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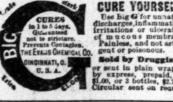
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UNDER DIVINE WINGS

A Simple Illustration Taken From the Barnyard.

THE DIVINE ART OF SIMPLICITY

Rev. Dr. Talmage in This Discourse Takes an Illustration From the Hen and Her Chickens to Show the Comfort and Pretection That Heaven Affords to Ali Trusting Souls.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Can-ada, in the year 1902, by William Baily, of To-ronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa-

Washington, March 2.- A familiar lustration from the barnyard is employed in this discourse by Dr. Talmage to show the comfort and protection that heaven affords to all trusting souls. The text is Matthew xxiii, 37, "Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of 700 feet. The splendors of the religious capital of the whole earth irradiated the landscape. There is the temple. Yonder is the king's palace. Spread out before his eyes are the pomp, the wealth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and he bursts into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that he would gladly have saved and apostrophizes, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Why did Christ select hen and chickens as a simile? Next to the appositeness of the comparison. I think it was to help all public teachers in the matter of illustration to get down off their stilts and use comparisons that all can understand.

The plainest bird on earth is the

barnyard fowl. Its only adornments are the red comb in its head-dress and the wattles under the throat. It has no grandeur of genealogy. All we know is that its ancestors came from India, some of them from a height of 4,000 feet on the sides of the Himalayas. It has no pretension of nest like the eagle's cyrie. It has no lustre of plumage like the goldfinch. Possessing anatomy that allows flight, yet about the last thing it wants to do is to fly, and in retreat uses foot almost as much as wing. Musicians have written out in musical scale the song of lark and robin redbreast and nightingale, yet the hen of my text hath nothing that could be taken for a song, but only cluck and cackle. Yet Christ in the text uttered while looking upon doomed Jerusalem declares that

like what the hen does for her chick-Christ was thus simple in his teachings, and yet how hard it is for us who are Sunday school instructors and editors and preachers and reformers and those who would the ears of audiences to attain that heavenly and divine art of simplicity! We have to run a course of literary disorders as children a course of physical disorders. We come out school and college loaded down with Greek mythologies and out of the theological seminary weighed down with what the learned fathers said, and we fly with wings of eagles and flamingoes and albatrosses, and it takes a good while before we can come down to Christ's similitudes, the candle under the bushel, the salt that has lost its savor, the net thrown into the sea, the spittle the eyes of the blind man and the

en and chickens. There is not much peetry about this winged creature of God menioned in my text, but she is more practical and more motherly and more suggestive of good things than many that fly higher and brighter colors. She is not a prima donna of the skies nor a strut of beauty in the aisle of the forest. She does not cut a circle under the sun like the Rocky Mountain eagle, but stays at home to look after family affairs. She does not swoop like the condor of the cordilleras to transport a rabbit from the valley to the top of the crags, but just scratches for a living. How vigorously with her claws she pasts away the ground to bring up what is hidden beneath! When the breakfast or dining hour arrives, she begins to prepare the repast and calls all her young to par-

I am in warm sympathy with the unpretentious old fashioned hen be cause, like most of us, she has to scratch for a living. She knows at the start the lesson which most people of good sense are slow to learn -that the gaining of a livelihood implies work and that successes do not lie on the surface, but are to be upturned by positive and continuous effort. The reason that society and the church and the world are so full of failures, so full of loafers, so full of deadbeats is because people are not wise enough to take the lesson which any hen would teach them themthat if they would find for selves and for those dependent upon them anything worth having they must scratch for it. Solomon said, "Go to the ant, theu siuggard." say, go to the hen, thou sluggard. In the Old Testament God compares himself to an eagle stirring up nest, and in the New Testament the Holy Spirit is compared to a descending dove, but Christ in a sermon that began with cutting sarcasm for hypocrites and ends with the paroxysm of pathos in the text compares himself to a hen.

One day in the country we saw sudden consternation in the behavior of old Dominick. Why the hen should be so disturbed we could not under stand. We looked about to see if a neighbor's dog were invading the farm. We looked up to see if a stormcloud were hovering. We could see nothing on the ground that could terrorize, and we could see no-thing in the air to ruffle the feathers

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

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of the hen, but the loud, wild, frighted cluck which brought all ber brood at full run under her feathers made us look again around and above us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rapaciou bird wheeling round and round and down and down, and, not seeing us as we stood in the shadow, it came nearer and lower until we saw its beak was curved from base to tip and it had two flames of fire for eyes and it was a hawk. But all chickens were under old Dominick's wings, and either the bird of prey caught a glimpse of us or, not able to find the brood huddled under wing darted back into the clouds. Christ calls with great earnestness to all the young. Why, what is the matter? It is bright sunlight, and there can be no danger. Health is theirs. A good home is theirs. Plenty of food is theirs, Prospect of long life is theirs. But Christ continues to call, calls with more emphasis and urges haste and says not a second ought to be lost. Oh, do tell us what is the matter. Ah, now I see; there are hawks of temptation in the air, there are vultures wheeling for their prey, there are beaks of death ready to plunge, there are claws of allurement ready to clutch. Now I see the peril. Now I understand the urgency. Now I see the only safety. Would that Christ might this take our sons and daughters into his shelter "as a hen gathereth ber

chickens under her wing." Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters and Sabbath school teachers, be quick and earnest and prayerful and importunate and get the chickens under wing. May the what he had wished for that city was Sabbath schools of America and Great Britain within the next three months sweep all their scholars into the kingdom. Whom they have now under charge is uncertain. Concerning that scrawny, puny child that lay in the cradle many years ago, father deal, many remarked "What a mercy if the Lord would take the child!" And the mother really thought so too. But what a good thing that God spared that child, for it became world renowned in Christian literature and one of God's most illustrious servants John Todd. Finember, your children will remain children only a little What you do for them children you must do quickly or never do it at all. "Why have you never written a book?" said some one to a talented woman. She replied: "I am writing two and have been engaged on one work ten years and on the other five years-my two children.

They are my life work." But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entered upon manhood or woman hood what was ahead of you, would you have dared to undertake How much have you been through? With most life has been a disappointment. They tell me so have not attained that which they expected to attain. They have not had the physical and mental vigor they expected or they have met with rebuffs which they did not anticipate. You are not at forty or fifty or sixwhere you thought you would be I do not know anyone except myself to whom life has been a happy surprise. I never expected anything, and so when anything came in the shape of human favor or comfortable position or widening field of work it was to me a surprise. I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never get anybody to hear me preach unless I changed my style, so that when I found that some people 'did come to hear me it was a surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed, we all need shelter from its tempests. About 3 o'clock on a hot August



that you nest took for a wagon crossing a bridge, but afterward there was a louder rumbling, and you said, "Why, that is thunder!" And, sure enough, the clouds were being convoked for a full diapason. A whole park of artillery went rolling down the heavens, and blinds of the windows in the city were closed. But the sounds above were not more certain than the sounds beneath. The cattle came to the bars and moaned for them to be let down that they might come home to shelter, and the fowl, whother dark Brahma or Hamburg or Leghorn or Dominick, began to call to its young. "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" and take them under the wagon house or shed and had them all hid under the soft feathers by the time that the first plash of rain struck the roof. So there are sudden tem-pests for our souls, and, oh, how dark it gets, and threatening clouds of bankruptcy or sickness or persecution or bereavement gather and thicken and blacken, and some run for shelter to a bank, but it is poor shelter, and others run to friendly advisors, and they fail to help, others fly nowhere simply because they know not where to go, and they perish in the blast, but others hear a divine call saying, "Come, for all things are now rea "The spirit and the bride say And while the heavens are thundering terror the divine voice proffers mercy, and the soul comes under the brooding care of the Almighty "as a hen gathereth

chickens under her wing." The wings of my text suggest warmth, and that is what most folks The fact is that this is a want. cold world whether you take it literally of figuratively. We have a big fireplace called the sun, and it has a very hot fire, and the stokers keep the coals well stirred up, but much of the year we cannot get near enough to this fireplace to get warm-The world's extremities are cold all the time. Forget not that it is colder at the south role than at the north pole and that the arctic is not so destructive as the antarctic. Once in awhile the arctic will explorers come back, but the antarctic hardly ever. When at the south nole a ship sails in, the door of ice is almost sure to be shut against its return. So life to many millions of people at the south

many millions of people at north is a prolonged shiver. when I say that this is a But world I chiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of money and try to borrow. The conversation may have been al-most tropical for luxuriance of thought and speech, but suggest your necessities and see the mometer drop to 50 degrees below zero, and in that which till a moment before had been a warm room Take what is an unpopular position on some public question and se your friends fly as chaff before windmill. As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint but I look off day by day and see communities freezing out men women of whom the world is worthy. Now it takes after and now after another. comes popular to depreciate and de-fame and execrate and lie about This is the best world some people.

I ever got into, but it is

meanest world that some people ever

got into. The worst thing that ever

happened to them was their cradle

and the best thing that will ever happen to them will be their grave. But notice that some one musake the storm for the chickens take the storm for the Ah, the hen takes the storm. have watched her under the pelting I have seen her in the pinchrain. ing frosts. Almost frozen to death or almost strangled in the waters and what a fight she makes for the young under her wing if a dog or a hawk or a man come too near! And so the brooding Christ takes the storm for us. What flood anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul? What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals ? What barking Cerberus of hell was not let out upon him from the kennels? Yes the hen takes the storm for the chickens, and Christ takes the storm for us. Once the tempest rose so suddenly the hen could not get with her young back from the new ground to the barn, and there is under the fence half dead. And now the rain turns to snow, and it is an awful night, and in the morning the whiteness about the gills and the beak down in the mud show the mother is dead, and the young ones come out and cannot understand why the mother does not scratch for them something to eat, and they walk over her wings and call with their tiny voices, but there is no answering cluck. took the storm for others and per-ished. Poor thing! Self sacrificing even unto death! And does it not make you think of him who endured all for us? So the wings under which we come for spiritual safety are blood spattered wings, are night shadowed wings, are tempest torn wings. In the Isle of Wight I

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, come under the wings! My text has its strongest application for people who were born in the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of You cannot hear my text without having all the rustic scenes of the old farmhouse come back to you. Good old days they were. You knew nothing much of the world, for you had not seen the world. By law of association you cannot recall the brooding hen and her chickens without seeing also the barn and the haymow and the wagon shed and the bouse and the fireside with the big backlog before which you sat and the neighbors and the burial and the wedding and the deep snowbanks and hear the village bell

wings. In the Isle of Wight I saw the grave of Princess Elizabeth,

who died while a prisoner at Caris-brook castle, her finger on an open

Bible and pointing to the

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you to church, stood around old clapboarded meeting house and those who sat at either end of church pew and, indeed, all the scenes of your first fourteen years, and you think of what you were then and of what you are now, and all those thoughts are aroused the sight of the old hencoop. of you had better go back and start again. In thought return to that place and hear the cluck and see the outspread feathers and come under the wing and make the Lord your portion and shelter and warmth, preparing for everything that may come and so avoid being classed among those described by the closing words of my text, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under wings, and ye would not."

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