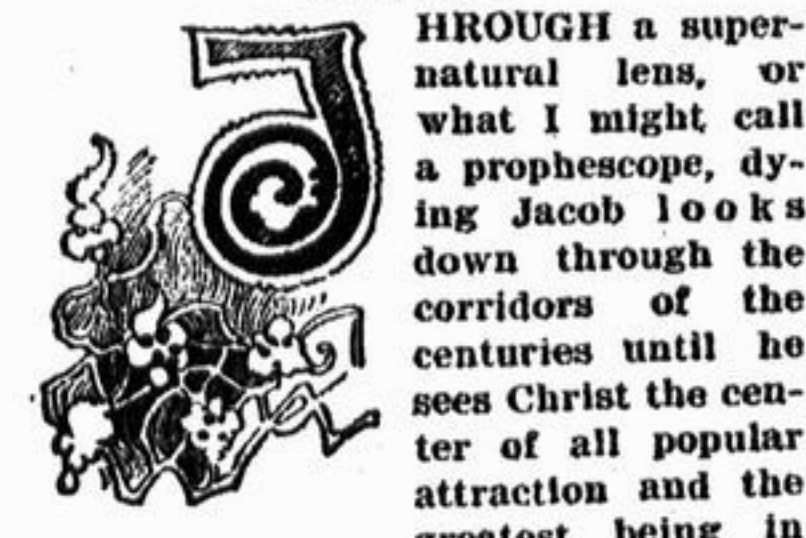


# JESUS STILL REIGNS.

A THRILLING SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Golden Text for Last Sunday: "Unto Him shall the gathering of the People Be"—Gen., xlv, 10—Getting Near the Christian Standard.



THROUGH a supernatural lens, or what I might call a prophescope, dying Jacob looks down through the corridors of the centuries until he sees Christ the center of all popular attraction and the greatest being in 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 of March, I, Pontius Pilate, governor of the Praetore, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die between two thieves, Quintus Cornelius to lead him forth to the place of execution."

The death-warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi Pharisee; secondly, by Johannes, rabbi; thirdly, by Raphael; fourthly, by Capet, a private citizen. This capital punishment was executed according to law. The name of the thief crucified on the right-hand side of Christ was Dismas; the name of the thief crucified on the left hand side of Christ was Gestus. Pontius Pilate describing the tragedy says the whole world lighted candles from noon until night. Thirty-three years of maltreatment. They ascribe his birth to bastardy and his death to crucifixion. 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 today is the name of Christ. Where he had one friend Christ has a thousand friends. The scoffers have become worshippers. Of the twenty most celebrated infidels in Great Britain in our day, sixteen have come back to Christ, trying to undo the blatant mischief of their lives—sixteen out of the twenty. Every man who writes a letter or signs a document, wittingly or unwittingly, 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 Tranquillator, or the Peacemaker, Shiloh. I only want to tell you that unto him shall the gathering of the people be.

In the first place, the people are gathering 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 special 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; 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 misdoing 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. "Oh!" says some one here, "I have a grand ancestry, the holiest of fathers and the tenderest of mothers, and for my perfidy there is no excuse. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "But," says another man, "I fear I have committed what they call the unpardonable sin, and the Bible says if a man commit that sin he is neither to be forgiven in this world nor the world to come. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" The fact that you have any solicitude about the matter at all proves positively that you have not committed the unpardonable sin. Mercy for you. Oh! the grace of God which bringeth salvation!

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. Ah! you will have to wait to all eternity for the report of that measurement. It cannot be measured. Paul tried to climb the height of it, and he went height over height, altitude above altitude, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up, for he saw Sierra Nevada beyond and Matterhorn beyond, and waving his hands back to us in 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, Magdalen 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 round 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 came to bid peace. 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.

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 ragged on for thirty years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ had done the work. Oh, what you want is sympathy. The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often when we are in appalling 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 the time of declining years—wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ gives it. That is the chord with which he is going to draw all nations to him.

At the story of punishment a man's eye flashes and his teeth set and his fist clinches, and he prepares to do battle even though it be against the heavens; yet what heart so hard but it will succumb to the story of compassion! Even a man's sympathy is pleasant and helpful. When we have been in some hour of weakness, to have a brawny man stand beside us and promise to see us through, what courage it gives to our heart and what strength it gives to our arm. Still mightier is a woman's sympathy. Let him tell the story who, when all his fortunes were gone and all the world was against him, came home and found in that home a wife who could write on the top of the empty flour-barrel, "The Lord will provide;" or write on the door of the empty wardrobe, "Consider the lilies of the field; if God so clothed the grass of the field, will he not clothe us and ours?" Or let that young man tell the story who has gone the whole round of dissipation. The shadow of the penitentiary is upon him, and even his father says, "Be off! never come home again!" The young man finds still his mother's arm outstretched for him, and how she will stand at the wicket of the prison to whisper consolation, or get down on her knees before the governor, begging for pardon, hoping on for her wayward boy after all others are hopeless. Or let her tell the story who, under villainous allurements and impatient of parental restraint, has wandered off from a home of which she was the idol into the murky and thunderous midnight of abandonment, away from God, and further away, until some time she is tossed on the beach of that early home a mere splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her now? Who will gather these dishonored locks into her lap? Who will wash off the blood from the gashed

forehead? Who will tell her of that Christ who came to save the lost? Who will put that weary head upon the clean white pillow and watch by day and watch by night until the hoarse voice of the sufferer becomes the whisper, and the whisper becomes only a faint motion of the lips, and the faint motion of the lips is exchanged for a silent look, and the cut feet are still, and the weary eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is still, and all is still? Who will have compassion on her when no others have compassion? Mother! Mother!

Oh! there is something beautiful in sympathy—in manly sympathy, wife sympathy, motherly sympathy; yea, and neighborly sympathy. Why was it that a city was aroused with excitement when a little child was kidnaped from one of the streets? Why were whole columns of the newspapers filled with the story of a little child? It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzie? How if it had been my Mary? How if it had been my Maud? How if it had been my child? How if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle-bed to-night? How if my little one—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh—were to-night carried captive into some den of vagabonds, never to come back to me? How if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window, watching and waiting—that sorrow worse than death?" Then when they found her why did we declare the news all through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray said, "Thank God?" Because we are all one, bound by one golden chain of sympathy. Oh! yes, but I have to tell you that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wife sympathy, 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 Savior we have!

There are people who think Christ will come in person and sit on a throne. Perhaps he may. I should like to see the scarred feet going up the stairs of a palace in which all the glories of the Alhambra, and the Taj Mahal, and the St. Mark's, and the Winter Palace are gathered. I should like to see the world pay Christ in love for what it did to him in maltreatment. I should like to be one of the grooms of the chargers, holding the stirrup as the King mounts. Oh! what a glorious time it would be on earth if Christ would break through the heavens, and right here where he has suffered and died have this prophecy fulfilled, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." But failing in that, I bargain to meet you at the ponderous gate of heaven on the day when our Lord comes back. Garlands of all nations on his brow—the bronzed nations of the South and the pallid nations of the North—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the other continents that may arise meantime from the sea, to take the places of their sunken predecessors; Arch of Trajan, Arch of Titus, Arch of Triumph in the Champs Elysees, all too poor to welcome this King of kings, and Lord of lords, and Conqueror of conquerors in his august arrival. Turn out all heaven to meet him. Hang all along the route flags of earthly dominion, whether decorated with crescent, or star, or eagle, or lion, or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlehem and blood-streaked of the cross. I hear the procession now. Hark! the tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the clattering of the hoofs, and the shouts of the riders. Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, put up in heaven's library, right beside the completed volume of the world's ruin, the completed volume of Shiloh's triumph. The old promise struggling through the ages fulfilled at last: "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

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

Christian Endeavor Crumbs.

London's fifteen or sixteen local unions of Christian Endeavor have been federated into a London Council of Christian Endeavor, with Rev. F. B. Meyer as president.

A dance was advertised recently in the town of Union, S. C. To counteract its influence the Christian Endeavor society held a bright social that attracted many of the young people.

All of the most prominent citizens and business men of Longwood, Fla., are members of the Christian Endeavor society. Such is the hold that the organization has gained upon the town.

During a county convention at Dover, O. T., thirty persons expressed their purpose to lead Christian lives. A revival service followed the convention, and eighty-seven other persons were converted.

The District of Columbia Christian Endeavor Union has just held its annual convention, which was a great quickener of enthusiasm for "Washington, '96." The time of the latter convention is July 8-13, 1896.

The Turkish sword evidently has few terrors for Christian Endeavor. During the height of the excitement concerning the Armenian atrocities, a Junior Christian Endeavor society was organized at Mersine, Turkey.

While most of the prisoners of the Huntsville penitentiary, Texas, were giving a minstrel performance recently the Christian Endeavor society among the convicts held a prayer meeting that resulted in two conversions.

The King's Daughters' Home for incurables in San Francisco having outgrown its present quarters, is planning to build a new home that will accommodate two hundred patients.

# FOR WOMAN AND HOME

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

The Tendency Toward Pelerines in Fur Increases—No End of Neck Frills—Advice to Young Girls—College-Bred Women—Notes.

As the season advances the tendency toward pelerines in fur increases. The first hint of this style was given in the butterfly collarettes worn now so universally. These collarettes have shown an unwarranted growth, altogether unexpected. First came a slight extension of the front into stole ends; little by little this extension was aggravated and increased until they now reach the foot of the skirt, and are of generous width. With such a fur rig no other wrap is needed, even on the coldest days. The huge muffs are a feature of the increased size of all fur garments. The muffs of moderate dimensions are not to be thought of for a moment. They are utterly passe and out of date. If your muff happens to be one of the unfortunate small sort, it is a very easy matter to adjust it, by arranging deep frills of velvet, to match the costume, around each opening, with a full twist of the velvet on top, arranged so as to form a holding-on place for the big choux of grayish lace and the huge bunch of posies and fur tails. Some-



A SPRING HAT.

times a bunch of heavy plumes or a head of a beast, with huge jeweled eyes, ornaments the top, together with the inevitable lace. Ribbon is used to a greater extent than are the heavy muff chains worn last winter. They seem a little bit overwhelming with their glitter. Velvet ribbons are used to harmonize with the gown, and are ornamented by two full bows at either side.

No End to the Neck Frills.

Neck-dressing is an all important thing nowadays. Any and all sorts of fixings for the neck are alike fashionable, so long as they carry out the plan of being built high about the throat. Such quantities of material as it takes to make one sufficiently full, and such an endless amount of labor as it is to hem daintily, by hand, the edges of all the frills, for the stuff is always too



frimsy to allow of machine stitching. All the thin, soft black silks are employed, very often with pinked-out edges. There is no rule as to the number of frills, simply pile on all you can possibly get on the framework of the collar, and set them as closely together as possible, so they will flare out madly when worn. The broadest cash ribbons are used for these ruches, arranged in sets and quadruple box plaits

as close upon one another as they can be put, each sewed onto a single broad ribbon for a basis. The coarse "foot-in" in black is used to a great extent, and is often edged with tan colored or yellow lace edging, or, as is sometimes seen, a row of fine silver or gold cord run through the open meshes at the edge. The "butterfly" collars, now so popular, are found to be so wonderfully becoming, and very easily made, at as little expense as one likes. Velvet is the material commonly used, in black, which is far and always the most popular color to match the costume. After the velvet has been cut correctly by means of a good pattern, a sheet of wadding must be placed in a thin layer between the outside and the quilted satin lining to give body and warmth, as well as stiffness to the collar. The edging may be of fur of any sort wished, or a thick band of ostrich feathers, with the same edging as the collar. This last mode of decoration is by far more elegant than any sort of fur, and is especially adapted to a collar of black velvet. Many women have successfully cut over their old-fashioned fur capes into this sort of collar, but fur is difficult to manage, and is best left to an expert.

## College-Bred Women.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that out of the upward of 4,000 women of this country who are physicians, not more than 200 have a college training, according to President Thwing of the Western Reserve University. Of the 1,235 women preachers and 208 women lawyers in the country but few are college bred. Even more surprising is the fact that the colleges have contributed very few of the literary women of the country. Most of the women's college

# "THE WOODEN HEN"

We have heard of wooden horses and wooden ducks, but a wooden hen is something new under the sun—and its purposes are different from those of either of the other wooden animals mentioned. It is not a toy, though it will please a boy. It is a hen, at least it will hatch chickens from hens' eggs.



It is 10x15x8 inches and will take care of twenty-eight eggs. It is an incubator and costs only \$8.00. This wooden hen is made by George H. Stahl, Quincy, Ill. If you want to find out more about it before you buy one, write to Mr. Stahl for catalogue "W," which gives a full description, and mention this paper.

## Hard on the Men.

One would like to have known the school-girl who, in reply to her brother's jeers and inquiries, "Why girls should be always kissing each other and men not?" said that, of course, it was because the girls had nothing better to kiss and the men had—but perhaps she studied the question too deeply and developed into the fair cynic who, after a season or two of conquests, gave it as her opinion that the men were like colds—very easy to catch and very hard to get rid of.

## GROW RICH, EVERY FARMER.

The editor thinks it to be the wish of everybody to grow rich, not for the sake of the money, but for the good that can be done with the money. Now, there are three new cereals recently created that will make money for the farmer. One is Silver King Barley, the most wonderful creation of the age, yielding \$0, 100 to 116 bu. per acre in 1895, and there are thousands of farmers who believe they can grow 150 bu. per acre therefrom in 1896.

Then there is Silver Mine Oats, yielding in 1895 209 bu. per acre. Every farmer who tested it, believes 250 bu. possible.

Then there is Golden Triumph Corn, which produced over 200 bu. per acre, and 250 bu. is surely possible.

And potatoes, there is Salzer's Earliest, which was fit for table in 23 days in 1895, yielding tremendously, while the Champion of the World, tested in a thousand different places in 1895, yielded from 8 to 1,600 bu. per acre.

Now, in Salzer's new catalogue there is a wonderful array of new varieties of wheat, oats, barley, rye, potatoes, grasses, clovers and forage plants, and the editor believes that it would pay every farmer a thousand-fold to get this catalogue before buying seeds.

## What Happens When You Light a Fire

The following is a scientific description of what happens when you light a fire: The phosphorus on a match is raised by friction to a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit, at which it ignites. It raises the temperature of the sulphur, if it be a sulphur match, to 500 degrees, when the sulphur begins to burn. The sulphur raises the heat to 800 degrees, when the wood takes up the work and produces a temperature of 1,000 degrees, at which the coal ignites.—Exchange.

## Knowing Ours

Unite in saying that for fine equipment, solidity, safety, convenience, careful catering to patrons and politeness of employes, the best line between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and intermediate points is the Wisconsin Central. Through sleepers to Minneapolis and Duluth daily. Meals in dining cars a la carte. For folders, rates, etc., apply to your nearest ticket agent.

JAMES C. POND,  
General Passenger Agent,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

## The Book of Genesis.

A fac-simile edition of the celebrated Vienna Genesis, belonging to the emperor of Austria, the oldest illuminated purple vellum manuscript of the Greek Septuagint translation of the old testament, has just been published in Vienna. The original consists of twenty-four leaves, 12 1/4 x 10 1/4 inches, with from thirteen to seventeen lines, written on both sides, and with forty-eight miniature paintings. It dates from the fifth century.

## Four Duchesses in the Family.

There are four duchesses of Marlborough now living. These are Constance, reigning duchess; Lillian, wife of Sir William Beresford; Fanny, the grandmother of the present duke and mother of the late Randolph Churchill, and Jane, widow of the late sixth duke. These do not include Lady Blandford, who was divorced before the late duke reached his title.

## Kansas Live Stock.

In Kansas the farm and live stock products combined show an increase in value over the preceding year of \$18,123,638, or 13.3 per cent.

IRITATION OF THE THROAT AND HOARSENESS are immediately relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Have them always ready.

No man can love his neighbor as himself, until he loves God more than himself.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething.

The darker it is in the Christian's neighborhood, the more his light is needed.

Many a man who lets his wife carry up all the coal will fight if you kick his dog.

Wash your Chamber Pot with Soap. The gold and silver cans. Clean Chamber Pot. Sold Everywhere. Geo. Q. Clark, Co.