SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STIRRING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Autumn Thoughts."

TEXT: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."—Jeremiah viii., 7.

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, He plants it in a tree. When He would put it afloat, He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air, He molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarity to come in Holland and Germany and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtledove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been in this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eye-sight to look into the deep blue of noonday heaven, but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines, making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with command-ing call, bidding them onward while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and be-gins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men are about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heaven knoweth his appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, nolay as the American Congress the last night before adjournment or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household, a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the sub-ject of migration, some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the South, for the apart-ments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the conti-nents with music, and, whether from Ceylon isle, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings or hear your voice, may they yet bethink them-selves of the solemn words of the text, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose so far as God may help me in this sermon carrying out the idea of the text to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by par-ticularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this an-nual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way, the ground the lower line of the music, the sky the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwind-ling 1000 miles into 400. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christ-ian song with our everyday work! I be-lieve there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

It is a good sign when you hear a work-man whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still bet-ter sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accident-ally strikes it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heav-enly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through the street it would put an end to any panic. I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven-born inspirations. Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he al-ways composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God, my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to a summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing:

Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing.
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are traveling home to God
In the way your fathers trod.
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

The Church of God never will be a tri-umphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop. Last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the re-treat. We must go." So they gather them-selves into companies, and turning not aside for storm, or mountain top, or shock of musketry over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark, they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try and get them to stop they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases, where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge, and the "draw was up," and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an enter-tainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him; but, oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest!

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this life-time? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy! The southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying: "I have loved thee with an everlast-ing love. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Another frost is bidding you away. It is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move?" You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone to? Eternity! Your mind goes back through that last sickness, and through the almost supernatural effort to keep life, and through those prayers that seemed un-availing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling, and I hear the hearts breaking. While I speak I hear them break. A heart! An-other heart! Alone, alone, alone! This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and, oh! weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all com-forting God.

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the stork, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol, and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abra-ham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. I ask you if those who met at your breakfast table this morning will sit with you in heaven. I ask you what in-fluences you are trying to bring upon them, what example you are setting them. Are you calling them to go with you? Are you have you started yourself?

Start for heaven and take your children with you. Come, thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane, or the stork, stop not night or day until you find the right place for shopping. Seated to-day in Christian service, will you be seated in the same glorious serv-ice when the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have melted with fervent heat, and the redeemed are gathered around the throne of Jesus?

The Saviour calls.
Ye wanderers, come.
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power.
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

THE LEASE FAMILY.

Husband and Children of the Famous Kansas Agitator.

Everybody knows a great deal about Mrs. Lease, the plucky woman who is devoting her life and talents to what she believes to be the general welfare, but few know much about her husband. A reporter recently visited the Lease homestead at Wichita, and found that Chas. L. Lease (Mr. Joan of Arc, the flippant correspondent calls him) had been discharged from the drug store where he was formerly employed, about six months ago, on account of the hard times. The Lease home, at 335 North Wabash avenue, is a large frame house surrounded by cottonwood trees and flanked with flower

MR. LEASE.

THE LEASE CHILDREN.

and vegetable beds. Mr. Lease is described as "an old man with long, white mustache, almost as bald as an infant, and with only a thin fringe of white hair to protect the back of his neck. He was carelessly and shabbily dressed, and there was a week's growth of beard on his face." He was brought up on a farm near Freeport, Ill., and left home to become an apothecary, finally moving to Kansas, where he married. He failed in business, and with the failure ambition fled. He impressed the correspondent as a man who had been crushed by adversity, and who had not the slightest desire to ever make another effort to get on his feet. He is very proud of his wife and children. The latter, four in number, are all devoted to their mother, and speak of her as the noblest and grandest woman in the world. If any one has an idea that either the children or the husband feel that Mrs. Lease neglects them, he should spend a morning at their home, and he will speedily become convinced that he is mistaken.

MRS. LEASE.

Freaks of the Candy Trade.

Candy consumers will scarcely be-lieve there are seasons when that edible is particularly in demand, and others when business shuts down and fashionable manufacturers say "noth-ing is doing." Fancy ever a time when candy takes a rest! Yet so it is, and after the summer hotel sea-son it drops off as many points as it in the original sugar, and will not re-vive until December, when the factories start up for the Christmas trade. There are girls who will de-clare this to be impossible. They, at all events, never let up on its con-sumption. Why, then, should the candy business ever languish? But it was estimated at a summer hotel recently that the belles, of whom there were several, averaged two and three pound boxes a week, one at-tractive little Philadelphian having broken the record by exhibiting no less than fourteen boxes of various sizes and devices that she had re-ceived during the first ten days of her stay. It is also whispered of a certain managing mamma that it is her custom when leaving town to order confectionary to be sent her pride and joy once a week. When the delicious supply is handed around to friends at the resort, it is with the remark that "daughter" has so many admirers who wish to be remembered it is really an embarrassment of sweets. These facts may account for the falling off in trade at the end of the summer hotel season.—Boston Herald.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Brock-myer, of St. Louis, wants to send 1,-000 mocking birds to Europe to learn the nightingale's song and teach it to their mates here. Well, if he pays the freight, no one will probably object.

In making treaties with China each foreign country has chosen its own name. England is Ying kwo, the flourishing country; France is Fa kwo, the law-abiding country; the United States, Mei kwo, the beauti-ful country; Germany Je kwo, the virtuous country; Italy I kwo, the country of justice; Japan is Ji kwo, the land of the sun, but she prefers to be called Ji pen, the land of the rising sun.

An American dentist who recently made as careful an inspection of the tooth of Buddha as the attendants would allow, says that the big piece of bone is the tooth of a crocodile, and could never have grown in the mouth of a human being, because of its size. He narrowly escaped with his life in Ceylon, where he was in-judicious enough to make this state-ment publicly.

A celebrated English authority, in a well known work entitled, "Obser-vations on Reversionary Payments," makes the following wonderful cal-culations: It is well known to what prodigious sums money at compound interest will increase. A penny so improved from the time of our Sa-viour (that is to say, put out at 5 per cent. compound interest) would by this time have increased to more money than could be contained in 150,000,000 of globes equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold.

According to the figures in the "Blue Book" recently issued, there were, at the end of 1893, in the Uni-ted Kingdom, 20,646 miles of railway open for traffic, and the companies had an authorized capital of £1,090,-898,780, almost twice the amount of the national debt, and the earnings of the roads left a net revenue of 3.60 per cent. on the invested capital, which was $971,328,353. Of the earn-ings 50.84 per cent. came from freight traffic and 44.46 from the carriage of passengers, who numbered 873,177,-052. Of the freight carried 207,836,-308 tons were minerals and 85,454,-493 tons general merchandise.

"It may almost be claimed," says Professor Warren P. Laird, of the University of Pennsylvania, "that Philadelphia is at once the most curious, the most typical and the most instructive of American cities—curious because of the strange medley of its more pretentious build-ings, and their singularly eccentric individualism; typical of American practice in its broadest aspect, be-cause of the absence of restraint and defiance of precedent shown by the great majority of its architects; and instructive, because of its contrast, for no other American city has so wide a field of architectural error to offer in contrast to its works of real merit."

There is another cause for revolu-tion in Russia. This time, the re-volt is to be led by women entirely. Not long ago a St. Petersburg journal reported a festival, at which mem-bers of the imperial family were pres-ent. The reporter evidently under-stood little about women's fancies, and made the dress of the Czarina, by his description, one long out of fash-ion. The result was a ukase from the Censor of the Press—one of the most powerful men in Russia—that Rus-sian newspapers in the future must refrain from describing, or attempt-ing to describe, the dresses of Her Majesty. This naturally deprives the Russian woman of an interesting subject for discussion and criticism, and they are extremely angry at the Censor.

The American Agriculturist thinks that a free library and museum or historical bureau in connection there with should be a feature of every ru-ral township in New York and our middle states. The Massachusetts plan of State aid to libraries in poor towns is most commendable. We shall not be content until this plan is adopted in every State, together with adequate provision for better schools. Then with more mails and free delivery, with good roads and el-ectric railways, country life will be the most attractive of any. The tide is certainly tending forward, and the public recognizes as never before the truth of Washington's noble words, "Agriculture is the most ancient, the most useful and the most honorable employment of man."

The financial difficulties in which so many of the European Govern-ments are at present involved are leading to the development of much ingenuity and resourcefulness in raising the necessary "wind," not only at headquarters in the capital, but also in the provinces. Thus from Spain we hear of the keepers of the State Lunatic Asylum at Alicante, having found themselves without funds and unable to secure any re-mittances from Madrid, starting off with their lunatics on a concert tour, by means of which they were able to keep going the [illegible] trusted to their charge. We have heard before of musical [illegible] theatrical entertainments given by [illegible]

the inmates of insane asylums, [illegible] never-of-concert tours undertaken by [illegible] a large company of idiots, imbeciles [illegible] and raving maniacs.

The War Department has issued a volume of "news" on organization armaments and military progress of American and European armies. The war footings are as follows: Austria-Hungary, 1,794,175; Belgium, 140,000; Colombia, 30,000; England (total regulars and volunteers in England and colonies) 662,000; France, 2,850,000 (excluding 350,000 classed as auxiliaries); Germany, 2,700,000; Italy, 3,155,000; Mexico, 162,000; Russia, 13,074,865; Spain, 400,000; Switzerland, 48,6000. The idea of the enormous cost of maintaining these great military forces may be gathered from the statement of annual expenditures on their account as follows: Austria-Hungary, $255,284,000; Belgium, $9,346,000; England, $89,000,000; France, $127,000,000; Germany, $113,118,82[illegible]; Mexico, about $7,500,000; Russia, $186,849,000; Spain, $28,128,000; Switzerland, $10,550,000.

Dr. William Moon, the famous blind philanthropist, who has just died at Brighton, England, lost his sight when he was twenty-one. He at once set about learning the system of reading for the blind then in vogue; but finding them all imper-fect, he invented a new system, which is now widely used in institutions for the blind. The alphabet in his system consists of only nine characters placed in various positions. These are composed of the simplest geo-metrical figures. His success in the direction determined him to devote his life to the welfare of the blind. Languages were his special study, so that be might give all nations the advantage of his alphabet. During the fifty-five years of his blindness he adapted his embossed alphabet to 476 languages and dialects, and his books have circulated all over the world. The number of volumes is-sued in his type up to the close of 1892 was 194,993. He also wrote music for the blind, and drew em-bossed geographical and astronomi-cal maps, as well as pictures. He established numerous free lending li-braries and home teaching societies for the blind.

Statistics show that in 1850 one person out of every 3,442 was a criminal, in 1860 one in 1,647, in 1870 one in 1,174, in 1880 one in 8[illegible] and 1890 one in 757. In other words, there are nearly five times as many criminals in proportion to population now as there were for-ty years ago. To some extent this increase is accounted for by the depu-tation of criminals from other coun-tries to the United States; but the most plausible explanation, says the Philadelphia Record, lies in the ten-dency of our population to swarm into the cities and the exceeding bus-iness of our municipal government. The decrease of crime cannot be ac-complished either by more schools as some reformers propose, or more jails and reformatories, as other sterner philosophers suggest. We have distanced the world in building school houses and jails during the years when crime has made its most dishearten-ing advances. How would it do to seek to arrest crime in its hotbeds by reforming municipal administrations? Until the control of city governments is wrested from the hands of political partisans who have no higher aim than personal emolu-ment crime will continue to be winked at wherever criminals can afford to pay well for immunity.

The Sense of Smell.

At the Insbruck anthropologis[illegible] meeting, Dr. Herrmann, from Vienna, has given an amusing lecture on the sense of smell. The non-carnivorous animals are those which have best preserved the sense of smell; while men and animals who eat flesh have greatly lost the faculty. Dwelling together in crowded cities has dulled the olfactory nerves. The African, whose wide nostrils remind one of corn and hay-eating cattle, has a sharp sense of smell, while the Americans, because of the use of snuff, are almost without it. That we are so little sensitive to the coal smoke of cities and railways shows how degen-erated are the noses of civilized peoples. While civilization does everything possible to assist sight and hearing, nothing is done for smell. Perhaps, said the lecturer, the nose is too imperfect an organ to offer a standpoint for artificial assistance. Speaking of dress material and the capability of retaining odors, the lecturer pronounced silk to be the best material, because most odors pass through it without leaving a smell behind. Linen, on the contra-ry, holds odors fast. Wool allows many smells to pass through, but retains exactly the odors of decay, for example, the smell of a corpse, so that it is a great mistake to attire a funeral in woolen dresses. The civilization spoils the sense of smell is shown by house dogs and pet dogs who lose their sense of smell in a few [illegible] generations.—New York Post.

The most quadrupedal [illegible] is one of the most [illegible] ever in the Bible.

Fairy Rings.

Some six miles from Helena, Mon-tana, in the pasture lands are some curious circles bare of grass, which have been a source of curious specu-lation for many years. They are said to be identical with the "fairy rings," which are common in some parts of England. There used to be two of these rings close together, but one of them, according to the Helena Independent, has entirely dis-appeared within the last few years. The remaining one is about 200 feet in diameter and forms a perfect circle. The ground forming the circle is about two yards wide and quite destitute of vegetation. Many theories have been advanced as to the cause of these rings. Some say that it is the result of lightning; others that a herd of buffalo, pursued by wolves, stopped and formed them-selves into a circle as a means of de-fending their young, and thus tramp-ing out the grass. These rings have attracted the attention of scientific men, and recent investigations have shown they are the result of centrifu-gal development of certain kinds of fungi, among which is the common mushroom, which shows a tendency to grow in this manner. The spot where it has grown is unfitted for its con-sumed nourishment, and the spawn extends outward to new soil, forming the circle. These rings are common in Eastern Montana, along the Mus-selshell River, but the one near Helena is the most perfect in the whole.—New Orleans Picayune.

Refrigerating on Ocean Steamers.

The great ocean steamers now use some sort of a refrigerating plant that produces and circulates cold air, in-stead of using large quantities of ice as formerly. The principle on which this plant works is chilling by the application of compressed vapor. Not ammonia, not the "aqua am-monia" of commerce, but the gas, is first subjected to a pressure which will reduce it to a liquid form. Then it is liberated and sent through flat coils of pipes, resembling some of those used for steam heating. By a system of pumps and fans, the air in the vessel's hold is exhausted grad-ually, blown over the cold pipes and then forced back again. The pipes themselves are not extended through the cargo. An air blast does the work. As in some of the ice-making and cold-storage plants in large cities, the ammonia vapor is caught, driven back, condensed again, and made ready to do service over and over. Con-densation is effected by means of a continuous coil immersed in cold sea water, constantly changed. The chief expense in operating, it will be found, is for steam power, after the plant is once started. Only a few weeks ago a cargo of beef, mutton, dairy products, butter and other such goods was brought from Australia to Lon-don—the voyage requiring at least five or six weeks—and everything was landed in prime condition.—[Boston Illustrator.

Never Idle.

"A million people out of work," says a paper writing of these hard times. Add to this misfortune are the physical necessities with which thousands have to cope. But there is one thing that is never out of work, unceasingly in search of those thus deterred, it seeks to cure such and help them to grasp a chance when it comes. This is the mission of St. Jacobs Oil. Among the millions there are thousands suffering with neuralgia. For this it is a positive cure. Use it and there will be a thousand sufferers less and a thousand men more to get work and hold it. Bet-ter days may come soon, and there is noth-ing like the great remedy for pain to help you get out of painful troubles and into place and fortune.

Why He Stayed in Maine.

A resident of Maine who died re-cently was credited with saying that he found his reasons for stick-ing to that State, rather than emi-grating west, on the tombstones." "I have been out west," said he, "and I didn't see a tombstone with an epi-taph figure over forty on it; while in our graveyards you'll find that the aver-age for age on nearly all the tomb-stones run up to nearly seventy and eighty."

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