

DR. FALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS OBSERVATIONS ABROAD.

Some Rather Novel Views of the Czar of Russia and Affairs Generally in That Empire—The Dreadful Famine—Blessings on America.

The Tabernacle Point.

The subject of this sermon was, "Observations in Russia and Great Britain," the text selected being "Psalms cxxxix, 1, "It I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me."

What an absurd book the Bible must be to a man who has no poetry in his soul! "Wings of the morning." What kind of a bird is it, and how long are its wings and of what color? Ah, some of us have seen and felt its wings. They are golden. They are buoyant. They are swift. The Emperor, surrounded by a lovely brood of princes and princesses, on "the wings of the morning," I entered Liverpool, July 13, on "the wings of the morning," I entered Germany, the land of Martin Luther and many of that ilk, living and dead.

On "the wings of the morning," I entered St. Petersburg, Russia. On "the wings of the morning," I entered the palaces of Russia, greeted by the Emperor and Empress, surrounded by a lovely brood of princes and princesses. On "the wings of the morning," I entered Liverpool, the capital of the Scottish Highlands, country of Robert Burns and Thomas Chalmers—the one for poetry, the other for religion. On "the wings of the morning," I entered the finest heaven of all the earth—New York harbor—and looked off toward the most interesting place I had seen in three months—1 South Oxford street, Brooklyn.

Oh, I like "the wings of the morning." I am, by nature and by grace, a son of the morning. I think I must have been born in the morning. I would like to die in the morning. I have a notion that Heaven is only an everlasting morning.

In the summer of 1892 my text was fulfilled to me again and again. "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me." Yes, He led me as He always has led me. Since I took my first walk, I have been under my mother's lap at Bound Brook until this pulpit where I now stand, and He will lead me until I stop for all time about three miles out yonder, where the most of you will be my fellow slumbers.

You all know why I went to Russia this summer. There are many thousands of people who have a right to say to me, as was said in the Bible parable, "Give an account of thy stewardship." Through The Christian Herald, which I have the honor to edit, we had for months, in publisher's, in reportorial and editorial column, put before the people the ghastly facts concerning 20,000,000 Russians who were starving to death, and subscriptions to the relief fund had come by letters that were such so much written with ink as with tears, some of the letters practically saying, "We find it hard to get bread for our own families, but we cannot stand this cry of hunger from beyond the seas, and so please to receive the enclosed." And others had sent jewels from their hands and necks saying, "Sell these and turn them into bread." And another letter said: "I enclosed is an old gold piece. It was my mother's. She gave it to me and told me never to part with it except to buy bread and now I enclose it." We had gathered \$35,000 in money, which we turned into 3,000,000 pounds of flour.

When I went down to the Board of Trade at Chicago and left \$5,000 of the amount raised with a prominent flour merchant, taking no receipt and leaving all to him to do the best thing, and returned, it was suggested that I had not done things in a business way. How could we know what sort of flour would be sent? There are styles of flour more fit for the trough of the swine than the mouths of hungry men and women. Well, as is customary, when the flour came to New York it was tested, and we found indeed they had cheated us. They gave us better flour than we had bought I bought in Chicago fine flour, but they sent us superfine. God bless the merchants of Chicago!

Now we know nothing about famine in America. The grasshoppers may kill the crops in Kansas, the freshets may destroy the crops along the Ohio, the potato worm may kill the vines of Long Island, the rust may get into the wheat of Michigan, yet when there has been a famine in any one of our parts of the land there has been plenty in other parts. But in districts of Russia, vast enough to drop several nations into them, drought for six consecutive years has devastated, and those districts were previously the most productive of any in the world.

It was like what we would have in America if the hunger fiend somehow got out of hell and alighted in our land, and swept his wing over Minnesota and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over Missouri and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over New York State and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over Ohio and Georgia and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Nebraska and Dakota and the Carolinas and said, "Let nothing grow here," and the hunger fiend had swept the same withering and blasting wing over the best parts of America in the years 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891 and 1892, and finally all our families were put on small allowances, and we had risen from the table hungry, and after awhile the children had only quarter enough, and after awhile only one meal a day, and after awhile no good food at all, but a mixture of wheaten and bark of trees, and then they died of the children down with hunger typhus, and then all the family unable to walk, and then crawling on hands and knees, and then one dead in each room, and neighbors not quite so exhausted, coming in to bury them, and afterward the house becoming the tomb, with none to carry the dead to more appropriate sepulcher—whole families blotted out.

That was what occurred in Russia a couple more than were ever counted, in homes that were once as comfortable and happy and beautiful as yours or mine, in homes as virtuous as yours or mine, in homes where God is worshipped as much as in yours or mine. It was to do a little something toward beating back that archangel of wretchedness and horror that we went, and we have now to report that, according to the estimate of the Russian famine relief committee, we saved the lives of 125,000 people. As at the hunger relief stations the bread was handed out—for it was made into loaves and distributed—many people would have before taking it and religiously cross

themselves and utter a prayer for the donors.

Why does not some poet ring a canto on a loaf of bread in America? Rapidly and paint it, or some historian tell its history? Noticed all over like wedding cake, or dotted like many articles of food, pretentious and with fantastic ingredients, but that grandest product of the earth, that best benediction of a hot oven—a God given loaf of bread. But the rhythm of it, the luxury of it, the meaning of it, the benediction of it, the divine mercy of it, only those who know how to save a loaf bread. And it was our joy, this summer to hand over a ship load of material for gladdening many thousands of Russians with such a benediction.

In Great Britain and America again. Rapidly, why did not the prosperous people of Russia stop that suffering themselves, making it useless for other nations to help? And I am always glad when I hear the question asked, because it gives me an opportunity to answer. I say, on any idea what it requires to feed twenty million of people? There is only one being in the universe who can do it, and that is the Being who this morning breakfasted sixteen hundred million of human beings in the morning. Russia has not only contributed most lavishly, but many of them went down and staid for months amid the chastities, and the horror, and the typhus fever, and the smallpox that they might administer to the sufferers.

I sat at the dining table in the house of one of our American Representatives beside a Baroness who had not only impoverished her estates by her contributions to the suffering, but who left her own home and went down into the fever, and the misery, and died prostrate with fever, then reviving and toiling on until prostrated with the smallpox. She had come home to get a little strength, and in a few days she was going down again to the suffering districts, and she committed me to the nobility of America. A literary enterprise by which she expects with her pen more money, all of which is to go for bread to those who lack it. Then there are the Bobrinskis. They are of the nobility—not only of the nobility of earth, but the nobility of heaven. You know we have in America certain names which are synonyms for benevolence—George Peabody, James Lenox, William E. Dodge, Mr. Slater and so on. What their names mean in America Bobrinskis mean in Russia.

The emperor has made larger contributions toward this relief fund than any monarch ever made for any cause since the world stood, and the superb kingdom written all over the faces of emperor and crown prince is demonstrated in what they have already done and are doing for the sufferers in their own country. When a few days ago I read in the papers that the emperor and empress hearing an explosion, stopped the rail train, and the system what accident had occurred, and the empress knelt down by the side of a wounded laborer and held his head until pillows and blankets could be brought, and the two wounded men were carried to the royal train, and I was carried to a place where they could be cared for, I said to my wife, "Just like her."

When I saw a few days ago in the papers that the emperor and empress had walked through the trials of the most virulent cholera, talking with the patients, shaking hands with them and cheering them up, it was no surprise to me, for I said to myself, "That is just like them." Any one who has ever seen the royal family believe and systematically lied about nation on earth is Russia, and that no ruler ever lived more for the elevation of his people in education and morals and religion than Alexander the Third. So put all the three prayers together, and God save the president of the United States! God save the queen of England! God save the emperor and empress of Russia!

Before passing to the other field of my summer observation I give you one little specimen of the falsehoods and systematics I stood in London with my tickets for St. Petersburg, Russia, in my pocket. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon and at 3 o'clock I was to take the train. An American physician came and said, "You certainly are not going to Russia, is it?" "Why not?" Then a morning paper was shown me, saying that in St. Petersburg there were 2,000 cases of virulent cholera; the city had been divided into hospital districts, and the doctors were at their wits' end, and what to do with the number of patients. The population was lying in terror. It was almost as bad in Moscow.

While reflecting on these accounts two things came together. One was the fact that I stood in London with my tickets for St. Petersburg, Russia, in my pocket. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon and at 3 o'clock I was to take the train. An American physician came and said, "You certainly are not going to Russia, is it?" "Why not?" Then a morning paper was shown me, saying that in St. Petersburg there were 2,000 cases of virulent cholera; the city had been divided into hospital districts, and the doctors were at their wits' end, and what to do with the number of patients. The population was lying in terror. It was almost as bad in Moscow.

At the large hotel in St. Petersburg at which I stopped, though capable of holding 500 guests, and had beds over every room and every hallway and every mattress and every pillow had been engaged by telegraph by sightseers, all the orders were canceled, and instead of 500 guests there were only 100. The things in the cities which are great at the time could be controlled only by platoons of police, so that none should be hurt by the pressure, each service indoors followed by a service for the waiting through outdoors, and both by hand-

shakings to the last point of physical endurance.

From the day in which I arrived at noon in Liverpool, and that night addressing two vast assemblies, until I got through my evangelistic journey, it was a scene of blessing to my own soul and I hope to others. I missed but three engagements of all the summer, and that from being too tired to stand up. At all the assemblies large collections were taken—the money being given to local charities, feeble churches, orphan asylums or Young Men's Christian Associations—my services being entirely gratuitous. But what a summer! There must have been much praying here and elsewhere for my welfare, or no mortal could have gone through all I went through.

In every city and town I had messages poured into my ears for families in America. Oh, sons of Scotchmen, Englishmen, Welshmen and Irishmen, there are hearts on the other side of the sea, beating in affection, yearning and praying for the present and eternal welfare. They wanted me to give you their love, and here it is by the wholesale, for I cannot give it by retail. Disappoint not the old folks on the other side of the Atlantic. You will probably hear me there again in this world. Their hair is whitening, and their step is not as firm as when you saw them last. So live that when you may meet them in heaven. Write home often, and write you know they are praying for you, do not forget to remember in your prayers those who were your first friends, and friends than whom you will never have better—I mean your old father and mother.

By the memories of the old Scotch kirk, where you were baptized, and of the English fireside, by which you played, and of the Welsh hills and valleys, among which you roamed, and the old homes on the banks of the Tweed and the Shannon and the Clyde, may you ever be an honorable and true Christian. You have good ancestral blood in your veins. Prove yourself worthy. It seems to me that the Gospel is making mighty strides over there.

In one thing I saw in the chapels and churches I did not like. That is a lack of appreciation of each other as between the national church and the dissenters. Now each is doing a great work that the other cannot do. God speed them all, yet the ecclesiology and they of the dissenters! Some noted the ritual of the national church and the spontaneity of the Wesleyan. In the kingdom of God there is room for all to work and each in his own way. Some people are more Episcopalians and others are more Baptists and others are more Methodists and do not let us force our notions on others.

As for myself, I was born near the line, that I feel as much at home in one denomination as another, and when in the Episcopal church, the Hurgis, I stir and I feel as much at home in the other as in the other. I cannot keep back the tears, and it overwhelms me with its solemnity and its power. When in an old fashioned Methodist church the responses of "Amen" and "Halleluiahs" lift me until, like Paul, and in a blessed bewilderment as to whether to be the body or out of the body, God knoweth. And as for the Baptists, though I have never been anything but sprinkled, I have immersed hundreds and expect to immerse hundreds more in the baptistry under this light where I now stand.

What is the use of controversy about anything except how well shall keep close to the cross and do the most for helping people for this world and the next? May there come in England more cordially and warmly to the great and good and genial archbishop of Canterbury at their head, and a more magnificent group of folks, intellectually and spiritually, I never got among, and I found that though we had never met before the archbishop and myself, we had all along been friends. And down Great Britain I found a multitude that no man can number enlisted for God and eternity, and I tell you the kingdom is coming.

If the pessimists would get out of the way of the people and their groans and think everything has gone to the dogs or is about to go—I say if these pessimists would only get out of the way, the world would soon see the salvation of God. Christianity is only another name for the great and good and genial archbishop of Canterbury at their head, and a more magnificent group of folks, intellectually and spiritually, I never got among, and I found that though we had never met before the archbishop and myself, we had all along been friends. And down Great Britain I found a multitude that no man can number enlisted for God and eternity, and I tell you the kingdom is coming.

It is a regular lady-killer. Gus De Smith—What, Dudesly, another necktie? Dudesly Canecuecker—Whenever a girl falls in love with me I buy a new tie, so at the end of the year, don't you see, by counting the neckties, I know exactly how many hearts I have broken.

His Mask Off. Her Adorer—I want to speak to you, sir, for a moment. Her Father (in an irascible mood)—Business or love? Her Adorer—Business. I want to marry your daughter.

The Old Habits. I should not wonder if all heaven would adjourn for an hour to do to this world to see how a shipwreck vessel was got off the breakers and set afloat again amid the eternal harmonies. Meanwhile let us do all we can to make it better, and it will somehow fall in the due result, though it be only a child's sobb word, or a trickling tear wiped from a pale face, or a thorn extracted from a tired foot, or a sinful soul washed white as the wool. May God help us to help others! And so I should like to tell in the future, sympathy and helpfulness and vindication I have brought you on the wings of this morning.

Something New in Woman Suffrage. Senator Vest, of Missouri, a redoubtable foe of all woman's rights, who hates franks as much as any man I ever saw, and loves a drink, was approached by suffrage-begging females. They contended, in the usual style, that the woman was the equal of the man, and ought to hold office—any office, Senator, Governor, Postmaster, Justice of the Peace, anything, anything, indeed. "Great heavens!" said Vest, "do you mean that?" "Yes," they answered. "Now, just think of it. Think of a man going home and kissing a Justice of the Peace, or telling a friend that he was in love with a constable. It is dreadful!"—Philadelphia Press.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

A HEALTHY TONIC FOR INVALIDS OF ALL KINDS.

Humorous Anecdotes gleaned from Various Sources—something to Read Which will Make Anybody Sleep Well—Better Than Medicine When Taken Before Retiring.

A Small Sample. Van Braam—I heard to-day that you were studying the Egyptian language.

Dinwiddle—I don't know how such a story got out. In fact I know only one word which belongs to Egypt, and that isn't really Egyptian. "What is that?" "Mummies the word."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A Regular Boor. Jones—You have no politeness at all. My wife fell in the street the other day and although you were quite near her you didn't offer to assist her. Smith—Well, you see I am too honest. I make it a point never to pick up anything that doesn't belong to me.

Servants. Dick Hicks—Dr. Thirdly's benediction to-day closed with "Keep thy servants through another week."

All Right. Wife—My goodness! How did you lose your eye? Was it one of those horrid boys with an air gun? There is a law against— Husband—No; this was all right and legal. It was a woman with an umbrella.—Puck.

Caught. (By one thing I saw in the chapels and churches I did not like. That is a lack of appreciation of each other as between the national church and the dissenters. Now each is doing a great work that the other cannot do. God speed them all, yet the ecclesiology and they of the dissenters! Some noted the ritual of the national church and the spontaneity of the Wesleyan. In the kingdom of God there is room for all to work and each in his own way. Some people are more Episcopalians and others are more Baptists and others are more Methodists and do not let us force our notions on others.

The Cow-Catcher. Carruthers—I've just figured out what the cow-catcher on locomotives is for—it's for deaf men. Mrs. C.—Why for deaf men? Carruthers—Don't you see? They can't hear the whistle, of course, but by looking around they can see the cow-catcher.—New York Herald.

No Hair, No Conscience. Judge (who is bald-headed)—If ha, f what the witnesses testify against you is true, your conscience must be as black as your hair. Prisoner—If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then Your Honor hasn't got any conscience at all.—Pick-Me-Up.

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Autumn Leaves. "Oh, dry up!" as autumn said to the leaf. "I'm not as green as I was," replied the leaf, "so I'll take your advice."—

The Convenience of Fashion. Mr. McFad—By Jove, I've burst my suspenders. Mrs. McFad—Take mine. I will use your sash.—Judge.

May Hang 'Em Up. Jinks—I don't think it right to judge a man by his clothes, do you? Filkins—No; not under the present credit system.

Mars.

Telescope Fakir—Step right up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. Five cents, num. Old Lady—Oh, laws; Hain't it round and slimy? Telescope Fakir—Will the bald-headed gent please step away from in front of the instrument?—Judge.

Big Witness Fees. First Lawyer—If the moon could talk what interesting disclosures there would be. She is the only witness to many a crime. Second Lawyer—Yes, and just think how much she would get for witness fees if she could testify in court.

A New Course of Study. Witherby—What is your daughter going to do after her graduation? Benkinton—I am thinking of giving her a post-graduate course, showing her how to stand off her milliner.—Judge.

They Had It. (Illustration of a man looking out a window.) Waiter (through the kitchen window)—Spill some catchup in the consumme. Deys a gent wantin' tomato soup.—Judge.

She Was Superstitious. "You didn't succeed very well with the young heiress?" "No; she was superstitious." "What was the cause?" "She said she had twelve engagements on hand and feared that the thirteenth might be unlucky."—Judge.

For a First-Class Shave. SHAMPOO OR HAIRCUT, 60 to ANTON J. DIFFENBACH'S Barber Shop.

Special attention given to Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting. Razors and Scissors sharpened in a first-class manner. CIGARS, TOBACCO and PIPES at all styles always on hand.

KEEP SHADY. "Did Miss Sowerby have her photographs taken yesterday?" "Yes." "Good likeness?" "Yes, must have been, for she refused to take them of the photographer."—Boston Commercial-Bulletin.

Another Sunday Argument. Old Nick—I hope the World's Fair will be closed on Sundays. Imo—Why, sire. Old Nick—What would be the use of our making a special exhibit at Chicago if the people had no chance to take it in?—Puck.

Fine Shade and Fruit Trees, Also Floral Stock and Shrubbery, DWICHT MILLS. He has everything you need in his line.

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