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But all who have had the benefit of our cut price Clothing Sale will admit that Ben Forstner & Co. do regulate prices to suit the poor man's purse.
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THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

DR. TALMAGE DRAWS LESSONS FROM THAT STRUCTURE.

On the Way from Smyrna to Ephesus. Bandits, Robbers and Pilgrims—Present Appearance of the Place Where Paul Fought with Beasts.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 15.—Dr. Talmage continued this morning his series of sermons entitled, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis." This sermon, which is the fifth of the series, is concerned with the doctor's visit to Ephesus, of which city, with its wonderful temple and other buildings, he gives a vivid description, with characteristic exegetical comments on obscure passages of Scripture. His text was Acts xix, 34, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

We have landed this morning at Smyrna, a city of Asiatic Turkey. One of the seven churches of Asia once stood here. You read in Revelation, "To the church in Smyrna write." It is a city that has often been shaken by earthquake, swept by conflagration, blasted by plagues, and butchered by war, and here Bishop Polycarp stood in a crowded amphitheater, and when he was asked to give up the advocacy of the Christian religion and save himself from martyrdom, the proconsul saying, "Swear and I release thee; repent, Christ, replied, 'Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; how then can I revile my King and Saviour?'"

When he was brought to the fires into which he was about to be thrust, and the officials were about to fasten him to the stake, he said, "Let me remain as I am, for he who giveth me strength to sustain the fire will enable me also without your securing me with nails to remain unmoved in the fire." History says the fire refused to consume him, and under the winds the flames bent outward so that they did not touch his person, and therefore he was slain by swords and spears. One egyptian bending over his grave is the only monument to Bishop Polycarp.

But we are on the way to the city of Ephesus, about fifty miles from Smyrna. We are advised not to go to Ephesus; the bandits in that region have had an ugly practice of cutting off the ears of travelers and sending these specimens of ears down to Smyrna, demanding a ransom. The bandits suggest to the friends of the persons from whom the ears have been subtracted that if they would like to have the rest of the body they will please send an appropriate sum of money. If the money is not sent the mutilated prisoners will be assassinated. One traveler was carried off to the robbers' den and \$7,500 was paid for his rescue. The bandits were caught and beheaded, and pictures of these ghastly heads are on sale in the shops of Smyrna for any persons who may desire to have something to look at on their way to Ephesus.

There have been cases where ten and twenty and thirty and forty thousand dollars have been demanded by these brigands. We did not feel like putting our friends to such expense, and it was suggested that we had better omit Ephesus. But that would have been a disappointment from which we would never recover. We must see Ephesus—associated with the most wonderful apostolic scenes. We hire a special railway train, and in about an hour and a half we arrive at the city of Ephesus, which was called "The Great Metropolis of Asia," and "One of the Eyes of Asia," and "The Empress of Ionia," the capital of all learning and magnificence. Here, as I said, was one of the seven churches of Asia, and first of all we visit the ruins of that church where once an ecumenical council of two thousand ministers of religion was held.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.
Mark the fulfillment of the prophecy of the seven churches of Asia; four were commended in the Book of Revelation and three were doomed. The cities having the four commended churches still stand; the cities having the three doomed churches are wiped out. It occurred just as the Bible said it would occur. Drive on and you come to the theater, which was 660 feet from wall to wall, capable of holding 56,700 spectators. Here and there the walls are almost unbroken, but for the most part the building is down. Just enough of it is left to help the imagination build it up as it was when those audiences shouted and clapped at some great spectacle. Their huzzas must have been enough to stun the heavens.

As I took my place at the center of this theater and looked around at its broken layers of stone, gallery upon gallery, gallery upon gallery, piled up into the bleak skies of that winter day, and thought that every hand that swung a trowel on those walls, and every eye that gazed on that amphitheater, and every voice that greeted the combatants in that arena had gone out of hearing and sight for ages on ages, I felt a thrill of interest that almost prostrated me amid the ruins.

Standing there we could not forget that in that building once assembled a riotous throng for Paul's condemnation because what he preached cut at the idolatry of their national goddess. Paul tried to get into that theater and address the excited multitude, but his friends held him back lest he be torn in pieces by the mob, and the recorder of the people, who had shrank for two mortal hours till their throats were sore and they were black

by its sculpture and confounded at what was the greatest temple of idolatry in all time. As I sat on a piece of one of its fallen columns I said, "What earthquake pushed it down, or what hurricane pushed it to the earth, or under what strong wine of centuries did the giant stagger and fall?" There have been seven temples of Diana, the ruins of each contributing something for the splendor of all its architectural successors.

Two hundred and twenty years was this last temple in construction. Twice as long as the United States has stood was that temple in building. It was nearly twice as long as St. Paul's cathedral, London. Lest it should be disturbed by earthquakes, which have always been fond of making those regions their playground, the temple was built on a marsh, which was made firm by layers of charcoal covered by fleeces of wool. The stone came from the quarry near by. After it was decreed to build the temple, it was thought it would be necessary to bring the building stone from other lands, but one day a shepherd by the name of Ptolemy, while watching his flocks, saw two rams fighting, and as they missed the interlocking of their horns and one fell, his horn knocked a splinter from the rock and showed by that splinter the intrinsic whiteness of the rock.

The shepherd ran to the city with a piece of that stone, which revealed a quarry from which the temple was built, and every month in all ages since the mayor of Ephesus goes to that quarry to offer sacrifices to the memory of that shepherd who discovered this source of splendor and wealth for the cities of Asia Minor. In removing the great stones from the quarry to their destined places in the temple, it was necessary, in order to keep the wheels, which were twelve feet in diameter, from sinking deep into the earth under the unparalleled heft, that a frame of timbers be arranged over which the wheels rolled.

To put the immense block of marble in its place over the doorway of one of these temples was so vast and difficult an undertaking that the architect at one time gave up, and in his eagerness intended suicide, but one night, in his sleep he dreamed that the stone had settled to the right place, and the next day he found that the great block of marble had by its own weight settled to the right place. The temple of Diana was four hundred and twenty-five feet long by two hundred and twenty feet wide. All Asia was taxed to pay for it. It had one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, each sixty feet high, and each the gift of a king, and inscribed with the name of the donor.

Now you see the meaning of that passage in Revelation, just as a king presenting one of these pillars to the temple of Diana had his own name chiseled on it and the name of his own country, so says Christ, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and I will write upon him the name of my God, which is New Jerusalem, and I will write upon him my new name." How suggestive and beautiful!

GREAT WAS DIANA OF EPHESUS.
In addition to those pillars that I climbed over while amid the ruins of Diana's temple I saw afterward eight of those pillars at Constantinople, to which city they had been removed, and are now a part of the Mosque of St. Sophia. Those eight columns are all green jasper, but some of those which stood in Diana's temple at Ephesus were fairly drenched with brilliant colors. Costly metals stood up in various parts of the temple, where they could catch the fullest flush of the sun. A flight of stairs was carved out of one grapevine. Doors of egyptian wood, which had been kept in glue for years and bordered with bronze in bas relief, swung against pillars of brass, and resounded with echo upon echo, caught up and sent on, and hurled back through the corridors.

In that building stood an image of Diana, the goddess. The impression was abroad, as the Bible records, that that image had dropped plumb out of heaven into that temple, and the sculptors who really made the statue or image were put to death, so that they could not testify of its human manufacture and so deny its celestial origin. It was thought by intelligent people that the material from which this idol was formed might have dropped out of heaven as an aerolite.

We have seen in the British museum, and in universities of our own west, blocks of stone hurled off from other worlds. These aerolites were seen to fall, and witnesses have gone to the landing places, and scientists have pronounced them to be the product of other worlds. But the material out of which the image of Diana was fashioned contradicted that notion. This image was carved out of ebony and punctured here and there with openings kept full of spikenard so as to hinder the statue from decaying and make it aromatic, but this ebony was covered with bronze and alabaster.

A necklace of acorns coiled gracefully around her. There were four lions on each arm, typical of strength. Her head was coroneted. Around this figure stood statues which by wonderful invention shed tears. The air by strange machinery was damp with descending perfumes. The walls multiplied the scene by concave mirrors. Fountains tossed in sheaves of light and fell in showers of diamonds. Praxiteles, the sculptor, and Apelles, the painter, filled the place with their triumphs. Cressets, the wealthiest of the ancients, put here and there in the temple golden holders.

The paintings were so vivid and life-like that Alexander, who was moved at nothing of terror, shuddered at one battle scene on these walls, and so true to life was a painting of a horse that when Alexander's horse was led up to it he began to neigh, as one horse is accustomed to greet another. One painting in that temple cost \$193,750. The treasures of all nations and the spoils of kingdoms were kept here for safe deposit. Criminals from all lands fled to the shelter of this temple, and the law could not touch them. It seemed almost strange that this mountain of architectural snow outside did not melt with the fires of color within.

The temple was surrounded with groves, in which roamed for the temptation of hunters, stags and leopards and wild boars, and all styles of game, whether winged or four footed. There was a cave with statue so intensely brilliant that it extinguished the eyes of those who looked upon it, unless, at the command of the priests, the hand of the spectator somewhat shaded the eyes. No wonder that even Anthony and Alexander and Darius cried out in the words of my text, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

One whole month of each year, the month of May, was devoted to her worship. Processions in garb of purple and violet and scarlet moved through it, and there were torches and anthems and choirs in white, and timbrels and triangles in music, sacrifices and dances. Here young men and maidens were betrothed with imposing ceremony. Nations voted large amounts to meet the expense of the worship. Fisheries of vast resource were devoted to the support of this splendence. Horace and Virgil and Homer went into rhapsodies while describing this worship. All artists, all archaeologists, all centuries agreed in saying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Paul, in the presence of this Temple of Diana, incorporates it in his figures of speech while speaking of the spiritual temple. "Now, if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, etc.," and no doubt with reference to one of the previous temples which had been set on fire by Herostatus just for the fame of destroying it, Paul says, "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, etc.," and all up and down Paul's writings you realize that he had not only seen, but had been nightly impressed with what he had seen of the Temple of Diana.

NOTED CHRISTIANS OF EPHESUS.
In this city the mother of Jesus was said to have been buried. Here dwelt Aquila and Priscilla of Bible mention, who were professors in an extemporized theological seminary, and they taught the eloquent Apollos how to be eloquent for Christ. Here John preached, and from here because of his fidelity he was exiled to Patmos. Here Paul warred against the magical arts for which Ephesus was famous. The sorcerers of this city pretended that they could cure diseases, and perform almost any miracle, by pronouncing these senseless words, "Aski Cataski Lix Tetrax Dammamenus Aison."

Paul having performed a miracle in the name of Jesus, there was a lying family of seven brothers who imitated the apostle, and instead of their usual words of incantation, used the word Jesus over a man who was possessed of a devil, and the man possessed flew at them in great fierceness and nearly tore these frauds to pieces, and in consequence all up and down the streets of Ephesus there was indignation excited against the magical arts, and a great bonfire of magical books was kindled in the streets, and the people stirred the blaze until thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of black art literature had burned to ashes.

But all the glory of Ephesus I have described has gone now. At some season of the year awful malarial sweeps over the place and put upon mattress or in graves a large portion of the population. In the approximate marshes scorpions, centipedes and all forms of reptile life crawl and hiss and sting, while hyenas and jackals at night sink in and out of the ruins of buildings which once startled the nations with their almost supernatural grandeur.

But there is a lesson which has never yet been drawn out. Do you not see in that temple of Diana an expression of what the world needs? It wants a God who can provide food. Diana was a huntress. In pictures on many of the coins she held a stag by the horn with one hand and a bundle of arrows in the other. Oh, this is a hungry world! Diana could not give one pound of meat or one mouthful of food to the millions of her worshippers. She was a dead divinity, an imaginary god, and so in idolatrous hands the vast majority of people never have enough to eat. It is only in the countries where the God of heaven and earth is worshipped that the vast majority have enough to eat. Let Diana have her arrows and her hounds; our God has the sunshine, and the showers, and the harvests, and in proportion as he is worshipped does plenty reign.

So also in the temple of Diana the world expressed its need of a refuge. To it from all parts of the land came debtors who could not pay their debts and offenders of the law that they might escape incarceration, but she sheltered them only a little while, and while she kept them from arrest she could not change their hearts and the guilty remained guilty, but our God in Jesus Christ is a refuge into which we may fly from all our sins and all our pursuers, and not only be safe for guilt but safe for eternity, and the guilt is pardoned and the nature is transformed. What Diana could not

do for her worshippers our Christ accomplishes for us.
Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
WHAT DESTROYED EPHESUS?
Then, in that temple were deposited treasures from all the earth for safe keeping. Chrysostom says it was the treasure house of nations; they brought gold and silver and precious stones and coronets from across the sea, and put them under the care of Diana of the Ephesians. But again and again were those treasures ransacked, captured and destroyed. Nero robbed them, the Scythians scattered them, the Goths burned them. Diana failed those who trusted her with treasures, but our God, to him we may intrust all our treasures for this world and the next, and fail any one who puts confidence in him he never will. After the last jasper column has fallen and the last temple on earth has gone into ruins and the world itself has suffered demolition, the Lord will keep for us our best treasures.

But, notice what killed Ephesus, and what has killed most of the cities that lie buried in the cemetery of nations. Luxury! The costly baths, which had been the means of health to the city, became its ruin. Instead of the cold baths that had been the invigoration of the people, the hot baths, which are only intended for the infirm or the invalid, were substituted. In these hot baths many lay most of the time. Authors wrote books while in these baths. Business was neglected and a hot bath taken four or five times a day. When the keeper of the baths was reprimanded for not having them warm enough, one of the rulers said, "You blame him for not making the bath warm enough; I blame you because you have it warm at all."

But that warm bath which enervated Ephesus, and which is always enervating, except when followed by cold baths (no reference, of course, to delicate constitutions), was only a type of what went on in all departments of Ephesian life, and in luxurious indulgence Ephesus fell, and the last triangle of music was tinkled in Diana's temple, and the last wrestler disappeared from her gymnasium, and the last racer took his garland in the stadium, and the last pie was heard in her forum, and even the sea, as if to withdraw the last commercial opportunity from that metropolis, retreated down the beach, leaving her without the harbor in which had floated a thousand ships. Brooklyn, New York, London and all modern cities, cisatlantic and transatlantic, take warning! What luxury unguarded did for Ephesus, luxury unguarded may do for all. Opulence and splendor God grant to all the people, to all the cities, to all the lands, but at the same time, may he grant the righteous use of them.

USE THIS WORLD, BUT IN THE SERVICE OF GOD.
Gymnasiums? Yes, but see that the vigor gained in them be consecrated to God. Magnificent temples of worship? Yes, but see that in them instead of conventionalities and cold pomp of service there be warmth of devotion and the pure Gospel preached. Impelling court houses? Yes, but in them let justice and mercy rule. Palaces of journalism? Yes, but let all of the printing presses be marshaled for happiness and truth. Great postoffice buildings? Yes, but through them, day by day, may correspondence help, elevating and moral pass. Ornate dwelling houses? Yes, but in them let there be altars of devotion, and conjugal, filial, paternal and Christian fidelity rule. London for magnificence, Berlin for universities, Paris for classics, Thebes for hieroglyphics, Memphis for tombs, Babylon for gardens, Ephesus for idolatry, but what shall be the characteristics of our American cities when they shall have attained their full stature? Would that "Holiness to the Lord" might be inscribed upon all our municipalities. One thing is certain, and that is that all idolatry must come down.

When the greatest goddess of the earth, Diana, enshrined in the greatest temple that ever stood, was prostrated at Ephesus, it was a prophecy of the overthrow of all the idolatries that have cursed the earth, and anything we love more than God is an idol, and there is as much idolatry in the Nineteenth century as in the First, and in America as in Asia.

As our train pulled out from the station at Ephesus, the cars surrounded by the worst looking group of villains I ever gazed on, of all of them seeming in a wrangle with each other and trying to get into a wrangle with us, and we moved along the columns of ancient aqueducts, each column crowned with statues, having built their nests there, and we rolled on down toward Smyrna, and that night in a sailor's berth as we spoke of the Christ whom the world must know or perish, we felt that between cradle and grave there could not be anything much more thrilling for body, mind and soul than our visit to Ephesus.

Do not let inexperienced dealers fool with your eyes. When you need Spectacles or Eye Glasses go to Head Quarters. I have had 30 years experience, W. W. Martin, The Jeweler, State Street, Salem.

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Says now is the time to buy UMBRELLAS, MACINTOSHES, RUBBER COATS, YELLOW and BLACK OIL COATS, and buy at the

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A Bright Retort.

It is said of a certain literary woman that she is never at loss for a reply, and never misses an opportunity to say a bright thing.

One day a friend was describing to her a noted artist, about whom her curiosity had been greatly aroused, but whom she had never seen.

"To begin with," remarked the friend, "he has a perfect Niagara of a forehead."

"What?" said the other. "Do you mean to tell me the poor man has a cataract over both eyes?"—Exchange.

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