TOPPER STORY

the trying Christian's Testimony-The Concrete Action of Madame Sontage The Missionaries and Their Rewardignorance of Unballaverac

Hum Banuas, Ky., July 12.—A vast concontrol of people assembled this morning on
the historic camp ground at High Bridge
Ky., to hear Dr. Talmage preach. They
came from all the surrounding cities, towns
and neighborhood. A large contingent from
I onicytho and another from Cincinnati were
present. Many of the visitors have remained
here since vectorday afternoon, when Dr. dure vesterday afternoon, when Dr. falmago proached in the same place.

text of his sermon this morning was from Acts iii, 15, "We are witnesses."

Standing amid the hills and groves of Kensneky, and before this great mutitude that no man can number, most of whom I never saw before and never will see again in this world, I choose a very practical theme. In the days of George Stephenson, the perfactor of the becometive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam power anxiosafully without peril; but the rushing repress trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Ediuburgh to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid

Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a stramer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean, but no scener had they annousfully or voil the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard and the lathus are witnesses. There went up a gullaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of Heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world put in your hands every morning and night has made all

So in the time of Christ it was proved con-clusively that it was impossible for him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead be was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive, but no sooner fact they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld him, heard his voice and talked with him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wisnecres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testiment is in the text; "Him hath God mised from the dead, whereof we are wit-

000

Now let me play the skeptle for a moment, There is no God," says the skeptle, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Pible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lasarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages," There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this throng there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as fi

brought to God it will not be through an gument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion you would not convert a soul. threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing and religion are beautiful mental discipline, to look up he breathed into me a peace but have never saved a soul and never will that I think must be the foretaste of that save a soul. Fit a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our wsapon in this conflict is faith, not logic faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profunding faith, not scholastic exploration. then, in order to have faith, we estimony, and if five hundred one thousand men, or five himget up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Joses Christ a joy, a com-fort a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair minded man to accept their testimoniy I want just now to put before you think this audience will attest with over wholming ununimity. The first proposition is: Wa are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better, "We are witnesses." There never was so great a

People laughed at the missionaries in Maringascar because they preached ten years on one convert; but there are many thousands of converts in Madagascar to day. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Harmah five years without a single convert; but there are many thousands of Baptists in Burmah to day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison in China for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are many thousands of Christians in China-teday. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the mismarine for oreaching in Bengal seventeen your swithout a single conversion; yet in all be a lands there are multitudes of Christians

or why go so far to find evidences of the i so avo a soul! "We are witnesses." ere so proud that no man could have bumbled me we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us. Angel of the around about us they could not everence us; but one day, per-base at a Methodist anxious seat or ar a Prochyterian catechetical lec-ture of at a burial or on horseback, a power served as and made us get down and made us tremble and made us kneel and made us ery for mercy, and we tried to wrench our serves away from the grasp, but we could not. It dong as that, and when we arose we were as much changed as doorgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagdestroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh, my great stas! Oh, my Great Saviour! and for sleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free Gracel" th it was free grace!

is is a man who was for tor years a, band drinker. The dreadful appetite had

the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitate of the body, mind and soul, but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperature societies, horal stussion. On version did it. "Why?"

me one, "Bir, I feel just as though I were come, "Bir, I feel just as though I were combined dia," There is a see captain who swere all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to then Prancisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was in port he was worse than when he was on one. What power was it that washed his tengue clean of profanities and made him a pealm singer? Conversion by the Hely Spirit. There are thousands of people here today who are more what they once were than a water lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

than a water lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with far more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhibitration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

Ashamed of Jusus, the t dear friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend? No! When I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.

Again, I remark that "we are witnessee of the Gespel's power to comfort. When a sys: "Now, get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge desper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Got your and off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street or that very road she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she plucked flowers, or saying, "Come see the pictures." (to deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart!

I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's symptony as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind off this. Go out and breathe the fresh air. Plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when he came to you perhaps in the watches of he came to you perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of busi-ness, perhaps along the street—and he breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the de-parted one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say: "It is all right. She is better off. I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou has comforted my poor heart." has comforted my poor heart."

DIVING SEALING FOR THE SICK SOUL. There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this flos pel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful wo-man and of long life, but the Lord took Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skilful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick spidemic, and you stood wondering why (lod the days of the text, crying out, "We are ever gave you that child at all if so soon be was to take it away. And you are not re-The fact is that if this world is ever pining, you are not fretful, you are not fight-

Lectures on the harmony between science God; and when I was too weak to pray or heaven where there is neither a tear nor a farewell nor a grave." Come, all ye who the man of the world will, in all probability, have been out to the grave to weep therecome, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees is there no power in this gospel to soothe the heart ! Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief! There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood and orphanage and childlessness, saying, "Ay, ay,

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farm house where the bereavement had come and we saw the growd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that t what's that ! Why those black tassels at the top ? and after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian women, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forget.

IT IS NO HENESAY EVIDENCE. In our sermons and our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring itto some distinguished personage to a John Knox or a Harriett Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere here my. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now, and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my lather and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbods. Standing by the one we felt the more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed, perhaps, in awe. In the other with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they soon to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up! "Oh, no," you say: "no; I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good by and went asleep as a child in a cradle." What mede her so composed? Natural courage?
"No," you say; "nother was very narvous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would ory out; she was al-

ways rather weakly." What gave her comconvert Was it because she did not care
nuch for you, and the pans of parting was
not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered
upon us a wealth of affection; no mother
ever loved her children more than mother
for us until her strength gave out." What,
hen, was it that gave her composure the
mat hour? Do not hide it. He frank and lot
no know, "Ob," you say, "it was feature
the ways of good; the made the Lard her por-

traight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne,"

UNCOUNTED MILLIONS OF WITNESSES. Rere are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And pome one clee, "I saw a Christian sister die and she triumphed." Some one clee will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die and she triumphed." Some one clee will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last momente of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family lible, from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what truth and nothing but the truth. With what fou have seen with your own eyes and what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmiess and triumph in the last exigency? The response triumph in the last exigency? The response somes from all sides, from young and old and middle-aged, "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put be-fore you an abstraction or a chimera, or anything like guess work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will estab-lish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but millions of witnesses on earth and in heaven testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness and say they had the same sickness and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We dont believe that there is anything in that medicine." Well," I say, "have you tried it?"
"No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." Have you ever tried it?" "No, "Then avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are

Professor Henry of Washington discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories in Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darks of thy soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where! How can I find it? Look along by "where! How can I find it? Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all the tenderness and beaming with all hope. It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Deathstruck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star aross—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearers, get your eye on it. It is easier to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Mme. Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child. Marshal Grouchy, having learned of the here, my little child, come here, Who is crops, which assured us a splendid success for that you are leading by the hand?" And the child roplied: "That's my mother; that's Ame-firing and of charges of infantry and lia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight," field of battle in our power. At 8:30 "Give my love to her," said Mine, Sontag, o'clock the four battalions of the Young guard, "and tell her an old acquaintence will call on which had been sent to the plain beyond

man, and it was said that Sontag sang that off its batteries. The day closed in; a night as she had never sung before. And she charge on their flank by several English night as she had never sung took a skilled coulist, who in vain tried tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death Madam Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But oh, a more thrilling story still. Blind, important the poor the whole statiledidst his thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give the sight, to give the a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, he comes now to meet your need.
With more than a Sontag's music, he comes

VAPOLEON-WATERLOO.

HE GREAT EMPEROR'S BULLETIN OF THE BATTLE.

te Claimed that Victory Had Been Achieved by His Forces After Eight Hours Fighting, but that Everything Was Lost in the Evening Through a Panie Which Infected His Whole Army.

Napoleon's bulletin of the battle of Wateroo, or Mont Saint-Jean, has never yet been onblished in England, in the opinion of the Inited Service Gazette, which gives the folowing translation, taken from the correspondence of Napoleon 1.:

"At 9 o'clock in the morning, the rain aving ceased somewhat, the First corps eft of the road to Brussels, and opposite to the village of Mont Saint-Jean, which semed to be the centre of the enemy's posiion. The Second corps rested its right on the road to Brussels, and its left on a small rood, within cannon shot of the English irmy. The Cuirassiers were kept in reserve in the rear, and the Life guards were in re-erve on the heights. The Sixth corps, with len. Domon's cavairy, under the command of Count Lobau, were detailed to take up settion in rear of our right to oppose a Gercan corps which a peared to have escaped farshal (Froughy, and to intend falling upon or right flank-an intention which we dis overed by our reports and by a letter from he Prussian general which contained an or ler which was captured by our scouts. The roops were full of ardor. The English roops were full of ardor. The English army was estimated at 80,000 men, the Prusdan corps was supposed to be 15,000 men, with a possible increase toward evening. The enemy's forces, therefore, exceeded 90,-100 men; ours were less numerous

"At midday all preparations were completed, and Prince Jerome, in command of a livision of the Second corps detailed to form the extreme left, took up a position by the wood, part of which was occupied by the meny. The cannonade commenced; the meny supported the troops he had advanced o guard the wood by thirty pieces of cancer. We on our side also poeted some artifery. At 1 o'clock Prince Jerome became master of the whole wood, and the whole finglish army retired behind a fridge. The count d'Erion then attacked the village of Most Saint-Jean; he supported his attack with eighty pieces of cannon. He commenced phere an overpowering cannonade, which

inud's Cuirentiere charged this division, of which three regiments were routed and fied.

"It was now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The emperor advanced the Life gnards to take up a position on the plain—the same ground which was occupied by the First corps at the commencement of the action, this corps being already in advance. The Prussian division, whose movement we had foreseen, then became engaged with Count Lobau's skirms hers, directing their fire upon the whole of our right flank. It was expedient, before undertaking anything elsewhere, to wait the issue of this attack. With this object the whole strength of the reserve was held ready to come to the assistance of Count Lobau and to crush the Prussian corps when it should advance.

disastrous to us, the cavalry in reserve, perceiving a retrogade movement of the English to place themselves under shelter from our batteries, from which they had already suffered so much, growned the heights of Mont Saint-Jean and charged the infantry. This movement, made at the right moment and backed by the reserves ought to have decided the day; made separately and before the operations on the right were completed, it reversed fatal. Having no means to comp it proved fatal. Having no means to countermand it, the enemy showing large masses of infantry and of cavalry, and the two divisions of Cuirassiers being engaged, the whole of our cavalry started at the same mo-

ment to support their comrades.

"There, during three hours, they made numerous charges, by which we gained the breaking of several squares and six flags of the British infantry—an advantage hardly our cavairy from grapeshot and musketry. It was impossible to use our reserves of infantry until the attack of the Prussian corps on our flanks was repulsed. This attack still continued, and directly on our right flank. The emperor sent there Gen. Du-cheene with the Young guard and several reserve batteries. The enemy was checked, was repulsed, and retreated; he had exhausted his forces, and there was nothing further to fear from him. This was the moment suitable for an attack on the centre of the enemy. As the Cuirassiers were suffering from musketry fire, four battalions of the Young guard were sent to support the Cuirassiers, to hold their position, and, if it were possible, to disengage and withdraw a portion of our cavalry to the plain. Two other battalions were sent to hold the eminence on the extreme left of the division which had maneuvered on our flanks, in order that there might be no cause for un-easiness in this direction; the rest were placed in reserve, one part to occupy the eminence in sear o' Mont Saint-Jean, the other on the plant chind the field of battle, which formed our line of retreat.

leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come Prussian corps, marched in rear of that Mont Saint-Jean, to support the Cuirassiers, The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage being inconvenienced by the enemy's grapenmediately spread over the whole battle-leid; all fied in the greatest disorder along he line of communication-soldiers conners agons hurried on! The Old guard, which

as in reserve, was pressed back and carried "In an instant the army was only a conused mass-all the arms were intermingled, nd it was impossible to reform a corps. The demy perceived this astounding confusion, unt forward columns of cavalry; the disorder agmented; the confusion of the night pre-ented the rallying of the troops and show-

ig them their mistake.
"Thus a battle ended, a day was finished il false moves repaired, greater success as-ured for the next day. All was, however, est by a moment of panic and terror. Even he veteran squadrons ranked beside the mperor were upset and disorganized by the umultuous crowds, and no other course was pen but to follow the torrent. The reserve rtillery, the baggage, which had not even ed the Sambre, and all that was on battlefield, were left to the enemy's ercy. There was not even any possibility waiting for the troops on our right. It is nown what the bravest army in the world when it is disordered and its organization

o longer exists. "The emperor passed the Sambre to haleroi on the 19th at 5 o'clock in the morn-Philippeville and Avesnes were fixed for the rendezvous. Prince Jerome, pon for the rendezvous. allied a part of the army there. Marshall frouchy, with his corps of the right, directed is movements on the lower Sambre.

"The enemy must have suffered great loss. udging by the flags we captured and by the sany times he retreated. Our own we were pable to calculate until after our troops had allied. Before the disorder broke out we ad already experienced some considerable ad already experienced some considerable sense, especially in our cavalry, so distrously but so bravely engaged. Notwithtanding these losses, this courageous cavalry ersistently held the position which it had alten from the English, and did not move at the tumult and disorder of the battle-leid forced it to. In the middle of the night, nd of the obstacles which incumbered the ute, it could not even keep its organiza-

The artillery, as usual, covered itself with "The artillery, as usual, covered itself with fory. The carriages of the general staff were left in their insual position, no retrograde novement being thought necessary. In the ourse of the day they were taken by the semy. Such was the issue of the battle of font Saint-Jean, glorious and yet so fatal or the French army."

Clevetovs in the North West. F. F. Head, architect of Portage la Prairie, Man., is preparing a number of plans for elevators at several places in the Province. Among the proposed structures are: Addition to the Farmers' Elevator, Portage la Prairie, with a capacity of 50,000 bushels, increasing the total capacity to about 115,000 bushels Farmere' Elevator, Rapid City, capacity 70,000 bushels; Farmere' Elevator, Nespawa, capacity 90,000 bushels; elevator at Austin for Walter Clifford, capacity 80,000 bushels; elevator at Indian Head

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Pass Pontypool.... 6.35 p.m. 7.28 a.m. II.16 a.m.

U Station.... 8.55 p.m. 8.00 a.m. II.45 a.m.

ance of Count Lobau and to crush the Prussian corps when it should advance.

"This done, the emperor intended to make an attack in the direction of the village of Mont Saint-Jean, which it was expected would prove a decisive blow; but by a movement of impatience, so frequent in our military annale, and which has so often been disastrous to us, the cavairy in reserve, per-

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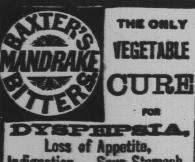
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