SUNDAY'S SERMON.

SIX OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Oarsmen Defeated."

TEXT: "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."—Jonah i., 13, 14.

Navigation in the Mediterranean Sea always was perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canvas or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side of the vessel. You would not venture outside your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in, but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord, and when a man is running away from the Lord he has to run very fast.

God had told Jonah to go to Nineveh to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian Sea. It is a very hard thing to scare sailors. I have seen them, when the brow of the vessel was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee deep in the surf, and the small boats by the side of the vessel had been crushed as small as kindling wood, whistling as though nothing had happened, but the Bible says that these mariners of whom I speak were frightened.

That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" has become a blinding, deafening, swamping fury. How mad the wind can get at the water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of the sail of a ship, no larger than the palm of my hand. That piece of canvas was all that was left of the largest sail of the ship Greece, that went into the storm 200 miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He knew that the tempest was on his account, and he asked the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous hearted race, and they resolved to make their escape, if possible, without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh, how they did pull, the bronzed seamen, as they lay back into the oars! But rowing on the sea is very different from rowing upon a river, and as the vessel holds the oars skip the wave and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flying paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crashes the last mast and sweeps the oarsmen from their places and tumbles everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very subject, and I got a letter from Houston, Tex., the writer saying that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another letter from South Australia, saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought several souls to Christ. And then, I thought why not now take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that God who can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now, through another phase of the same subject, bring salvation to the people who shall hear and salvation to the people who shall read. Men and women who know how to pray, lay hold of the Lord God Almighty, and wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in his sermon, in the midst of his argument, and say, "Now, I will tell you a fable," and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important religious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring Jonah ashore were discomfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down on their paddles and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts we are making to bring souls to the shore of safety and set their feet on the Rock of Ages. You have a father or mother or husband or wife or child or near friend who is not a Christian. There have been times when you have been in agony about their salvation.

A minister of Christ, whose wife was dying without any hope in Jesus, walked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly and said, "I believe I shall go insane, for I know she is not prepared to meet God." And there, may have been days of sickness in your household, when you feared it would be a fatal sickness, and how closely you examined the face of the doctor as he came in and scrutinized the patient and felt the pulse, and you followed him into the next room and said, "There isn't any danger, is there, doctor?" And the hesitation and the uncertainty of the reply made two eternities flash before your vision. And then you went and talked to the sick one about the great future. Oh, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends to God! They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer that point than they were twenty years ago. You think you have got them almost to the shore, when you are swept back again. What shall you do? Put down the oar? Oh, no, I do not advise that, but I do advise that you appeal to that God to whom the Mediterranean oarsmen appealed—the God who could silence the tempest and bring the ship in safety to the port! I tell you, my friends, that there has got to be a good deal of praying before our families are brought to Christ. Ah, it is an awful thing to have half a household on one side the line and the other part of the household on the other side of the line! Two vessels part on the ocean of eternity, one going to the right and the other to the left—farther apart and farther apart—until the signals cease to be recognized and there are only two specks on the horizon, and then they are lost to sight forever!

I have to tell you that the unavailing efforts of these Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts some of us are making to bring our children to the shore of safety. There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The literary and the social influences seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night: "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal welfare, but I can't get them to Christ." Then I bid you to imitate the men of the text and try mightily unto God. We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers and said, "O God, take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ," and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children! He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.

There are parents who are almost discouraged about their children. Where is your son to-night? He has wondered off perhaps to the ends of the earth. It seems as if he cannot get far enough away from your Christian counsel. What does he care about the furrows that come to your brow, about the quick whitening of the hair, about the fact that your back begins to stoop with the burdens? Why, he would not care much if he heard you were dead! The black-edged letter that brought the tidings he would put in the same package with other letters telling the story of his shame. What are you going to do? Both paddles broken at the middle of the blade, how can you pull him ashore? I throw you one oar now with which I believe you can bring him into harbor. It is the glorious promise, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." Oh, broken-hearted father and mother, you have tried everything else: now make an appeal for the help and omnipotence of the covenant keeping God, and perhaps at your next family gathering—perhaps on Thanksgiving Day, perhaps next Christmas Day—the prodigal may be home, and if you crowd on his plate more luxuries than on any other plate at the table I am sure the brothers will not be jealous, but they will wake up all the music in the house, "because the dead is alive again and I because the lost is found." Perhaps your prayers have been answered already. The vessel may be coming homeward, and by the light of this night's stars that absent son may be pacing the deck of the ship, anxious for the time to come when he can throw his arm around your neck and ask for forgiveness for that he has been wringing your old heart so long. Glorious reunion, that will be too sacred for outsiders to look upon, but I would just like to look through the window when you have all got together again and are seated at the banquet.

> Though parents may in covenant be
> And have their heaven in view,
> They are not happy till they see
> This children happy too.

Again, I remark that the unavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in the effort which we are making to bring this world back to God, His pardon and safety. If this world could have been saved by human effort, it would have been done long ago. John Howard took hold of one oar, and Carey took hold of another oar, and Adoniram Judson took hold of another oar, and Luther took hold of another oar, and John Knox took hold of another oar and they pulled until they fell back dead from the exhaustion. Some dropped in the ashes of martyrdom, some on the scalping knives of savages and some into the plague struck room of the lazaretto, and still the chains are not broken, and still the despotisms are not demolished, and still the world is unsaved. What then? Put down the oars and make no effort? I do not advise that. But I want you, Christian brethren, to understand that the church, and the school and the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities, and if this work is ever done at all God must do it, and He will do it in answer to our prayer. "They rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Again, the unavailing effort of those Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying to row his own soul into safety. When the eternal spirit flashes upon us our condition, we try to save ourselves. We say, "Give me a stout oar for my right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No. A wave of sin comes and dashes you one way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are plenty of rocks on which to founder, but seemingly no harbor into which to sail. Sin must be thrown overboard, or we must perish. There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe all I say in regard to a future world. They believe that religion is the first, the last, the infinite necessity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They bend forward with all earnestness, and they lie back until the muscles are distended, and yet they have not made one inch in ten years toward heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go to work. You might as well take a frail skiff and put it down at the foot of Niagara and then head it up toward the churning thunderbolt of waters and expect to work your way up through the lightning of the foam into calm Lake Erie as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into the hope and pardon and placidity of the gospel. You cannot do it in that way. Sin is a rough sea, and longboat, yawl, pinnace and gondola go down unless the Lord deliver, but if you will cry to Christ and lay hold of divine mercy you are as safe from eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in heaven.

But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and dying condition and put us on the shoulder of His strength, and by the omnipotence of His gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life and at last through the opening gates of heaven! He is mighty to save. Though your sin be long and black and inexcusable and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitible, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed fast to each other, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of the earth are exhausted, that we may touch the depth. Let the archangel fly in circuit of eternal ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to my God, that where man's oar gives out God's arm begins! Why will ye carry your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready?

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin, take the robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase of the subject I have drawn my present illustrations, you see, chiefly from the water. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Bermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyage they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out—what was found afterward to be, in American money, worth $1,500,000, and the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. O, ye who have been rowing toward the shore and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night that your boat hovers over infinite treasure! All the riches of God are at your feet—treasures that never fail and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two hands of blood stretched out toward thy soul as Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

A LIE always robs those who believe it.

BORROWED clothes never fit.

THE devil hates a school house.

ONLY the open hand can help.

IT is death to a lie to become lame in the feet.

TO THE eyes of of a mule short ears are a deformity.

THE heathen were not all born in a heathen country.

IT never hurts truth any to be slapped in the face.

WHAT an ocean of trouble can come out of a gallon jug.

THE world is full of beggars who do not beg for money.

THE right kind of goodness is always good for something.

NINE people out of ten are better than we give them credit for.

THE man who gives his child to the street will give the world a thief.

ALL Heaven listens when we send up a heartfelt prayer for an enemy's good.

WHEN the devil comes to an empty mind he is sure of a place to stay all night.

THE man who takes God for his guide will not long have to travel in the dark.

MANY a man is living an honest life who wouldn't it the jail were farther off.

A WHOLE bushel of notions don't weigh half as much as one little stubborn fact.

THE man who is true to his own highest interests cannot be false to anybody else.

IF there is any dog in a man it is pretty apt to growl when his food is not to his taste.

THE love that will not suffer long and reman kind, is not the kind that comes from God.

SOME people never accomplish anything for God because they look too high to see their work.

WHEN people get to quarreling about their creeds, the devil stops being anxious about their deeds.

SPEND as much time in counting your mercies as you do your money and you will soon be rich.

THERE is something wrong in the Christianity of the man who never prays for people he don't like.

MANY a man refuses to love his neighbor as himself; because he has a garden and his neighbor keeps hens.

THE man who loves his neighbor as himself will not have to be taken into court to make him do what is right.

THE gift that is always pleasing in the eye of God is the one that is anointed with the blood of self-sacrifice.

MANY a man who started out to reform the whole world changed his mind before he got into the next county.

IT may be that the reason Methuselah lived so long, was that some young woman had married him for his money.

EITHER selfishness or laziness is the prompting motive of the man who is always on the hunt for an easy place.

SALVATION doesn't depend so much upon what the head thinks about God, as upon what the heart is doing with Christ.

GET people to believe that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive and the church entertainment will die a sudden death.

GOD is not worshipped in spirit and in truth in the church that has to go into the show business to raise money to pay its honest debts.

A WRITER says if the horse could talk he would ask for a drink the first thing in the morning. At supper, during the night, and at breakfast, he usually fills up on dry feed, and when led to the trough fills his stomach so full that undigested food is forced out of it. Health and humanity demand that you water the horse before he eats in the morning.

THERE isn't anyone in the world who can get a sore on his nose, and not look tough.

New York's New Clearing House.

The foundation stone of the new home of the New York Clearing House was recently laid with befitting ceremonies. Bishop Potter delivered the prayer, and the address was delivered by Mr. Geo. G. Williams, the president of the Clearing House Association. One hundred and fifty leading bankers were present.

THE NEW CLEARING HOUSE.

The new building is being erected on Cedar street, between Broadway and Nassau, and when completed will be one of the most beautiful edifices identified with Wall street, and in its immediate neighborhood. It will be entirely of white marble, in the Italian Renaissance style, from the design of Architect Robert W. Gibson. Four Corinthian columns, forty-five feet to their foliated capitals, will support a massive architrave, and twenty feet above this will be a second elaborately chiseled cornice to support a dome roof surmounted by a figure.

The windows fill the whole space between the columns, and are arched under the architrave with a heavy transom, marking the division into two stories, the first of which will be twenty and the second twenty-five feet in height. Above the architrave the front of the third story of twenty feet will be treated as a frieze, divided into panels by four figures supporting the cornice, each figure to bear carvings of the national, state and city emblems, freely perforated so as to light the room. The dome will tower twenty feet above this, making the total height of the building seventy feet.

The entrances will be outside the four columns forming the lower facade, of massive stone, seventeen feet high and nine feet wide. The eastern entrance will be used by the Clearing House, and the western by a bank—the only tenant of the new building. The board room and administration offices of the Clearing House will be on the second floor. The clearing room or exchange will take up nearly the whole of the third floor, which will be sixty feet square. What is left will be divided into three stories at the rear, one floor to contain dining-rooms for officers and clerks, the next the kitchen and janitor's dining-room, and the last the janitor's private rooms.

Besides the engineer's department the basement will contain three large money vaults of the Clearing House.

A committee of members of the Clearing House, consisting of Frederick D. Tappen, J. Edward Simmons and William A. Nash, will have the erection of the new building in their special care.

DEATH IN HYPNOTISM.

A Young Lady Dies During a Hypnotic Trance.

Great interest has been excited in Europe by the death of a young lady of a prominent family in Vienna which occurred under hynotic influence while she was in the hands of Herr Neukomm, the well-known hynotist of that capital.

She had been suffering much for several months from nervous headaches and nothing would cure her but Neukomm putting her into a trance. The last affair was before a numerous audience. The first accounts of the affair were incorrect but a later version given by Dr. Von Bragassy, who was present throughout, is almost incredible.

Dr. Bragassy says: "It was with the concurrence of the parents and the medium herself that Hypnotist Neukomm fixed as the object of his experiment the condition of his brother, residing in Werchez, concerning which the opinions of physicians vary.

"In about twelve minutes the medium exclaimed, 'I am fast asleep.' The young lady gave signs of great excitement, which, according to her parents, had not been observable in previous experiments. Neukomm requested the medium to go see his brother in Werchez, and say what was the nature of his illness and what cure should be adopted.

"What followed was really incredible. The medium began a scientific description of the lungs, giving a minute account of the diseased condition, with technical particulars, which even an ordinary doctor would not give, and which might be expected only from an experienced specialist with full command and correct use of technical expressions. She gave the closest detail, extending a full diagnosis of the inflammation of the lungs, and declared that the prognosis were very unfavorable, as against that kind of disease medical skill was powerless.

"In conclusion she described the end of the patient in the usual Latin terminology. Immediately afterwards she fell back senseless, uttering a piercing shriek.

"I at once had recourse to every conceivable means for bringing her to consciousness, but all in vain. Within eight minutes her pulse began to fail and death shortly followed."

According to the post-mortem examination the immediate cause of death was concussion of the brain.

A Lover's Stategem.

What a prosperous world this would be if young men would apply their wits as industriously to affairs of business as they do in emergencies where the fair sex is concerned. This thought was suggested by the story of a young insurance man who went out for a moonlight drive one evening last week. At his side in the vehicle was a handsome young woman. They drove through the western part of the city, and concluded to go through the beautiful avenues of Western Park. But when they reached the gate the guard stopped them with the command that they must stay out or have lights in the lamps on their conveyance. There was no store near, and they were about to give up the idea of a delightful drive under the shady trees when in utter desperation the young man drew forth a silk handkerchief, coiled it up and lit one end, after putting it in the lamp. The guard did not notice the trick, and they passed through the gate. The handkerchief quickly burned out, leaving them in the dark and in the park.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Electric Gun Needed.

It is reported that an attempt was made the other night to hold up a trolley car not far from New York City. It was on one of the short lines running out of Jersey City in a neighborhood described as "dark and desolate." There was a sharp fight for a few minutes, and the robbers were driven off. It is suggested that the incident presents an opportunity to investigators to devise some means of making the tremendous current of electricity which the trolley car has always available, a means of defense in such circumstances. A stream of water thrown, say by connected carbonic acid, and connected with the trolley apparatus, would knock out any assailant of the car in short order.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Excelled by None

"For three years I have been a severe sufferer from Rheumatism. So much so that I could not attend to my business and was confined to the house for weeks at a time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have constantly improved since I commenced to take the medicine. I am now well and strong again. Hood's Sarsaparilla is truly excelled by none." C. F. KING, Verona, N. J. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be Sure to get Hood's Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Uses of Teakwood.

The gathering of this timber store has been an industry ever since man of any color inhabited the country. Teak grows only in India and Burmah, and in old palaces and temples it has held indestructible place for many generations. From the color of sandal-wood it changes with age to walnut-brown. Big unpainted bungalows standing upon pillars of the wood, sided with it, shingled with it, latticed with it, defy heat and rain, and grow rich upon their povelty of oil and varnish. They stand, as brown as autumn, out of green compounds against summer itself. Vines wrap them, flowers garnish them, years add moss and lichen, but nothing destroys save flame. Railroad car wheels, spikes for laying tracks, pegs for bolts, implements of all sorts, are made of teak. No one save a shipwright knows just how many parts of a ship are built from this muscle of nature, but everyone who has walked the deck of bark or steamer has a consciousness that no amount of holystoning, or dragging of cargo over, or wear and tear of feet and traffic, can in an ordinary sense affect a teakwood floor.

The Burmese wood-carver knows his art is almost hewn in stone when he coaxes leaf and flower, sacred cow and festival cart, grotesque sprites and elves, gods and Buddhas, out of rugged trunks. The little prow of the sampan shaped like a wishbone, the stern of the paddy-boat as brown with age as the naked figure upon it is with the elements, the strange plinths of stranger pillars, the embellishments of the temples, the playthings of the children—all these are carved from teak—[The Century.

The American school of landscape painting was founded by Thomas Cole in 1824.

ASSIST NATURE a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. Once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements. The "Pellets" are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and *natural* way and there is no reaction afterward. Their help *lasts*.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in sealed, glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mild cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, or to relieve distress from overeating, take one after dinner. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help.

EASTMAN COLLEGE

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"A Fair Face May Prove a Plain Girl

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