, drunk and singing; statue of Olympiodorus, a Greek, memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down, a trait worthy of sculpture. But walk on and around the Acropolis and yonder you see the Egyptian sphinx, and the statue of the sun fighting the Minotaur and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents. No wonder that Petronius said it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues made from the marble quarries of Mount Pentelicon, a little way from the city.

I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and on it is the sculpture of Phidias. I brought it from the Acropolis. This specimen is on it the dust of ages and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate luster of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive and striped with silver and aflame with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancient times must have shone as though were an aerolite cast off from the cloudy sky. The temple must have looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

THE AREOPAGUS, OR MARS HILL. But we cannot stop longer here, for there is a hill near by of more interest, though it has not one chip of marble to suggest a statue or a temple. We hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only a few minutes to walk the distance, and the two hills are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times. The Persians easily and terribly assaulted the Acropolis from this hilltop. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the nighttime, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of a trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice. But there was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others.

A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric described by himself as contemptible, had by his sermons rocked Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon that pulpit of rock, and give an specimen of his theology. All the wisemen of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheater, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill and at the base of it to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a maleap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow."

Paul arrived in answer to the writ or invitation, and confronted them and gave them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. He was so built that nothing could scare him, and as for Jupiter and Athena, the god and the goddess, whose images were in full sight on the adjoining hill, he had not so much regard for them as he had for the ant that was crawling in the sand under his feet. In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had their voices like flutes when they were passive, and like trumpets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as this insignificant looking man rose to speak.

In that audience were Schollasts, who knew everything, or thought they did, and from the end of the longest hair on the top of their craniums to the end of the nail on the longest toe, they were stuffed with hypercriticism, and they leaned back with a supercilious look to listen. As in 1889, I stood on that rock where Paul stood, and a slab of which I brought from Athens by consent of the queen, through Mr. Tricoups, the prime minister, and had placed in yonder Memorial Wall, I read the whole story, Bible in hand.

PAUL'S DEFIANCE TO HEATHENISM. What I have so far said in this discourse was necessary in order that you may un-

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Women riders look very natty. It is said that a woman never looks so well anywhere as on horseback. And so she does, if she has the style of figure that elicits the comment, "she sits high," which, being translated, means she is long waisted, broad in the hips, short legged and straight backed. Very tall, slender, lithe women look horrible on horseback. This is the one place their broad and chunky sisters have the advantage of them. A riding habit is, also, a trying costume. It requires an extremely marked figure to stand the rigid lines of the riding dress—especially as they now make it.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin