

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## "HOW TO WARM THE WORLD" THE LATEST SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "He Casteth Forth His Ice Like Mortar; Who Can Stand Before His Cold?"—Psalms 147: 17—Devoted Sunday, March 15.



HE almanac says that winter is ended and spring has come, but the winds, and the frosts, and the thermometer, in some places down to zero, deny it. The Psalmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been cut by the sharp weather. In this chapter he speaks of the snow like wool, and frost like ashes, the hailstones like marbles, and describes the congelation of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost? "Who can stand before his cold?" This challenge of the text has many times been accepted. October 19th, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand men, fifteen thousand horses, six hundred pieces of cannon, forty thousand stragglers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wraithier than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks. An army of arctic blasts, with leicels for bayonets and hailstones for shot, and commanded by voice of tempest, marched after them. The flying artillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles and huddle themselves together for warmth; but when the day broke through, rose not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of corpses. The way was strewn with the rich stuffs of the east, brought as booty from the Russian capital. An invisible power seized one hundred thousand men and hurled them dead into the snow-drifts, and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers, and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. The freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of his text: "Who could stand before his cold?" In the middle of December, 1777, at Valley Forge, eleven thousand troops were, with frosted ears and frosted hands and frosted feet, without shoes, without blankets, lying on the white pillow of the snow bank. As during our civil war the cry was: "On to Richmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the revolutionary war there was a demand for wintry campaign until Washington lost his equilibrium and wrote emphatically: "I assure those gentlemen it is easy enough seated by a good fire and in comfortable homes to draw out campaigns for the American army; but I tell them it is not so easy to lie on a bleak hillside, without blankets and without shoes." Oh, the frigid horrors that gathered around the American army in the winter of 1777! Valley Forge was one of the tragedies of the century. Renowned, senseless, dead: "Who can stand before his cold?" "Not we," say the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men, dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his men, falling back from the fortress of ice which they had tried in vain to capture. "Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the Intrepid, the Resistance and the Jeannette. "Not we," say the procession of American martyrs returned home for American sepulture, De Long and his men. The highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice; Mont Blanc, Jungfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers much of the year are in captivity of ice. The greatest sculptures of the ages are the glaciers, with arm and hand and chisel and hammer of ice. The cold is imperial and is seated on a throne of ice, with footstool of ice and scepter of ice. Who can tell the sufferings of the winter of 1432, when all the birds of Germany perished? Or the winter of 1653 in England, when the stages rolled on the Thames, and temporary houses of merchandise were built on the ice? Or the winter of 1821 in America, when New York harbor was frozen over and the heaviest teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island? Then come down to our own winters when there have been so many wrapping themselves in furs, or gathering themselves around fires, or thrashing their arms about them to revive circulation—the millions of the temperate and the arctic zones who are compelled to confess, "None of us can stand before his cold."

One-half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the north, the cotton of the south, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every winter, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers: "None of us can stand before his cold." Now this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms; that the God of January is the God of June. The question as to how shall we warm this world up is a question of immediate and all-encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless hearths, so many broken window-panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick coat are better for warming up such a place than tracts, and

Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm. Nearly all the pictures of Martha Washington represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign ambassadors; but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's hut in the encampment, the hut sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide—she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington. Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaciers at broken window-sashes, hundreds of whole-souled men and women, are necessary to warm the wintry weather. What are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not, my friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand before his cold? It is useless to preach to bare feet, and to empty stomachs, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common sense when, before preaching the Gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, he gave them a good dinner. When I was a lad I remember seeing two rough woodcutters, but they made more impression upon me than any pictures that I have ever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcut represented the coming of the snow in winter, and a lad looking out at the door of a great mansion, and he was wrapped in furs and his cheeks were ruddy, and with glowing countenance he shouted: "It snows! It snows!" On the next page was a miserable tenement, and the door was open, and a child, wan and sick, and ragged and wretched, was looking out, and he said: "Oh! My God, it snows!" The winter of gladness or of grief; according to our circumstances. But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here to consult with you as to the best way of warming up the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your homes throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat; and it has a door in which to throw the fuel. On a get this heater introduced, and it will turn the arctic zone into the temperate, and the temperate into the tropics. It is the powerful heater, it is the glorious furnace of Christian sympathy. The question ought to be, instead of how much heat can we absorb? how much heat can we throw out? There are men who go through the world floating icebergs. They freeze everybody with their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting, the temperature drops from eighty above to ten degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their eyebrows. They float into a religious meeting and they chill everything with their jeremiads. Cold prayers, cold songs, cold greetings, cold sermons. Christianity on ice! The church a great refrigerator. Christians gone into winter quarters. Hibernation! On the other hand, there are people who go through the world like the breath of a spring morning. Warm greetings, warm prayers, warm smiles, warm Christian influence. There are such persons. We bless God for them. We rejoice in their companionship.

Recently an engineer in the south-west, on a locomotive, saw a train coming with which he must collide. He resolved to stand at his post and slow up the train until the last minute, for there were passengers behind. The engineer said to the fireman, "Jump! one man is enough on this engine! Jump!" The fireman jumped and was saved. The crash came. The engineer died at his post. How many men like that engineer would it take to warm this cold world up? A vessel struck on a rocky island. The passengers and the crew were without food, and a sailor had a shell-fish under his coat. He was saving it for his last morsel. He heard a little child cry to her mother, "Oh, mother, I'm so hungry, give me something to eat—I am so hungry!" The sailor took the shell-fish from under his coat and said, "Here, take that." How many men like that sailor would it take to warm the cold world up? Xerxes fleeing from his enemy got on board a boat. A great many Persians leaped into the same boat and the boat was sinking. Some one said: "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" and a majority of those who were in the boat leaped overboard and drowned to save their king. How many men like that would it take to warm up this cold world? Elizabeth Fry went into the horrors of Newgate prison, and she turned the impregnation and the obscenity and the filth into prayer and repentance and a reformed life. The Sisters of Charity, in 1863, on northern and southern battlefields, came to boys in blue and gray while they were bleeding to death. The black bonnet with the sides pinned back and the white bandage on the brow, may not have answered all the demands of elegant taste, but you could not persuade that soldier dying a thousand miles from home that it was anything but an angel that looked him in the face. Oh, with cheery look, with helpful word, with kind action, try to make the world warm!

Count that day lost whose low descending views from thy hand no generous action done. It was his strong sympathy that brought Christ from a warm heaven to a cold world. The land where he dwelt had a serene sky, balsamic atmosphere, tropical luxuriance. No storm-blasts in heaven. No chill fountains. On a cold December night Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the world's frigidity. The thermometer in Palestine

never drops below zero, but December is a cheerless month, and the pasturage is very poor on the hilltops. Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the cold world that cold December night. The world's reception was cold. The surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepulchre was cold. Christ came, the great warmer, to warm the earth, and all Christendom to-day feels the glow. He will keep on warming the earth until the Tropic will drive away the Arctic and the Antarctic. He gave an imitation of what he was going to do when he broke up the funeral at the gate of Nain and turned it into a reunion festival, and when with his warm lips he melted the Galilean harricane and stood on the deck and stamped his foot, crying, "Silence!" and the waves crouched and the tempests folded their wings.

Oh it was this Christ who warmed the chilled disciples when they had no food by giving them plenty to eat, and who in the tomb of Lazarus shattered the shackles until the broken links of the chain of death rattled into the darkest crypt of the mausoleum. In his genial presence the girl who had fallen into the fire and water is healed of the catalepsy, and the withered arm takes muscular, healthy action, and the ear that could not hear an avalanche catches a leaf's rustle, and the tongue that could not articulate trills a quatrain, and the blind eye was relucied, and Christ, instead of staying three days and three nights in the sepulchre, as was supposed, as soon as the worldly curtain of observation was dropped began the exploration of all the underground passages of earth and sea, wherever a Christian's grave may after awhile be, and started a light of Christian hope, resurrection hope, which shall not go out until the last cement is taken off and the last mausoleum breaks open.

Notwithstanding all the modern inventions for heating, I tell you there is nothing so full of geniality and sociality as the old-fashioned country fireplace. The neighbors were to come in for a winter evening of sociality. In the middle of the afternoon, in the best room in the house, some one brought in a great baglog with great strain and put it down on the back of the hearth. Then the lighter wood was put on, armful after armful. Then a shovel of coals was taken from another room and put under the dry pile, and the kindling began, and the crackling, and it rose until it became a roaring flame, which filled all the room with geniality and was reflected from the family pictures on the wall. Then the neighbors came in two by two. They sat down, their faces to the fire, which ever and anon was stirred with tongs and readjusted on the andirons, and there were such times of rustic repartee, and story-telling, and mirth as the black stove and the blind register never dreamed of. Meanwhile the table was being spread, and so fair was the cloth and so clean was the cutlery, they glistened and glistened in our minds to-day. And then the best luxury of orchard and farmyard was roasted and prepared for the table, to meet the appetites sharpened by the cold ride. Oh! my friends, the Church of Jesus Christ is the world's fireplace, and the woods are from the cedars of Lebanon, and the fires are fires of love, and with the silver tongs of the altar we stir the flame and the light is reflected from all the family pictures on the wall—pictures of those who were here and are gone now. Oh! come up close to the fireplace. Have your worn face transfigured in the light. Put your cold feet, weary of the journey, close up to the blessed conflagration. Chilled through with trouble and disappointment, come close up until you can get warm clear through. Exchange experience, talk over the harvests gathered, tell all the Gospel news. Meanwhile the table is being spread. On it, bread of life. On it, grapes of Eshel. On it, new wine from the kingdom. On it, a thousand luxuries celestial. Hark, as a wounded hand raps on the table, and a tender voice comes through saying: "Come, for all things are now ready. Eat, oh, friends! drink, yea, drink abundantly, oh, beloved!"

My friends, that is the way the cold world is going to be warmed up, by the great Gospel fireplace. All nations will come in and sit down at the banquet. While I was musing, the fire burned, "Come in out of the cold, come in out of the cold!"

**Escaping Temptation.**  
If any man should escape temptation it will not be because he is strong, but because he is weak. There are natures so shallow and thin as to be below temptation. The tempest which raises the billows of the Atlantic does not make a ripple on a street pool, and the tares which strive with the wheat until harvest in the deep, rich loam would wither on the stony soil. Pharisees and prigs are not tempted, and therefore, they must always be less than men.—Jan MacLaren.

**He Was Easily Cured.**  
A Lewiston (Me.) man borrowed a neighbor's battery for treatment of his rheumatism. After he had been cured by application of the battery he discovered that he had never turned on the current once. He had simply taken hold of the handles and faith did the rest.

**The Ram Power.**  
We are within ten years of the time when the Christian and moral forces of this country will enter a mortal struggle with the rum-selling element, and it is now time to prepare for the great battle.—Rev. Dr. Meredith.

**The Social Evil.**  
Women can cure the social evil by stamping upon the forehead of the man the same brand of infamy with which they condemn his victim.—Rev. G. F. Henry.

# RUTH'S NEW TUTOR.

## WOMAN SELECTED BY MRS. CLEVELAND FOR THE WORK.

Sketch of Frieda M. Bethmann, Who Will Train President Cleveland's Children—Educated in the Common Schools of Boston.



MISS FRIEDA M. Bethmann, who has been selected by Mrs. Grover Cleveland as tutor of the president's children, Ruth and Esther, is one of the most efficient kindergartners in the state of Massachusetts. Up to the present time the children have been wholly under their mother's care, and Miss Bethmann's selection was made, her friends say, because of the high qualifications she possesses for the duties which will be required of her and also because of the friendship which has existed between her mother and the president's family.

Among public school officials and educators generally Miss Bethmann is regarded as one of the brightest kindergarten teachers in Boston. She has had every advantage for advancement in her work, as her mother, Mrs. Emilio F. Bethmann, is one of the foremost kindergartners in the country, and has been employed in the schools of Boston ever since the inception of the system. Mrs. Cleveland is very much wrapped up in kindergarten work, and has taken much interest in and greatly assisted the New York kindergartners.

Miss Bethmann began teaching eight years ago as an assistant to her mother, but she is now a principal instructor, having charge of the kindergarten department of the Thomas N. Hart school in the South Boston district. She comes of an excellent family, which, previous to reverses, was wealthy and well connected. Mrs. Bethmann was one of the first teachers whom Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw employed when she first established kindergartening in Boston as a philanthropic venture eighteen years ago. Her daughter, Miss Frieda, who has been so signally honored by President Cleveland, was born in Boston, and is of German extraction. She was educated in the public schools, and after graduation from the girls' high school took a special course of kindergartener work under the noted kindergartener, Miss Lucy H. Symonds, in the Hart school Miss Bethmann

had a class of sixty children between the ages of 3½ and 5 years. She has always made a success with her kindergarten work. She has a pleasing personality and a natural kindly way, which seem to draw the children toward her and inspire them with confidence. She is about 25 years of age, of medium height and figure, with German cast of features, dark complexion and black hair.

Miss Bethmann is fully prepared for the duties that may be expected of her. The qualifications required by the Boston school board guarantees this. Before a teacher's certificate was granted Miss Bethmann she passed the ordinary teacher's examination and in addition was required to show that she was proficient in the studies of mother-play and nursery songs, Froebel's system of games, gifts and occupations, clay modeling and drawing, Froebel's and Grubel's number and form system, an infant and animal life. The rules also required that she be a graduate of a normal school, either state or city of Boston, or shall have taught school one year after graduating from some college or an institution of as high a grade.

**Drought and Gems.**  
A story is told on W. A. Houtz, a Parker (S. D.) banker, which illustrates that gentleman's fine sense of the fitness of things. Mr. Houtz, previous to the drought which once affected that great state, but is now happily a thing of the past, wore a dazzling diamond stud. When the rain ceased and green things turned brown he replaced the gem with a modest opal, explaining that the latter was more suitable to the hard times which he foresaw. As matters grew worse and the parched earth refused to sustain a blade of grass, where green fields fed the herds before he retired the opal and the starched front it adorned and appeared at the bank in a woolen shirt, remarking that he was adapting his apparel to the condition of the country. When the heavens opened last spring and South Dakota's fields were green again and her rivers were full of water he put on his diamond, because, he said it was of the first-water variety and should be in the swim.—Sioux City (Iowa) Tribune.

If there are souls in trees, the cork tree must have a cork sole.

# MISS SORABJI.

## She Recently Won the Degree of Bachelor of Science Before an Indian Board.

Miss Alice Maude Sorabji is the first girl to win the degree of bachelor of science in India. She is the daughter of the late Rev. Sorabji Kharsodji, of the Church Missionary society, and of Mrs. Sorabji, who is widely known in western India for her many educational charities. Her earlier education was obtained at the Poona Victoria high school, and from this institution she was matriculated at the age of 15. She appeared nineteenth in a list of candidates drawn from the whole of the Bombay presidency. She entered Wilson college at Bombay, and there studied for her degree. All through her course she displayed a peculiar aptitude for science, and attracted the most favorable attention from her masters. In the examination for her degree, through which she passed at the close of last year, she was the only woman candidate and obtained more marks than any of the other candidates, coming first in the order of merit. Miss Sorabji now hopes to study medicine with a view of being of some service to Indian ladies who are denied the aid of a man physician. She will go to



MISS SORABJI. London to get her medical education. Her sister is Miss Cornelia Sorabji, the first girl graduate of western India. The latter was at Oxford not long ago.

# TEN MILLION TONS OF COAL.

## New York Annually Consumes This Amount with Little Smoke.

A prominent New York coal merchant, while showing a Pittsburg friend about New York on the occasion of the latter's first visit to the metropolis, took him to the top of one of the very high-est buildings in town and pointed out to him the different objects of interest that could be seen, says the Mail and Express. The western man took in the beautiful view of the bay and then looked northward over miles and miles of roofs and chimneys, over the vast expanse of street and park, business buildings and dwellings and then turned to his friend with the remark that the most astonishing thing to him was that it was so clear. Not a blot of smoke marred the landscape. Clear and brilliant in the sun of a winter day, New York was clean and neat and the greatest possible contrast to the dingy and grimy cities of the west, where the use of coal is not restricted to certain kinds. New Yorkers have made a study of the combustion of coal and they have learned how to get the most out of it with the least dirt and smoke. The enormous amount of 10,000,000 tons of anthracite coal is now burned every year in New York and this is not at all remarkable when it is considered to what an extent the use of coal enters into the everyday life of the people. The coal dealers of New York are legion and the business has grown to immense proportions. The ease with which coal can be shipped to New York and unloaded in order to get it to the market with the least possible handling has contributed to a great extent to the success which New York coal merchants have attained.



Helen M. Gougar. The above is a portrait of Helen M. Gougar, noted among the temperance workers of the day. She recently met Bob Schilling, the noted advocate of personal liberty, in a debate at Chicago. It is the opinion of those who heard the debate that Mrs. Gougar came out first best.

**Violets in Champagne.**  
The Romans in the days of Horace used to perfume their drinks with rose leaves. Now, if we wish to do honor to an interesting guest we may borrow a dainty notion from the Germans. Introduced, I am told, by no lesser person than the kaiser himself. To every glass of champagne to give the beverage romance and a certain classical flavor are added some petals of violets.—Exchange.

The chance of a lifetime is sometimes merely an opportunity to quit.

# HUMORIST'S CORNER.

## SOME PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS FOR LEAN READERS.

"Listen to the Coming Women"—The Self-Closing Door—Friction Makes Feet, or, How Brother Holdemugg succeeded as a Church Collector.



Room is what the women lack; Room to move and turn around in; For the bustle's coming back.

Elevate your frescoed ceilings; Raise your roofs nearer the sky; For next summer's style of coiffure Will be over three feet high.

CHAPTER I.  
"Hark!"  
CHAPTER II.  
Another step and Dick Hovey would have been a dead man. Perhaps, "Trow up yer han's," Dick Hovey's hands went up. As they did so a dozen bandits sprang from their concealment and surrounded him.

CHAPTER III.  
"Really, gentlemen," said he, good-naturedly, "you almost surprised me; I wasn't looking for an audience way out here; 'deed I wasn't. But I am pleased, gentlemen, more than pleased. Your very looks denote your intelligence, and an intelligent crowd is the crowd I like to meet. All joking aside, boys, it would be impossible to find your equal this side of the Rockies, and right here I'm going to put my statement to test. Step forward, gent, and let me show you this little—"  
"Hol' on dere, keep dem han's up!" commanded the wily leader, And Dick Hovey, simple, harmless Dick Hovey, obeyed.

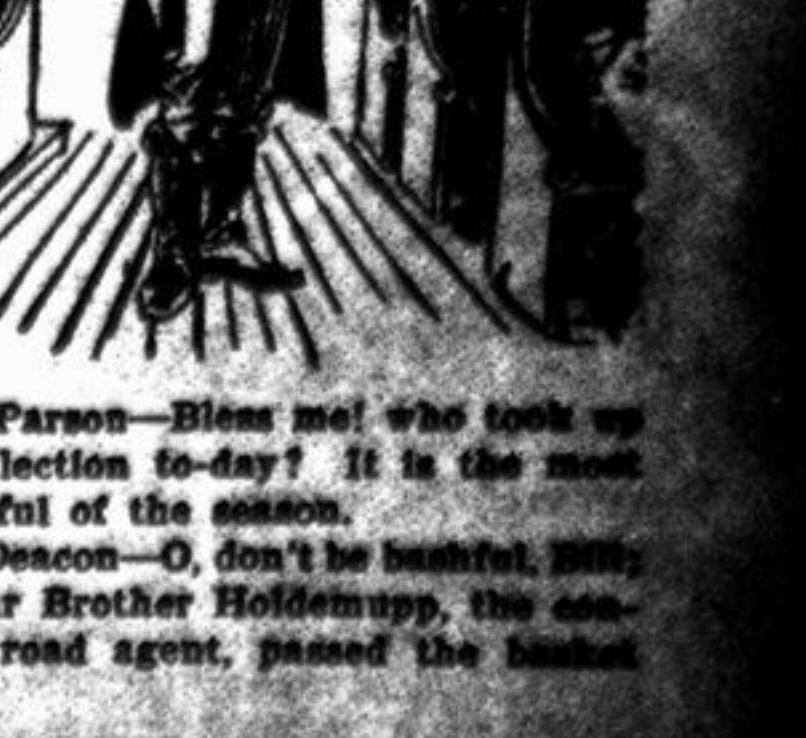
CHAPTER IV.  
Again the stillness was broken by Dick Hovey's voice.  
"Oh, certainly, gentlemen, if you wish it. But dead straight, now, I have a little article here that is bound to interest you all. Its equal has never been known. Step up, boys, and see for yourselves. Take them from your pockets if you will. They won't hurt you; they won't bite you. Warranted not to kick, bite, break or go off half-cocked. Here you are, boys, just one apiece. I've got just an even dozen. There, you wind it up so, and it goes off so. Hear that! Ain't it beautiful? And only twenty-five cents apiece."

CHAPTER V.  
Every bandit dropped his rifle and took one of the toys. They were intensely amusing and had never before been seen in the mountains.  
"Now," said Dick, "connect them all together and we have a miniature brass band. Here," to the leader, "connect yours to mine and the music plays thus!"

CHAPTER VI.  
The very instant the connection was made every outlaw fell senseless in his tracks.  
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Gen. Ulysses McClellan Traller, the great government deputy, alias Dick Hovey.  
"Ha, ha, ha!" he repeated, "electricity fetches 'em when rifle balls would only make 'em laugh."

CHAPTER VII.  
Three pistol shots in rapid succession brought a dozen assisting deputies with horses from the pass below, and as the last rays of the sun were kissing the mountain peaks good-by twelve of the worst moonshiners in Deathtrap Lodge were safely landed in the county jail.

CHAPTER VIII.  
A month later a banquet was held in Washington in honor of the great Gen. U. M. Traller, government detective. It was a grand affair. All the high ladies of the land worshipped at his spurred feet, and now it is whispered that he is about to make a highly successful entry upon the dramatic stage. (The End.)



The Parson—Bless me! who took up the collection to-day? It is the most successful of the season. The Deacon—O, don't be hushful, our dear Brother Holdemugg, the converted road agent, passed the basket to-day.