

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

All Nature Joins in Singing His Praises—Everything Bright and Beautiful Suggests Him—Power of the Hymn as a Cradle Song is Remarkable.

WASHINGTON, D. C. In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how Christ brings harmony and melody into every life that He enters; text, Psalm cviii, 14. "The Lord is my strength and song."

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. "The dawn breathes Him, the stars shine Him, the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak His praise. So, when in the morning time I pluck a flower, I think of Him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting eave, I say:

Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee!

Over the old-fashioned pulpit there was a soundless board, the voice of the minister rose to the sounding board and there was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the 10,000 voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board, which strikes back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell His glory, and the earth shows His handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption from a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ramp caught in the thicket. It spoke in the hearing of the heralds driven down to Jerusalem's sacrifice. It put in Sapphira into the speech of uncut fisherman. It lifted Paul into the third heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the revelation of the book of the dogology of the elders and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you sing the praises of Christ, while you are happy and your fortunes smile and your pathway blossoms and the ever-renewing heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Christ and the old Greek craters, when they say their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest attention.

In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you and you feel to-day hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ our Song. I remark, in the first place, that the praise of Christ is the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words, but they went into the fiber of our soul and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhere. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel recutting your name on the tombstone your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which first sang to your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and even the song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have 10,000 echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell how much the little ones would be gathered and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

What were some counteracting influences upon our children. The very moment their chid steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are four mouthed children who would like to besell your little ones. It will not do to make your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants. They must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scolding, blasting, flaming influence of the street and know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus. Let that name be the word that shall exercise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music morning, noon and night. Let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important in your children grow up, and perhaps they may not know their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. "Can there will be a soundless step in the dwelling and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick frowns from the mother to strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it and bitter desolation and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely, anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful. But would it not have been pleasant if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said "she folded her hands, kissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer and then died."

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night-singer. Job speaks of Him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister used to put a psalm across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put it there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus and to get down and pray; then I just take that psalm and wrap it around me to keep me from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slandering abuse puts out another star. Domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights and gloom has been added to gloom and chill to chill and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the light from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness, but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the tumult still is high, Hide me, O my Saviour! Hide me, O my Saviour! Hide me into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temples or pour out the soothing anodyne or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and shiver in the summer's heat and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums and silver under blisters that cannot any longer be patched and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk and looking into the starved face

HARDY FILIPINO BUFFALOES.

Have Immense Strength, and Wild Ones Are Constantly Caught.

The wild buffaloes of the Philippines come from the interior, where many natives spend their time in capturing and taming them. It takes a long time to tame the wild creatures and break them into service. Some old bulls absolutely refuse to be tamed, and they show their resentment for capture up to the time of their death. Most of those in service are born and bred in captivity, and the young calves are very easily trained for use. Still enough of the wild carabons are caught every year to keep the stock from degenerating. They take to civilized life much more readily than our American bison, resembling in this respect the true water buffalo of India. The strength of these animals is marvelous. In respect to size, strength and ponderousness they resemble the elephant more than any other creature. They simply haul anything that is hitched behind them, and it is the shaft or traces that break if the load cannot be moved. Across all sorts of rough and mired country they pull the load, although they have not the sure footing of the mule in climbing steep and rough mountains and hills, they are better in the soft, miry lowlands which compose so large a part of the Philippines. When angered and running away, they dash across the country with their heavy load, as if it were so much light, flimsy cotton. Not only are they then regardless of what is behind them, but also of what may rear itself in front. Be it a river, a fence, a ditch or jungle, or another cart, the maddened animal plunges blindly through or across it, and never halts until disabled or its anger has evaporated. In the latter case it then suddenly becomes as meek and docile as before. If whipped for its misdeeds its meek eyes seem to ask why it is punished, and they look as innocent as those of a child or a deer.—Scientific American.

This Sabbath day came. From the attars of 10,000 churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the Gospel preached in plain English, in broken Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Chouctaw. God's people assembled in Hindoo temple and Moravian church and Quaker meeting house and sailors' berth and king's chapel and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amid the spice groves or struck the icebergs or floated off into the western plains or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it and the factory girls and the children in the Sabbath class and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers with the same voice with which they hunted yesterday in the starling hills and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day has gone. It rolled away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches are lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more service. What shall we preach? What shall we read? Let it be Jesus, everybody says; let it be Jesus. We must have one more song. What shall it be, children? Asked men and women what shall it be? Young men and maids, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and joyful voices, crying out: "Let it be Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

I say once more Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary; and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now. But I hope by the grace of God we will after a while go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped. Like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that grand harmony: Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me; When shall my labors have an end, In joy and peace in thee? On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home! Harvest home!" The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The 40,000 harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The 200 singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amid thrashing floors, shepherds who watched amid Chaldean hills, prophets who walked with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing war against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire, and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos, it came to Calvin in the prison, it dropped to Ridley in the fire, and sometimes that song has come to your ear perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven. A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearsal to-night. They have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are, I hear them sing. How very sweetly they sing."

Now, it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven, I think, that Jesus sometimes gets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of Jasper cannot hold it. I wonder—and this is a question I have been asking myself all the service—why you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned and we learn how to sing the praise of Christ will we ever sing it there.

The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julian in the Crystal palace stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion. It was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I say that one man standing with the hand and foot yielded that great harmony, beating the time. It was so overwhelming. But, oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the East and from the West and from the North and from the South, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus will stand before that great host to conduct the harmony with His wounded hands and His wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end. Amen and amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that.

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt in which Henry V. figured, and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, O Lord, but to Thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance shall we not prostrate ourselves before Him to-day, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces and crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory!"

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THE LETTERS WE WRITE. Make the Game of Correspondence an Interesting One.

The receipt of a letter is no longer the event it was in the old stagecoach days; railways and the penny postage have robbed it of all excitement. We have forgotten how to write interesting letters as we have how to fold a sheet of foolscap or sharpen a quill. Yet at times, on red-letter days, we find one among the number which demands epicurean perusal: it is not to be ripped open and devoured in haste; it insists on privacy and attention. This has a flavor which the salt of silence alone can bring out; a dash of interruption destroys its exquisite delicacy. More than this, it must be answered while it is still fresh and sparkling. Though the fire of such a letter need have neither the artificiality of flirting nor the intensity of love, yet it must both light and warm the reader. It is not valuable for the news it brings, for if it be a work of art the tidings it bears are not so important as the telling of them. The communication must be spelled in the cipher of your friendship, to which you only have the key. It must be written in the native dialect of the heart. So one has not the commonplace view of things, and escapes the obvious; it matters little whether one uses the telescope or the microscope. One may deal with macrocosm, discuss philosophy and systems, or gild homely little common things till they shine and twinkle with joy. Indeed, the perfect letter-writer must do both, and change from the intensely subjective to the intensely objective point of view. He must, as it were, look you in the eye and hold you by the hand.—Gelett Burgess in Harper's Bazar.

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