

IN TRUMPET SOUNDS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SERMON FULL OF HOPE.

Help for the Hopeless Through the Name of Christ—The Need of Sympathy—Fulfillment of a Great Promise—A Mighty Gathering.

Capital City Sighs.

This sermon sounds the note of triumph, a note that all will be glad to hear in these times, when so many are uttering and writing jeremiads of discouragement. Dr. Talmage took as his text Genesis, xix., 10, "unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

Through a supernatural lens, or what I might call a prophesope, dying Jacob looks down through the corridors of the centuries until he sees Christ the center of all popular attraction and the greatest being in all the world, so everywhere acknowledged. It was not always so. The world tried hard to put him down and to put him out. In the year 1200, while excavating for antiquities fifty-three miles northeast of Rome, a copper plate tablet was found containing the death warrant of the Lord Jesus Christ, reading in this wise:

"In the year 17 of the empire of Tiberius Caesar, and on the 25th day of March, I, Pontius Pilate, governor of the Praetore, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die between two thieves, Quintus Cornelius to lead him forth to the place of execution."

Scoffers as Worshippers.

The death warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi; Pharisee; secondly, by Johannes, rabbi; thirdly, by Raphael; fourthly, by Capet, a private citizen. This capital punishment was executed according to law. The name of the thief crucified on the right hand side of Christ was Dismas; the name of the thief crucified on the left hand side of Christ was Gestus. Pontius Pilate, describing the tragedy, says the whole world lighted candles from noon until night. Thirty-three years of maltreatment. They ascribe his birth to bastardy and his death to execution. A wall of the city, built about those times and recently exposed by archaeologists, shows a caricature of Jesus Christ, evidencing the contempt in which he was held by many in his day—that caricature on the wall representing a cross and a donkey nailed to it, and under it the inscription, "This is the Christ whom the people worship." But I rejoice that that day is gone by. Our Christ is coming out from under the world's abuse. The most popular name on earth to-day is the name of Christ. Where he had one friend Christ has a thousand friends. The scoffers have become worshippers. Of the twenty most celebrated infidels in Great Britain in our day sixteen have come back to Christ, trying to undo the blatant mischief of their lives—sixteen out of the twenty. Every man who writes a letter or signs a document, wittingly or unwittingly, hon or Jesus Christ. We date everything as B. C. or A. D.—B. C., before Christ; A. D., anno Domini, in the year of our Lord. All the ages of history on the pivot of the right beam of the cross of the Son of God. B. C., A. D. I do not care what you call him—whether Conqueror, or King, or Morning Star, or Sun of Righteousness, or Brother of Gilead, or Lebanon Cedar, or Brother of Friend, or take the name used in the verse from which I take my text, and call him Shiloh, which means his Son, or the Tranquillizer, or the Peacemaker, Shiloh. I only want to tell you that "unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

In the first place, the people are gathered around Christ for pardon. No sensible man or healthfully ambitious man is satisfied with his past life. A fool may think he is all right. A sensible man knows he is not. I do not care who the thoughtful man is, the review of his life-time behavior before God and man gives to him no especial satisfaction. "Oh," he says, "there have been many 'Oh's' I have done I ought not to have done, there have been so many things I have said I ought never to have said, there have been so many things I have written I ought never to have written, there have been so many things I have thought I ought never to have thought. I must somehow get things readjusted. I must somehow have the past reconstructed; there are days and months and years which cry out against me in horrible vociferation." Ah, my brother, Christ adjusts the past by erasing it. He does not erase the record of our misdeeds with a dash of ink from a register's pen, but lifting his right hand, crushed, red at the palm, he puts it against his bleeding brow, and then against his pierced side, and with the crimson accumulation of all those wounds he rubs out the accusatory chapter. He blots out our iniquities. Oh, never be anxious about the future; better be anxious about the past. I put it not at the end of my sermon; I put it at the front—the mercy and pardon through Shiloh, the sin pardoning Christ. "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." "Oh," says some man, "I have for forty years been as bad as I could be, and is there any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "Oh," says some one here, "I had a grand ancestry, the holiest of fathers and the tenderest of mothers, and for my perfidy there is no excuse. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "But," says another man, "I fear I have committed what they call the unpardonable sin, and the Bible says if a man commits that sin, he is neither to be forgiven in this world nor the world to come. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" The fact that you have any solicitude about the matter at all proves positively that you have not committed the unpardonable sin. Mercy for you? "Oh, the grace of God which bringeth salvation!"

For the Worst Sinners.

The grace of God! Let us take the surveyor's chain and try to measure God's mercy through Jesus Christ. Let one surveyor take that chain and go to the north, another surveyor take that chain and go to the south, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the east, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the west, and then make a report of the square miles of that vast kingdom of God's mercy. Are you will have to wait to all eternity for the report of that measurement? It cannot be measured.

Paul tried to climb the height of it, and he went height over height, altitude, mountain, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up for hopeless. Mr. N. B. Veseys, living in Duran, Miss., has an old black-and-tan terrier, named Tricksey, of which the following singular incidents are related: It happened that early in her puppy dog days Tricksey suffered from a serious attack of the mange which baffled for a long time all efforts for its relief. At last a young negro boy on the place said that he could cure Tricksey by clipping off the tips of the dog's ears and tail, which resulted effectually.

It would appear that the dog never forgot the remedy which proved such a boon in her case, for since then every time she gives birth to a litter of pups she has first attention to the young offspring is to bite off the tips of each one's ears and tail. Not one of them was ever known to suffer from the mange.—Philadelphia Times.

But, I remark again, the people will gather around Christ as a sympathizer. Oh, we all want sympathy. I hear people

talk as though they were independent of it. None of us could live without sympathy. When parts of our family are away, how lonely the house seems until they all get home! But, alas! for those who never look home. Sometimes it seems as if it must be impossible. What will their feet never again come over the threshold? Will they never again sit with us at the table? Will they never again kneel with us at family prayer? Shall we never again look into their sunny faces? Shall we never again on that evening take counsel with them for our work?

As I stand before these grieves! Oh, Christ, thou canst do more for a soul less than any one else. It is he who stands beside us to tell of the resurrection. It is he that comes to us and breathes into us the spirit of submission until we can look up from the wreck and ruin of our brightest expectations and say, "Father, not my will, but thine, be done." Oh, ye who are bereft, ye anguish bitten, come into this refuge. The roll of those who came for relief to Christ is larger and larger. Unto this Shiloh of omnipotent sympathy the gathering of the people shall be. Oh, that Christ would stand by all these empty cradles, and all these desolated homesteads, and all these broken hearts, and persuade us it is well.

Need for Sympathy.

The world cannot offer you any help at such a time. Suppose the world comes and offers you money. You would rather live on a crust in a cellar and have your departed loved ones with you than live in palatial surroundings and they away. Suppose the world offers you its honor to console you. What is the presidency to Abraham Lincoln when little Willie lies dead in the White House? Perhaps the world comes and says, "Time will cure it all."

Ab, there are grieves that have raged for thirty years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ had done the work. Oh, what you want is sympathy. The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often, when we are in appealing need of it, no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy—sympathy in their work, sympathy in their fatigues, sympathy in their financial losses, sympathy in their physical ailments, sympathy in their spiritual anxieties, sympathy in the time of declining years—wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ gives it. That is the cord with which he is going to draw all nations to him.

I have thought that this particular age in which we live may be given up to discoveries and inventions by which through quick and instantaneous communication all cities and all communities and all lands will be brought together, and then in another period perhaps these inventions which have been used for worldly purposes will be brought out for gospel invitation, and some great prophet of the Lord will come and snatch the mysterious, sublime and miraculous telephone from the rocks of commerce, and, all lands and kingdoms, connected by a wondrous wire, this prophet of the Lord may, through telephonic communication, in an instant announce to the nations parlor and sympathy and life through Jesus Christ, and then, putting the wondrous tube to the ear of the Lord's prophet, the response shall come back, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son."

You and I may not live to see the day. I think those of us who are over 40 years of age can scarcely expect to see the day. I expect before that our bodies will be sound asleep in the hammocks of the old gospel ship as it goes sailing on. But Christ will wake us up in time to see the achievement. We who have sweated in the hot harvest fields will be at the door of the garner when the sheaves come in. That work for which in this world we toiled and wept and struggled and wore ourselves out shall not come to consumption and we be oblivious of the achievement. We will be allowed to come out and shake hands with the victors.

The Great Victory.

We who fought in the earlier battles will have just as much right to rejoice as those who reddened their feet in the last Armageddon. Ah, yea, those who could only bear the cross of the field; if God so clothed the grass of the field, will he not clothe us and ours?" Or let that young man tell the story who has gone the whole round of dissipation. The shadow of the penitentiary is upon him, and even his father says: "Be off! Never come home again!" The young man finds still his mother's arms outstretched for him, and how she will stand at the wicket of the prison to whisper consolation, or get down on her knees before the Governor, begging for pardon, hoping on for her wayward boy after all others are hopeless. Or let her tell the story who, under villainous allurement and impatience of parental restraint, has wandered off from a home of which she was the idol into the murky and thunderous midnight of abandonment, away from God, and further away, until some time she is tossed on the beach of that early home, a mere splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her now? Who will gather these dishonored locks into her lap? Who will wash off the blood from the gashed forehead? Who will tell her of that Christ who came to save the lost? Who will put that weary head upon the clean white pillow and watch by day and watch by night until the hoarse voice of the sufferer becomes the whisper, and the whisper becomes only a faint motion of the lips, and the faint motion of the lips is exchanged for a silent look, and the cut feet are still, and the weary eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is still, and all is still? Who will have compassion on her when no others have compassion? Mother! Mother!

A Variety of Demons.

There is something beautiful in sympathy—manly sympathy, wisely sympath, motherly sympathy; yea, and neighborly sympathy! Why was it that a city child was awoke with excitement when a little child was kidnapped from one of the streets? Why were whole columns of the newspapers filled with the story of a little child? It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzie? How if it had been my Mary? How if it had been my Maud? How if it had been my child? How if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle bed to-night? How if my little one—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh—were to-night carried captive into some den of vagabonds, never to come back to me? How if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window, watching and waiting—that sorrow worse than death?" Then, when they found her, why did we declare the news all through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray say, "Thank God?" Because we are all one, bound by one great golden chain of sympathy. Oh, yes, but I have to tell you that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wisely, motherly sympathy, it will be found only a poor starving thing compared with the sympathy of our great Shiloh, who has held in his lap the sorrows of the ages, and who is ready to nurse on his holy heart the woes of all who will come to him. Oh, what a God, when a Saviour we have!

While everlasting ages roll Eternal love shall feast their soul And scenes of bliss forever new Rise in succession to their view.

She Remembered the Cure.

Mr. N. B. Veseys, living in Duran, Miss., has an old black-and-tan terrier, named Tricksey, of which the following singular incidents are related: It happened that early in her puppy dog days Tricksey suffered from a serious attack of the mange which baffled for a long time all efforts for its relief.

At LaPlace he saw one world in the northern hemisphere sixteen months burning. Tyche Brahe said he saw another world burning. French astronomer says that in 300 years 1,500 worlds have disappeared. We do not see why indeed it so hard to believe that two worlds stopped in Joshua's time when the astronomers tell us that 1,500 worlds have stopped. Even the moon is a world in the sky. Stellar, solar, solar catastrophes innumerable. But it seems as if the most worlds have been reserved for our world. By one toss of the world at Timbore, of 12,000 inhabitants only 26 people escaped. By one shake of the world at Lisbon in five minutes 60,000 perished and 200,000 before the earth stopped rocking. A mountain falls in Switzerland, burying the village of Goldan. A mountain falls in Italy in the night, when 2,000 people

THE SUPREME COURT OF INDIANA.



JAMES H. JORDAN. JAMES M'CABE. THOMAS E. HOWARD. L. J. MONKS.

DEATH FREES A SECRET.

The Cherished Ambition of William H. English of Indiana.

The death of William H. English releases to the public a surprising vanity he had secretly cherished with a zeal not exceeded, possibly, by that behind his ambition for presidential honors. Years prior to his death he imparted by direct inference to a friend in Chicago that he hoped a statue of the other end of the Hancock and English presidential ticket would be allowed one of the four great "great points" set apart for statues of most illustrious American statesmen around the \$300,000 soldiers' and sailors' monument that Indiana dedicated at Indianapolis before the World's Fair. Death alone was to grant release to this secret, and when he died it was to be mentioned guardedly. As early as 1884 he quietly made the remarkable contract for making

ground hole by dying there. No single struggle on any battlefield of the war, nor on any battlefield of modern times, surpasses it in all there is of patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice.

There are thirty-nine of these memorial tablets, one for each regiment of infantry, mounted infantry, cavalry and battery that took part in the engagement, together with a tablet bearing the seal of the State.



CAVALRY TABLET.

Each tablet bears in relief a representation of the arm of service commemorated by the tablet, and is raised letters a brief description of the movements of the regiment in the battle, and the losses in killed, wounded and missing. The tablets are placed upon the stone monuments, erected on the spots where each particular regiment was engaged during the fight.

CANAL FOR INDIANA.

Congress Asked to Appropriate Money for Its Survey.

The Legislature of Indiana by a memorial has asked Congress for an appropriation to enable the Secretary of War to pay the expenses of a commission to make a survey for a ship canal from the south shore of Lake Michigan to the Wabash river near Logansport, which is the nearest point and about seventy miles distant in an air line. Lewis Cass ordered a survey when he was Secretary of War under President Jackson, and in 1831 Mr. Stansberry, a United States engineer, made a report, which still stands as evidence of its feasibility. It is claimed that this canal would shorten the waterway from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico nearly 400 miles in comparison with that of the great Illinois canal, and that it is a work of such importance and magnitude that it ought to be undertaken by Congress. Mr. Stansberry, in 1831, estimated the distance to be 157 miles, the number of locks thirty-seven, and the cost \$3,041,869.

He followed the valley of the Tippecanoe, and then, putting his mule into the Wabash river, A. M. Stansberry, a United States engineer, made a report, which still stands as evidence of its feasibility. It is claimed that this canal would shorten the waterway from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico nearly 400 miles in comparison with that of the great Illinois canal, and that it is a work of such importance and magnitude that it ought to be undertaken by Congress. Mr. Stansberry, in 1831, estimated the distance to be 157 miles, the number of locks thirty-seven, and the cost \$3,041,869.

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