REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Paul's Mission in Athens." (Preached at Athens, Greece.)

-I Corinthians ii., 9. "For now we see through a glass darkly."-I Corinthians xiii., 12. TEXTS: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard."

Both these sentences written by the most illustrious merely human being the world ever saw, one who walked these streets, and preached from yonder pile of rocks, Mars Hill. Though more classic associations are connected with this city than with any city connected with this city than with any city under the sun, because here Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Demosthenes, and Pericles, and Heroditus, and Pythagoras, and Xenophon, and Praxiteles wrote or chiseled, or taught or thundered or sung, yet in my mind all those men and their teachings were eclipsed by Paul and the Gospel he preached in this city and in your nearby city of Cor-inth. Yesterday, standing on the old fortress at Corinth, the Acro-Corinthus, out from the ruins at its base arose in my imagination the old city, just as Paul saw it. I have been told that for splendor the world beholds no such wonder to-day as that ancient Corinth standing on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and sat them down in the sea on the other side. The them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticos and threw itself on the altar of the strengths of the strengths of the city of the strengths of the streng her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains, into which, from apertures at the side, there gushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly dis-play, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the corintharii, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city the hill held its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered one of my texts. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in even-ing groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not ex-quisite. Your citadel of Acro-Corinthus is not strong compared with that, which Loffer not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his bur-den at the brazen gate. You Corinthians den at the brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into prepared for them that love Him." both my texts, the one spoken by Paul and the one written by Paul, show us that we have very imperfect eyesight, and that our have very imperiect eyesight, and that our day of vision is yet to come; for now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face. So Paul takes the responsibility of saying that even the Bible is an indistinct mirror, and that its mission shall be finally suspended. I think there may be one Bible in heaven fastened to the throne. Just as now, in a museum, we have a lamp exhumed from Herculaneum or Nineveh, and we look at it

outbursting joy such as none but a glorified intelligence could experience. Oh: to gaze full upon the brow that was lacerated, upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed; to stand close up in the presence of Him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, and agonized for us in the garden, and died for us in horrible crucifixion; to feel of Him, to embrace Him, to take His hand, to kiss His feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suf-Him, to take His hand, to kiss His feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering; to say: "This is my Jesus! He gave Himself for me. I shall never leave His presence. I shall forever behold His glory. I shall eternally hear His voice. Lord Jesus, now I see Thee! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was distorted. I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on Thee. No more looking through imperfect glasses. No more studying Thee in the fect glasses. No more studying Thee in the darkness. But, as long as this throne stands,

darkness. But, as long as this throne stands, and this everlasting river flows, and those garlands bloom, and these arches of victory remain to greet home heaven's conquerors, so long I shall see Thee, Jesus of my choice; Jesus of my song; Jesus of my triumph—forever and forever—face to face?

The idea of my texts is just as true when applied to God's providence. Who has not come to some pass in life thoroughly inexplicable? You say: "What does this mean? What is God going to do with me now? He tells me that all things work together for good. This does not look like it." You continue to study the dispensation, and after a while guess about what God means. "He means to teach me this. I think He means to teach me this. I think He means to teach me this. I think He means to means to teach me this. I think He means to teach me that. Perhaps it is to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps to teach me the uncertainty of life." But after all, it is only a guess—a looking through the glass, darkly. The Bible assures us there shall be a satisfactory unfolding. "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." You will know why God took to Himself that only child. Next door there was a household. only child. Next door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group, instead of your only one! Why single out the dwelling in which there was single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart beating responsive to yours? Why did God give you a child at all, if He meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your gladness brimming, if He meant to dash it down? Why allow all the tendrils of your heart to wind around that object, and then, when every fibre of your own life seemed to be interlocked with the child's life, with strong hand to tear you apart, until you fall bleeding and crushed, your dwelling desolate, your hopes blasted, your heart broken? Do you suppose that God will explain that? Yea. will make it plainer than any mathemat ical problem—as pluin as that two and two make four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right—all right. "Just will see that it was right-all right. "Just and true are all Thy ways, Thou King of

Here is a man who cannot get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time and to sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprise, and fails; that business, and is disappointed. The man next door to him has a lucrative trade, but he lacks customers. A new prospect opens His income is increased. But that year his family are sick; and the profits are expended in trying to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success. Begins to expect disasters. Others wait for something to turn up; he waits for it to turn down. Others, with only half as much education and character, get on twice as well. He sometimes guesses as to what it all means. He says: "Perhaps riches would spoil me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keep me humble. Perhaps I might, if things were otherwise, be tempted into dissipa-tions." But there is no complete solution of the mystery. He sees through a glass, dark-ly, and must wait for a higher unfolding. Will there be an explanation? Yes; God will take that man in the light of the throne, and say: "Child immortal, hear the explana-tion! You remember the failing of that great enterprise. This is the explanation." And you will answer: "It is all right!"

I see, every day, profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that dengs now utterly inscrutable lumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind: and Lazarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel that he denned with lions; and Paul that he was hump-backed; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and the sewing-woman that she could get only a few pence for making a garment; and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the halleligh of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places,

I think there may be one Biblie in heavy in a the content of the throne. Just as now, in a Herculaneum or Niserob, and we look at it with great interest and say: "How poor a lightit must have given compared with our modern lamps," so I think that this Bible may be not be a supplementative the supplementative through the supplementative through the supplementative through the light and the library of the contrast between its comparatively follow light and the library of the scalfolding. The idea I shall develop to-day is, that in this world our knowledge is comparatively dim and unsatisface grander and more complete vision. This eminently true in regard to our view of dod. We hear on much about 16m, who are the former of the supplementation of the s the hundreds of thousands of well people, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the health of heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority. Take all the congregations that have assembled for worship throughout Christendom. Put them together, and they would make but a small audience compared with the thousand and tens of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and the hundred and forty and four thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those fleshed up to heaven in martyr free; those tossed for many years upon the invalid couch; those fought in the armies of liberty, and rose as they fell; those tumbled from high scaffolding, or slipped from the mast, or were washed off into the sea. They came up from Corinth, from Laodicea, from the Red Sea bank and Gennesaret's wave, from Egyptian brickyards, and Gideon's threshing floor. Those thousands of years ago slept the last sleep, and these are this moment having their eyes closed, and their limbs stretched out for the sepulcher.

A General expecting an attack from the sepulcher.

We get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living, and the children came home. A good time that But it had this drawback—all ing, and the children came home. A good time that! But it had this drawback—all were not there. That brother went off to sea, and never was heard from. That sister—did we not lay her away in the freshness of her young life, never more in this world to look upon her? Ah! there was a skeleton at the feast; and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas day. Not so with heaven's reunions. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a Christian parent will look around and find all his children there. "Ah" he says, "can it be possible that we are all here—life's perils over? the Jordan passed and not one wanting? Why, even the prodigal is here. I almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsels! but grace hath triumphed. All here! all here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring, and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. All here?"

No more breaking of heartstrings, but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed of many hardships, shall join their parents over whose graves they so long went, and the angel and the angel entered the

over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenances for-ever, face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea;

different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea; from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress; but we shell all meet in rapture and jubilee, face to face.

Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few days ago they sat with us studying these Gospel thenes; but they only saw dimly—now fovelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you floundering in the darkness. You stand wonder struck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of life were dashed out. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed and of Him who carries them in His bosom, you shall soon stand face to face. Oh! that our last hour may kindie up with this promised joy! May we be able to say, like the Christian not long ago, departing: "Though a pilgrim walking through the valley, the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak!" or, like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cookman, who took his flight to the throne of God, saying in his last moment that which has already gone into Christian classics: "I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

The Alcuts of Alaska.

Originally the Alcuts are believed to have been of Japanese extraction. Their own traditions give weight to this opinion, but the present Islanders are half-breeds of mixed native and Russian parentage. They are honest, kindly people, and no explorer or visitor need have the least apprehension about going among them, quite alone and unarmed. They are all Greek Christians, and better Christians in their daily life and behavior than many of our fellow-countrymen nearer the centre of the Government. They prosecute seal and whale fisheries to some extent as a means of livelihood, but their principal business is the pursuit and capture of the sea

An expert Aleutian hunter sometimes clears two thousand dollars a year from this industry alone. Aside from the fish and flesh of young seals, their food supply comes to them mainly by way of the traders to whom they sell their furs.

They dress also for the most part in woolen clothing of the "ready-made" class, which the traders bring them, and their women are said to be close and admiring imitators of Paris fashions, although the "fits" which they obtain are not always such as would win the approval of French modistes.

This comes, of course, from being so mand more than human solution. Ah! God far removed from the centre of fashion will clear it all up. In the light that pours From the same cause it also results that will be il- they are apt to be a little "behind" the style, but an ocean cable along Volcania would doubtless set that right.

Silver money piled up in heaps, like cordwood or lumber, is very dangerous, as it is very likely to topple over and crush the clerks. I know it sounds like a fable to fellows whose suspenders have never been sagged by more than a fistful of quarter-dollars to talk of the risk one runs in a place like this of getting crushed to death under an avalanche of good and lawful coined money, but the danger is great, nevertheless. The other day we noticed that one high wall of bags of silver dollars-\$100 in each bagwas bagging out in the middle to fall. The old clerks all ran to let it come, but the colored man, ignorant of the tremendous weight of silver, ran up to the caving pile and pushed with his hands, thinking he could brace it up. As well try to hold up so much falling

big surplus about .- St. Louis Globe-

Strife in Central Africa.

In Central Africa, according to Dr. Junker, an almost perpetual state of war-fare prevails. The abduction of a woman is often sufficient to engender strife; and, consequently, the abodes of the Central African tribes and their political conditions are subject to continual and incessant changes. If a conquered tribe will not surrender its territory, it falls into a condition of bondage to the victorious race. It can not be said that one district is wholly occupied by one race, but the population is in every case very mixed and composed of the most diverse eleWhat Women Can Do.

Every wife or daughter living near a vileach year raising eggs. Just as surely as that a woman can tend a baby better than a man, just so certainly can she care for any animal better. For example, Mrs. Eunice Goodwin, East Livermore, Me., says: "In four weeks, last autumn, my thirty hens laid 131 eggs. I then fed them Sheridan's Condition Power, advertised to make hens lay; and in eight weeks they laid 478. Having sold twelve, the Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That remainder laid 478. Having sold twelve, the remainder laid 8.5 eggs in eight weeks, by feeding Sheridan's Powder. I sold the eggs for \$15.93, making clear \$13.38 from only eighteen hens in eight weeks. One of my Polish hens which I could not buy for \$2.00 would have died but for Sheridan's Powder, U.S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street, Boston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), will send, postpaid, two '25 cent packs of Powder and a Poultry Guide, for 60 cents. For \$1.00, five packs and Guide, for 60 cents. For \$1.00, five packs and a book; for \$1.20, a large 2¼ pound can and book; six cans, \$5.00, express prepaid. Send stamps or cash. Interesting testimonials free. For five cents a copy of the best Poultry pages are presented in the control of the control of the central copy of the best poultry pages are control of the central copy of the best poultry pages are control of the central copy of the central Poultry paper sent.

Things Are Seldom What They Seem. Half a dozen school boys were worrying their brains in a sidewalk congress the other day over a difficult problem in quadratics. When they had fairly given it up a battered old individual who was shoveling coal a door or two away and who had overheard the boys' dispute came up and asked leave to try. Then picking up a bit of coal he soon spread the values of X, Y and Z on the flag-

Again, a party in a hotel not long ago were drawn to watch the emotion of a dirty and half-drunken tramp who sat in the barroom while the sound of the piano came from an adjacent room. As the music ceased the vagabond rose slowly as if in a dream, walked into the parlor, and scating himself played for half an hour the choicest classical music with an exquisite and marvelous touch. These incidents show that things are seldom what they seem .- New York Sun.

ging before the artenished boys.

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