

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE IMPERIAL ORGAN OF THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

"The All-Seeing"—The Subject of Last Sunday's Discourse—"He that Formed the Eye, Shall He Not See?"—Psalm 94:9—A Wonderful Camera.



NEW YORK, July 28, 1895.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his summer preaching tour in the West and Southwest, has prepared for to-day a sermon on "The All-Seeing," the text selected being Psalm 94:9, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it, or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omniscience—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." "The clouds—"as the apple of the eye." "Irreverence—"the eyelids of the morning." "The eye—"the eye that mocketh at its father." "Pride—"Oh, how lofty are their eyes!" "Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." "Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." "Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivet sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text—"He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face; but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, he would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it. It has been a strange thing to me for forty years that some scientific, with enough eloquence and magnetism, did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas thirty feet square, to startle, and thrill, and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities, and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissure, and the sclerotic, and the choroid, and the optic nerve, and in common parlance, which you and I and everybody can understand, present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh! if some one should come forth from the dissecting-table and from the classroom of the university and take the platform, and, asking the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what we are!

If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in a plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text. "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it exceeds all others in structure and in adaptation. The eyes of fish, and reptiles, and moles, and bats, are very simple things, because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the human eyes have less faculty than the swimming mole. The black beetle has two eyes under water and two eyes above the water, but the four insects are not equal to the two human. Man, placed at the head of all living creatures, must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which, if through some crevice of the mountain they should get into the sunlight, might be developed into positive eyesight. In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God, without any consultation, created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a consultation of Divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of Divinity to create man, I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before he created it. He cried, until chaos was irradiated with the utterance, "Let there be light!" In other words, before he introduced man into this temple of the world he illuminated it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so, after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall, and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be turned out, God to educate and to bless and to help the human eye, set in the mantle of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night. To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes, seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kindly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eye are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eyes when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them; and the rain dashing against the forehead should not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left, so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek, instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight. See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are eight hundred convulsions in every eye. For window-shutters, the eyelids opening and closing thirty thousand times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtains the iris, or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The

eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed can see both by day and by night. Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye so marvelously constructed has one muscle to lift the eye, and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them. There also is the retina, gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve, about the thickness of the lampwick—passing the visual impression on to the sensorium, and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye! "The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying over a bone of the nostril. A contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun, ninety-five million miles away, and the point of a plume contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus; the microscopist moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work; but the human eye, without a touch, beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler among the Alps, with one glance taking in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it.

Oh! this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us, so to-day we can take in our friends, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and so eye-like coming ninety-five million of miles at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second, it is obliged to halt at the gate of the cornea. It is admitted until the pupil is five millionths of an inch wide. The light which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke. There, also, is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland, by which the eye is washed and from which rolls the tide which brings the relief which comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the Arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands, and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh! the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye! Divinely constructed vision! Two light-houses at the base of the immortal soul, under the banner of which the world sails in and drops anchor. What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye. The tongue is speechless and compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy, pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips. The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermons. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblies with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye, the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle, but those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant: "What shall I pay you in money or in lands? Anything you ask me. I am sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the Emperor urged and urged again the matter, he said: "Oh, Emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable veil is drawn across the face of the heavens and the faces of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said: "Why do you carry that torch, when you can't see?" "Ah," said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness, and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf, with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when he saw Bartimeus with darkness on his retina, and the only savior he ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva and a prayer, with which he cured the eyes of a man blind from his nativity. The value of the eye is shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. As in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powderblast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ, or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him. This morning, in my imperfect way, I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of God, to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

It passes out from the press into the positive when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds do come as a convoy to this. Are they not all

ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation? But human inspection, and angelic inspection and stellar inspection are tame compared with the thought of divine inspection. "You converted me twenty years ago," said a black man to my father. "How so?" said my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old school-house prayer meeting at Bound Brook you said in your prayer, 'Thou, God, see me, and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian.' Hear it: 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place.'" "His eyelids try the children of men." "His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee with mine eye." "Oh! the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it peers through the darkness! How it outshines the day! How it glares upon the offender! How it beams upon the penitent sinner! Talk about the human eye being indescribably wonderful—how much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God? All eternity past and all eternity to come on that retina!

But you say, "God is in one world and I am in another world; he seems so far off from me; I don't really think he sees what is going on in my life." Can you see the sun ninety-five million miles away, and do you not think God has as prolonged vision? But you say, "There are phases of my life, and there are colors, shades of color, in my annoyances and my vexations that I don't think God can understand." Does not God gather up all the colors and all the shades of color in the rainbow? And do you suppose there is any phase or any shade in your life that he has not gathered up in his own heart? Besides that, I want to tell you that it will all soon be over, this struggle. That eye of yours, so exquisitely fashioned and strung, and binged and roofed, will be long be closed in the last slumber. Loving hands will smooth down the silver fringes. So he giveth his beloved sleep. A legend of St. Protobert is that his mother was blind, and he was so sorely pitted for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes, and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh! what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscurity, or were dependent on the hand of a friend, or with an uncertain staff felt their way; and for the aged, of dim sight, about whom it may be said that "they which look out of the windows are darkened," when eternal day-break comes in. What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery: "Here reposes in God, Katrina, a saint, eighty-five years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 19th, 1840."

God's Word.
A prayer that is winged with a cry reaches the throne quick, because it flies straight.
The sinner has no cross, and never thinks of being saved in any way except by works.
When the devil can't get behind the preacher in any other way, he sometimes joins the choir.
When men seek God aright, they do it as the hungry seek bread, and as the famishing seek water.
If we step where God tells us, we shall find when our foot comes down, that it is resting on the rock.
Anybody can be pleasant to pleasant people, but it takes grace to be pleasant to unpleasant people.
Christ lifted the world toward God, because he was willing to stoop down and put his arms around it.
The test of greatness with God, is not how high we have got up, but how low are we willing to go down.
If you can trust God to take you out of sin while you are in it, will it be harder for him to keep you out after he gets you out?
When a cry from the heart reaches the throne, God's hand comes down to give help, without caring whether it is a millionaire or a beggar who is praying.

The Nation's Course.
Dramatists may be compared to Pandora's boxes—John Adams in 1781.
The liquor traffic is a storm center in finance as in politics.—A. G. Haygood, D. D.
Women only can make wine drinking unfashionable and heal the nation of its curse.—J. G. Holland.
O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by let us call thee devil.—Shakespeare.
The very existence of the distillery is the perpetual production of sin in opposition to the gospel.—George B. Cheever, D. D.
You can no more run a gin mill without using up boys than you can run a sawmill without using up logs.—Rev. C. H. Mead.
The use of wine must inevitably be a stepping stone to that of stronger drinks and to intemperance.—J. C. Holbrook, D. D.

Temperance Notes.
In one year over a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed by the failures of beer-drinking engineers and switchmen.
The W. C. T. U. of Fremont, Neb., are said to have paid in full for their Temperance Temple, which was built at a cost of \$10,000.
Twenty-one temperance associations have been formed in India during the past winter, with an enrollment of 2,000 new members.
Wanted—20,000 boys in New York and Chicago who do not smoke cigarettes. The business men have decided to give such the preference.
Since Belgium was permitted free trade in drink, public houses have so multiplied that intoxicants can be purchased at almost every shop. As a result, four-fifths of the deaths of men are now said to be caused by intemperance.

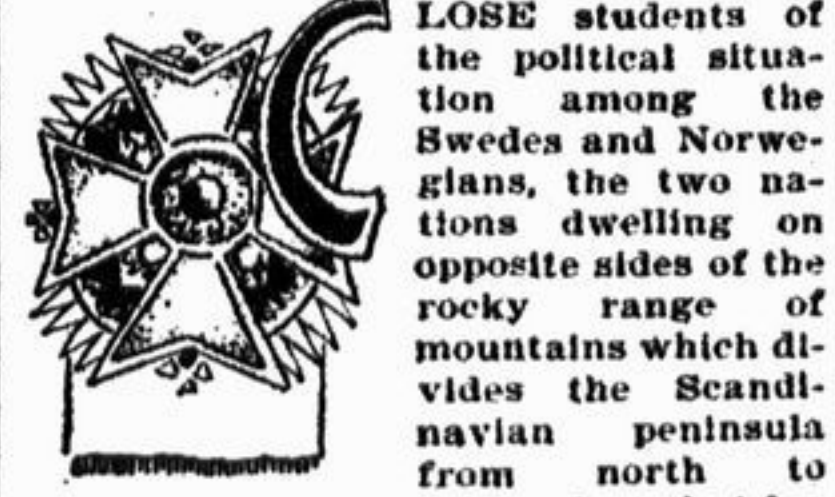
In answer to letters of inquiry addressed to the wardens of the penitentiaries, these figures were received, showing the proportion of crimes caused by strong drink: Sing Sing, N. Y., 92 per cent; Boston, Mass., 85 per cent; Jackson, Mich., 78 per cent.
Archdeacon Farrar, speaking at Devonshire House, said: "We sacrifice more children every year to the drink demon than we offered to thousands of years ago. In London alone at least a thousand babes are suffocated by drunken mothers every year."

MUSIC AT THE NORTH.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN MAY GO TO WAR.

King Oscar Accused of Reversing the Articles of Union—Norwegians May Establish a Republic—Russia and Germany Watching.

(Copenhagen Correspondence.)



LOSE students of the political situation among the Swedes and Norwegians, the two nations dwelling on opposite sides of the rocky range of mountains which divides the Scandinavian peninsula from north to south, fear that before long the bickering between the two will become so serious as to scare away from Europe the white-winged peace angel that has hovered over the continent ever since the Franco-Prussian war.

If war should be declared between Sweden and Norway, these observers predict, the trouble would by no means be restricted to the Scandinavian peninsula. So restricted, it would not be of very serious import to the world at large, but of late it has been apparent that Germany has great sympathy for the Swedish side of the controversy, while Russia has been manifesting equal interest in the Norwegians. So far has the matter gone, in fact, that the newspapers of Berlin have more than once hinted at the advisability of sending a fleet of German war vessels to the Bay of Christiania, on which the capital city of Norway is located, while the journals of St. Petersburg and Moscow, which are never allowed to print a line disapproved by the official censors, have alluded quite directly to the possible necessity of dispatching a Russian squadron to Stockholm, the Swedish capital. If the Swedes and Norwegians should come to blows while Russian and German ships were in their waters watching the peace, there seems to be little doubt that Russia and Germany might both bear a hand, and it does not need great insight in to the existing strained relations between the powers to perceive that after that the red deluge of war would be apt to flow over all Europe.

It would require many newspaper columns to adequately explain the details of the disputes that have arisen between the halves of the Scandinavian



OSCAR II, SWEDEN.



QUEEN SOPHIA, SWEDEN.

peninsula, whose people are of kindred race, speak practically the same tongue and have been bound together in political union since 1814, but the immediate disturbing cause is the refusal of King Oscar to dissolve the present conservative ministry of Sweden and form a new one, the members of which should be chosen from the leaders of the radicals or extreme left. He gave his decision in this matter to the Norwegian congress, in February of the present year, and, though the severest pressure has since been brought to bear upon him, he has resolutely adhered to his ultimatum ever since, though an official source now says that he has decided to dissolve the existing ministry and to call for a new one, but that the situation may have changed materially.

Until within two or three years King Oscar has been able, by reason of his powers of diplomacy and unusual level-headedness, to maintain excellent relations with both parties, and his inclination at this time to form a radical ministry is said to be based more upon personal than political grounds. Some time ago Deputy Rand, in the course of a heated discussion in the Norwegian congress, alluded to the



EX-PREMIER STEEN.

monarch in the most slighting fashion, averring that "the supreme defense of Norway was in the hands of a foreign man from a foreign land." Deputy Neilson, president of the storting, or congress, and leader of the Left, refused to call Rand to order for this characterization, and this refusal has caused King Oscar to declare that there is no provision in the Norwegian constitution making it mandatory upon the monarch to change his ministry at the demand of the legislative branch of the government.
In order to make the radical demands clear it will be necessary to devote a few lines to the early history of the Scandinavians. Undoubtedly the Danish, Swedish and Norwegian races were

TENNESSEE CAVES.

FREAKS OF NATURE COMPARATIVELY UNKNOWN.

Wonderful Subterranean Architecture in Greene County—A Cave That Has Many Curious Features—The Blowing Cave.



O THOSE WHO are interested in natural curiosities Tennessee presents a very extensive field. In all quarters of the state are to be found caverns, grottoes, lakes, and other objects of interest, and to describe them at any length would require a prodigious amount of work. Last year Prof. Mercer of the University of Pennsylvania visited Chattanooga and spent some time in excavating in Lookout, Nickajack, and other caves, in hope of finding the remains of extinct animals, or at least traces of some prehistoric race. No list of the natural curiosities of Tennessee has ever been compiled, and even the histories and descriptive sketches of the various counties do not mention them all. That they have been objects of interest since their existence became known is made manifest by the fact that in 1842 a book entitled "Life As It Is," was written by J. W. M. Brezelske.

Brezelske makes no mention of Lookout Cave, and fails to mention also Carroll's Cave, one of the most interesting in Coffee county, not far from Tullahoma. In Smith and Wilson counties there are numerous extensive caves, but no mention of them is made in the book. Near Greenville, in Greene county, is a very beautiful cave, which is fully as interesting as, if not more so, than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The entrance is in the side of a ridge, about midway between the summit and the base, and merely a hole about five feet square. From the entrance is a long, narrow slope, leading into a subterranean chamber, with groined roof and well turned arches and numbers of stalactites and stalagmites. Narrow passageways connect this chamber with a number of others, in one of which is "Pompey's Pillar," a column about twenty feet high and two feet in diameter, which glitters like a cluster of gems in the torchlight. In another chamber is a swift flowing stream, and in another a deep hole, from which a current of air passes rapidly.

In Jefferson county, near Mossy Creek, is one of the most peculiar caverns in the country, the entrance being on a level plateau, and the cave itself almost horizontal with the surface of the country. The entrance is like the crater of a volcano, and when the bottom of the shaft is reached a passageway extends a great length in an easterly direction. It has never been explored very far because of a deep stream of water of about twenty-five feet in width, which has hitherto barred further progress. Away in the distance is heard the roaring of a much larger stream, which is thought to be a veritable underground river of no small dimensions. The general surface of the country is level, sparsely timbered, and with very few springs for several miles around. However, two miles from the cave is an enormous hole about 250 feet long and 100 feet wide, at the bottom of which is a deep lake of clear and exceedingly cold water.

The curiosity part of the fact is that the hole is 100 feet deep from the surface of the ground to the surface of the water, and the lake has apparently no bottom and neither inlet nor outlet. A few miles from this lake is the site of Swingle's lead mine, where the first settlers procured lead for bullets. In Jefferson county also is English's Mountain, in which there is a "blowing cave." This cave has never been explored, because a strong current of air rushes from it every four minutes with a sufficient force to extinguish any lamp or torch. Electricity has not reached that locality yet. In Carter county are caves, but without any striking features. One of them is known as "Dead Man's Cave," because three hunters lost their way in it and were found dead by their friends, having been overpowered by gases.

NAVIGATING DRY LAND.
A Queer Craft Employed in Towing Log Up-Country.

In the French river country, Wisconsin, for towing logs on the lakes and dead water in the rivers, they use a steamboat called an "alligator," 30 feet long, 10 feet beam, and 3 1/2 feet sided, built strong and with three standing keels 8 or 10 inches below the bottom. These are steel shod. The equipments are paddle wheels on the side and a drum with one-half mile of steel wire cable. The boat is run ahead and anchored to shore or in wide water to the bottom. The cable is attached to the raft and wound up with the drum. When they come to rapids that can not be run the cable is run up on portage and the steamboat goes overland on the keels mentioned, the boiler being kept level with a screw, and they quickly move over a place a wagon could not run.

Rotating Disk.
"Charlie Van Braam has wheels in his head!" exclaimed Amy to her friend, the high school girl.
"Don't you know that expression is horrid slang?" asked Mildred.
"Is it?" replied Amy, innocently.
"It is."
"What should I say to express the same idea?"
"Say that his cranium is amply supplied with rotating disks."