THE WARNING TO FLY

DR. TALMAGE POINTS TO THE BIRD MIGRATION AS A LESSON FOR MAN.

How the Prophets Studied Nature—They Make Music as They Fly—They Know Their Times, They Fly in Season, but Man Is Less Wise.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 30.—The flutter of bright colored leaves which every wind blows from the trees in the avenues around the Tabernacle reminded the thousands who entered its doors this morning that winter is approaching. Dr. Talmage, with his usual tact, turned the impression to account in his sermon, which was on the text, Jeremiah viii, 7, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, he plants it in a tree. When he would put it afloat, he fashions it into a fish. When he would have it glide the air, he molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come, in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtledove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of the noonday heaven; but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves into two lines making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward, while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

THE LORD'S MARCHING ORDERS.

If you were in the field today, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go tomorrow, some moving that they go today, some moving that they go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the south, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and whether from northern fields, or Carolina swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings or hear your voice, may they bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose, so far as God may help me, this morning, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual travel from the Hudson to the Amazon, from the Thames to the Nile. Naturalists tell us that they arrive there thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music, the sky, the upper line of the music; themselves, the notes scattered up and down between.

I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling a thousand miles into four hundred. Would to God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our everyday work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

INSPIRING EFFECTS OF SONG.

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through Wall street it would put an end to any financial disturbance! I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven born hallelujahs.

Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father, and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through the autumnal air learn always to keep singing.

Children of the heavenly king,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God
In the way your fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

The church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midheaven and go straight as an arrow to the mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us.

Oh, for some of the faith of George Muller, of England, and Alfred Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are any such heights?

A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bris ol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after awhile a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn; but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then, I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all his grace in Paul and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world.

KEEP ABOVE THE ATMOSPHERE OF SIN.

You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morrow those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again, but staying all the time in the old encampment we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory?

Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God, if we, as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes; don't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop. Last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark, they go.

And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." And after awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little.

FATE OF THOSE WHO LINGER TOO LONG.

There are, you know, exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge, and the "draw was up," and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds!

I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him, but, oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven! If we do not get prepared in this world we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest!

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it today. You are not happy. I look into your faces and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this lifetime? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy! The southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love? Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

SORROW WARNS US TO PREPARE.

Another frost is bidding you away—it is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say. "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone? "To eternity." Your mind goes back through that last sickness, and through the almost supernatural effort to save life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling and I hear the hearts breaking—while I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone, alone, alone!

This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and, oh, weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all comforting God! Oh, I have noticed again and again what a botch this world makes of it when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble! It says, "Don't cry!" How can we help crying when the heart's treasures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems gone?

It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says, "Oh, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground!" But there is no comfort in that. That body is precious. Shall we never put our hand in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again? Away with your heartlessness, oh, world! But come, Jesus! and tell us that when the tears fall they fall into God's bottle; that the dear bodies of our loved ones shall rise radiant in the resurrection, and all the breakings down here shall be lifted up there, and "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the stork, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael.

Start for heaven yourself, and take your children with you. Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right place for stopping.

Today the Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers come.
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

The Spirit calls today,
Yield to his power.
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour!

Telephone Girls in Belgium.

Since the government in Belgium absorbed the telephone business the girl operators have to undergo an examination in Flemish, French, German and English. They must also be well up in geography and be able to draw a complete map of Europe. Many women who have been connected with the telephone service from ten to fifteen years will be compelled to seek other employment after Dec. 31. Dozens of younger women will have to go, too, for it is impossible to learn German and English in three months and answer "hellos" all day.—Independence Belge.

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Premium, $485.30.
Total Premiums paid, $9,706.00.

RESULTS

at End of Tontine Period in 1892

Cash Surrender Value,
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(Being a return of $168.16 for each $100 paid in premiums, which is equivalent to a return of all premiums paid, with interest at the rate of 6½ per cent. annum).
Or, in lieu of cash,

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(Equal to $360.09 for each $100 paid in premiums). Or

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☞ Will leavs Queenstown at 9.45 a. m., Returning will leave Pier 7, Light Street Wharf at 11 a. m., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for the above named landings.

STEAMER GRATITUDE

will leave Centreville at 8 o'clock a. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Baltimore, stopping at Bagles', Jackson Creek and Rock Hall. Returning will leave Pier 7, Light Street Wharf at 11 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the above named landings.

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will leave Crumpton at 12 o'clock noon Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Baltimore, stopping at Spay's, Deep Landing, Buckingham, Round Top, Chestertown, Rolph's, Booker's Quaker Neck, and intermediate landings. Will leave Chestertown at 5 p. m., on Tuesday, and Thursday, and at 3 p. m. on Saturday. Returning will leave Pier 7, Light Street Wharf at midnight on Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the above named landings.

GEO. WARFIELD.
Oct. 13, 1892. President.

National Prohibition Party Ticket.
THE NATIONAL EVIL--THE DRINK TRAFFIC.



THE NATION'S REMEDY--THE BALLOT.

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE

1880	10,487
1884	151,809
1888	249,945

For Literature, Information, etc., apply to Edwin Higgins, Chairman, 208 N. Calvert street, Baltimore, Md.

TICKET FOR 1892.

For President,
GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL,
Of California.

For Vice-President,
DR. J. B. CRANFILL,
Of Texas.

Presidential Electors,

Joshua Levering, Lawrence Hastings,
M. A. Toulson, A. G. Eichelberger,
W. H. Silk, Wm. Kleinle,
Dr. J. D. Nicodemus, Frank M. Byrd.

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