SUNDAY'S SERMON.

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

Subject: "The Objections to Religious Revivals."

TEXT: "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake."—Luke v., 6.

Simon and his comrades had experienced the night before what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing smack and tells the sailors to pull away from the beach and directs them again to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul in. So large a school of fish was taken that the hardy men began to look red in the face as they pull, and hardly have they begun to rejoice at their success when snap goes a thread of the net, and snap goes another thread, so there is danger not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the boat tilts or how much water is splashed on deck, the fishermen rush about gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder there is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it, "Ship ahoy, bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, both fishing smacks, are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah," says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had staid on shore, and fished with a hook and line, and taken one at a time, instead of having this great excitement, and the boat almost upset, and the net broken, and having to call for help, and getting sopping wet with the sea!" The church is the boat, the gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unwinds the reel and adjusts the bait and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon, and here catches one and there one, but I like also a big boat, and a large crew, and a net a mile long, and swift oars, and stout sails, and a stiff breeze, and a great multitude of souls brought—so great a multitude that you have to get help to draw it ashore—straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with 3000 people joining the church in one day, and it will close with 40,000,000 or 100,000,000 people saved in 24 hours, when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken, and if by the pressure of souls it doesn't get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and the net brake."

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out; as long as there is a gale of blessing they have their sails up, but as soon as strong winds stop blowing then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches the vast majority of the useful people are those who are brought in under great awakenings, and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer meetings, in Sabbath-schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an icehouse may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the icehouse! A cannon ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go and how swiftly, and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started the more farreaching and far resounding will be the execution.

But it is sometimes objected to revivals that there is so much excitement that people mistake hysteria for religion.

We must admit that in every revival of religion there is either a suppressed or a demonstrated excitement. Indeed if a man can go out of a state of condemnation into a state of acceptance with God, or see others go, without any agitation of soul, he is in an unhealthy, morbid state, and is as repulsive and absurd as a man who should boast he saw a child snatched out from under a horse's hoofs and felt no agitation, or saw a man rescued from the fourth story of a house on fire and felt no acceleration of the pulses.

Salvation from sin and death and hell into life and peace and heaven forever is such a tremendous thing that if a man tells me he can look on it without any agitation I doubt his Christianity. The fact is that sometimes excitement is the most important possible thing. In case of resuscitation from drowning or freezing, the one idea is to excite animation. Before conversion we are dead. It is the business of the church to revive, arouse, awaken, resuscitate, startle into life. Excitement is bad or good according to what it makes us do. If it makes us do that which is bad, it is bad excitement, but if it make us agitated about our eternal welfare, if it make us pray, if it make us attend upon Christian service, if it make us cry unto God for mercy, then it is a good excitement.

It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the church, and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the kingdom of God the more useful they are.

Robert Hall, the prince of Baptist preachers, was converted at twelve years of age. It is supposed he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at eleven years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian church, was converted at ten years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age; Johathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age, and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at seven years of age, "You are too young to be a Christian," or "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the church, and the one is ten years of age, and the other is forty years of age, I will have more confidence in the profession of religion of the ten years of age than the one forty years of age. Why? The one who professes at forty years of age has forty years of impulse in the wrong direction to correct, the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times ten are forty. Four times the religious prospect for the lad that comes into the kingdom of God, and into the church at ten years of age than the man at forty.

I am very apt to look upon revivals as connected with certain men who foster them. People who in this day do not like revivals, nevertheless, have not words to express their admiration for the revivalists of the past, for they were revivalists—Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Griffin, Davies, Osborn, Knapp, Nettleton and many others whose names come to my mind. The strength of their intellect and the holiness of their lives make me think they would not have anything to do with that which was ephemeral. Oh, it is easy to talk against revivals.

Do you know where Aaron Burr started on the downward road? It was when he was in college, and he became anxious about his soul and was about to put himself under the influence of a revival, and a minister of religion said: "Don't go there, Aaron; don't go there; that's a place of wildfire and great excitement; no religion about that; don't go there." He turned away. His serious impressions departed. He started on the downward road. And who is responsible for his ruin? Was it the minister who warned him against that revival?

Now I come to the real, genuine cause of objection to revivals. That is the coldness of the objector. It is the secret and hidden but unmistakable cause in every case—a low state of religion in the heart. Wide awake, consecrated, useful Christians are never afraid of revivals. It is the spiritually dead who are afraid of having their sepulcher molested. The chief agents of the devil during a great awakening are always unconverted professors of religion. As soon as Christ's work begins they begin to gossip against it, and take a pail of water and try to put out this spark of religious influence, and they try to put out another spark. Do they succeed? As well when Chicago was on fire might some one have gone out with a garden water pot trying to extinguish it.

The difficulty is that when a revival begins in a church it begins at so many points that while you have doused one anxious soul with a pail of cold water there are 500 other anxious souls on fire. Oh, how much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot of Christ's gospel and help pull it on, rather than to fling ourselves in front of the wheels, trying to block their progress! We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

Did you ever hear that there was a convention once held among the icebergs in the arctic? It seems that the summer was coming on, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter, and there was danger that the whole icefield would break up and flow away, so the tallest and the coldest and the broadest of all the icebergs, the very king of the arctics, stood at the head of the convention, and with a gavel of ice smote on a table of ice, calling the convention to order. But the sun kept growing in intensity of heat, and the south wind blew stronger and stronger, and soon all the icefield began to grind up, iceberg against iceberg, and to flow away. The first resolution passed by the convention was, "Resolved, that we abolish the sun."

But the sun would not be abolished. The heat of the sun grew greater and greater until after awhile the very king of the icebergs began to perspire under the glow, and the smaller icebergs fell over, and the cry was: "Too much excitement! Order, order!" Then the whole body, the whole field, of ice began to flow out, and a thousand voices began to ask, "Where are we going to now? Where are we floating to? We will all break to pieces." By this time the icebergs had reached the gulf stream, and they were melted into the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean. The warm sun is the eternal Spirit. The icebergs are frigid Christians. The warm gulf stream is a great revival. The ocean into which everything melted is the great, wide heart of the pardoning and sympathizing God.

But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christendom to-day is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who officiate at sacred altars are regenerated, but I suppose there may float into the ministry of all the denominations of Christians men whose hearts have never been changed by the grace of God. Of course they are all antagonistic to revivals.

How did they get into the ministry? Perhaps some of them chose it as a respectable profession. Perhaps some chose it as a means of livelihood. Perhaps some of them were sincere, but were mistaken. As Thomas Chalmers said, he had been many years preaching the gospel before his heart had been changed, and, as many ministers of the gospel declare, they were preaching and had been ordained to sacred orders years and years before their hearts were regenerated. Gracious God, what a solemn thought for those of us who minister at the altar! With the present ministry in the present temperature of piety the world will never be enveloped with revivals. While the pews on one side the altar cry for mercy the pulpits on the other side the altar must cry for mercy. Ministers quarreling. Ministers trying to pull each other down. Ministers struggling for ecclesiastical place. Ministers lethargic with whole congregations dying on their hand. What a spectacle!

Aroused pulpits will make aroused pews. Pulpits aflame will make pews aflame. Everybody believes in a revival of trade, everybody likes a revival in literature, everybody likes a revival in art, yet a great multitude cannot understand a revival in matters of religion. Depend upon it, where you find a man antagonistic to revivals, whether he be in pulpit or pew, he needs to be regenerated by the grace of God.

I could prove to a demonstration that without revivals this world will never be converted, and that in 100 or 200 years without revivals Christianity will be practically extinct. It is a matter of astounding arithmetic. In each of our modern generations there are at least 32,000,000 children. Now add 32,000,000 to the world's population, and then have only 100,000 or 200,000 converted every year, and how long before the world will be saved? Never—absolutely never!

During our war the President of the United States made proclamation for 75,000 troops. Some of you remember the big stir. But the King of the universe to-day asks for 800,000,000 more troops than are enlisted, and we want it done softly, imperceptibly, gently, no excitement, one by one!

You are a dry goods merchant on a large scale, and I am a merchant on a small scale, and I come to you and want to buy 1000 yards of cloth. Do you say: "Thank you; I'll sell you 1000 yards of cloth, but I'll sell you twenty yards to-day, and twenty to-morrow, and twenty the next day, and it takes me six months I'll sell you the whole 1000 yards; you will want as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll want as long as that to examine the credit, and, besides that, 1000 yards of cloth are too much to sell all at once?" No, you do not say that. You take me into the counting room, and in ten minutes the whole transaction is consummated. The fact is, we cannot afford to be fools in anything but religion!

That very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold me the 1000 yards of cloth at one stroke the next Sabbath in church will stroke his beard and wonder whether it would not be better for 1000 souls to come straggling along for ten years, instead of bolting in at one service.

We talk a good deal about the good times that are coming and about the world's redemption. How long before they will come? There is a man who says 500 years. Here is a man who says 200 years. Here is some one more confident who says in fifty years. Wait, fifty years? Do you propose to let two generations pass off the stage before the world is converted?

Suppose by some extra prolongation of human life at the next fifty years you should walk around the world, you would not in all that walk find one person that you recognize. Why? All dead or so changed that you would not know them. In other words, if you postpone the redemption of this world for fifty years, you admit that the majority of the two whole generations shall go off the stage unblessed and unsaved. I tell you the church of Jesus Christ cannot consent to it. We must pray and toil and have the revival spirit, and we must struggle to have the whole world saved before the men and women now in middle life pass off.

"Oh," you say, "it is too vast an enterprise to be conducted in so short a time." Do you know how long it would take to save the whole world if each man would bring another. It would take ten years. By a calculation in compound interest, each man bringing another, and that one another, and that one another, in ten years the whole world would be saved. If the world is not saved in the next ten years it will be the fault of the church of Christ.

Is it too much to expect each one to bring one? Some of us must bring more than one, or some will not do their duty. I want to bring 10,000 souls. I should be ashamed to meet my God in judgment if, with all my opportunities of commending Christ to the people, I could not bring 10,000 souls. But it will all depend upon the revival spirit. The hook and line fishing will not do it.

It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrician gave me a telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continent and the cables under the sea looked like veins red with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightnings are in Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightnings are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in possession of Christianity.

It is a significant fact that the man who invented the telegraph was an old fashioned Christian—Professor Morse—and that the man who put the telegraph under the sea was an old fashioned Christian—Cyrus W. Field—and that the president of the most famous of the telegraph companies of this country was an old fashioned Christian—William Orton—going from his communion table on earth straight to his home in heaven. What does all that mean!

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether flour is up or down, or which filly won the race at the Derby, or which marksman beat at Dolymount. I suppose the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to share on a small scale—for instance, in His love and in His kindness. But until of late foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God desiring to make the race like Himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us, people are asking what next!

I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotisms. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christlike dominion. Next, the judgment. What becomes of the world after that I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up in the drydocks of eternity, like an old man-of-war gone out of service, or fit it up like a ship of relief to carry bread to some other suffering planet, or let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with paradise and ended with judgment conflagration!

One summer I stood on the Isle of Wight, and I had pointed out to me the place where the Eurydice sank with 200 or 300 young men who were in training for the British navy. You remember when the training ship went down there was a thrill of horror all over the world. Oh, my friends, this world is only a training ship. On it we are training for heaven. The old ship sails up and down the ocean of immensity, now through the dark wave of the midnight, now through the golden crested wave of the morn, but sails on and sails on. After awhile her work will be done, and the inhabitants of heaven will look out and find a world missing. The cry will be: "Where is that earth where Christ died and the human race were emancipated? Send out fleets of angels to find the missing craft." Let them sail up and down, cruise up and down the ocean of eternity, and they will catch not one glimpse of her mountain masts or her top gallants of floating cloud. Gone down! The training ship of a world perished in the last tornado. Oh, let it not be that she goes down with all on board, but rather may it be said of her passengers as it was said of the drenched passengers of the Alexandrian corn ship that crashed into the breakers of Melita, "They all escaped safe to land."

The Pilgrim and the Knight.

In a noble castle there once resided a very rich Knight. He expended much money in adorning and beautifying his dwelling, but he gave very little to the poor. A weary pilgrim came to the castle and asked for a night's lodging. The Knight haughtily refused him, and said:

"This castle is not an inn."

The pilgrim replied, "Permit me to ask two questions, and then I will depart."

"Upon this condition, speak," replied the knight: "I will readily answer you."

The pilgrim then said to him, "Who dwelt in this before you?"

"My father," replied the knight.

"And who will dwell here after you?" still asked the pilgrim.

The knight said "With God's will, my son."

"Well," said the pilgrim, "if each dwells but a short time in the castle, and in time must depart and make way for another, what are you here otherwise than guests? The castle, then, is truly an inn. Why spend so much time adorning a dwelling which you will occupy but a short time? Be charitable, for he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given He will pay him again."

The Knight took the words to heart. He gave the pilgrim shelter for the night, and was ever afterward more charitable to the poor.

The failure of one man is the opportunity of another. Desperation is sometimes as powerful and inspired as genius. What appears to be calamities are often the sources of fortune. Dress does not make a man, but it often makes a successful one.

A New Life Buoy.

The most important feature of the buoy, however, is an unlighted electric lamp, which becomes lighted automatically the instant the buoy strikes the water. The buoy thus becomes visible to the person in the water needing assistance and is also a beacon for the guidance of any rescue party that may put off in boats from the steamer. Additional value attaches to the invention by reason of the fact that the night seems the most popular time for falling overboard. The lamp is operated by a storage battery, which will last twenty-four hours.

Under the lamp is the second important feature of the buoy—the restaurant attachment. It consists of a water-tight basket, well filled with all the delicacies of the season.

The idea of the inventor is to have the buoy, with its lamp and lunch, ready for use hanging in some conspicuous place, so that it may be hurled into the sea the instant the thrilling cry of "Man overboard!" is heard on deck. When the buoy strikes the water the man overboard will doubtless see and possibly reach it, and he may then be easily rescued, providing boats are launchable. If he cannot be rescued by the crew of the ship, he will have light and luncheon sufficient to last him until some passing ship takes him in out of the wet. The light may be turned off or on at will and may thus be husbanded for some time.

A third feature of the new life buoy is a small signal flag, which is attached to the center bar and which the unhappy occupant of the buoy may use to attract the attention of ships during the daytime. English and German marine officers are testing it, and if it proves practical and not too expensive it will doubtless be adopted by the navy and merchant marine of Germany and Great Britain. —[Detroit Free Press.

Well Put.

"It makes me mournful to think," said an old veteran of the G. A., "that this good, right arm of mine which carried a musket in a hundred fights, should now be all double up and out of shape with rheumatism." "Well look here, where have you been living all this time, that you don't know St. Jacobs Oil will cure you." And straightway he went for a bottle, and lo: he was cured also. The straight way is the sure way for the accomplishment of any good in this life, and the seeking of the great remedy for the cure of pain is surely the best way. Ask those who have been benefited and they will put you straight.

The Sun's Motions.

The sun has three known motions: 1. An axial rotation, which is plainly shown by the appearance and disappearance of well-known spots upon his surface. The mean period of this axial motion is twenty-three and one-half of our days. 2. a motion around the center of the gravity of the whole solar system—a motion which can only be ascertained by the use of very delicate instruments, on account of his great mass, which is greater than the total of all the other bodies of the system combined. 3. A progressive motion through space in the direction of the constellation of Hercules. The rate of speed of this last named motion is not known, but it is estimated to be 150,000,000 miles per year, and some investigators even think it possible that the rate will exceed the above estimate by at least half.—[Chicago Herald.

Using Sand to Get Fire.

M. Dybowski, on his recent voyage up the Congo, in Africa, observed a variation or development of the ordinary method of obtaining fire by friction, which has not, says the Athenæum, been recorded elsewhere. In a piece of soft wood a hole or groove is made, as usual, and the point of a stick being placed in the hole, the stick is twirled between the palms of the hands. The Ngapou tribe, however, in addition, put a pinch of silicious sand into the hole which, becoming rapidly heated, expedites ignition. U49

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In America there are 250,000 pupils in public secondary schools and 200,000 in private schools of the second-grade.

An intense prejudice exists against the introduction of electricity into Turkey. The only application of electricity in that country is the telegraph. Large sums have been offered by the government for electric lighting and telephone privileges, but these have been refused.

CAPTAIN J. M. TODD, of Decatur, Ala., who is now eighty-three years old, is one of the few survivors of the ante-bellum steamboat men of the Tennessee River. Between 1832 and 1860 he made thirty-two trips from Decatur to New Orleans, in charge of boats loaded with cotton. It required about three weeks to make the trip. The return trip was a tedious one, as the boats, chain and the crew, which consisted generally of eight or ten men, had to be towed most of the way.

THE PROPOSITION of the Canadian complaint that whalers owned in the United States are trespassing in Hudson Bay, Canada, whaling barks from New Bedford have been reported last year in Hudson Bay and it is said bound for Hudson Bay, and a number of many were reported from various parts of the North Atlantic. Many of these latter were in pursuit of sperm whales. The sailing whalers are more and more confined to the Arctic and its tributary bays now that steam whalers are so successful in the North Pacific and the Artic.

REPORTS to the English stockholders of the Buenos Ayres Western Railway claim that there is every appearance (of improvement in the economic condition of the Argentine Republic. Political affairs had become more settled, heavy rains had fallen, sheep were doing well, the lambing season had been a very good one, and the clip of wool would be in excess of that of last year. Moreover, agriculture was extending in the districts served by the line and the harvest promised to be larger than that of 1893.

THE International Meteorological Conference, recently held in Sweden, decided that the time is not yet ripe for an international weather Bureau to cover the Continent of Europe, as the Signal Service does the United States. Efforts are being made to secure special dispatch for weather telegrams, and it was decided to publish in a report a summary of the methods adopted in the different countries to communicate the results of their other observations for the benefit of farmers. It is probable that at the next conference in Paris in 1896 a report will be taken to carry out the plan.

THE pine cones of the California forests are in great demand in Europe among the landowners who wish to have plantations of the superb trees of the Sierras. One naturalist has been sending orders from Kew Gardens, London, from the Emperor of Germany, from the Egyptian government, and even from Cape Colony. The market price of the cones is $2 a hundred, which cannot be called exorbitant when the difficulty of obtaining them is considered. The most picturesque figure among the collectors is the seeds is G. W. Dunn, who is eighty-one years old, and has devoted fifty years of his life out of doors on the Pacific Coast.

IT is not generally supposed that ships have a peculiar commercial importance in certain lines of trade. Marine insurance in some parts of the country does not cover damage done to the cargo by the depredations of rats, but if the owner of the cargo whose damaged can prove that the ship was not furnished with a cat he can recover compensation from the vessel's owner. Then, again, a ship is found under certain circumstances without a living creature on board, and is considered a derelict, and according to certain conditions is forfeited. It has not infrequently occurred, after all the crew have been saved, the ship otherwise abandoned, that a live canary, domestic fowl, but frequently a cat, being found on board, has saved the vessel from being condemned as derelict. Consequently ship owners, considering the proverbial tenacity of life, as well as its presence being a bar to the claim of damage by rats, always take care not to send a ship to sea without having a cat on board.

THE Western man is responsible for the story that fish have contributed their part to the growing scarcity of the bowl. Some years ago German carp were planted in the streams that intersect some of the marshes of the west, famous as the haunts of wild ducks. According to the story, when an examination of the stomachs of the carps has revealed the fact that they were gorged with the roots and seeds of the wild rice, which was the food that formerly grew in the marshes so attractive to the ducks. The disappearance of the rice was the result of an investigation of the causes, which is stated. The fact that carp fed upon the roots of the rice as well as the seeds, precludes the possibility of any renewal of the crop. As a foil to this pessimistic statement, there has rarely been a