

THE DELUGE OF SIN.

Dr. Talmage on the Flood That Threatens the World.

Christ the Mighty Swimmer That is Rescuing Souls From the Waters of Evil—His Sacrifice For Mankind—Trusting the Lord.

In a recent sermon at Seattle, Wash. Ter., Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, took his text from Isaiah xlv. 1: "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." He said:

At this season of the year multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas. At first putting out cautiously from the shore, but having learned the right stroke of arm and foot they let the waters roll over them and in with glee dive or float or swim. So the text will be very suggestive. He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented spots. You stand all day on the banks of a river in the broiling sun and fling out your line and catch nothing, while the expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock, and in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years throws out his line, and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why the ministers of the Gospel need always be fishing in the same stream and reaching from the same text that other people preach from. I can not understand the policy of the minister who, in Blackfriars, London, Eng., every week for thirty years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's Word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture they quote the old passages that every one has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the Church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible. You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that splendid gallery of paintings. As you come out your friends say to you: "Did you see the Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Well," says your friend, "then you didn't see the Louvre."

Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of this Scripture truth and so much so that there is not one person out of a million who has ever noticed the all-suggestive and powerful picture in the words of my text. This text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many-sided. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this sea is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood and womanhood, while sunbathing on the beach of the sea. You step down in the wave, you throw your head back, you bring your elbows to the chest, you put the palms on your hands downward and the soles of your feet outward, and you push through the water as though you had been born aquatic. It is a grand thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after awhile, perhaps, have to help others. I do not know any thing more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman MacKenzie leaping from a ship Madras into the sea to save Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances he deserves himself to drop into the sea and have no one help him. The Royal Humane Society of England was established in 1774; its object to applaud and reward those who should pluck up life from the deep. Any one who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that bravery recorded in a public record, and on his breast a medal done in blue, and gold, and bronze; anchor, and monogram, and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drowning. But, my friends, if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep, I ask you if it is not a worthier thing to save an immortal soul? And you shall see this hour the Son of God stepping forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize, first of all, that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our language. One man says it is "home," another man says it is the word "mother," another says it is the word "Jesus," but I will tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the word most angry and baleful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness, and the pang, and the outrage, and the heart-aching, and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of every thing bad in the universe. Sin! it is a sibilant word. You can not pronounce it without giving the hiss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! And then if you add three letters to that word it describes every one of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible declares it, "Hark! It thunders two claps: 'The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.'" "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says our own conscience affirms. After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey. Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey." It was the voice of his conscience, and so many ever does any thing wrong, however great or small, but his conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it says: "Wrong, wrong." Sin is a leprosy, sin is a paralysis, sin is a consumption, sin is pollution, sin is death. Give it a fair chance and it will swamp you, body, mind and soul forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence.

You see a patient in its first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his intellect is gone, then you see the full havoc of the disease. Now, sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its very first stages; but let it get under full way and it is an all-consuming typhoid. O, if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them, our teeth would chatter and our knees would knock together, and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven they are bearing down on you, and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from every thing that is good and blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer! A strong swimmer! A swift swimmer! And, blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes out to rescue any one he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us He shook off the sandals of Heaven, and His feet were free; and then He stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came up over His wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in the side—aya, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high water mark of His anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And when Christ sprang into the deep to save us He threw His entire nature into it—all His Godhead, His omniscience, His goodness, His love, His omnipotence—head, heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out in the sea and so deep down in the waves and so far out from shore that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue saying: "Lo! I come to do Thy will," and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against Him, and those who watched Him from the gates of Heaven feared He would go down under the wave, and instead of saving others would Himself perish; but putting His breast to the foam and shaking the surf from His locks, He came on and on until He is now within the reach of every one here. Eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent. Mighty to save even to the uttermost. O, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret. It was not a quarter of a God that mastered the demons of Gadara. It was not two-thirds of a God that lifted up Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters. It was not a fragment of a God who offered pardon and peace to all the race. No. This mighty swimmer threw His grandeur, His glory, His might, His wisdom, His omniscience and His sternity into this one act. It took both hands of God to save us—both feet. How do I prove it? On the cross, were not both hands nailed? On the cross, were not both feet nailed? His entire nature was involved in our redemption!

If you have lived much by the water you notice also that if any one is going out to the rescue of the drowning he must be independent, self-reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one and he can not get a lifeboat, and he goes out and has not strength enough to bear himself up, and bear another up, he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the torrent you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us He had no life buoy. His father did not help Him. Alone in the wine press. Alone in the pang. Alone in the darkness. Alone in the mountain. Alone in the sea. O, if He saves us He shall have all the credit, for "there was none to help." No or. No wing. No ladder. When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle charge in front of his troops he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshal Ney sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the horse's flanks spurred blood, all France applauded him. When Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help. All forsook Him and fled." O, it was not a flotilla that called down and saved us. It was not a cluster of gondolas that came over the wave. It was one person, independent and alone, "spreading out his hands among us as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

Behold them to-day, the spectacle of a drowning soul and Christ the swimmer. I believe it was 1818, when there were six English soldiers of the Fifth Fusiliers who were hanging to the bottom of a capsized boat—a boat that had been upset by a squall three miles from shore. It was in the night, but one man swam mightily for the beach, guided by the dark mountains that lifted their top through the night. He came to the beach. He found a shoreman that consented to go with him and save the other men, and they put out. It was some time before they could find the place where the men were, but after awhile they heard their cry: "Help! Help!" and they bore down to them, and they saved them, and brought them to shore. O, that this moment our cry might be lifted long, loud and shrill, till Christ the swimmer shall come and take us lest we drop a thousand fathoms down.

If you have been much by water, you know very well that when one is in peril help must come very quickly, or it will be of no use. One minute may decide every thing. Immediate help the man wants, or no help at all. Now, that is just the kind of a relief we want. The case is urgent, imminent, instantaneous. See that soul sinking. Son of God, lay hold of him. Be quick! be quick! O, I wish you all understood how urgent this Gospel is. There was a man in the navy at sea who had been severely whipped for bad behavior, and he was maddened by it, and he leaped into the sea, and no sooner had he leaped into the sea than, quick as lightning, an albatross swooped upon him. The drowning man, brought to his senses, seized hold of the albatross and held on. The fluttering of the bird kept him on the wave until relief could come. Would now the dove of God's convicting, converting and saving spirit might flash from the throne upon your soul, and you, taking hold of its potent wing, might live and live forever.

I want to persuade you to lay hold of this strong swimmer. "No," you say, "it is always disastrous for a drowning man to lay hold of a swimmer." There is not a river or lake but has a calamity resultant from the fact that when a strong swimmer went out to save a sinking man the drowning man clutched him, threw

his arms around him, pinioned his arms and they both went down together. When you are saving a man in the water you do not want to come up by his face, you want to come up by his back. You do not want him to take hold of you while you take hold of him. But, blessed be God, Jesus Christ is so strong a swimmer, He comes not to our back, but to our face, and He asks us to throw around Him the arms of our love and then promises to take us to the beach, and He will do it. Do not trust that plank of good works. Do not trust that shivered spar of your own righteousness. Christ only can give you transportation. Turn your face upon Him as the dying martyr did in olden days when he cried out: "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Jesus has taken millions to the land, and He is willing to take you there. O, what hardness to shove Him back when He has been swimming all the way from the throne of God to where you are now, and is ready to swim all the way back again, taking your redeemed spirit.

I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks from beach to beach. There is where the harpooners went down. There is where the line of battle ships went down. There is where the merchantmen went down. There is where the steamers went down—a long line of wrecks from beach to beach. What a spectacle in the last day when the water is drawn off! But O, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the places where they foundered. You would find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down in their awful catastrophe, putting out for their souls, "spreading forth his hands as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim;" but they thrust Him in the sore heart, and they smote His fair cheek, and the storm and darkness swallowed them up. I ask you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of Him now. You will sink without Him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight. Only one strong swimmer, with head flung back and arms outstretched. I hear a great many in the audience saying: "Well, I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian." My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to him: "Now, be quiet. Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but don't struggle, don't try to help yourself, and I'll help you ashore. The more you struggle and the more you try to help yourself the more you impede me. Now be quiet and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner says: "That's right. I am glad to see Christ and I am going to help Him in the work of my redemption. I am going to pray more and that will help Him; and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins, and that will help Him." No, my brothers, it will not. Stop your doing. Christ will do all or none. You can not lift an ounce, you can not move an inch in this matter of your redemption.

This is the difficulty which keeps thousands of souls out of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is because they can not consent to let Jesus Christ begin and complete the work of their redemption. "Why," you say, "then is there nothing for me to do?" Only one thing have you to do, and that is to lay hold of Christ and let Him achieve you and achieve it all. I do not know whether I make the matter plain or not. I simply want to show you that a man can not save himself but that the Almighty Son of God can do it and will do it if you ask Him. O, sing your two arms, the arms of your trust and love, around this omnipotent swimmer of the cross.

That is a thrilling time when some one swamped in the surf is brought ashore and is being resuscitated. How the people watch for the moment when he begins to breathe again, and when at last he takes a full inhalation, and opens his eyes upon the bystanders, a shout of joy rings up and down the beach. There is joy because a life has been saved. O, you who have been swamped in the seas of trouble and sins we gather around you. Would that this might be the hour when you begin to live. The Lord Jesus Christ steps down, He gets on His knees, He puts His lip to your lip and would breathe pardon and life and Heaven into your immortal soul. God grant that this hour there may be thousands of souls resuscitated. I stand on the deck of the old Gospel ship amid a crowd of passengers, all of them hoping that the last man overboard may be saved. May the living Christ this hour put out for your safety, "spreading forth his hands in the midst of you as a swimmer spreadeth his hands to swim."

Ingenious California Girls.

For some time past it has been the custom of a number of young ladies employed in a dress-making shop to repair to the Capitol grounds at the noon hour to partake of their luncheon. They invariably sat beneath a large cedar tree, the wide branches of which afforded a generous shade. Several young men about town observed this fact and almost daily they could be found shortly before twelve m. lounging under a tree not far distant from that beneath which the ladies sought shelter. This was, of course, annoying to the young ladies and each of them has provided herself with a large parasol, all of which are opened when the grounds are reached and placed around in a circle. This forms a perfect corral three or four feet in height, within which the young ladies can partake of their lunch and recline at ease free from the prying eyes of the curious young men.—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

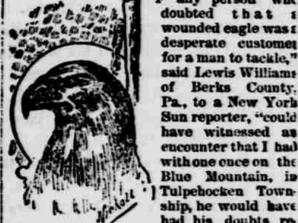
—The sight of a mother and child who are quite inseparable, not merely through the mother's solicitude or the child's helplessness, but through genuine preference for each other's society, is one of the most beautiful in the world. Motherhood, beautiful under all circumstances, takes an added embellishment from an affectionate companionship of this sort.—Standard.

—A sure method—"You s-s-s-say you c-can t-tell a l-eller h-h-how t-t-to av-v-oid stut-tut-tuttering t-t-for wo-w-one d-dollar?" "Yes." "W-well, h-h-h-cere's y-your d-d-d-doll-ollar. H-h-how c-can I av-v-oid stut-tut-tuttering?" "Don't talk."—Harper's Bazar.

—A book recently appeared, entitled "Lectures to Married Men." It did not sell, as there was no demand for it—the present supply being ample

KING OF THE SKY.

An Eagle's Desperate Fight for Liberty.



If any person who doubted that a winged eagle would be a desperate customer for a man to tackle," said Lewis Williams of Berks County, Pa., to a New York Sun reporter, "could have witnessed an encounter that I had with one once on the Blue Mountain, in Tulpehocken Township, he would have had his doubts removed in short order. I had been losing a good many chickens one fall, and supposing that they were being carried off by foxes I set a trap for Reynard. The morning after setting the trap I went out to look for it, and it was nowhere to be seen. It had been chained to a small stake in the ground, and the stake was also missing.

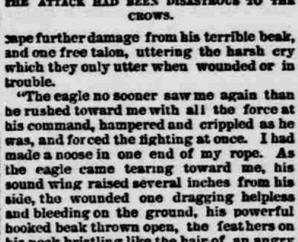
"Believing that the fox, although its cunning had not saved it from the trap, had been smart enough to pull up the stake in some way, and then make off with trap chain, stake and all, I made a pretty thorough search in the woods around about there, but could not find any trace of fox or missing property.

"As I was returning home I heard a great commotion among a big flock of crows in the woods a quarter of a mile up the mountain. The crows were cawing in such curious chorus that their cries could have been heard for a mile. The birds were circling around the trees tops in one particular spot, and frequently a number of them would dart viciously down from the trees toward the ground. I was curious to know what could be causing this unusual proceeding among the crows, for they are birds that do not fool their time away for nothing. I walked up the mountain, and as I approached the spot where the crows were going on, the tumult among the crows increased. When I arrived within easy gunshot of the spot the flock withdrew to a more distant part of the woods and chattered in a way that left no doubt of their having been intensely disturbed by some unpleasant experience.

"I walked on, and had taken but a few steps when I heard a sound as of a chain being dragged along on the ground, and instantly concluded that it was the chain of my missing trap. I momentarily expected to see the fox, hampered by the trap on his leg, come into sight, believing that he had been attacked by the crows, who had discovered him in his crippled condition. Imagine my surprise, then, when, instead of the fox making his appearance, an enormous bald eagle strutted out from behind a big tree, dragging the trap, chain and stake. The jaws of the trap were fastened on one leg of the great bird.

"I had with me an ordinary shot-gun, with which I had expected to kill the fox if I found it in my trap. When the eagle saw me he rose with great difficulty from the ground, owing to the log, and flew toward the top of a tall, dead tree. I fired at it. The charge hit the eagle in one of its wings and brought the bird to the ground. The eagle was such a splendid specimen that I resolved to capture it alive. I approached it with no thought of having any difficulty in accomplishing my purpose. The handicapped and crippled condition of the bird, but I found that I didn't know as much about bald eagles as I thought I did for in spite of the crippled wing and the burden of the trap and chain, the eagle rushed upon me and attacked me with such fury that I turned and fled from the woods.

"At the edge of the woods I stopped, and at first thought I would go back and shoot the eagle, but my desire to have it alive was so strong that I determined to make every effort to capture it. I hurried home and got a stout rope and an empty feed-bag. On my way back to the woods I noticed that the crows which had first attracted my attention to the spot were hovering over the place where I had fled from the maddened eagle, and from their peculiar cries and frantic actions I inferred that something of moment to them had occurred. I found that such was indeed the case. The crows knowing, by the wonderful instinct they possess, that the eagle was wounded and crippled and, hating as they do all large birds, had swooped down on the eagle and attacked it in its disabled condition. The attack had been disastrous to the crows, for when I reached the spot five of the sable assailants lay dead near their enraged foe, and several others were dragging themselves away to es-



THE ATTACK HAD BEEN DISASTROUS TO THE CROWS.

cape further damage from his terrible beak, and one free talon, uttering the harsh cry which they only utter when wounded or in trouble.

the rope I succeeded in slipping the feed-bag down over his head, and then clasped the eagle around the body, supposing that he was now at my mercy.



I STOOD BY GROUND.

boy to where a couple of men were threshing buckwheat for me in a distant field to tell them to go and finish the capture. They went and succeeded in overpowering the ugly bird, and brought him triumphantly in, followed nearly all the way by the flock of crows, whose cries were easily interpreted into shouts of rejoicing over the downfall of the terrible foe that had played such havoc with their over-confident companions. The eagle was released from the trap and his sweep of wing measured. It was nearly eleven feet from tip to tip. He was tied to a strong stake in the yard, but his terrible temper forbade all attempt to care for the frightful wound the trap had inflicted on his leg and for the broken wing. He refused to eat and died in three days. His stuffed figure is now in a Philadelphia museum."

A "PIZENOUS" EDITOR.

How He Abused a Disappointed Native of the Blue Grass State.

NEY day on old fellow from Cedar Bluff neighborhood came into the office of the Franklin (Ky.) Patriot and said that he wanted to see the editor on mighty important business.

"I am the editor," said a man, stepping forward.

"My name is Allbright," the visitor remarked, "Lake P. Allbright."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Allbright. What can I do for you?"

"Wall, I sent here the other day and had some funeral tickets struck off for my wife."

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Watering troughs by the roadside at convenient distances are highly appreciated by travelers, and are sure indications of kind and hospitable farmers.

—Fruit that is a little green is best for jolly. This is especially so for grapes, as they may be used when the skins are only turned red. I think much of the complaint about jelly not setting well is caused by the fruit being over ripe.—The Home.

—Paradise Pudding: The yolks of eight eggs, one-half pound of bread crumbs, sugar to sweeten, four apples peeled and chopped small, grated rind of one lemon, one pint of milk; mix all together and steam in a buttered mold two and one-half hours; serve with sweet sauce.—Yankee Blade.

—Chopped beet and minced parsley in alternate rings are often used as a garnish for a salad, and with a border of the same on top, the dish is quite decorative. Naturnum blossoms give a pleasant flavor, and a row of them adds much to the appearance of a dish of lettuce.

—Fertilizer for house plants: Potassium carbonate, potassium phosphate, magnesium carbonate, sodium silicate, of each one part; potassium nitrate, two parts; in two thousand parts of water. A little of this solution poured occasionally about the roots is said to favor greatly the growth of house plants.

—The American Agriculturist, in an exhaustive article on the cultivation of oats, says the reasons why the average yield of oats is so low are weeds, wet and undrained land, starvation, poor till and late sowing, and adds: "A very large proportion of our land is so wet in the spring for want of under-draining that it is not in fit condition to plow until it is too late to sow oats with any reasonable expectation of getting a large yield."

—Speaking of weeds, a Western journal says: "It is a most costly mistake to let them grow till light cultivation will not destroy them. Among small plants no cultivator is better than a good sharp-toothed rake. Stir the surface every few days with this, and the labor and cost of cultivation will be reduced by half, and the better growth secured will be surprising to one who has never tried the plan of killing the weeds in their early youth."

RAISING GOOD HORSES.

The Most Profitable Industry for Farm with a Little Capital.

Just now there is no one crop produced on the farm that begins to pay the profit realized from well-bred horses. The farmer is invited to look over the whole field and then say if it is not so. Nor is the demand all for one kind by any manner of means. All that is called for is something good; be it roadster, carriage or draft. The day of the scrub in horse-breeding has passed, that is to say, the demand all along the buying line being for something good, the producer, the farmer breeder must, in order to meet the market, produce what is wanted, if he wishes to breed and sell at a profit. There is room for all the good breeds known to American farmers because they each have a place which they can fill to advantage. The farmer who trots off to town with a span of 1,300-pound Percherons or Clydes shows not alone his good sense but his thrift, because when called upon they will pull a heavier load over the road, be it good or bad, than a pair of little miserable scrubs. On the same principle the man who has a pair of Cleveland bays in front of his barouche or carriage, has style, pluck, courage and grit. They can get over the ground at a ten-mile pace for hours without feeling fatigue, and then after feeding and a bit of rest, turn around and go back again. And what is true of these is pre-eminently true of the American trotter in whom we have a concentration of courage and vim, a plucky and enduring fellow that will measurably go as fast as the road will permit, and never give up so long as the power of endurance lasts.

But let us be friendly one with the other. Every man to his taste. We do not all care for trotters, some even believe it sinful to breed a horse that can outstrip his neighbor on the road, much more show him on the race track. Sinful men have queer views of other men's practices, but tolerate their own with a graciousness that is both "child-like and bland." They forget the old maxim, "there are none good," but are carried away with a species of righteousness unknown to any but themselves. Be it then our duty to breed only the best, seeing that whatever we produce of that character is wanted at paying and profitable prices, and that it is the horses' turn just now. Once it was hemp and tobacco, then it was Shorthorn cattle; these were for a short time overshadowed by the Herefords, then the black doddies came to the front until we exhausted the beef cattle supply. The noblest Roman of them all has the field to-day, and the demand is for good horses.—Colman's Rural World.