

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S SERMON IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subject: "Wing and Hand."

Text: "The likeness of the hands of a man was under their wings."—Ezekiel x., 21.

While toiled on the sea between Australia and Ceylon I first particularly noticed this text, of which then and there I made a memorandum. This chapter is all about cherubim. Who are the cherubim? An order of angels radiant, mighty, all knowing, glorious, worshipful, like painter or sculptor tried in temple, Jerusalem or in marble of Egypt to represent the cherubim he made them part lion or part ox or part eagle. But much of that is an unintended burlesque of the cherubim whose majesty and speed and strength were made manifest until lifted into their presence we behold them for ourselves, as I pray by the pardoning grace of God we may. But all the accounts Biblical and all the suggestions of human representation, that which with wings each wing about seven feet long, vaster, more imposing than any plumage that ever floated in earthly atmosphere.

Consider in flight above Chimborazo, or Rocky Mountain, eagle soaring, for the day sun, or altarpiece in play with ocean tempests, presents no such glory. We can get an imperfect idea of the wing of cherubim by the ornate wing of the bird, but in some respects more wonderful than the human arm with power of making itself more light or more heavy, of expansion and contraction, of deflection, of absorption, of the bird looking down with pity upon the winging man as he sits up the sides of the Altitudes, while the wing with a few strokes puts the lightest grass beneath claw and beak. But the wing of cherubim, the suggestion of cherubim's wing. The greatness of that, the rapidity of that, the radiance of that, the Bible again and again sets forth.

My attention is not more attracted by those wings than by what they reveal when lifted. In two places in Ezekiel we are told there were hands under the wings—human hands, hands like ours. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under their wings." I have noticed the wing of the cherubim, but no one seems yet to have noticed the human hand under the wing. There are whole sermons, whole treatises, whole volumes, whole millenniums, that concern the wing and wing. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by appreciation of the fact that supernatural and human agencies are to go together—that which soars and that which practically works, that which reaches to the heavens and that which reaches forth to earth, the joining of the terrestrial and the celestial, the hand and the wing.

We see this union in the construction of the Bible. The mingling of the word in every chapter. What realm of the ramsoned earth did Isaiah fly over? Over what battlefields for righteousness, what continents, what dominions of gladiators, what rainbows around the world, what nations, what But in every book of the Bible you can certainly see the human hand that wrote it. Moses, the lawyer, showing his hand in the Ten Commandments, the foundation of all good legislation; Amos, the seaman, showing his hand in smiles drawn from fields and flocks; the fishermen apostles showing their hand when writing about Gospel news; Luke, the physician, showing his hand by giving especial attention to diseases cured; Paul showing his scholarly hand by quoting from heathen poets, and making arguments about the resurrection that stand as firmly as on the day he planted them, and St. John showing his hand by taking his imagery from the appearance of the Bright Waters spread around the island of Patmos at hour of sunset, when he speaks of the sea of glass, and the wings of the hands writing the parables, the miracles, the promises, the hosannas, the raptures, the consolations, the woes of ages. Oh, the Bible is so human, so full of heartbeats, so sympathetic, so sympathetic, so sympathetic with palm branches, that it takes hold of the human race as nothing else ever can take hold of it, each writer in his own style—Job, the scientist, the seaman, the royal blooded, Jeremiah, the deponent, the alembic and heroic—why, we know their style so well that we need not look to the top of the page to see who is the author. No more conspicuous than the winging of the flexible hand, the skillful hand of human instrumentality. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

Again, behold the imitation of my text in all successful Christian prayer. We stand or kneel in our pulpits and social meetings and reformatory associations offering prayer. Now, if anything has wings, it is prayer. It can fly farther and faster than anything else can now think of. In one second it is from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in England. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in India. It can girdle the earth in shorter time than it can seal a letter, or clasp a belt, or hook an eye. Wings, whether that prayer starts from an infant's tongue or the trembling lip of a centenarian, rising from the heart of a farmer or wife standing at the dashing churn, or before the hot breath of a country oven, they soar away and pick out of all the shipping of the earth on all the seas the craft on which her sailor boy is voyaging. Yea, prayer can fly to the future. When the father of Queen Victoria was dying, he asked that the infant Victoria might be brought while he sat up in bed, and the babe was brought, and the father prayed, "If this child should be the Queen of England, may she rule in the fear of God!" Having ended his prayer, he said, "Take the child away." But all who know the history of England for the last fifty years know that the prayer for that infant more than seventy years ago has been answered, and with what emphasis and affection millions of the Queen's subjects have this day in chapels and cathedrals, and sea, supplicated, "God save the Queen!"

Prayer flies not only across continents, but across centuries. If prayer had only feet, it might run here and there and do wonders. But it has wings, and they have been plumed and as swift to rise or swoop or dart or circle as the cherubim's wings which swept through Ezekiel's vision. But, oh, my friends, the prayer must have the hand under the wing, or it may amount to nothing. The mother's hand, or the father's hand, must write to the wayward boy as soon as you can hear how to address him. Christian souls must contribute to the angelism of that far off land for which they have been praying. Stopping singing "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gosh," unless you are willing to give something of your own means to make it fly. Right in the prayer, for the salvation of a young man's soul. That is right, but also extend the hand of invitation to come to a religious meeting.

It always excites my sympathy to see a man with his hand under his wing. "What is the matter? Hope it is not a felon," or, "Have your fingers been crushed?" But nine out of ten of all Christians are going their life long with their hand in a sling. They have been hurt by indifference for wrong ideas of what is best, or it is injured of conventionalities, and they never put forth that hand to lift or help or rescue any one. They pray, and their prayer has wings, but there is no hand under the wings. From the very structure of the hand we might make up our mind as to some of the things it was made for—to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to hold, to rescue. And endowed with two hands, we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for ourselves we were to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, to rescue. Wondrous how you know something of the "Bridge-water Treatise." When Rev. Francis Henry Bridgewater in his will left \$50,000 for essays on "The Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, as Manifested in the Creation," and Davis Gilbert, President of the Society, chose eight persons to write eight books, Sir

Charles Bell, the scientist, chose as the subject of his great book, "The Hand; Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Oh, the hand! Its machinery beginning at the shoulder, and working through shafts of bone, upper arm and forearm, down to the eight bones of the wrist, and the five bones of the palm, and the four-twenty bones of the fingers and thumb, and composed of a labyrinth of muscles and arteries and veins, which no one but Almighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to us from under the wings of the cherubim! "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

This idea is combined in Christ. When He rose from Mount Olivet, He took wing. All up and down His life you see the uplifting divinity. It flashed in His eyes, His cadences were heard in His voice. But He was also very human. It was the hand under the wing that touched the woes of the world and took hold of the sympathies of the centuries. Watch His hand before it was spoken. There was a dead girl in a governor's house, and Christ comes into the room and takes the pale, cold hand in His warm grasp, and she looks up at Him with the words, "Hold and say, 'Father, what are you crying about? Mother, what are you crying about?'" The book says, "He took her by the hand, and the maid arose." A follower, angered and insult offered, Christ drew the sword from sheath and struck at a man with the sharp edge, aiming, I think, at his forehead. But the weapon glanced aside and took the right ear at its roots. Christ with His hand reconstrued that wonderful organ of sound, that whispering gallery of the soul, that collector of vibrations, that arched way to the auditory nerve, that tunable instrument which all the musical instruments of earth could not rival. The book says, "He touched his ear and healed him." Meeting a full grown man who had never seen a sunrise, or a sunset, or a flower, or the face of his father or mother, Christ moistens the dust from His own tongue and blows it into an eye salve, and with His own hands applies the strange medicament, and suddenly all the colors of earth and sky rush upon the newly-created optic nerve and, the instantaneous noon drove out the long night.

When He sees the grief of Mary and Martha He sits down and cries with them. Some say it is the shortest verse in the Bible, but it seems, because of its far reaching sympathy, about the longest. "Weep not!" So very human. He could not stand the sight of drooping or epilepsy or paralysis or hunger or dementia, but He stretches out His sympathetic hand toward it. So very human. Omnipotent and majestic and glorious, this angel of the new covenant, with wings capable of enrolling a universe, and yet hands of gentleness, hands of help, hands of sympathy, hands of love, hands of the wings. There is a kind of religion, that day that my text rebukes. There are men and women spending their time in delectation over their saved state going about from prayer meeting to prayer meeting, and from church to church, telling how happy they are. But show them a subscription paper, or ask them to go and visit the sick, or tell them to reclaim a wanderer, or speak out for some unpopular Christian enterprise, and they have bronchitis or eczema or sudden attack of grip. Their religion is all wing and no hand. They can fly heavenward, but they cannot reach out to earthward.

While Thomas Chalmers occupied the chair of moral philosophy in St. Andrew's University he had at the same time a Sabbath school class of poor boys down in the slums of Edinburgh. White Lord Fitzgerald was traveling in Canada he saw a poor man squaw carrying a crushing load, and he took the burden on his own shoulders. That was Christlike. That was "a hand under the wing." The highest type of religion says little about itself, but is busy for God and helping to the heavenly shore the crew and passengers of this shipwrecked planet. Such people are busy now up the dark lanes of our cities, and all through the mountain glens, and down in the quarries where sunlight has never visited, and amid the rigging, helping to take in another sea before the Caribbean whirlwind.

My friend was telling me of a certain thing about Seattle, then of Washington Territory, now of Washington State. The people of Seattle had raised a generous sum of money for the Johnstown sufferers from the flood. A few days after Seattle was destroyed by fire. I saw it while the whole city was living in tents. In a public meeting some one proposed that the money raised for Johnstown be used for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers. "No! No! No! Send the money to Johnstown, and by acclamation the money was so sent. Nothing more beautiful or sublime than that. The highest type of religion says little about itself, but is busy for God and helping to the heavenly shore the crew and passengers of this shipwrecked planet. Such people are busy now up the dark lanes of our cities, and all through the mountain glens, and down in the quarries where sunlight has never visited, and amid the rigging, helping to take in another sea before the Caribbean whirlwind.

Why, there are 100,000 men and women whose one business is to help others. Hospitable hands, inspiring hands, lifting hands, emancipating hands, saving hands. Sure enough, those people had wings of faith and wings of prayer and wings of consolation, but "the likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." There was manhood in that which the robust boatman said when three were in a boat off the coast in a sudden storm that threatened to sink the boat, and one suggested that they all kneel down to the boat to pray, and the robust boatman held of the oar and began to pull, saying, "Let you, the strong, stout fellow, lay hold of the oar, and let the weak one who cannot pull, give himself up to prayer." "Pray by all means, but at the same time pull with all your might for the world's relief." An arctic traveler hunting beaver while the ice was breaking up, and supposing that there was no human being within 100 miles, heard the ice crackle, and lo! a lost man, his hands with hunger and cold, was wading in the ice water. The explorer took the man into his home and made for land, and the people gathered on the shore. All the island had been looking for the lost man, and the explorer, according to prearrangement all the bells rang and all the guns fired. Oh, you can make a gladder time among the towers and hilltops of heaven if you can fetch home a wanderer!

In our time it is the habit to denounce the cities and to speak of them as the perdition of all wickedness. It is not time for some one to tell the other side of the story and say that the city is the heaven of practical helpfulness? Look at the embowered and fountained parks, where the invalids may come and be refreshed; the Bowery mission, through which annually over 100,000 come to get bread for this life and bread for the life to come; all the pillars of that institution under the blessing of Him who had not where to lay His head; the free schools, where the most impoverished are educated; the hospitals for broken bones; the homes for the restoration of intellects; the Orphan House, father and mother to all who come under its benediction; the midnight missions, which pour midnight upon the drunken; the Prison Reform Association; the houses of mercy; the infirmaries; the sheltering arms; the aid societies; the industrial schools; the sailor's Song Harbor; the founding asylums; the free dispensaries; the great scientific skill; the pulse of the city; the ambulance; the police; the stroke of its bell clearing the way to the place of casualty, and good souls like the mother who came to the Howard Mission, with its crowd of friendless boys picked up from the streets, and saying, "If you have a crippled boy, give him to me; my dear boy died with the spinal complaint," and such a one as that, and took him home and nursed him till he was well. It would take a sermon three weeks long to do justice to the mighty things which our cities are doing for the unfortunate and the lost. Do not say that Christianity in our cities is all show and talk and renunciation and sacred noise. You have been so long looking at the hand of cruelty, and the hand of theft, and the hand of fraud, and the hand of outrage, that you have not sufficiently appreciated the hand of help stretched forth from the doors and windows of churches and from merciful institutions. The Christlike hand, the cherub hand, "the hand under the wing."

There is also in my subject the suggestion of rewarded work for God and righteousness. When the wing went the hand went. When the wing ascended the hand ascended, and the hand descended the wing descended. There will be elevation of the hand and eternal. Expect no human gratitude, for it will not come. That was a wise thing Penelon wrote to his friend: "I am very glad, my dear, to hear of your success, but I am pleased with one of my letters which has been shown to you. You are right in saying and believing that I ask little of men in general. I try to do much for them and to expect nothing in return. Will you avoid advantage in these terms. On these terms I defy them to disappoint me." But, my hearers, the day comes when your work, which perhaps no one has noticed or rewarded or honored, will rise to heavenly recognition. Whom have been telling you that the hand was under the wing of the cherubim? I want you to realize that the wing was over the hand. Perhaps reward will not come to you right away. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he triumphed at the last. Walter Scott, in boyhood, was called "the Greek blockhead," but what height of renown did he reach by his recognition.

Des Moines (Iowa) women have adopted the bloomer costume quite generally. Wyoming has the smallest female population, 51,362; New York the largest, 3,920,960. On her last birthday Susan B. Anthony received a purse containing \$800 from her friends. The Congregational choir at Athol, Kan., is composed of fifteen little girls about ten years of age. Some of the leading society lights of Cincinnati, Ohio, have formed a society for the suppression of gossip. In all Christian countries the number of females who attend the churches is far greater than that of the men.

Mrs. Lynn Lynton, the authoress, never went to school. Her first book was written at twenty-four years of age. It is a singular fact that the queens who reigned as sovereigns every one who reached middle life became quite fleshy. Mrs. Cowden Clarke, the compiler of the "Concordance to Shakespeare" is eighty-five years old, and resides in Genoa. Many women have excelled as executants of music; no woman has ever been a great or even a mediocre composer. In Paris the fashionable dressmakers are using for berthas and in other bodice adornments Venetian point lace set with brilliants. A woman with a military nose and prominent chin is certain to make her mark. All female society leaders have had such facial peculiarities.

What are styled garden capes are already offered and prove to be a mere fluff and frenzy of delicate Dresden silk out into little picked frills. Picture hats are finished about the brims with great waving frills of crust-colored chiffon, piped along the edge with a little bow of black velvet. The board of elections of Berlin, Wis., refused to permit fifteen women who had registered to vote. The ladies now propose to make the legal franchise.

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A LIVING SHADOW.
REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OF A NORTH CAROLINA MAN.
Strange, but True, Story from the Lumber Regions of a Southern State—Verified by Personal Investigation.
(From the Greenville, N. C., Reporter.)
The following interview has just been given our reporter by Mr. G. A. Baker, the overseer at the farm of Col. Isaac A. Sugg, of Greenville, N. C. It will interest anyone who has ever had typhoid fever. Mr. Baker said in part: "I was living in Beaufort County, and on the 24 day of October, 1893, I was stricken down with typhoid fever. I had the best physicians to attend me and on the 15th day of January, 1894, I was allowed to get up. I was emaciated, weak and had no appetite. I could only drag along for a short distance and be compelled to sit down and rest. This continued for some time and I began to give up hope of ever getting well. I lost my position in Beaufort County and having secured one in Pitt County, clerking in a store, I undertook it, but was so weak I could not do the work and had to give it up. The disease settled in my knees, legs and feet. I was taking first one kind of medicine and then another, but nothing did me any good. I was mighty low-spirited. I moved out to Col. Sugg's about four or five months ago and commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took three a day for about three months. I began to regain my appetite in a week's time, and then my weakness began to disappear, and hope sprang up with a blessedness that is beyond all telling. At the expiration of the three months I was entirely cured and could take my axe and go in the woods and do as good a day's work as any man. I was troubled with dyspepsia and that has disappeared. It is also a splendid tonic for weak people. I say, Mr. Editor, God bless Dr. Williams; may he live for a long time. I know he will go on yonder to reap his reward for he has done a wonderful lot of good. Tell everybody that asks you about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that if they will come to me I can certainly satisfy them as to their merits. I always carry a box of pills with me and when ever I feel bad I take one."

VIOLA'S SENSATIONAL LEAP.
The Queen of Aeronauts Drops to the Earth in a Burning Parachute.
The steamer *Miwera* brings news of an accident which occurred at Gypsic, New South Wales, a few days before the ship sailed. By which Miss Viola, of San Francisco, known as the Queen of American aeronauts, nearly lost her life. When the balloon in which Miss Viola ascended had reached an altitude of over 100 feet the thousands of spectators below were shocked at the appearance of the flames bursting through the huge silken bag. With great difficulty the aeronaut released the parachute; but this, too, caught fire as she was to get out from the balloon. Nevertheless Miss Viola leaped from the bag, and with her burning parachute fluttered down to earth. The strangest feature of the accident, which is authenticated by a number of Australian papers, is that the young woman was not seriously injured by the fall.

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Leader of the Cheyennes Dies on Hearing of a Grandchild's Death.
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Cotton Industry in Peru.
General Leon Jastremski, United States Consul at Callao, has made a report to the State Department on the cotton production of Peru. It is packed in bales of 175 pounds weight. The ginning and baling costs about seventy-five cents in gold per 100 pounds. The cotton is raised from twenty-five cents to fifty cents a day in gold.

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Immigration to Canada Driven.
The total number of immigrants arriving in Canada last year was only 27,911, a decline of fifty-six per cent from 1893. Only 20,000 intended to settle in Canada.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Bosnia has two female physicians. One-sixth of England's women work. Three beauty contests are held in Vienna each year. The United States has 30,254,370 female population. In North America there are 970 women to 1000 men. Bicyclists among women of the "smart set" multiply. The University of Chicago has a glee club composed of sixteen women. Des Moines (Iowa) women have adopted the bloomer costume quite generally. Wyoming has the smallest female population, 51,362; New York the largest, 3,920,960. On her last birthday Susan B. Anthony received a purse containing \$800 from her friends. The Congregational choir at Athol, Kan., is composed of fifteen little girls about ten years of age. Some of the leading society lights of Cincinnati, Ohio, have formed a society for the suppression of gossip. In all Christian countries the number of females who attend the churches is far greater than that of the men.

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Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

The Lake of Blood.
Every polar expedition and whaling vessel which visits the Baffin Bay region puts in at Yaureka Bank, so as to allow explorers and seamen to visit the celebrated Lake of Blood. Of it the author of "My Summer in the North" says: "It is a lake of considerable extent, lying only a few feet above the level of the sea, and appears of a deep dark blood red. Careful examination proved, however, that the water itself was as pure and clear as possible; the red effect being due to the fact that the bottom and sides of the lake, as well as the few stones which were scattered about in it, were coated most perfectly with the red snow plant. In some places, where the water had evaporated, the withered red plants on the soil and rocks looked exactly like dried spots of blood."

New Process of Extracting Gold.
A new process of extracting gold from auriferous ores has been devised by Mr. C. Loren, and is described in the Technical World. He electrolyzes a solution of bromide of potassium, and thereby obtains an alkaline solution which contains hypobromide and bromate, which is capable of dissolving gold. The ore is treated with an excess of this solution by rotating cylinders. The solution is then filtered, the gold precipitated by passage over a mixture of iron and coal, and the solution, which now contains bromide of potassium mainly, is once more electrolyzed, and again used for extraction.

LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD



when pimples, eruptions, boils, and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier, that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Bilelessness, Fever, Inflammation of the Uterus, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

OBSERVE

the following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Stinking or Fettering of the Breath, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dizziness on rising suddenly, Dots or Warts before the Sight, Fever and Puffiness in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Feet.

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LOOK for our advertisement in NEXT issue of the paper. It will show a cut of DAVIS' GERM SEPARATORS. It would take several pages to give details about these germ-separators. Hand-colored Illustrated Pamphlet mailed free. Write for it to DAVIS & RANKIN BLDG. AND MFG. CO. Sole Manufacturers, Chicago.

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is especially useful for sickly, delicate children when their other food fails to nourish them. It supplies in a concentrated, easily digestible form, just the nourishment they need to build them up and give them health and strength. It is Cod-liver Oil made palatable and easy to assimilate, combined with the Hypophosphites, both of which are most remarkable nutrients.


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The largest lobster in the world, stuffed, varnished and inserted in an elegant glass case, now belongs to W. J. Kilduff, steward of the St. Nicholas Hotel in Boston, who expects to realize a large fortune by placing the creature on exhibition. The lobster which has thus had greatness thrust upon it "belongs," says Mr. Kilduff, "to the male gender." He was caught at Provincetown, Mass., in August of last year, and turned over to a taxidermist for permanent preservation. When captured the lobster weighed from thirty-five to forty pounds. He measured forty inches in length when straightened out, and is now from twenty-three to twenty-five inches wide when measured from tip to tip like a bird. The right claw is fifteen inches long and eighteen inches in circumference on the end.

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