TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN THE SUBJECT.

"Lo, These Are Parts of the Ways"—But How Little a Portion Is Heard of Him"—Job xxvi, 14—Workings of Divine Power.

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Washington, June 16—In this discourse Dr. Talmage raises high expectations of the day when that which is now only dimly seen will be fully revealed; text, Job xxvi, 14: "Lo, these are parts of his ways: but how little a portion is heard of him": But the thunder of his power who can understand?

The vast underworld lying up the universe is God. Heaven is world and anywhere in between. Egyptian hieroglyphics tried to express it by putting the figure of insect and a world implying that God's creation, from how superb to the smallest, was in language finished. He is light, air. Dropping from Heaven, He is a High Tower and a Fountain of Living Waters. His presence is strength and joy and life. When the great theologians gathered at Westminster to lay the platform of standing a creed they found it necessary to begin at the beginning and say that God made all things.

God's Way of Doing.

Why did He make them? Because it was His way of doing. It is the way of the universe. Whether it be the tiniest bud or the mightiest mountain, it is the way of God. Infinite power, infinite wisdom, infinite love, infinite mercy. This power will abide. Though the world make the planetary systems and all the worlds which astronomy reveals one universal wreck, death from explosive mismantled consecrated dead constellations, 20 miles of world. What power it must be that keeps the internal fires of our world imprisoned only here and there bursting from a Cotopaxi or a Stromboli or from a Vesuvius putting Pompeii and Herculaneum into sepulchre; but for the most part the internal fires chained in their cages of rock and century after century unable to break the chain or burst open the door! What power to keep the component parts of the air in right proportion, so that all around the world the nations may breathe in health, the frosts and the heats hibernated from working universal demolition. Power, as Isaiah says, "taking up the isles as a very little thing." Cevice and Hornco and Hawaii as "though they were pebbles." power to weigh the mountains in scales and the "hills in balances." Terceifie and the Cordilleras. To move a rock we must have lever and screw and great machinery, but God moves the world with nothing but a word. He has created worlds and powers and peoples them, as from eternity to eternity again and again they have been red with flame, they have been and then scattered.

Workings of the Divine Power.

We get some little idea of this divine power when we see how it burns the proudest cities and nations. Ancient Memphis it has, only not till many of its ruins are no larger than your thumb nail and you can hardly find a convenient large enough to carry away at your visit. The city of Tyre is under the sea while it washes the shore at which are only a few crumbling palaces left. Sodom and Gomorrah are covered by waters as beautiful as a fish can live in them. Babylon and Nineveh are so blotted out of existence that not one unimportant shaft of their ancient splendor remains. Nothing but omnipotence could have burned them down and put them under. The united nation would was able to send to the pestilential world only one ship with a very small passenger list. One appliance first failed to destroy the land, and then told them to go back to their usual channels as rivers and lakes and oceans. At omnipotent command the water, covering upon their face, shot at command and slinking back into their appropriate places. By such rehearsal we try to measure our appreciation of what omnipotence is, and our reverence is exhibited, and our adoration is intensified, but after all we find ourselves at the foot of a mountain we cannot climb, hovering over a depth we cannot fathom, at the rim of a circumference we cannot compass, and we fall like dust going down on our knees and then like falling flat upon our faces as we exclaim: "Lo, these are parts of his ways. But how little a portion is heard of him! But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

The God of Abraham.

A tradition says that Abraham of the Old Testament was when an infant hidden in a cave because of the persecutions of Nimrod. The first time the child came out of the cavern it was night, and he looked up at the star and cried, "This is my God," but the star disappeared, and Abraham said, "No, that cannot be my God." After awhile the moon rose, and Abraham said, "That is my God," but it set, and Abraham was again disappointed. After awhile the sun rose, and he said, "Why, truly, here is my God," but the sun went down, and Abraham was saddened. Not until the God of the Bible appeared to Abraham was he satisfied, and his faith was so great that he was called "the Father of the Faithful." All that the theologians know of God's wisdom is insignificant compared with the wisdom beyond human comprehension. The human race never has had and never will have enough brain or heart to measure the wisdom of God. I can think of only two authors who have expressed the exact facts. The one was Paul, who says, "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgements and his ways past finding out." The other author was the scientist who composed my text. I think he wrote it during a thunderstorm, for the chapter says much about the clouds and describes the tremor of the earth under the reverberations. Witty writers sometimes depreciate the thunder and say it is the lightning that strikes but I am sure God thinks well of the thunder, or he would not make so much of it, and all up and down the Bible he uses the thunder to give emphasis. It was the thunder that shook Sinai when the law was given. It was amid the thunderings that Elijah prayed. It was the thunderings of Jehovah's voice that shook the temple, so John in apocalyptic vision, amidst lightnings and thunderings, heard the thunder which was quite well explained by the lightning with the ever-powerful, the ever-present, the ever-working, and standing among those mysteries of God existence and power, the scientist of this way. But how little a portion is heard of him! But the thunder of his power who can understand?

The Omnipresence of God.

So every system of theology has attempted to describe and define the God whose attributes of love, of mercy, of justice, of holiness, of power, of omnipotence, of omniscience, of omnipresence, of fatherly love and love of country, but the love of God defies all vocabulary. For many hundreds of years poets have tried to sing it and painters have tried to sketch it and multitudes of the gospel to preach it and martyrs in the fire and Christians on their deathbeds have exhorted it and we can tell what it is like, but no one has yet been bold enough to say what it is. Men speak of the love of God as though it were finer than between the pointing of Bethlehem star and the pounding of the crucifixion hammer. But how little before that existed the love of God.

Seeing God Face to Face.

Only glimpses of God have we in this world, but what a revelation we will have when we have been made fit for the next world. Here we have but the first hour when we begin to be taught. This may account for something you have all seen and may not have understood. Have you not noticed how the effect of the light of the old fireplace on young and old? Some of the children look off upon the fire and others look off upon the burning coals, the reason being a question of the difference in the height of the children. Now, we are children of God, and we look off upon different things, and that is why we see different things in the providences of God. Some look off upon the fire and others look off upon the coals, and that is why we see different things in the providences of God. Some look off upon the fire and others look off upon the coals, and that is why we see different things in the providences of God. Some look off upon the fire and others look off upon the coals, and that is why we see different things in the providences of God.

Keeping Flowers Fresh.

Cut flowers, though universally employed, are often treated in a way that ought to be no less than a crime for those who like to keep them as fresh as long as possible.

First of all they should not put into some large receptacle and sprinkled freely with water all over, only after this preliminary operation it is wise to transfer them to the several pots they are to occupy. They ought to be taken out every morning, sprinkled as on the first day, the tip of the stem then being cut off, and fresh water, flowing from a tap, should be allowed to run over the stalks, holding the flowers head downward, says the Philadelphia Press.

Finally, and herein lies the principal secret of success, the water in the vases may be "doctored" in this manner. Mix thoroughly together a tablespoonful of finely shredded yellow soap, enough chloride of sodium to cover a florin, and half a pint of water. Put in a portion of this mixture into every receptacle and fill in the usual way.

A pinch of borax in each one will preserve all the coloring of the most brilliant flowers, and by renewing the supply of the above solution every two or three days the flowers will last for a couple of weeks or more. Palms and all foliage plants must be carefully but moderately watered, washed, put outside daily for a bath of air and sunshine and must not be stood in draughty places.

Boxers as Bill Stickers.

The Boxers are still causing considerable anxiety in some part of China. Pictorial Boxer placards are being sold at many of the markets. They are about fourteen by twenty four inches in size, portraying in red, yellow and green, the conquests of the Boxers over the foreigners. It is entitled The Rampage of the Five Porcupine Flowers in China. The central figure is a foreign horse of impossible architecture, which is being set on fire by flames from the finger tips of young girls labelled "Bright Red Lanterns." On the other side of the doomed steed is a group of soldiers called "The Fire God Below." In the "Golden Bell" under which the Boxers are crawling to secure invisibility and at the bottom five unfortunate foreigners are being done to death with pike and sword. The most striking feature of the picture, however, is the awful effect upon the average Chinaman's mind. Within a

Destruction at Long Range.

Cutting Down the Army.

Boxers Get Ammunition.

Live Talents.

Piper's Children Are Weak.

Last of Old Yards Burns.

Individual Responsibility.

"FROM NIAGARA TO THE SEA."

A Water Trip of Incomparable Beauty and Grandeur.

A trip through Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence river! From Niagara to the Sea! Doesn't that sound cool and refreshing and enticing? And the mental prospective doesn't begin to give one an idea of the delights to be found in such a voyage.

Travelers either for business or pleasure are unanimous in the opinion that there is no journey so pleasant in the summer time as a stateroom voyage on the lakes. There is not the dust and heat of railroad travel. There is not the disposition to await with a feeling of impatience the reaching of your destination. Instead the traveler finds himself looking forward to the time when the big steamer reaches its journey's end with just a tinge of disappointment at regret that there is to be a final to so charming a voyage.

No resident of North America can be said to know his own country as he should who has not made the trip by water from Niagara to the Sea. Such a voyage is the most varied in scenery, the most exciting, the richest in historic association, of any that can be made on the continent. From the mighty cataract itself to Lewiston and Queenston the Niagara river is the connecting link between Lakes Erie and Ontario, dashes for fourteen miles through that wonderful gorge made by itself in the excavation of which it has taken more than eighteen hundred years. The rock at the edge of the cataract is undermined by the enormous body of falling water which grinds the loosened stones beneath and constantly changes the form of the precipice. Queenston, at the mouth of the river, is a quaint old village, and from Queenston to Toronto, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, is a delightful sail. Among the Passenger Steamers on the Great Lakes are the Lord Elgin, Empress of India, Empress of Japan, Northern Navigation Co., Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay Line, Montreal, Quebec and Lower St. Lawrence Line, Montreal, Toronto and Lake Ontario Navigation Co., Montreal, Toronto, Niagara, Lewiston, Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., Montreal, Quebec, Lake St. John, Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay River Line, Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay