REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Wonders of Athens."

TEXT: "While Faul waited for them at Athens his spirit was sturred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry."-Acts xvii., 16.

It seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expecta-tion, and my watch slowly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek

That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the United States and his Secretary of State, and during all our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open be-fore us. The mightiest geographical name on earth to-day is America. The signature of an American President and Secretary of State will take a man where an army could not. Those names brought us into the not. presence of a most gracious and beautiful sovereign, the Queen of Greece, and her cordiality was more like that of a sister than the occupant of a throne room. No formal bow as when monarchs are approached, but a cordial shake of the hand, and earnest questions about our personal welfare and our beloved country far away.

But this morning we pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul, the Christian logician, flung many a proud stoic and got the laugh on many an impertinent Epicurean. The market place was the center of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Rooths and bazars were set up for merchandise of all kinds except meat, but everything must be sold for cash, and there must be no lying about the values of commodities, and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could Inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Plateans must meet at the cheese market, the Decelians at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense head-

quarters. The market place was a space three hundred and fifty yards long and two hundred and fifty yards wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise, and hounging and philosophizing. All this you need to know in order to understand the Bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily with them that met him. You see it was the best place to get an au-dience, and it a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits of to-day we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Sta-dium was the place where the foot races oc-

Paul had been out there no doubt, for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures when he tells us, "Let us run the race that is set before us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garland, but we an incorruptible." The marble and the gilding have been removed, but the high mounds against which the seats were piled are still there. The Stadium is six hundred and there. The Stadium is six hundred and eighty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and held forty thousand spectators. There is to-day the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the Stadium and from the hisses of the people, and there are the stairs up which the victor went to the top of the hill to be crowned with the laured.

In this place contests with wild bensts sometimes took place, and while Hadrian, the emperor, sat on yonder height one thousand beasts were slain in one celebration. But it was chiefly for foot racing, and so I proposed

when others were cast down, a trait worthy of scupture. But walk on and around the Acropolis and yonder you see a statue of Hygeia, and the statue of the Theseus fighting the Minotaur and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents. No wonder that Petronius said it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues made from the mar-ble quarries of Mount Pentelicum, a little way from the city.

I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and on it is the sculpture of Phidias. I brought it from the Acropolis. This specimen has on it the dust of ages and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate luster of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive and Striped with silver and affame with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancients must have shone as though it were an aerolite cast off from the noonday sun. The temples must have looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

But we cannot stop longer here, for there is a hill near by of more interest, though it has not one chip of marble to suggest a Acropolis to accend the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two orator to pieces. hilltops are so near that what I said in re-ligious discourse on Mars Hill was heard disnctly by some English gentlemen on the cropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times.

The Persians easily and terribly assaulted the Acropolis from this hilltop. Here as-sembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the night time, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the wyers who made the plea, and so, instead of the trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice. But there was one occasion on this nill memorable above all others.

A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric described by himself as contempti-ble, had by his sermons rocked Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon that pulpit of rock and give a spec-imen of his theory. All the viscour of imen of his theology. All the wiscacres of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheater, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill and at the base of it to hear this man, waom some called a fanatic, and others called a madcap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow." Paul arrived in answer to the writ or in-

vitation, and convolted them and gave Act them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. to them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. He was so built that nothing could scare him, and as for Jupiter and Athenia, the god and the goldess, whose images were in full sight on the adjoining hill, he had not so much regard for them as he had for the ant | a harvest. Your goddess of wisdom, that was crawing in the sand under his feet. In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had voices like flutes when they were passive, and like trumpets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as this In that audience were Schollasts, who knew everything, or thought they did, and from the end of the longest hair on the top of their craniums to the end of the nail on the longest that with the longest toe, they were stuffed with nypercriticism, and they leaned back with a supercilious look to listen. As in 1880, 1 supercinious look to insten. As in 1000, 1 stood on that rock where Paul stood, and a siab of which I brought from Atheus by consent of the queen, through Mr. Tricoupis, the prime minister, and had placed in yon-der Memorial Wall, I read the whole story, Bible in hand. What I have so far said in this discourse What I have so far said in this discourse was necesseary in order that you may un-derstand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificance of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposite hill-the Acropolis-that moment all aglitter with idols and temples. He crise out. "God who minds the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Euos made it, that Pandrocus made it, that Boreas made it, that it took all the gods of the Parthenor, yea, all the gods and god-desses of the Acropolis to make it, and here stands a man without any ecclesiastical title, neither a D. D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth, and hence the in-ference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphe-my. Look at the faces of his auditors; they are turning pale, and then rel, and then wrathful. There had been several earthquakes in that region, but that was the se-verest shock these men had ever felt. The Persians had bombarded the Acropolis from the heights of Mars Hill, but this Pauline bombardment was greater and more ramme bombardment was greater and "have terrific. "What," said his nearers, "have we been hauling with many yokes of oxen for centuries these blocks from the quarries of Mount Pentelicum, and have we had our architects putting up these structures of un-paralleled spiendor, and have we had tae greatest of all scuiptors. Phildias, with his men chiseling away at those wondrous pediments and cutting away at these friezes, and have we taxed the nation's resources to the utmost, now to be told that those statues see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing? Ob, Paul, stop for a moment and give there startled and overwhelmed auditors <text><text><text>

fgures of horses and men and women and gods, oxen on the way to sacrifice, statues of the defiles Dionysius, Promethous, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one frieza twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; wea-ponary from Marathon; charlot of night-charlot of the morning; horses of the sun, the fates, the furies; statue of Jupiter hold-ing in his right hand the thunderool; silver footed chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis only a few miles away. There is the colosal statute of Minerva of a Sphinx on her head, griffins by her side which are lions with engle's beak, spear in one hand, statue of liberty in the other, shield carved with the battle scenes, and thongs of gold. Far out at sea the salior saw this statue of Minerva rising high above all the temples, giftering in the sun. Here are statutes of equestrians, statue of a kion-ness, and there are the Graces, and yondera. There is a statue of shields conquered in atous to have of its own accord turned around from east to west and spit blood statues made out of shields conquered fur-house in bronze. There is tatue of Anacreon, drunk and singing; statue of Olympodorus, a Greek memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down, a trait worthy of memorable for the fact that he was cheerful wen others were cast down, a trait worthy of memorable for the fact that he was cheerful wen others were cast down, a trait worthy of memorable for the fact that he was cheerful went others were cast down, a trait worthy of memorable for the fact that he was cheerful went others were cast down, a trait worthy of memorable for the fact that he was cheerful went others were cast down, a trait worthy of memorable for the fact that he was cheerful went others were cast down, a trait worthy of memorable for the fact that he was there the fact that he was beerful went others were cast down, a trait worthy of memorable for the fact that he was there for the word bar words He will be the define and here are the words hewere the fact that t standing or sitting aghast-the two thun-derbolts of Resurrection and Last Judgment. His closing words were, "Because He hath appointed a day in the word 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,

Remember those thoughts were to them novel and provocative: that Christ, the denovel and provocative; that Christ the de-spised Nazarene, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of their cameteries to stand before Him and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of elocutionary power ever heard. The ances-tors of some of those Greeks had heard Demosthenes in his oration on the crown, had beginned Keiner in his crather come had heard Æschines in his speeches against Timarohus and Ctesiphon, had heard Plato in his great argument for immortality of the soul, had heard Socrates on his deaththe soul, had heard Socrates on his death-bed, suicidal cup of hemlock in hand, leave his hearers in emotion too great too bear; had in the theater of Dionysius, at the foot of the Acropolis (the ruins of its piled up amphitheater and the marble floor of its orchestra still there) seen consided the transformation of Scorbo enacted the tragedies of Æschylus and Sopho-cles, but neither had the ancestors of these Grecians on Mars Hill or themselves ever heard or witnessed such tornadoes of moral power as that with which Paul now whelmed his hearers. At those two thoughts of resurrection and judgment the audience sprang to their feet. Some moved they adjourn to me other day to hear more on the same heme, but others would have torn the sacred

orator to pieces. As in Athens, that evening in 1859, we climbed down the pile of slippery rocks, where all this had occurred, on our way back to our hotel, I stood half way between the Acropolis and Mars Hill in the gathering shadows of eventide, I seemed to hear those two hills in sublime and awful converse. "I am chiefly of the past;" said the Acropolis. "I am chiefly of the future;" replied Mars Hill. The Acropolis said: "My orators are dead. My lawgivers are dead. My poets are dead. My architects are dead. My sculptors are dead. I am a monument of the dead past. I shall never again hear a song sung. I will never again see a column Hitted. I will never again behold a goddess crowned." crowned.

Mars Hill responded: "I, too, have a his-ory. I had on my heights warriors who will never again unsheath the sword, and judges who will never again utter a doom, and orators who will never again make a plea. But my influence is to be more in the plea. But my influence is to be more in the future than it ever was in the past. The words that missionary, Faul, uttered that exciting day in the hearing of the wisest men and the populace on my rocky shoulders have only begun their majestic role; the brotherhood of man, and the Christ of God, and the peroration of resurrection and last judgment with which the Tarsian orator ed his sermon that day amid the mocking crowd shall yet revolutionize the planet. Oh Acropolis! I have stood here long enough erva, never knew the Greek alphabet. Your Jupiter could not handle the lightnings, But the God whom I proclaimed on the day when Paul preached before the astounded assemblage on my rough heights is the God of music, the God of wisdom, the God of power, the God of mercy, the God of love, the God of storms, the God of sunshine, the God of the land and the God of the sea, the God over all, blessed forever." God over all, blessed forever." Then the Acropolis spake and said, as though in self detense. "My Plato argued for the immortality of the soul, and my Socrates praised virtue, and my Miltiades at Marathon drove back the Persian op-pressors." "Yes." said Mars Hill, "your Plate headcast messed at the immortality at Marathon drove back the Persian op-pressors." "Yes," said Mars Hill, "your Plato laboriously guessed at the immortality of the soul, but my Plato, divinely in-spired, declared it as a fact straight from God. Your Socrates praised virtue, but ex-pired as a suicide. Your Miltiades was brave against earthly foes, yet he died from a wound ignominiously gotten in after defeat. But my Faul challenged all earth and all hell with this battle shout, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but againt principal-ities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, and then on the wickedness in high places, and then on the 20th of June, in the year 66, on the road to Ostia, after the sword of the headsman had given one keen stroke, took the crown of

A Long Night Reduced.

The long Polar night will be henceforth more bearable to the 2000 inhabitants of Hammerfest, in Norway, the northernmost village of Europe. Electric light has been introduced into every house in the hamlet. The power is brought from three small streams a short distance from Hammerstein, whose currents are so strong and swift that the water does not freeze even in winter. The people of the town have reason, indeed, to be grateful to the inventor of the electric light. The long night begins at Hammerstein cn November 18 and lasts until January 23, so that the artificial illumination will be of service for will be practically useless and unneces-sary from May 16 to July 26, during which time the sun never ceases to shine.

Hammerstein lies in north latitude 70 degrees 30 minutes 15 seconds. At 67 degrees 23 minutes, north latitude, the longest night lasts one month; at 69 degrees, 51 minutes it lasts two months, and at 73 degrees 40 minutes, three months. The polar night is shortened and the polar day is lengthened by the refraction of light. The inhabitants of Hammerstein, in fact, have no real night between March 30 and September 12 .--New York Tribune.

McSwiney's Gun.

Near Horn Head, County Donegal, Ireland, there is a hole in the rocks called McSwiney's gun. It is on the seacoast and is said to have connection with a cavern. When the north winds blows and the sea is at half flood, the wind and the waves enter the cavern and send up jets of water from the "gun" to a height of more than 100 feet. The jets of water are accompanied by explosions which may be heard for miles .- St. Louis Republic.

"A Yard of Roses."

One of the popular paintings at the New York Academy of Design was a yard-long panel of Roses. A crowd was always before it. One art critic exclaimed, "Such a bit of nature should belong to all the people, it is too beautiful for one man to hide away." The Youth's Companion, of Boston, seized the idea, and spent twenty thousand dollars to reproduce the painting. The result has been

a triumph of artistic delicacy and color. The Companion makes an autumn gift of this copy of the painting to each of its five hundred thousand subscribers. Any others who may subscribe now for the first time, and request it, will receive "The Yard of Roses," without extra charge while the edition lasts. Besides the gift of this beautiful picture all new subscribers will receive The Companion free from the time the subscription is received till January First, including the Thanksgiving and Christmas Double Numbers, and for a full year from that date. The price of The Companion is \$1.75 a year.

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Singular Place Names.

Pennsylvania has twelve towns or post offices with very peculiar names, viz.: Stumptown, Buliskin, Shintown, Jugtown, Puckerty, Sin, Sis, Scrub-grass, Hers, Man's Choice, Maiden's Choice and Bird in Hand. North Carolina comes in a good second

with Wolfscrape, Snake Bite, Quewhiffie, Gap Civil and Shoe Heel.

Maryland has Slabtown, Pompey Smash and Johnny Cake. Canada has Medicine Hat, Moose Jaw

and Pollywog. Ohio has Slick, Rattlesnake and Kill-

buck.

Nebraska has a Rawhide, Minnesota a sixty-six days. On the other hand, it | Purgatory and Wisconsin a Topside .--St. Louis Republic.

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to my friend that day while we were in the Stadium that we try which of us could run the sooner from end to end of this historical ground, and so at the word given by the lookers on we started side by side, but before I got through I found out what Paul meant when he compares the spiritual race with the race in this very Stadium, as he says, "Lay aside every weight." My heavy overcoat and my friend's freedom from such incumbrance showed the advantage in any kind of

a race of "laying aside every weight." We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and a thousand feet in circumfer-ence at the top and three bundred feet high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any orbitecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congre-gation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no their ruins an enchantment from which ho observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the centre of all things-Greece, the centre of the world. Attica, the centre of Greece; Athens, the centre of Attica, and the Acropolis the centre of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it, Verres plundered it. Lord Elgin, the English Embassador at

Constantinople, got permission of the Sul-tan to remove from the Acropolis fallen pieces of the building, but he took from the building to England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of eight hundred thousand dollars. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the General, attempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery dropped it and all was lost.

The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine where the Venetian guns opped a fire that by explosion sent the umns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it that I needed no magician's

wand to restore it. At one wave of my hand on that clear n orning in 1889 it rose before me in the lory it had when Pericles ordered it and Ictinus planned it and Phidias chisoled it and Pro-togines printed it and Pausanias described to the state which wave carefully quarded it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the ancients, open to let you in and you ascend by firsty marble steps the propyles, which Eps. mondas wanted to transfer to Thebes, but permission, I am gind to say, could not be granted for the removal of this

martyrdom." Martyroom." After a moment's silence by both hills the Acropolis moaned out in the darkness, "Alas! Alas!" and Mars Hill responded, "Hosannah! Hosannah!" Then the voices of both hills became indistinct, and as I passel on and away in the twilight I seemed to hear only two sounds—fragment of Pentelicon marble from the architrave of the Accordia dromning down on the rules of rentencon marche from the architrave of the Acropolis dropping down on the ruins of a shattered idol, and the other sound seemed to come from the rock on Mars Hill, from which we had just descended. But we were by this time so far off that the fragments of by this time so far off that the irragments of sentences were smaller when dropping from Mars Hills than were the fragments of fallen marble on the Acropolis, and I could only hear parts of disconnected sentences wafted on the night air—"God who made the world"—"of one blood all nations"—"ap-pointed a day in which He will judge the world"—"raised from the dead." As that night in Athens I put my tired head on my pillow, and the exciting scenes

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