

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A POWERFUL PLEA FOR PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

"Wing and Hand," the Text Being Ezekiel 10:21—The Likeness of the Hands of a Man Was Under Their Wings.

WING tossed on the sea between Australia and Ceylon. I first particularly noticed this text, of which then and there I made memoranda. This chapter is all a flutter with cherubim. Who are the cherubim? An order of angels radiant, all-knowing, adoring, worshipful. When painter or sculptor tried in temple at Jerusalem or in marble of Egypt to represent the cherubim, he made them part lion, or part ox, or part eagle. But much of that is an unintended burlesque of the cherubim, whose majesty and speed and splendor we will never know until lifted into their presence we behold them for ourselves, as I pray by the pardoning grace of God we all may. But all the accounts Biblical, and all the suppositions human, represent the cherubim with wings, each wing about seven feet long, vaster, more imposing than any plumage that ever floated in earthly atmosphere. Condoir in flight above Chimborazo, or Rocky Mountain eagle aiming for the noonday sun, or albatross in play with ocean tempest, presents no such glory. We can get an imperfect idea of the wing of cherubim by the only wing we see—the bird's pinion—which is the arm of the bird, but in some respects more wondrous than the human arm; with power of making itself more light, or more heavy; of expansion and contraction; defying all altitudes and all abysses; the bird looking down with pity upon boasting man as he toils up the sides of the Adirondacks, while the wing with a few strokes puts the highest crags far beneath its claw and beak. But the bird's wing is only a feeble suggestion of cherubim's wing. The greatness of that, the rapidity of that, the radiance of that, the Bible again and again sets forth.

My attention is not more attracted by those wings than by what they reveal when lifted. In two places in Ezekiel we are told there were hands under the wings: human hands; hands like ours: "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." We have all noticed the wing of the cherubim, but no one seems yet to have noticed the human hand under the wing. There are whole sermons, whole anthems, whole doxologies, whole millenniums in that combination of hand and wing. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by appreciation of the fact that supernatural and human agencies are to go together; that which soars, and that which practically works; that which ascends the heavens, and that which reaches forth to earth; the joining of the terrestrial and the celestial; the hand and the wing. We see this union in the construction of the Bible. The wing of inspiration is in every chapter. What rears of the ransomed earth did Isaiah fly over? Over what battlefields for righteousness; what coronations; what dominions of gladness; what rainbows around the throne did St. John hover? But in every book of the Bible you just as certainly see the human hand that wrote it. Moses, the lawyer, showing his hand in the Ten Commandments, the foundation of all good legislation. Amos, the herdsman, showing his hand in similes drawn from fields and flocks; the fishermen apostles showing their hand when writing about Gospel nets; Luke, the physician, showing his hand by giving special attention to diseases cured; Paul showing his scholarly hand by quoting from heathen poets; why, we need not look to the top of the page to see who is the author. No more conspicuous than the lifting wing of inspiration than the hand, the warm hand, the flexible hand, the skillful hand of human instrumentality. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

Again, behold this combination of my text in all successful Christian work. We stand or kneel in our pulpits, and at social meetings, and reformatory associations, offering prayer. Now, if anything has wings, it is prayer. It can fly farther and faster than anything I can now think of. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in England. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in India. It can girdle the earth in a shorter time than you can seal a letter, or clasp a belt, or hook an eye. Wings, whether that prayer starts from an infant's tongue or the trembling lip of a centurion, rising from the heart of a farmer's wife standing at the dashing churn, or before the hot breath of a country oven, they soar away, and pick out all the shipping on the earth, on all seas, the craft on which he sails by is voyaging. Yea, prayer can fly clear down into the future. When the father of Queen Victoria was dying he asked that the infant Victoria might be brought while he sat up in bed; and the babe was brought, and the father prayed: "If this child should live to become queen of England, may she rule in the fear of God!" Having ended his prayer, he said: "Take the child away." But all who know the history of England for the last fifty years know that the prayer for that infant more than seventy years ago has been answered, and with what emphasis and affection millions of the queen's subjects have this day in chapels and cathedrals, on land and sea, supplicated:

"God save the Queen!" Prayer flies not only across continents, but across centuries. If prayer had only feet, it might run here and there and do wonders. But it has wings, and they are as radiant of plume, and as swift to rise, or swoop, or dart, or circle, as the cherubim's wings which swept through Ezekiel's vision. But, oh, my friends, the prayer must have the hand under the wing, or it may amount to nothing. The mother's hand, or the father's hand, must write to the wayward boy as soon as you can hear how to address him. Christian souls must contribute to the evangelism of that far-off land for which they have been praying. Stop singing "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," unless you are willing to give something of your own means to make it fly. Have you been praying for the salvation of a young man's soul? That is right; but also extend the hand of invitation to come to a religious meeting. It always excites our sympathy to see a man with his hand in a sling. We ask him: "What is the matter? Hope it is not a felon's; or, 'Have your fingers been crushed?' But nine out of ten of all Christians are going their life-long with their hand in a sling. They have been hurt by indifference, or wrong ideas of what is best; or it is injured of conventionality; and they never put forth that hand to lift, or help, or rescue any one. They pray, and their prayer has wings, but there is no hand under the wings. From the very structure of the hand we might make up our mind as to some of the things it was made for; to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, and to rescue. And endowed with two hands, we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for ourselves we were to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, to rescue. Wondrous hand! You know something of the "Bridgewater Treatises." When Rev. Francis Henry Bridgewater in his will left \$10,000 for essays on "The Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, as Manifested in the Creation," and Davies Gilbert, the president of the Royal Society, chose eight persons to write eight books, Sir Charles Bell, the scientist, chose as the subject of his great book: "The Hand; its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Design." Oh, the hand! Its machinery beginning at the shoulder, and working through shafts of bone, upper arm and forearm, down to the eight bones of the wrist, and the five bones of the palm, and the fourteen bones of the fingers and thumb, and composed of a labyrinth of muscle and nerve, and flesh, which no one but Almighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to us from under the wings of the cherubim! "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

This idea is combined in Christ. When he rose from Mt. Olivet, he took wing. All up and down his life you see the uplifting divinity. It glowed in his forehead. It flashed in his eyes, its cadences were heard in his voice. But he was also very human. It was the hand under the wing that touched the woes of the world, and took hold of the sympathies of the centuries. Watch his hand before it was spiked. There was a dead girl in the governor's house, and Christ comes into the room and takes her pale, cold hand in his warm grasp, and she opens her eyes on the weeping household, and says, "Father, what are you crying about? Mother, what are you crying about?" The book says, "He took her by the hand, and the maid arose." A follower, angered at an insult offered Christ, drew the sword from sheath and struck at a man with the sharp edge, aiming, I think, at his forehead. But the weapon glanced aside and took off the right ear at its roots. Christ with his hand reconstructed that wonderful organ of sound, that whispering gallery of the soul, that collector of vibrations, that arched way to the auditory nerve, that tunnel without which all the musical instruments of earth would be of no avail. The book says, "He touched his ear and healed him." Meeting a full-grown man who had never seen a sunrise, or a sunset, or a flower, or the face of his own father or mother, Christ moistens the dust from his own tongue, and stirs the dust into an eye-salve, and with his own hands applies the strange medication, and suddenly all the colors of earth and sky rush in upon the newly created optic nerve, and the instantaneous sun drove out the long night. When he sees the grief of Mary and Martha, he sits down and cries with them. Some day it is the shortest verse in the Bible; but to me it seems, because of its far-reaching sympathies, about the largest—"Jesus wept." So very human. He could not stand the sight of dropsy, or epilepsy, or paralysis, or hunger, or dementia; but he stretches out his sympathetic hand toward it. So very human. Omnipotent, and majestic, and glorious, this angel of the new covenant, with wings capable of encircling a universe, and yet hands of gentleness, hands of helpfulness. "The hands of a man under the wings." There is a kind of religion in our day that my text rebukes. There are men and women spending their time in delectation over their saved state, going about from prayer-meeting to prayer-meeting, and from church to church, telling how happy they are. But show them a subscription paper, or ask them to go and visit the sick, or tell them to reclaim a wanderer, or speak out for some unpopular Christian enterprise, and they have bronchitis, or stitch in the side, or sudden attack of gripe. Their religion is all wing, and no hand. They can fly heavenward, but they cannot reach out earthward.

In our time it is the habit to denounce the cities, and to speak of them as the perdition of all wickedness. Is it not time for some one to tell the other side of the story and to say that the city is the heaven of practical helpfulness? Look at the embowered and fountained parks, where the invalids may come and be refreshed; the Bowery mission, through which annually over 100,000 come to get bread for this life, and bread for the life to come, all the pillars of that institution, under the blessing of Him who had not where to lay his head; the free schools, where the most impoverished are educated; the hospitals for broken bones; the homes for the restoration of intellects astray; the orphan house, father and mother to all who come under its benediction; the midnight missions, which pour mid-noon upon the darkened; the prison reform association; the houses of mercy; the infirmaries; the sheltering arms, the aid societies; the industrial schools; the sailors' snug harbor; the founding asylums; the free dispensaries, where greatest scientific skill feels the pulse of wan pauper; the ambul-

lance, the startling stroke of its bell clearing the way to the place of casualty; and good souls like the mother who came to the Howard mission, with its crown of friendless boys picked up from the streets, and saying, "If you have a crippled boy, give him to me; my dear boy died with the spinal complaint," and such an one she found and took him home and nursed him till he was well. It would take a sermon three weeks long to do justice to the mighty things which our cities are doing for the unfortunate and the lost. Do not say that Christianity in our cities is all show, and talk, and genuflection, and sacred noise. You have been so long looking at the head of gentility, and the hand of theft, and the hand of fraud, and the hand of outrage, that you have not sufficiently appreciated the hand of help, stretched forth from the doors and windows of churches, and from merciful institutions, the Christ-like hand, the cherubic hand, "the hand under the wings."

There is also in my subject the suggestion of rewarded work for God and righteousness. When the wing went the hand went. When the wing ascended the hand ascended; and for every useful and Christian hand there will be elevation celestial and eternal. Expect no human gratitude, for it will not come. That was a wise thing Fenelon wrote to his friend: "I am very glad, my dear, good fellow, that you are pleased with one of my letters which has been shown to you. You are right in saying and believing that I ask little of men in general. I try to do much for them and to expect nothing in return. I find a decided advantage in these terms. On these terms I defy them to disappoint me." But, my hearers, the day cometh when your work, which perhaps no one has noticed, or rewarded, or honored, will rise to heavenly recognition. While I have been telling you that the hand was under the wing of the cherubim, I want you to realize that the wing was over the hand. Perhaps reward may not come to you right away. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he triumphed at the last. Walter Scott, in boyhood, was called "The Greek Blockhead;" but what height of renown did he not afterward tread? And I promise you victory further on and higher up; if not in this world, then in the next. Oh, the heavenly day when your lifted hand shall be gloved with what honors, its fingers engaged with what jewels, its wrist clasped with what splendors! Come up and take it, you Christian woman, who served at the wash tub. Come up and take it, you Christian shoemaker, who pounded the shoe-last. Come up and take it, you professional nurse, whose gentleness never fully paid for broken nights and the whirms and struggles of delirious sick-rooms. Come up and take it, you fireman, who sweated, far down amid the greasy machinery of ocean steamers, and you conductors and engineers on railroads, that knew no Sunday, and whose ringing bells and loud whistle never warned off your own anxieties. Come up and take it, you mothers, who rocked and lulled the family brood until they took wing for other nests, and never appreciated what you had done and suffered for them. Your hand was well favored when you were young, and it was a beautiful hand, so well rounded, so graceful that many admired and eulogized it; but hard work calloused it, and twisted it, and self-sacrificing toil for others paled it, and many household griefs thinned it, and the ring which went on only with a push at the marriage altar, now is too large, and falls off, and again and again you have lost it. Poor hand! Weary hand! Worn-out hand! But God will reconstruct it, reanimate it, readorn it, and all heaven will know the story of that hand. What fallen ones it lifted up! What tears it wiped away! What wounds it banded! What storm-tossed ships it brought in to the pearl-crested harbor! Oh, I am so glad that in the vision of my text, Ezekiel saw the wing rest for all things. Roll on that everlasting night, and suffering, and weary children of God, and know right well that to join your hand, will be the soft hand, the gentle hand the triumphant hand of Him who wipeth away all tears from all faces. That will be the palace of the king of which the poet sang in somewhat Scotch dialect:

It's a bonnie, bonnie war! that we're livin' in the noo.
An' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel thro';
But in vain we look for something to which our hearts can cling.
For its beauty is as nothing to the palace o' the king.
We see our friends await us ower yonder at his gate;
Then let us be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late;
Let our lamps be brightly burnin'; let's raise our voice an' sing:
Soon we'll meet, to part nae mair, i' the palace o' the king.

Bullet Proof Shields.
Hardware: The invention of bullet-proof shields is enlarging, and the patent office will soon, if it go on at the present pace, be compelled to establish a special sub-department for the exposition of devices in this direction. A point is laid down by a New York engineer, which is that the outer surface if such material should be of a soft, yielding material.

This breaks the blow, and then the resisting material is apt to ward off effectually the force of the projectile. If the outer surface is hard and unyielding the blow is sometimes so great as to overpower the recipient of the shot, and instances are on record that men on the battlefield have been actually killed by this shock.

The whole subject is an intricate one, and the progress made in it is not such as to deter the inventor from thinking out new devices.

Darwin Didn't Like Shakespeare.
In a recent lecture, Mr. Leslie Stephens said that Darwin had confessed to him that Shakespeare had no charm for him, and that he always liked a novel that had a pretty woman in it and ended happily. This was not a peculiarity of Darwin alone. Each person had his own fancies as regarded books and it was a true saying that "all books were good for some one."

WEALTHY AND WISE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT COMBINES TWO VIRTUES.

One of the Richest Men in America, Yet He Is Struggling to Make the Government Perfect in All Its Branches.

THEODORE Roosevelt, the chairman of the national civil service commission, has lately been much in evidence in feasts over victories in recent elections. Mr. Roosevelt is a distinguished example of the power for good that a rich exert who devotes himself fearlessly to the interests of the public. He was born in New York city a little less than thirty-seven years ago of one of the wealthiest families of the old Knickerbocker aristocracy. While at Harvard university he gave evidence of his remarkable industry and force of character by applying himself to his studies with the ardor of a student who must fight his way in the world. The year following his graduation from Harvard he entered practical politics and secured an election to the state house of representatives. When only 24 years of age he found himself

the leader of his party of the empire state in the general assembly. He was not, however, an unalloyed comfort to the veteran wheel-horses and machine bosses of his party. They soon found that the young man had a dangerously well developed conscience, an uncomfortably stubborn will and large practical resources in the political arena. Fought by the machine politicians of both parties he made a memorable and plucky contest for the passage of a civil service reform law, and was finally rewarded with victory. The actual workings of the law have substantially vindicated his shrewdness and foresight. Six years ago he was appointed to membership on the United States civil service commission, and his continuous and vigorous labors in that capacity have contributed very largely



REV. DR. I. J. LANSING.

ently, after apparently cogitating and arriving at the conclusion that this ejaculation, expressive enough in its way, could not help me very much, she made some remarks which were altogether too flattering to myself—and, by implication, to the male sex—to be here set down at large. Ultimately I managed, by pressing the question, to solicit something definite on the subject, the gist of which was that, when women kiss each other, they do so merely as a matter of form, meaning by it for the most part no more than a mere handshake, and often less, for there may be warmth extending in a kiss between members of the same sex. Sometimes, but very seldom, women kiss because they like each other. They also kiss because they don't like each other, and in that case they are sure never to lose an opportunity of kissing each other most punctiliously. They may hate to do it ever so much, and yet whenever they meet they eagerly make a pretty little dab at each other's faces, which passes muster in the eyes of outsiders as quite a touching exhibition of womanly kindness and affection, though those who know the real state of affairs only smile, and perhaps remark, "How Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. do hate each other to be sure. See how sweetly they kiss!" The whole-hearted kiss of young girls, as yet innocent of the ways and deceptions of the world, is a pleasant thing in itself; but once they are initiated into the wiles of society there is no social usage which jars more on their tender feelings, before these become case-hardened, than the feminine habit of kissing, which so transparently cloaks all manner of unpleasant and uncharitable thoughts.



The Lansing-Cleveland Episode. (See Portrait.)

Rev. Dr. I. J. Lansing, who recently charged President Cleveland with drunkenness, has finally been induced to withdraw his charges "for the sake of harmony in the church," as he puts it. Dr. Lansing's charge was made before the Methodist conference at Salem, Mass. Prior to that time he was somewhat obscure as a preacher, but the nature of the charge at once made him a national figure. He is 48 years old and has been in the ministry of Methodism twenty years.

Habits of Patagonian Birds.
Some birds in Patagonia have a foolish habit of roosting low down, close to the ice, and in the morning may sometimes be seen the curious sight of scores of these unfortunates with their tails frozen into the ice. There they may be compelled to remain until the sun, by the process of melting them out, liberates the prisoners.

German Soldiers.
In Germany soldiers who have served their time are by preference employed in all government offices and railways. Probably this accounts for the occasional treatment railway travelers experience in that country—as if they were raw recruits.

in luxurious idleness, is a fine evidence that the true American spirit is by no means extinct even among the enormously wealthy, who are popularly supposed to be given over to the spirit of Anglomau. It is generally understood that Mr. Roosevelt has yielded to the wishes of New York's city reform mayor and will soon resign his present position upon the United States civil service commission to accept a place upon the police commission of New York city. In this capacity he will find a wide field ripe for the sickle of reform, and his friends declare that he will not hesitate to apply it with fearless energy.

WHY DO WOMEN KISS?

That is a Question the Wisest Philosopher Can Not Answer.

Learned men in the middle ages, who spent much time in discussion of trivialities and in hair-splitting, enumerated a host of different kinds of kisses, though they, after all, wound up the whole matter by admitting that there is only one true kiss—the kiss of love; and they put the kiss between women very far down the list, as a thing of no account or value, being thus in accord with the conclusions of all sensible people who have studied the question. Still, we have to do with facts, and women, for all that may be said against the practice, do kiss each other, and in the pursuit of knowledge on the subject I asked my wife whether she found any pleasure in kissing any member of her own sex. "Pooh!" was all the reply she deigned to give, though pres-

RACES AT GALESBURG.

THIS SEASON'S UNPRECEDENTED RUNNING EVENTS.

To Be Inaugurated by the State Bicycle Meet—The Great Trotting Meeting in August and September—Followed by the Breeders' Events.

(Galesburg, Ill., Correspondence.)

LITTLE MORE than a year ago the Galesburg race track existed only in the imaginations of a few men. Many will recall the lengthy correspondence and the many negotiations which were necessary before C. W. Williams decided to move to Galesburg from Independence, Ia. On April 3d of last year the track was staked out. In the past year, what was once a pretty pasture land has become a fair grounds of national repute, for it was here on Galesburg's dead level track that pretty little Alix reached the trotting record of 2:03 1/2. The first year cannot be said to have been more than an experiment, but the result was so satisfactory that the Williams' race track is one of the solid institutions of the beautiful college city of Central Illinois. The outlook at the present time is very flattering, and it seems as though many records must fall here before the season closes.

During these spring days the grounds present a lively appearance. If you ask any of the trainers how they like the track their invariable answer is that it could not be better. Mr. Williams has that reputation among horsemen of being able to keep a track in as perfect condition as anybody can. The track was heavily manured last fall. About a month ago the manure was worked into the soil so that the ground is very springy and elastic.

Carpenters will soon begin work on additional grand stands, for the crowds of last year more than taxed the present seating capacity and the management expects a much larger attendance this year. It is not yet decided in what shape the new stands will be built, but it is certain that Mr. Williams will make them conform to the architecture of the other buildings.

The first event which will draw the public attention to the Galesburg track this year will be the state bicycle meet to be held June 15, 20 and 21, where \$2,500 will be given away in prizes. The first day there will be eight races with premiums worth \$600; the second day \$1,000 will be divided among ten races, and the last day \$900 goes to eight races. Besides several local championship events, the program includes a quarter, one mile, two mile and five mile L. A. W. Illinois division, championships. Thousands of wheelmen and many thousands of spectators will be present at that time.

The next attraction will be the Fourth of July celebration, which, as Mr. Williams does things, will be elaborate and complete in every detail. It will be the day to entertain the people from all the surrounding country.

Then comes the great trotting and pacing meeting, Aug. 26 to Sept. 7. For this meeting thirty-eight of the \$2,000 stakes will be shown, the entries of over six hundred trotters and nearly four hundred pacers. These animals represent about all the leading stables in the country. Monroe Salisbury, the owner of pretty Alix and other fast ones, has about thirty-eight entries here. A few of the entries in the fast stakes will give an idea of the quality of the horses to be gathered here at this meeting. In the 2:10 pace there are such individuals as Vera Chase, 2:10 1/2; Belle Mahons, 2:10 1/2; Colonel Thornton, 2:10 1/2; Charles, 2:09 1/2; Albert E., 2:10 1/2; Pilot, 2:10 1/2; Frank Egan, 2:10 1/2; Ethel A., 2:10 1/2; Cassie, 2:09 1/2; Ella T., 2:12; and Fleetwood, 2:12. In the 2:15 trot we find such names as Cleoneer, 2:12 1/2; Senator A., 2:12 1/2; B. B. P., 2:13 1/2; Kentucky Union, 2:13 1/2; William Penn, 2:12 1/2; Senator Conking, 2:12 1/2; Miss Nelson, 2:12 1/2; Klamath, 2:12 1/2; Mambrino Queen, 2:12 1/2; Beusselta, 2:12 1/2; Jack, 2:12; Aunt Deltiah, 2:12 1/2; and Nina Medium, 2:14. Besides the advertised stakes numerous specials will be arranged later, which will include many of the record breakers of the season. The fact that the Williams track is going to be the speediest in the country will draw such horses here for time races.

Immediately following this meeting will come the Breeders' meeting, which will run from Sept. 9 to Nov. 2. The program contains 128 races with \$200 purses. Entries close Aug. 25.

The trainers are just beginning to let the horses step along a little, and some good speed has been seen.

The Allerton family are doing fine work, and if they hold up through the season, several of them will gain enviable records. As Mr. Williams goes down the track with some of his string hitched to a "bitch," the boys all want to stop their work to see him go, for he has some fine steppers. Allerton, who holds the stakes record to a high wheeler, so far has worked well and shows great promise of lowering his record of 2:09 1/2. Ferron and Falta also do fine work. There is a 2-year-old sorrel pacer, Rob Hilliard, a full brother to Falta, by Allerton, who is moving about as nice as any horse at the track.