

# REV. TALMAGE'S SERMON

## NOTED WASHINGTON DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE

And Among the Stars—Our Own World the Smallest of Them All, Was Selected as the Theatre For Sin and Sorrow as an Awful Example to Others.

Text: "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heavens."—Amos, ix, 6.

This is first-rate poetry from Amos, the herdsman. While guarding his flocks at night, he got watching the heavens. He saw stars above stars, and the universe seemed to him like a great mansion many stories high, silver room above silver room, silver pillars besides silver pillars, and windows of silver and doors of silver, and towers and domes of silver rising into the immensities, and the prophet's sanctified imagination walks through that great silver palace of the universe, through the first story, through the second story, through the third story, through the twentieth story, through the hundredth story, through the thousandth story, and realizing that God is the architect and carpenter and mason of all that appeared splendid, he cries out in the words of the text, "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heaven."

The fact is that we have all spent too much time on one story of the great mansion of God's universe. We need occasionally to go upstairs or downstairs in this mansion; downstairs, and in the cellar study the rocks or upstairs and see God in some of the higher stories, and learn the meaning of the text which says: "It is He that buildeth His stories in the heaven."

"Astronomy was born in Chaldea. Its mother was Astrology, or the science of foretelling events by juxtaposition of stars. The Orientals, living much out of doors and in a very clear atmosphere, through which the stars shone especially lustrous, got the habit of studying the night heavens. In the hot seasons caravans journeyed chiefly at night, and that gave travelers much opportunity of stellar information. On the first page of the Bible the sun and moon and stars roll in. The sun, a body nearly three million miles in circumference and more than twelve thousand times as large as our earth; the moon, more than two thousand miles in diameter. But God is used to doing things on such an empyrean scale that he takes only one verse to tell of this solar and lunar manufacture. Yes, in three words all the other worlds are thrown in. The record says, "The stars also." It takes whole pages for a man to extol the making of a telescope or microscope or a magnetic telegraph or a printing machine, or to describe a fine painting or statue, but it was so easy for God to hang the celestial globule that the story is compressed in one verse: "God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night. The stars also!" Astronomers have been trying to call the roll of them ever since, and they have counted multitudes of them passing in review before the observatories built at vast expense, and the size and number of those heavenly bodies have taxed to the utmost the scientists of all ages.

But God finishes all He has to say about them in three words, "The stars also!" That is Mars, with its more than fifty-five million square miles, and Venus, with its more than one hundred and ninety-one million square miles, and Saturn, with its more than nineteen billion square miles, and Jupiter, with its more than twenty-four billion square miles, and all the planets of our system of more than seventy-eight million square miles, and these stars of our system, when compared with the stars of the other systems, as a handful of sand compared with all the Rocky Mountains and all the Alps. "The stars also!" For brevity, for ponderosity, for splendor, for suggestiveness, for sublimity, piled on, piled on, these words excel all that human speech ever uttered or human imagination ever soared after. "The stars also!" It is just as you write a postscript—something you thought of afterward—as hardly worth putting into the body of a letter, "The stars also!" Oh, what a God we have, and He is our Father!

Read on in your Bibles, and after awhile the Bible flashes with the aurora borealis or northern lights, that strange illumination, so mysterious and undefined, as when, in the book of Job it was written: "Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds. Fair weather cometh out of the north." While all the nations supposed that the earth was built on a foundation of some sort, and many supposed that it stood on a huge turtle, or some great marine creature, Job knew enough of astronomy to say it had no foundation, but was suspended on the invisible sea of the Almighty, declaring that "He hangeth the earth upon nothing." While all nations thought the earth was level, the sky spread over it like a tent over a flat surface, Isaiah declared the world to be globular, circular, saying of God: "He sitteth upon the circle of the earth." See them written in the scriptural sky—Arcturus, Orion, the Pleiades, and the "Wreath with her young."

Without the use of telescopes and without any observation and without any astronomical calculation, I know that the other worlds are inhabited, because my Bible and my common sense tell me so. It has been estimated that in the worlds belonging to our solar system there is room for at least twenty-five trillion of population. And I believe it is all occupied, or will be occupied, by intelligent beings. God will not fill them with brutes. He would certainly put into those worlds beings intelligent enough to appreciate the architecture, the coloring, the grandeur, the beauty, the harmony of their surroundings. Yes, the inhabitants of those worlds have capacity of locomotion, for they would not have had such spacious opportunity for movement if they had not power of motion. Yes, they have sight, they see the light, and hearing, they hear the music of the spheres, and how clear themselves from advancing peril! Yes, as God made our human race in His own image, He probably made the inhabitants of other worlds in His own image; in other words, it is as near demonstration as I care to have it, that while the inhabitants of other worlds have adaptations of bodily structure to the particular climate in which they dwell, there is yet similarity of mental and spiritual characteristics among all the inhabitants of the universe of God, and made in His image they are made to conduct alike.

Now what should be the practical result of this discovery founded on scripture and common sense? It is first of all, to enlarge our ideas of God and so intensify our admiration and worship. Under such consideration, how much more graphic the Bible becomes, which seems to roll back the scenes of the Almighty and say: "Hast thou an arm like God?" The contemplation also encourages us with the thought that if God made of these worlds and populated them, it will not be very much of an undertaking for Him to make our little world over again, and reconstruct the character of its population as by grace they are to be reconstructed.

What a monotony of ignorance that the majority of Christian people live on!

to the voices of other worlds, although the Book says, "The heavens declare the glory of God," and, again, "The works of the Lord are great and to be sought out." How much have you sought them out? You have been satisfying yourself with some things about Christ, but have you noticed that Paul calls you to consider Christ as the Creator of other worlds, by whom also He made the world. It is time you Christians start on a world hunt. That is the chief reason why God makes the night, that you may see other worlds. Go out to-night and look up at the great clock of the heavens. Listen to the silvery chime of the midnight sky. See that your children and grandchildren mount the heavens with telescopes for airplanes, leaping from acclivity of light to acclivity of light. What a thoughtful and sublime thing that John Quincy Adams, the ex-President, burned down with years, under lock at the peril of his life the journey from Washington to Cincinnati that he might lay the corner-stone of the pier of the great refracting telescope, and there making his last oration. What a service for all mankind when, in 1839, Lord Rosse lifted on the lawn of his castle eighty miles from Dublin a telescope that revealed worlds as fast as they could roll in and that started an enthusiasm which this moment concentrates the eyes of many of the most devout in all parts of the earth on celestial discovery. Thank God that we now know our own world is bounded on all sides by realms of glory, instead of being where Healed in his poetry described it to be, namely half way between heaven and hell, an awful hatched out of heaven, taking ten days to strike the earth, and hurried out of earth, taking ten more days to strike perdition:

From the high heaven a brazen anvil cast, Nine days and nights in rapid wheels would last; And reach the earth the tenth; whence strongly hurled,

The same the passage to the infernal world. I thank God that we have found out that our world is not half way between heaven and hell, but is in a sisterhood of light, and that this sisterhood joins all the other sisterhoods of worlds, moving round some great homestead, which is no doubt heaven, where God is, and our departed Christian friends are, and we ourselves through pardoning mercy expect to become permanent residents. O, what a God we have, and He is our Father.

Furthermore, I get now from all this an answer to the question which every intelligent man and woman since the earth has stood has asked, and received no answer. Why did God let sin and sorrow come into the world when He could have prevented them from coming? I wish reverently to say I think I have found the reason. To keep the universe loyal to a Holy God, it was important in some world somewhere to demonstrate the gigantic disasters that would come upon any world that allowed sin to enter. Which world should it be? Well, the smaller the world the better, for less numbers would suffer. So our world was selected. The stage was plenty large enough for the enactment of the tragedy. Enter on the stage sin, followed by Murder, Pain, Theft, Fraud, Immorality, Palms, Hood, Warfare, War and all the abominations and horrors and agonies of sin. Although we know comparatively little about the other worlds, lest we become completely dissatisfied with our own, no doubt the other worlds have heard and are now hearing all about this world in the awful experiment of sin which the human race has been making.

It is no longer to me a mystery why so small a world as ours was chosen for the tragedy. A chemist can demonstrate all the laws of earth and heaven in a small laboratory, ten feet by five, and our world was not too small to demonstrate to the universe the awful chemistry of unrighteousness, its explosive and living and consuming power. On the tower of Pharoah, Egypt, a metallic mirror was raised which reflected all that occurred both on land and sea for a distance of three hundred miles, and so Egypt was informed of the coming of her enemies long before their arrival. By what process I know not, but in some way this ship of a struggling earth, I think, is mirrored to distant worlds. Surely this one disastrous experiment of a world unloosing itself from God will be enough for all worlds and all centuries.

But notice that as other worlds rolled into the first book of the Bible, the Book of Genesis, they also appear in the last book of the Bible, the Book of Revelation. They will take part in the scenes of that occasion which shall be the earth's winding up, and a tremendous occasion for you and me personally. My father was one night on the turnpike road between Trenton and Bonnd Brook, N. J. He was coming through the night from the Jeffersonville halls, where he was serving his State, to his home, where there was sickness. I often heard him tell about it. It was the night of the 12th and the morning of the 13th of November, 1833. Suddenly the whole heavens began to shake and never to be forgotten. From the constellation Leo meteors began to shoot in all directions. For the two hours between 4 and 6 in the morning, it was estimated that a thousand meteors a minute flashed and expired. It grew lighter than noonday. Arcs of fire, balls of fire, trails of fire, showers of fire. Some of the appearances were larger than the full moon. All around the heavens explosion followed explosion. Sounds as well as sights. The air filled with uproar. All the luminaries of the sky seemed to have received marching orders. The heavens ribbed and interlaced and garlanded with meteoric display. From horizon to horizon everything in combustion and conflagration.

The spectacle ceased not until the rising sun of the November morning calmed it, and the whole American nation sat down exhausted with the agonies of a night to be memorable until the earth itself shall become a falling star. The Bible speaks with such a scene of falling lights, not only light meteors, but grave old stars. St. John saw it in prospect, and wrote: "The stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree catcheth her autumnal figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind." What a time that will be when worlds drop. Rain of planets. Constellations flying apart. Galaxies dissolved. The great outward of the universe swept by the last hurricane letting down the stars like ripened fruit. Our old earth will go with the rest, and if it so, for it will have existed long enough to complete its tremendous experiment. But there will be enough worlds left to make a heaven of, if any more heaven needs to be built. That day finding us in Christ, our nature regenerated, and our sins purged, and our joy triumphant, we will feel no more afraid than when in September, passing through an orchard, you hear the apples thump to the ground, or through a conservatory and you hear an untimely fig drop to the floor. You will only go upstairs into another story, a better lighted story, a better furnished story, a better ventilated story, a better pictured story, and into a story where already many of your kindred are waiting for you, and where profits and rewards and martyrs will pay you celestial visitation, and where, with a rest beyond the most radiant anticipation, you shall bow before Him that "buildeth His stories in heaven."

# BILL ARP ON THE ROAD.

## He Has Rather Rough Experience on a Circus Train.

### HOWLING LIONS ABOUT HIM.

Arrival at Charlotte—Rumor That He Was Tourist With a Circus—Lectures in Several Places.

"Hard, hard, indeed, is the contest for freedom and the struggle for liberty." "There is no rest for the wicked." This world is all a floating show and Jordan is a hard road to travel, I believe! There are other ejaculations I might utter, for of late there has been trouble on the old man's mind. You see, I was invited over here to talk to these people in a humorous and philosophic way and my wife said as the ladder was getting low and the girls needed some more winter clothes, and the tax man was bobbing around and the grandchildren would be expecting something for Christmas, she thought I had better go. So she packed my valise with my best clothes and fortified me with a little drug store of camphorated oil and flannel and liver medicine and paragonic and cough drops and quinine and headache powders, and so forth and so on. We kissed goodby all round and I departed feeling like I was being driven off from home by sad necessity. I took the seaboard air-line at Atlanta bound for Charlotte, via Monroe, but our engine broke down at Greensboro about dark and this delayed us three long, dreary hours, and when we reached Monroe it was way after midnight and the Charlotte train had gone. There were three nice ladies aboard and several gentlemen, who were greatly disappointed, but the conductor was kind and sympathetic and said there was a circus train near by that was going to Charlotte right away and if we didn't mind riding thirty miles in a cab, he would get us the privilege. The ladies said yes, and we did, too, and climbed in. It was as dark as Erebus. We felt our way to the seats but there was nothing but some long tool boxes whose lids were hard and cold. There was no fire and the wind blew through a broken glass on the back of my head. The ladies chatted away merrily, for they were going home, but I wasn't and I couldn't chat to save my life, for I was very tired and thought of that good, soft bed at home. By and by the conductor came in with a lantern and took up our tickets and left us in the dark again. About that time the animals got restless and the lion gave an unearthly howl. You see this was a menagerie train.

"The animals went in two by two, The elephant and the kangaroo," and every time the cars careened about or swung round a curve we could hear some devilish noise ahead of us. "Oh, mercy," said the youngest girl, "suppose they break out!" "They will eat the sweetest and tenderest first," said I. "Lions always do." I pulled my cloak up over the back of my head and ruminated. For two long hours we juggled along, for the train was running slow to suit the wild beasts and we were of no consequence. It was near 3 o'clock when we got to the suburbs of Charlotte and stopped. Nobody was looking for us—nobody rushed forward to meet us, no porter nor hackman—no omnibus or street cars, not even a wagon or an ox cart or a darkey. The moon had hid herself to keep from seeing our misery, but we seized our grips and wraps and satchels and made a march for the electric lights. My companions soon separated from me and I marched in single file with my big valise full of clothes and the drug store, and struggled for three quarters of a mile up the long and hard sidewalk. I am not used to are lights, and the flickering shadow of every tree and telegraph pole looked like a man in ambush who was fixing to hold me up. I had forgotten where the hotels were, and unconsciously passed them, for the doors were all shut, and there was no sign. By and by I met a policeman and he conducted me back to the hotel, and I was as thankful as I was tired and humble. My pitiful tone of voice secured me kind attention and a bed. When a man is far away from home, his warmest welcome is an inn. But I did not rest well. A 10 o'clock supper, on fried sausage and scrambled eggs and state system, disturbed my composure and I dreamed that the tiger got loose and came prowling and howling around the car and somehow I got a hatchet out of the toolbox and lifted the young lady through the port hole upon the roof, and volunteered to defend her with my life and my sacred honor. The tiger made desperate leaps to get up there, but every time he got a paw on the eave, I cut it off and let him fall back again. I don't know what became of the other ladies, but think that other wild beasts got in and eat them up. The men had all fed prematurely, but I saved the pretty girl, the sweetest and tenderest, before I woke up. Who wouldn't, in a dream? What curious things are dreams anyhow! The next trouble on the old man's mind came over him at Salisbury, where I was invited to lecture that night. On my arrival I found that August body, the Presbyterian synod in session. I searched and siders innumerable were scattered among the good people all over town. They were holding night sessions, and wouldn't have adjourned for McKinley or Grover Cleveland or the yellow fever or a fire. But this was not all, the Episcopal bishop was to lecture on the Holy Land, where he had been recently, and I know that would fall between and get smothered.

Mr. Marsh seemed to feel very bad, and apologized by saying that when I booked me he did not know of these meetings. "Well," said I, "the saints will all go to these meetings, but you have sinners in this town." He admitted that there were some. And so I went ahead and lectured, and was surprised to see before me a select and cultured audience, select, and I hope select according to Presbyterian theology.

So all is well that ends well. The next evening found me at the nice little town of Marion, in western North Carolina, away up in the land of the sky. They are good people there, I know, for they filled the courthouse that night and gave me an ovation. The old soldiers are thick in that region, and they came out to hear me, and some of us got together and talked of old Bob Lee and Joe Johnston and General Early and Bender and Whiting and Hoke and Landon and Pettigrew and Cingman and others. Their eyes watered and their hearts burned within them, and they got closer and closer together. "What a people these are! Are these the descendants of the boot! About 7, other name is Scotch, a Mc name or McFall or McFarlin or McArthur or McQuinn or McQuinn, and then there are Alexanders everywhere and Cadwells and Carlysles. After the lecture we had a musical at the hotel by the gifted Gruber family, who keep the hotel, Mr. Gruber and Mrs. Gruber and their seven children. I have heard much music during my long life, but I never heard any better anywhere. How the old man's fingers did dance upon the strings; how sweetly did the still handsome matron sing the "Sweet Rose of Summer" and other old-time songs of Scotland! What delightful chords came from the piano under the touch of the young ladies and the sweet little black-eyed girl of only ten summers! And when they played "Home, Sweet Home," with variations, I could hardly restrain my tears. I felt like we all ought to hold a seance if we could with John Howard Payne and tell him how the world loved him for his song I had wept dreams that night. I am still on the grand rounds talking to the unrelenting people of this grand old State. It seems to have got out, however, that I had joined John Robison's circus and gone off with it. Some of these mischievous drummers told that. Your's on the wing—Bill Arrp, in Atlanta, (Ga.) Constitution.

### TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

EN VY kicks its keeper. Dull tools do little harm. Trusting God without effort is an abuse of sense. It is difficult work to keep hid from yourself. Living without God is risking the loss of two worlds.

Every dollar is saved that is spent to help the needy.

It requires industry to make, and wisdom to save.

If the man does not show at ten, he will not at forty.

Society's trouble mill is run half the time by whispers.

The common saint is an uncommon stranger to himself.

Aggressiveness without control is the animal turned loose.

The gospel and the long face do not travel well together.

Christ taught to teach; not to win admiration or applause.

He is a safe counsellor who profits by his own blunders.

The best family medicine is large doses of good example.

People are known by where they spend their leisure time.

He is well balanced that will take advice against inclination.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself cannot be a hermit.

A dollar has more power in America than the Ten Commandments.

The careless man wrecks his comfort; the covetous man his destiny.

The eagle bathing her pinions in the clouds is but one of God's thoughts materialized.

If your schooling does not help you to better the world, your time and money are both lost.

The man who thinks he knows all there is to know is already too dead to know that he is dying.

Scatter sunshine as you pass along, and by and by you may gather bouquets of immortal gladness.

We may gain a reputation for piety by looking solemn, but we shall slander the Lord.

### A Card to the Public.

We have noticed in several papers in North Carolina that we intended opening a Keeley Institute in Wilmington, N. C. We suppose it grew out of the fact that we are arranging to open one in Washington, D. C., and one in Baltimore, Md. We have no intention of opening an Institute in any other town in North Carolina at present, as we have ample accommodations for all those who come to us in our new and well appointed Institute at Greensboro, N. C. For further information, address: The Keeley Institute, Greensboro, N. C., Lock 11 x 166.

Public officials will do well to remember when the interviewer is around that an ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is worth a pound of never-said-it.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Another paving material has been discovered in Florida at Tampa. It is the pebble phosphate, and is said to be very good and cheap.

The production of india rubber in Mexico is attracting attention, and the samples which have been exhibited are said to be of fine quality.

Coal tar, when used for dyes, yields sixteen shades of blue, the same number of yellow tints, twelve of orange, nine of violet, and numerous other colors and shades.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

A New Hampshire quarry is turning out a soapstone boot drier. It is intended especially for rubber boots. The stone is to be heated and then dropped into the boot, to be left there till the latter is dry.

Clover sickness, a common disease which often ruins clover crops, has caused German scientists to make experiments. They have succeeded in getting cultures of the bacteria that produce the disease. They expect that soon farmers will be able to inoculate their land just as a human being may be treated.

Planters in the Southwest have finally found a practical means of destroying insects that infest cotton plants without injury to the boll. The machine, drawn by two horses, looks like a cultivator. It is provided with rolling brushes which turn in opposite directions so as to brush both sides of the cotton plant, brushing off all insects from the plant without injury. The insects are caught on rolling bands placed on each side of the machine, which carries the insects between two rollers, where they are crushed.

The attention of a French surgeon, Professor Lannelongue, was lately drawn to blisters produced on the scalps of several children who had been playing in the shadow of a wall whose top was under bright sunlight. The idea that he might be an X-ray effect suggested itself. Experiments were then made on a number of persons, when several who were exposed unprotected to similar radiations were burned, while others who were protected by strontium glass escaped. The investigator declares that X-ray discoveries will revolutionize the treatment of sunstroke. He thinks the ancient Greeks may have been wiser than we know in covering their heads with brass helmets and their chests and backs with light metal cuirasses, and concludes that future protection from sunstroke may be sought behind strontium glass helmets.

### Housed in a Steeple.

The only man in the United States who lives in a church steeple is Ezekiah Braddis, the sexton of the Baptist Church at Westport, a suburb of Kansas City. The room is small, scarcely larger than a dry goods box. In that tiny room he cooks, eats and sleeps. It is just under the bells. Through the small windows that furnish light in the daytime he can see a portion of Kansas City. Above his head the swallows twitter as they fly in and out through the lattice work. In his small room are a bed, a dresser, a tiny stove and a table. He has been sexton of the church for several years, and has occupied this room in the steeple since his wife left him. Some years ago he married a widow with a grown son. The son proved a bone of contention, and after numerous quarrels the wife left her husband, taking the furniture with her. Then the church trustees suggested that Mr. Braddis move into the little room beneath the bells. Church members furnished the room so comfortably, and since then Mr. Braddis has lived a lonesome life.

### Woman's Work at Brussels Exhibition.

At the exhibition at Brussels there is a "woman's work section," in which a number of girls are daily to be seen pursuing their avocations. The majority of them, naturally, are lace-makers, producing the specialty of the country. It is shocking to know that for the monotonous hand-skilled and eye-trying labor of lace-making the wage is but half a franc for the long day. Think of toiling all day, with the attention and the eye-sight on the strain, for ten cents! Artificial flower-making is another Brussels specialty; very few of the blossoms that adorn our hats are made at home. It was interesting to see the manufacture of snowdrop; how the blossom had to be quite elaborately constructed, and then how the stem had to be covered with green paper by deftly twisting fingers, and how the blossom had to be caught in at the right moment to hang gracefully—and then to reflect that the result will be sold retail in America for ten or fifteen cents a dozen!

### A Corner on the Alphabet.

Chemical names are occasionally curious and long, as everybody knows to his cost. Here is another to be added to the list: Diparacemidostyphenonidiphenilipiperazine. It has been given by an Italian chemist to a new compound which he has discovered.