

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Our Debt to the Greeks."

Text: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians."—Romans 1, 14.

At this time, when that behemoth of abominations, Mohammedanism, after having gorged itself on the carcasses of 100,000 Armenians, is tramping its paws upon one of the fairest of all nations, that of the Greeks, I preach this sermon of sympathy and protest, for every intelligent person on this side, like Paul, who wrote the text, is debtor to the Greeks.

In this letter to the Romans, which Chrysostom admired so much that he had it read to him twice a week, Paul practically says: "If the apostle, an bankrupt, I owe that I cannot pay, but I will pay a large percentage as I can. It is an obligation for what Greek literature and Greek sculpture and Greek architecture and Greek progress have done for me, which will pay all in installments of evangelism. I am insolvent to the Greeks."

Hellas, as the inhabitants call it, or Greece, as we call it, is insistent in size, about a third as large as the State of New York, but what it lacks in breadth it makes up in height, with its mountains Cyrene and Eta and Thymetus and Tymphaeus, each over 7000 feet high, and its mountains, its Parnassus, over 8000. Just the country for mighty men to be born in, for in all lands the most of the intellectual and moral giants were not born on the plain, but had for cradle the valley between two mountains. That country, no part of which is more than forty miles from the sea, has made its impress upon the world as no other nation, and it to-day holds a first mortgage of obligations upon all the nations of the world.

While we must leave to statesmanship and diplomacy the settlement of the intricate questions which now involve all Europe and indirectly all nations, it is time for our churches, all schools, all universities, all arts, all literatures, to sound out in the most emphatic way the declaration, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

In the first place, we owe to their language our New Testament. All of it was first written in Greek, except the book of Matthew, and that, written in the Aramaean language, was soon put into Greek by our Saviour's brother James. To the Greek language we owe the best sermon ever preached, the best letters ever written, the best visions ever kindled. All the parables in Greek. All the miracles in Greek. The sermon on the mount in Greek. The story of the Bethesda, and Golgotha, and Olivet, and Jordan banks, and Galilee beaches, and Pauline embarking, and Pentecost tongues, and seven trumpets that sounded over Patmos, have come to the world in liquid, syntactic, picturesque, philosophic, unrivalled Greek, instead of the gibberish language in which many of the nations of the earth at that time talked. Who can forget it, and who can exaggerate its importance, that Christ and heaven were introduced to us in the language of the Greeks, the language in which Homer had sung, and Sophocles had dramatized, and Plato dialogued, and Socrates discoursed, and Lycurgus legislated, and Demosthenes thundered his oration on "The Crown"?

Everlasting thanks to God that the waters of life were not poured into the world in a washed cup of corrupt languages from which nations had been drinking, but in the clean, bright, golden lippe, emerald handled chalice of the Hellenes. Lancel Curtius has said that the Greek language ever accomplished was to give to the world the benediction, the comfort, the irradiation, the salvation, of the gospel of the Son of God. For this we are debtors to the Greeks. From the Greek the world learned how to make history. Had there been no Herodotus and Thucydides there would have been no Macaulay or Bancroft. Had there been no Sophocles in Greece, there would have been no Shakespeare. Had there been no Homer, there would have been no Milton. The modern wit, who are now or have been out on the divine mission of making the world laugh at the right time, can be traced back to Aristophanes, the Athenian, and many of the jests that are now taken as new had their suggestions 2300 years ago in the fifty-four comedies of that master of merriment. Grecian history, Grecian art, Grecian science, have drawn their illustrations and painters the themes for their canvases, and, although now an exhausted mine, Grecian mythology has done a work that nothing else could have accomplished. Boreas, representing the north wind; Sisyphus, rolling the stone up the hill, only to have the same thing to do over again; Tantalus, with fruits above him that he could not reach; Achilles, with his arrows; Icarus, with his waxen wings, flying too near the sun; the Centaurs, half-man and half-horse, with their bow in hand; Atlas, with the world on his back—all these and more have helped literature, from the graduate's speech on commencement day to Rufus Choate's eulogium on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth. Tragedy and comedy were born in the festival of Dionysus at Athens. The lyric and elegiac and epic poetry of Greece 500 years before Christ has its echoes in the Tennysons, Longfellow and Bryant of 1850 and 1860 years after Christ. There is not an effective pulpit or editorial chair, or professor's room or enticed parlor or intelligent farmhouse to-day in America or Europe that could not appropriately employ Paul's ejaculation and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

The fact is this—Paul had got much of his oratorical power of expression from the Greeks. That he had studied their literature was evident when, standing in the presence of an audience of Greek scholars on Mars hill, which overlooks Athens, he dared to quote from one of their own Greek poets, either Cleanthus or Aratus, declaring, "As certain also of his offspring." And he made accurate quotation, Cleanthus, one of the poets, having written: "All things that creep Are but the echo of the voice divine. And Aratus, one of their own poets, had written: "Doth care perplex? Is lowering danger night? We are his offspring, and to Jove we fly. It was rather a risky thing for Paul to attempt to quote extemporaneously from a poem in a language foreign to his and before Greek scholars, but Paul did it without stammering and then acknowledged before the most distinguished audience on the planet his indebtedness to the Greeks, crying out in his oration, "As one of your own poets has said."

Furthermore, all the civilized world, like Paul, is indebted to the Greeks for architecture. The world before the time of the Greeks had built monoliths, obelisks, cromlechs, sphinxes and pyramids, but they were mostly monumental, to the dead whom they failed to memorialize. We are not certain, even, of the names of those in whose commemoration the pyramids were built. But Greek architecture did most for the living, ignoring Egyptian and Assyrian and borrowing nothing from other nations, Greek architecture carved its own columns, set its own pediments, adjusted its own entablatures, rounded its own moldings and carried out

as never before the three qualities of right building, called by an old author "firmness, utility, venustas"—namely, firmness, usefulness, beauty.

But there is another art in my mind—the most fascinating, elevating and inspiring of all arts, and the nearest to the divine art, which all the world owes a debt to the Hellenes that will never be paid. I mean sculpture. At least 650 years before Christ the Greeks perpetuated the human face and form in terra cotta and marble. What a blessing to the human family that men and women, mightily useful, who could live only within a century may be perpetuated for five or six or ten centuries! How I wish that some one would open a museum with Christ could have put His matchless form in marble! But for every grand and exquisite statue of Martha Luther, of John Knox, of William Penn, of Thomas Chalmers, of Voltaire, of Lafayette, or any of the great statesmen or emancipators or conquerors who adorn your parks or fill the niches of your academies, you are debtors to the Greeks. They covered the Acropolis, the Parthenon, the temples, they adorned the cemeteries with statues, some in cedar, some in ivory, some in silver, some in gold, some in size diminutive and some in size colossal. Thanks to Phidias, who worked in stone, to Cleonax, who worked in bronze, to Doryclides, who worked in gold, and to all ancient chisels of commemoration! Do you not realize that for many of the wonders of sculpture we are debtors to the Greeks? For the science of medicine, the great art of healing, we must thank the Greeks. There is the immortal Greek doctor, Hippocrates, who first opened the door for disease to go out and health to come in. He first set forth the importance of cleanliness and sleep, making the patient before treatment to be washed and take slumber on the hide of a sacrifice beast. He first discovered the importance of thorough prognosis and diagnosis. He formulated the famous oath, Hippocrates which is taken by physicians of our day. He emancipated medicine from superstition, empiricism and priestcraft. He was the father of all the infirmaries, hospitals and medical colleges of the last twenty-three centuries.

Furthermore, all the world is obligated to Hellas more than it can ever pay for its heroes in the cause of liberty and right. United Europe to-day had not better than that the Greeks will not fight. There may be fallings back and vacillations and temporary defeat, but if Greece is right all Europe cannot put her down. The other nations before they open the portals of peace must of-war against that small kingdom had better read the battle of Marathon, where 10,000 Athenians, led on by Miltiades, triumphed over 100,000 of their enemies. At that time, in Greek council of war, if the generals were for beginning the battle and the five were against it. Callimachus presided at the council of war, had the deciding vote, and Miltiades addressed him, saying: "It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or, by insuring her freedom, to win yourself an immortality of fame, for never since the Athenians were a people were they in such danger as they are in at this moment. If they bow the knee to the Medes, they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they will then have to suffer, but if Athens comes victorious out of this contest she has it in her power to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently, some factious intrigue will disunite the Athenians, and the city will be betrayed to the Medes, but if you fight before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens, I believe that, provided the gods will give fair field and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in the engagement."

That was the vote of Callimachus, and soon the battle opened, and in full run the Greeks of Miltiades fell upon the Persian host, shouting: "Oh, sons of Greece! Strike for the freedom of your country! Strike for the freedom of your children and your wives for the shrines of your fathers' gods and for the sepulchers of your sires! All, all are now staked on the strife!" While only 192 Greeks fell, 6400 Persians lay dead upon the field, and many of the Asiatic hosts who took to the war vessels in the harbor were consumed in the shipping. Persian oppression was rebuked, Grecian liberty was achieved, the cause of civilization was advanced, and the western world and all nations have felt the heroes. Had there been no Miltiades there might have been no Washington. Also at Thermopylae 300 Greeks, along a road that was only wide enough for a track between a mountain and a marsh, died rather than surrender. Had there been no Thermopylae there might have been no Bunker Hill, English Mianca Chama and Declaration of American Independence and the song of Robert Burns, entitled "A Man's Man For a That." There only the long continued re-verboration of what was said and done twenty centuries before in that little kingdom that the Powers of Europe are now improving upon. Greece having again and again shown that ten men in the right are stronger than 100 men in the wrong, the heroes of Leonidas and Aristides and Themistocles will not cease their mission until the last man on earth is as free as God made him. There is not on either side of the Atlantic to-day a republic that cannot truthfully employ the words of our hero and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

But now comes the practical question, How can we pay that debt or a part of it? For we cannot pay more than ten per cent. of that debt in which Paul acknowledged himself a bankrupt. By praying Almighty God that He help Greece in its present war with Mohammedanism and the concerted empire of Europe. I know her queen, a noble Christian woman, her face the type of all beneficence and loveliness, her life an example of noble wifehood and motherhood. God help those palaces in these days of agonizing care. Our American Senate did well the other day when in the capitol building which owes to Greece its columnar impressiveness they passed a hearty resolution of sympathy for that nation. Would that all the important words that can be heard in Europe would utter then now, when they are so much needed! Let us repeat to them in English what they centuries ago declared to the world in Greek, "Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Another way of partly paying our debt to the Greeks is by higher appreciation of the heroism and self-sacrifice of the men who in our own land stand for all that the ancient Greeks stood. While here and there one comes to public approval and reward, the most of them live in privation or on salary disgracefully small. The scholars, the archaeologists, the artists, the literati, most of them live up three or four flights of stairs and by small windows that do not let in the full sunlight. You pass them every day in your streets without any recognition. The work of their "bookworms" or "Dr. Dryadust," but if there had been no bookworms or dry doctors of law and science and theology there would have been no Apocalyptic angel. They are the Greeks of our country and time, and your obligation to them is infinite.

But there is a better way to pay them, and that is by their personal salvation, which will never come to them through books or through learned presentation, because literature and intellectual realms they are masters. They can outargue, outquote, out-dogmatize you. Not through the gate of the head, but through the gate of the heart, you may capture them. When men of learning and might are brought to God, they are brought by simplest story of what religion can do for a soul. They have lost children. Oh, tell them how Christ comforted you when you lost your bright boy or blue-eyed girl! They have found life a struggle. Oh, tell them how Christ has helped you all the way through! They are in bewilderment. Oh, tell them with how many hands of joy heaven beckons you upward! "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," but when a warm-hearted Christian meets a man who needs pardon and sympathy and comfort and eternal life then comes victory. If you can, by some incident of self-sacrifice, bring to such scholarly men and scholars what Christ has done for their eternal rescue, you may bring them in. Where Demosthenes eloquence and Homer's

imagery would fall, a kindly heart-throb may succeed. A gentleman from this city sends me the statement of what occurred a few days ago among the mines of British Columbia. It seems that Frank Conson and Jim Smith were down in the narrow shaft of a mine. They had loaded an iron bucket with coal and Jim, Homeworth, standing above ground, was hauling the bucket up by windlass, when the windlass broke, and the loaded bucket was descending upon the two miners. Then Jim Homeworth, seeing what must be certain death to the miners beneath, threw himself against the cozs of the whirling windlass, and though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken, he stopped the whirling windlass and arrested the descending bucket and saved the lives of the miners beneath. The superintendent of the mine flew to the rescue and bopped the machinery. When Jim Homeworth's bleeding and broken body was put on a litter and carried homeward and some one exclaimed, "Jim, this is awful!" he replied, "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

What an illustration it was of suffering for others, and what a text from which to illustrate the behavior of our Christ, limping and lacerated and broken and torn and crushed in the work of stopping the descending bucket, who would have destroyed you would try such a scene of vicarious suffering as this on that man capable of overthrowing all your arguments for the truth, and he will sit down and weep. Draw your illustrations from the classics, and it is to him, an old story, but Layden and electric batteries and telescopes and Greek drama will all surrender to the story of Jim Homeworth's "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

Then, if your illustration of Christ's self-sacrifice, drawn from some scene of to-day, and your story of what Christ has done for you do not quite fetch him into the right way, just say to him, "Professor—doctor—lawyer—any one of them, who has declared you a debtor to the Greeks?" And ask your learned friend to take the Greek Testament and translate for you, in his own way, from Greek into English, the "and" peroration of Paul's sermon on Mars' hill, under the power of which the solitary Dionysius surrendered—namely, "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." By the time he has got through the translation from the Greek I think you will see his lip tremble, and there will come a pallor on his face like the pallor on the face of a dabbler. By the material salvation of that scholar, that great thinker, that splendid man, you will have done something to help pay your indebtedness to the Greeks. And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, glory and honor and dominion and victory and long, world without end. Amen.

In the making of books, which seems to have no end, a good many authors affect strange and out of the way titles to their productions which often fail to give any insight as to the nature of the story. But for curious titles the early English reformers deserve the palm. Some of them were very remarkable, especially those relating to devotional and controversial subjects. One was entitled the "Sweet Swallows of Salvation," and another, which might have been written by some pious baker, bore this title: "Some Fine Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church."

MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods including Flour, Grain, Potatoes, Onions, Hogs, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Live Poultry, Tobacco, Live Stock, Furs and Skins, and New York and Philadelphia prices.

A REMARKABLE WEAPON.

Hunting in the Falkland Islands Without Gun, Powder or Shot.

To go on a wild goose hunt without a gun, writes C. F. Holden in the Atlanta Constitution, would seem a very singular proceeding anywhere except in the Falkland Islands; but here such a weapon was not necessary, as the young men and boys used an equally effective projectile called the bird-bolas, which is made of the knuckle bones of cattle. That employed in the capture of wild horses is made of three stone balls, connected by sinews four or five feet in length. A similar bolas is found among the Eskimos, the balls being of ivory carved from the tusk of a walrus.

A young goose hunter crawled slowly along between the tussocks, occasionally raising up his hands and knees to glance cautiously at the big white geese which floated on the lake. There were at least fifty, some standing on a little spit that reached out into the lake and against which, being of black bog, the white forms of birds stood out in striking relief, while others were swimming idly about or plunging their wedge-shaped heads into the dark waters in search of the succulent roots and fibers which constituted their food.

It was difficult work stalking game in this way, as the nearer the bolas thrower approached the lake, the softer the ground became. Step by step he crawled, crouching low, until, peering through the tussock grass, he found himself within 150 feet of the flock. Between him and the game was a large cluster of grass or weeds, which he finally reached.

The little island was found to be exactly suited for his purpose, the grass being six or seven feet high in the center, while from it, in the direction of the unsuspecting geese, the land extended for twenty or thirty feet, almost devoid of vegetation. Winging the black, wood-stained water from his clothes the hunter arranged the bolas, taking the small ball in his right hand and swinging the other over his left arm all ready to throw, then plunged carefully into the grass. Slowly he worked his way until he could see the geese through the green and yellow screen, barely one hundred feet away; then dashed from his cover and ran down the little island shore at full speed, and before the astonished geese could recover he was almost among them. They scurried off in every direction, some flapping furiously over the water in vain efforts to rise; others circling laboriously up into the air.

To the latter the young hunter devoted himself, and now stood leisurely swinging the two balls around his head with a slight upward angle. Faster they flew until finally they disappeared from sight; and then the air being filled with geese, he released the ball in his hand and the remarkable weapon with its three balls widely stretched in opposite directions, yet whirling violently around, went whirling into the air. Up it went, and with almost human intelligence seemed to glide in among the birds and wound about them like the coils of a snake. One bird was struck by a blow from the ball, while two others, completely entangled in the cords, came fluttering down into the water, where they were easily secured, a little later being fastened to the horse and on their way to the home of the herders, miles out on the moorland.

The bolas is the natural weapon of the Spanish South Americans, who are remarkably proficient and skillful with it. They use it on the continent in taking the ostrich, following this swift bird on horseback, whirling the three or four balls in the air with very long cords, and sending them so deftly that they rarely miss, whirling tightly around the legs of the bird and bringing it down.

On the Falkland Islands the bone bolas is exclusively used by the young Scotch herders, particularly by boys, who in the chase of ducks and geese are very expert.

The Alligator's Dinner Hour.

Miss Vera Gould has a pet alligator, which was sent to her from Florida. Since the arrival of the alligator, which is about eighteen inches long, Miss Gould mourns the loss of a pet kitten; and thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Alligator usually receives the best of attention, and after a good square meal is at peace with the world, dozing in his tank until mealtime comes again. The tank is located in the dining-room, and the other day his midday meal was forgotten—that is, forgotten by everybody except the alligator. He proved, however, that he was not entirely dependent upon others when his appetite was assailed.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Miss Gould heard a series of feline yells issuing from the kitchen, and on appearing on the scene she was perfectly horrified at what met her gaze. There on the floor was her pet alligator vainly endeavoring to get the head of a kitten in his mouth, while the mother of the victim was perched on the back of the alligator, clawing and biting in a vicious manner. After rescuing the kitten and chasing the other pet to its abode, Miss Gould discovered that she was minus a kitten, and concluded that the hungry alligator had eaten it. It was afterward necessary to keep the mother cat in the cellar, as she attempted several times to wreak vengeance on the destroyer of her family.—Philadelphia Record.

In Europe the number of inhabitants to the square mile is 95, in Asia it is 48, in Africa it is 15, in America it is 8, in Oceania and the polar regions it is 3, in Australia only 1.



THREE HAPPY WOMEN.

Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely cured me. MRS. GEORGE WASS, 923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to for more than five minutes, I felt so miserably a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was house, and I sat right down and read it. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills. I can heartily say that to-day I woman; my monthly suffering is a thing shall always praise the Vegetable Compound done for me. MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON, 363 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

stand up erable. One I thrown into my I then got some pound and Liver feel like a navy of the past. I for what it has

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild. Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—MRS. OARRIE V. WILLIAMS, South Mills, N. C. The great volume of testimony proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safe, sure and almost infallible remedy in cases of irregularity, suppressed, excessive or painful monthly periods.

FREE!

We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements. Dear Madam: I recommend the Moore treatment because I have tried it, and know it to be just what it is. I was cured by it, and have remained so eight years; have known of many others being cured of the worst cases. By all means get it. Yours truly, W. E. PENN, EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK. The above is a letter written by the late Rev. W. E. Penn, the noted Evangelist, to Mrs. W. H. Watson, New Albion, N. Y.

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"Whereas I was deaf, now I hear."

At the age of 60, after having suffered from Catarrah Deafness twenty years, am truly thankful to state that I am entirely cured by Aerial Medication; my hearing which had become so bad that I could not hear a watch tick, or conversation, is fully restored. I will verify this statement. Wm. H. H. H., Derby Center, Vt.

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