

TALMAGE IN LONDON.

HE DELIVERS HIS FAREWELL SERMON.

The Close of a Remarkable Campaign—Nothing Like It Since the Days of Whitefield—A Sermon on the Marvels of Nature and the Glories of Heaven.

The closing week of Rev. Dr. Talmage's preaching tour was marked by several gatherings which in magnitude and enthusiasm eclipsed all that had preceded them at the last service in London.

During the services the auditors were raised to the highest pitch of religious fervor, and scenes were enacted such as have not been witnessed since the days of Whitefield.

A vote of thanks was moved reverencing Dr. Talmage's eminent services to God and humanity; also that he had traveled over 12,000 miles and preached in every prominent city in Great Britain.

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We are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars shining from January to January calls out not so many remarks as the blazing of one meteor.

Who is that banker in Philadelphia? Why, he used to be a tinker in the horseyard of Stephen Carter, while he had a millionnaire year in to collect his dividends.

And God hath decided that though you may be weak of arm and slow of tongue, and be struck through with a great many mental and moral defects, by his almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the King's palace.

It is not very certain what was the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it the existences of the divine kingdom.

I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a leaf's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a

pond lily. I love to trace His footsteps in the mountain moss, and to hear His voice in the hum of the rye fields, and discover the rustle of His robe of light in the south wind.

You may take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God, but I shall take the leaf holding the spider and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and I shall gaze and look and study and am confounded.

Again, my text teaches me that insignificant as the spider is, it is not insignificant because of its position. The spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace; what can I do amid all this gold embroidery?"

What if the Levites in the ancient temple did descend to mend his candle like he could not be a high priest? What if the humming bird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honey-suckle because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun?

Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss.

The guide after awhile takes you into what is called the "star chamber," and then he calls to you, "Sit here;" and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterranean, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair.

And while we are looking at the pomp of it an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize in the sky.

A palace means splendor of apartments. Now, I do not know where heaven is, and I do not know how it looks, but if our bodies are to be resurrected, we must have a material splendor as well as a spiritual grandeur.

All the machinery of the world could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehenile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes.

Some people seem to have been born without a conscience. You can no more teach them to do right than you can teach a crab to crawl straight ahead.

ward Payson and John Milton and Elizabeth Fry and Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth, and all the other kings and Queens of Heaven.

I do not know but that Christ referred to the red juice of the grape when he said that we should drink new wine in our Father's Kingdom, but not the intoxicating stuff of this world's brewing.

Years ago, with lanterns and torches and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place, with the floor of the cave a level a hundred feet high.

The names of the victims, so far as could be learned, are as follows: CHARLES MCAVOY, plasterer's assistant, 35 years old.

WILLIAM WIGMAN, husband of Sophia Wigman, died at the same address. MINNIE LEVINGER, 20 months old, died at No. 41 East Forty-sixth street.

PETER CALAHAN, an unmarried stableman, who boarded with his sister at No. 318 East Forty-seventh street, died after an illness of four days; 30 years of age.

Whatever doubt may have existed in the minds of the health officers as to the presence of cholera in the city was dispelled when the following reports from the bacteriologists who had made examinations of the cases were handed in.

On receipt of these reports bulletins were issued setting forth the facts regarding the presence of the source and its work, as given above. The physicians say that they have been unable to account for the presence of cholera germs in the cases mentioned.

The fact that the board admits that cholera germs exist in the city is not surprising, for their location has an effect contrary to that which the secrecy is intended to produce.

These will probably come a time when the process of the Eastern coal barons will not need anthracite coal to keep them warm; on the contrary, they will be calling for a drop of water, to cool this parched tongue.

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HAS LANDED AT LAST.

SIX VICTIMS OF CHOLERA IN NEW YORK.

One Patient Died Ten Days Ago, but Nothing Was Done—Reasons for Holiness—Did Not Want to Alarm the People and Cause Panic.

It has developed that, despite the stringent quarantine, the heroic efforts of the National and State Governments and the oft-repeated declarations of the Board of Health to the contrary, the much-dreaded plague has found a foothold in New York City.

Daily representatives of the press have asked the officers of the Board of Health if the disease had shown any signs of breaking out in the city, and even up to the morning of the above reported discovery were answered in the negative.

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AROUND A GREAT STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

Thrown from a Cart and Dragged to Death—The Price of Milk Advances in Chicago—Entered His Life with a Rope.

THE GOVERNOR authorized the issue of a requisition on the Governor of Michigan for Clyde W. Wood, arrested in Chicago for an assault with intent to kill Lew Allen Schneider, and is now in custody at Muskegon.

NEAR Hillsboro, Mrs. Robert Joyce was thrown from a cart and dragged by a runaway horse, receiving injuries from which recovery is impossible.

AT Aurora, a new house belonging to John V. Somarinsky was set on fire and burned. A new house was partially burned by an incendiary fire the night before.

AT Jacksonville the Central Illinois shooting tournament was slowly attended; but a good day's sport was enjoyed.

THE COUNCIL COUNTY Grand Jury voted to indict for robbery and burglary Charles Newman, alias Stanchfield, and John Cook, alias Frank Hottel.

THE price of milk is going up in Chicago and the milk dealers are feeling as blue as the article they sell over the prospect of paying less for it.

Mrs. JOSEPH KLAUS, the wife of a farmer living a dozen miles southwest of Mascoutah, had a thrilling experience that came very near costing her her life.

THE finding of a human skull in the flume of the City mill in Aurora and the reappearance of a colored man by the name of Ousley clears up a mystery connected with the Siebert-Kelchner murder case.

THE Secretary of the State Board of Public Charities has prepared a tabulated statement showing the comparative cost of institutions per capita at eleven of the State institutions for the year ending June 30, 1892.

THE health officers are very fearful that the knowledge of the presence of the plague in the city will cause a general exodus of those who can afford to leave the city.

THE Young family went in 1871 to Oregon and there acquired great wealth and lately died. The adopted daughter claims the estate, but lacks the papers in proof of her legal adoption.

LEGAL proof of her adoption by Mr. and Mrs. Young, formerly residents of Alton, is all that is lacking to make Mrs. Mary Murray of Portland, Ore., an heiress to a fortune of \$150,000.

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