

SIXTH OF THE SERIES.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES UPON THE ACROPOLIS.

The Agora, the interesting Market Place, of Greece—The Stadium, from which St. Paul Drew Many Illustrations—A Mighty Deliverance.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1891.—At the Tabernacle, the sermon, which was the sixth of the series Dr. Talmage is preaching on the subjects suggested by his tour in Bible lands. His text was taken from Acts 17: 16: "While Paul waited for them at Athens his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry."

It seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, and my watch slowly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn I called our party to look out of the window upon that city, to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek history. That morning in Athens we saw the fourth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the United States, and his Secretary of State, and during all our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to open before us.

This morning we passed through where stood the Agora, the ancient market place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul the Christian logician flung many a proud Stoic, and got the laugh on many an impertinent Epicurean. The market-place was the centre of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear news. Books and banners were set up for merchandise of all kinds, except meat, but everything must be sold for cash, and there was no lying about the value of commodities, and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Platonians met at the cheese market, the Decilians at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters. The market-place was a space three hundred and fifty yards long and two hundred and fifty wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise and lounging, and philosophizing. All this you need to know in order to understand the Bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily with them that met him." You see it was the best place to get an audience, and if a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits of today we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot-races occurred.

Paul had been out there no doubt, for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures when he tells us: "Let us run the race that is set before us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garment, and we an incorruptible." The stadium and the gilding have been removed, but the high mounds against which the seats were piled are still there. The stadium is six hundred and eighty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and held forty thousand spectators. There is today the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the stadium and from the hisses of the people, and there are the stairs up which the victor walked to the top of the hill to be crowned with the laurel. In this place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place, and while Hadrian, the Emperor, sat on vantage height, one thousand beasts were slain in one celebration, and it was chiefly for that reason that I proposed to my friend that day while we were in the stadium that we try which of us could run the sooner from end to end of this historical ground, and so at the word given by the lookers-on, we started side by side, but he got through first. I found out what Paul meant when he compares the spiritual race with the race in this very stadium, as he says:—"Lay aside every weight." My heavy overcoat, and my friend's freedom from such encumbrance showed the advantage of every kind of "laying aside every weight."

We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and a thousand feet in circumference at the top, and rises to a height of 150 feet. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, the ruins are an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the center of all things. Greece, the center of the world; Attica, the center of Greece; Athens, the center of Attica; and the Acropolis, the center of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it; Verres plundered it. Lord Elgin, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, got permission of the Sultan to remove from the Acropolis the pieces of the Parthenon, the finest statues, removing them at an expense of eight hundred thousand dollars. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis, the general, attempered to remove in more fiery, more the sculptured car and horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery toppled it, and all was lost. The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine, where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion scattered the columns in more than a falling cracked and splintered. But after all that storm and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it that I needed no magician's wand to restore it. At one wave of my hand the temple clear to the morning, 1880, it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it, and let us plan it, and Phidias chiseled it and Protogenes painted it and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the ancients, open to let us in, and you ascend by sixty marble steps to the propylaea, which Epaminondas wanted to transfer to Thebes, but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the removal of this architectural miracle. It costs more than a dollar now, the building cost two million three hundred thousand dollars. See its five ornamented gates, the keys entrusted to an officer for only one day lest the temptation to go and misappropriate the treasure be too great for him, its ceiling a mingling of blue and scarlet and green, and the walls adorned with pictures utmost in thought and coloring. Yonder is a temple to a goddess called "Victory without Wings." So many of the temples of the world had been followed by defeat that the Greeks wished in marble to indicate that victory for Athens had come never again to fly away, and hence to this "Victory without Wings," a temple of marble, snow-white and glittering. You

down the pedastal or a tripod, twenty-seven feet high and twelve feet across. But, the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when the money was ten times more valuable than now, it cost \$4,800,000.

But we cannot stop longer here, for there is a hill near by of more interest, though it has not one chip of marble to suggest a statue or a temple. We hasten down the hill, as it is called. It took about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hills tops are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times. The Persians easily and terribly assaulted the Acropolis from this hill top. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was here that the judges sat so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of a trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool judgment. But, there was one occasion on the hill memorable above all others. A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric described by himself as contemptible, had by his sermons rocked Athens with conviction, and he was summoned either by writ of law or by a public invitation to come upon the hill of rock and give a specimen of his theology. All the wisecracks of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheatre, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill, and at the base of it, to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a mad-cap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow." Paul arrived in answer to the writ or invitation, and confronted them and gave them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. He was so built that nothing could scare him, and as for Jupiter as I Athena, and god as the goddess, whose images were in full sight on the adjoining hill, he had no such regard for them as he had for the ant that was crawling in the sand under his feet. In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had voices like trumpets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as this insignificant-looking man rose to speak. In that audience were Scholastics, who knew everything, or thought they did, and from the end of the longest hair on the top of their craniums to the end of the nail on the longest toe, they were stuffed with hyper-criticism, and they leaned back with a malicious look to listen. As he spoke, I stood on that rock where Paul stood, and a slab of which I brought from Athens by consent of the Queen, through Mr. Tri-coups, the Prime Minister, and had placed in yonder Memorial Wall, I read the whole story, Bible in hand.

What I have so far said in this discourse was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech in that great assembly. He launched at the opposite hill—the Acropolis—that moment all glitter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God who made the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Boreas made it, that Pandorus made it, that Boreas made it, that it took all the gods of the Parthenon, yes, all the gods and goddesses of the Acropolis to make it, and here stands a man without any celestial title, neither an O.D., nor even a reversed, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth, and hence the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so many of these statues, see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing! Oh, Paul, stop for a moment and give these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at the interesting landscape, and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period, or so much as a colon or semicolon, but launches the second thunderbolt right after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Oh, Paul! Is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the Theseum, or more in the Erechtheum, or more in the temple of Zeus Olympian, than in the open air, more than on the hill where we are sitting, more than on Mount Hymettus out yonder, from which the best get their honey. "No more!" responds Paul. "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands." But surely the prescher on the pulpit of rock on Mars Hill will stop now. His audience can endure no more. Two thunderbolts are enough. No, in the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which, to them, is more fiery, more terrible, more annihilating than the others, as he cried out: "that made of one blood all nations."

Oh, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. De no more say "one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Solon, and Lycurgus, and Draco, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Aeschylus, and Pericles, and Phidias, and Miltiades, and Pausanias, like the Persians, like the Turks, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood all nations."

Surely that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. His auditors clear their throats, and the nervous strain. Paul had smashed the Acropolis and smashed the national pride of the Greeks, and what more can he say? Those Greek orators, standing on that place, always closed their addresses with some sublime and climactic peroration, and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all that he has yet said. Hereafter he has had under his thunderbolt at a time, now he will close with a peroration. The little, old man, under the power of his speech, has straightened himself up, and the stoop has gone out of his shoulder, and he looks about three feet taller than when he began, and his feet were quiet, but became two flames of fire, and his face, which was white in the introduction, now depicts a whirlwind of emotion as he ties the two thunderbolts together with a cord of accusation. He stands on the ground, and the crowd of standing or sitting against the two thunderbolts of Resurrection and Last Judgment. His closing words were "because He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained, whereof He hath given assur-

ance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." Remember those thoughts were in his novel and provocative, that Christ, the despised Nazarene, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of their cemeteries to stand before Him, and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of eloquent power ever uttered. I heard Demosthenes in his oration on the Crown, had heard Aeschines in his speeches against Timarchus and Ctesiphon, had heard Plato in his great argument for immortality of the soul, had heard Socrates on his death-bed, suicidal cup of hemlock in hand, leave his hearers in emotion too great to bear, had in the theatre of Dionysus at the foot of the Acropolis (the ruins of its piled-up amphitheatre and the marble floor of its orchestra still there) enacted the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles, but neither had the ancestors of these Grecians on Mars Hill, or themselves, ever heard or witnessed such tornadoes of moral grandeur as that which Paul now wielded his hearers. At those two thoughts of Resurrection and Judgment, the audience sprang to their feet.

Some moved they adjourn to some other day to hear more on the same theme, but others would have torn the throat of the speaker. The record says: "Some mocked." I suppose it means that they mimicked the solemnity of his voice, that they took off his impassioned recitation, and they cried out: "Jew! Jew! Where did you study rhetoric? You ought to hear our orators speak! You had better go back to your business of tent-making. Our Lycurgus knew more in a minute than you will know in a month. Say, where did you get that crooked back? You are not a Greek! Ha! Ha! You try to teach us Grecians! What nonsense you talk about when you speak of Resurrection and Judgment! Mars Hill, old man, climb down the sides of Mars Hill, and get out of Athens as soon as possible." "Some mocked." But, that scene adjourned to the day of which the sacred orator had spoken—the day of Resurrection and Judgment.

As that night in Athens, my tired head on my pillow, and the exciting scenes of the day passed through my mind, I thought on the same subject which as a boy I made my commencement speech in Nibbles Theatre on Graduation Day from the New York University. The moral effects of sculpture and architecture. But further than I could have thought in boyhood, I thought in Athens that night that the moral effects of architecture and sculpture depend on what you do in great buildings after they are put up, and upon the character of the men whose forms you cut in the marble; yes! I thought that night what struggles the martyrs went through in order that in our time the Gospel might have full swing; and I thought that night what a brainy religion that must be that could absorb a hero like him whom we have considered to-day, a man the superior of the whole human race, the infidels but pagans or humonculi compared with him; and I thought what a rapturous consideration it is that through the same grace that saved Paul, we shall confess this great Apostle, and shall have the opportunity, amid the familiarities of the skies, of asking him what was the greatest occasion of his life. He may say: "The shipwreck of Melita." He may say: "The riot of Ephesus." He may say: "My last walk on the road to Ochia." But, I think he will say: "The day I stood on Mars Hill addressing the indignant Aroepagites, and looking off upon the towering form of the goddess Minerva, and the majesty of the Parthenon, and the daily divinities of the Acropolis." That account in the Bible was true. "My spirit was stirred within me when I saw the city wholly given up to idolatry!"

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members of a Kieft fraternity, and bound them to fulfil their compact, be it what it might. In default of ransom, he said, there was to be help for a prisoner—nothing could save him. He had known rights, picked battles, among members of the band, many of whom rebelled against the murder of some poor wretch whose ransom had not come; but always the decree had been carried out.

He pointed out to us one day, as we rode together down a mountain path, a deep ravine, whose iron stone wall ran sheer down 150 feet beside the roadway, a horrible place. "Here," he said, "I was once, but cut a sentence. He was a Greek, but Ryah (Turkish subject) would have let him go, but he had killed one of us. His ransom was fixed at 200 Turkish pounds. It never came. He was with us for a month. He liked me. He hated me when I had a fever, and he was always pleasant, but always anxious about his ransom, knowing it would not come. At last we named a day, and then the Governor of the nearest troops advanced. So we drew lots and it fell on me. We rode along this path, all of us—me and I together, side by side, behind the rest. When we got here I shot his horse in the head. It leaped into the air. He gave one cry: 'Ah, Stephani!' Then he was gone."

He told me another story one Winter's night. They captured two children, twins, 7 years of age. A ransom of 400 Turkish pounds was asked for the children, who moonwalked were well cared for. At length came a heartrending letter from the unhappy father, saying that he had sold all he could in the world and borrowed all he could obtain, and even then all he was able to offer was 220 pounds.

Utilizing only the received word to pay what he could, and his children, he was told, would be found at the head of the valley, two miles from his house. When he got there, one child, in new clothes clean, healthy and happy, ran to meet him. Her sister, she said, was close by, "with the man." She led him to the place—she had but then left it. There sat the little girl alone, on a ledge of rock. She, too, was dressed in her new clothes, and she sat round her neck, and held a bouquet in her lap. But her throat was cut from ear to ear, and she was already dead.—St. James Gazette.

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PEERESSES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.

The Strange History of the Peerage of de la Zouche.

In presenting Lady Macdonald of Earncliffe with the patent of her peerage on Oct. 22, the Canadian Secretary of State intimated to the new baroness that it is a mark of her Majesty's sense of the zealous devotion to public interests manifested by Lady Macdonald herself during the lifetime of her illustrious husband, as well as being a mark of the royal approbation of the career of the late Premier of Canada. The precedent so recently made in that instance has been followed by the Queen in conferring a peerage upon Mrs. W. H. Smith.

In the latter case, however, the "personal interest in politics" has received no such public illustration as Lady Macdonald's went to give and the private wishes of those concerned can alone account for the bestowal of the peerage upon Mrs. Smith instead of upon her son directly. Presumably, as in the case of Lady Stratheden and the Countess of Cromartie, created peeresses in their own right, the title will hereafter descend to the son of the deceased statesman and the lady now ennobled.

There have not been many instances in recent times of peerages passing from a mother to a son, for peeresses in their own right are few. It is a curious fact that peerages in feudal days were generally conferred to pass to lineal descendants, whether female or male; but in recent and more civilized times it has grown customary to confine the succession to heirs male. I say that this is a curious fact, because, in those old times, when titles were allowed to descend through daughters, a peerage implied certain obligations of service in the field and certain seigniorial rights over large bodies of men.

There were, therefore, some apparent reasons in feudal times why a woman in her own person should not hold a peerage. But those reasons have long disappeared, so that it is hard to understand why peerages now created should not descend through the female line in default of male heirs. When the title is inherited through a female heir, however, it will most always be found that the peerage is not of modern, but of the contrary, of very old creation.

Thus the late Baroness de la Zouche, who died in 1870, inherited her peerage—which was created in 1308—from her father, who had it as being the eldest of the sixth generation in the line of descent from Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the baron who died in 1625. Lady de la Zouche married the Hon. R. Curzon, and her peerage passed in due course to her eldest son. Another curious illustration of the descent of an old title through the female line is that of Lord Camoys. The present peer is only the fourth baron, though the peerage originally belonged