

VOL. VI.

TALMAGE ON ANGELS.

A SERMON RELATING TO SUPERNAL EXISTENCE.

The Characteristics of the Celestial Beings, as Gathered from Statements in Holy Writ.

Dr. Talmage on Sunday announced as his text Judges xiii. 19: "And the angel did wondrously." Following is a report of his sermon:

Five built on a rock. Manah and his wife had there kindled the flames for sacrifice in the praise of God, and in honor of a guest whom they supposed to be a man. But as the flames rose up higher and higher their stranger guest stepped into the flame and by one red leap ascended into the skies. Then they knew that he was an Angel of the Lord. "The angel did wondrously."

Two hundred and forty-eight times does the Bible refer to the angels, yet I never heard or read a sermon on angelology. The whole subject is relegated to the realm of mystery, weird, spectral and unknown. Such adjournment is unscriptural and wicked. Of their life, their character, their habits, their actions, their velocities, the Bible gives us full length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute silence concerning them? Angelology is my theme.

There are two nations of angels, and they are hostile to each other; the nation of good angels and the nation of bad angels. Of the former I chiefly speak to-day. Their capital, their headquarters, their grand rendezvous, is heaven. They are a distinct race of creatures. No human being can ever join their confraternity. The little child who in the Sabbath school sings, "I want to be an angel," will never have her wish gratified. They are superhuman; but they are of different grades and ranks, not at all on the same level, or the same height. They have their superiors and inferiors and equals.

I propose no guessing on this subject, but take the Bible for my only authority. Plato, the philosopher, guessed, and divided the angels into super-celestial, celestial and sub-celestial. Dionysius the Areopagite, guessed, and divided them into three classes—the supreme, the middle and the last—and each of nine in all.

Philo said that the angels were related to God, as the rays to the sun. Fulgentius said that they were composed of body and spirit. Clement said they were incorporeal. Augustine said that they had been in danger of falling, but now they are beyond being tempted. But the only authority on this subject that I respect says they are divided into cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominations, principalities, powers. Their commander-in-chief is Michael. Daniel called him Michael. These supermen are beings more thorough than ministers; they are swifter than ever cyclone that ever swept the sea. They are more radiant than any morning that ever came down the sky. They have more to do with your destiny and mine than any being in the universe except God. May the Angel of the New Covenant, who is the Lord Jesus, open our eyes and touch our tongue, and rouse our soul, while we speak of their deathlessness, their intelligence, their numbers, their strength, their achievements.

Yes, deathless. They had a cradle, but will never have a grave. The Lord remembers when they were born, but no one shall ever see their eye extinguished, or their momentum slow up, or their existence terminate. The oldest of them have not a wrinkle, or a crepe, or a hindrance; as young after six thousand years as at the close of the first hour. Christ said of the good in heaven, "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels." Yes, deathless are these wonderful creatures of whom I speak. They will see world after world go out, but there shall be no fading of their own brilliance. Yes, after the last world has taken its last flight they will be ready for the widest circuit through immensity, taking a quadrillion miles at a swoop. They are never sick. They are never exhausted. They need no rest for they are never tired. At God's command they smote with death, in one night, one hundred and eighty-five thousand of Sennacherib's host, but no fatality can smite them. Awake, agile, multipotent, deathless, immortal! A further characteristic of these radiant folk is intelligence. The woman of Tekoh was right when she spoke to King David of the wisdom of an angel.

There is only one thing that puts them to their wits' end, and the Bible says they have to study that. They have been studying it all through the ages, and yet I want they have not fully grasped it at the wonders of redemption. These wonders are so high, so deep, so grand, so stupendous, so magnificent that even the intelligence of angelhood is confounded before it. The apostle says, "Which things the angels desire to look into." That is a subject that excites inquisitiveness on their part. That is a theme that strains their faculties to the utmost. That is higher than they can climb, and deeper than they can dive. They have a desire for something too big for their comprehension. "Which things the angels desire to look into."

But that does not discredit their intelligence. No one but God himself can fully understand the wonders of redemption. If all heaven should study it for fifty eternities they would get any farther than the A B C of that inexhaustible subject. But nearly all other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the line of the investigation. And what delight it most is that all their intelligence is to be at our disposal, and coming into their presence, they will tell us more in five minutes than we can learn by

one hundred years of earthly surmising.

A further characteristic of these immortals is their velocity. This the Bible puts sometimes under the figure of wings, sometimes under the figure of a flowing garment, sometimes under the figure of naked feet. As these superhumans are without bodies these expressions are of course figurative, and mean swiftness. The Bible tells us that Daniel was praying, and Gabriel flew from heaven and touched him before he got up from his knees. How far, then, did the angel Gabriel have to fly through those moments of Daniel's prayer? Heaven is thought to be the centre of the universe. Our sun and its planets only the rim of the wheel of worlds. In a moment the angel Gabriel flew from that centre to this periphery. Jesus told Peter he could instantly have sixty thousand angels present if he called for them. What foot of an angel or wing of albatross could elope that velocity? Law of gravitation, which grips all things else, has no influence upon angelic momentum. Instantly before them open and shut like a fan. They are here in no reason why they should not be a quintillion of miles hence the next minute. Our bodies hinder us, but our minds can circle the earth in a minute. Angelic beings are bodiless and have no limitation. God may with his finger point down to some world in trouble on the utmost limits of creation, and instantly an angelic cohort are there to help it. Or some celestial may be standing at the furthest outpost of immensity, and God may say, "Come!" and stand in his bosom. Abraham, Elijah, Paul St. John, could tell of their unhindered locomotion. The red feet of summer lightning are slow compared with their hegrigs. This doubles up and compresses infinitudes into infinitesimals. This puts all the astronomical heavens into a space like the balls of a child's rattle. This mingles into one the Here and the There, the Now and the Then, the Beyond and the Yonder.

Another remark I have to make concerning these illustrious immortals is that they are multitudinous. Their census has never been taken, but all the Bible accounts numbers. Companies of them, regiments of them, armies of them, mountain tops haloed by them, skies populous with them. John speaks of angels and other beings round the throne as ten thousand times ten thousand. Now, according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are one hundred million. But these are only the angels in one place. David counted twenty thousand of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the cry of Mount Sinai, the Bible says he had the company of ten thousand angels. I think they are in every battle in every exigency, at every birth, at every pillow, at every hour, at every moment. The earth is full of them. The heavens are full of them. They outnumber the human race in this world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory. When Abraham had his knife uplifted to slay Isaac, it was an angel who arrested the stroke, crying, "Abraham! Abraham!" It was a stairway of angels that Jacob saw when pilowed in the wilderness. We are told that an angel led the host of Israelites out of Egyptian serfdom. It will be an angel while uplifted in prayer, swearing that time shall be no longer. In the great final harvest of the world the angels shall be revealed from heaven with mighty angels. Oh, the number and the might and the glory of these supermen! Fleets of them! Squadrons of them! Host beyond host! Rank above rank! Millions on millions! And all on our side if we will have them.

This leads me to speak of the offices of these supermen. To defend, to cheer, to rescue, to escort, to give victory to the right, and to overthrow the wrong; that is their business. Just as alert today and efficient as when in Bible times they spread down penitentiaries, or rocked mountains with the deep voice of fire hatched from the fire and driven by reindeer of fire. They have turned your steps a hundred times, and you knew it not. You were on the way to do some wrong thing, and they changed your course. They brought some thought of christian parentage, or of loyalty to your own home, and that arrested you. They arranged that some one should meet you at that crisis, and propose something honorable and elevating, or they took from your pocket some ticket to evil amusement, a ticket that you never found. It was an angel of God, or perhaps the very one that guided you to report some holy impression to be this morning made upon your soul, tarrying with one foot upon the doorstep of your immortal spirit, and the other foot lifted for ascent into the skies. By some prayer detain him until he can tell of a repentant and ransomed soul! Or you were some time borne down with trouble, bereavement, persecution, bankruptcy, sickness and all manner of troubles, beating their discords in your heart and life. You gave up, you said, "I cannot stand any longer. I believe I will take my life. Where is the railroad, or the deep wave, or the precipice that will end this torment of earthly existence?" But suddenly your mind brightened. Courage came surging into your heart like oceanic tidings. You said, "God is on my side, and all these adversities he can make turn out for my good. Suddenly you felt a peace, a deep peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding. What might be the change? A sweet and mighty and comforting angel of the Lord met you. That was all.

—It is a singular fact that Professor Max Miller, the eminent Orientalist, went to England without knowing a single word of English. Hebrew and Arabic. Professor Miller lives in Oxford in the house that years ago Professor Goldwin Smith built for himself. He rises early and leads the long, laborious day of the devoted student. He is especially proud of an invention of his which is designed to support the right arm when writing, and which by an ingenious mechanical contrivance discounts the probability of writer's cramp.

—A family in Whitcomb, Wash., not liking the taste of the water they were drawing from their ninety foot deep well, sent a man down to inspect its depth. The well was in tolerably good condition, but a dead Indian was hoisted out.

—The farmer makes no prices. There isn't a farmer in this house that has ever brought buttermilk, eggs or cotton to Lawrenceville and got the price he asked. He must say to the merchant, "how much will you give me for my butter?" and then, "how much will you take for your calico?" The merchant buys at the price of the applauder and sells at his own price. [Applause.]

—No merchant or lawyer would carry on business as you farmers have been obliged to carry it on. The traders and speculators have allowed us to keep body and soul together, and that's all, but we should be thankful that they have not treated us worse, as they had the power to do. [Applause.]

—What has caused this poverty? Not so much the want of industry on the part of our people. The very large increase in the products from the soil, annually, with a decrease in the number (in the South) engaged in agriculture, set, this charge to one side.

—Not so much the want of a diversified agriculture, as the statistics show, for just where diversity most abounds, there our people are more seriously and extensively involved.

—Not so much the want of economy, as our observing man can see. Our people are not extravagant in dress, diet, tools, and implements. Very few have means to indulge in the luxuries, or attempt to do so.

—Not so much on account of the calling or business in which we are engaged, for if any one fact is clearly established it is that agriculture and its kindred industries are the basis of wealth and prosperity in this country, and from this fact, wish to make this statement, that unhampered, with a good and equal chance at the markets of the country, with a currency that would equally accommodate, and facilitate the exchange of our products for those we purchase, without that baneful discrimination in transportation in favor of large cities and against small towns, and several sections, the farmers of Georgia would in two decades be the wealthiest class in the State.

—The financial policy of the government, the system established by national legislation, is chiefly at fault. In 1860 the farmers owned seventy per cent. of the property in Georgia, and the farmers of the United States owned 68 per cent. of the entire property of the country. Today only 25 per cent. of the people own homes, and in Georgia only 24 per cent. of the property is held by farmers. In 1842 Charles Dickens said a tramp in this country would be as strange a sight as a flaming sword at midday in the heavens. In 1868, not a tramp was to be found in this

PLAIN TALK.

L. F. LIVINGSTON TAKES THE STUMP IN GEORGIA.

Sub-Treasury Plan—Whiskey Men Have the Favor of Government—Why Not Farmers? the Alliance in Politics.

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He said there are still in the minds of many grave doubts as to the original design and ultimate result of the Alliance organization. The two years in which it had been in existence should have been sufficient time for all to have inquired into these things and learned for themselves. But he regretted to say that they had not done so. I am constrained to conclude that this is due to two causes: first, a fear or apprehension that the organization will bring to the producing classes benefits at their expense. Second, an entire misconception of the intent and operation of the Alliance.

The purposes of the order are still misunderstood and misconstrued. No greater innovation in political economy had been made since the day of Adam Smith, than have been introduced by the Farmers' Alliance. It has wrought a revolution in that science. Necessity has been called the mother of invention, and these new ideas in political economy had grown out of the necessities of the times.

This is not a political organization. It has been said that it was conceived in the political ring and brought forth amid the political councils, and its design is to capture all the political offices. It has even been said that we are banded together against lawyers and merchants. This is all untrue. He could show, if any doubted, that the order has nobler aims.

The necessity for the Alliance is to be found in the IMPROVED CONDITION OF FARMERS. Not in Georgia only, but in the entire country. If you take a dozen farmers in any county of Georgia and compare their condition with that of a dozen farmers in Ohio or Illinois, you will find that it is about the same. The dozen Georgia farmers will be no worse off, perhaps not so bad off, as the Northern or Western farmers. Georgia farms are not mortgaged as heavily as the farms in Ohio or Illinois. Everywhere the farmers are impoverished. It is not a local trouble, though the press has for twenty years made the mistake of supposing so.

It can not be so much the fault of a protective tariff, or the revenue system of our government as just those industries receiving the largest amount of protection. Thus the farmers are more deeply in debt and less able to protect themselves from mortgages and their foreclosures.

We have been told that the farmers of the South were too lazy to succeed. And now we are told that we need diversified farming. Ohio harvests twenty-seven crops and is no better off than we.

If you are to lose money by farming, as you have done, the fewer crops the better. Better lose only on one than on twenty-seven. [Laughter.]

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ENCOURAGING TRENDS. This plan has been ridiculed by the Columbus paper, which calls it "Mr. Livingston's plan," and says it is not based on good business sense. It is not my plan. That paper does me too much honor. I was one of the committee of five that formulated the plan at St. Louis at the meeting of the National Alliance. I want to say that so honorable a man as Zeb Vance has introduced this plan in a bill before Congress.

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Why not give the farmers the benefit of bonding their cotton and other produce? Why should he not have the same favor as is shown the whiskey man and the banker? The sub-treasury plan would require the building up of warehouses in every county. This would cost \$50,000,000. Some will say that big sum will kill the plan. If it was \$50,000,000 for pensions, or rivers and harbors, it wouldn't be too much, but it is too much to give the farmers of the United States! You can get the \$50,000,000 out of the \$100,000,000 surplus left to redeem the treasury notes which Congress has declared are not to be redeemed in fractional currency, which the bankers won't handle, because it is too small. Give us the fragmentary and ragged currency. [Applause.]

LOUISVILLE DISASTER.

LESS TERRIBLE THAN AT FIRST SUPPOSED.

Fuller Accounts of the Cyclone—Only a Hundred Killed.

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The cyclone struck Louisville at 7.30 p. m. It entered the southeastern portion of the city at 18th street and swept a path five blocks wide diagonally, reaching in a ragged line to 7th street, leveling every building in its path. On Market street the Falls City Hall, a four-story building was blown down while several Masonic and Knights of Honor lodges were in session and one hundred men and women were buried in the ruins. A district laid waste comprises an area of the city three miles long and nearly half a mile wide. Outside of clearly-defined limits the citizens knew only of a heavy rain, accompanied by a high wind. But soon came alarms of fire from different stations, and the horrors of the calamity began to dawn on the people. Houses, halls of amusements, railroad stations, all went down before the mighty of the air. More than two hundred houses were destroyed and many were damaged. A telegram dated Saturday says: "Up to this writing the total number killed at all places where bodies have been recovered and of the missing and of those whom it is reasonably certain are dead is 80. In addition to these there are above a dozen so badly injured that death may ensue. From 150 to 200 persons are injured to an extent worth noting and probably hard on to 1,000 have very slight bruises or scratches that do not inconvenience them." Referring to the wreck of the Falls City Hall, the account says: "Ten women, locked in each other's arms, were drawn out of the debris. James Harrison, whose wife had been at a lodge meeting, was foremost in the work, and the first person whom he drew out of the ruined building was his wife, who died in his arms. He laid her by the side of others who were dead and continued to work for the living. Inside of the next hour thirty men and women were drawn out dead, but with no wounds on their bodies, and it is thought that they all met their death from suffocation. The gas pipes had been broken, which caused the lights to go out, and which saved the ruins from fire for a time, but flooded the debris with vapor almost as deadly as fire might have proved. Ways were pierced into the ruins and the victims were drawn out dead and dying. The part of the building reserved for the dead, but the wounded were taken into stores and houses on the opposite side of the street, where physicians and priests administered to their souls and bodies."

The board of trade meeting held Friday morning authorized the statement that there would be no call for aid from outside. The lowest estimate puts the property loss at \$1,000,000; the highest at \$3,000,000, and the least, founded upon the facts presented, placed at \$2,500,000. There is almost no insurance. Parkland, a suburb, is swept away.

At the Union depot, at the foot of 7th street, a Chesapeake and Ohio train was just starting out filled with passengers. The building was prostrated, crashing down on the train. All the passengers, however, were rescued except one newsboy. A dispatch from Louisville dated March 31st says: "The water supply is running very low. Every effort is being made to complete a temporary stand-pipe to be finished by Wednesday. Before that time, probably by tonight, the city will be almost entirely without water. Strong appeals are being made for all to observe the strictest economy in its use, but they do not seem to be effective. Enough water will be reserved as a protection against fire. The total subscription now amounts to \$48,000. This added to \$22,000 from the city makes \$70,000 at the disposal of the relief committee. The ruins are still under police guard. All streets are now open and the electric cars are running. Business everywhere will be resumed to-day."

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LESS TERRIBLE THAN AT FIRST SUPPOSED.

Fuller Accounts of the Cyclone—Only a Hundred Killed.

The cyclone of last Thursday was one of the most destructive in the history of this country. It swept through the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois and Indiana. Great damage was done to property and many lives were lost. The greatest destruction occurred in Louisville, the first accounts of which were appalling. The following paragraphs are culled from the telegraphic accounts of the terrible storm, and give some idea of its extent and destructiveness:

The cyclone struck Louisville at 7.30 p. m. It entered the southeastern portion of the city at 18th street and swept a path five blocks wide diagonally, reaching in a ragged line to 7th street, leveling every building in its path. On Market street the Falls City Hall, a four-story building was blown down while several Masonic and Knights of Honor lodges were in session and one hundred men and women were buried in the ruins. A district laid waste comprises an area of the city three miles long and nearly half a mile wide. Outside of clearly-defined limits the citizens knew only of a heavy rain, accompanied by a high wind. But soon came alarms of fire from different stations, and the horrors of the calamity began to dawn on the people. Houses, halls of amusements, railroad stations, all went down before the mighty of the air. More than two hundred houses were destroyed and many were damaged. A telegram dated Saturday says: "Up to this writing the total number killed at all places where bodies have been recovered and of the missing and of those whom it is reasonably certain are dead is 80. In addition to these there are above a dozen so badly injured that death may ensue. From 150 to 200 persons are injured to an extent worth noting and probably hard on to 1,000 have very slight bruises or scratches that do not inconvenience them." Referring to the wreck of the Falls City Hall, the account says: "Ten women, locked in each other's arms, were drawn out of the debris. James Harrison, whose wife had been at a lodge meeting, was foremost in the work, and the first person whom he drew out of the ruined building was his wife, who died in his arms. He laid her by the side of others who were dead and continued to work for the living. Inside of the next hour thirty men and women were drawn out dead, but with no wounds on their bodies, and it is thought that they all met their death from suffocation. The gas pipes had been broken, which caused the lights to go out, and which saved the ruins from fire for a time, but flooded the debris with vapor almost as deadly as fire might have proved. Ways were pierced into the ruins and the victims were drawn out dead and dying. The part of the building reserved for the dead, but the wounded were taken into stores and houses on the opposite side of the street, where physicians and priests administered to their souls and bodies."

The board of trade meeting held Friday morning authorized the statement that there would be no call for aid from outside. The lowest estimate puts the property loss at \$1,000,000; the highest at \$3,000,000, and the least, founded upon the facts presented, placed at \$2,500,000. There is almost no insurance. Parkland, a suburb, is swept away.

At the Union depot, at the foot of 7th street, a Chesapeake and Ohio train was just starting out filled with passengers. The building was prostrated, crashing down on the train. All the passengers, however, were rescued except one newsboy. A dispatch from Louisville dated March 31st says: "The water supply is running very low. Every effort is being made to complete a temporary stand-pipe to be finished by Wednesday. Before that time, probably by tonight, the city will be almost entirely without water. Strong appeals are being made for all to observe the strictest economy in its use, but they do not seem to be effective. Enough water will be reserved as a protection against fire. The total subscription now amounts to \$48,000. This added to \$22,000 from the city makes \$70,000 at the disposal of the relief committee. The ruins are still under police guard. All streets are now open and the electric cars are running. Business everywhere will be resumed to-day."

The tornado struck the town of Bowling Green, Ky., and completely wiped it out. Bowling Green has a population of about 5,000 inhabitants and the loss of life is conjectured to be correspondingly large.

ONLY 93 KILLED IN LOUISVILLE. LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 1.—The total number killed here by the tornado of Tuesday night is 93. It is feared that R. R. Barton, of Pittsburg, is dead in the ruins. So far about 150 badly wounded persons have been found. Several of these who were hurt are at the hospital in a dying condition.

The State Legislature this afternoon appropriated \$30,000 for relief of the sufferers by the cyclone.

HENDERSON, Ky., April 1.—The total of the killed in Webster county is 40 and of wounded 80.

"Owing to the crowded state of our columns this week," apologizes a Texan editor, "we are compelled either to abridge our European dispatches or omit altogether the account of the exciting cock fight at Grizzly Short's ranch last Wednesday. In this emergency we have decided to leave out a portion of the name of Bismarck's successor as German chancellor. It will appear in full next week if it bursts every case in the office."

In the formation of a single locomotive steam engine there are nearly