

REV. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

NOTED WASHINGTON DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Mighty Influence of Prayer For the World's Good—It Comes From Secret Places—The Christian Home the Fountain of Pious and Gracious Influences.

TEXT: "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."—Psalms 81: vii.

It is past midnight, and 2 o'clock in the morning; far enough from sunset and sunrise to make the darkness very thick, and the Egyptian army in pursuit of the escaping Israelites are on the bottom of the Red Sea, its waters having been set up on either side in masonry of sapphire, for God can make a wall as solid out of water as out of granite, and the troops with which these two walls were built were not the least powerful because invisible. Such walls had never before been lifted. When I saw the waters of the Red Sea rolling through the Suez Canal they were blue and beautiful and flowing like other waters, but as the Egyptians looked up to them built into walls, now on one side and now on the other, they must have been flowing water, for it was probable that the secret power that lifted them up might suddenly fling them prostrate. A great lantern of cloud hung over this chasm between the two walls. The door of that lantern was opened toward the Israelites ahead, giving them light, and the back of the lantern was toward the Egyptians, and it grew and rumbled and jarred with the thunder of the sea, which roared and crashed after a drought, promising the refreshing shower, but charged and surcharged with threats of doom. The Egyptian captains lost their presence of mind, and the horses reared and snorted and would not answer to their bits, and the chariot wheels got interlocked and torn off, and the chariots were hurled headlong, and the Red Sea fell all the host of Pharaoh, and a confounding thunder was in answer to the prayer of the Israelites. With their backs cut by the lava and their feet bleeding and their bloods decaying with the suffering of whole generations, they had asked Almighty God to ensphere their Egyptian pursuers in one great sarophagus, and the splash and the roar of the Red Sea as it poured to its natural bed were only the shutting of the sarophagus on a dead host. That is the meaning of the text, when God says: "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

Now, thunder, all up and down the Bible, is the symbol of power. Small wits depreciate the thunder, and say, "It is the lightning that strikes." But God evidently thinks the thunder more important than He would not make so much of it. That man must be without imagination and without sensitiveness and without religion who can, without emotion, see the convention of summer clouds called to order by the falling ravel of the thunderbolt. There is nothing in the natural world that awakens so solemnly as the thunder. The Egyptian plagues of hail was accompanied with this full diapason of the heaven. While Samuel and his men were making a burnt offering of a lamb, and the Philistines were about to attack them, it was by terrorizing thunder they were discomfited. Job, who was a combination of the Dantesque and the Miltonic, was solemnized by this reverberation of the heavens, and cried: "The thunder of His power, who can understand?" and He challenges the universe by saying: "Canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?" and he throws Balaam's "Horse Fair" into the shade by the Bible photograph of a war horse, when he describes his neck as "clothed with thunder." Because of the power of James and John, they were called "the sons of thunder." The law given on the basaltic crag of Mount Sinai was emphasized with this cloudy eddillation. The skies all round about St. John at Patmos were full of the thunder of war, and the thunder of Christy triumph, and the thunder of resurrection, and the thunder of eternity.

But when my text says, I answered thee in the secret place of thunder, it suggests there is some mystery about the thunder. To the ancients the cause of this thundering earth with loud sound must have been more of a mystery than it is to us. The lightnings, which were to them wild monsters ranging through the skies, in our time have been domesticated. We harness electricity to vehicles and we cage it in lamps, and every schoolboy knows something about the fact that the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud that makes the heavenly racket which we call thunder. But, after all that chemistry has taught the world, there are mysteries about this skyeey resonance, and my text, true in the time of the psalmist, is true now, and always will be true, that there is some secret about the place of thunder.

Now, right along by natural law, there is always a secret place of thunder. In a secret place of natural thunder, there is a secret place of moral thunder. In other words, the religious power that you see abroad in the church and in the world has a hiding place, and in many cases it is never discovered at all. I will use a simile. I can give only the dim outline of a particular case, for many of the remarkable circumstances I have forgotten. There was a large church which was characterized by strange and unaccountable conversions. There were no great revivals, but individual cases of spiritual arrest and transformation. A young man sat in one of the front pews. He was a graduate of Yale, brilliant as the north star and notoriously dissolute. Everybody knew him and liked him for his geniality, but deplored his moral enormity. To please his parents he went to Sabbath morning in church. One day there was a ringing of the door bell of the pastor of that church, and that young man, whelmed with repentance, implored prayer and advice, and passed into complete reformation of heart and life. All the neighborhood was astonished and asked, Why was this? His father and mother had said nothing to him about his son's welfare. On another side of the same church sat an old miser. He paid his pew rent, but was hard on the poor and had no interest in any philanthropy. Piles of money! And people said: "What a struggle he will have, when he quits this life, to part with his bonds and mortgages." One day he wrote to his minister: "Please to call immediately, I have a matter of great importance about which I want to see you." When the pastor came in the man could not speak for emotion, but after awhile he gathered self-control enough to say:

"I have lived for this world too long. I want to know if you think I can be saved, and if so, I wish you would tell me how." Upon his soul the light soon dawned, and the old miser, not only revolutionized in heart but in life, began to scatter benefactions, and toward all the great charities of the day he became a cheerful and bountiful almoner. What was the cause of this change everybody asked; and no one was capable of giving an intelligent answer. In another part of that same church sat Sabbath by Sabbath a beautiful talented young man, who was a great society leader. She went to church because that was a respectable thing to do, and in the neighborhood where she lived it was hardly respectable not to go. Worldly was she to the last degree, and all her family worldly. She had at her house the finest Germans that were ever dined and the costliest favors that were ever given, and though she attended church she never liked to hear any story of pathos, and as to religious emotion of any kind she thought it positively vulgar. Wines, cards, theaters, rounds of costly gaiety were to her the highest satisfaction. One day a neighbor sent in a visiting card and this lady came down the stairs in tears, and told the whole story. For she had not gone for several nights, and she feared she was going to lose her soul, and she wondered if some one would not come around and pray with her. From that time her entire demeanor was changed, and though

she was not called upon to sacrifice any of her amenities of life, she consecrated her beauty, her social position, her family, her all to God and the church and usefulness. Everybody said in regard to what in the world you noticed the change, and to what in the world caused it? And no one could make satisfactory explanation. In the course of two years, though there was no general awakening in that church, many such isolated cases of unexpected and unaccountable conversions took place. The very people whom no one thought would be affected by such considerations were converted. The pastor and the flockers of the church were on the lookout for the solution of this religious phenomenon. "Where is it?" they said, "and who is it, and what is it?"

At last the discovery was made and all was explained. A poor old Christian woman standing in the vestibule of the church one Sunday morning, trying to get her breath again before she went upstairs to her secret, heard the inquiry and told the secret. For years she had been in the habit of concentrating all her prayers for particular persons in that church. She would see some man or woman present, and, though she might not know the person's name, she would pray for that person until he or she was converted to God. All that one. She waited and waited for conversion days to see when the candidates for membership stood up whether her prayers had been effectual. It turned out that these marvelous instances of conversion were the result of that old woman's prayers assat in the gallery Sabbath by Sabbath, and wiser and poorer and more uneducated and more uneducated humanity hovering in the galleries. That was the secret place of the thunder. There is some hidden, unknown, mysterious source for almost all the moral and religious power demonstrated. Not one out of ten million prayers ever strikes a human ear. On public occasions a minister of religion voices the supplications of an assembly, but the prayers of all the congregation are in silence. There is not a second in a century when prayers are not ascending, but myriads of them are not as loud as a whisper, for God hears a thought as plainly as a vocalization. That silence of supplication—hemispheric and perpetual—is the secret place of thunder.

The day will come—God hasten it—when the velocity, the multiplicity of prayer. We brag about our limited express trains which put us down a thousand miles away in twenty-four hours, but here is something by which in a moment we may confront people 5000 miles away. We brag about our telephones, but here is something that beats the telephone in utterance and reply, for God says, "Before they call, I will hear. We brag about the telegraph, in which a man's voice can be kept for ages, and by the turning of a crank the words may come forth upon the ears of another century, but prayer allows us to speak words into the ears of everlasting remembrance and the prayers of all eternities they will be heard. Oh, you who are wasting your breath and wasting your nerves and wasting your lungs wishing for this good and that good for the church and the world, why do you not go into the secret place of thunder?"

"But," says some one, "that is a beautiful theory, yet it does not work in my case. For I am in a cloud of trouble or a cloud of persecution or a cloud of poverty or a cloud of perplexity. How glad I am that you told me that. That is exactly the place to which my text refers. It was from a cloud that God answered Israel—the cloud over the chasm cut through the Red Sea—the cloud that was light to the Israelites and darkness to the Egyptians. It was from a cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God made reply. It was a cloud that was a secret place of thunder. The secret place of the thunder is the location of my text by talking that way. Let all the people under a cloud hear it. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

This subject helps me to explain some things you have not understood about certain useful men and women. Many of them have not a superabundance of education. If you had their brain in a post-mortem it would not weigh any heavier than the average. They have not anything especially impressive in personal appearance. They are not very fluent of tongue. They pretend to nothing unusual in mental faculty or social influence, but you feel their power, you are elevated in their presence, you are charmed and you are a better woman, a better man, a better worker. You know that in intellectual endowment you are their superior, while in the matter of moral and religious influence they are vastly your superior. Why is this? To find the revelation of this secret you must go back thirty or forty or perhaps sixty years to the homestead where this man was brought up. It is a winter morning, and the tall, candle is lighted and the fire kindled, and sometimes the shavings hardly enough to start the wood. The mother is preparing the breakfast, the blue-edged dishes are on the table, and the lid of the kettle on the hearth rattles with the steam. The father is at the barn feeding the stock—the oats thrown into the horses' bin and the cattle crunching the corn. The children, excited that they were to be at the table. The blessing of God is asked on the food, and the meal over, the family Bible is put upon the white table cloth and a chapter is read and a prayer made, which includes all the interests for this world and the next. The children pay not much attention to the prayer, for it is about the same thing day after day, but it puts upon them an impression that ten thousand years will not make more of the other mendacious. As long as the old folks live their prayer is for their children and their children's children.

Day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, decade in and decade out, the sons and daughters of that family are remembered in earnest prayer, and they know it and feel it and they are not able to get away from it. Two boys and a girl, not more than two years apart, for it is seldom that there is more than that lapse of time between the father's going and the mother's going—two funerals put out of sight of the old folks. The daughters are in homes where they are incarnations of good sense, industry and piety. The sons, perhaps one a farmer, another a physician, another a minister of the Gospel, useful, consistent, admired, honored. What a power for good those seven sons and daughters! Where did they get the power? From the schools and the seminaries and the colleges? Oh, no, those may have helped. From their superior mental endowment? No; I do not think they had any circumstances? No, they had nothing of what is called good luck.

I think we will take a train and ride to the depot nearest to the homestead from which those men and women started. The train halts. Let us stop a few minutes at the village graveyard and see the tombstones of the parents. Yes, the one was seventy-four years of age and the other after a useful life they died a Christian death. "On over the country road we ride—the road a little rough, and once down in a rut it is hard to get the wheels out again without breaking the shafts. But at last we come to the lane in front of the farmhouse.

Let me get out of the wagon and open the gate under which those boys and girls many years ago used to play, but it is quite out of order now, for the property is in other hands. Yonder is the orchard, where they used to thrash the trees for apples, sometimes before they were quite ripe, before Easter. There is the door upon which they used to sit. There is the room in which they had family prayers, and where they all knelt—the father there, the mother there, and the boys and girls there. We have got to the fountain of pious and gracious influences at last.

There is the place that decided those seven earthly and immortal destinies. Behold Behold! That is the secret place of thunder. The reason we ministers do not accomplish more is because others do not pray for us enough, and we do not pray for ourselves enough. Every minister could tell you a thrilling story of sermons, sermons hasty and impromptu, because of funerals and sick beds, annoyances in the parish, yet those sermons directing many souls to God, and the great care, and research and toil uninterrupted; yet those sermons falling flat or powerless. The difference was probably in the amount of private prayer offered for the success of those services.

Oh! pray for us! Poor sermons in the pulpit are the curse of God on a prayerless parish. People say, "What is the matter with the ministers in our time? So many of them seem dissatisfied with the Bible, especially in such warm, wet weather and they are trying to help Moses and Paul, and Christ out of inconsistencies and contradictions by fixing up the Bible." As well let the musicians go to work to fix up Haydn's "Creation" or Handel's "Israel in Egypt," or let the painters go to fixing up Raphael's "Transfiguration" or architects go to fixing up Christopher Wren's St. Paul's. But I will tell you what is the matter. There are too many unconverted ministers. Their hearts have never been changed by the grace of God. A more intellectual ministry is the dearest failure this side of perdition. Alas for the gospel of ice! From apologetics, and hermeneutics and dogmatics, Lord deliver us! They are trying to tend with profit if given good attention. The first swarms that issue theology, or from profound exegesis, or from the art of splitting hairs between north and south, instead of getting their power from the secret place of thunder. We want the power a man gets when he is alone, the door locked, on his knees at midnight, with such a host of souls upon their knees, and them in raptures. We want something of the consecration of John Knox, who, when his wife heard him praying in the cold night in another room, and said to him, "How can you endanger your life praying there in the cold when you ought to be asleep?" responded, "Woman! How can I sleep when my country is not saved? Lord God give me Scotland or I die!"

Dear brethren and sisters in Christ, our opportunity for usefulness will soon be gone, and we shall have our faces uplifted to the throne of judgment, before which we must give account. That day there will be no secret place of thunder, for all the thunders will be out. There is a wide difference between the thunders of the bursting graves, the thunders of the descending chariots. There will be the thunder of the parting heavens. Boom! Boom! But all that din and uproar and crash will find us unannounced, and will leave us undismayed, if we have had the Christ shower when the whole heavens have been an unimbered battery cannonading the earth, the fields are more green, and the sunrise is the more radiant, and the waters are the more opaline, so the thunders of the last day will make the trees of life appear more emerald, and the jasper of the wall more crimson, and the sapphires of the eternal glades the more emurpled. The thunders of dissolving nature will be followed by a celestial psalmody, the sound of which St. John on Patmos described, when he said, "I heard a voice like voice of mighty thunders!"

TRULY A COSMOPOLITAN TOWN.

Red Jacket, Mich., With 8000 Population and Thirty Nationalities.

What is perhaps the most cosmopolitan town in the United States, if not in the world, is the little city of Red Jacket, Houghton County, Mich. The town is undetermined and honeycombed by vast artery-like shafts, drifts, cross-cuts, levels and slopes. The population of this little mining town. The adult foreign residents of the town outnumber the native-born more than a hundred to one.

Red Jacket, the town proper, has a population of 8000, including no less than thirty different nationalities, represented as follows: Americans, Welsh, French, German, English, Italian, Austrian, Russian, Scotch, Finlanders, Polish, Hungarian, Irish, Arabians, Greeks, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Swiss, Africans, Brazilians, Belgians, Dutch, Jews, Spaniards, Turks, Persians, Chinese, Mexicans and Moors.

MANY BURIED ALIVE.

Prizes For a Solution of the Problem to Be Offered in Italy.

The subject of premature burial is just now attracting great interest in Italy, according to a report of United States Consul Mantius, at Turin.

He says that realizing that there is present no infallible test that may be applied to prevent the horrifying crime of persons being buried alive, a number of eminent physicians and laymen are at work preparing reports on the subject.

These will be made the striking feature of the Medical Department of the National Exposition next April at Turin. Reports of a similar kind are expected from all over the world.

Prizes will be offered for the best solution of the problem, and the Consul says that the people of the United States interest themselves in it.

CUT HIS CORN AT NIGHT.

Pennsylvania Farmers Pleasantly Surprise a Sick Neighbor.

Washington Sands, of East Robeson, Berks County, was the most surprised farmer in Pennsylvania the other morning. Mr. Sands has been in ill health for some time, and in consequence his farm work has not been attended to as it should have been. His corn, in an immense field, being over ripe, required speedy shocking, but farm labor is scarce and this work was neglected. On Friday Mr. Sands worked as hard as his poor health permitted, and quit very tired that night. After the moon had risen about thirty neighbors gathered in his corn field and industriously worked until after midnight, when the corn was all in shocks. Next morning, when Mr. Sands went to the field, he was astonished to find his task completed.

Georgia's Prosperous G. A. E. Colony.

In 1835 a number of Indiana Grand Army men resolved to colonize in Irwin County, Georgia, upon the spot where Jefferson Davis was arrested as he was trying to escape. They founded the town of Fitzgerald. Within two years they have grown so strong that they are now moving the county seat from its old place, Irwinville, to Fitzgerald. The assessed valuation of the county in 1895 was something more than \$1,000,000, which has been increased in the last two years to nearly \$3,000,000.

Series of Shocking Crimes.

Gustave Muller surrendered himself to the police of Rotterdam, Holland, confessing the murder of his wife and the attempted murder of his child. He had a pocket four human ears, initially known. One that had been found and the police on searching his house captured while young remained gray and two bodies. Muller subsequently confessed that he had also killed his parents, and fourteen wives whom he had time to marry in various parts of the world.

Sheep Raising Booming.

Sheep raising in eastern Oregon has improved to such an extent that whereas lambs in any quantity could be bought a year ago at seventy-five cents a head, they are now commanding \$1.25 a head, and are not anxious to sell at that price.



Management of Late Cabbage.

There is nothing better than frequent cultivation of cabbage to make it grow. Every time the soil is stirred, and especially in such warm, wet weather and the whole country has lately had, there is liberation of plant food in as large amounts as even a gross feeding crop of cabbage can require. It is in such seasons as this that care must be taken to upset late cabbage and loosen some of their roots so as to check their growth. Without this the largest cabbage will split open and will soon spoil.

Managing Swarms.

Swarming is always a sure sign of prosperity in the apiary, and is attended with profit if given good attention. The first swarms that issue are always the best bees, as they are usually strong in numbers, and they contain the old queen, which is the principal object, as she is already fertile and will begin laying as soon as they are ready to begin housekeeping. First, or "Prime" swarms, as they are termed, are the cream of the colony, and are more valuable than the parent stock they issue from.

First swarms usually store more surplus honey than any other, and in every respect keep in the lead throughout the season, and the only objection to them is that, as they always contain the oldest queens, sometimes the queen is too old to successfully carry the colony through the following winter. There is a wide difference between first and second swarms from the same colony.

Second swarms are accompanied by a young queen, and one that is not fertile, and she takes the chances of fertilization after beginning housekeeping. One chance out of ten of becoming lost, and if so, the colony will do no good whatever of its own account, as they have no brood from which to raise another.

Since exploring the interior of a beehive we are no more at a loss to know when to expect swarms. The weather being favorable, we can tell to a certainty the day, and almost the hour they are likely to issue. Bees begin to construct queen cells eight days previous to swarming, and at any time during this period we make discovery of these cells, we can ascertain their time of maturity by the advancement of construction. The cells will be sealed over about the eighth day, and at this time the swarm is due.

Second swarms will issue eight days thereafter, at which time the young queens will hatch. If we desire the colony to swarm but once, and not again after the first swarm has come off, we can prevent it by taking out all but one cell, or take all the cells out, and introduce a queen. It will be seen that the cause of second swarms in the surplus of young queens, and to deprive them of these, will prevent further swarming.

Swarms when not interfered with, will usually settle and hang in a cluster near their hive for several hours before leaving. It is only a rare exception that they go directly away, and it is best not to molest them, but simply keep in sight of them until they settle, and when well settled get them in the swarming box and take them to the hive. For arresting swarms a little force pump and a pail of water is the best, but it is necessary unless the swarm takes wing the second time, and then it is but a small per cent. that can be induced to settle again with any kind of prevention.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

The Snow Goose.

Snow geese are exceedingly graceful and beautiful birds, of about twenty-eight inches in length. They are sometimes known as White Brant and



SNOW GESE.

Blue Winged Geese. Their range is very extensive. They have been noted in Texas, are abundant on the Columbia River, and Audubon notes that he has seen them in every part of the United States which he has visited. The young geese are gray. At what period they become white is not definitely known. One that had been captured while young remained gray and two bodies. Muller subsequently confessed that he had also killed his parents, and fourteen wives whom he had time to marry in various parts of the world.

North, and it is a curious fact that the old, white birds go first, followed a week or two later by the young or gray ones. Dr. Richardson is authority for the statement that they breed in the barren grounds of Arctic America.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

English scientists declare that the chewing of gum is a solace for grief.

The light-giving power of acetylene has been accurately measured, and is found to be twenty-one times that of ordinary gas, under the same pressure.

Though Trowbridge wrote this year that electromagnetic waves could not be detected more than one hundred feet from their source, Marconi's wireless telegraph has already sent signals eight miles.

Vener cutting has reached such perfection that a single elephant's tusk thirty inches long is now cut in London into a sheet of ivory 150 inches long and twenty inches wide, and some sheets of rosewood and mahogany are only about a fifth of an inch thick.

A yellow or orange-yellow coloration of glass is found by M. Lemal to take place when the glass is heated to 550 degrees or 600 degrees C. in contact with any salt of silver. Glass into whose composition salt has entered is especially susceptible of coloring in this manner.

Experiments have lately been carried on at the Paris Academy of Sciences with a view of ascertaining the influence exercised on the human voice by giving the singer electrical treatment. As the result, Dr. Moutier has established the fact that the influence is a beneficial one, the voice gaining both in amplitude and quality and being less subject to fatigue.

The observations of Professor Goluboff, of Moscow, have convinced him that appendicitis is not only a contagious disease, but that it sometimes occurs in epidemics. It was unusually prevalent in Moscow last year. To illustrate, Professor Goluboff mentions that in a small boarding school, where in several years there had not been a single case of appendicitis, he treated seven cases within two months.

It appears from the experiments of a French scientific man that oak trees are in more danger than other trees of being struck by lightning. Beeches, on the contrary, are not good conductors of electricity. The danger of trees from lightning is great in proportion to the electrical conductivity of their wood. Dead trees and dead wood generally form a much better conductor than living growing wood, which offers great resistance.

Superstitious Turks.

Some of the Turkish superstitions are of the most extraordinary nature. For instance, if by any chance a sparrow or swallow flies in at the window and circles three times around the room it is a sign that a blood relation of some one present is about to die. There are many signs and happenings that are supposed to predict marriage.

When in summer a bee flies in at the window it is regarded as a harbinger of good news, as is also a thistle-down or a beetle. A moth at night flying about a light means thoughts and good wishes from immortals; the unexpected braying of a donkey, a visit from an unpleasant acquaintance. If a man leaves his home for business and walks along the street and a bird alights exactly in front of him three times, he turns on his heel and goes home, and no power short of an imperial firman will make him pass that place again that day, for he is sure that if he attempts to do so something unpleasant will happen to him. A dog running three times across his path will also turn him back.

When a Turk is starting out on an important venture he will say to himself: "The issue will be as I desire it if the first three persons I meet have blue eyes." Blue eyes being far less common than black, he takes the chances, and sometimes sees three blue-eyed ones first. Augury is also made from the forms of the clouds and by the entrails of fish, animals and fowls, from orange pits and the odd and even number of divisions in the pulp. If a red orange be peeled by accident the person feels great pleasure, as that betokens prosperity and gold.

The Fig Deer.

Among the more recent and important arrivals at the Zoo are two young babrussas, presented by the Duke of Bedford—comparatively rare animals, and the only examples seen at the Zoo for about fifteen years. The word babrussa means pig deer, and the animal has been so called by the Malays on account of the remarkable development of the tusks of the males, where emerge close together near the middle of the face and sweep with a strong curve backward, frequently attaining a very great length. The tusks of the lower jaw arise like those of the boar. What the male babrussa needs the upper pair for is a point which nobody apparently can satisfactorily settle.

Another peculiarity of the animal is that it falls short of the number of teeth usually possessed by the ordinary pig, having only thirty-four in all, a fact which indicates that it must be directly descended from one of the extinct genera of pigs marked by a similar type of dentition. In other respects the babrussa is not very different from other wild swine. It is a splendid swimmer, has a somewhat lighter gallop than that of the wild boar, and when hunted will fight gamely and ferociously to the last.—London Graphic.

High Price For a Book.

The highest price ever paid for a single volume was tendered by a number of wealthy Hebrew merchants of Venice to Pope Julius II. for a very ancient Hebrew Bible. It was believed to be an original copy of the Septuagint version of the Scriptures, translated from the Hebrew in Greek in 277 B. C. The sum mentioned to Julius was \$600,000, but the Pope declined the offer.