

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 Sermon.

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, xlii., 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 these 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 Praetorium, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die between two thieves, Quintius Cornelius to lead him forth to the place of execution."

Scoffers as Worshipers.

The death warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi; Pharisæus; secondly, by Johanna, 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 bastardry 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 worshipers. 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, honors 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 upright 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 Balm of Gilead, or Lebanon Cedar, or Brother or 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 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 lifetime behavior before God and man gives to him no especial satisfaction. "Oh," he says, "there have been so many things 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 get 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 obliterating 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—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. "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 brings 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, and 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 higher over height, altitude above altitude, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up, for he saw Sierra Nevadas beyond and Matterhorns beyond, and waving his hands back to the plains he says, "Past finding

out: unsearchable, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." You notice that nearly all the sinners mentioned as pardoned in the Bible were great sinners—David a great sinner, Paul a great sinner, Rahab a great sinner, Magdalene a great sinner, the Prodigal Son a great sinner. The world easily understood how Christ could pardon a half and half sinner, but what the world wants to be persuaded of is that Christ will forgive the worst sinner, the hardest sinner, the oldest sinner, the most inexcusable sinner. To the sin pardoning Shiloh let all the gathering of the people be."

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 come 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 earth take counsel with them for our work?

Alas me, who can stand under these griefs? Oh, Christ, thou canst do more for a bereft soul 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 honors 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." Ah, there are griefs that have raged for forty 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 bereavements, 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.

A Variety of Demons.

Oh, there is something beautiful in sympathy—in many sympathy, wifely sympathy, motherly sympathy; yea, and neighborly sympathy! Why was it that a city was aroused 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 Mand? How if it had been my child? How if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our cradle 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, wifely, 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, what a Saviour we have!

But in larger vision see the nations in some kind of trouble ever since the world was derailed and hurled down the embankments. The demon of sin came to this world, but other demons have gone through other worlds. The demon of conflagration, the demon of volcanic disturbance, the demon of destruction.

Place says he saw one world in the northern hemisphere sixteen months burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw another world burning. A French astronomer says that in 300 years 1,500 worlds have disappeared. I do not see why infidels point 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 ruins, Stellar, lunar, solar catastrophes imminent. But it seems as if the most sorrowous have been reserved for our world. By one toss of the world at Tien-tu, 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 Goldau. A mountain falls in Italy in the night, when 2,000 people are asleep, and they never arose.

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

You May Swallow Leeches.

What imagination will do I can show from my own experience. When a boy, in the Pyrenees, I once drank from a spring, and saw, to my horror, when I had already swallowed a mouthful, that the water was alive with small leeches. I had a bad time of it for two or three days. I firmly believed I had leeches alive and sucking my blood inside me; I felt them. I became languid. I believed they would drain my blood away. Happily, my father heard what was the matter with me and explained to me the corrosive nature of the gastric fluid and assured me that nothing living and of the nature of a leech could resist it. "My dear boy," said he, "from personal observation of your proceedings at meal time I am convinced you could digest a pair of boots, and no leeches could stand moment against the force of your gastric fluid." I believed him and forgot all about my imaginary malady, Good Words.

THE SUPREME COURT OF INDIANA.



JAMES H. JORDAN. L. J. HACKNEY. JAMES McCABE. THOMAS E. HOWARD.

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



MAP OF NORTHWESTERN INDIANA.

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. Stansbury, 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. Stansbury, in 1831, estimated the distance to be 157 miles, the number of locks thirty-seven, and the cost \$3,941,863. He followed the valley of the St. Joseph to the valley of the Tippecanoe, and thence to its junction with the Wabash river. Another route starting from Michigan City by way of Trail creek to the Tippecanoe valley was found to be 118 miles in length and forty-four locks necessary and the estimated cost was \$3,446,479. A third route was from Michigan City by the Little Calumet, and then down Crooked creek to the Kankakee. A fourth was by Wolf lake, from the Grand Calumet river, and another, 148 miles long, was from St. Joseph into the valley of the Kankakee and thence by way of Monon creek and Tippecanoe river. The cost of this was estimated to be \$3,945,791.

IN HONOR OF INDIANA.

The Bronze Tablets for Chickamauga Monuments Are Inspected.

Chief Ordnance Inspector Thompson, U. S. A., representing the War Department at Chicago, inspected the memorial bronze tablets to be used in connection with bronze seals of the State of Indiana



ARTILLERY TABLET.

on the stone monuments marking the positions of the Indiana troops in the battle of Chickamauga, erected in Chickamauga National Military Park by the State of Indiana.

The troops of Indiana and Illinois formed a large proportion of the total number engaged in that bloodiest of all modern battles, and these monuments are a tribute to the gallant men who made the



INFANTRY TABLET.

ground holy 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 in raised letters a brief description of the movements of the regi-

PET OF A SHEEP RANCHER.

He Finds a Wildcat Better than a Dog to Drive Off Coyotes.

A sheep rancher near Ash Fork, Ariz., L. H. Abshire, has discovered that wildcats can be domesticated, and are then as nice pets as any purring Mme. or tortoise-shell tabbies. He has one that follows him everywhere, acting as both protector and companion. It is a big, striped and spotted animal, with glaring yellow eyes, whiskers like porcupine quills and a tail as glossy and sinuous in its windings as any jungle tiger's.

"How did I happen to take a wildcat for a household pussy?" repeated Mr. Abshire during a recent interview. "I'll tell you about it. I was herding sheep one day, and was standing on the top of a cliff. Looking down on a ledge of rocks projecting from the cliff below I saw a very large, ferocious-looking wildcat. She had tassels on her ears, and was lashing her tail from side to side and glaring at me and growling angrily. I stood spellbound for a minute, and, not having any gun, I was at a loss to know what to do. I spied a huge boulder on the edge of the ledge right over this cat, and, using all my strength, I pushed it over. She was too quick for it and dodged. When I looked down again she had disappeared.

"I concluded there must be a cave, and perhaps nest of kittens, so I lay in wait a few minutes to see if the cat would make her appearance again. I was ready for her this time, as I had secured a lot of rocks, and intended to shower them upon her. I did not have

very long to wait, for out she came, looking fiercer than before. I let the rocks go, and that time here were too many of them for her to dodge. One struck her on the back and broke it, and after that I easily put an end to her. I then crawled down the cliff a short distance and peered over as far as I could, and discovered there were two very small kittens in the cavern. Their eyes were not yet open. I made up my mind I would have them. It took me some time to plan how I could get to them, as the cliff was almost perpendicular. It was with great difficulty that I finally captured my prizes. I took off my coat and wrapped it around them and started home. When I reached there I laid them down at the base of a big juniper tree. My large hound, Adam, came bounding up, and, to my surprise, seemed as pleased over my kits as I was. He at once began to lick them, and laid down beside them. The kittens crawled over him and seemed to think he was a good substitute for their mother. I gave them sheep's milk, which they seemed to thrive on. They would lie all day under the trees with the hound, and he would never let my shepherd dog come near them. They grew very fast, and we all became very much attached to my strange pets.

At sheep shearing time we drove the sheep into Ash Fork. I packed the burros and made a box for the wild cat and lashed them on top. When we reached town that evening I let them out to run around the sheep shed. While Adam was eating his supper a large dog came in and killed one of the cats. Next morning as we were passing down the street, with Adam and the wild cat following, we created quite a sensation. Some people were afraid of the cat—others were anxious to pet him, seeing me caress him, but he objected to strangers and would arch his back and spit furiously.

"While we were at a saloon near the depot the passenger train came in. Several of the Eastern tourists came rushing over to the saloon for a drink. They had just poured out whisky all around when they turned and saw the wild cat sitting there looking at them. They started for the train on the run, their whisky standing and not getting their change. I shall try to keep him out of sight of the tenderfoot after this. I don't want to scare them to death, but the cat is all right and the finest pet I ever had. I wouldn't part with him at any price. He is death on coyotes, and keeps all those sheep-killing rascals away from our ranch."

Mary Anderson's Singing

"During a visit to Canada, while resting in Toronto before beginning a week's engagement," writes Mary Anderson de Navarro, in telling of her "Experiences of a Professional Tour," in the Ladies' Home Journal, "I heard a grand opera for the first time. My pleasure in the music was so great that I had to be constantly reminded not to rise and cry out with enthusiasm. The operas were 'Faust,' 'Trovatore,' 'old-fashioned, yet ever fresh and 'Martha,' 'Brignoli' in the leading roles was admirable, though he had, through growing obesity, lost much of the grace which for many years had made him such an idol with women. His fresh, beautiful, and impassioned voice soon swept one into forgetfulness of his looks and inferior acting. In those days I always took with me an old friend in the shape of a guitar, upon which, as a child, I had picked out, with much labor, a sufficient number of chords to accompany a few favorite songs. One day Brignoli passed our rooms while I was singing 'The Irish Immigrant's Lament.' He requested an introduction and tried to persuade me to start for Milan at once for a year's training, and then to become an opera singer. 'But,' said I, 'I am already on the stage. I act 'Juliet,' 'Lady Macbeth,' and all kinds of fine tragic parts.' 'Leave them all alone,' he answered. 'With your voice you would have a far more distinguished success in the operatic than on the dramatic stage.' Though delighted to know him that I could sing I assured him that I would not let go my hold on the robe of Melponine for the glories of the other Muses put together."

We imagine that before the craze of changing one's name prevailed, Clariette soap was known as Clara.