

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

COMFORTING WORDS TO THOSE IN DECLINING YEARS.

Some Thoughts Suggested by the Invitation to Christ to Abide Overnight in an Oriental Village—The Eternal Resting Place.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Kloppsch.) Washington, Oct. 7.—In this sermon Dr. Talmage discourses upon the invitation given to Christ to stay overnight in the oriental village and makes some consolatory suggestions. The text is Luke xxiv, 29, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

Two villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, has been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn, talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass and before they are aware have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon him their hospitalities. Night is coming on and he may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much further now. Why not stop here and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." The lamps are lighted, the table is spread, pleasant socialities are evoked. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly, and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astounded people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, he vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.

Our Greatest Need.
The great want of all is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we stop on the down grade of life and see that it dips to the cold verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in sudden times broke up the silence of the dead with cadence of mercy. When the axmen of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us, and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approaching the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to puff us up or forgive when we have not been assailed or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian forces retreating. You feared that you would fall in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen.

The Sources of Strength.
When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition, who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." One of the forts of France was attacked and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stair, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So when we are assailed by temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble. But there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making especial preparations for its coming. One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes

the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards, swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter, and the earth in a snow-shroud. It may be autumn and the forests set on fire by the retreating year; dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, shot off the switch and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment—crash! crash! I know not the time; I know not the mode, but the days of our life are being subtracted away, and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours, three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left, five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute.

Life's Balance Sheet.
You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood with the world. But there came complications; something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friends you had proved traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortune prostrated your credit. You may feel anxious about where you are standing and fear that the next turn of the commercial wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends that you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening.

Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many drafts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screwdriver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common sense, our observation, reiterate in tones that we cannot mistake and ought not to disregard, it is toward evening.

Fighting Against Misfortune.
Listen to Paul's battle shout with misfortune. Hark to the mounting Latimer's fire song. Look at the glory that hath reft the dungeon and filled the earth and heavens with the crash of the falling manacles of despotism. And then look at those who have tried to cure themselves by human prescriptions, attempting to heal gangrene with patch of court plaster and to stop the plague of dying empires with the quackery of earthly wisdom. Nothing can speak peace to the soul, nothing can unstrap our crushing burdens, nothing can overcome our spiritual foes, nothing can open our eyes to see the surrounding horses and chariots of salvation that fill all the mountains, but the voice and command of him who stopped one night at Emmaus.

The words of the text are pertinent to us all from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready. But we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts, it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. I knew a man who used often to say at night, "I wish I might die before morning!" He is now an infidel. But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass: There is no roundabout way, no bypath, no circuitous route. Die we must, and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail, and the eyes will close, and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgeous tapestry, but what does death care for bed curtains?

The Eternal Resting Place.
This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining, but yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds and bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven, but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone bruise or festers with the thorn or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place. Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be bright day when you push off from the pier,

the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards, swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter, and the earth in a snow-shroud. It may be autumn and the forests set on fire by the retreating year; dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, shot off the switch and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment—crash! crash! I know not the time; I know not the mode, but the days of our life are being subtracted away, and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours, three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left, five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute.

The Evening Shadow.
You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will no longer be misinterpreted or your honor fished. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities of heaven! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted! You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb like Rachael weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march! Toward evening! Death will come, sweet as slumbers to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire-palm, every lake a glassy mirror; the forests transfigured; delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it: "Toward evening."

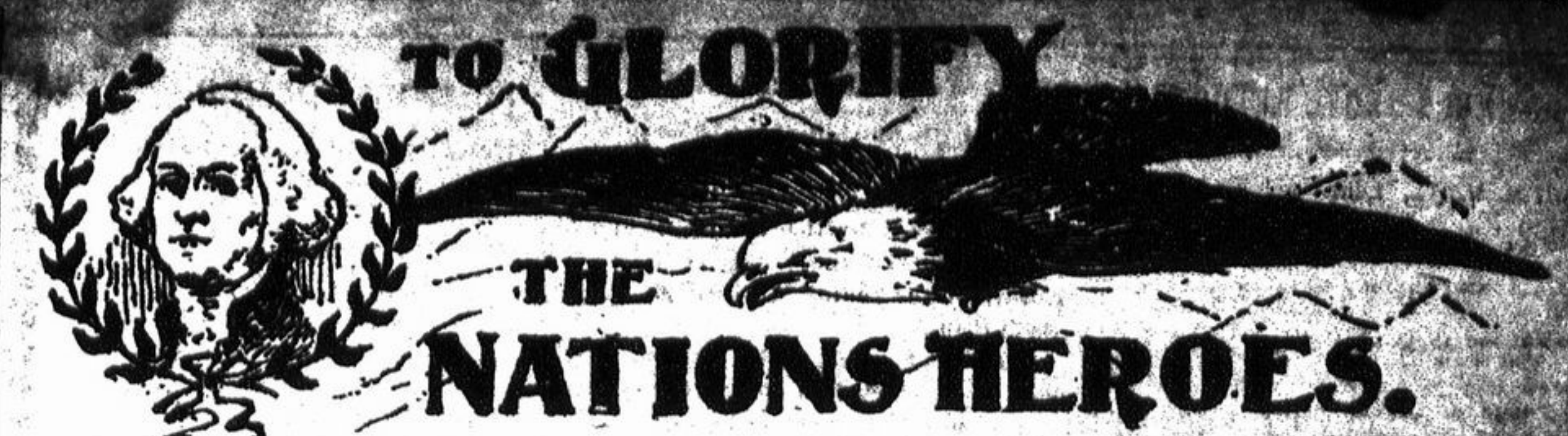
STORY OF A BEAVER.

An Interesting Anecdote About a Captive Canadian.
A. D. Bartlett, son of the late superintendent of the London Zoo, has an interesting story of a captive Canadian beaver. A large willow tree in the garden had blown down. A branch about twelve feet long and thirty inches in circumference was firmly fixed in the ground in the beaver's enclosure. Then the beaver was watched to see what he would do. The beaver soon visited the spot, and, walking around the limb, commenced to bite off the bark and gnaw the wood about twelve inches from the ground. The rapidity of his progress was astonishing. He seemed to put his whole strength into his task, although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to determine which way the tree would fall. Now and then he went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree. Then he would come out again with renewed energy, and his powerful teeth would set at work anew upon the branch. About 4 o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work and came hastily toward the iron fence. The cause of this sudden movement was soon apparent. He had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which was brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously expecting his supper. The keeper, not wishing to disappoint the beaver, although sorry to see his task interrupted, gave him his usual allowance of carrots and bread. The fellow ate it, and was seen swimming about the pool until about 5:30. Then he returned to his work. In ten minutes the "tree" fell to the ground. Afterward the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of which he used in the under part of his house.

PAWNEE ROCK.

Historic Indian Battle Spot Disappearing Year After Year.
Nine miles northeast of Larned, Kan., is a low, disintegrating pile of red sandstone, which is all that is now left of the once imposing Pawnee rock. This rock, which received its name from the tribe of Indians known as the Pawnees, has an interesting history—a history acquired during the time when this part of the country was a wild and dreary desert, inhabited only by the Indians and herds of roaming buffalo. On this rock have been waged many bloody conflicts between the Indians and travelers of the famous Santa Fe trail, and also between the different tribes of plains Indians. Surrounded by vast prairies with the trail running along its base, it afforded a good hiding place and battle ground for the savages. In its primitive state Pawnee rock rose to a considerable height, and from its summit a beautiful panorama spread before the lover of nature, and even now, from its reduced height, can be seen for miles a widespread landscape. Comparatively little remains to be seen of that once imposing promontory of the Kansas "desert" for the hand of man has done more in twenty years to efface it from the earth than the elements in centuries of time. The material obtained by the destruction of this landmark of the early days, is used in the construction of dwellings, bridges, etc., by the inhabitants in the fertile valleys surrounding this spot.

Peace, but Disgraceful.
"You have traveled abroad," inquired the well-meaning conversationist. And the man who worries about words answered stiffly: "Possibly you will inform me of some way in which I could have been abroad without traveling."—Washington Star.



The government has in contemplation the erection of a memorial bridge across the Potomac river at Washington to commemorate the patriotism of the American people. It will be a structure surpassing in beauty any other of a similar kind in the world. The designs have already been agreed upon and contemplate a roadway sixty feet in width with sidewalks twelve feet wide on each side. It was felt by practically a majority of both the senate and the house that the time had come when the construction of such a bridge as that exemplified by the successful plans should be commenced. A resolution favoring the appropriation of \$200,000 for the beginning of work was passed by both houses.

A design has been prepared by Architect Burr and is presented herewith. As designed it is a very ornate structure, and yet some of the chief elements of its effectiveness are simplicity and grandeur. The river spans of such unusually long arches possess an impressiveness as complete structures which it is essentially impossible to realize from any plan on paper. It has been suggested that the plan might be more ornate in character. The structure is estimated to have on it about \$1,000,000 worth of statuary and carving. Indeed, the great river arches, with all their impressive-

must be simple and harmonious with the structural elements of design, and the successful plans are pre-eminent in this admirable kind of excellence. A comprehensive examination of the entire design shows that the composition of the bridge as a whole and in its several parts is dictated by the requirements of the problem and that it is a common sense solution, possessing the essential qualities of good engineering and architecture. Masonry construction was chosen on account of its more monumental and lasting qualities, and this necessitated the arch motive. The portion over the river proper requiring free passage for the current, as well as for ice in the winter, is of comparatively open construction, consisting of graceful segmental arches of long span. The approaches are of smaller and semi-circular arches, the very costly construction of the river portion not being rational at these points. The difference of function of the river and land parts is thus sharply expressed, adding very much to the true artistic quality of the composition; moreover, the points at which the thrusts terminate are re-enforced by masses of masonry built up into monuments, which by their weight add to the stability of the structure. The eight heroic groups placed

ried out along the whole length of the roadway, where bronze statues of celebrated men are to be placed on each side, and these, together with very elaborate electric light supports, will hem in the approach to Arlington with the most artistic surroundings. The sculpture and ornament upon the structure has been placed where the artistic requirements call for it and without regard to expense. The character of the structure has been always kept in mind, and vulgar overornamentation avoided as being worse than useless. The entire structure as designed, including the embankment approaches and the granite arch masonry portions, has a length of a little over one mile and would form a much-needed line of communication between the National cemetery at Arlington, the adjoining country, and the city of Washington. Its roadway and sidewalk surface, eighty-four feet in width, would constitute, with the tributary avenues at each end, one of the most impressive and beautiful avenues in the world. Nothing could be more fitting as a memorial to the lofty sentiment of American patriotism than this suitably embellished great bridge structure between the capital of the nation and the city of its heroic dead.



DESIGN FOR THE GREAT MEMORIAL BRIDGE.

seen and long series of beautiful approach arches on each side of the river are admirably adapted to the reception of such emblematic figures, statuary or carving as may be suitable to give it any desired intensity of expression as a memorial to American patriotism. This additional embellishment need not necessarily be given to the bridge at the time of its construction, but could be added from time to time in the future as historical events or epochs in the history of the country might require. There are many pedestals along the entire course of the structure which could receive from time to time in the future statues of patriotic Americans, as was indicated in the letter of transmission which accompanied the original plans. In connection with this entire matter of ornate treatment it should be remembered that the foundation elements of the design for the best artistic results

against the archways are emblematic of such subjects as patriotism, valor, concord, etc., and will be groups of great size and elaborate compositions, and are to be executed in stone. The spandrels of the arches will be fitted with subjects emblematic of the army and navy, etc. On the sides of the towers will be shields and plaques inscribed with names of battles, and the whole will be crowned with bronze victories heroic in size. The towers will contain stairways or elevators admitting people to the top over the arch and in the rear of the balustrade. The whole will form two triumphal archways, elaborately ornamented and rich in detail, although in perfect harmony with the severity of the great bridge structure of which they are but one of the structurally essential members. The memorial and monumental character of the bridge is further car-

Prof. Jacob H. Hollander of Johns Hopkins University, the treasurer of Porto Rico, has just returned to Baltimore on a short visit. "The people as a whole," he says, "are paying little attention to the furor that the political situation in this country has raised and seem perfectly contented. The raising of fruit in the island, which heretofore has not been practiced so extensively, has become quite an industry, and with encouragement and a little time should do well there."

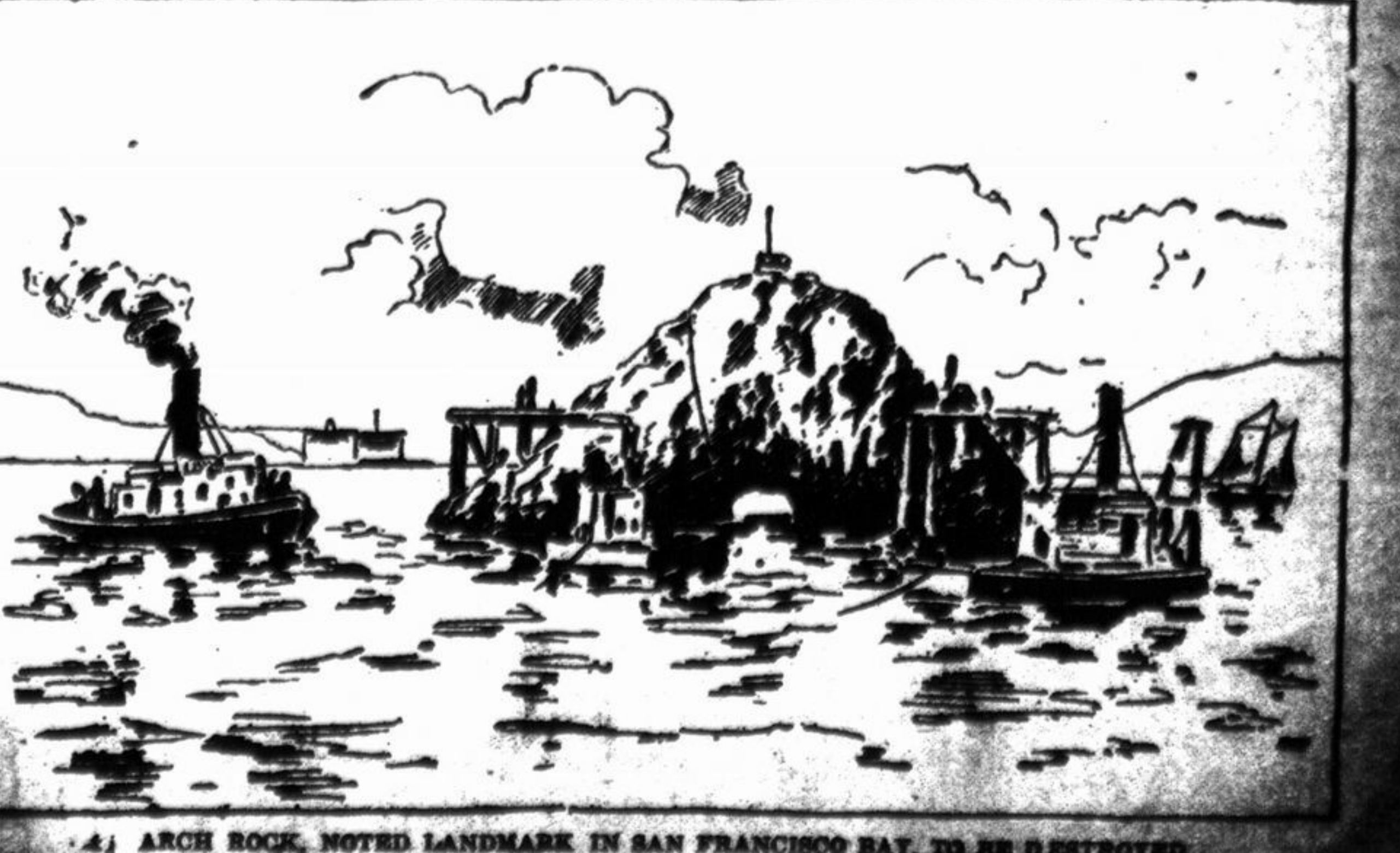
The United States are known in China as Nei-Kwo, or "the beautiful country," though the Chinese masses today always call an American a Kwai Kee Kwoh Yui, which may be translated as a "countryman of the flower flag." The reason of this is that when first the stars and stripes were seen in Canton harbor the natives flocked to the shore, hailing it as the Kwai Kee Cheun, or the "flower flagship."

Arch Rock to Be Blotter Up.

Shag rock No. 1 and Shag rock No. 2 in San Francisco bay having been disposed of, contractors are now busily engaged in work preliminary to the demolition of the still more famous Arch rock in the same maritime thoroughfare. The forty-niner cannot recall the day when this picturesque menace to navigation was not anatomized by the sailor man. Many a time its destruction has been suggested and its demolition would have been accomplished long ago but for the sentimental opposition of a few veteran Californians, who hated to see their odd-looking old friend disappear forever. Residents of Sausalito have always been particularly averse to its destruction, their cry always being that

It was one of the sights of the bay. Eventually continued agitation by pilots and others interested in shipping bore fruit, and now Arch rock must follow in the way of the two others. Contractors are working hard getting ready for the coming explosion. The sooner the work is done the sooner will the government turn over the final payment, and upon the length of time it takes to get this money depends in some degree their profit or loss. More explosives will be used in blowing up Arch rock than was necessary in the case of the other two combined, but no alarm is felt in San Francisco over the coming blast. The more timid citizens there were much exercised previous to the blowing up of Shag rock,

but the conclusions in that case hardly jarred the city. In early days of California's history it was a favorite amusement for young men to wait for an unusually low tide and then pull a boat through the arch. So far as is known the first time this feat was accomplished was in 1857, when Capt. Frank Murphy, one of the best known pilots of his day, rowed a small boat through. For a few years the daring trip was occasionally made or attempted, but eventually a couple of young fellows, in trying to do the trick, were dashed against the arch by the heavy swell. The boat was smashed and the young men lost their lives. Since that time row boats have given Arch rock a wide berth.



ARCH ROCK, NOTED LANDMARK IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY, TO BE DESTROYED.