ORNITHOLOGY.

eautiful Variety of Birds in Palestine.

Commands Us to Consider the Bird's est, the Cradle of the Child of the Sky—Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

Dr. Talmage Sunday morning dis-ursed on the "Ornithology of the ible: or, God Among the Birds." The xt was Matthew vi. 26: "Behold the wls of the air!"

There is silence now in all our Janu-y forests, except as the winds whistle rough the bare branches. Our north-n woods are deserted concert halls. The organ lofts in the temple of na-re are hymnless. Trees which were ll of carrol and chirp and chant are w waiting for the coming back of e rich plumes and warbling voices, los, duets, quartets, cantatas and Te eums. But the Bible is full of birds all seasons, and prophets and patri-chs and apostles and evangelists and rist himself employ them for moral d religious purposes. My text is an tract from the sermon on the mount, d perhaps it was at a moment when a ck of birds flew past that Christ ved his hand toward them and said: Behold the fowls of the air." And so this course of sermons on "God erywhere" I preach to you the third rmon concerning the ornithology of e Bible or God among the birds.

Most of the other sciences you may udy or not study, as you please. Use ur own judgment, exercise your own ste. But about this science of orni-ology we have no option. The Di-ne command is positive when it says my text, "Behold the fowls of the r." That is, study their habits. Ex-mine their colors. Notice their speed. e the hand of God in their construc-n. It is easy for me to obey the mmand of the text, for I was brought among the race of wings, and from yhood heard their matins at sunrise, d their vespers at sunset. Their nests ve been to me a fascination, and my tisfaction is that I never robbed one them, any more than I would al a child from a cradle, for a bird a child of the sky, and its nest is the adle.

They are almost human, for they ve their loves and hates, affinities d antipathies, understand joy andief, have conjugal and maternal in-nct, wage wars and entertain jeal-sies, have a language of their own, d powers of association. Thank God birds and skies full of them. It is eless to expect to understand the ble unless we study natural history. ve hundred and ninety-three times es the Bible allude to the facts of tural history, and I do not wonder at it makes so many allusions ornith-gical. The skies and the caverns of lestine are friendly to the winged atures, and so many fly and st and nest and hatch in that gion that inspired writers do t have far to go to get or-thological illustration of divine th. There are over forty species of is recognized in the Scriptures. Oh, at a variety of wings in Palestine! e dove, the robin, the eagle, the cor-rant, or plunging bird, hurling itself m the sky to wave, and with long k clutching its prey; the thrush, ich especially dislikes a crowd; the rtridge, the hawk, bold and ruthless, ering head to windward while tching for prey; the swan, at home ong the marshes, and with feet so structed it can walk on the leaves water plants; the raven, the lap-ng, malodorous, and in the Bible de-nced as inedible, though it has ex-ordinary head-dress; the stork, the ilfrage, that always has a habit of pping on a stone the turtle it has ted, and so killing it for food, and on e occasion mistook the bald head of chylus, the Greek poet, for a white ne and dropped a turtle upon it, kill-g the famous Greek; the cuckoo, with sted head and crimson throat and gs snow-tipped, but too lazy to ld its own nest and so have the hab-f depositing its eggs in nests belong-g to other birds; the blue jay, the ose, the plover, the magpie, the gfisher, the pelican, which is the car-ture of all the feathered creation; owl, the goldfinch, the bittern, the rier, the bulbul, the osprey, the ture, the king of scavengers, with k covered with repulsive down in-d of attractive feathers; the quar-some starling, the swallow flying a e a minute, and sometimes ten hours succession; the heron, the quail, the ock, the ostrich, the lark, the crow, kite, the bat, the blackbird, and y others with all colors, all sounds, styles of flight, all habits, all archi-ture of nests, leaving nothing want-in suggestiveness.

They were at the creation placed all nd on the rocks and in the trees on the ground to generate Adam's al. They took their places on y, as the first man was made on urday. Whatever else he had or did have he should have music. The sound that struck the human ear a bird's voice.

es, Christian geology (for you know re is a Christian geology as well as infidel geology. Christian geology es in and helps the Bibles show what ove to the bird creation. Before the an race came into this world, the d was occupied by reptiles and by styles of destructive monsters, mil-s of creatures loathsome and hid-. God sent huge birds to clear the earth of these creatures before Adam and Eve were created.

The remains of these birds have been found imbedded in the rocks. The skeleton of one eagle has been found twenty feet in height and fifty feet from tip of wing to tip of wing. Many armies of beaks and claws were necessary to clear the earth of creatures that would have destroyed the human race with one clip. I like to find this harmony of revelation and science, and to have demonstrated that the God who made the world made the Bible.

Moses, the greatest lawyer of all time and a great man for facts, had enough sentiment and poetry and musical taste to welcome the illuminated wings and the voices divinely drilled into the first chapter of Genesis. How should Noah, the old ship carpenter, 600 years of age, find out when the world was fit again for human residence after the universal freshet? A bird will tell, and nothing else can.

No man can come down from the mountain to invite Noah and his family out to terra firma, for the mountains were submerged. As a bird first heralded the human race into the world, now a bird will help the human race back to the world that had shipped a sea that whelmed everything. Noah stands on Sunday morning at the window of the ark, in his hand a cooing dove, so gentle, so innocent, so affectionate, and he said: "Now, my little dove, fly away over these waters, explore and come back and tell us whether it is safe to land." After a long flight it returned hungry and weary and wet, and by its looks and manners said to Noah and his family: "The world is not fit for you to disembark." Noah waited a week, and next Sunday morning he let the dove fly again for a second exploration, and Sunday evening it came back with a leaf that had the sign of just having been plucked from a living fruit tree, and the bird reported the world would do tolerably well for a bird to live in, but not yet sufficiently recovered for human residence. Noah waited another week, and next Sunday morning he sent out the dove on the third exploration, and it returned not, for it found the world so attractive now it did not want to be caged again, and then the emigrants from the anti-diluvian world landed. It was a bird that told them when to take possession of the resuscitated planet. So the human race was saved by a bird's wing; for attempting to land too soon, they would have perished.

Aye, here comes a whole flock of doves-rock-doves, ring-doves, stock-doves—and they make Isaiah think of great revivals and great awakenings when souls fly for shelter like a flock of pigeons swooping to the openings of a pigeon coop, and he cries out: "Who are these that fly as doves to their windows?" David, with Saul after him, and flying from cavern to cavern, compares himself to a desert partridge, a bird which especially haunts rocky places, and boys and hunters to this day take after it with sticks, for the partridge runs rather than flies. David, chased and clubbed and harried of pursuers, says: "I am hunted as a partridge on the mountans." Speaking of his forlorn condition, he says: "I am like a pelican of the wilderness." Describing his loneliness, he says: "I am a swallow alone on a housetop." Hezekiah, in the emaciation of his sickness, compares himself to a crane, thin and wasted. Job had so much trouble he could not sleep nights, and he described his insomnia by saying: "I am a companion to owls." Isaiah compares the desolation of banished Israel to an owl and bittern and cormorant among a city's ruins. Jeremiah, describing the cruelty of parents toward children, compares them to the ostrich, who leaves its eggs in the sand uncared for, crying: "The daughter of my people is becoming like the ostriches of the wilderness." Among the provisions piled on Solomon's bountiful table the Bible speaks of "fatted fowl." The Israelites in the desert got tired of manna and they had quails—quails for breakfast, quails for dinner, quails for supper, and they died of quails.

The Bible refers to the migratory habits of the birds, and says: "The stork knoweth her appointed time and the turtle and the crane and the swallow the time of their going, but my people know not the judgments of the Lord." Would the prophet illustrate the fate of fraud, he points to a failure at incubation, and says: "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days and at his end shall be a fool." The partridge, the most careless of all birds in choice of its place of nest, building it on the ground and often near a frequented road, or in a slight depression of ground, without reference to safety, and soon a hoof or a scythe or a cart-wheel ends all.

So says the prophet a man who gathers under him dishonest dollars will hatch out of them no peace, no satisfaction, no happiness, no security. What vivid similitude! The quickest way to amass a fortune is by iniquity, but the trouble is about keeping it. Every hour of every day some such partridge is driven off the nest. Panics are the only flutter of partridges. It is too tedious work to become rich in the old fashioned way, and if a man can by one falsehood make as much as by ten years of hard labor, why not tell it, and if one counterfeit check will bring the dollars as easily as a genuine issue, why not make it? One year's fraud will be equal to half a life-time's sweat.

Why not live solely by one's wits? A fortune thus built will be firm and everlasting. Will it? Ha! build your house on a volcano's crater; go to sleep on the bosom of an avalanche. The volcano will blaze and the avalanche will thunder. There are estates which have been coming together from age to age. Many years ago that estate started in a husband's industry and a wife's economy. It grew from generation to generation by good habits and high-minded enterprise. Old fashioned industry was the mine from which that gold was dug, and God will keep the deeds of such an estate in his buckler. Foreclose your mortgage, spring your snap judgments, plot with acutest intrigue against a family property like that and you can not do it a permanent damage. Better than warrantee deed and better than fire insurance is the defense which God's own hand will give it.

But here is a man to-day as poor as Job after he was robbed by Satan of everything but his boils; yet, suddenly, to-morrow he is a rich man. There is no accounting for his sudden affluence. He has not yet failed often enough to become wealthy. No one pretends to account for his princely wardrobe, or the chased silver, or the full-curbed steeds that rear and neigh like Bucephalus in the grasp of his coachman. Did he come to a sudden inheritance? No. Did he make a fortune on bargain and sale? No. Everybody asks, Where did that partridge hatch? The devil suddenly threw him up, and the devil will suddenly let him come down. That hidden scheme God saw from the first conception of the plot. That partridge, swift disaster, will shoot it down, and the higher it flies the harder it falls. The prophet saw, as you and I have seen, the awful mistake of partridges.

But from the top of a Bible fir tree I hear the shrill cry of the stork. Job, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, speak of it. David cries out: "As for the stork, the fir tree is her house." This large white Bible bird is supposed without alighting sometimes to wing its way from the region of the Rhine to Africa. As winter comes on all the storks fly to warmer climes, and the last one of their number that arrives at the spot to which they migrate is killed by them. What havoc it would make in our species if those men were killed who are always behind. In oriental cities the stork is domesticated and walks about on the street, and will follow its keeper. In the city of Ephesus I saw a long row of pillars, on the top of each pillar was a stork's nest.

But the word "stork" ordinarily means mercy and affection, from the fact that this bird was distinguished for its great love to its parents. It never forsakes them, and even after they become feeble protects and provides for them. In migrating the old storks lean their necks on the young storks, and when the old ones give out the young ones carry them on their back. God forbid that a young stork should have more heart than we. Blessed is that table at which an old father and mother sit. Blessed that altar at which an old father and mother kneel. What it is to have a mother they know best who have lost her.

God only knows the agony she suffered for us, the times she wept over our cradle and the anxious sighs her bosom heaved as we lay upon it, the sick nights when she watched us long after every one was tired out, but God and herself. Her life blood beats in our hearts and her image lives in our face. That man is graceless as a cannibal who ill-treats his parents, and he who begrudges them daily bread and clothes them but shabbily, may God have patience with him; I can not. I heard a man once say: "I now have my old mother on my hands." Ye storks on your way with food to your aged parents, shame him!

But yonder in this Bible sky flies a bird that is speckled. The prophet describing the church cries out: "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her." So it was then so it is now. Holiness picked at. Usefulness picked at. A speckled bird is a peculiar bird, one that arouses the antipathy of all the beaks of the forest. The Church of God is a peculiar institution, and that is enough to evoke attack of the world, for it is a speckled bird to be picked at. The inconsistencies of Christians are a banquet on which multitudes get fat.

They ascribe everything you do to wrong motives. Put a dollar in the poor box and they will say that he dropped it there only that he might hear it ring. I invite them to Christ and they will call you a fanatic. Let there be contention among Christians and they will say: "Hurrah! the church is in decadence." Christ intended that His church should always remain a speckled bird. Let birds of another feather pick at her, but they can not rob her of a single plume. Like the albatross she can sleep on the bosom of a tempest.

She has gone through the fires of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace and not got burned, through the waters of the Red sea and not been drowned, through the shipwreck on the breakers of Melita and not been foundered. Let all earth and hell try to hunt down this speckled bird, but far above human scorn and infernal assault it shall sing over every mountain top and fly over every nation, and her triumphant song shall be: "The Church of God! The pillar and ground of the truth. The gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

But we can not stop here. From a tall cliff, hanging over the sea, I hear the eagle calling unto the tempest and lifting its wings to smite the whirlwind. Moses, Jeremiah, Hosea and Habakkuk, at times in their writings take their pen from the eagle's wing. It is a bird with fierceness in its eye, its feet armed with claws of iron, and its head with a dreadful beak. Two or three of them can fill the heavens with clangor. But generally this monster of the air is alone and unaccompanied, for the reson that its habits are so predaceous it requires five or ten miles of aerial or earthly dominion all for itself. The black-brown of its back, and the white of its lower feathers, and the fire of its eye, and the long flap of its wing make one glimpse of it as it swings down in the valley to pick up a rabbit or a lamb, or a child, and then swings back to its throne on the rock, something never to be forgotten.

Scattered about its eyrie of altitudinous solitude are the bones of its conquests. But while the beak and the claws of the eagle are the terror of all the travelers of the air, the mother eagle is most kind and gentle to her young. God compares his treatment of his people to the eagle's care of the eaglets. Deuteronomy xxxii., 11: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreading abroad her wings, taketh them, beneath them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead." The old eagle first shoves the young one out of the nest in order to make it fly, and then takes it on her back and flies with it, and shakes it off in the air, and if it seems like falling, quickly flies under it and takes it on her wing again.

So God does with us. Disaster, failure in business, disappointment, bereavement, is only God's way of shaking us out of our comfortable nest in order that we may learn how to fly. You who are complaining that you have no faith or courage or Christian zeal have had it too easy. You never will learn to fly in that comfortable nest. Like an eagle, Christ has carried us on His back. At times we have been shaken off, and when we were about to fall He came under us again and brought us out of the gloomy valley to the sunny mountain. Never an eagle brooded with such love and care over her young as God's wings have been over us. Across what oceans of trouble we have gone in safety upon the Almighty wings. From what mountains of sin we have been carried and at times have been borne up far above the gunshot of the world and the arrow of the devil. When our time on earth is closed, on these great wings of God, we shall speed with infinite quickness from earth's mountains to Heaven's hills, and as from the eagle's circuit under the sun, men on the ground seem small and insignificant as lizards on a rock, so all earthly things shall dwindle into a speck, and the ranging river of death so far beneath will seem smooth and glassy as a Swiss lake.

It was thought in ancient times that an eagle could not only moult its own feathers in old age, but that, after arriving at great age, it would renew its strength and become entirely young again.

To this Isaiah alludes, when he says: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings of eagles." Even so the Christian in old age will renew his spiritual strength. He shall be young in ardor and enthusiasm for Christ, and as the body fails the soul will grow in elasticity, till at death it will spring up like a gladdened child into the bosom of God. Yea, in this ornithological study, I see that Job says: "His days fly as an eagle that hasteth to its prey." The speed of a hungry eagle when it saw its prey a score of miles distant was unimaginable. It went like a thunderbolt for speed and power. So fly our days. Sixty minutes, each worth a heaven, since we assembled in this place, have shot like lightning into eternity.

Two Lessons Worth Heeding.

Here are two lessons from the antipodes—both worth heeding: A woman-suffrage bill has passed the New Zealand house of representatives, and, on a recent Sunday, the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Salvation Army post and church of England adherents met in one church and enjoyed an impressive address on the text: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." This was not a sacrilege, but a sacrament. The earth did not yawn and swallow them up; on the contrary, the white dove fluttered down with peace and healing on its wings.

—The living truths of God, affirms the Interior, can no more be routed from His word by investigation than living air and vital sunshine can be chased from a room through open windows by working a fan or a pair of bellows. The enemies of the Bible are those who care more for its binding than for its contents, those whose parlor tables, rather than lives, are adorned by its presence.

—The ancient name of Paris was "Lutetia," which means mudtown, because when the Romans first found it the houses of the city were built of mud. What a change in the lapse of time! Paris, the beautiful, once mudtown! Evolution is certainly true in architecture, however it may be in theology.

—A writer in the Interior suggests the transformation of the older members of the church and congregation into a senior Christian endeavor society, after the pattern of the young people's organization. Why not? It might wake up and adjust to usefulness some of the idlers in the vineyard.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard, a shrew of marked ability. She complained that he showed her no attention, and wished herself a book that she might enjoy more of his society. "Wish yourself an almanac, my dear; then I could change you every year."

—When Carlyle went to sit to Sir John Millais for his portrait, in Millais' grand new house, he turned on the stairway to ask: "Has paint done all this, Mr. Millais?" and, getting a smiling answer in the affirmative, remarked: "Ah, well, it shows what a number of fools there are in the world."

—Ex-Judge Noah Davis of New York has said of the proposition to extend the rights of suffrage to women in that state: "There is a love of justice, virtue, and honor and a discriminating intelligence in women that will force corruption out of politics, and make men better, purer, and more fit to take part in the management of public affairs."

—The day after Black Friday, Mr. Gould's old partner, Henry N. Smith, shaking his finger in Mr. Gould's face, shouted: "I'll live to see the day, sir, when you have to earn a living by going around this street with a hand-organ and a monkey." "Maybe you will, Henry; maybe you will," was the soothing response; "and when I want a monkey, Henry, I'll send for you."

—Sir William Don was the tallest officer in the English army. When quartered in Nottingham once, he was met by two mechanics, one of whom thus addressed him: "Sir William, me and my mate 'as got a bet of a quart of ale about yer, and we wants to know your ight," and Sir William made answer: "My height is six feet seven, and yours is the height of impudence."

—It is said that a Spanish firm of publishers once produced a work in which one letter only got misplaced through accident, and this is believed to have been the nearest approach to perfection that has ever been attained in a book. It is further stated that an English house had made a great effort to the same end, and issued proof sheets to the universities with an offer of fifty pounds if any error was discovered in them, but in spite of this precaution, several blunders remained undetected till the work issued from the press.

—The publishers of Herbert Spencer's works have made public the figures of the total sales of the philosopher's works to date. The gross receipts from all his works published during the past forty years are £30,000, an average of about $3,750 a year for his life's work. "First Principles" has realized £5,400; "Principles of Biology," £5,100; "Principles of Psychology," £7,125; "Principles of Sociology," £5,225; "Principles of Ethics," £2,810. The smaller books have run through many editions, but the price is so low that the profits are very small. It is worth noting that a translation of the "Thousand and One Nights" brought to its late author a net profit of £16,890.

HUMOROUS.

—Love never has to be watched to see that it does a full day's work.—Ram's Horn.

—Teacher—"If you had discovered America instead of Columbus what would you have done?" Chicago Boy—"Opened a real estate office."

—"Hallo, Vanderloin; some of your people coming in on this train?" "Yes; I'm expecting a sister of mine." "Sister, eh! By birth or refusal?"—Truth.

—Mistress—"I don't want those men down stairs, Bridget." Bridget—"If you're jealous, ma'am, I can't help it. I ain't going to invite them up stairs."—Town Topics.

—Clara—"How did you come to accept Mr. Saphead?" Dora—"I had to. He proposed to me in a boat when out rowing, and he got so agitated I was afraid we'd upset."—Rare-Bits.

—Tanks—"What led you to suspect last night that I had been drinking?" Mrs. T.—"I can't imagine unless possibly it was the fact that you were drunk."—Brooklyn Life.

—"What do you call your husband?" asked Jennie of her friend who had just married Mr. Old Codger. "Plum pudding," she replied. "What in the world do you call him that for?" "Oh, just because he's so rich."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—"The proportion the world over of the birth of female babies to that of male is as one hundred to ninety. Providence ought to be the best judge of what kind of babies there should be. Possibly when boy babies grow up to be less troublesome young men, the proportion will be changed.—Louisville Courier Journal.

—Our sympathies go out to the five-year-old who ten minutes after being "slicked up" for church, came in so black and dirty as to bring down reproof upon himself. "Oh, I know, mamma," he explained: "Our Sunday-school teacher tells us the Bible says we're all made *of* dust, and, when I play, it just comed out!"—Boston Transcript.

—Bride (after the return from the bridal tour)—"I see by this medical work that a man requires eight hours sleep and a woman ten." Bridegroom—"Yes, I've read that somewhere myself." Bride—"How nice! You can get up every morning and have the fire made and the breakfast ready before it is time for me to get up."—New York Press