

DISOBEDIENCE.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage On the Disobedience of Jonah.

He Had Set at Naught the Command of the Lord, But Found It Impossible to Escape the Consequences of His Disobedience.

The following discourse illustrative of the certainty of punishment for disobedience of divine command was selected by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage for publication this week. It is based on the text:

The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not; wherefore they cried unto the Lord.—Jonah 1, 13-14.

Navigation in the Mediterranean sea always was perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canvas or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side of the vessel. You would not venture outside your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in; but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord; and when a man is running away from the Lord, he has to run very fast.

God had told Jonah to go to Nineveh, to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian sea. It is a very hard thing to scare sailors. I have seen them when the prow of the vessel was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee-deep in the surf, and the small boats by the side of the vessel had been crushed as small as kindling wood, whistling as though nothing had happened; but the Bible says these mariners of whom I speak were frightened. That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" had become a blinding, deafening, swamping fury. How mad the wind can get at the water and the water can get at the wind you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house the piece of a sail of a ship, no larger than the palm of my hand; that piece of canvas was all that was left of the largest sail of the ship Greece, that went into the storm two hundred miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He knew that the tempter was on his account, and he asked the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous-hearted race, and they resolved to make their escape, if possible, without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh! how they did pull, the bronzed seamen, as they laid back into the oars. But rowing on the sea is very different from rowing upon a river; and as the vessel hoists, the oars skip the wave and miss the stroke, and the tempter laughs to scorn the flying paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crashes the last mast and sweeps the oarsmen from their places, and tumbles everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not; wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very subject, and I got a letter from Houston, Tex., the writer saying that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another letter from South Australia, saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought several souls to Christ. And then, I thought, why not now take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that God who can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now, through another phase of the same subject, bring salvation to the people who shall hear, and salvation to the people who shall read. Men and women, who know how to pray, lay hold of the Lord God Almighty, and wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in his sermon, in the midst of his argument, and say: "Now, I will tell you a fable," and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important religious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring Jonah ashore, were discomfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down on their paddles and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts we are making to bring souls to the shore of safety and set their feet on the Rock of Ages. You have a father, or mother, or husband, or wife, or child, or near friend, who is not a Christian. There have been times when you have been in agony about their salvation. A minister of Christ, whose wife was dying without any hope in Jesus, walked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly, and said: "I believe I shall go insane, for I know she is not prepared to meet God." And there may have been days of sickness in your household, when you feared it would be a fatal sickness; and how closely you examined the face of the doctor as he came in and scrutinized the patient, and felt the pulse, and you followed him into the next room, and said: "There isn't any danger, is there, doctor?" And the hesitation and the uncertainty of the reply made two eternities flash before your vision. And then you went and talked to the sick one about the great future. Oh, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends to God! They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer that point than they were twenty years ago. You think you have got them almost to the shore, when you are swept back again. What shall you do? Put down the oar? Oh, no! I do not advise that; but I do ad-

vice that you appeal to that God to whom the Mediterranean oarsmen appealed—the God who could silence the tempest and bring the ship in safety to the port. I tell you, my friends, that there has got to be a good deal of praying before our families are brought to Christ. Ah! it is an awful thing to have half a household on one side the line, and the other part of the household on the other side of the line! Two vessels part on the ocean of eternity, one going to the right and the other to the left—farther apart, and farther apart—until the signals cease to be recognized, and there are only two specks on the horizon, and then they are lost to sight forever!

I have to tell you that the unavailing efforts of these Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts made of us are making to bring our children to the shore of safety. There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The literary and the social influences seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for children. We can not think of going into Heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout, or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night: "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue; but I can't get them to Christ." Then I ask you to imitate the men of the text and cry mightily unto God. We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ, and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers and said: "O, God! take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ;" and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children! He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.

There are parents who are almost discouraged about their children. Where is your son to-night? He has wandered off, perhaps, to the ends of the earth. It seems as if he can not get far enough away from your Christian counsel. What does he care about the furrows that come to your brow; about the quick whitening of the hair; about the fact that your back begins to stoop with the burdens? Why, he would not care much if he heard you were dead! The black-edged letter that brought the tidings he would put in the same package with other letters telling the story of his shame. What are you going to do? Both paddles broken at the middle of the blade, how can you pull him ashore? I throw you now with which I believe you can bring him into the harbor. It is the glorious promise: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." Oh, broken-hearted father and mother, you have tried everything else, now make an appeal for the help and omnipotence of the covenant-making God! and perhaps at your next family gathering—perhaps on Thanksgiving day, perhaps next Christmas day—the prodigal may be home; and if you crowd on his plate more luxuries than on any other plate at the table, I am sure the brothers will not be jealous, but they will wake up all the music in the house, "because the dead is alive again, and because the lost is found." Perhaps your prayers have been answered already. The vessel may be coming homeward, and by the light of this night's stars that absent son may be pacing the deck of the ship, anxious for the time to come when he can throw his arms around your neck and ask for forgiveness for that he has been wringing your old heart so long. Glorious reunion! that will be too sacred for outsiders to look upon; but I would just like to look through the windows when you have all together again, and are seated at the banquet.

Again, I remark that the unavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in the effort which we are making to bring this world back to God, His pardon, and safety. If this world could have been saved by human effort, it would have been done long ago. John Howard took hold of one oar, and Carey took hold of another oar, and Adoniram Judson took hold of another oar, and Luther took hold of another oar, and John Knox took hold of another oar, and they pulled until they fell back dead from the exhaustion. Some dropped in the ashes of martyrdom, some on the scalping knives of savages, and some into the plague-struck room of the lazaretto; and still the chains are not broken, and still the despots are not demolished, and still the world is unsaved. What then? Put down the oars and make no effort? I do not advise that. But I want you, Christian brethren, to understand that the church, and the school, and the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities; and if this work is ever done at all, God must do it, and He will do it, in answer to our prayer. "They rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not; wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Again, the unavailing effort of those Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying to row his own soul into safety. When the Eternal Spirit flashes upon us our condition, we try to save our lives. We say: "Give me a stout oar for my right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No. A wave of sin comes and dashes

you one way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are plenty of rocks on which to founder, but seemingly no harbor into which to sail. Sin must be thrown overboard, or we must perish. There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe all I say in regard to a future world. They believe that religion is the first, the last, the infinite necessity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They bend forward with all earnestness, and they lie back until the muscles are distended, and yet they have not made one inch in ten years toward Heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go to work. You might as well take a frail skiff, and put it down at the foot of Niagara, and then head it up toward the churning whirlpool of waters, and expect to work your way up through the lightning of foam into calm Lake Erie as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into the hope, and pardon, and placidity of the Gospel. You can not do it in that way. Sin is a rough sea, and longboat, yawl, pinnace and gondola go down unless the Lord deliver; but if you will cry to Christ and lay hold of Divine mercy, you are as safe from eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in Heaven.

I wish I could put before my unpardoned readers their own helplessness. No human arm was ever strong enough to unlock the door of Heaven. No foot was ever mighty enough to break the shackle of sin. No oarsman swarthy enough to row himself into God's harbor. The wind is against you. The tide is against you. The law is against you. Ten thousand corrupting influences are against you. Helpless and undone. Not so helpless a sailor on a plank, midatlantic. Not so helpless a traveler girded by twenty miles a prairie on fire. Prove it, you say. I will prove it. John vi., 44: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him."

But while I have shown your helplessness, I want to put by the side of it the power and willingness of Christ to save you. I think it was in 1686 a vessel was bound for Portugal, but it was driven to pieces on an unfriendly coast. The captain had his son with him, and with the crew they wandered up the beach, and started on the long journey to find relief. After awhile, the son fainted by reason of hunger and the length of the way. The captain said to the crew: "Carry my boy for me on your shoulders." They carried him on, but the journey was so long, that after awhile the crew fainted from hunger and from weariness, and could carry him no longer. Then the father rallied his almost wasted energy and took up his own boy, and put him on his shoulder, and carried him on mile after mile, mile after mile, until, overcome himself by hunger and weariness, he too fainted by the way. The boy lay down and died, and the father, just at the time rescue came to him, also perished, living only long enough to tell the story—and story, indeed! But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and dying condition, and put us on the shoulder of His strength, and by the omnipotence of His Gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life, and at last through the opening gates of Heaven! He is mighty to save. Though your sin be long and black, and inexcusable, and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitable, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed fast to each other, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of earth are exhausted, that we may touch the depth. Let the archangel fly in circuit of eternal ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to God, that where man's oar gives out, God's arm begins! Why will ye carry your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready?

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin, take the robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase of the subject, I have drawn my present illustrations, you see, chiefly from the water. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Bermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from England, and, after a long voyage, they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out—what was found afterwards to be, in American money, worth one million five hundred thousand dollars, and the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. Oh, ye who have been rowing toward the shore, and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night that your boat hovers over infinite treasure! All the riches of God are at your feet. Treasures that never fail, and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two hands of blood stretched out toward thy soul, as Jesus says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

RAILROADS IN THE U. S.

The Development of Safety Is Remarkable.

Statistic Say a Person Is Safer on the Train Than Off—Figures That Will Astonish a Reader—Capital Invested.

In keeping with these constant improvements the safety of travel is now almost absolute. The element of personal safety is even greater for the passenger than for the average person who is not traveling, as may easily be demonstrated. During 1893 the railroads of the United States carried 593,560,612 passengers an average journey of about 24 miles each, or 14,229,101,084 passenger miles. A passenger traveling constantly would accomplish about 260,000 miles per year, and 54,000 traveling constantly would be equivalent to the passenger mileage for 1893, during which year 299 passengers were killed. This is equivalent to an average annual death rate of between 5 and 6 per thousand among passengers. The annual death rate for the population at large is three or four times as great. In other words the probability of death is several times greater off than on a train.

It is curious to note that while freight rates have fallen tremendously, dropping from 6 and 8 cents per ton per mile in earlier years, to less than a cent per ton per mile at present, passenger fares show little depreciation. The average fare on 35 roads in 1848 was 2.85 cents per mile; on all roads now the average is about 2.2 cents per mile. But increasing luxury of equipment has perhaps atoned for this maintenance of old time rates.

The railways in 1893 earned \$1,220,751,874, and of this amount \$827,921,299 was expended for operation. From the net proceeds an average interest of 4.25 per cent. was paid on the mortgage indebtedness of \$5,225,689,821 and an average dividend of 1.68 per cent. was paid on the capital stock of \$4,668,935,418, a revenue to stockholders by no means extravagant. It can be said for American railroads that their average capitalization, including bonds and stock, of \$62,421 per mile is less than one-third the capitalization of English railways per mile, and considerably less than the average for the world. The total capital invested in the railways of the world at the beginning of 1893 was \$33,215,000,000, about \$80,000 per mile.—Brandt Mansfield, in The Chautauquan.

Survivors of Napoleon's Army.

One of the French papers, which has been devoting a great deal of attention to Napoleon Bonaparte of late, has been entertaining its readers by having a census made of the survivors of Napoleon's grand army. Four of these men only are now left. The eldest is Jean Jacques Sabatier, who was born on the 15th of April, 1792, at Vernoux l'Ardeche, where he has lived in retirement for many years. Then come Victor Baillo, Jean Bousset and Joseph Rose, aged respectively one hundred and one years and one month, one hundred years and one month and one hundred years and a few days.

It is said that all are as hearty and vigorous as can be expected, in spite of their experiences as long as eighty-two years ago in that terrible retreat, when the beggarly remnant of the greatest army the world has ever seen, worn out with cold and hunger, angrily called to the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz to get off his horse and share in the miseries of his men.

A Vanishing Lake.

"Vanishing lake," otherwise Haw pond, a sheet of water seventeen miles east of Cordele, Ga., is small, but wonderful, being regarded as one of the greatest natural curiosities in the south. It takes its name of "Vanishing lake" from the fact that every year, some time between the 10th and 20th of May, its waters become terribly agitated and within a few minutes totally disappear, sinking through the bottom with a great roar. Several lakes and ponds in that vicinity have disappeared, but this is the only one which annually fills up and goes through such curious performances.

It Would Never Do.

Oh, no, it would never do to have a husband and wife partners at the whist table. It is a well-known fact that people who have played partners in whist are forever after either open or covert enemies. Think, then, of the terrible consequences in case the partners were man and wife! The wife would lecture her husband all night and every night on how he ought to have played, and the husband would make a bear of himself, and all because she happened to trump his trick or failed to return his lead. Oh, no, 't would never do. The divorce courts are overworked as it is.—Boston Transcript.

BEEHLER'S SOLAROMETER.

It Was Praised in Europe and Will Now Be Used in Our Navy.

Lieut. W. H. Beehler, United States navy, who arrived in Baltimore recently from Bremen, brought with him his solarometer, which was tested in France and Germany and on the voyage besides. Lieut. Beehler and the officers of the Weimar took one hundred and eighty-nine observations of the sun and stars at all hours of the day and night, and the ship's latitude, longitude and compass errors were ascertained by the solarometer with accuracy. Upon arrival at Bremen Lieut. Beehler took the solarometer to Paris, where he explained it to M. Gautier, the celebrated Parisian astronomical instrument maker, who has a contract for making the solarometers in France. By request Lieut. Beehler also exhibited the solarometer to the officers of the French navy at the ministry of marine et colonies, in Paris.

At the German naval observatory in Hamburg the professors and astronomers evinced the greatest interest in the instrument, and expressed their approval of its principles and their admiration of its mechanical design.

The solarometer now on board the Weimar will be taken to Washington to serve as a standard for the tests of six solarometers now in course of construction. The iron work observatory domes for these instruments are being made. As soon as the six new solarometers are constructed they will be put into service. One of them has been ordered by the navy department, and will probably be mounted on the armored cruiser New York or the flag ship of the North Atlantic squadron.—N. Y. Advertiser.

ENCYCLOPEDIA STUDY.

It Is Necessary to a Broad and Liberal Education.

"One needs nothing more than an occasional hour or so during the week with a good encyclopedia to secure a broad and liberal education," said a well-known newspaper man. "This fact struck me forcibly Sunday afternoon. We have at home a very excellent edition of a well-known encyclopedia, and I went to it to get some information. Turning over the A's, I came across Algebra, and found the history of the science from beginning to end; its introduction into Italy, and its improvement, from time to time, together with problems illustrative of its advance and powers. I came across Eugene Aram, too, and learned, for the first time, such a man lived and read all about him. The Alhambra caught my eye, and I fortified myself on its history, at the same time getting the concise and well-digested history of the Moors in Spain, as well as if I had read all of the volumes of the Conquest of Grenada. In this manner I drifted here and there through a perfect store-house of interesting things, being led from one to another as one would be in a museum where the eye no sooner leaves one attractive object than it is invited by another equally as pleasing. Consequently, what was intended to be a moment's search for a reference, became extended into a healthy and refreshing mental repast of two or three hours, and I cannot tell how much better I felt for it. I tell you, there is nothing so specific for the relief of the intellectual monotony we call brain fog, as a journey through an encyclopedia without having an itinerary laid down at the beginning."—Washington Star.

Idea Peddlers in Chicago.

There are three men in Chicago who make a fairly good living by marketing ideas. That is their business. Suppose a man opens a new restaurant. The "idea" man goes into the place and says: "Why not put up a sign that you'll give a dish of cream free to every red-headed man? It would cause talk."

If the restaurant man adopts the suggestion the "idea" man expects to be paid for it.

He writes poetry for soaps and patent medicines, and submits it to the proprietors. If they like it he names his price. At the big retail stores he drops in and confides new and startling schemes for advertising. He goes to the theatrical manager and says: "Here, wouldn't this be a good catch line?"

Day by day he pokes into other people's business, and is well paid for it, because, after all, there is nothing more valuable than ideas of the right kind.—Chicago Record.

Women and Knives.

About one woman in twenty owns a pocketknife, and her selection is somewhat different from that of her brother. She, as a rule, fancies a small knife, sometimes tiny, and she pays much attention to the handle. Some of her fancies are in the turquoise, while many are in pearl. She rarely carries this knife in her pocket, and it can also be said that she never receives as a present one of these articles from a male acquaintance.—Hardware.

HORRID SHIPMATES.

A Vessel That Has Been Invaded by Tarantulas and Scorpions.

Life on board the British steamship Kennet, which arrived at this port in command of Capt. Davis, laden with logwood, is rendered miserable by the invasion of myriads of tarantulas, scorpions and other pestiferous strangers, and it is difficult to keep the sailors from deserting the ship on this account.

These unwelcome visitors found their way on board with a cargo of logwood, which was taken in at Port de Paix, a small settlement in Hayti, and many nights of discomfort have been spent on board the Kennet by both her officers and crew. Tarantulas by the hundreds and numberless scorpions have been killed in the after cabin, and so thickly was this portion of the ship populated by these and other bugs that the officers have been unable to sleep below.

The officers of the Kennet, like all sailors, are afraid of the tarantulas and scorpions, and now that her cargo is being discharged every effort will be made to rid the ship of the plague before she sails from here. Banana-laden ships frequently bring with their cargoes a few tarantulas, but this ship is fairly alive with them. The only relief the crew of the Kennet had on their voyage north was on the day before sighting the capes, when the cold weather caused their disappearance from the decks.

As the cargo was being discharged it was found to be actually alive with both scorpions and tarantulas. The old sailors on board the Kennet say they will never ship in a logwood-laden vessel again, and remain now only in the fear that desertion would cause a forfeiture of their wages.—Philadelphia Press.

A Family Carriage.

There are thousands of bicycle riders in Buffalo, fast racers and fancy men, women who do their "century" in a day and many other varieties of the genus bicyclist. But so far as we are aware there is only one man in Buffalo or anywhere else who has successfully converted his bicycle into a family carriage with comfortable seats for five. That is Mr. Henry J. Von Scheidt, with his four boys. On setting out the wheel is steadied by the father and Johnny, the youngest, is lifted into his place; then Arthur is established in front of him, and Willie climbs to his place in front of all. The father then takes the saddle and when under slow headway Henry runs after and mounts to his seat behind.

In this way the father and four boys have ridden over five hundred miles this season, visiting Lancaster, Tonawanda, Bellevue and other neighboring towns, where, as in Buffalo's parks and streets, they are always much gazed at and admired. They have never had an accident. The frame which provides the extra seats for the children was built by Mr. Von Scheidt himself; it can be taken off in a minute and a half and replaced in three minutes.—Buffalo Express.

A Bust of Herod the Great.

The Imperial Hermitage at St. Petersburg has just been enriched by a valuable historical and archaeological relic, viz.: The bust of Herod the Great, the ruler of Judea in the days of our Saviour. This bust, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Dublin Irish Catholic, was discovered some years ago in Palestine by the Russian archimandrite Anthony, the late head of the Russian mission in Jerusalem, and has been pronounced by experts to be genuine and the only one of Herod existing in our times. This valuable treasure has been bequeathed to the Hermitage by the deceased archimandrite.

Her Good Day for Snakes.

A young Baltimore girl, noted for her beauty and gentleness, has come prominently to the front as a snake killer. While on a visit to Baltimore county she was attacked by a large snake in the vicinity of a pond of water. She and her youthful companions were greatly excited, but she succeeded in killing the snake. The disturbance aroused other snakes, and a serpent war of unusual magnitude was the result. After the conflict the reptiles were counted and piled. It was found that in all, little and big, twenty snakes had been killed.—Baltimore Sun.

As to the Flood Doctors Differ.

Suess, in Das Antlitz der Erde, and Neumayer, in Erdesgeschichte, have attempted to show that the Mosaic account of the deluge was copied with little change from an original Assyrian version and that it was a local flood which took place in the plains of the Tigris and Euphrates, not in the valley of the Jordan. In a recent number of Natur Wochenschrift, however, Richard Hennig tries to prove that a general flood took place in the ice age during the quaternary period.