DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

BUSY WEEK IN SCOTLAND AND NORTHERN ENGLAND.

The Text Is Taken from Solomon's Song, "Fair as the Moon, Clear as the Sun and Terrible as an Army with Banners."

The Glorious March.

The week, like others that have preceded it since the beginning of Rev. Dr. Talmage's foreign preaching tour, has been a very busy one. Indeed Dr. Talmage can scarcely be said to have had a moment's leisure. Services have been held at Edinburgh, Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee, Glasgow, Newcastle and Sunderland. The sermon for this week is entitled "The Glorious March," the text being from Solomon's Song vi. 1. "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners."

The fragrance of spikenard, the flash of jewels, the fruitfulness of orchards, the luxuriance of gardens, the beauty of Heshbon fish pools, the dew of the night and the splendor of the morning—all contribute to the richness of Solomon's style when he comes to speak of the glory of the church. In contrast with his eulogium of the church, look at the denunciatory things that are said in our day in regard to it. If one stockholder become a cheat, does that destroy the whole company? If one soldier be a coward, does that condemn the whole army? And yet there are many in this day so unphilosophic and illogical, so dishonest and so unfair as to denounce the entire church of God by cause there are here and there bad men belonging to it.

There are those who say that the church of God is not up to the spirit of the day in which we live, but I have to tell you that, notwithstanding all the swift wheels, and the flying shuttles, and the lightning communications, the world has never yet been able to keep up with the church. As high as God is above man, so high is the church of God—higher than all human institutions. From her lamp the best discoveries of the world have been lighted. The best of our inventors have believed in the Christian religion—the Fultons, the Morses, the Whitneys, the Perrys, and the Livingstones. She has owned the best of the telescopes and Leyden jars, and while infidelity and atheism have compelled to look to the east, crying: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners?"

Yet there are people who are ashamed to belong to the church of Christ, and if you ask them whether they are in such associations they say: "Yes, I sometimes attend the church," instead of realizing the fact that there is no honor compared with the honor of being a member of the church of God. I look back with joy to the most honored moment of my life, when in the old county meeting-house the minister of Christ announced my name as a follower of the Lord.

You who are floating about in the world seeking for better associations, why do you not join yourselves to some of the churches? An old sea captain was riding in the cars toward Philadelphia, and a young man sat down beside him. He said:

"Young man, where are you going?"

"I am going to Philadelphia to live," replied the young man.

"Have you letters of introduction?" asked the old captain.

"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the old sea captain, "haven't you a church certificate?"

"Oh, yes," replied the young man; "I didn't suppose you would want to look at that."

"Yes," said the sea captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia present it to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it's my rule as soon as I get into port to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream floating hither and thither with the tide."

Oh, men and women, by the tides of frivolity and worldliness swept this way and swept that way, seeking for associations and for satisfaction for the immortal soul, come into the church of Jesus Christ.

Lash fast to her. She is the pillar and the ground of truth. I propose to speak of the threefold glory of the church, as it is described in the text.

First—"Fair as the moon." God, who has determined that everything shall be beautiful in its season, has not left the night without charm. The moon rules the night. The stars are only set as gems in her tiara. Sometimes before the sun has gone down the moon mounts her throne, but it is after nightfall that she sways her undisputed scepter over island and continent, river and sea. Under her shining the plainest maple leaves become shivering silver, the lakes from shore to shore look like shining mirrors, and the ocean under her glance with great tides comes up panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire.

Under the witchery of the moon the awful steeps lose their ruggedness and the chasms their terror. The poor man blesses God for throwing so cheap a light through the broken window pane of his cabin, and to the sick it seems like a light from the other shore that bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun be like a song, full and loud and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with harmony, the moon is plaintive and sad, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise while the stars listen and the seas! No mother ever more lovingly watched a sick cradle than this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heartsick, slumbering earth, singing to it silvery music while it is rocked in the cradle of the ocean.

Now, says my text, "Who is she, fair as the moon?" Our answer is the church. Like the moon, she is borrowed light. She gathers up the glory of a Savior's sufferings, a Savior's death, a Savior's resurrection, a Savior's ascension, and pours that light on palace and dungeon, on squalid heathenism and elaborate skepticism, on widow's tears and martyr's robe of flame, on weeping penitence and loud-mouthed scorn.

She is the only institut on to-day that gives any light to our world. Into her portal the poor come and get the sympathy of a once pitiowless Christ, the bereaved come and see the battle in which God saves all our tears, and the captives come, and on the prison corners of her altars dash off their chains, and the thirsty come and put their cup under the "Rock of Ages," which pours forth from its smitten side living water, sparkling water, crystalline water, from under the throne of God and the Lamb. Blessed the bell that rings in her worshipers to prayer. Blessed the water in which her members are baptized. Blessed the wine that glows in her sacramental cups. Blessed the songs on which her devotions travel up and the angels of God travel down.

As the moon goes through the midst of the roaring storm clouds unhushed and unharmed, and comes out calm and beautiful on the other side, so the church of God has gone through all the storms of this world's persecution and come out uninjured, no worse for the fact that Robespierre cursed it, and Voltaire caricatured it, and Tom Paine sneered at it, and all the forces of darkness have bombarded it. Not like some baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the nations, but above the long howling night of the world's wretchedness the Christian church has made her mild way, "Fair as the moon."

I take a step further in my subject—"Clear as the sun." After a season of storm or fog how you are thrilled when the sun comes out at noonday! The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until they are sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song, honey-makers on the log, bird's beak pounding the bark, the chatter of the squirrel on the rail, the call of a hawk out of the clear sky make you thankful for the sunshine which makes all the world so busy and so glad. The same sun which in the morning kindled conflagrations among the castles of cloud stoops down to paint the lily white and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue.

What can resist the sun? Light for voyager on the deep, light for shepherds guarding the flocks afield, light for the poor who have no lamps to burn, light for the dowhcast and the weary, light for aching eyes and burning brain and consuming captive, light for the smooth brow of childhood and the dim vision of the octogenarian, light for queen's coronet and sewing girl's needle. "Let there be light."

Now, says my text, "Who is she that looketh forth clear as the sun?" Our answer is the church. You have been going along a road before daybreak, and on one side you thought you saw a lion, and on the other side you thought you saw a goblin of the darkness, but when the sun came out you found these were harmless apparitions. And it is the great mission of the church of Jesus Christ to come forth "clear as the sun," to illumine all earthly darkness, to explain as far as possible all mystery, and to make the world radiant by its own brightness, and that which you thought was an aroused lion is found out to be a slumbering lamb, and the sepulchral gates of your dead turn out to be the opening gates of heaven, and that which you supposed was a flaming sword to keep you out of paradise is an angel of light to beckon you in.

The lamps on her altars will cast their glow on your darkest pathway and cheer you until, far beyond the need of lantern or lighthouse, you are safely anchored within the vail. Oh, sun of the church, shine on until there is no sorrow to soothe, no tears to wipe away, no shackles to break, no more souls to be redeemed! Ten thousand hands of sin have attempted to extinguish the lamps on her altars, but they are quenchless, and to silence her pulpits, but the thunder would leap and the lightning would flame.

The church of God will yet come to full meridian, and in that day all the mountains in the world will be sacred mountains touched with the glory of Calvary, and all streams will be as the mount of God like cool Siloam, and all lakes be radiant with gospel memories like Gennesaret, and all islands of the sea be crowned with apocalyptic vision like Patmos, and all cities be sacred as Jerusalem, and all gardens as luxuriant as paradise, with God walking in the cool of the day. Then the coronals of grace will drown out all the anthems of earth. Then the throne of Christ will overtop all earthly authority. Then the crown of Jesus will outflame all other coronets. Sin destroyed. Death dead. Hell defeated. The church triumphant. All the darknesses of sin, all the darknesses of trouble, all the darknesses of earthly mystery hieing themselves to their dens. "Clear as the sun! Clear as the sun!"

Further, "Terrible as an army with banners." I take one more step in this subject and say that if you were placed for the defense of a fortress and the great army were seen coming over the hills with flying ensigns, then you would be able to get some idea of the terror that will strike the hearts of the enemies of God when the church at last marches on like "an army with banners."

You know there is nothing that excites a soldier's enthusiasm so much as an old flag. Many a man almost dead, catching a glimpse of the national ensign, has sprung to his feet and started again into the battle. Now, my friends, I don't want you to think of the church of Jesus Christ as a defeated institution, as the victim of veiled sarcasm—something to be kicked and cuffed and trampled on through all the ages of the world. It is "an army with banners." It has an inscription and colors such as never stirred the hearts of any earthly soldiery.

We have our banner of recruit, and on it is inscribed, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Our banner of defiance, and on it is inscribed, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against us." Our banner of triumph, and on it is inscribed, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" and we mean to plant that banner on every hilltop and wave it at the gate of heaven.

With Christ to lead us we need not fear. I will not underrate the enemy. They are a tremendous host. They come on with acutest strategy. Their weapons by all the inhabitants of darkness have been forged in furnaces of everlasting fire. We contend not with flesh and blood but with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places; but if God be for us, who can be against us? Come on, ye troops of the Lord! Fall into line! Close up the ranks! On, through burning sands and over frozen mountain tops, until the whole earth surrenders to Him. He made it, he redeemed it, he shall have it. They shall not be trampled with hoofs, they shall not be cut with sauces, they shall not be crushed with wheels, they shall not be cloven with battle-axes, but the marching, and the onset, and the victory will be none the less decisive for that.

With Christ to lead us, and heaven to look down upon us, and angels to guard us, and martyr spirits to bend from their thrones, and the voice of God to bid us forward into the combat, our enemies shall fly like chaff in the whirlwind, and all the towers of heaven ring because the day is ours. I divide this army with banners into two wings—the American wing and the European wing. The American wing will march on across the wilds of the West, over the tablelands, and come to the ocean, no more stopped by the Pacific than the Israelites were stopped by the Red Sea, marching on until the remaining walls of China will fall before this army with banners, and cold Siberia will be turned to the warm heart of Christ, and over lofty Himalayan peaks shall go this army with banners until it halts at Palestine.

The European wing will march out to meet it, and Spanish superstition shall be overcome and French infidelity shall be conquered; and over the Alps, with more than Hannibal's courage, shall march that army with banners, and up through the snows of Russia, vaster in multitude than the hosts that followed Napoleon into the conflict. And Hungary and Poland, by the blood of their patriots and by the blood of Christ, shall at last be free. And crossing in to Asia the law shall again be proclaimed on Sinai, and Christ in the person of His ministers will again preach on Olivet and pray in Gethsemane and exhibit his love on Calvary. And then the army will halt in front of the other wing, the twain having conquered all the earth for God.

History tells us that one day the armies of Xerxes shouted all at once, and the vociferation was so mighty that the birds flying through the air dropped as though they were dead. Oh, what a shout of triumph when all the armies of the earth and all the armies of heaven shall celebrate the victory of our king—all at once and all together: "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ."

When the Prussian army came back from their war they were received in 1866 at the gates of Berlin, and a choir stood above the gates, and as the first regiment advanced and came to the gates the choir, the music asked them what right they had to enter there. And then the first regiment, in song, replied, telling over the stories of their conflicts and their victories. Then they marched in, and all the city was full of gladness and triumph. But, oh, the greater joy when the army with banners shall come up to the gates of our king!

It will be choir to choir, music to music, hosanna to hosanna, hallelujah to halleluiah. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in. Then will be spread the banquet of eternal victory, and the unfallen ones of heaven will sit at it, and all the ransomed of earth will come in and celebrate the jubilee with unfading garlands on their brow telling of earthly conquests.

All the walls of that celestial mansion will be aglitter with the shields won in victorious battle and adorned with the banners of God that were carried in front of the host, harp shall tell to harp the heroism in which the conquerors won their palm, and the church that day will sit queen at the banquet. Her wanderings over, her victories gained, Christ shall rise up to introduce her to all the nations of heaven, and as she pulls aside her veil and looks up into the face of her Lord the King, Christ shall exclaim, "This is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

Figuring the Globe's Age.

The amount of lime salts in water which drains from districts made up of granites and basalts is found by comparison of different analyses to be on an average of 3.73 parts in one hundred thousand parts of water. It is further assumed by those who take this mode of reckoning the age of the world that the excess areas of igneous rock, taken on an average throughout all geological time, will bear to the exposures of sedimentary rocks a ratio of one to nine.

From these and other more complicated data it has been inferred that the elimination of the calcareous matter now found in all the sedimentary strata must have been going on through a period of six hundred millions of years! This, therefore, represents the minimum age of the world.

Geologists also conclude that the formation of the Laurentian, Cambrian, and silurian strata occupied a period of about two hundred millions of years; the red sandstone, the carboniferous, and the poecilitic systems another two hundred millions of years, the remaining two hundred millions of years being taken with the formation of all other strata.

Thus we are led to believe that geological time has been enormously in excess of the limits urged by certain well-known physicists, and that it has been ample to allow for all the changes which, on the hypothesis of evolution, have occurred in the organic world.

A Gold Mine in Old Wood.

Though the following sounds like an episode in a fairy story, the narrative contains a moral that will be appreciated by every manufacturer of jewelry. Recently a London firm of watch-case makers decided to go out of business. The building was sold, the sellers reserving the right, however, to remove everything except the exterior walls. The inner walls and floors were taken out and burned, and from the ashes was extracted $15,000 worth of gold.

TO BREAK up a hen's nest hurl half a dozen bricks into it.

FRANCE sends the best false hair.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

Some of the More Noted Faces to Be Seen Therein.

The new Parliament met in London Thursday afternoon. The session was altogether formal. Speaker Peel was re-elected and Gladstone and Balfour were loudly cheered.

Guy Fawkes and his gunpowder plot were not forgotten and there was the usual search for possible evidence that any one might design the blowing up of her Majesty's Parliament. The result of the quest was as usual satisfactory, no lurking anarchist or dynamiter being found. One of the Tories wickedly remarked that it was useless to look for dynamiters in the cellar, as now they had seats in the house, with a fair chance of getting into the cabinet.

Michael Davitt secured the seat formerly occupied by Parnell. This selection was not looked upon with favor, even by some of Davitt's Nationalist colleagues, and the conservatives talk strongly of questioning Davitt's right to the seat on the ground of his record as a convict. Davitt's case is said to be without precedent in the house, it being claimed by those opposed to his admission that his crime was not political in the proper sense of the term and that his presence in Parliament will establish a demoralizing precedent.

It is thought Mr. Gladstone will have a Liberal majority sufficiently large enough to enable him to carry through

1. T. W. Russell, M. P. 2. Ashmead Bartlett. 3. Henry Labouchere. 4. John Burns. 5. Lord Arthur Hill, M. P. 6. Right Hon. G. O. Trevelyan. 7. Hon. A. W. Peel.

many reform measures, perhaps including home rule for Ireland.

The most interesting character in the new Parliament is John Burns, the Labor "M. P." He first gained celebrity as a leader during the great "ship" strike when he took up the cause of the striking dock men and gained a decisive victory for them, and later during the Trafalgar riots. He has been a member of the London County Council, and has pushed through a great many labor reforms. In this Parliament he is ranked on the side of the Liberals, although he and his associates will act independently on any measure in which the labor interests are involved. There are 670 members in the new Parliament. Joseph Chamberlain, who married a daughter of ex-Secretary of War Endicott, represents Birmingham, and is the leader of the Liberal-Unionists.

CALLED COL. ORR A LIAR.

An Exciting Incident Which Came Near Precipitating a Riot.

An exciting incident which nearly resulted in a riot occurred at the State campaign meeting at Union, S. C. Colonel Orr, the conservative candidate for Lieutenant Governor, in his speech reiterated the statement, heretofore made on the stump and in the newspapers that Governor Tillman had flaunted his profanity in public.

The Governor in reply said that Orr or any other man who made such an assertion lied." Col. Orr, who is a giant in physique, rushed upon the Governor, and catching him by the arm wheeled him around and asked him if he desired a personal difficulty. Tillman said he did not. Orr shook his finger in the Governor's face and told him he could not intimate that he (Orr) was not truthful without having it thrown in his (Tillman's) teeth. He told him further that he (Tillman) had boasted of being "God Almighty's gentleman." The Governor said so he had, and Orr replied:

"He did not do himself credit when he made you."

Orr again caught hold of the Governor and asked if he intimated that he was a liar. The Governor said that if Orr did not retract the statement his remarks did not apply to him. By this time the crowd had become a raging mob. Men pulled off their coats, climbed upon the stand, cursed, and gathered around the two men, and for several minutes a bloody riot seemed imminent. Col. Orr for the third time caught hold of Tillman and told him if he wanted a fight he could get it. The Governor said he did not, and Col. Orr went back to his seat, remarking that Tillman must let him alone. Quiet was then restored.

GRAIN DESTROYED BY HAIL.

Thousands of Acres in Northern Minnesota Laid Waste by the Storm.

A disastrous hailstorm visited the section of country about St. Hilaire, Minn. Nearly every window in the north side of the town was broken and farmers coming in by the dozen report serious loss to grain. The present indications are that a large strip of country has suffered, as farmers are coming in from every direction. Many report that the ground was completely covered with hail and that their grain will not be worth cutting.

FOR a cut, take powdered resin, pound it very fine, and spread or sift it over the cut; wrap a piece of soft muslin around it, and wet it in cold water quite often. This will prevent inflammation and soreness.

YOU can keep butter and milk fresh a long time in warm weather without ice by wrapping a large porous pot in a wet cloth and inverting it over the butter or milk. The external evaporation cools the interior.

ON the eastern shore of Maryland biliousness is cured by boring three holes in a carefully selected tree and walking three times around it, saying, "Go away, bilious."

NEVER beat the door mat on the piano legs.

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

Society Woman in Trouble—Sunday School Children Drowned—Hibernians at Jacksonville—Young Women Take the Veil—Fast Freights in Collision.

From Far and Near.

JOHN HEIL, a prominent German farmer of Marissa, was found prostrated in the field by his daughter. He died afterward. Death is supposed to have been caused by sunstroke.

JACKSONVILLE was alive Thursday with the wearers of the green, it being the annual celebration of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The society is very strong in that section.

BESSIE, the 13-year-old daughter of R. E. Wright, a Springfield printer, was fatally burned by the explosion of a gasoline stove. She died after about three hours of terrible agony. Her father was badly burned about the face and hands while trying to put out the flames.

DURING a Sunday-school picnic near Port Byron Nellie Zollinger and Blanche Simonson, aged respectively 12 and 13 years, waded into the water too far and were drowned. Miss Grace Maxwell, aged 21, went to their rescue, and falling from her boat was carried away by the current and also drowned. All were prominently connected.

TWO FAST freight trains on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad came together in a head-end collision on a curve about three miles east of Quincy. The trains were running about twenty-five miles an hour. Ten box cars were piled in a heap forty feet high. Both engineers and firemen saved themselves by jumping and no one was hurt.

THE stockholders of the St. Louis, Alton and Springfield Railroad met at Alton and formally transferred the road to the new company, the St. Louis, Chicago and St. Paul Railway. The new owners decided to borrow $1,250,000 with which to extend both ends of the road and to issue mortgage bonds for that amount with the road and stock as security.

THE arrest of Mrs. Cora H. Ellery, of La Grange, on a charge of larceny of silverware created a sensation at Quincy and La Grange. Mrs. Ellery is a woman of high standing, and her husband, Dr. William Ellery, is the leading physician of La Grange, where both husband and wife were reared. It is said on behalf of the accused that she is addicted to the morphine habit. Mrs. Ellery was released on bail in $1,000.

AT Jacksonville, at the Catholic Church of Our Savior, five young women took the white veil and one took the black veil. The five who expressed their willingness to renounce the world were Jane Kerins, to be known as Sister Mary David; Margarete Martin, as Sister Sycyphus; Josephine Sullivan, as Sister Mary Frances; Mary Canes, as Sister Mary Celestina, and Margaret Connor, as Sister Mary Cysiphus. Sister Eugenia, in taking the black veil, became a nun.

AT Camp Lincoln, near Springfield, last week, some darkies raided the mess tent of Company K and stole some chicken pie. One boy was tossed in a blanket. Afterward a small party of militia were in the city, and a crowd of thirty or forty colored men attacked them. This led to a general scrimmage, in which several on both sides were hurt. The soldiers were getting the best of it until the police charged them, arresting three. Two pleaded guilty and were fined for disorderly conduct. Afterward colored men were excluded from the camp by orders from headquarters.

WILBUR HOWE, the young man who is charged with forgery in Washington County, was run down by Mascoutah officers.

MISS HATTIE MAYES and W. T. Ritchey, two of Vandalia's prominent society people, were married. They will spend the remainder of the summer at Bay View, Mich.

THE Board of Claims Commissioners convened in annual session at Springfield Monday. Eight claims for damages, aggregating about $3,000, have been filed since the last meeting.

TRAIN No. 12, east-bound on the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway, known as the Southwestern limited, jumped the track Monday night at Edwardsville crossing. The engine was piled on the Chicago and Alton track, running parallel at that point. The engineer and fireman were killed, a tramp fatally hurt, and a number of passengers injured. The accident was caused by an open switch into which the engine dashed, wrecking itself, four freight cars and a baggage, express, and mail car.

ERNST CLASSEN, a well-to-do farmer of Laclede Township, Fayette County, disappeared last week. His wife died recently and a Mrs. Adams was installed as housekeeper, and her father, Jos. Weldon, came to live with them. Classen had some trouble with the two; this, with the finding of some bloodstains on the floor and the action of Weldon in taking charge of the property after Classen's disappearance, led to the arrest of the woman and her father upon suspicion of murder. But Classen had simply gone to Hartsburgh, but says he left through fear of Weldon.

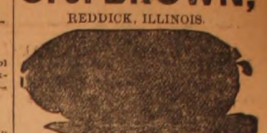
AT Jacksonville, two prisoners escaped from the County Jail Tuesday. One was George Gilliam, imprisoned for embezzling from the Singer Sewing Machine Company, the other a negro. John Scheer, who was acting turnkey while the regular man was away on a vacation, went upstairs to the cellrooms and engaged in conversation with the prisoners. Suddenly they threw themselves against the door, the lock of which had been tampered with, and rushed upon Scheer and beat him in a terrible manner. Both escaped by a side door, and there Gilliam was seized by a young woman, Miss Ella Reed, who held on with persistent energy and called for help. Gilliam was the stronger and threw her off. A posse was organized and in a short time both fugitives were safely lodged in jail again.

EDWARD LEAVITT, 17 years old, of Olney, was run over by a thrashing machine and killed.

AT Pulaski the body of a man about 65 years of age was found in a box-car on the Illinois Central. He had been seen with another man, both drunk.

AT Springfield burglars entered the men's furnishing goods store of C. D. Roberts & Co. They drilled two holes in the safe, but failed to reach the lock, and taking $42 which they found in the cash drawer decamped, leaving the tools behind them and a note on top of the safe, saying: "Drills too short; will call again."

C. J. BROWN,
REDDICK, ILLINOIS.



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