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OF DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Say So Most Emphatically-A Notable Sermon Preached Sanday, May 24.

BROOKLYN, May 24. - The striking sermon Dr. Taimage delivered this morning to an andience which filled the new Tabernacle in every part dealt with a topic of interest to all who have watched the discussions now agitating the churches. Wherever the question of the inspiration of the Bible is raised, the trustworthiness of the Mosaic narrative of the creation is always the point chiefly assailed. The fact that so prominent and eloquent a preacher as Dr. Talmage places himself clearly on record on the side of orthodoxy will doubtless have a marked influence on public opinion. His text was Genesis i, 31, "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.'

From Monday morning to Saturlay filled that week with successes we are happy. But I am going to tell you what God did in one week. Cosmogony, geology, astronomy, ornithology, ichthyology, bot-any, anatomy are such vast subjects that no human life is long enough to explore or the earth these rivers come into convention comprehend any one of them. But I have and become oceans beneath, as the clouds thought I might in an unusual way tell you a little of what God did in one week, and that the first week. And whether you make it a week of days or a week of ages, I care not, for I shall reach the same practure Pacific." tical result of reverence and worship. THE FIRST MONDAY MORNING.

The first Monday morning found swing ing in space the piled up lumber of rocks and metal and soil and water from which the earth was to be builded. God made up his mind to create a buman family, and they must have a house to live in. where? Not a roof, not a wall, not a door, not a room was fit for human occupancy There is not a pile of black basalt in Yel lowstone park or an extinct volcano in Honolulu so inappropriate for human resi-dence as was this globe at that early period. Moreover, there was no human architect to draw a plan, no quarryman to blast the foundation stones, no carpenter to hew out a beam, and no mason to trowel a wall. Poor prospect! But the time was coming when a being called man was to be con structed, and he was to have a bride; and where he could find a homestead to which he could take her must have been a wonderment to angelic intelligences.

There had been earthquakes enough and volcances enough and glaciers enough, but earthquakes and volcanoes and glaciers destroy instead of build. A worse looking world than this never swung. It was heaped up deformities, scarifications and onstrosities. The Bible says it was without form. That is, it was not round, it was not square, it was not octagonal, it the angel would have said: "No, no; try hills look, and ounattractive they seem some other world: the structuration; having been made. But now

was a spring morning and about half-past four o'clock. The first thing needed was vorite color and God's favorite plant, as I by, for he can work as well in the dark iess. But light may be necessary, for ansun will roll in the morning, for if the sun willow tree. And yonder is a growth with is already created its light will not yet reach mighty sweep of branches. And here they the earth in three days. Nor moon nor stars light will not reach the earth for some and their fruit girdling the earth. time yet. But there is need of immediate Where shall it come from? Desir ing to account for things in a natural way electricity throw out light independent of the sun, and that the metallic bases throw out light independent of the sun, and that and I tell you it mingles in its juices all alkalies throw out light independent of the sun.

Oh, yes, all that is true, but I do not think that is the way light was created. The record makes me think that, standing over this earth that spring morning, God looked upon the darkness that palled the heights of this world, and the chasms of it, and the awful reaches of it, and uttered, whether in the Hebrew of earth or some language celestial I know not, that word which stands for the subtle, bright, glowing and all pervading fluid, that word which thrills and garlands and lifts every thing it touches, that word the full mean ing of which all the chemists of the ages have busied themselves in exploring, that word which suggests a force that flies one hundred and ninety thousand miles in a second, and by undulations seven hundred and twenty-seven trillions in a second, that one word that God utters-Light!

And instantly the darkness began to shimmer, and the thick folds of blackness to lift, and there were scintillations and cornscations and flashes and a billowing up of resplendence, and in great sheets it spread out northward, southward, eastward, westward, and a radiance filled the atmosphere until it could hold no more of the brilliance. Light now to work by while supernatural intelligences look on. Light, the first chapter of the first day of the week. Light, the joy of all the centuries. Light, the greatest blessing that ever touched the human eye. The robe of the Almighty is woven out of it, for he covers himself with fight as with a gar-ment. Oh, blessed light! I am so glad this was the first thing created that week. Good thing to start every week with is light. That will make our work easier. hat will keep our disposition more radi That will hinder even our losses world's first week. Nothing will be from becoming too somber. Give us more created today. The hours will be passed light-natural light, intellectual light, in scattering fogs and mists and vapors spiritual light, everlasting light. For lack The atmosphere must be swept clean of it the body stumbles, and the soul stum- Other worlds are to hove in sight. This

moment said, "I want more light." A min-ister of Christ recently dying cried out in exultation, "I move into the light!" Mr. sun bursts upon the scene. The light that Toplady, the immortal hymnologist, in on the previous three mornings was struck his expiring moments exclaimed, "Light! from an especial word now gathers in the Upon all superstition, upon all ignorance, others for the night. It seemed as if the upon all sorrow let in the light. But now had all within twenty four hours been the light of the first Monday is receding. created. Ah, this is a great time in the The blaze is going out. The colors are world's first week. The moon, the nearest dimming. Only part of the earth's sur-face is visible. It is 6 o'clock, 7 o'clock, 8 graph to be taken in the Nineteenth cent Monday night. "And the evening and the within one hundred and twenty miles of morning were the first day. TUESPAY'S WORK.

HE DEFINES HIS BELIEF, in suspended reservoirs, and part of it be heat kept up by meteors pouring into it as | Omnipotent soulpturing, but no vitality orders down into the rivers and lakes and sens. How to leang whole Atlantic oceans in the clouds without their spilling ever ONE WEEK'S WORK THE SUBJECT except in right quantities and at right times was an undertaking that no one but Omnipotence would have dared. But God does it as easily as you would lift a glass of He Believes in the Mosale Account of water. There he holsts two clouds, each the Creation, and Does Not Hesitate to thirty miles wide and five miles high, and balances them. Here he lifts the cirrous clouds and spreads them out in great white banks as though it had been snowing in

heaven. And the cirro-stratus clouds in long parallel lines, so straight you know an infinite geometer has drawn them. Clouds which are the armory from which thunder storms get their bayonets of fire Clouds which are oceans on the wing. No wonder, long after this first Tuesday of ereation week, Elihu confounded Job with the question, "Dost thou know the bal ancings of the clouds?"

Half of this Tuesday work done, the other balf is the work of compelling the waters to lie down in their destined places. So God picks up the solid ground and packs it up into five elevations, which are the continents. With his finger he makes deep depressions in them, and these are night gives us a week's work. If we have the lakes, while at the piling up of the Al leghanies and Sierra Nevadas and Pyre-nees and Alps and Himalayas the rest of the waters start by the law of gravitation to the lower places, and in their run down hill become the rivers, and then all around and James and Amazon, down to the At

> Three-quarters of the earth being water and only one-quarter being land, nothing but Almightiness could have caged the three-fourths so that they could not have devoured the one-fourth. Thank God for water and plenty of it. What a hint that God would have the human race very clean: Three-fourths of the world water. Pour it through the homes and make them pure. Pour it through the prisons and make their occupants moral. Pour it through the streets and make them healthy. There are several thousand people asleep in Green-wood who but for the filthy streets of Brooklyn and New York would have been today well and in churches. Moreover, there never was a flithy street that remained a moral street.

> How important an agency of reform water is, was illustrated by the fact that when the ancient world got outrageously wicked it was plunged into the deluge and kept under for months till its iniquity was sonked out of it. But I rejoice that on the first Tuesday of the world's existence the water was taught to know its place, and the Mediterranean lay down at the feet of Europe, and the Gulf of Mexico lay down at the feet of North America, and Geneva lay down at the feet of the Alps, and Scroon lake fell to sleep in the lap of the Adirondacks. "And the evening and the morning were the second day."

er crevices of this | Garaly worth having been made. But now aft are too deep; its crags are too ap all the surfaces are changing color. Some thing its dark ness is too thick." palling; its darkness is too thick." thing beautiful is creeping all over them.

But Monday morning came. I think it It has the color of emerald. Ay, it is herb It was not needed for God to work | judge from the fact that he makes a larger number of them than of anything else But look yonder! Something starts out of zelle intelligences are to see in its full the ground and goes higher up, higher and glory the process of world building. But higher, and spreads out broad leaves. It where are the candles, where are the can- is a paim tree. Yonder is another growth delabra, where is the chandelier? No rising and its leaves bang far down, and it is come-the pear, and the apple, and the can brighten this darkness. The moon and peach, and the pomegranate, and groves and orchards and forests, their shadows We are pushing agriculture and fruit

culture to great excellence in the Nine teenth century, but we have nothing now you say, and reasonably say, that heat and to equal what I see on this first Wednesday of the world's existence. I take a taste of one of the apples this Wednesday morning, the flavors of Spitzbergen and Newtown pippin and Rhode Island greening and Danvers Winter Sweet and Roxbury rus set and Hubbardston Nonesuch, but added to all, and overpowering all other flavors. is the paradisaical juice that all the or chards of the Nineteenth century fail to reach. I take a taste of the pear, and i has all the luxury of the three thousand varieties of the Nineteenth century; all the Seckel and the Bartlett of the pomologica gardens of later times an acidity compared with it. And the grapes! Why, this one cluster has in it the richness of whole vine yards of Catawbas and Concords and Isabellas. Fruits of all colors, of all odors, o all flavors. No hand of man yet made to pluck it or tongue to taste it. The banquet for the human race is being spread before the arrival of the first guest.

In the fruit of that garden was the seed for the orchards and gardens of the bemispheres. Notice that the first thing that God made for food was fruit, and plenty of it. Slaughter houses are of later invention Far am I from being a vegetarian, but at almost exclusive meat diet is depraving Savages confine themselves almost exclusively to animal food, and that is one rea son that they are savages. Give your chil dren more apples and less mutton. The world will have to give dominance to the fruit diet of Paradise before it gets back to the morals of Paradise. May God's bless ing come down on the orchards and vine yards of America, and keep back the frosts and the curculio, that it is Wednesday evening in Eden, and upon that perfect fruit of those perfect trees let the curtain drop. "And the even ing and the morning were the third day.

PUTTING THINGS TO RIGHTS. Now it is Thursday morning of the bles. O thou Father of Lights, give us little ship of the earth has seemed to have all the ocean of immensity to itself. But The great German philosopher in his last | mightier craft are to be hailed today on the Heaven itself is only more light. sun, moon and stars. One for the day, the o'clock; obscuration and darkness. It is ury, when the telescope shall bring he

New York. And the sun now appears, afterward to Now it is Tuesday morning. A delicate be found eight hundred and eighty-eight and tremendous undertaking is set apart thousand miles in diameter, and, put is

fuel, a world devouring other worlds with its jaws of flame. And the stars come out, those street lamps of heaven, those keys of pearl, upon which God's fingers play the mus'c of the spheres. How bright they look in this oriental evening! Constellations! Galaxies! What a twenty-four hours of this first week-solar, lunar, stellar appearances! All this Thursday and the adjoining nights employed in pulling saids the curtain of vapor from these flushed or pale faced worlds. Enough! "And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

THE FISHES AND THE BIRDS. Now it is Friday morning in the first week of the world's history. Water, but not a fin swimming it; air, but not a wing flying it. It is a silent world. Can it be that it was made only for vegetables? But links and robin redbreasts, the man slumbark! There is a swirl and a splashing in bers, and by amesthetics, divinely adminall the four rivers of Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates. They are all aswim the oozing of one drop of blood at the time with life, some darting like arrows through or the faintest scar afterward, that portion split crystal, and others quiet in dark pools like shadows. Everything, from spotted trout to behemoth, all colored, all shaped, the ancestors of finny tribes that shall by their wonders of construction confound the Agassizes, the Cuviers and the Linnwuses and the ichthyologists of the more than six stroll down along the banks of the Euthousand years following this Friday of

And while I stand on the banks of these Paradisaical rivers, watching these finny tribes, I hear a whirr in the air and I look up and behold wings-wings of larks, robins, doves, eagles, flamingoes, albatrosses, brown threshers. Creatures of all colorblue, as if dipped in the skies; fiery, as if they had flown out of the sunsets; golden, as if they had taken their morning bath in buttercups. And while I am studying the colors they begin to carol and chirp and coo and twitter and run up and down the scales of a music that they must have heard at heaven's gate. Yes, 1 find them in Paradise on this the first Friday afternoon of the world's existence. And I sit down on the bank of the Euphrates, and the murmur of the river, together with the chant of birds in the sky, puts me into a state of somnolence. "And the evening and the morning were the fifth day." BEASTS AND MEN.

first week and with this day the week But oh, what a climacteric day! Inhabitant. But here they come, by the voice of God created! Horses grander than those which in after time Job will describe as having neck clothed with thunder, Cattle enough to cover a thousand hills. Sheep shepherded by him who made for them the green pastures. Cattle superior to the Alderneys and Ayrshires and Devonshires of after times. Leopards so beautiful we are glad they cannot change their spots. Lions without their flerceness and all the quadruped world so gentle, so sleek, so perfect,

Look out how you treat this animal creare not immortal and they cannot appear against you, but the God who made these creatures and who saw the wrong you did them will be there. Better look out, you stock raisers and railroad companies who bring the cattle on trains without food or water for three or four days in hot weather a long groan of agony from Omaha to New

Better look out, you farmer riding b hind that limping horse with a nail that the blacksmith drove into the quick. Better look out, you boys stoning bullfrogs and turning turtles upside down, and rob bing birds' nests. But something is wanting in Paradise and the week is almost done. Who is there to pluck the flowers of this Edenic lawn? Who is there to command these worlds of quadruped and fish and bird? For whom has God put back the curtain from the face of sun and moon and star? The world wants an emperor and empress. It is Saturday afternoon. No one but the Lord Almighty can originate a human being. In the world where there are in the latter part of the Nineteenth century over fourteen hundred million people, a human being is not a

But how about the first human eye that was ever kindled, the first human ear that was ever opened, the first human lung that ever breathed, the first human heart that ever beat, the first human life ever conucted? That needed the origination of a God. He had no model to work by What stupendous work for a Saturday afternoon! He must originate a style of human heart through which all the blood n the body must pass everythree minutes. He must make that heart so strong that it can, during each day, lift what would be equal to one hundred and twenty tons of weight, and it must be so arranged as to eat over thirty-six million times every year. About five hundred muscles must be strung in the right place, and at least two hundred and fifty bones constructed. Into this body must be put at least nine million nerves. Over three thousand per spiring pores must be made for every inch of fleshly surface.

The human voice must be so constructed it shall be capable of producing seventeen trillion five hundred and ninety-two billion one hundred and eighty-six million forty four thousand four hundred and fifteen sounds. But all this the most insignificant part of the human being. The soul! Ah, the construction of that God himself would not be equal to if he were any the less of a God. Its understanding, its will, its mem ory, its conscience, its capacities of enjoy ment or suffering, its immortality! What work for a Saturday afternoon! Aye! Before night there were to be two such human and yet immortal brings constructed. The woman as well as the man was formed Saturday afternoon. Because a deep sleep fell upon Adam, and by divine surgery a portion of his side was removed for the nucleus of another creation, it has been supposed that perhaps days and nights passed between the masculine and unine creations. But no! Adam was not three hours unmated.

If a physician can by annesthetics put me into a deep sleep in three minutes, God certainly could have put Adam into a profound sleep in a short while that Satur day afternoon, and made the deep and radi cal excision without causing distress. By a manipulation of the dust the same band that molded the mountains molded the features and molded the limbs of the fa ther of the human race. But his eyes die not see, and his nerves did not feel, and his nuscles did not move, and his iunga did and tremendous undertaking is set apart thousand miles in diameter, and, part of this day. There was a great super abundance of water. God, by the wave of his hand, this morning gathers part of it for than our earth; a mighty furnace, its large thousand times heave his hand, this morning gathers part of it.

A body without a soul

Then the source of all life stooped to the inanimate nostril and lip, and as many a skillful and carnest physician has put his lips to a patient in comatose state and breathed into his mouth and nostril, and at the same time compressed the lungs, until that which was artificial respiration became natural respiration, so methinks God breathed into this cold sculpture of a man the breat a of life, and the heart begins to tramp, and the lungs to inhale, and the eyes to open, and the entire form to thrill, and with the rapture of a life just come the prostrate being leaps to his feet-a man!

But the scene of this Saturday is not yet done, and in the atmosphere, drowsy with the breath of flowers, and the song of bobo bers, and by anzesthetics, divinely administered, the slumber deepens until without or the faintest scar afterward, that portion is removed from his side which is to be built up the Queen of Paradisc, the daughter of the great God, the mother of the buman race, the benediction of all ages, woman the wife, afterward woman the mother. And as the two join hands and phrates toward a bower of mignonette and wild rose and honeysuckle, and are listening to the call of the whip-poor-will from the aromatic thickets, the sun sinks beneath the horizon. "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

A GREAT WEEK'S WORK. What do you think of that one week's work? I review it not for entertainment, but because I would have you join in David's dosology, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty;" be-cause I want you to know what a homestead our Father built for his children at the start, though sin has despoiled it, and because I want you to know how the world will look again when Christ shall have restored it, swinging now between two Edens; because I want you to realize some thing of what a mighty God be is, and the utter folly of trying to war against him because I want you to make peace with this Chief of the Universe through the Christ who mediates between offended Now it is Saturday morning of the world's Omnipotence and human rebellion; be cause I want you to know how fearfull and wonderfully you are made, your body The air has its population and the water as well as your soul an Omnipotent its population. Yet the land has not one achievement; because I want you to realachievement; because I want you to realize that order reigns throughout the universe, and that God's watches tick to the second, and that his clocks strike regularly, though they strike once in a thousand

> A learned man once asked an old Chris tian man who had no advantages of school ing, why he believed there was a God, and the good old man, who probably had never heard an argument on the subject in all his life, made this noble reply: "Sir, I have

was not square, it was not octagonal, it was not octagonal, it was not a rhomboid. God never did take any one in his counsels, but if he had asked some angel about the attempt to turn this planet into a place for human residence the angel would have said: "No, no; try the angel would h urday afternoon. They have a they may run well for awhile, but they get right to be here. He who galis a horse, or out of fix and stand stock still. But the exposes a cow to the storm, or beats a dog. sun and moon and stars keep on this same or mauls a cat, or gambles at the pigeon way all the while. The heavens declare shooting, or tortures an insect, will have the glory of God." Yea, I preach this, beto answer for it in the judgment day. You cause I want you to walk in appreciation may console yourself that these creatures of Addison's sublime sentiment when he

> The spacious firmament on high With all the blue etherial sky And spangled beav'ns, a shining frame Their Great Original proclaim.

In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, Forever singing, as they shine, The hand that made us is divine.

She Was Posted on Eggs. An old woman with a green bonnet and umbrella to match approached a stall at

the Center market and asked if the eggs exposed on the counter for sale were fresh. "We don't advertise to sell rotten ones, ma'am," said the dealer crustily. "No, I s'pose not," rejoined the customer "I'd like two dozen, if you please; but I'm

very partic'lar about havin' the black hens' eggs always. The merchant of produce gazed upon her with an expression that was half indigna-tion and half disgust.

"How can I tell which were laid by black hens?" he growled. "If you know just pick 'em out for yourself,"

The old woman smiled pleasantly, and proceeded to select from the basket those of the eggs which she designated as the black hens', while the dealer held a bag for their reception. He noticed that all of those she chose were of extra size. "The black hens seem to lay big eggs. ma'am," he said finally, when all the

largest ones in his stock had been picked "Oh, yes," replied the old woman, as she paid for her purchaset "it's always so

Good day!" After she had gone the merchant rubber his chin thoughtfully for two or three min utes and then remarked to himself:

"By Jove! I call that about the slickes trick I've had worked on me for many Black bens' eggs, indeed! All sh wanted was a chance to pick out the big ones, and she got it." With that he looked not spitefully, but admiringly, after the old woman and the green bonnet, who stood for twenty minutes at another stall near by and chaffered over the price of a terrapin, which she insisted ought to be cheap because the length of its toe nails was an infallible indication that it was old and tough.-Washington Star.

Seeing the announcement of a new book by Mary E. Denison reminds me of this anthor's two wonderfully successful books, "That Husband of Mine" and "That Wife of Mine." The story of these books was recently told me by the publisher. When Miss Denison, a number of years ago, brought the manuscript of "That Husband

Miss Denison's Popularity.

of Mine" to her publishers they accepted it doubtfully, and did not feel warranted in printing more than 500 copies for a first edition. This was all they expected to print at all, for they did not detect the elements of popularity in it. What was their surprise, then, to receive orders amounting to 2,000 copies on the day of publica-This warned them to begin printing a large supply, but the orders poured in so

fast that for three weeks they were many thousand copies behind the demand. The orders received on a single day amounted once to 14,000 copies and the total sales of the book reached in the end 150,000 copies. "That Wife of Mine," published not long after, did not reach the same figure, but the sale amounted to 70,000 copies, 60,000 of which were ordered in advance. Her other books have none of them obtained the same auccess, though they have all been widely read. But Miss Denison's pen has brought her gold, and her publishers as well.—Ed-ward W. Bok's Letter. How's This?

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