

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"STONING OF STEPHEN," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, Acts VII, Verses 56 to 60 as follows: "Behold I see the heavens opened," etc.—A Sermon in Pictures.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse, and whoop, and below they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead, they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles, Stephen clambers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples to his cheeks, from his cheeks to his garments, from his garments to the ground; and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," that was for his assailants. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you today five pictures. Stephen gazing into heaven. Stephen looking at Christ. Stephen stoned. Stephen in his dying prayer. Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take the leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting-room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever-increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments; tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud-stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure, and purple, and saffron, and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. John says of it: "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march upon. The hosts keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad-voiced acclamation of angelic dominion to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man in this house today so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them goodbye, and they went away; but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steaming, and watch them, and after awhile the bulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction; so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows, and gazing and gazing, as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud, and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfixed faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the viper of pain and sorrow and bereavement keeps gnawing at your vitals, you stand still, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when the gave you a helping hand and put their shoulder under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older; and sometimes in the eventing, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer; and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen, and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now, and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this

world, just how he looks in heaven, we cannot say. A writer in the time of Christ says, describing the Saviour's personal appearance, that he had blue eyes and light complexion, and a very graceful structure; but I suppose it was all guess work. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas; but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see him and with our own ears we can hear him. And yet there is a way of seeing and hearing him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth, you will never see and hear him in heaven. Look! There he is. Behold the Lamb of God. Can you not see him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Proclamation of universal amnesty for all rebels. Belshazzar gathered the Babylonish nobles to his table; George I. entertained the lords of England at a banquet; Napoleon III. welcomed the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey to his feast; the Emperor of Germany was glad to have our minister, George Bancroft, sit down with him at his table; but tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned and the forlorn and the wretched and the outcast to come and sit beside him?

On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the Sanhedrim; now he addresses all Christians. Paul the Apostle stood on Mars Hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern school girl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christians about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair; but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theater there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may exclaim about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing to some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am ashamed before an audience, not because I come under their physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulchre in some of the cemeteries that surround your town or city. There is no doubt; but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the yew, or the blossoming fir; but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun, will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it; but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightning is not swift enough to take up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before this day passes, I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Sahara's of darkness, Jesus could illumine them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, his hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the "Lord's Prayer," for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, seventy years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ other of these familiar forms; but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how great

it will be to die! This world is clover enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserve to be treated; but if on the dying pillow there should break the light of that better world, we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it, when in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

Pass on now and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures, the text says of Stephen: "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know; but from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have not the faculty to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophecy, and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread, or ask for a scuttle of coal or a pair of shoes; but at the last Christ will come in and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the King. No more rents to pay, no more agony because four has come up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh, and the devil"; but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep. From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be; But there is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one morning. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of Divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven; Stephen looking at Christ; Stephen stoned; Stephen in his dying prayer; Stephen asleep.

DECAY OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL.
The Average Sunday-School of To-Day is a Rebuke to Intelligence.

In the Ladies' Home Journal Edward Bok writes on "The Decay of the Sunday-School," and points out the reason therefor. "I have in mind," he says, "not less than twelve different men who are acting as superintendents of our Sunday-schools. Not one of these men has even a suggestion of force; not a spark of personal magnetism; not a personal possession which goes to draw children to him or to the school over which he presides. In five of these cases the men have been failures in business; by men in the outer world they are passed over, and yet the church places them in positions which call pre-eminently for every element which they so distinctly lack. To be a successful head of a Sunday-school calls for a man with the instincts of leadership; a man who will infuse life into the school; hope and courage into his teachers; who is fertile of mind and infinite in capacity; who can draw children to him and retain their interest. Not only must he elevate his children in a spiritual sense, but lessons of the highest morality must be taught; an influence refining to mind and nature must be exhaled, and all the time the interest of the children must be arrested and held. Infinite variety of method must be sought. The young quickly tire of anything which long remains the same, and that is why they are tiring of the Sunday-school. It has fallen into a rut, and the fault lies between the presiding spirits of the school who have no ability for their positions, and the churches who have placed them there or allowed them to remain." Mr. Bok concludes his discussion with the assertion that "the average Sunday-school of today is a rebuke to intelligence and a discredit to the church."

What a difference there is between what we see and what we want others to be.

Lears to be corrected, and you will know how to do it.

THE NAVY IS IN FIGHTING TRIM

Ships, Men and Money Uncle Sam's Strength.

Congress Authorizes Vast Additions for New Battleships—The Maine to Be Replaced—Marines Also Being Inlisted Under Special Orders—State of War Exists All Along Our South Atlantic Coast—Movements of Our Warships.

The navy department has now reason to believe that it has secured the two warships, Amazonas and her sister ship, now building in England for Brazil. It was stated at the cabinet meeting by Secretary Long that the naval attaché at London, Lieutenant Colwell, had almost completed the negotiations for the purchase. So far, however, the final notification from him that his offer has been accepted has not yet reached the navy department.

Authorizes Three New Ships.
Three new battleships of the staunchest type afloat were authorized by the house committee on naval affairs Saturday, and a provision for their construction was inserted in the naval appropriation bill. At the same time, the committee agreed on a maximum price of \$99 per ton for armor plate for our vessels, increased practically all day and before a decision on the increase of ships was reached there was a long and interesting discussion. Representative Tate, while favoring an increase, believed two vessels would be ample, and that further expenditure beyond the point of necessity should be avoided. Representative Loudenslager of New Jersey protested that if the strength of the navy was to be increased at all it should be to the extent of three new vessels, built and armed to meet any vessel afloat.

Hawley Wants One Cruiser.
Representative Hawley of Texas moved that a cruiser be substituted for one of the battleships, but subsequently withdrew the motion. When the vote was taken there was but one dissenting voice. Mr. Tate insisted that two battleships would

be sufficient to meet present needs. The new warships provided for will be of finest material, and will be two years' date, before they can be placed in commission.

One Will Be Named the Maine.
One of them, the committee decided, should bear the name of the ill-fated Maine. The appropriation for their construction was not fixed, being referred to the subcommittee on appropriations, which will report to the full committee tomorrow. The cost, it is expected, will be about \$5,000,000 each, though for the fiscal year covered in the bill the amount of expenditure may not exceed \$2,000,000 each. An important question was raised as to whether the expenditures for the new ships should be defrayed out of the \$50,000,000 emergency bill, but this subject was passed over.

The committee also agreed on a provision authorizing the secretary of the navy to purchase armor plate, by contract or otherwise, at a cost of not exceeding \$50 per ton. This was agreed to, however, only on the express proviso that this item include the nickel used in the armor, for which a large outside percentage heretofore has been paid by the government. This limit of armor contract price has been generally expected and, with the exception of the insertion of the proviso as to nickel, met with little opposition in the discussion.

Increase Number of Marines.
One of the most important features of the work on the bill was an agreement on an appropriation of \$12,000 for outfitting and uniforming 423 additional marines. This increase in the naval force was made the subject of a special and urgent request sent to the house after the submission of the regular recommendations. The question of establishment of new dry docks went over for action tomorrow. It was thoroughly discussed today, and the outlook is that four new dry docks would be authorized, two on the Atlantic coast, one on the Pacific coast and another on the gulf. If the present expectations are materialized to-morrow these docks will be authorized to be constructed at Boston, Mass., Algiers, New Orleans, Mare Island, Cal., and League Island, Philadelphia.

Carries an Enormous Total.
With the amounts to be paid for dry docks and for armor plate in the aggregate and other items, the total bill as it stands carries in all something like \$100,000,000, which, however, will be largely counteracted by the other items. Rapid progress has been made with the bill, and it is likely it will be in shape to report to the house Monday or Tuesday.

Tells All in Practice Economy.
Secretary Long has determined that there shall be no wasteful extravagance in his department in the expenditure of the funds as previously provided by congress, and in this respect he has addressed the following letter to the assistant secretary of the navy, the chief command-

ant of the marine corps, and to each of the bureau chiefs of the navy department: "Sir—Under the emergency appropriation of \$9,000,000 made Wednesday you will incur no expense or liability except after written statements and estimate made by you and approved by the president and secretary, all in writing. A special record must be kept of every such requisition. If any such liability or expense has been incurred by you or oral direction make such written statement and estimate and submit it at once for such approval.

"By order of the president,
"Very respectfully,
"JOHN D. LONG, Sec'y."

Big Item for Carnegie.
Lieutenant Stone, representative of the Carnegie Steel Company, was at the navy department in conference with the officials respecting the naval work in progress.

The torpedo flotilla at Key West will soon be re-equipped by two fine boats, which have been under repairs. The Winslow sailed this morning from Charleston for Key West and the Foots from Norfolk for the same.

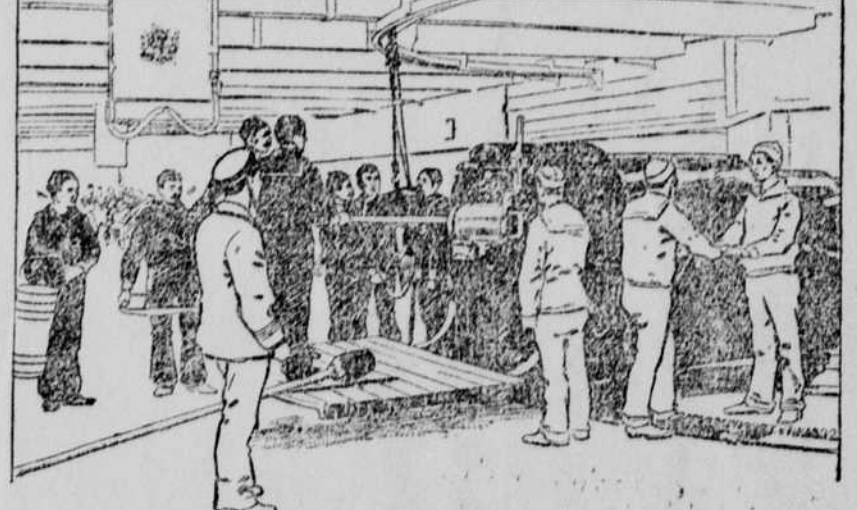
The commandant of the Mare Island navy yard reported that the cruiser Moccasin had sailed with her cargo of ammunition, which she will tranship at Honolulu to the Baltimore for the Asiatic squadron. The naval officers who are endeavoring to effect the purchase of ships abroad have encountered an obstacle that promises to give some trouble. This is found in the difference between the calibers of the guns mounted on foreign built ships and the United States navy standards. Not only do these guns differ in caliber from our own in most cases, but as they are almost all designed for the use of smokeless powder their combustion chambers are too small to use the ordinary brown powder with which the American navy is still supplied.

Must Buy Powder Abroad.
This obstacle is serious, but not insurmountable. It will require the procurement in Europe of a large quantity of ammunition in special sizes for these ships, as it would require a good deal of time for our domestic ammunition makers to change their plants and make the special sizes. Commander William H. Emery has volunteered to command the auxiliary cruiser St. Louis in the event of that vessel's impressment into the naval service, and he will be ordered to join her before her departure from New York next Wednesday. In a capacity similar to that which caused Commander Brownson to sail on the St. Paul, Commander Emery has selected as his immediate staff Lieutenant Nathan Sargent as executive officer, at present recorder of the board of inspection and survey of the navy department, and Lieutenant Frank F. Fletcher

THE Y PERANGA.
(One of the New Warships Slated for Purchase by the United States.)
long and 25 tons displacement, mounting four six-pounders and one thirteen-pounder, and equal to thirty knots. They are considered the most successful type of torpedo boat destroyers ever constructed. England has already about sixty of them and others building and Thornycroft & Co. are constructing a number of them for Germany and Japan. The plans of this type of vessel can be obtained from the Chiswick yards within three days, and I have every reason to believe that this government will order them."

A Magnetic Island.
A most phenomenal island is that of Bornholm, in the Baltic, belonging to the kingdom of Denmark. It is famous for its geological peculiarities, consisting as it does almost entirely of magnetite, and its magnetic influence is not only very well known to the navigators of those waters, but also much feared by them, on account of its influence on the magnetic needles, which make the steering of a ship correctly a matter of much difficulty. In fact, this influence is felt even at a distance of miles, and so palpably that, on the island being sighted by mariners on the Baltic, they at once discontinue steering their course by the needle, and turn, instead, to the well-known lighthouses and other holds to direct their craft. Between Bornholm and the mainland there is also a bank of rock under water, which is very dangerous to navigation, and because of its being constantly sub-

THE ORDER NOW OFTEN HEARD ON OUR WARSHIPS.



"SPONGE AND LOAD"—A CHARGE OF THIS KIND WHEN PROPERLY DIRECTED WILL BLOW UP ANY WARSHIP.

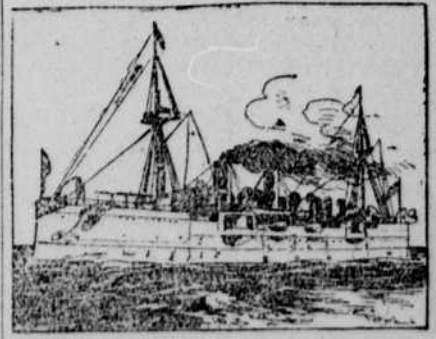
merged, vessels have been frequently wrecked at that point. The peculiar fact in this case is that the magnetic influence of this ore bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle suspended freely in a boat over the bank will point down, and, if not disturbed, will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line.

as navigator, now on duty at the torpedo station at Newport.

May Arm Whalebacks.
Captain Alexander McDougall of the American Steel Barge Company at Duluth has received a telegram from Assistant Secretary Roosevelt of the navy department, asking his opinion as to the feasibility of converting whaleback steamers into vessels of war.

The captain says, however, that there is not much probability of the government taking any, as it would require some time to get many of the larger type through the Welland canal.

Speaking of the possibility of the United States obtaining naval vessels abroad, John Platt of Thorpe, Platt & Co., of New York, American representatives of John I. Thornycroft & Co. of Chiswick, England, one of the largest constructors of torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers in Great Britain, said: "I have just returned from Washington and I was assured that this government desires now more than any other class of vessel a fleet of torpedo boat destroyers, and had it been considered practical by the navy department to have the boats built in England, the Thornycroft company would have by



THE CRUISER PHILADELPHIA.
(Ordered to Join the South Atlantic Squadron—The Swiftest Armored Vessel in the World.)

merged, vessels have been frequently wrecked at that point. The peculiar fact in this case is that the magnetic influence of this ore bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle suspended freely in a boat over the bank will point down, and, if not disturbed, will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.



LOWERING A WOUNDED MAN TO THE SICK BAY ON A MAN-OF-WAR