

THE TALMAGE SERMON

PALM SUNDAY IN METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

The Gates of Heaven Open to All—
"On the East Three Gates and the Same on the North, South and West"—
Revelations 5:1-5.

THE CASHMERE gate of Delhi where converged a heroism that makes one's nerves tingle, the Lucknow gate still dented and scarred with Sepoy bombardment, the Madeline gate with its embazonary in bronze, the hundred gates of Thebes the wonder of centuries, all go out of sight before the gates of my text.

The Great Metropolis.

Our subject speaks of a great metropolis, the existence of which many have doubted. Standing on the wharf and looking off upon the harbor, and seeing the merchantmen coming up the bay, the flags of foreign nations streaming from top-gallants, you immediately make up your mind that those vessels come from foreign ports, and you say: "That is from Hamburg, and that is from Marseilles, and that is from Southampton, and that is from Havana," and your supposition is accurate. But from the city of which I am now speaking no weather-beaten merchantmen or frigates with scarred bulkheads have ever come. There has been a vast emigration into that city, but no emigration from it—so far as our natural vision can discern. "There is no such city," says the undevout astronomer. "I have stood in high towers with a mighty telescope, and have swept the heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun and caverns in the moon; but no towers have ever risen on my vision, no palaces, no temples, no shining streets, no massive walls. There is no such city." Even very good people tell me that heaven is not a material organism, but a grand spiritual fact, and that the Bible descriptions of it are in all cases to be taken figuratively. I bring in reply to this that Christ said, and he ought to know: "I go to prepare"—not a theory, not a principle, not a sentiment; but "I go to prepare a place for you." The resurrected body implies this. If my foot is to be re-formed from the dust, it must have something to tread on. If my hand is to be re-constructed, it must have something to handle. If my eye, having gone out in death is to be re-kindled, I must have something to gaze on. You advance a theory, you must have something to be hung on nothing, or to walk in air, or to float amid the intangibles. You may say if there be material organisms, then a soul in heaven will be cramped and hindered in its enjoyments; but I answer: Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the garden of Eden? Although only a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you not suppose that God, in the immensities, can build a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there be material organisms?

Herschel's Reasonings.

Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss guide puts his Alpine stock between the glaciers and crosses over from crag to crag, so Herschel planted his telescope between the worlds and gazed from star to star, until he could announce to us that we live in a part of the universe but sparsely strewn with worlds; and he peers out into immensity until he finds a region no larger than our solar system in which there are fifty thousand worlds moving. And Prof. Leavitt says that, by a philosophic reasoning, there must be somewhere a world where there is no darkness, but everlasting sunshine; so I do not know but that it is simply because we have no telescope powerful enough that we can not see into the land where there is no darkness at all, and catch a glimpse of the burnished pinnacles. As a conquering army marching on to take a city, comes at nightfall to the crest of a mountain from which, in the midst of the landscape, they see the castles they are to capture, and rein in their war chargers, and halt to take a good look before they pitch their tents for the night; so, now coming as we do on this mountain top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts and halt, and before they pitch their tents for the night take a good, long look at the gates of the great city. On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

The Heavenly Gates.

In the first place I want you to examine the architecture of these gates. Builders of large estates are very apt to have an ornamental gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonry; the posts of the gates flanked with lions in statuary; the bronze gate a representation of intertwining foliage, bird-haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted, all its life frozen into the stone. Gates of wood, and iron, and stone guarded nearly all the old cities. Moslems have inscribed upon their gateways inscriptions from the Koran of the Mohammedan. There have been a great many fine gateways, but Christ sets his hand to the work, and for the upper city swings a gateway such as no eye ever gazed on, untouched of inspiration. With the nail of his own cross he cut into its wonderful traceries stories of past suffering and gladness to come. There is no wood, or stone, or bronze in that gate, but from top to base, and from side to side, it is all pearl. Not one piece picked up from the Persian gulf, and another piece from the Island of Margarite; but one solid pearl picked up from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands, and hoisted and swung amid the shouting of angels. The glories of alabaster-veined and porphyry pillar fade out before this gateway. It puts out the spark of the feldspar and diamond. You know how one little precious stone on your finger will flash under the gaslight. But O! the brightness when the great gate of heaven swings, struck through and dripping with the light of eternal noonday. Julius Caesar paid a hundred and twenty-five thousand crowns for one pearl. The government of Portugal boasted of having a pearl larger than a

pear. Cleopatra and Philip II. dazed the world's vision with precious stones. But gather all these together and lift them, and add to them all the wealth of the pearl fisheries, and set them in the panel of one door, and it does not equal this magnificent gateway. An almighty hand bowed this, swung this, polished this. Against this gateway, on the one side, dash all the splendors of earthly beauty. Against this gateway on the other side beat the surges of eternal glory. O! the gate! the gate! it strikes an infinite charm through every eye that passes it. One step this side of the gate and we are paupers. One step the other side of the gate and we are kings. The pilgrim of earth going through hells in the one huge pearl all his earthly tears in crystal. O! gate of light! gate of pearl! gate of heaven! For our weary souls at last swing open. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls.

And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

The Sight of Heaven.

O! heaven is not a dull place. Heaven is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. "I saw the twelve gates, and they were twelve pearls." In the second place I want you to count the number of those gates. Imperial parks and lordly manors are apt to have one expensive gateway, and the others are ordinary; but look around at these entrances to heaven, and count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hear it all the earth and all the heavens. Twelve gates! I admit this is rather hard on sharp secularists! If a Westminster assembly catechism, and he makes a gateway out of that, and he says to the world: "You go through there or stay out." If a member of the Reformed church is baptized, he makes a gate out of the Heidelberg catechism, and he says: "You go through there or stay out." If a Methodist is baptized, he plants two posts, and he says: "Now you crowd in between those two posts or stay out." Or perhaps an Episcopalian may say: "Here is a liturgy out of which I mean to make a gate; go through it or stay out." Or a Baptist may say: "Here is a water gate; you go through that or you must stay out." And so in all our churches and in all our denominations there are men who make one gate for themselves, and then demand that the whole world go through it. I abhor this contractedness in religious views. O! small-souled man, when did God give you the copyright for making gates? I tell you plainly that I will not go in that gate. I will go in at any one of the twelve gates I choose. Here is a man who says, "I can more easily and more closely approach God through a prayer-book." I say, "My brother, then use the prayer-book." Here is a man who says, "I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is immersion." Then I say, "Let me plunge you." Anyhow, I say, away with the gate of rough post and rotten posts and rusted lath, when there are twelve gates and they are twelve pearls.

All Will Pass Through.

Will now I see all the redeemed of earth coming up toward heaven. Do you think they will all get in? Yes. Gate the first: the Moravians come up; they believe in the Lord Jesus; they pass through. Gate the second: the Quakers come up; they have received the inward light; they have trusted in the Lord; they pass through. Gate the third: the Lutherans come up; they had the same grace that made Luther what he was and they pass through. Gate the fourth: the Baptists pass through. Gate the fifth: the Free-Will Baptists pass through. Gate the sixth: the Reformed Church passes through. Gate the seventh: the Congregationalists pass through. Gate the eighth: the German Reformed Church passes through. Gate the ninth: the Methodists pass through. Gate the tenth: the Sabbatharians pass through. Gate the eleventh: the Church of the Disciples pass through. Gate the twelfth: the Presbyterians pass through. But there are a great part of other denominations who must come in, and great multitudes who converted themselves with no visible church, but felt the power of godliness in their heart, and showed it in their life. Where is their gate? Will you shut all the remaining host out of the city? No. They may come in at our gate. Hosts of God, if you cannot get admission through any other entrance, come in at the twelfth gate. Now they mingle before the throne.

Looking up at the one hundred and forty and four thousand, you cannot tell which gate they came in. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one glassy sea, one doxology. One triumph, one heaven! "Why, Luther, how did you get in?" "I came through the third gate." "Cranmer, how did you get in?" "I came through the eighth gate." "Adoniram Judson, how did you get through?" "I came through the seventh gate." "Hugh McKim, the martyr, how did you get through?" "I came through the twelfth gate." Glory to God! twelve gates, but one heaven.

For All Lands.

In the third place, notice the points of the compass toward which these gates look. They are not on one side, or on two sides, or on three sides, but on four sides. This is no fancy of mine but a distinct announcement. On the north, three gates, on the south, three gates, on the east, three gates, on the west, three gates. What does that mean? Why it means that all nationalities are included, and it does not make any difference from what quarter of the earth a man comes up; if his heart is right, there is a gate open before him. On the north, three gates. That means mercy for Lapland, and Siberia, and Norway and Sweden. On the south, three gates. That means pardon for Hindostan, and Algeria, and Ethiopia. On the east, three gates. That means redemption for America. It does not make any difference how dark-skinned or how pale-faced men may be, they will find a gate right before them. These plucked bananas under the tropical sun, these straggling Russian snows behind reindeer, from Mexican plateau, from Roman Campania, from Chinese tea-field, from Holland dyke, from Scotch highlands, they come, they come, Heaven is not a monopoly for a few precious souls. It is not a Windsor castle, built only for royal families. It is not a small town with small population, but John saw it, and he noticed that an angel was measuring it, and he measured it that way, and then he measured it that way, and whichever way he measured it, it was fifteen hundred miles; so that Babylon and Tyre and

Nineveh, and St. Petersburg, and Canton, and Pekin and Paris, and London and New York, and all the dead cities of the past, added together would not equal the census of that great metropolis.

Harvest of Glories.

But I notice when John saw these gates they were open—wide open. They will not always be so. After awhile heaven will have gathered up all its intended population and the children of God will have come home. Every crown taken. Every harp struck. Every throne mounted. All the glories of the universe harvested in the great garner. And heaven being made up, of course the gates will be shut. Austria in and the first gate shut. Russia in, and the second gate shut. Italy in, and the third gate shut. Egypt in, and the fourth gate shut. Spain in, and the fifth gate shut. France in, and the sixth gate shut. England in, and the seventh gate shut. Norway in, and the eighth gate shut. Switzerland in, and the ninth gate shut. Hindostan in, and the tenth gate shut. Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut. All the gates are closed but one. Now, let America go in with all the islands of the sea and all other nations that have called on God. The captives all freed. The harvests all gathered. The nations all saved. The flashing splendor of this last pearl begins to move on its hinges. Let two mighty angels put their shoulders to the gate and heave it to with silvery clang. It is done! It thunders. The twelfth gate shut!

The Gate Keepers.

Once more I want to show you the gatekeepers. There is one angel at each one of those gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace, or castle, or fortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night and by day; and if there were no defenses before heaven, and the doors set wide open with no one to guard them, all the vicious of earth would go up after awhile, and all the abandoned of hell would go up after awhile, and heaven, instead of being a world of light and joy, and peace, and blessedness, would be a world of darkness and horror. So I am glad to tell you that while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out. Robespierre can not go through there, nor Hildebrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched of earth who have not repented of their wickedness. If one of those nefarious men who despised God should come to the gate, one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves, and liars, and whoremongers, and defrauders, and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their God. If a miser should get in there, he would pull up the golden pavement. If a house-burner should get in there, he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there, he would whisper his abominations standing on the white coral of the sea-bench. Only those who are blood-washed and prayer-lipped will get through. O, my brother, if you should at last come up to one of the gates and try to get through, and you had not a pass written by the crushed hand of the Son of God, the gatekeeper would with one glance wither you forever.

The Password.

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. Do you know what that password is? Here comes a crowd of souls up to the gate, and they say: "Let me in, let me in. I was very useful on earth. I endowed colleges. I built churches, and was famous for my charities; and having done so many wonderful things for the world now I come up to get my reward." A voice from within says: "I never knew you." Another great crowd comes up, and they try to get through. They say: "We were highly honorable on earth, and the world bowed very lowly before us. We were honored on earth, and now we come to get our honors in heaven; and a voice from within says: "I never knew you." Another crowd advances, and says: "We were very moral people on earth, very moral indeed, and we came up to get appropriate recognition." A voice answers: "I never knew you."

After awhile I see another throng approach the gate, and one seems to be spokesman for all the rest, although their voices ever and anon cry, "Amen! amen!" This one stands at the gate and says: "Let me in. I was a wanderer from God. I deserved to die. I have come up to this place, not because I deserve it, but because I have heard that there is a saving power in the blood of Jesus." The gatekeeper says: "That is the password, Jesus! Jesus!" and they go in and surround the throne, and the cry is: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end!" I stand here, this hour, to invite you into any one of the twelve gates. I tell you now that unless your heart is changed by the grace of God, you can not get in. I do not care where you come from, or who your father was, or who your mother was, or what your brilliant surroundings—unless you repent of your sin and take Christ for your divine Savior, you can not get in. Are you willing, then, this moment, just where you are, to kneel down and cry to the Lord Almighty for his deliverance?

Friends There.

You want to get in, do you not? O, you have some good friends there. This last year there was some one who went out from your home into that blessed place. They did not have any trouble getting through the gates, did they? No, they knew the password, and, coming up, they said "Jesus!" and the cry was: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in." O, when heaven is all done, and the troops of God about the castle is taken how grand it will be if you and I are among them. Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city.

Master of the Car.

The Grand Duchess Olga, the sister of the czar, now in her 15th year, displays a remarkable ear for music. The princess is devoted to the violin, which she has learned for five years. Her teacher is the premier violinist of the court orchestra.

Really Strong Tobacco.

The tobacco raised in Beloochistan is exceedingly strong and cannot be smoked by any but the most vigorous of white men. The natives do not appear to be affected by it.

A WOMAN OF NERVE.

SHE FOILED A GANG OF TRAIN ROBBERS.

Mrs. Mattie Reichard of Atkin, Minn., Tells How She "Chilled" the Outlaws Who Intended to Rob an Express Train.



SATURDAY MORNING, March 9 last, the story of a brave woman was told in the newspapers under the caption "Foiled by a Woman." A woman in courage truly, but hardly more than a girl in years, for Mrs. Reichard, who

overheard the would-be train wreckers plotting their destructive scheme and telegraphed the warning which saved the train, is only 21 years old. At the request of a Chicago paper Mrs. Reichard tells how the incident happened in the following words:

It isn't much of a story, but this is how it all took place. Friday evening, March 18, I sat up later than usual writing, having cut the telegraph instrument out of the office, as the noise disturbed me. I had been in the habit of leaving the instrument "cut into" the office for company during the night, as I staid in the depot alone with my babe, 2 years old. I think that my having cut the instrument out was what caused the men to talk as they did, for had they heard the instrument they would have gone away.

About 10 o'clock I began to prepare to retire, and while I was disrobing I heard footsteps coming from the direction of the water-tank. I thought it was the section men returning from the store, about one-half mile away, but as they stopped just outside my bed-

THE ORIGINAL "TRILBY."

De Maurier Gets His Idea from Miss Ann Riviere Bishop.

Speculation as to the original from which Du Maurier drew his "Trilby" O'Ferrall and Swengall have been rife since the publication of the most popular book that has appeared for many years. All sorts of exemplars have been quoted, but none of them bore a sufficient resemblance to the heroine of the novel to be worth consideration. The musical history of the time in which Trilby's extraordinary history is dated has been ransacked for the name of singers whose careers, in any way, touched upon the meteoric flight of that extraordinary girl through the upper regions of the musical world. Trilby was indeed a shooting star, coming, no one knew whence, shining with rare effulgence for a short time and suddenly losing her brilliance and fading into nothing. She came from nothing and to nothing she returned. The lives of the other great prima donnas of the period offer no parallel to this extraordinary story, says the Chicago Weekly. The greatest singer of that day, Giulia Grisi, began life as a chorus girl, showed remarkable talent and an exceptionally beautiful voice, studied hard under good masters, was gradually promoted on her merits, was for many years the reigning prima donna of Europe, declined in popularity with the advance of age and died in retirement peacefully and quietly. Trilby, on the contrary, leaped to celebrity at a bound, blazed forth as a star of the first magnitude and was suddenly extinguished when the magnetic force that controlled her orbit failed to act. So it was with the other great vocalists. Their lives have been written, even to the minutest detail. Their history is the common property of the world; there is no mystery about it. One singer, however, whose fame was world wide, but who now is well nigh forgotten, offers in her career a striking resemblance to that of Trilby.



ANN RIVIERE BISHOP.

room door I knew it was not they. I was in bed by this time, but when they stopped I thought I had better see what they meant by stopping there, so I crept quietly to the door and just as I reached it I heard Voice No. 1 say:

"Do you think it will work?"

"Sure. No train can get over a pile of 'les we put on the track'."

"Voice No. 2—Shall we put 'em on the bridge or east of the bridge?"

No. 2—East of the bridge, for we don't want the express car to go into the river.

No. 1—Well, we will go into the depot and stay until the freights are gone, then fix the ties.

Just as soon as I heard the last remark I knew if I did not tell the train dispatcher at once I would have no chance. So, without waiting to dress, I hurriedly took my revolver, a 22 calibre, and went into the office, "cut in," and began to call the dispatcher at Duluth and started to tell him there were

In fact, as far as her professional life is concerned, Ann Riviere, afterward Lady Henry Bishop, then Mrs. Anna Bishop and at last Mrs. Meyer Schultz, stands out in bold relief as the only artist from whose life it was possible to incarnate the eccentric but delightful heroine of Du Maurier's wonderful romance. Of course, the story previous to her public appearance as a singer is purely imaginary and the product of the brain of Du Maurier. Ann Riviere never was an artist's model, never wore a soldier's coat, never knocked about the streets of Paris as a waif and stray, but was born and bred a lady and maintained through life the respect and love of all who knew her. Her father, a musician of talent, was of good descent, being a son of the ancient and noble French family De Crey, who had emigrated to England during the reign of terror in the first French revolution. She was well brought up and well taught, and at an early age was married to a man very much her senior, the celebrated Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, the well known composer, whose name is made familiar by his famous glee, "The Cough and Crow," the popular songs, "Should He Up-braid?" "Maid Marion" and "My Pretty Jane," and the adaptation from an old Italian air to "Home, Sweet Home," which in the after career of his wife held the same position as a standing musical dish that English's ballad, "Oh, Don't You Remember, Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" held in the vocal repertory of Trilby O'Ferrall. The married life of Sir Henry and Lady Bishop was troubled always by the ambition of her ladyship, who insisted upon being a prima donna, while her husband, a musician of vast experience, always declared that, although she had a voice, she had neither talent nor aptitude for that position.

Decorative Art in Boston.

The new public library building of Boston, upon which a very generous outlay has been made, illustrates the possibility of a general revival in these matters of American civic art and architecture. Not only is the building itself most worthily and intelligently designed to meet the objects in view, but its architecture wins approval from art critics, while it is also setting a good example for our civic administrators by employing the best American talent to decorate its interior with artistic mural designs. The city of Paris has lent great encouragement to a noble form of art by engaging great French artists to paint decorative designs for the interior walls and ceilings of a number of public buildings, even including the public schools, Boston has now entered upon a policy in this regard which it may well continue to pursue.

MRS. REICHARD.

Some men go to wreck No. 18. But as soon as the plotters heard the instrument they rushed to the office door, and grasped the doorknob, trying to get in. I instantly picked up my revolver and fired four shots through the door, and had the satisfaction of hearing them run away.

I was so badly frightened it was some time before I could tell the dispatcher. As soon as I made him understand he told me to go for the section men, which I did. We have not seen nor heard anything more of them.

My nerves are badly shaken from the fright, but nothing more serious resulted from the plot. The division superintendent sent out the section-men to patrol the track until after No. 18 had passed.

MATTIE REICHARD, Atkinson, Minn.

SAVED FROM NICOTINE!

Little Charley Fogelman Used Tobacco Since Babyhood, and His Father Smoked and Chewed for the Past Twenty Years—Both Got Free of Asheville, N. C.

"Is that true?" asked the News man at Pelham's Pharmacy, as he laid down a letter in the presence of a dozen interested customers.

"Yes, it is. It was written here on one of our letter heads and signed by J. C. Fogelman," promptly answered the proprietor.

"You know him, don't you?"

"Certainly. He lives at No. 5 Buxton street. We all know Fogelman is a man of his word."

"I am glad to hear it. There are so many misleading statements published nowadays that when this came in this morning's mail I came right over to ask you about it. I read the letter three times, but you read it and you will agree with me that it is almost too good to be true." This is what the letter said:

"Office of Pelham's Pharmacy, 34 Patton avenue, Asheville, N. C., Sept. 12, 1904. Gentlemen: My little boy, now 8 years, began chewing tobacco when 3 years old by the advice of our family physician in the place of stronger stimulants. Four or five weeks ago I began giving him No-To-Bac, which I bought at Pelham's Pharmacy, and to my great surprise, and it is needless to say, my delight, No-To-Bac completely cured him. He does not seem to care for tobacco and is very much improved in health, eats heartily, and has a much better color."

"Finding such remarkable results from the use of No-To-Bac I began myself and it cured me, after using tobacco in all its various forms for a period of twenty years."

"I take pleasure in making this plain statement of facts for the benefit of others. (Signed) J. C. FOGELMAN."

"Yes, I know it's a fact, and it's one of the strongest, truthful testimonials I ever read—and it's true, for I sold him the No-To-Bac."

"What's that?" asked Chief of Police Hawkins, whose manly form, attired in the new police uniform, and who in all his glory, came to the door.

"Why, No-To-Bac cures!"

"Cures? Why, I should say so. I have used it myself. It cured me."

"Would you object to making a statement of this nature?"

"Certainly not," and the Chief wrote as follows:

"Asheville, N. C., Sept. 23, 1904. Pelham Pharmacy—I bought one box of No-To-Bac from you some time since. After using No-To-Bac I found I had lost the desire for tobacco. I was cured."

"I have used tobacco—chiefly chewing—for eight (8) or ten (10) years."

Everybody looked astonished and wondered what would next turn up.

"Suppose it don't cure?" some one asked.

"Then they do the right thing when No-To-Bac cures?"

"What's that?"

"Every druggist in America is authorized to sell No-To-Bac under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. No-To-Bac is made by the Sterling Remedial Co. general offices in New York, Montreal, and New York, and their laboratory is at Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana, a big health resort they own; its the place where they give Mud Baths for rheum, and skin diseases. You ought to know the president, Mr. A. L. Thomas, of Lord & Thomas, of Chicago."

"Yes, of course I do. We get business from them right along, and they are as good as gold. Well, I'll give you their advertising books and I will make a statement in the paper about what you have to me, for I know there are thousands of good North Carolina people who are tobacco spitting and chewing their lives away and No-To-Bac is a sure guaranteed cure, and they ought to know it."

Bookkeeping in a Law School.

The faculty have decided to establish a course of bookkeeping in the Yale law school, and have engaged an expert accountant as instructor. This is an entirely new feature in law instruction.

An Greater Editor.

Among the retiring members of Congress perhaps one of the most remarkable is Mr. W. J. Bryan of Nebraska. During the four years of his career he has proved himself a natural leader of men. In the fight for a lower tariff, and particularly for free silver coinage, his eloquence com-



HON. W. J. BRYAN, Editor World-Herald.

manded the closest attention of the generally listless House of Representatives and won applause from millions of people in all parts of the country.

He declined to run for re-election as Congressman, but over 80,000 voters of Nebraska declared their preference for him as United States senator in the election of 1894. As the legislature was, however, overwhelmingly republican, the big vote was only an empty honor.

He does not, however, entirely retire from public life in leaving office, as he has become editor-in-chief of the Omaha World-Herald, which is one of the largest and most progressive of western newspapers.

OCEAN ODDITIES.

The gulf stream is 110 miles wide and from 400 to 600 fathoms deep. Dr. Young estimates the mean depth of the Atlantic at about 16,000 feet.

The first author to attempt an explanation of ocean currents was Kepler.

The sea cucumber is nothing but a thin skin and a very capacious stomach.

Sea water is said to contain all the soluble substances that exist on the earth.