LOWERED BY A ROPE

St. Paul's Remarkable Escape From Damascus.

PATIENT, UNCOMPLAINING WORK

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows on What a Slender Tenure Great Results Hung-All the Ages of Time and Eternity Affected by the Simple Incident on the Wall

Washington, Aug. 25 .- A Bible inadent not often noticed is here used by Dr. Talmage to set forth practical and beautiful truth; text, II Cor-inthians xi, 33, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the Sermons on Paul in jail, Paul on

Mars hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the sanhedrin, Paul before Felix, are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket. Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the east," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material, called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damask. A horseman of the name of Saul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterwards speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to

its foundation. . The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him, now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, 50 incidents in his life demonstrate, but he feets his work is not done yet and so he evades assassina-"Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a cloud of clinched fists and sometimes he secretes him-

nouse of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over "Here he is! Here he The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospelizer and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of le balcony on the wall, and then hile Paul holds the rope with both hands his friends lower away, careand cautiously, slowly but , farther down and farther until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour the story of which has astonished earth and hea-Appropriate entry in Paul's of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by

I observe first on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord stened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend pon the strength of it. How if it and been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All the magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Cappa-docia, Galatia, Macedonia would would d. All never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of re surrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean Euroclydon, under flagella-tion, and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of 10,-000 martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much de-pended on it! So again and again great results have hung on slender

circumstances.
The parsenage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on ground, but one remains in the con-suming building. That one awakes and, finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two pensants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the othstanding on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already cended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and

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ed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Gold-en Medical Discovery. It drives out the impurities and stances which cor-rupt the blood and breed disease. It increases the ac-tivity of the bloodmaking glands, and so increases and so increases the supply of pure blood. It builds up the entire body with good sound

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"I had 'ring worms' on me and I would burn them off and they would come right back, and they were on me when I commenced using 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and they went away and I haven't been bothered any more."

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure con-

squalor the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civiliza-tion. For 50 years no mis-sionary and no Christian in-fluence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a des-ert of heathendom? Sixty years before a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. book was sead on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of

a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstances depended what mighty re-

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in life. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinself on the house top.

At last the infuriate populace get ity is made up of infinitesimals; on sure track of him. They have great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. boat of papyrus on the Nile ffeighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope, make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat, let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be remembered in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the church in the storm of the centuries. There are said to be about a hun-

dred and fifty thousand ministers of religion in this country. About, 80,-000, I warrant, came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life. The sons of rich

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come bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their everyday bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more years. The other children were more scantily apparelled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry tree at noon, thinking to himself, "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if

I can know that he will be preaching the gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why others do, and the mother says "Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you will have more luxuries, but we must see that boy through." The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hun-

dreds accept the gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, me visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing, father and mother retire to their room, the son lightretire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall, and then, all alone, father and mother talk over the glorious influences of the day and say: Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work and was done. The world may not know

it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father, we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father. "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going to do, he has begun so well."

O men and women, you brag some-

times how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach you from among the New England hills or from the western prairie or from southern plantation or from English or Scottish or Irish home a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as 30 years or 500 miles long or 3,000 miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel him with sharpest spurs and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck and to give a shout to the racer if you are going to ride out of reach your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in six days can't sail away from that. A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it? most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious

and loving hands steadily and lov-

ingly and mightily held the rope. But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven, the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the church has been going on 19 cen-turies, and yet the world has not recognized the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian, "Give my love to St. Paul when "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those who got him out of the Damascene peril. We go into long sermons to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven, when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all-God will intro-duce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences! If others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first 24 hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebrities. with earthy celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not reach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

nevertheless held the rope.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on the circle of heavenly thrones. Surely they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daugh-ter in a humble home that I might ---- of my parents in their old

age, and I endured without complaint all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for 20 years." Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for 30 years a Christian invalid and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confident of all those who had trouble, and once in awhile I was strong enough to make a garwas strong enough to make a gar-ment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian chanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward for all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the Kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival." But who are thou the mighty one of heaven on this throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking into my house and I could no longer keep him safely I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said: "Is that all?" And he answered: "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures, and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not the martyrs, and it said: many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to found the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in his

presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! was the very one who had said, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall." Henceforth think of nothing as in significant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship 200 miles off her right course, suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A

Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies. Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three naughts placed on the right side of the figure one makes a thousand, and six naughts on the right side of the figure one a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation il-limitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket

six-penny nail came near wrecking a

down from a Damascus balcony. Pure Romance

Mrs. Henpeck-I saw a book today I thought of getting you was entitled: "How to Be Ila;

Though Married." Henpecs-Why, my dear, you know I never read fiction .- Judge.

Painting Black Eyes. "The painting of blackened eyes, of which you hear little nowadays," said a man of experience, "Is so well established a business now that it does not even need advertising. A sign which I just passed aroused memories of earlier days within me. It was merely the name of a man who does this kind of painting, with the brief announce-

ment, 'Black Eyes Painted.' "Some years ago such a simple statement was not enough to enable one in that business to live. The artist whose calling this sign declared is the same man who some years back used to have a place on the avenue farther west, and in front of that old office he used to have an expansive and gorgeous sign which told his accomplishments in the phraseology which the only Tody Hamilton after perfected in describing the charms of the best that Barnum of-

fered." Tests of Culture. The chemist Liebig proposed to measure the standard of civilization by the consumption of soap, a creation which would put the inhabitants of north Holland at the head of all civilized nations. As a more reliable test Edmund About suggested the sale of steel pens, the socialist Bebel the frequency of reform meetings, Dr. Bernard the use of undergarments, a luxury unknown to the semicivilized tribes of Asia and South America; Professor Ebers the sale of postage stamps. The mileage of railroads per hundred square miles of territory might do in comparing countries of equal density of popula-

tion.-Exchange.

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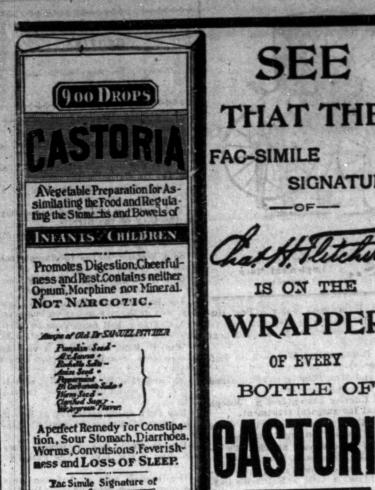


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