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THE HUMAN EAR.

Dr. Talmage Says Its Construction is Most Wonderful.

It Should be Kept Away from Sinful Sounds-God's Ear Always Bowed Down to Hear the Prayers of the Penitent.

In the following discourse Rev. T. De Witt Talmage calls attention to the goodness and wisdom of God in the construction of the ear, extols music and encourages prayer. His text is Psalms 44: 9: "He that planteth the ear, shall he not hear?"

Architecture is one of the most fascinating arts, and the study of Egyptian, Grecian, Etruscan, Roman, Byzantine, Moorish, Renaissance styles of building has been to many a man a sublime life-work. Lincoln and York cathedrals, St. Paul's and St. Peter's, and Arch of Titus, and Theban Temple, and Alhambra and Parthenon are the monuments to the genius of those who built them. But more wonderful than any arch they ever lifted, or any transept window they ever illumined, or any Corinthian column they ever crowned, or any Gothic cloister they ever elaborated is the human ear.

Among the most skillful and assiduous physiologists of our time have been those who have given their time to the examination of the ear and the study of its arches, its walls, its floor, its canals, its aqueducts, its galleries, its intricacies, its convolutions, its divine machinery, and yet, it will take another thousand years before the world comes to any adequate appreciation of what God did when He planned and executed the infinite and overmastering architecture of the human ear. The most of it is invisible and the microscope breaks down the attempt at exploration. The cartilage which we call the ear is only the storm door of the great temple clear down out of sight, next door to the immortal soul. Such scientists as Helmholtz and Conte and De Blainville and Rank and Buck have attempted to walk the Appian Way of the human ear, but the mysterious pathway has never been fully trodden, but by two feet-the foot of sound and the foot of God. Three ears on each side of the headthe external ear, the middle ear, the internal ear, but all connected by most wonderful telegraphy.

The external ear in all ages adorned by precious stones or precious metals. The temple of Jerusalem partly built by the contribution of earrings, and Homer in the Iliad speaks of Hera, "the three bright drops, her glittering gems suspended from the ear;" and many of the adornments of modern times were only copies of her ear jewels found in Pompeiian museum and Etruscan vase. But while the outer ear may be adorned by human art, the middle and the internal ear are adorned and garnished only by the hand of the Lord Almighty. The stroke of a key of yonder organ sets the air vibrating, and the external ear catches the undulating sound and passes it on through the bonelets of the middle ear to the internal ear, and the dirges, all glees, all choruses, all lulla-3,000 fibers of the human brain take up bies, all orchestration. Oh, the ear, the vibration and roll the sound on into the soul. The hidden machinery of the ear, by physiologists called by the names of things familiar to us, like the hammer, something to strike-like the anvil-something to be smittenlike the stirrup of the saddle with which we mount the steed-like the drum, beaten in the march-like the harpstring, to be swept with music. Coiled like a "snail shell," by which one of the innermost passages of the ear is actually called-like the stairway, the sound to ascend-like a bent tube of a heating apparatus, taking that which enters round and roundlike a labyrinth with wonderful passages into which the thought enters only to be lost in bewilderment. A muscle contracting when the noise is too loud, just as the pupil of the eye contracts when the light is too glaring. The external ear is defended by wax, which with its bitterness discourages insectile invasion. The internal ear imbedded in by what is far the hardest bone of the human system, a very rock of strength and defiance. The ear so strange a contrivance that by the estimate of one scientist, it can catch the sound of 73,700 vibrations in a second. The other ear taking in all kinds of sound, whether the crash of an avalanche, or the hum of a bee. The, sound passing to the inner door of the outside ear halts until another mechanism, divine mechanism, passes it on by the bonelets of the middle ear, and coming to the inner door of that second ear, the sound has no power to come further until another divine mechanism passes it on through into the inner ear, and then the sound comes to the rail track of the brain branchlet, and rolls on and on until it comes to sensation, and there the curtain drops, and a hundred gates shut, and the voice of God seems to say to all human inspec tion: "Thus far and no farther." About 15 years ago, in Venice, lay down in death one whom may be consi lered the greatest musical composer of the century. Struggling on up from six years of age when he was left fatherless, Wagner rose through the obloquy of the world, and ofttimes all nations seemingly against him, until he gained the favor of a king, and won the enthusiasm of the opera houses of Europe and America. Struggling all the way on to 70 years of age, to conquer the world's ear. In that same attempt to master the human ear and gain supremacy over this gate of the immortal soul, great battles were fought by Mozart, Gluck, and Weber, and by Beethoven and Meyerbeer, by Rossini, and by all the roll of Ger-man and Italian and French composers, some of them in the battle leaving their blood on the keynotes and the musical scores. Great battle fought for the ear-fought with baton, with organ pipe, with trumpet, with cornet-a-piston, with all ivory and brazen and silver and golden weapons of the orchestra, royal theater and cathedral and academy of music the fortrerses for the contest for the ear. En-

gland and Egypt fought 'mthe menacy of the Suez canal, and the sourtans and the Persians fougat for tae cians of all ages have fought for the mastery of the auditory canal and the defile of the immortal soul and the Thermopylee of struggling cadences. For the conquest of the ear Haydn

struggled on up from the garret where he had neither fire nor food, on and on until under the too great nervous strain of hearing his own oratorio of the "Creation" performed, he was carried out to die, but leaving as his legacy to the world 118 symphonies, 163 pieces for the baritone, 15 masses, 5 oratorios, 42 German and Italian songs, 39 canons, 365 English and Scotch songs with accompaniment, and 1,536 pages of libretci. All that to capture the gate of the body that swings in from the tympanum to the "snail shell" lying on the beach of the ocean of the immortal soul.

To conquer the ear, Handel struggled on from the time when his father would not let him go to school lest he learn the gamut and become a musician, and from the time when he was allowed in the organ loft just to play after the audience had left, to the time when he left to all nations his unparalleled oratorios of "Esther," "Deborah" "Samson," "Jephthah," "Judas Maccabeus," "Israel in Egypt," and "The Messiah," the soul of the great German composer still weeping in the Dead March of our great obsequies and triumphing in the

raptures of every Easter morn. To conquer the ear and take this gate of the immortal soul, Schubert composed his great "Serenade," writing the staves of the music on the bill of fare in a restaurant, and went on until he could leave as a legacy to the world over a thousand magnificent compositions in music. To conquer the ear and take this gate of the soul's castle, Mozart struggled on through poverty until he came to a pauper's grave, and one chilly, wet afternoon the body of him who gave to the world the "Requiem" and the "G-minor Symphony" was crunched in on the top of two other paupers into a grave which to this day is epitaphless.

For the ear everything mellifluous, from the birth hour when our earth was wrapped in swaddling clothes of light and serenaded by other worlds, from the time when Jubal thrummed the first harp and pressed a key of the first organ down to the music of this Sabbath day. Yea, for the ear the coming overtures of Heaven, for whatever part of the body may be left in the dust, the ear, we know, is to come to celestial life; otherwise, why the "harpers harping with their harps?" For the ear, carol of lark and whistle of quail, and chirp of cricket, and dash of cascade, and roar of tides oceanic, and doxology of worshipful assembly and minstrelsy, cherubic, seraphic and archangelic. For the ear all Pandean pipes, all flutes, all clarionets, all hautboys, all bassoons, all bells, and all organs-Luzerne and Westminster Abbey, and Freyburg, and Berlin, and all the organ pipes set across Christendom, the great giant's causeway for the monarchs of music to pass over. For the ear, all chimes, all ticklings of chronometers, all anthems, all the God-honored ear, grooved with divine sculpture and poised with divine gracefulness and upholstered with curtains of divine embroidery, and corridored by divine carpentry, and pillared with divine architecture, and chiseled in bone and divine masonry, and conquered by processions of divine marshaling. The ear! A perpetual point of interrogation, asking How? a perpetual point of apostrophe appealing to God. None but God could plan it. None but God could build it. None but God could work it. None but God could keep it. None but God could understand it. None but God could explain it. Oh, the wonders of the human ear. How surpassingly sacred the human ear. You had better be careful how you let the sound of blasphemy or uncleanness step into that holy of holies. The Bible says that in the ancient temple the priest was set apart by the putting of the blood of a ram on the tip of the ear, the right ear of the priest. But, my friends, we need all of us to have the sacred touch of ordination on the hanging lobe of both ears, and on the arches of the ears, on the Eustachian tube of the ear, on the mastoid cells of the ear, on the tympanic cavity of the ear, and on everything from the outside rim of the outside ear clear in to the point where sound steps off the auditory nerve and rolls on down into the unfathomable depths of the immortal soul. The Bible speaks of "dull cars," and of "uncircumcised ears," and of "itching ears," and of "rebellious ears," and of "open ears," and of those who have all the organs of hearing and yet who seem to be deaf, for it cries to them: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." To show how much Christ thought of the human car, He one day met a man who was deaf, came up to him, and put a finger of the right hand into the orifice of the left ear of the patient, and put a finger of the left hand into the orfice of the right ear of the patient, and agitated the tympanum, and startled the bonelets, and with a voice that rang clear through into the man's soul, cried: "Ephphatha!" and the polyphoid growths gave way, and the inflamed auricle cooled off, and that man who had not heard a sound for many years, that night heard the wash of the waves of Galilee against the limestone shelving. To show how much Christ thought of the human ear, when the apostle Peter got mad and with one slash of his sword dropped the ear of Malchus into the dust, Christ created a new external ear for Malchus corresponding with the middle car and the internal ear that no sword could clip away. And to show what God thinks of the ear we are informed of the fact that in the millennial June which shall roseate all the earth, the ears of the deaf will be unstopped, all the vascular growths -ne-all deformation of the listening organ cured, corrected, changed. Every being on earth will have a hearing apvaratus as perfect as God knows how

e it, and all the ears will be or that great symphony in all the musical instruments of defile at Thermopylae, but the musi- | the earth shall play the accompaniments, nations of earth and empires of Heaven mingling their voices, together with the deep bass of the sea, and the alto of the woods, and the tenor of winds, and the baritone of the thunder: "Alleluiah!" surging up meeting the "Alleluiah!" descending.

Oh, yes, my friends, we have been looking for God too far away instead of looking for Him close by and in our organism. We go up into the observatory and look through the telescope see God in Jupiter, and God in and Saturn, and God in Mars; but we could see more of Him through the microscope of an aurist. No king is satisfied with only one residence, and in France it has been St. Cloud and Versailles and the Tuileries, and in Great Britain it has been Windsor and Balmoral and Osborne. A ruler does not always prefer the larger. The King of earth and Heaven may have larges castles and greater palaces, but I do not think there is anyone more curiously wrought than the human car. The Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Him, and yet He says He finds room to dwell in a contrite heart, and I think in a Christian ear.

Are you ready now for the questicn of my text? Have you the endurance to bear its overwhelming suggestiveness? Will you take hold of some pillar and balance yourself under the semiomnipotent stroke? "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" Shall the God who gives us the apparatus with which we hear the sounds of the world, Himself not be able to catch up song. and groan and blasphemy and worship? Does He give us a faculty which He has not Himself? Drs. Wild and Gruber and Toynbee invented the acoumeter and other instruments by which to measure and examine the car, and do these instruments know more than the doctors who made them? "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?" Jupiter of Crede was always represented in statuary and painting as without ears, suggesting the idea that he did not want to be bothered with the affairs of the world. But our God has ears. "His ears are open to their cry." The Bible intimates that two workmen on Saturday night do not get their wages. Their complaint instantly strikes the ear of God: The cry of those that reaped hath entered the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth." Did God hear that poor girl last night as she threw herself on the prison bunk in the city dungeon and cried in the midnight: "God have mercy?" Do you really think God could hear her? Yes, just as easily as when 15 years ago she was sick with scarlet fever, and her mother heard her when at midnight she asked for a drink of water. "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

When a soul prays God does not sit bolt upright until the prayer travels immensity and climbs to his ear. The Bible says he bends clear over. In more than one place Isaiah said he bowed down his ear. In more than one place the psalmist said he inclined his ear, by which I come to believe that God puts his ear closely wn to your lips that he can hear your faintest whisper. It is not God away off up yonder; it is God away down here, close up, so close up that when you pray to him it is not more a whisper than a kiss. Ah! yes, he hears the captive's sigh and the plash of the orphan's tear, and the dying syllable of the shipwrecked sailor driven on the Skerries, and the infant's, "Now I lay me down to sleep," as distinctly as he hears the fortissimo of brazen bands in the Dusseldorf festival, as easily as he hears the salvo of artillery when the 13 squares of English troops open all their batteries at once at Waterloo. He that planted the ear can hear. Just as sometimes an entrancing strain of music will linger in your ears for days after you have heard it, and just as a sharp cry of pain I once heard while passing through Bellevue hospital clung to my ear for weeks, and just as a horrid blasphemy in the street sometimes haunts one's ears for days, so God not only hears, but holds the songs, the prayers, the groans, the worship, the blasphemy. How we have all wondered at the phonograph, which holds not only the words you utter, but the very tones of your voice, so that a hundred years from now, that instru ment turned the very words you now dtter and the very tone of your voice will be reproduced. Amazing phonograph! But more wonderful is God's power to hold, to retain. Ah! what delightful encouragement for our prayers. What an awful fright for our hard speeches. What assurance of warm-hearted sympathy for all our griefs. "He that planted the car, shall he not hear?" sin. Better put it under the best sound. Better take it away from all endo, from all bad influence of evil association. Better put it to school, to that ear under the blessed touch of Christian hymnology, Better conse-crate it for time and eternity to him who planted the ear. Rousseau, the infidel, fell asleep amid his skeptical manuscripts lying all around the room, and in his dream he entered Heaven and heard the song of the worshipers, and it was so sweet he asked an angel what it meant. The angel said "This is the paradise of God, and the song you hear is the anthem of the redeemed." Under another roll of the celestial music Rousseau wakened and got up in the midnight and, as well as he could, wrote down the strains of the music that he had heard in the wonderful tune called "the Songs of the Redeemed." God grant that it may not be to you and to me an infidel dream but a glorious reality. When we come to the night of death and we lie down to our last sleep, may our ears really be wakened by the canticles of the heavenly temple, and the songs and the anthems and the carols and the doxologies that shall elimb the musical ladder of that heavenly gamut.



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