

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Tomb and Temple." Text: "From India even unto Ethiopia."—Ester 1. 1.

In all the Bible this is the only book in which the word India occurs, but it stands for a realm of vast interest in the time of Esther, as in our time. It yielded them, as now, spices and silks and cottons and rice and indigo and ores of all richness and precious stones of all sparkle and had a civilization of its own as marked as Egyptian or Grecian or Roman civilization.

The Taj Mahal of India is the crown of the whole earth. The spirit of architecture met to enthroned a king, and the spirit of the Parthenon of Athens was there, and the spirit of St. Sophia of Constantinople was there, and the spirit of St. Isaac of St. Petersburg was there, and the spirit of the Baptistery of Pisa was there, and the spirit of the pyramid and of Luxor obelisks, and of the Pyramids of Nazca, and of St. Mark's of Venice, and the spirit of all the great towers, great cathedrals, great mausoleums, great sarcophagi, great capitals for the living and of great necropolis for the dead were there.

And the presiding genius of the thing with zavel of Arabian marble snatched the table of Russian marble, and called the throng of spirits to order, and called for a robe as to which spirit should wear the chief crown, and mount the chief throne, and wave the chief scepter, and by unanimous acclaim the cry was: "Long live the spirit of Taj, king of all the spirits of architecture! This is the Taj Mahal of India!"

The building is about six miles from Agra, and as we rode out in the early dawn we heard nothing but the hoofs and wheels that pulled and turned us along the road, at every yard of which our expectations rose until we had some thought that we might be disappointed at the first glimpse, as some say they were disappointed. But how can any one be disappointed with the Taj as almost as great a wonder to me as the Taj itself.

There are some people always disappointed, and who know not that having entered heaven they may be criticised for the architecture of the temple and the cut of the white robes, and say that the River of Life is not quite up to their expectations, and that the white horses on which the conquerors ride seem a little spring halt or spavined?

My son said, "There it is!" I said, "Where?" For that which he saw to be the morning sun, with its rays like the shining of a diamond, and the building of the rising sun. It seemed not so much built up from earth as let down from heaven.

Fortunately you stop at an elaborated gateway of red sandstone, which is the entrance of the Taj, an entrance so high, so arched, so graceful, so four domed, so pointed and ciseled and scrolled that you come very gradually upon the Taj, which strikes you enough to intoxicate the eye and stun the imagination and entrance the soul.

We go up the winding stairs of this majestic entrance of the gateway, and buy a few pictures, and examine a few curios, and then it took us upon the Taj, and descended to the pavement of the garden that raptures everything between the gateway and the cemetery of marble and precious stones, which is a deep stream of water in which all manner of brilliant fish swirl and sport. There are eighty-four fountains that spout and bend and arch themselves to fall in showers of pearls in basins of silver, white, and gold. Beds of all imaginable flora greet the nostril before they do the eye and seem to roll in waves of color as you advance toward the vision you are soon to have of what man reaches did when it did its best: almost flowers, lilacs, marigolds, tulips and moon.

We had heard of the wonderful resonance of this Taj, and so I tried it. I suppose there are more sleeping echoes in that building waiting to be wakened by the human hand in any building every constructed. I uttered one word, and there seemed descending invisible choirs in full chant, and there was a reverberation that kept on long thereafter would have expressed it as ecstatic seraphic. There were, as I suppose, emotional, soft, high, deep, tremulous, anagogical, ecstatic, high, deep, tremulous, emotional, commingling. It was like an antiphonal of heaven. But there are four or five Taj Mahals. It has one appearance, another at noon, another at sunset and another by moonlight. Indeed, the silver trowel of the moon, and the golden trowel of the sunlight, and the leaden trowel of the dawn, build and add and add, so that it never seems twice alike. It has all moods, all complexions, all grandeur. From the top of the Taj, which is 250 feet high, springs a spirit thirty feet higher, and that is enameled gold. What an anthem in eternal rhythm! Lyric and elegies in marble. Sculptured hosanna. Masonry as of supernatural hands. Mighty doxology in stone. I shall see nothing to equal it till I see the great white throne, and on it Him from whose face the earth and heavens flee away.

The Taj is the pride of India, and especially of Mohammedans. An English officer at the fortress told us that when during the general mutiny in 1857 the Mohammedans proposed insurrection at Agra the English Government aimed the guns of the Taj at the Taj and said, "You make insurrection, and that same day will blow your Taj to atoms, and that threat ended the disposition for mutiny at Agra."

But I thought while looking at that palace for the dead all this constructed to cover a handful of dust, but even that handful has probably gone from the mausoleum. How much better it would have been to expend 500,000,000, which the Taj Mahal cost, for the living. What asylums it might have built for the use, what houses for the homeless! What improvement our century has made upon other centuries in fitting in honor of the departed memorial churches, memorial hospitals, memorial reading rooms, memorial observatories. By all possible means we must keep the memory of departed ones fresh in mind, and let there be an appropriate headstone or monument in the cemetery, but there is a dividing line between reasonable commemoration and excessive extravagance. The Taj Mahal has its uses as an architectural achievement, eclipsing all other architecture, but as a memorial of a departed wife and mother it is far more than the platitudes which in many a country graveyard. The best monument we can any of us have built for us when we are gone is in the memory of those whose services we have alleviated, in whose minds we have healed, in whose kindness we have done, in the ignorance we have enlightened, in the resentment we have reclaimed, in the souls we have saved. Such a monument is built out of material more lasting than marble or bronze, and will stand amid the eternal splendors long after the Taj Mahal of India shall have gone down in the rain of a world of which it was the ornament. But I promised to show you not only a tomb of India, but a unique heathen temple, and it is a temple unearthen.

With a miner's can we had seen something of the underside of Australia, said Gimpie, as with guide's torch we had seen at different times something of the underside of America, as in Mammoth cave, but we were to enter one of the sacred caverns of India, commonly called the Elephant caves. We had it all to ourselves, the steam yacht that was to take us about fifteen miles over the Bay of Bombay and between the islands, and along shores whose curves and gulches and pictured rocks gradually prepared the mind for appreciation of the most unique spectacle in India. We were to descend by a ladder of ropes into a cavern of deluge, but the atmospheric agitation had ceased, and the cloudy ruins of the storm were piled up in the heavens, huge and dark and nearly purple enough to make the skies as grandly picturesque as the earthy scenery amid which we moved.

After an hour's outing through the water we came to the long reaching, from the island called Elephanta. It is an island small of girth, but 600 feet high. It declines into the marshes of mangrove. But the whole island is one tangle of foliage and verdure; convolvulus creeping the ground; creepers climbing the rocks; vines swinging the long arms of the trees; red flowers here and there in the woods; leafy ferns and things to set the groves on fire; and the air as if to which can most charm the beholder: tropical bird meeting partridge and butterfly in jungles playing the same summer the world was born. We stepped out of the boat amid enough natives to afford all the help we needed for landing and guiding. You can be carried by coolies in an easy chair, or you can walk, if you are blessed with two stout limbs, which the palmsist evidently lacked, or he would not have so depreciated them when he said: "The Lord takes no pleasure in the legs of a man." We passed up some stone steps, and between the walls we saw a cobra, one of those snakes which greet the traveler on all parts of India. Two of the guides led the cobra dead by the wayside. They must have been Mohammedans, for Hindus never kill that sacred reptile.

And now we came near the famous temple heathen from one rock of porphyry at least 800 years ago. On either side of the chief temple is a chapel, these cut out of the same stone. So vast was the undertaking and to the Hindus so great the human impossibility that they say the gods scooped out the structure from the rock and the figures of the pillars and hewed its shape into gigantic idols and dedicated it to all the grandeur. We climb many stone steps before we get to the gateway. The entrance to the temple has sculptured doorkeepers leaning on sculptured devices. How strange! But I have seen doorkeepers of churches and auditoriums who seemed to be leaning on the demons of evil ventilation and dyspepsia. Doorkeepers ought to be leaning on the angels of health and comfort and life. All the sextons and janitors of the earth who have spoiled sermons and lectures and polluted the lungs of auditories by inefficiency ought to visit this cave of Elephanta and be aware of what these doorkeepers are doing, when instead of leaning on the angels they lean on the demons.

In these Elephanta caves everything is on a Samsonian and Titanian scale. With chisels that were dropped from nerveless hands at least eight centuries ago, the forms of the gods Brahma and Vishnu and Siva were cut into the everlasting rock. Siva is here represented by a figure sixteen feet nine inches high, one-half man and one-half woman, with a crown of white and red, and a long straight to the floor of the rock, and you divide this idol into masculine and feminine. Admired as this idol is by many, it was to me the ugliest thing that was ever cut into porphyry, perhaps because there is hardly anything on earth so objectionable as a being half man and half woman. Do be one or other, my hearer. Man is admirable and woman is admirable, but either in flesh or trap-rock a compromise of the two is hideous, down from effeminate man and masculine woman.

for museums and homes, there are enough engravings left to define one unless he is cautious until he is down with some of the marbles, which encompass this island or get bitten with some of its snakes. Yes, I felt the chilly dampness of the place modern and ancient, this pathos of indifference, and came to the steps and looked off upon the waters which rolled and flashed around the steam yacht that was waiting to return us to Bombay, as we stepped aboard, our minds filled with the idols of the Elephant caves, I was impressed as never before with the thought even if he had a religion of some kind and he must have a god even though he make it with his own hand. I rejoice to know the day will come when the one God of the sun and moon will be acknowledged throughout the world.

That evening of our return to Bombay I visited the Young Men's Christian Association with the same appointments. To you I shall refer to the Young Men's Christian Association of Europe and America, and the night after that I addressed a throng of native children who are in the schools of the Christian mission. Christian universities gather under their wing of benediction a host of the young men of this country. Bombay and Calcutta, the two great commercial cities of India, feel this benediction with an aggressive Christianity, Episcopalian liturgy, and Presbyterian Westminster catechism, and Methodist anxious seat, and Baptist waters of consecration now stand where the most idolaters had unscripted away. The work which Shoemaker Carey inaugurated at Serampore, India, translating the Bible into forty different dialects, and leaving his worn-out body to the natives, whom he had come to save, and going up to the heavens from which he can better watch all the field—that work will be completed in the salvation of the millions of India, and beside him, going from the same high places stand Bishop Heber and Alexander Duff and John Scudder and Mackay, who fell at Delhi, and Moncrieff, who fell at Cawpore, and Polehampton, who fell at Lucknow, and Freeman, who fell at Fottigarr, and all heroes and heroines who for Christ's sake lived and died for the Christianization of India, and their heaven will not be complete until the Ganges that washes the ghats of heathen temples shall roll between churches of the living God, and the trapped womanhood of Hindoos shall have all the rights purchased by him who amid the cuts and stabs of his own assassination cried out, "Behold thy mother!" and from Bengal Bay to Arabian Ocean, and from the Himalayas to the coast of Gorontalo, there be no man more devoted to Him who died to redeem all nations. In that day Elephanta cave will be one of the places where idols are "cast to the moles and bats."

If any clergyman asks me, as an unbelieved minister of religion once asked the Duke of Wellington, "Do you not think that the work of converting the Hindoos is a practical impossibility?" I answer him a Wellington answered the unbeliever minister, "Look to your marching orders, sir!" Or if any one having joined in the gospel attack feels like retreating, I say to him, as a practical minister, "Retreat over the woman!" "The enemy are in front, not in the rear," and leading them again into the light, though two horses had been shot under him.

Indeed the taking of this world for Christ will be no holiday celebration, but as treacherous as when in India during the mutiny of 1857, for the mutiny was a practical impossibility. I answer him a Wellington answered the unbeliever minister, "Look to your marching orders, sir!" Or if any one having joined in the gospel attack feels like retreating, I say to him, as a practical minister, "Retreat over the woman!" "The enemy are in front, not in the rear," and leading them again into the light, though two horses had been shot under him.

The value of Irish exports last year was \$1,622,235, and of imports \$44,694.43. A Dog His Messenger. Charles Mosier arrived in this city Tuesday with a large drove of porkers which he purchased in Round Valley and shipped from this city to San Francisco. The most interesting feature of the trip from the North was the wonderful agility displayed by the six shepherd dogs, which, practically alone, brought down the hogs.

The canines exhibited remarkable intelligence. They apparently realized that they were directly responsible for the safety of the drove, corralled the drove at night without instructions, routed them out in the mornings, and when the trip had been completed took a merited rest. Bright, the red dog, the dean of the pack, is perhaps one of the most intelligent animals in the world. Mr. Mosier had left the ranch and had reached a point some eleven miles from his home before he discovered that he had left behind some very important documents. He hurriedly wrote a note, inclosed it in a handkerchief, gave it to Bright and ordered the dog home.

In about three hours the canine Crichton returned to his master, bearing in his mouth the documents he had been sent for, covering thus, in the time mentioned, twenty-two miles and bringing to his owner the necessary papers.—Ukiah (Cal.) Press.

Electric Energy of the Thunder Cloud. The average thunder cloud is estimated by Professor McAdie to contain about 300 horse-power of electric energy. A flash of lightning a quarter of a mile long practically means an electromotive force of millions of volts. A flash occurs when the electrical strain on the air is 1.37 pounds per square foot, so that the total electric energy in a cubic mile of the strained air just on the point of flashing is about 70,000,000 foot tons, that is to say, the energy required to raise a ton 70,000,000 feet high. In these days of "transformers" and "home-made lightning," Mr. McAdie asks whether he can use this immense store of electricity in the higher atmosphere.

It might be brought down by a modification of Franklin's kite. Professor Trowbridge shows that a 300-1000 part of a second, and imagines that a "step-down" transformer might be able to render it fit for practical use.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Rise of the Buckwheat Cake

The leaven of yesterday ruins the cake of to-day. Don't spoil good buckwheat with dying raising-batter—fresh cakes want Royal Baking Powder. Grandma used to raise to-day's buckwheats with the souring left over of yesterday! Dear old lady, she was up to the good old times. But these are days of Royal Baking Powder—freshness into freshness raises freshness.

And this is the way the buckwheat cake of to-day is made: Two cups of Buckwheat, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

Do not forget that no baking powder can be substituted for the "Royal" in making pure, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

TheCzar's Stamp Collection.

Every shoemaker to his last. The concern of the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Stamp Collectors' Fort-nightly, is as to the fate of the late Czar's magnificent collection of stamps. The Czarovitch, it seems, has never evinced much interest in philately. Possibly, it is added, the Czar's stamps will go to his kinsman, the Grand Duke Alexis Michaelovitch, whose name has recently been added to the roll of the London Philatelic Society. The Czar, we are told, was never able, personally, to take a very active interest in stamps. He was a stamp collector only by proxy. His secretaries acted as his agents in this matter, and one of them—M. Petroff—"has for years enjoyed the distinction of superintending the growth and arrangement of the Czar's collection." It is described as a splendid one, especially strong in the old issues of Mauritius.

WITH NO HAND AT THE HELM.

A Derelict on the Pacific with Sails Set and Wheel Lashed. "The last we saw of the Lucas she was forging ahead in a northeasterly direction, with the wind dead astern, most of her sails set and the wheel firmly lashed. Not a living soul was aboard this craft, which was sailing directly in the way of coast shipping, and it is to be hoped she soon went down, for her presence on the ocean was a panger that might prove disastrous to some one."

That was the statement made the other day by A. McPherson of Portland, to a reporter of the Oregonian, the only passenger on the steamer Homer on her last trip from San Francisco to Yaquina. He says that the officers of the Homer expressed great surprise that the captain of the brig did not set fire to her when they left her. The T. W. Lucas was bound from Hoodspore, Wash., to San Francisco, with her hold full of piles. She was abandoned in a leaking condition, but it is possible she is still afloat. No light was left on the vessel and even the fire in the galley stove was carefully smothered, precautions taken which make the floating derelict doubly dangerous.

"It was 8 o'clock on Oct. 24 that we sighted the brig flying a distress signal," continued Mr. McPherson. "There was a pretty heavy sea on, following the gale of the night before, but the wind then was light. I was on the upper deck with the mate, who was on duty, the captain being sick below, and he showed me the Lucas off our bow. We steamed up to her and asked the captain of the brig what was wanted. He hoisted a blackboard with the word 'leaking' chalked on it. After a consultation with our captain, the mate hoisted the steam up and Captain Rose of the Lucas asked us to lay by him. This wasn't practicable, so the brig's crew put off in their boat and came aboard. In their excitement they left their clothes and effects aboard their vessel. At that time we were 100 miles from Port Orford and about twenty miles from Yaquina. We could see the brig until about noon, when she disappeared."

Celtic Trade.

The value of Irish exports last year was \$1,622,235, and of imports \$44,694.43.



every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, whiten the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, imparting vigor and strength to the entire system.

Bogus British Noblemen.

"I am constantly amazed," said an Englishman, "to see how Americans are deceived by the pretensions of men to belong to this or that nonexistent noble family of Great Britain or Ireland. There are half a dozen trustworthy British almanacs, anyone of which would expose the pretender should his victims care to give ten minutes to investigating the matter."

Book of 168 pages on "Woman and Her Diseases" mailed sealed, on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 665 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Jefferson McKenley, colored, of Great Barrington, Mass., is 100 years old and the oldest person in the State.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

A house in (about) County Ga., has been struck by lightning thirteen times.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. \$1.

A fair article of molasses can be made from the stalks of the corn-maturo maturo.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Bermuda farms bear three successive crops in one year.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug stores in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Tied Down—the woman who doesn't use Pearlina. She's tied to her work, and tired with it, too. Pearlina makes another woman of her. It washes and cleans in half the time, with half the work. Nothing can be hurt by it, and every thing is saved with it. Pearlina does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. Pearlina does more than soap; soap gives you more to do. Beware of imitations. Be honest—and it back. JAMES FYLE, New York.

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