

WONDERS OF THE EYE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon on the System's Imperial Organ.

The Windows of the Soul—The Two Great Lights of the Human Face.

How God Honors the Eye—Not a Blind Giant Stumbling Through the Heavens.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—In this discourse, Dr. Talmage, in his own way, challenges us all to the study of omniscience; text, Psalm xxiv, 9. "He that formeth the eyes, shall he not see?"

It has been a strange thing to me for 30 years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas 30 feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye.

I SUPPOSE MY TEXT referred to the human eye, since it excels all other in structure and adaptation. The eyes of fish, and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things, because they have not much to do.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God without any consultation created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man."

To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes. Seven bones making the walls for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eyes are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk.

See how God honored the eyes when he made roof for them, so that the sweat of both should not enter them and the rain dashing against the forehead might not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right, and to the left, so that the sun and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight.

See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 600 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids, opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtain, the iris or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed it can see both by day and by night.

Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvel-

lously constructed, has the muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left and another muscle to pass through the pupil to turn it passing through an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them.

THERE IS ALSO the retina gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve about the thickness of the lamp with its passing the visual impression on the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye! The eye greets us every waking, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril, a contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun 95,000,000 miles away and the print of a pin under microscope and microscope in the same contrivance.

There also is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland by which the eye is washed and through which rolls the tide which brings relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of compassion. Incapacity to weep is a disease or death. Thank God for the tear glands and that the crystal gates are so easily opened.

What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with the eye. Have you not seen the eye flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with wrath, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, the eye is the eye rather than the lips.

But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, "What shall I pay you in money or in lands or in things you ask me? I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged again the matter he said, "Oh, Emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." The same for those for whom the light and impenetrable wall is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway and saying to the people, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah," said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down."

HOW IT ADDS to John Milton's sublimity of character when we find him at the call of duty sacrificing his eyesight. Through studying at late hours and trying all kinds of medicine to preserve his sight he had for 12 years been coming toward blindness, and after a while one eye was entirely gone. His physician warned him that if he continued he would lose the other eye. But he kept on with work and after a while lay before me between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight. In such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Aesculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary. He could not but obey that inner monitor, that voice that spoke to me from heaven. "Who of us would have grace enough to sacrifice our eyes at the call of duty?"

But, thank God, some have been enabled to see without very good eyes. General Havelock, the hero of the most famous General Havelock, told me this concerning his father: In India, while his father and himself, with the army, were encamped one evening time after a long march, General Havelock called up his soldiers and addressed to them, saying in words as near as I can recollect: "Soldiers, there are two or three hundred women, children and men at Cawnpur at the mercy of Nana Sahib and his butchers. Those poor people may any hour be sacrificed with money. But will you go with me for the rescue of those women and children? I know you are all worn out, and so am I, but all those who will march with me to save those women and children hold up your hands. Then General Havelock said: "I am almost dark, and my eyesight is very poor, but I know they are all up. Forward to Cawnpur!" That hero's eyes, though almost extinguished in the service of his country, could see across India and across the centuries.

A surgeon, riding up one evening, gave his horse into the care of the blind groom. Late at night the soldier and the groom went to the stables and found the groom still at work upon the horse, and the grateful and sympathetic surgeon resolved in the morning to reward the blind groom with money. But in the night the groom, without thought that perhaps he could give the groom something better than money. In the morning he said to the blind groom, "Step out into the sunshine! You are forty years of age; I could surely have cured your blindness if I had seen you sooner, but come to Paris, and I will give you sight if you do not under the operation." Paying the poor man's way to Paris, the operation was successful. For the first time the man saw his wife and children, and having taken a good look at them he turned and said, "Let me look on my friend the surgeon, who has opened all this beautiful world to me and shown me my loved ones. What shall I do for you? Only those who have been restored from utter blindness can appreciate the omnipotent blessing of eyesight."

To-day I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the apocalypses, of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity

of a God to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Shall Havelock not know his microscope? Shall the astronomer not know as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his microscope? Shall Swammerdam not know as much as his microscope? Shall the thing we know more than his microscope? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The recollection of this question is tremendous. We stand at the center of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On his eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangels, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of the other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril, a contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun 95,000,000 miles away and the print of a pin under microscope and microscope in the same contrivance.

There also is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland by which the eye is washed and through which rolls the tide which brings relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of compassion. Incapacity to weep is a disease or death. Thank God for the tear glands and that the crystal gates are so easily opened.

What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with the eye. Have you not seen the eye flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with wrath, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, the eye is the eye rather than the lips.

But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, "What shall I pay you in money or in lands or in things you ask me? I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged again the matter he said, "Oh, Emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." The same for those for whom the light and impenetrable wall is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway and saying to the people, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah," said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down."

HOW IT ADDS to John Milton's sublimity of character when we find him at the call of duty sacrificing his eyesight. Through studying at late hours and trying all kinds of medicine to preserve his sight he had for 12 years been coming toward blindness, and after a while one eye was entirely gone. His physician warned him that if he continued he would lose the other eye. But he kept on with work and after a while lay before me between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight. In such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Aesculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary. He could not but obey that inner monitor, that voice that spoke to me from heaven. "Who of us would have grace enough to sacrifice our eyes at the call of duty?"

But, thank God, some have been enabled to see without very good eyes. General Havelock, the hero of the most famous General Havelock, told me this concerning his father: In India, while his father and himself, with the army, were encamped one evening time after a long march, General Havelock called up his soldiers and addressed to them, saying in words as near as I can recollect: "Soldiers, there are two or three hundred women, children and men at Cawnpur at the mercy of Nana Sahib and his butchers. Those poor people may any hour be sacrificed with money. But will you go with me for the rescue of those women and children? I know you are all worn out, and so am I, but all those who will march with me to save those women and children hold up your hands. Then General Havelock said: "I am almost dark, and my eyesight is very poor, but I know they are all up. Forward to Cawnpur!" That hero's eyes, though almost extinguished in the service of his country, could see across India and across the centuries.

A surgeon, riding up one evening, gave his horse into the care of the blind groom. Late at night the soldier and the groom went to the stables and found the groom still at work upon the horse, and the grateful and sympathetic surgeon resolved in the morning to reward the blind groom with money. But in the night the groom, without thought that perhaps he could give the groom something better than money. In the morning he said to the blind groom, "Step out into the sunshine! You are forty years of age; I could surely have cured your blindness if I had seen you sooner, but come to Paris, and I will give you sight if you do not under the operation." Paying the poor man's way to Paris, the operation was successful. For the first time the man saw his wife and children, and having taken a good look at them he turned and said, "Let me look on my friend the surgeon, who has opened all this beautiful world to me and shown me my loved ones. What shall I do for you? Only those who have been restored from utter blindness can appreciate the omnipotent blessing of eyesight."

To-day I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the apocalypses, of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

LESSON IV.—January 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

PLACE IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

HISTORICAL SETTING.

THE BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

REVISION CHANGES.

BIRTHS.

MARRIAGES.

DEATHS.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

MEMORANDA.

SPOKEN.

FREEDERICKTON.

STOCK.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

BRITISH PORTS.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

FOREIGN PORTS.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

QUEBEC.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

BRITISH PORTS.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

FOREIGN PORTS.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

QUEBEC.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

BRITISH PORTS.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

FOREIGN PORTS.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

QUEBEC.

ARRIVED.

DEPARTED.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.