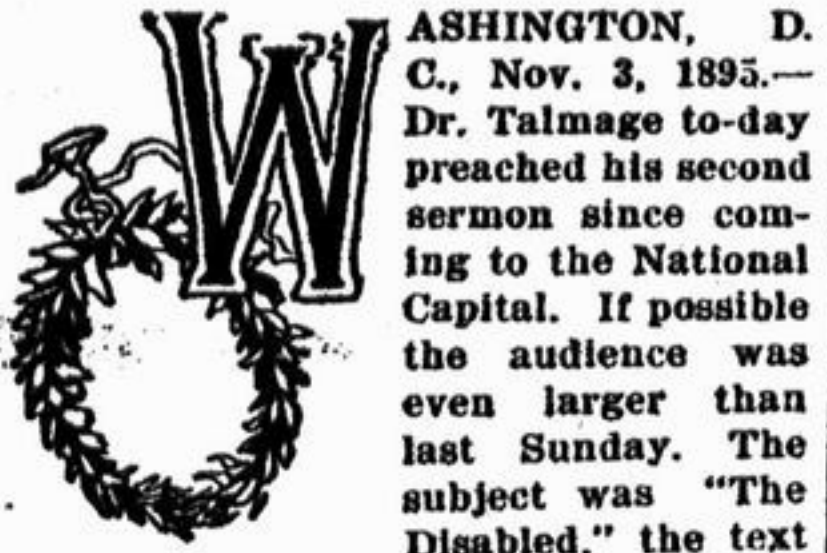


**GOD IS LOOKING ON.**

**THE SLIGHTEST SERVICE TO MANKIND WILL GET REWARD.**

It Need Not Be Done in Public—Second Washington Sermon by Dr. Talmage—Another Large Audience Hears the Great Preacher.



WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3, 1895.—Dr. Talmage to-day preached his second sermon since coming to the National Capital. If possible the audience was even larger than last Sunday. The subject was "The Disabled," the text selected being: 1. Sam. 30:24, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff." If you have never seen an army change quarters, you have no idea of the amount of baggage—twenty loads, fifty loads, a hundred loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double-quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage, and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expeditions, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march thirty miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight, who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are two hundred of those crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arm in a sling, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowards shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital, and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage, the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed whole countries, are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyration of heel and toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger-rings and ear-rings, the necklaces, the wristlets, the headbands, diamond starred, and the coffers with coronets, and carnelians, and pearls, and sapphires, and emeralds, and all the wealth of plate, and jewels, and decanters, and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries, and the robes, and the turbans, and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to sweep on them. So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn, because the night before they were in wassal and bibulous celebration, while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Cherdorlaomer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So, in our Civil War, more than once the battle was won because one of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are hacked to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccupping off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the wardrobes, the jewels, and put them upon the backs of camels, and into wagons, and they gather together the sheep and cattle that had been stolen, and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come, yonder they come. The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzza. The Bible says David saluted them. That is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now came a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men stayed at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had stayed in the garrison, and he looked around and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and the little general looks up from under his helmet and says: "No, no, let us have fair play," and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he flings them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonian garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and

some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites, and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulants, and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekites, and the two hundred crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the two hundred men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and minds his own business, and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty is as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places," and then send me a copy of it. "Afterward an English clergyman coming to this land brought from the Earl of Kintore the same message! Alas! that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do, the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life. But that man, surrounded by all partial surroundings, and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses, and of Joshua, and of David, and of Luther, and of John Knox, and of Deborah, and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still, I shall never preach on Mars' Hill, I shall never defy the Diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital." There are women who say, "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had, I should be as brave and as grand; but my business is to get children off to school, and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready, and to keep account of the household expenses, and to hinder the children from being strangled by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal, and so insignificant, I am clear discouraged." Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who moving so often night by night with a light in her hand through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Suppose you give to two of your children errands, and they are to go off to make purchases, and to one you give one dollar and to the other you give twenty dollars. Do you reward the boy that you gave twenty dollars for purchasing more than that amount of money than the other boy purchased with one dollar? Of course not. If God give wealth or social position or eloquence or twenty times the faculty to a man that he gives to the ordinary man, is he going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? Oh, no. In other words, if you and I were to do our whole duty, and you have twenty times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because he gave you more? That would not be fair, that would not be right. These two hundred men of the text who tarried by the brook Besor did their whole duty; they watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff; and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the men who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this for all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of the confidential clerks—the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know the combination lock? A distinguished merchant goes forth at the summer watering place, and he flashes past, and you say: "Who is that?" "Oh," replies some one, "don't you know? That is the great banker, that is the great manufacturer." The confidential clerk has his week off. Nobody knows him, and after awhile his week is done, and he sits down again at his desk. But God will reward his fidelity just as much as he recognizes the work of the merchant philanthropist whose investments this unknown clerk so carefully guarded. Hudson River Railroad, Pennsylvania Railroad, Erie Railroad, New York & New Haven Railroad—business men know the names of the presidents of

these roads and of the prominent directors; but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the recklessness of an engineer, or the unfaithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to mind the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of them. Some men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages, and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives, and I very often ask the question as we shoot around some curve, or under some ledge of rocks, "How much wages do you get?" And I am always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility. Do you suppose God is not going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that hour than was known last night the brakeman who, on the Erie Railroad, was jammed to death amid the car couplings. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights, and rushed down into the hold of the ship, and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time; but by the blessing of God, and the faithfulness of the men in charge, we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when, years after, I heard of his death, I was compelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews; but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his constance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight, as the Captain, who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood, every evening, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening, she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to stray awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day,  
In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending, yet everlasting service? Clear back in the country there is a boy who wants to go to college and get an education. They call him a book worm. Wherever they find him—in the barn or in the house—he is reading a book. "What a pity it is," they say, "that Ed cannot get an education." His father, work as hard as he will, can no more than support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed has retired to his room and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: "Father, I wish you would send Ed to college; if you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do." The mother says, "Yes, I will get along without any hired help; although I am not as strong as I used to be, I think I can get along without any hired help." The father says, "Well, I think by husking corn nights I can get along without any assistance." Sugar is banished from the table, butter is banished from the plate. That family is put down on rigid, yea, suffering economy that the boy may go to college. Time passes on. Commencement day has come. Think not that I mention an imaginary case. God knows it happened. Commencement Day has come, and the professors walk in on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after a while it comes to a climax of interest as the valedictory is to be introduced. Ed has studied so hard and worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause, sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the galleries are his sisters in their plain hats and their faded shawls, and the old-fashioned father and mother—dear me, she has not had a new hat for six years, he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look over on the platform, and they laugh and they cry, and then they are very much flushed. Ed gets the garlands, and the old-fashioned group in the gallery have their full share in the triumph. They have made that scene possible, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self-sacrifices made for others, he will give grand and glorious recognition. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Cheer up, men and women of unappreciated services. You will get your reward, if not here, hereafter. When Charles Wesley comes up to judgment, and the thousands of souls which were wafted into glory through his songs shall be enumerated, he will take his throne. Then John Wesley will come up to judgment, and after his name has been mentioned in connection with the salvation of the millions of souls brought to God through the Methodism which he founded, he will take his

**CHICAGO THEATERS.**

**AMUSEMENT ATTRactions FOR COMING WEEK**

**What the Managers of the Various City Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons—Drama, Vaudeville and Operatic Engagements.**

**CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.**—"The Merry World" returned to Chicago for a one week engagement, which began last Sunday night, Oct. 27, at the Chicago Opera House. The present individual complement of the organization is practically the same as when last seen here. The travesty of "Tribly" contains the piece de resistance, while those on Mme. Sans Gene, Wang, Robin Hood, Devil's Deputy, Dr. Syntax, and other leading successes are not much less in popularity. Amella Summerville is yet cast for the roles of Tribly and Sans Gene, Frank Blair is Taffy and de Nelpberg, Louis Mann the Syngalid, Willard Stimmis is de Febre. The Laird and Fouches are still in the hands of David Warfield, who has since added a new bit in his characterization in the composite comic opera. Marie Laurens and May Howard as Robin Hood remain as features in the comic operas. In addition to the above are Janette Bargeard, the clever Little Billee and Vaseline, Lee Harrison as Napoleon and Jocks, Wallace Black, W. A. McCormick, Randolph Curry, Hattie Moore, John Keefe and seventy-five others.

**McVICKER'S THEATER.**—The attraction at McVicker's for the week commencing Sunday, Nov. 3d, will be "The 20th Century Girl." This combination of comic opera and extravaganza is by Sidney Rosenfeld and Ludwig Erlanger, authors of "The Passing Show" and has been revised, remodeled and improved since it was last seen here. In the present cast appear such favorites as Molly Fuller, Gus Williams, Wm. Cameron, Thomas Lewis, Annie St. Teil, John T. Kelly, Catherine Lingard, Harry Kelly, Georgia Hawley and Emma Levy. The character and merit of "The 20th Century Girl" cannot be described. It is a whirl of gauze and laces, a blending of colored lights, a mixing up of odd conceits, a touch of comic opera here, a bit of farce comedy there, a liberal splash of variety in the glass—and the strange conceit is complete. It is a good big broad laugh from beginning to end. It is a delight to the eyes and a pleasure to the ear, a harmonious mingling of inharmonious elements, so deftly handled by its clever builder that one is at a loss to give it a name. Nothing of the same proportions, of the same meaning, or so elaborate in decoration, has ever sprung from our native theatrical soil.

**Other Attractions for Next Week.**

Columbia.....Lillian Russell  
Hooley's.....Little Christopher Grand  
Frank Daniels in "The Wizard of the Nile"  
Haymarket.....Town Topics  
Alhambra.....Shaft No. 2  
Academy of Music.....The White Hat  
Lincoln.....The Derby Winner  
Casino.....Continuous performance  
Hopkins (West Side).....  
Hopkins (South Side).....  
Olympic.....Continuous performance  
Tennis.....Continuous performance  
Havill's.....Pawn Ticket 210  
The Chutes.....Daily, 2 to 11 p. m.  
Sam T. Jack's.....Burlesque  
Lyceum.....Vaudeville  
Schiller.....A Modern Memphis

**Dramatic Notes.**

Music lovers and admirers of Miss Lillian Russell will be glad to know that she will reappear in "La Perichole" during the second week of her engagement at the Columbia. During the third and last week of her engagement Miss Russell will appear in a new version of "The Little Duke," the first production on any stage being made at the Columbia.

Henry Irving had a most successful season in Boston, where he played at the Tremont Theater for three weeks. His receipts averaged over \$3,000 for each performance. Mr. Irving begins his New York engagement at Abbey's Theater to-morrow night.

Sidney R. Ellis' "Bonnie Scotland" will make its first visit to Chicago soon, appearing at McVicker's Theater. This play since its production at the Chestnut at Theater, Philadelphia, has been meeting with great success.

"The Two Colonels" came to grief at Lexington, Ky., Oct. 10. The scenery was attached, we are informed and \$200 raised, which paid their hotel bills and purchased their tickets to New York. Mr. Goodall and his wife were left behind, also Charles Melville, the advance agent, who was sick in a hotel there. His ticket to return to New York was left with him.

Frederick Warde has announced that he will retain "Runnymeade" in his repertory after all, but he will act the part of Friar Tuck instead of Robin Hood, as he began his season doing. Lucia Moore has been added to Mr. Warde's company for this season.

"Hansel and Gretel," the fairy opera by Humperdinck, which is now being played at Daly's Theater, New York, comes to Hooley's Theater during November.

George J. Hamlin is in New York arranging several engagements with the principal eastern musical societies.

Mr. De Science—Do you know the waves of the ocean strike the shore with a force of five tons to the square foot?  
Friend—Cracky! No wonder they are called breakers.

**THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.**

**A Falling-Off in the Number of Letters of the Dead-Letter Office.**

Very few persons have any clear or definite knowledge of the extent of the operations of the dead-letter office of the postoffice department, says the New York Sun. It is known in a general way that misdirected letters are transmitted to the postoffice department in Washington and there are opened and if possible redirected either to the sender or the addressee. The number of letters and papers sent to the dead-letter office in a year is 6,500,000. Of these 5,500,000 are what is called ordinary unclaimed letters, 145,000 foreign letters misdirected by people in the United States to persons abroad, and about 30,000 letters written to fictitious addresses, while 500,000 letters in a year are mailed by people in other countries to incorrect addresses in the United States.

According to the last postoffice report more than 30,000 letters sent to the dead-letter office contained money to the gross amount of \$50,000; 30,000 other letters contained drafts, notes, deeds and checks to the amount of more than \$1,500,000. A majority of the money and the evidences of indebtedness were returned to the owners, but last year \$300,000 in checks and notes and \$10,000 in cash remained unclaimed and undistributed. The number of parcels sent to the dead-letter office is not large. More than 35,000 letters finding their way to the dead-letter office yearly contain photographs. A very large proportion of the matter which reaches the office does so not because of any defects in the postoffice system, but because of want of care on the part of the patrons of the mails. It would not be possible to state the proportion in figures, because the technical distinctions of "held for postage," "misdirected," etc., include letters which, while properly prepared and dispatched according to the addresses, still fail of successful delivery by reason of hasty and careless directions, confusion arising from offices of the same or similar names in different states, and other causes. It is a peculiar fact that while many persons are extremely careful of their penmanship in inditing letters to persons who are familiar with their writing, they are singularly negligent in addressing the envelope, which is to be read by persons unfamiliar with the writing, yet upon whose ability to read it is dependent the safe delivery of the letter.

The increase of the business of the dead-letter office which continued each year until about three years ago has recently ceased and there is a diminution in the volume of misdirected mail matter. This improvement is accounted for in part by the improved management of the postoffice department, but to a greater extent by the general diffusion of education among writers.

**Good Year for Brown University.**

President Andrews of Brown University, in his report to the Corporation, notes that during the past year the university has been uncommonly fortunate financially. Though nothing was added to the endowment, the income from securities was so little impaired, and the increase of fees from students so considerable—more than \$14,000 in excess of the largest amount ever previously derived from this source—that the deficit for the year ended April 15 was found to be but \$2,646.54. All this was, of course, covered by the pledges made during the preceding year by generous friends of the university—covered, too, by a draft of less than 14 per cent upon each share guaranteed. This result is the more gratifying in that it was not made possible by any pinching or unusual economies.

**FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.**

The pain of a bee-sting is at once allayed by the application of the juice of the white poppy.

The canned fruits of California are much admired in Bombay, and outrank the best that go there from other countries.

Amsterdam is intersected by canals, which divide the city into about ninety islands. Communication with them is had by about 300 bridges.

America travelers in Europe during the three summer months, spend about \$100,000,000. This expense must be met by the exportation of gold.

John and Richard McGrif, of Geneva, Ill., are a lively pair of twins, considering their age. They are in their ninety-first year, and never wore glasses.

To encourage the prompt payment of taxes, the sheriff of Madison county, Ky., announces that people who have paid their taxes will be married by him without cost.

Mr. Louis Coulon, a lawyer of Montlason, France, has a beard eight feet long. He began shaving at the age of 12, and two years later his beard was a foot in length.

Severe injuries to H. C. Armstrong, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., resulted from a somnambulistic performance. He dreamed that he was swimming and dived from his bed.

A Brooklyn housekeeper compels her female cook, when on duty, to array herself in bloomers. She claims that this innovation makes her more active and tidy in the kitchen.

The new Baltic canal has cost \$40,000,000 and is fifty-nine miles long. At night it will be lighted from end to end with electric lights.

A small electric lamp is being used instead of a bell in some telephone exchanges in England. The call for connection lights the lamp.

Knowledge always enters into it in the fire, which must first be kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself.—Johnston.