

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HANDWRITING ON THE WALL" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"When God Writes Anything on the Wall a Man Had Better Read It as It Is"—The Opening and the Close of Sir's Banquet.



WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 10.—Since his coming to Washington, Dr. Talmage's pulpit experience has been a remarkable one. Not only has the church in which he preaches been filled, but the audiences have overflowed into the adjoining streets to an extent that has rendered them impassable. Similar scenes were enacted at to-day's services when the preacher took for his subject: "Handwriting on the Wall," the text chosen being Dan. 5: 30, "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Night was about to come down on Babylon. The shadows of her two hundred and fifty towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun; and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour, from starlit flowers and dripping leaf, a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenade. Theaters and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp, and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wasall were mingled in every street; and godless mirth, and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace, to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan, and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the tramp of the chariot wheels, while a thousand lords dismount, and women, dressed in all the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color-blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the sombre glory of Tyrian purple, and princely embroideries, brought from afar by camels across the desert, and by ships of Tarshish across the sea.

Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cup-bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song, and dance, and ovation; and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "O, King Belshazzar, live forever."

Ah! my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came. All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious, in baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases, inlaid with emerald and ridged with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were threshed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of camia and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the open window, bewitched with the perfumes of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory. In jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries stooping about the windows and wrapping pillars of cedar, and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling the thrum of harps, and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall and breathing among the garlands, and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters. The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim! Hoist every one his cup and drink to the sentiment: "O King Belshazzar, live forever!" Be starved head-band and carcanet of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again, and again, and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give us more light, wilder music, sweeter perfume! Lord should to lord, captain ogles to captain. Goblets clash; decanters rattle. There come in the obscene songs, and the drunken hiccough and the slaying lip, and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling, bloodshot; while mingling with it all hear, "Huz-

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand-voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it: "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Meanwhile the Medes, who for two years had been laying siege to that city, took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Maces rush in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene; and I shut the door of that banquet hall, for I do not want to look

There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumbled carcasses of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn some lessons from all this. I learn that when God writes anything on the wall, a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the people like, or the people choose. Young men of Washington, what shall I preach to you to-night? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no," you say, "tell me the message that came from God." I will. If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of Christ and be saved!" I might talk of a great many other things; but that is the message, and so I declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom he preached. He said to those who did wrong, and who were offensive in his sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulchres! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh! you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was a victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text James first and sixth; "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he preached; and the king said, "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed; and the king's chapel was full of lords, and dukes, and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying, "Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the King of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes.

Another lesson that comes to us to-night: there is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there, and could sit at the feast. "Oh! the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said; but you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror. The King of Terrors has there a ghastlier banquet, and human blood is the wine, and dying groans are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banquet hall the spoils of all kingdoms, and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn, from its wealth, the tables, and floors, and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up; and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness are knocked together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet; and that night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

Here is a young man who says, "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is exhilarating! It makes me feel well. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but cannot, and he cries out: "Oh, Lord God! help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer, and in an agony of body and soul he cries out: "It biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at start! How black it was at last!

Here is a man who begins to read loose novels. "They are so charming," he says; "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful sprite meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out phials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage, and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh, what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful sprite, with her wand, meets him again; but now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back in a dead pool stenchful with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of demoniac laughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feel for his heart, and beckon him on with "Hail, brother, hail, blasted spirit, hail!" He tries to get out. He comes to the front door where he entered and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him; and in the jar of that shutting door he hears these

words: "This night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain." Sin may open bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night.

I learn further from this subject that death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death, but he comes to the palace; and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tip-top pitch, death breaks in at the banquet. We have often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. After awhile you may see him standing in the American senate, or moving a popular assembly by his eloquence, as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charioteer, seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought, and mirth, and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious and of those who despise God, will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when the invading army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God, and defy the laws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long northeast storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No; I suppose the morning was bright; that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills; when suddenly the heavens burst, and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himalayas.

The Red sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone through; where they had gone, why not the Egyptians? Oh, it was such a beautiful walking place! A pavement of tinged shells and pearls, and on either side two great walls of water—solid. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble. They rock! They fall! The rushing waters! The shriek of drowning men! The swimming of the war horses in vain for the shore! The straining of the great host on the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the angry wave on the beach—a battered, bruised, and loathsome wreck! Suddenly destruction came. One half hour before they could not have believed it. Destroyed, and without remedy.

I am just setting forth a fact, which you have noticed as well as I. Ananias comes to the apostle. The apostle says: "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead! as quick as that. Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie, and quick as that she was dead. God's judgments are upon those who despise Him and defy Him. They come suddenly.

The destroying angel went through Egypt. Do you suppose that any of the people knew that he was coming? Did they hear the flap of his great wing? No, no! Suddenly, unexpectedly, he came.

Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing; and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman; and he loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing. Oh, flee to God this night! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the Gospel for many a year, I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the Gospel! Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

Good night, my young friends! may you have rosy sleep, guarded by Him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But oh! art thou a despiser of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldst thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo of the words of the text: "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Oh! that my Lord Jesus would now make Himself so attractive to your souls that you cannot resist Him; and if you have never prayed before, or have not prayed since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that to-night you might pray, saying:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

But if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Or, if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter one that you may utter: "Lord, save me, or I perish!" Or, if that be too long a prayer, you need not make it. Use the word "Help!" Or, if that be too long a word, you need not use any word at all. Just look and live!

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

FIRESIDE READING FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes and Household Hints—Heads and Tails of Animals—Furs in a Fur Store—Privileges of Engaged Persons.



ACE, tulle, jewels and fur all appear on one and the same garment quite as composedly as if they had always been in the habit of mingling in such a manner all their life, when, in reality, this is decidedly an innovation, and one

thoroughly in favor with the fair sex. Many of the new capes show but little of their fur foundation. It is there, to be sure, but so disguised and covered up as to seem almost like a mere border, rather than a whole garment.

The furs of smooth texture are generally chosen for this mode of decoration, and the heavier furs would seem less appropriate. Persian lamb dresses wonderfully well; so does the lovely golden beaver; sealskin and otter, too, are among the adaptable furs.

A wonderfully fetching cape is converted from a plain, full-sweep Persian

who very much desires her society exclusive of all other members of the family to which she belongs. She lives with a maiden aunt, who disapproves of young men on general principles and this one in particular, not, Amaryllis says, because he comes to see her and wants to take her away to a little home of her own. So she sees her adorned Jack only two or three times a week, and always in the front parlor, which is brilliantly lighted and has the wide folding-doors open into the back parlor, where the aunt sits at her embroidery. Amaryllis thinks this a great hardship, and asks what she had better do about it. Answer: The situation seems a rather unfortunate one as far as the young people are concerned, but it might be very much worse. There will be long years before them when they may bill and coo as much as they please. They certainly should be thankful that they are permitted to be so much together even with open folding-doors to keep them in check. Young people often love each other much more devotedly when there are obstacles to overcome and grievances to sympathize about. Smooth highways do not always lead to wedded bliss.

Heads and Tails of Animals.

Judging from the number of small beasts' heads seen on the winter trappings, one would imagine there had been wholesale slaughtering during the summer. In many cases, as, indeed,



THE BALL SEASON.

lamb, and is worn by a young girl in second mourning. (Persian lamb is pre-eminently a mourning fur.) Great points of coarse Honiton lace are laid over the shoulders, extending the length of the cape, back and front. Through the center of the front a broad box plait of dead white tulle is laid, and ornamented with a row of immense pearls. A full ruche of the same encircles the neck, while at intervals tiny knots of Parma violets are tucked in, giving a wonderfully chic look to the whole rig.

Furs in a Fur Store.

One visit to the furriers and all your dreams of economy vanish. It is impossible to practice economy and dress in the mode, since to be fashionably gowned means lots of expensive furs. The tiniest little lot of two or three summers feels an especial delight in its first set of furs, almost as keen as that of its pretty mamma in her new seal-skin. Thibet, in soft, creamy white, is usually the first fur worn by the dainty miss, nor does it end here, for Thibet in black is especially smart for the mamma. A very swaggy jacket of sage green velvet, tight fitting and extremely French, has a sharply pointed yoke collar of spotted net, edged with Honiton in a brownish white, the delicacy of the lace work brought out vividly by the depth of tone in the velvet. A stock collar of velvet is edged with black Thibet, which flares up about the face in the most approved style. A muff of Thibet is the extent of

in almost all of them, these small beads, with their knowing ears and eyes, are the productions of skillful manufacturers, but so like the genuine little beasts as to deceive many people.



Privileges of Engaged Persons.

Amaryllis has a grievance. She is engaged to a most excellent young man,

These heads are used not only as clasps on fur capes, collarettes or muffs, but as fasteners on cloth jacket fronts, as ornaments on street frocks and often as hat decorations. Tails come next in favor, and adorn muffs, collarettes, often whole collarettes are composed of them; and one often sees them lying sedately on the brim of a smart hat. The head of the ermine is seldom seen; that is, the genuine article, for the tiny animal is quite scarce, making the fur as costly, if not costlier, than the royal sable. It has always been the chosen fur of royalty, and is now, beyond a doubt, altogether the most exquisite fur in the market.



Fashion Notes.

Large flowered veils of lace are seen on some of the new hats.

A hat in sailor shape is made of velvet put smoothly over the frame. The edge of the crown and the edge of the brim are piped with satin the color of the velvet.

A hat of fine felt has a roll of velvet around the crown, a band of velvet around the brim, five large plumes in clusters on either side, and a huge bow of velvet over the front.

Moire is a popular trimming material. Moire ribbons trim skirts from waist line to hem, and are made into rose ruchings to trim over the shoulders and down the sides of the front to the belt.

A stylish dress of olive green bengaline has the sleeves and a full length shirred vest made of black and yellow satin. Black and yellow galleon trims the revers and the edge collar.

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 Garrick Burlesque Company is "Thrilly" begin their second and final week at the Chicago Opera House next Sunday evening, November 10. The company was organized by Mr. Richard Mansfield, and the burlesque was produced at his theater in New York, the Garrick, for nearly 100 nights, where it tested the capacity of this beautiful theater. During the run of "Thrilly" in New York and Boston, the entire press spoke of the original ideas, scenes and music, and gave Mr. Herbert, the author, the highest praise for his work. "Thrilly" will be produced in Chicago with the same cast, the original scenery and effects that made it so successful in the East. The company comprises such well-known people as Elvia Crox Seabrooke, Carrie Perkins, Margaret MacDonald, Jennie Reynolds, Gertrude Murray, Gracey Scott, Edyth Murray, Alice Lorraine, Sol. Aiken, Louis Westley, Joseph Roberts, George Herbert, R. P. Collins, Mark Murphy, Willis P. Sweatnam and a chorus and ballet of 50. The orchestra at the Chicago Opera House will be augmented during this engagement.

M'VICKER'S THEATER.—Added from the literary and dramatic worth of Sidney R. Ellis' romantic singing play, "Bonnie Scotland," which will be one of the big successes the coming season, a number of novelties are introduced that will be of special interest to theater-goers. A band of royal bagpipers, under the direction of Prof. Robert Ireland, of Glasgow, who has the diamond medal for being the champion player of the Scotch bag-pipe, will discourse characteristic Scotch melodies while clad in the picturesque costume of highland bag-pipe players. A corps of Scotch dancers will execute Terpsichorean diversions that will include all the historic and picturesque dances of Scotland, under the leadership of Prof. Wm. Cameron.

- Other Attractions for Next Week.
- Columbia.....Lillian Russell
 - Hooley's.....Little Christopher Grand
 - Schillersee Bauern Theater Co.
 - Haymarket.....Twelve Temptations
 - Alhambra.....The Cotton King
 - Academy of Music.....The Defiant Lincoln
 - Lincoln.....A Modern Mephisto
 - Hopkins' (West Side).....
 - Hopkins' (South Side).....
 - Olympic.....Continuous performance
 - Tennis.....Continuous performance
 - Havlin's.....The Derby Winner
 - Sam T. Jack's.....Burlesque Lyceum
 - Schiller.....Clara Morris, in repertoir

Dramatic Notes.

Just thirty-eight years ago last Tuesday McVicker's Theater was thrown open to the public for the first time, Nov. 5, 1857. During all this time Mr. McVicker has never relinquished the management and has only once veered from the policy originally adopted by him, and that was when he changed from a stock company system to the present combination system. The first theater was entirely destroyed in the great fire of 1871, and the present building has been once burned out. It has also been remodeled and improved on three occasions. McVicker's theater promises to be a lasting monument to the generous and whole-souled veteran actor-manager, Mr. J. H. McVicker.

Mr. E. H. Sothorn at the close of the engagement at the Lyceum Theater, New York, will come to Hooley's with his great success, "The Prisoner of Zenda." Manager Powers succeeded in adding two weeks to the time originally booked. The date is early in December.

Frank Cushman, the well-known minstrel performer and black-face comedian, will be tendered a testimonial at the Schiller Theater on Sunday evening, November 10. A big programme will be prepared, there being already some forty or fifty volunteers.

Henry Guy Carleton's new play, "Ambition," is said to give Nat Goodwin an excellent opportunity to demonstrate his ability as an actor who has mastered both serious and comic methods. The play deals with political life in Washington and in some respects is similar to "The Senator." Mr. Goodwin's part is that of a prominent politician, whose party ambitions are played upon by schemers who wish to silence his outspoken opposition to a corrupt measure. In the cast are national legislators, diplomats and lobbyists, and the principal objection to the play is that these notable are made too informally American and too much like ward politicians. The play has made a good impression in New York and will doubtless be brought to Chicago.

Mr. Paul M. Potter writes to Harry J. Powers as follows: "Please deny emphatically the report that I added a new act to 'Little Christopher.' I consider it one of the best shows of its kind, but I don't want my friends in Chicago to think that I have taken to tinkering."

The Little Things That Tell.

The increased sale of postage stamps argues a revival of business prosperity, they say. There is a merchant only who looks to the stamps as the true barometer of the business.