

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The text was Psalms 61, 4: "Selah."

The majority of Bible readers look upon this word of my text as of no importance. They consider it a superfluous, a mere filling in, a meaningless interjection, a useless refrain, an undefined echo, Selah! But I have to tell you that it is no scriptural accident. It occurs seventy-four times in the Book of Psalms and three times in the Book of Habakkuk. You must not charge this perfect book with seventy-seven trivialisms. Selah! It is an enthroned word. If, according to an old writer, some words are battles, then this word is a Marathon, a Thermopylae, a Sedan, a Waterloo. It is a word decisive, sometimes for poetic beauty, sometimes for solemnity sometimes for grandeur and sometimes for eternal import. Through it rolls the thundering chariots of the Omnipotent God.

I take this word for my text because I am so often asked what is its meaning, or whether it has any meaning at all. It has an ocean of meaning, from which I shall this morning dip up only four or five bucketsful. I will speak to you so far as I have time, of the Selah of poetical significance, the Selah of intermission, the Selah of emphasis and the Selah of perpetuity.

Are you surprised that I speak of the Selah of poetical significance? Surely the God who saphired the heavens and made the earth a rosebud of beauty, with oceans hanging to it like drops of morning dew, would not make a bible without rhythm, without redolence, without blank verse. God knew that eventually the Bible would be read by a great majority of young people, for in this world of malaria and casualty an octogenarian is exceptional and as thirty years is more than the average of human life, if the bible is to be a successful book it must be adapted to the young. Hence the prosody of the Bible—the drama of Job, the pastoral of Ruth, the epic of Judges, the dithyrambic of Habakkuk, the threnody of Jeremiah, the lyric of Solomon's song, the oratorio of the Apocalypse, the idyl, the strophe, and antistrophe and the Selah of the Psalms.

Wherever you find this word Selah, it means that you are to rouse up to great stanza, that you are to open your soul to great analogies, that you are to spread the wing of your imagination for great flight. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder. I proved thee at the waters of Meribah. Selah." "The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved; I bear up the pillars of it. Selah." "Who is this king of glory. The Lord of hosts, he is the king of glory. Selah." "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah." "Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah." "The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah." "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that they may be displayed because of the truth. Selah." "I will hide under the covert of the wings. Selah." "O, God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness. Selah."

Next I came to speak of the Selah of intermission. Gesenius, Tholuck, Heugstenberg, and other writers agree in saying that this word Selah means a rest in music; what the Greeks call a diapsalma, a pause, a halt in the solemn march of cantillation. Every musician knows the importance of it. If you ever saw Julien, the great musical leader, stand before 5,000 singers and players upon instruments, and with one stroke of his baton smite the multitudinous hallelujah into silence, and then, soon after that, with another stroke of his baton rouse up the full orchestra to a great outburst of harmony, then you know the mighty effect of a musical pause. It gives more power to what went before; it gives more power to what is to come after. So God thrust the Selah into his Bible and into our lives, compelling us to stop and think, stop and consider, stop and admire, stop and pray, stop and repent, stop and be sick, stop and die. It is not the great number of times that we read the Bible through that makes us intelligent in the scriptures. We must pause. What though it take an hour for one word? What though it take a week for one verse? What though it take a year for one chapter? We must pause and measure the height the depth, the length, the breadth, the universe, the eternity of meaning in one verse. I should like to see some one sail around one little adverb in the Bible a little adverb of two letters, during one lifetime—the word "so" in the new testament passage, "God so loved the world." Augustine made a long pause after the verse, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," and it converted him. Matthew Henry made a long pause after the verse, "Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise," and it converted him. William Cowper made a long pause after the verse, "Being freely justified by his grace," and it converted him. When God tells us seventy-seven times meditatively to pause in reading two of the books of the Bible, he leaves to our common sense to decide how often we should pause in reading the other sixty-four books of the bible.

We must pause, and ask for more light. We must pause, and weep over our sins. We must pause, and absorb the strength of promise. I sometimes hear people boasting about how many times they have read the bible through when they seem to know no more about it than a passenger would know about the state of Pennsylvania who should go through it in a St. Louis lightning, express train and in a Pullman "sleeper," the two characteristics of the journey, velocity and somnolence. Oh! we want in all our different departments of usefulness—and I address hundreds of people who are trying to do good—we want more of the dramatic element and less of the didactic. The tendency in this day is to drone religion to white religion, to can religion, to moan religion, to creak religion, when we ought to present it in animated and spectacular manner.

Sabbath morning by Sabbath morning I address many theological students who are here from the ministry. They come in here from the different institutions. I say to them this morning: If you go home and look over the history of the church you will find that these men have brought most souls to Christ who have been dramatic. Rowland Hill, dramatic; Thomas Guthrie, dramatic; John Knox, dramatic; Christmas Evans, dramatic; George Whitefield, dramatic; Robert Hall, dramatic; Robert South, dramatic; Fenelon, dramatic; John Mason, dramatic; Dr. Noth, dramatic. When you get into the ministry, if you attempt to culture that element and try to wield it for God, you will meet with mighty rebuff and caricature and ecclesiastical council will take your case in charge, and they will try to put you down; but the God who stars you will help you through, and great will be the eternal reward for the assiduous and the plucky.

What we want, ministers and laymen is to get our sermons and our exhortations and our prayers out of the old rut. I see a great deal of discussion in the religious papers about why people do not come to church. They do not come because they are not interested. The old hackneyed religious phrases that come moving down through the centuries will never arrest the masses. What we want today, you in your sphere and I in my sphere, is to freshen up. People do not want in their sermons shop flowers bought at the millinery shop, but the japonicas wet with the morning dew; nor the heavy bones of extinct megatherium of past ages, but the living reindeer caught last August at the edge of Schraon lake. We want to drive out the drowsy, and the prosaic, and the tedious, and the humdrum, and introduce the brightness and vivacity, and the holy sarcasm, and the sanctified wit, and the epigrammatic power, and the blood-red earnestness, and the fire of religious zeal, and I do not know of any way of doing it as well as through the dramatic. Attention! Behold! Hark! Selah! The Targum, which is the bible in Chaldean, renders this word of my text "forever." Many writers agree in believing and starting the one meaning of this word is "forever." In this very verse from which I take my text Selah means not only poetic significance, and intermission, and emphasis, but it means eternal reverberation—forever! God's government forever, God's goodness forever, the gladness of the righteous forever. Of course, you and I have not surveyor's chain with enough links to measure that domain of meaning. In this world we must build everything on a small scale. A hundred years are a great while. A tower five hundred feet is a great height. A journey of four thousand miles is very long. But eternity! If the archangel has not strength of wing to fly across it, but flutters and drops like a wounded seagull, there is no need of our trying in the small shallow of human thought to voyage across it.

A sceptic desiring to show his contempt for the passing years, and to show that he could build enduringly, had his own sepulcher made of the finest and the hardest marble, and then he had put on the door the words, "for time and for eternity;" but it so happened that the seed of a tree somehow got into an unseen crevice of the marble. That seed grew and enlarged until it became a tree, and split the marble to pieces. There can be no eternalization of anything earthly. But forever! Will you and I live as long as that? We are apt to think of the grave as the terminus. We are apt to think of the hearse as our last vehicle. We are apt to think of seventy or eighty or ninety years, and then cessation. Instead of that we find the marble slab of the tomb is only a milestone, marking the first mile, and that the great journey is beyond. We have only time enough in this world to put on the sandals and to clasp our girdle and to pick up our staff. We take our first step from cradle to grave, and then we open the door and start—great God, whither? The clock strikes the passing away of time, but not the passing away of eternity. Measureless! Measureless! This Selah of perpetuity makes earthly inequalities so insignificant, the difference between scepter and needle, between Alhambra and but between chariot and cart, between throne and curbstone, between Westminster and bare floor, between satin and sackcloth, very trivial. This Selah

of perpetuity make our getting ready so important. For such prolongation of travel, want outfit of guidebooks, of passports and of escorts? Are we putting out on a desert, simoom-swept and ghoul-haunted, or into regions of sun-lighted and spray sprinkled gardens? Will it be Elysium or Gehenna? Once started in that world, we cannot stop. The current is so swift that once it, no car can resist it, no helm can steer out of it, no herculean or titanic arm can baffle it. Hark to the long-resounding echo "forever!" O wake up to the interest of your deathless spirit! strike out for heaven. Rouse ye, men and women for whom Jesus died. Selah! Selah! Forever! forever!

Trained to Misfortune.
It was a terrible accident. Sixteen cars were piled upon each other, and above the roar of the escaping steam and the crackling flames that added to the terror of the scene could be heard the heart rending shrieks of the dying and wounded. It was a spectacle that would strike horror to every heart and soul.

Brave and willing hands rushed to the rescue of the victims of the wreck and, hurrying the timbers aside, dragged mangled bodies out from under the debris. Like heroes they toiled, until they thought every one was taken out. Suddenly there was a cry: "Good heavens! There is a man under the locomotive! And he lives!"

It was a hard battle to take the tons of steel and iron from off the crushed form that could be seen underneath, but, spurred by the dictates of humanity, they worked, and at last it was laid bare. Strong men turned away as it moved, for they expected to see a bleeding parcel of flesh, mangled beyond resemblance to a man.

But it lived; it breathed, and it spoke. They bent lower to catch its words, says the Boston News.
"Down! Down I said! Can't you hear a fellow and get off him?"
"What does he mean?" They cried. Then he rose to his feet and looked around, dazed. He brushed his clothes, and as he noted the astonished look on every one's face at his miraculous escape, he said, laughingly:
"Well, if that wasn't a joke on me! I thought I was playing football and that the whole Yale eleven was on me. Ha! Good eh?"

The Gulf Stream.
The question is often asked. To what extent does the gulf stream modify the climate of the United States? To its supposed erratic movements is laid the blame of every abnormal season, the Century says. There is every evidence that the gulf stream is governed absolutely by law in all its changes. The course through the ocean is without doubt fixed. Its fluctuations are by days, and they do not vary materially one from the other. Its temperature changes, depending upon the relative heat of the tropical and polar seasons, and upon the strength of the producing trade winds. The warm water may be driven toward the shore by the waves caused by a favorable wind, but the current remains in its proper place. The warm water gives off a certain amount of heat to the air above it, and if this air is moved to the land we feel the heat.

The presence of the warm water on the coast of Europe would in no way modify the climate if the prevailing winds were easterly instead of westerly. If the prevailing winds in New England in winter were southeast instead of northwest, the climate would be equal to that of the Azores Islands, mild and balmy.

For the cause of abnormal seasons we may look too meteorology. The current is in its place ready to give off the heat and moisture to the air whenever the demand is made upon it, but by the erratic movements of the air this heat and moisture may be delivered at unexpected times and seasons, and thus give rise to the erroneous belief that the gulf stream itself has gone astray.

A French Officer's Ease.
There has died at Versailles recently the Vicomte Toussaint, formerly a Colonel in the french army and Mayor of Toulouse. He was a brave man and a dashing officer. During one of the Terrible Years, noticing that his troops were bending forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy, while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed, "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the Russian?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.—London Telegraph.

Sanitary Item.
Mamma (to daughter)—Now, Eugenia, this is a new life to both of us. If your poor, lamented father were alive we wouldn't be reduced to the necessity of keeping a boarding house.

Eugenia—Well, mamma, there doesn't seem to be any other course left to us.

Mamma—I know it, Eugenia. You must be very circumspect, and while polite to all, you must, in your late, lamented, nautical father's words, "repel boarders."

Eugenia—Don't you think, mamma, we ought to leave that to the hash?—Texas Siftings.

WALL STREET FORTUNE.
It is not many months since Jimmy Hickey, as we called him in his less palmy days got his first real start in life.

Now he can wear sealskin suspenders, with diamond buckles, if he wants to then the white lawn ties which encircled his throat every evening were a serious drain on his income.

At that time Jimmy was a light-hearted, light-waisted young society man, and spent most of his leisure moments in dithering around the outskirts of the four hundred, without, however, becoming seriously affected by the sceptic's taunt of McAlisterism.

He was slender and graceful in figure tall enough just about to keep his chin above water, and short enough to be obliged to stand off his washday, occasionally.

For his mode of living was a little precarious, as he depended largely on the "bums" he was able to pick up in "the street."

But Jimmy's lucky star was burning with \$100,000 candle power on the evening he went to the horse show.

He had put in his time, with his back to the arena, looking at the girls in boxes. At half past 11 Fashion began to gather up her skirts and shake the tan bark from off her feet and Jimmy began to lose his interest in the show.

So he followed the crowd out into the lobby, and laying his check on the shelf in front of the coatroom window, called out to the attendant in a jocular tone of voice, "A fur-lined overcoat, please."

"Fur-lined overcoat, sir? Here you are, sir, No. 99," answered the man, briskly, as he handed Jimmy a royally splendid garment.

Now, Jimmy's check was No. 66, and he saw in a moment that the man had read the figures upside down.

His first impulse was to rectify his mistake and claim his more modest box-coat; but on second thoughts he decided to take advantage of the error and astonish the boys at the club with his new magnificence.

The return of the borrowed coat in the morning would straighten matters out. He was an expert on loans of every description; and considered this a "collusion;" at least he knew he had a coil.

Then he sauntered leisurely through the vestibule and allowed the apparel to proclaim the man, for as he reached the sidewalk a uniformed functionary touched his cap respectfully and inquired the number of his carriage.

"Call it," said Jimmy, and chuckled as he thought of the way the policemen and chorus of hangers on would make the night hideous in the effort to discover his mythical conveyance.

But the shouts had scarcely reached the ears of Dana on the Tower before a stylishly appointed coupe drew up in front of the portico, and there was nothing for Jimmy to do but press a coin (which he had found in the pocket of the ulster) into the hand of the nearest loafer and sleep inside the carriage. The coachman who had been trying to control his excited team let them have their heads as soon as he heard the doors slam, and Jimmy found that he had effected a second loan.

"Well, I hope this carriage doesn't belong to the same man as the fur-lined overcoat; the poor beggar will catch his death of cold walking home in a dress suit," he commented, thoughtfully.

As he spoke, he pushed his hand down into the pocket of the ulster. It touched a cold, hard substance, which his instinct told him, was a silver pocket flask filled with brandy. After he had proved the correctness of his impression he also discovered a pair of gloves, two cigars and some small change. He lit one of the cigars and found it equal to those Jack Levers sometimes gave him.

He thought with a little amusement of the simple-mindedness of a man who could trust such things as brandy cigars and money within the reach of the cloak-room people. "Confound him. He had no business to throw temptation into the way of men in that class of life. But this will teach him a lesson. By Jove, he'll be more careful next time!"

But Jimmy's moral reflections were broken in upon by the carriage, which has turned the corner, coming to a stop before a four-story house in the center of the block.

"I'll get out and run up the steps until the coachman drives away," thought he; "and then I'll slide around to the club." But this stratagem was not fated to be a success, for as he entered the vestibule he heard footsteps behind him, and on turning around confronted an old gentleman, who exclaimed: "Why, Frank, my boy, you're home early to-night; oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I thought it was my son!"

"I wanted to see John Newberry," said Jimmy, readily; "but you are not he."

"No; Newberry lives on Fifty-third street; this is Fifty-second."

"Then, my coachman must have made a mistake in the street; and now, he has driven off, as I told him he hadn't w s l for me r. Newber-

ry's number the same as this?"
"H'm! I don't recollect. Just step inside and I'll look it up in my address book," said the old gentleman, holding the door open.

"It seems a strange hour to call on a man," remarked Jimmy, as he followed his host through the hall into the library and excepted an easy chair; "but I have an appointment to meet Mr. Newberry in regard to some Grauger Car Trust stock. He leaves for the West early in the morning, and as he was going to a big banquet this evening, he said he would see me any time after 12 o'clock."

Granger Car Trust had been in Jimmy's head all day, and that was the reason he came to speak of it. It was a stock which had never paid any dividends, and had consequently sold at a low figure for a number of years. Now Jimmy had discovered that the president of one of the big Western roads, with which the car trust had a very disadvantageous contract, had secretly acquired a controlling interest in the stock. And the inference which Jimmy's Wall street training enabled him to draw from this move was that before many moons the boot would be on the other leg, and the car trust would get the cream of the road's earnings, and the stockholders of the Great Divide & Southwestern would get

Naught but wishes, hopes and promises, the currency of idlers.

He had been skimming around all day, trying to get hold of some Car Trust stock before his tip became public property; and as he had spoken at random, for the purpose of saying something and to kill time, his pet hobby had popped out of his mouth before he knew it.

At the mention of this security his host looked up from the book where he was engaged in searching for Mr. Newberry's address.

"I have a block of that stock myself. What do you want to do with it?" he asked.

"Sell it," answered Jimmy, promptly, scenting trade and approaching it backward on the regulation stock exchange way.

"I'd like to sell mine, too, if I could get anything for it," sighed the old gentleman.

"I think Mr. Newberry wants more than I have; perhaps I can sell yours also."

"I hold a thousand shares, and I'll give you a liberal commission if you can get twenty for them."

"I never work for commissions—and I'm offering mine for less money," said Jimmy, grandly; "but I'll buy your stock at 15, and take my chances of squeezing a couple of points out of it."

"I guess I'll let you have it," said the old gentleman that's the best bid I've ever had on it."

"Got it here?" asked Jimmy; "I want to turn it over to Newberry tonight."

"Yes, it's here in the safe."

Saving Money on Four Dollars.
An operatic manager in the city now wealthy and famous, made me a history of his commencement in New York. He came here three years ago. With a co-patriot he rented a room, for which they paid a week. They marketed and cooked themselves, and their weekly washing included, were \$2.50 each. They were well educated and of breeding, but poor and struggling managers to earn their \$2.50 a week, their \$3, then \$4, \$5, and \$6. When the \$4 stage was reached, commenced to save money.

Within two years each was well. Now one of them owns a fine house in the city. The other lives in a palace for himself and a family of five. What became of the other? "It is dearer living in New York now than before the war," says the manager, in telling me the story, "but if I had to begin again with \$4 a week I would not be able to live in New York. Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin."

An Old Man and a Suit Old.
A hale and hearty old gentleman named Everett Howard, residing at Chelmsford street, visited the city the other afternoon. He was a curious watch, which he said was made by a man named Howard, in Liverpool, England.

It has been passed from Howard, and keeps excellent time. Everett Howard came to Lowell, and was married here in 1847. He resided on the Merrimack river. Mr. Howard was present at the college in Waterville, Me., where Butler graduated. The Howard family long lived race, Everett Howard's sister aged seventy-six and aged seventy-eight.

He is the youngest of the Lowell (Mass.) News.

It Will Come Some Day.
The passage of a woman's bill by the New York Assembly is usual a joke. Nine times in years such a bill has passed, and the other always to fall by the side of last. This time, however, unusually large number of the real friends of the measure voted in its favor as 2 to 1. The "joke" may be carried over to the jokers and the jokers through both houses. The New York happens to have a governor, he will be unable to veto a logical reason why women vote and he will sign the big Philadelphia Ledger.

Physicians and Their Patients.
The active competition of the physician in New York to encounter has resulted in a method for stimulating weak doctors in this city, giving due form and no doubt in the men of ability, who remit a consultation, relying on the prescription for emolument. Standard prescriptions they give in quantities, and these directly to the patient. A prescription has to be completed at which the doctor has an eye for his commissions.

Between these two devices the titioner really captures a resource and he gets it moreover, in a way otherwise might have been with a strong show of loss. Patients will not dream of credit for medicines, they pay small bones about leaving a bill unpaid once he has had them to run it up.—New York Pittsburg Bulletin.

Way to Keep Flowers Alive.
Freshly cut flowers may be kept alive for a long time by placing them in a glass or vase with water, which a little charcoal has been put in or a small piece of camphor. The vase should be set upon a dish and covered with a cloth around the edges of which comes in contact with the water should be poured to keep air.—New York Journal.

The rage for bowknives of abating Easter gifts of them in every form.

Mrs. Struckile—Did you see Queen while you were in New Shoddie—No, I didn't. I'm real sorry too. I wanted a receipt for English plum.

Smelts are so abundant.
of Castle Rock, Or., that it is able to dip out in a more than he can eat. Thousands of pounds of smelts been taken in this way.