### ST. PAUL AT EPHESUS

GREAT APOSTLE TO THE GENTILES FOUGHT WITH BEASTS THERE.

### A GREAT CLOUD OF WITNESSES

Viewing the Christian Life as a Combat, There Is Consolation in the Idea That the Warrior Has Many Celestial Sympathizers-How Life's Temptations, May Be Likened to the Lions in the Path.

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

Washington, Feb. 23.-This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of inspiring thoughts for those who find life a struggle and shows that we have many celestial sympathizers; texts, Hebrews xii, 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses;" I. Corinthians xv, 32, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus.

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world, the Amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place and that it was not only figratively, but literally, that he had 'fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth-all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth. all the way up to the fortieth. ery place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence. The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then rallying his wasted strength he comes up with fiercer eye and more driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25, 000 clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to tors fight each other until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of 100,000 people Paul refers when he says. "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." The direct reference race; but elsewhere having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a com-

The fact is that every Christlan man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It lacerated you with many wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will con-I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of

Your lion is the passion for strong You may have contended against it for twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon. one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen-reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of the spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild heasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jun-

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand

gle; this is with the roaring lion of

are simply kidney disorders. The kidneys filter the blood of all that shouldn't be there. The blood passes through the kidneys every three minutes. If the kidneys do their work no impurity or cause of disorder can remain in the circulation longer than that time. Therefore if your blood is out of order your kidneys have failed in their work. They are in need of stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. One medicine will do all three, the finest and most imitated blood medicine there

# Dodd's Kidney

Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great cloud of witnesses.

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena. around which circle in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses On the first elevation of the ancient

amphitheatre on the day of a cele-bration, sat Tiberius or Augustus or the reigning king. So in the arena of spectators that watch our struggles and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns. The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our King hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed and the tears wiped away and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or lion beat, but our King's sympathies are all with us-nay, unheard of condecension! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting until all and down his voice is heard: "Fear

en thee by the right hand of my pow-They gave to the men in the arena in the olden time food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of

not! I will help thee! I will strength-

his blood. Once in the ancient amphitheatre a lion with one paw caught the com-batant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the The lion must be slain by a sword. Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, shame!" at such meanness. "Shame King in this case is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are they

who put their trust in him." I look again, and I see the angelio gallery. There they are-the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child that one has been pulling a soul ou of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living host into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those you der chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These at creation stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the newborn world wrap ned in the swaddling clothes of light.



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and there, notier and inigntie command an earthly host gives dig-nity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 chariots of God and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the seraphim. ders of heaven hear the command and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations we shall, with the an-

gelic help, strike them down in the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and leap on their fallen carcasses! O bending throng of bright angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot, I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of the argus! the arena!

I look again and see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till last Red Sea shall divide, and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the apocalypse waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at, ye were stoned, ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries men in the arena: "At it again!" "One more stroke ! 'Forward!" 'Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David claims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims, Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and halleluiahs.

I look again, and I see the galler the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who is that army of 6,666? They are the Theban le-

gion who died for the faith. Here

is a larger host in magnificent ar-884,000, who perished Christ in the persecutions of Diccle-Yonder is a family group, Felicitas of Rome and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; ansaid in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "if I had ten heads, they should all fall off for The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their pulled out with redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the kins of animals and then thrown to the dogs: they were daubed with conbustibles and set on fire! all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution gone out; the swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an observing pathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Cour-The fire will not consume; the floods cannot drown; the lions cannot devour. Courage down there in the arena!"

What! Are they all looking? This our we answer back the salutation they give and cry, "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again, and I see another gallery-that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree.
is Albert Barnes and around him the presbytery who tried him heterodoxy! Yonder are Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly gether? There are George White-field and the ministers who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers Top-lady. Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If Heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries—David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David After 30 Years Brainerd, of the aborigines evan-gelized; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burma took Heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the the cold? They walked Green-land's icy mountains. Do we sufunable to walk when I tried Pyramid Pile Cure. The first application relieved me." All Druggists sell it. quickly cures every form of piles. Book free by mail. Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich. cuted? They were anathematized And as they look from their gal



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lery and see us fatter in the presence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease While others fought to win the prize

Or sailed through bloody seas? lery of our departed. Many those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we knew. how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children-do they look with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle of life? remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in Heaven, they know our faces. They remember our other was beheaded. At last the sorrows. They speak our names mother became a martyr. They are They watch this fight, for Heaven. all together, a family group in But here I bause, overwhelmed Heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the Gallery of angels! Gallery of proapostles! martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gal-O malery of friends and kindred! jestic circles of light and love Throngs! throngs! throngs! How shall we ever stand the of the universe? Myriads eyes beaming on us! Myriads hearts beating in sympathy for How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we How shall ever feel lonely again? for us and angels for us and phets and apostles for us and great souls of the ages for us and our glorified kindred for us- shall we give up the fight and die? Son of God, who didst die to save No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us! No, ye

> No; we will never surrender! My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital up in bed the last moment and cried, "Here, here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh, heard the roll call of Heaven, and was only answering to my name!" wonder whether after this battle of this life is over our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified and, with the joy of Heaven breaking upon our souls, shall cry. "Hare, here!"

prophets and apostles, whose warn-

ings startle us! No, ye loved ones,

whose arms are stretched to receive

Affinity Between Horses. When the Duke of Wellington was fighting in Spain, there were two horses which had always drawn the

same gun, side by side, in many batties. At last one was killed, and the other, on having his food brought as usual refused to eat, but turned his head around to look for his old friend, and neighed many times as if to call him. All care was in vain. There were other horses near him, but he would not notice them, and he soon afterward died, not having once tasted food since his former companion was killed.-Our Dumb Animals.

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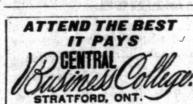
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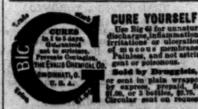
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