

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CHRISTIAN WORK TYPIED BY FISHERMEN.

The Gospel Net and How It Should Be Kept in Repair—Christ's Disciples as Fishers of Men—Religion of Christ a Soothing Omnipotence.

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Washington, Jan. 27.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes the gospel net and how it is to be repaired after being damaged; text, Matthew 4: 21, "James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, in a ship with Zebedee, their father, mending their nets."

"I go a-fishing!" cried Simon Peter to his comrades, and the most of the apostles had hands hard from fishing tackle. The fisheries of the world have always attracted attention. In the third century the queen of Egypt had for pin money \$470,000 received from the fisheries of Lake Moeris. And, if the time should ever come when the immensity of the world's population could not be fed by the vegetables and meats of the land, the sea has an amount of animal life that would feed all the populations of the earth and fatten them with a food that by its phosphorus would make a generation brainy and intellectual beyond anything that the world has ever imagined. My text takes us among the Galilean fishermen. One day Walter Scott, while hunting in an old drawer, found among some old fishing tackle the manuscript of his immortal book, "Waverley," which he had put away there as of no worth, and who knows but that today we may find some unknown wealth of thought while looking at the fishing tackle in the text.

Easy to See Is.

The trouble with many of our nets is that the meshes are too large. If a fish can get his gills and half his body through the network, he tears and rends and works his way out, and leaves the place through which he squirmed a tangle of broken threads. In our desire to make everything so easy we relax, we loosen, we widen. We let men after they are once in the gospel net escape into the world, and go into indulgences and swim all around Galilee, from north side to south side, and from east side to west side, expecting that they will come back again. We ought to make it easy for them to get into the kingdom of God, and, as far as we can, make it impossible for them to get out. The poor advice nowadays to many is: "Go and do just as you did before you were captured for God and heaven. The net was not intended to be any restraint or any hindrance. What you did before you were a Christian do now. Go to all styles of amusement, read all the styles of books, engage in all the styles of behavior as before you were converted." And so, through these meshes of permission and laxity, they wriggle out through this opening and that opening, tearing the net as they go, and soon all the souls that we expected to land in heaven, before we know it, are back in the deep sea of the world. Oh, when we go a-gospel fishing, let us make it as easy as possible for souls to get in and as hard as possible to get out.

Is the Bible language an unmeaning verbiage when it talks about self-denial, and keeping the body under, and about walking the narrow way and entering the strait gate and about carrying the cross? Is there to be no way of telling whether a man is a Christian except by his taking the communion chalice on sacramental day? May a man be as reckless about his thoughts, about his words, about his temper, about his amusements, after his conversion as before? Alas, the words of Christ are so little heeded when he said, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple." The church is fast becoming as bad as the world, and when it gets as bad as the world it will be worse than the world, by so much, as it will add hypocrisy of a most appalling kind to its other defects.

A Soothing Omnipotence.

Do you know that the world's heart is bursting with trouble and if you could make that world believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is a soothing omnipotence, the whole world would surrender tomorrow, yea, would surrender this hour. The day before James A. Garfield was inaugurated as president I was in the cars going from Richmond to Washington. A gentleman seated near me in the cars knew me, and we were soon in familiar conversation. It was just after a bereavement, and I was speaking to him from an overburdened heart about the sorrow I was suffering. Looking at his cheerful face, I said: "I guess you have escaped all trouble. I should judge from your countenance that you have come through free from all misfortune." Then he looked at me with a look I shall never forget, and whispered in my ear: "Sir, you know nothing about trouble. My wife has been in an insane asylum for fifteen years." And then he turned and looked out of the window and into the night with a silence I was too overpowered to break. That was another illustration of the fact that no ones escapes trouble. Why, that man seated next to you in church has on his soul a weight compared with which a mountain is a feather. That woman seated next to you in church has a grief the mind of which would make your body, mind and soul shudder.

When you are mending your net for this wide, deep sea of humanity, take out that wire thread of criticism and that horsehair thread of harshness and put in a soft silken thread of Christian sympathy. Yea, when you are mend-

ing your nets tear out those old threads of gruffness and weave in a few threads of politeness and gentility. In the house of God let all Christian faces beam with a look that means welcome. Say "good morning" to the stranger as he enters your pew and at the close shake hands with him and say, "How did you like the music?" Why, you would be to that man a panel of the door of heaven; you would be to him a note of the doxology that seraphs sing when a new soul enters heaven. I have in other days entered a pew in church, and the woman at the other end of the pew looked at me as much as to say: "How dare you? This is my pew, and I pay the rent for it!" Well, I crouched in the other corner and made myself as small as possible and felt as though I had been stealing something. So there are people who have a sharp edge to their religion, and they act as though they thought most people had been elected to be damned and they were glad of it. Oh, let us brighten up our manner and appear in gentleness and ladyhood.

Mending the Nets.

Oh, this important work of mending our nets! It we could get our nets right, we would accomplish more in soul saving in the next year than we have in the last twenty years. But where shall we get them mended? Just where old Zebedee and his two boys mended their nets—where you are. James and John had no time to go ashore. They were not fishing for fun, as you and I do in the summer time. It was their livelihood and that of their families. They mended their nets where they were—in the ship. "Oh," says some one, "I mean to get my net mended, and I will go down to the public library and I will see what the scientists say about evolution and about the 'survival of the fittest,' and I will read up what the theologians say about 'advanced thought.' I will leave the ship awhile, and I will go ashore and stay there till my net is mended." Do that, my brother, and you will have no net left. Instead of their helping you mend your net, they will steal the pieces that remain. Better stay in the gospel boat, where you have all the means for mending your net. What are they? do you ask. I answer, all you need you have where you are—namely, a Bible and a place to pray. The more you study evolution and adopt what is called advanced thought, the more useless you will be. Stay in the ship and mend your net. That is where James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, staid. That is where all who get their nets mended staid.

I notice that all who leave the gospel boat and go ashore to mend their nets stay there. Or if they try again to fish they do not catch anything. Get out of the gospel boat and go up into the world to get your net mended, and you will live to see the day when you will feel like the man who, having forsaken Christianity, sighed, "I would give a thousand pounds to feel as I did in 1820." The time will come when you would be willing to give a thousand pounds to feel as you did in 1901. These men who have given up their religion cannot help you a bit.

These dear brethren of all denominations afflicted with theological nets, had better go to mending nets instead of breaking them. Before they break up the old religion and try to foist on us a new religion let them go through some great sacrifice for God that will prove them worthy for such a work, taking the advice of Talmage to a man who wanted to up-set the religion of Jesus Christ and start a new one when he said, "Go and be crucified and then raise yourself from the grave the third day!" Those who propose to mend their nets by secular and skeptical books are like a man who has just one week for fishing, and six of the days he spends in reading Isaac Walton's "Complete Angler" and Whealey's "Rod and Line" and Scott's "Fishing in Northern Waters" and Pullman's "Vade Mecum of Fly Fishing for Trout," and then on Saturday morning, his last day out, goes to the river to ply his art. But that day the fish will not bite, and late on Saturday night he goes to his home with an empty basket. Alas, alas! if when the Saturday night of our life drops on us it shall be found that we have spent our time in the libraries of worldly philosophy, trying to mend our nets, and we have only a few souls to report as brought to God through our instrumentality while some humble gospel fisherman, his library made up of a Bible and an almanac, shall come home laden with the results, his trophies all the souls within fifteen miles of his log cabin meeting house.

In the time of great disturbance in Naples in 1649 Massaniello, a barefooted fishing boy, dropped his fishing rod and by strange magnetism took command of that city of 600,000 souls. He took off his fishing jacket and put on a robe of gold in the presence of howling mobs. He put his hand on his hip as a signal, and they were silent. He waved his hand away from him, and they retired to their homes. Armies passed in review before him. He became the nation's idol. The rapid rise and complete supremacy of that young fisherman, Massaniello, has no parallel in all history. But something equal to that and better than that is an every-day occurrence in heaven. God takes some of those who in this world were fishers of men and who toiled very humbly, but because of the way they mended their nets and employed their nets after they were mended he suddenly hoists them and robes them and scepters them and crowns them and makes them rulers over many cities, and he marches armies of saved ones before them in review, Massaniello's unhonored on earth, but radiated in heaven. The fisher boy of Naples soon lost his power, but those people of God who have kept their nets

mended and rightly swung them shall never lose their exalted place, but shall reign forever and ever and ever. Keep that reward in sight.

But do not spend your time fishing with hook and line. Why did not James, the son of Zebedee, sit on the wharf at Cana, his feet hanging over the lake, and with a long pole and a worm on the hook dipped into the wave wait for some mullet to swim up and be caught? Why did not Zebedee spend his afternoon trying to catch one eel? No, that work was too slow. These men were not mending a hook and line; they were mending their nets. So let the church of God not be content with having here one soul and next month another soul brought into the kingdom. Sweep all the seas with nets—scoop nets, seine nets, dragnets, all encompassing nets, and take the treasures in by hundreds and thousands and millions, and nations will be born in a day and the hemispheres quake with the tread of a ransoming God. Do you know what will be the two most tremendous hours in our heavenly existence? Among the quadrillions of ages which shall roll on what two occasions will be to us the greatest? The day of our arrival there will be to us one of the two greatest. The second greatest, I think, will be the day when we shall have put in parallel lines before us what Christ did for us and what we did for Christ, the one so great, the other so little. That will be the only embarrassment in heaven. My Lord and my God! What will we do and what will we say when on one side are placed the Saviour's great sacrifices for us and our small sacrifices for him; his exile, his humiliation, his agonies on one hand and our poor, weak, insufficient sacrifices on the other. To make the contrast less overwhelming let us quickly mend our nets, and, like the Galilean fisherman, may we be divinely helped to cast them on the right side of the ship.

HER SALT CELLARS.

The Guests Regarded Them as Beautiful Souvenirs.

The custom of giving souvenirs on nearly all occasions sometimes leads to painful mistakes and a certain American, well known in London as a hostess, has reason to regret it was ever heard of. She was the happy possessor of a dozen salt cellars of repoussé silver, very beautiful and almost the apple of her eye and she was giving a luncheon at which covers were laid for fourteen. In the arrangement of the table the precious salt cellars had been placed for the guests, another kind being supplied for the hostess and her daughter. The cards designating the places had been laid upon them, and through an oversight had remained there, so that the absence of salt in them was not discovered, says the London Observer. Presently a lady took up her card, saw the empty salt cellar, and remarking upon its beauty, said it was a lovely souvenir, and slipped it into her pocket. Her example was promptly followed by the rest of the company with the exception of one woman, who had no pocket. The hostess was petrified with despair and horror as she saw her cherished possessions calmly appropriated, but in the face of the torrent of acknowledgment and compliment, she had not the moral courage to offer the necessary explanation. After she had heard the adieux of the last guest she sat down and wept, and when it was discovered that the woman without a pocket had forgotten her purse she seized upon it with the concentrated affection which the parent bestows on the last of many children. Her joy, however, was short-lived, for next morning came a polite note from the pocketless woman, saying that she had forgotten her "beautiful souvenir," and would Mrs. F. be so very kind as to send it?

Government Descends to Farming.

An amusingly put instance of governmental forethought in behalf of its agricultural class is that credited in a paragraph now going the rounds of the press of Manitoba. A pest of grasshoppers annually descending upon the farmers of this region largely nullified their efforts at livelihood gaining. To their relief came the department of agriculture, which not only devised preventive measures, but likewise hit upon a novel method of awakening the farmer to a realization that the grasshopper was traveling his way. Instead of sending out circulars or advertising in the newspapers, recourse was had to posters which showed a grasshopper regaling himself in a wheat field. Underneath the picture there stared the passing farmer in the face, "In this wheat bye and bye." Report is silent as to whether the pun or the picture brought about the desired result; the fact, however, is that the Manitoba farmer gave heed to the poster warning, and as never before he prepared to overcome the noxious activity of the grasshopper.—Vogue.

Separating Alcohol from Water.

It is perfectly easy to separate alcohol from water by subjecting the mixture to heat; the process is called distillation. Alcohol, boils, and is consequently converted into vapor, at 170 degrees Fahrenheit, while water requires 212 degrees. If the mixture, therefore, be subjected to a temperature of, say, 180 degrees, the alcohol will pass off as vapor, leaving the water in its liquid condition. The distilling apparatus is fitted with pipes surrounded by cold water, and into them the vapor is carried, where the lower temperature condenses it into alcohol again, and as such it runs out into a vessel placed to receive it.

You cannot draw the wagon of worldliness with the yoke of Christ.

SUPREME IN BEAUTY

GREAT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO.

An Enterprise of Vast Proportions and Unparalleled Magnificence, Illustrating Progress in the Western Hemisphere During the Nineteenth Century.

As a beautiful spectacle, the Pan-American Exposition will surpass any former enterprise of its character. It will delight and satisfy the eye, and memory will long retain the picture presented. The style of architecture is a free treatment of the Spanish Renaissance, and the architects have made the most of the opportunity to enhance its picturesqueness. The buildings are covered with staff, which is molded into thousands of fanciful shapes, and color is used with such excellent effect as to evoke the name of "Rainbow City" for the ensemble of Exposition palaces. It is the first attempt to produce a harmonious color scheme at an exposition, and is a grand success. Sculpture adds greatly to the effect, majestic statues and costly modeled groups being upon the buildings and bridges and in the courts. There are more than 125 of these grand works, by the most noted sculptors of America. The court settings are superb. They take up more than 33 acres, approximately two and a half times greater than the area of the courts of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. The hydraulic and fountain effects are of a superior or-

and finest pipe organs ever constructed in America, built to order at a cost of \$15,000. Entertainments of a high order of excellence will be given in the Temple. In the band-stands in the Music Gardens and elsewhere on the grounds concerts will be given by Sousa's Band of 100 pieces, the Mexican Government Band of 67 pieces, and other famous musical organizations. In all the exhibit divisions the Pan-American is very complete. It is the aim of the Exposition to show the progress of the nineteenth century in the Western world. The exhibits are gathered from all the principal states and countries of the Western Hemisphere and the new island possessions of the United States government. Special efforts have been made to bring together exhibits of exceptional novelty and of the highest educational value. The divisions, each of them a considerable exhibition in itself, are as follows: electricity and electrical appliances; fine arts, painting, sculpture, decoration; graphic arts, typography, lithography, steel and copper plate printing, photo-mechanical processes, drawing, engraving and book-binding; liberal arts, education, en-

position. On the northern shore of the lake is situated the life-saving station erected by the government. Upon the southern bank of the lake, a beautiful casino and boat-house has been built by the city of Buffalo for Exposition uses.

The symmetrical grouping of buildings will be at once noted by the observer. Beginning at the formal approach, just north of the lake, the eye follows northward between two rows of ornamental columns to what is known as the Forecourt. Most of this are the State and Foreign Buildings, forming in themselves a very interesting feature of the Exposition. Near these, also, are the buildings for the special ordnance displays. West of the Forecourt are the outdoor Horticultural displays and the Women's Building. We cross now the Triumphant Bridge, remarkable for its tall piers richly ornamented with statues. On either side are the Mirror Lakes, which form a part of the Grand Canal more than a mile in length, which surrounds the main group of buildings. We come next to the Esplanade, which is nearly two-fifths of a mile long and 450 feet wide. The western end



der. In all the courts are large pools of water into which hundreds of fountains throw their sparkling streams. In all the courts and upon the grounds outside the buildings are very elaborate horticultural and garden effects. The floral display is exceedingly fine. Nothing which might contribute to make a scene of loveliness has been overlooked or omitted by the builders of the Exposition City.

With all its wonderful beauty by day, the Exposition will be, like the Cereus of Tropical America, a flower of the night. Then will it blossom in exquisite perfection. With all the fountains playing amid floating lights upon every golden, rippling pool; with the great cascade shooting in veil-like form from its niche in the Electric Tower, which rises to a height of 391 feet; with more than 200,000 electric lights fringing every building and giving to every jet and ripple of water a fantastic iridescence; with music lending the charm of sweet sounds to the harmony of color and sculpture, flowers, foliage and fountains, the evening scenes at this Exposition will be such as no lover of the beautiful will permit to pass without at least one determined effort to witness them.

An electric display, the like of which has never yet been seen, is promised, and this will be possible on account of the nearness of the great plants which have harnessed Niagara and put its tremendous power to commercial use.

The sum of \$10,000,000 has been expended to provide a magnificent spectacle and illustrate the achievements of the nineteenth century. The Midway alone cost \$2,000,000, and the variety of novelties and their quality excel the features of any former amusement enterprise at an exposition.

Music is an important feature of the Exposition. The magnificent Temple of Music, which has a seating capacity of 2,500, contains one of the largest

engineering, public works, constructive architecture, hygiene and sanitation, music and the drama; ethnology, archaeology, progress of labor and invention, isolated and collective exhibits; agriculture, foods and their accessories, agricultural machinery and appliances; horticulture, viticulture; live stock, horses, cattle, sheep, swine, pet stock; forestry and forest products; fish, fisheries, fish products and apparatus for fishing; mines and metallurgy; machinery; manufactures; transportation exhibits; railways, vessels and vehicles; ordnance. The Exposition grounds are in the northern part of Buffalo, adjacent to the large and beautiful Delaware Park. They are about one mile in length from north to south, and a half a mile wide. There are 350 acres, including 133 acres of improved park lands and lakes.

Entering the grounds by way of the Lincoln Parkway, the visitor obtains a magnificent view of the picture presented. In the immediate foreground is a portion of Delaware Park, one of the famous beauty spots of Buffalo, with the Park Lake, the North Bay at the left, and in the foreground south of the bay, in course of construction, the Albright Art Gallery, a beautiful permanent building of white marble, the gift of John J. Albright of Buffalo to his fellow citizens, and costing over \$400,000. North of the bay is the New York State Building, also a permanent structure of marble. These two buildings are in the style of Greek temples, one containing reminders of the Parthenon and the other resembling the Erechtheum upon the Acropolis at Athens.

Between the North Bay and the lake, the city of Buffalo has built at large expense a new and beautiful bridge of heavy masonry, known as the Bridge of the Three Americas. This bridge carries the broad thoroughfare which leads from the main southern entrance to the approaches of the Ex-

position. On the northern shore of the lake is situated the life-saving station erected by the government. Upon the southern bank of the lake, a beautiful casino and boat-house has been built by the city of Buffalo for Exposition uses. The symmetrical grouping of buildings will be at once noted by the observer. Beginning at the formal approach, just north of the lake, the eye follows northward between two rows of ornamental columns to what is known as the Forecourt. Most of this are the State and Foreign Buildings, forming in themselves a very interesting feature of the Exposition. Near these, also, are the buildings for the special ordnance displays. West of the Forecourt are the outdoor Horticultural displays and the Women's Building. We cross now the Triumphant Bridge, remarkable for its tall piers richly ornamented with statues. On either side are the Mirror Lakes, which form a part of the Grand Canal more than a mile in length, which surrounds the main group of buildings. We come next to the Esplanade, which is nearly two-fifths of a mile long and 450 feet wide. The western end

The Exposition will open May 1, and continue for six months. ALBERT L. LEWIS.

War on Microbes Their Destruction Has Noticeably Lengthened Human Life.

That the length of a man's life is much greater now than it was half a century ago is shown by statistics, notwithstanding all the talk of the good old days. Millions of years have been added to the aggregate number lived by man. These years have been gained mainly by the war on microbes. So long as the microbe was unknown as the cause of nearly all disease medicine was mere guesswork, while sur-

gery was in many cases butchery. The discovery of antiseptics revolutionized surgical operations. In medicine, too, the advance has been astonishing. Many diseases have been practically driven out of the country. The terrible typhus fever—known as a "dirt disease," which means a microbe disease—used to kill our forefathers at the early part of the century at the rate of 8,000 to 10,000 per 43,000,000.

Now it kills less than 90 individuals—a saving of 8,000 or 9,000 lives every year. If smallpox were as bad now as it was half a century ago, it would kill 2,000 people this year. But in reality it will kill less than 100, and perhaps not half of that number. When cholera tried to force its way in, a few years ago, we drove it off with the greatest ease. But if things were in the state they were in in 1849, it would have carried off 130,000 of us. In dozens of disease the same saving of life has been effected. Scarlet fever, if it were as destructive now as it was 40 years ago, would kill 41,000 people. It won't actually carry off one-sixth of that number. Even diphtheria has been brought under control.

Two Royal Old Maids.

The only two royal spinsters in Europe are namesakes and granddaughters of Queen Victoria, whose aversion to unmarried ladies of marriageable age is most pronounced. So great is her antipathy to unmarried women, the state of single blessedness of the Princess Victoria of Wales and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein will never see thirty again.

has been the cause of many royal family jars. Seriously as the parents and grandparents may threaten and reprove there remains little or no possibility of the two spinsters finding mates. Princess Victoria of Wales reached her thirty-second birthday in the spring, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein will never see thirty again.

and in spite of their despicable, conspicuous and unnatural singleness, they are not the most unhappy of high born ladies. They are fast friends and allies, and though they enjoy few of the same studies and pleasures, they are equally callous in their estimate of the world's and even grandmother's opinion, and equally determined to prove that the life of an unmarried spinster is neither barren nor unprofitable. The only way of getting the will done is to deliver it from within.