

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"FULL CORN-CRIBS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Jeda Spoke Unto Him Saying, The Man Had Solely Erected Unto Us Ye Shall Not See My Face"—Gen., 43:3.



NOTHING to eat! Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan.

falling of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated; the product of harvest field and grist mill and oven; the price of sweat and anxiety and struggle—Bread! Jacob, the father, has the last report from the flour bin, and he finds that everything is out; and he says to his sons, "Boys! hook up the wagons and start for Egypt and get us something to eat."

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot, and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corn-crib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview, "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin."

Well, the bread party, the bread embassy, drives up in front of the corn-crib of Egypt. Those corn-cribs are filled with wheat and barley and corn in the husk, for modern travelers in those lands, both in Canaan and in Egypt, tell us there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the corn-crib, who is also the Prime Minister, comes down to these newly-arrived travelers, and says, "Dine with me to-day. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother, whose presence I demanded?"

looks over to the tables of his guests; and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or, as the Bible quaintly puts it, "Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of theirs."

Well, my friends, this world is famine-struck with sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger-bitten. The fact that it does not, cannot feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satisfying his soul, he sits down and writes:

I never in my life put on a new hat that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining and thought all who had the choice would keep indoors, that the sun did not come out in its strength and bring with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune, without making his instead, than in an incredibly short space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a baker, everyone in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread.

I want to make three points. Every frank and common-sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sin? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived, I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corn-crib of heavenly supply; and a voice from within says, "Are you alone?" The sinner replies, "All alone." The voice from within says, "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your divine Brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." O, that is the point at which so many are discomfited. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with him, we are accepted. Coming without him, we are rejected.

Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? O, yes. Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benjamin. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was, "Son of my Pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was, "Son of my Right Hand." And was not Christ the Son of pain? All the sorrow of Rachel in that hour when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers, was as nothing compared with the struggle of God when he gave up his only Son. And was not Christ appropriately called "Son of the Right Hand"? Did not Stephen look into heaven and see him standing at the right hand of God? And does not Paul speak of him as standing at the right hand of God making intercession for us? O, Benjamin—Jesus! Son of pang! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that nomenclature. In your prayers plead his tears, his sufferings, his sorrows, and his death. If you refuse to do it, all the corn-cribs and the palaces of heaven will be bolted and barred against your soul, and a voice from the throne shall stun you with the announcement, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

The world after that was a blank to me. I went into the country, but found no peace in solitude. I tried to get into society, but I found no peace in society. There has been a horror hanging over me by night and by day, and I am afraid to be alone.

How many unutterable troubles among you! No human ear has ever heard that sorrow, O, troubled soul, I want to tell you that there is one salve that can cure the wounds of the heart, and that is the salve made out of the tears of a sympathetic Jesus. And yet some of you will not take this salve; and you try chloral, and you try morphine, and you try strong drink, and you try change of scene, and you try new business associations, and anything and everything rather than take the divine companionship and sympathy suggested by the words of my text when it says, "You shall not see my face again unless your brother be with you." O, that this audience to-day might understand something of the height and depth and length and breadth of immensity and infinity of God's eternal consolations.

I go further and find in my subject a hint as to why so many people fall of heaven. We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate that is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is

conditional. It is not a monetary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine earthly music is expensive; but all the oratorios of heaven cost nothing. Heaven pays nothing for its music. It is all free. There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance; but the condition of getting into heaven is our bringing our divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon Jesus? It is the usual prayer offered—the prayer offered more than all the other prayers put together—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." One of our congregation, when asked in the closing moments of his life, "Do you know us?" said, "O, yes, I know you. God bless you. Good-by. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and he was gone. O, yes, in the closing moments of our life we must have a Christ to call upon. If Jacob's sons had gone up toward Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer, "Sir, we didn't bring him, as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him," a voice from within would have said, "Go away from us. You shall not have any of this supply. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with you." And if we come up toward the door of heaven at last, though we come from all luxuries and brilliancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the bread-house, saying, "Depart, I never knew you."

If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had expended their last shakel; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the corn-cribs of Egypt, and it had been found that Benjamin was with them, all the store-houses would have swung open before them. And so, though by fatal casualty we may be ushered into the eternal world; though we may be weak and exhausted by protracted sickness—if, in that last moment, we can only just stagger and faint and fall into the gate of heaven—it seems that all the corn-cribs of heaven will open for our need and all the palaces will open for our reception; and the Lord of that place, seated at his table, and all the angels of God seated at their table, and all our glorified kindred seated at our table, the King shall pass a portion from his table to ours, and then, while we think of the fact that it was Jesus who started us on the road, and Jesus who kept us on the way, and Jesus who at last gained admittance for our soul, we shall be glad if he has seen the travail of his soul and been satisfied, and not be at all jealous if it be found that our divine Benjamin's mess is five times larger than all the rest. Hail! anointed of the Lord. Thou art worthy.

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine. If there were two banquets spread, and to one of them only you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but here is feasting or starvation. If there were two mansions offered, and you might have only one, you might think for a long while, saying, "Perhaps I had better accept this gift, and perhaps I had better accept that gift;" but here it is a choice between palaces of light and hovels of despair. If it might say, "I prefer the 'Creation,'" or, "I prefer the 'Messiah,'" but here it is a choice between eternal harmony and everlasting discord. O, will you live or die? Will you sail into the harbor or drive on the rocks? Will you start for the Egyptian corn-crib, or will you perish amid the empty barns of the Canaanite famine?

Justice Wendell Holmes. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of Massachusetts received many social courtesies from lawyers when in England. He was the guest of Lord Chief Justice Russell at a dinner party, and the London Law Journal, in commenting of that fact, said: "The son of the genial 'Autocrat' is among the best equipped lawyers on either side of the Atlantic. His book on 'The Common Law,' which he wrote several years ago, is one of the most erudite legal works ever published in England as well as in America. The judges of different countries might advantageously have a greater knowledge of one another, and the growing intimacy of English and American lawyers is a welcome sign of the times."—New York Tribune.

The Smallest Man. The smallest man in the world known to be living today lives near Zuba, Sumner county, Kas. His name is William Pifer. He is 22 years old, less than three feet high and weighs only 48 pounds. Mentally he is as perfect as ordinary men of his age. He lives with his widowed mother, and avoids as far as possible the public.—Exchange.

Not a Kid. A little fellow went into a shop some days ago to buy a pair of gloves. The shopman stared at the juvenile customer and asked him what size he took. The youngster promptly informed him, "Do you want kid gloves, my boy?" asked the shopman. "Kid gloves?" ejaculated his customer. "I'm not a kid now. I want grown-up ones."—Exchange.

An Emblem of Love. The acacia has for a long time been regarded in the east as the emblem of concealed love. The notion is purely fanciful, for there is nothing about the plant to suggest the idea.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS.

RECORD OF MINOR DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

Seven Days' Happenings Condensed—Social, Religious, Political, Criminal, Obituary and Miscellaneous Events from Every Section of the State.

An exchange heads an item "Congressman Cannon to Labor." The Mount Carmel McKinley club has appeared above the horizon. Piano is offering inducements to capitalists to establish a piano plant.

Congressman Charles A. Towne of Minnesota, under the auspices of the Aurora Bimetallic club, delivered a well attended lecture last week.

A contemporary heads an item, "Elgin Watch Works Reduces Time." Any old watch works will reduce time if they're not cleaned occasionally.—Ex.

Progressive hammock parties are growing popular at Urbana. Other localities still cling to the good old-fashioned, non-progressive, dark-o'-the-moon kind.

George M. Stretch of Springfield has been arrested for embezzlement. In dealing with funds in his charge he has evidently stretched his authority, so to speak.

The Emerson Piano company of Boston, with branches in New York and Chicago, has made an assignment. Assets are estimated at \$450,000 and liabilities at \$150,000.

Windsor special: Fire broke out in the carpenter shop of Grider & Reber, destroying the shop, two business houses, and part of their contents. Loss about \$2,000, partly insured.

John J. Scanlon of Peoria, guilty of the trifling oversight of failing to procure a license to sell liquor, has been pardoned because, instead of paying his fines, he insisted on boarding them out.

Somebody stole a car load of cattle from the railroad tracks near Champaign, and the Champaign people promptly laid it on a Bloomington man. He has not yet been caught, but orders have gone out to arrest any Bloomington man found hauling a cattle car full of steers down the pike.

H. E. Taubeneck, state chairman of the populist executive committee, issues a manifesto from Springfield in which he says: "There appears to be a misapprehension on the part of some of our voters regarding the ticket to be voted in November. The populist ticket will appear on the official ballot."

A Rockford straw-ballet man has invaded the railroad trains. Even the Knights of Pythias and the Grand Army men were unable to escape his pestilential activity, and had to submit to being "poiled" before they could enter their special cars. Some one ought to shut him off with a gag of convenient size—a bale of hay, for instance.—Chicago Journal.

Crystal Lake special: A terrific electrical storm passed over this place at 6 o'clock the other evening, ripping the wire from the armature at the electric light plant and leaving the town in darkness. Barns were fired by lightning and horses and other animals killed, while the sky is illuminated by the light from burning buildings in the surrounding country.

Mexico, Mo., special: A valuable find of money is reported twelve miles northeast of Moberly. The finder is Patrick Henry, who was moving from Springfield, Ill., to Kansas. While in camp and cutting a stick of wood his ax slipped and struck something in the ground, which proved to be an old tea-kettle containing \$4,000 in gold. The dates on the coin are prior to 1860.

Miss Lucy Page Gaston, the temperance advocate of Harvey, gathered a good crowd together last Thursday night and delivered a vigorous reply to the address of Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, who spoke at the recent rally. At that time Mrs. Foster called upon the prohibitionists to support McKinley, arguing that there was a great issue to be met which should outweigh all other principles. Miss Gaston took exception to her ideas, and Mrs. Foster was the brunt of not a little "hot talk."

"If the liquor sellers of this country," said the speaker, "had J. Ellen Foster in their employ they would find it one of the most profitable investments they could make." Both are members of the W. C. T. U.

Rockford special: Papers have been filed by the defense in the famous "Oh, Promise Me" breach of promise case of Minnie Blough versus George Bennett, which give a new turn to the affair. They admit that an engagement of marriage existed between them and set up that the fair plaintiff released defendant from his promise prior to the beginning of this suit. The defendant up to this time has strongly maintained that he had never asked Miss Blough to marry him. The case was to have come to trial Tuesday, September 8, but affidavits filed by young Bennett and his father, accompanied by a statement by a Rockford physician, state that he is ill of hay fever and catarrh and that he had been obliged to go away for his health. The court accordingly put the case over to the December term.

Things have gotten so at Bradley a man can't even be buried the way he wants to. A hypnotist "subject," prepared his funeral and invited the public at 25 cents a head, but the marshal interfered with the obsequies because the man wasn't dead, and the funeral party had to go where there was more individual liberty.

Galena special: Albert Felix shot and killed a man named Byer at Blanding, seven miles south of here. Sheriff Parker has gone to the scene, but no further particulars have been received.

Neoga, Ill., special: Robert Lacy, a pioneer of this county, died and was buried to-day. He left a large amount of property.

W. W. Twist of Toluca has declined a nomination for the legislature tendered him by the democrats a month ago, because he is a gold man.

Governor Alged has accepted the resignation of F. D. Radeke of Kankakee as a member of the board of trustees of the eastern hospital for the insane, located at Kankakee.

Mrs. Ina Armstrong has brought suit against the city of New Albany for \$20,000 damages, claiming that the city has permitted the dumping of garbage on a vacant lot by her home, through which members of the family are prostrated by disease.

Kankakee objects because Dr. Gapon pays \$12 a quarter more for the support of each insane patient in the asylum than the superintendents of other asylums. Kankakee should remember how badly it wanted the asylum, and much more money circulates through Dr. Gapon's administration than would circulate under a more economical one.—Ex.

Springfield special: Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of state for the organization of the St. Louis and Belleville Rapid Transit company. It is proposed to construct and operate a railroad from East St. Louis to Belleville. The first officers are: President, George Silsby; vice president, Daniel P. Alexander; treasurer, William F. Stevens; secretary, George H. Welton; auditor, John H. MacDonald.

Tuscola special: After three months, during which the officers have worked overy clew, four of the men who, it is thought, robbed George Kolb, a wealthy farmer, last June, have been landed in jail. They are Tom, Dan and James Hinds, and John Swift, all of Lovington. On the occasion referred to six masked men entered the house at night and after beating the family of seven persons and binding and gagging them robbed the farmer's safe of a large sum of money.

Oscar W. Neebe, one of the anarchists sentenced as a result of the Haymarket riot, is again brought to notice. It was given out at Chicago last week that Neebe's application for a license to run a saloon at No. 113 West Thirteenth street had been refused. When seen at this saloon, Neebe absolutely denied the report. "I have heard nothing of the kind," he said, and the wide open doors of his saloon seemed to prove his words. Outside a policeman passed at intervals more or less regular and seemed to be unburdened with any orders compelling him to interfere.

Owen Moran, 23 years old, was badly mutilated in a thrashing machine while at work near Half Day, Cook county, the other morning, that he died three hours after the accident. Moran was at work on Charles F. Arnold's farm. A cylinder on top of the separator was open. Moran, in climbing over the machine, stepped into the opening. His leg came into contact with a number of sharp steel teeth and was instantly ground off at the knee. The wounded laborer was carried to the home of Mr. Arnold, messengers were sent for a physician, but Moran was dying when one arrived.

Miss Maria Waite, until recently assistant to the principal of the Hyde Park schools, was married last week to Rufus Baldwin of Minneapolis, Minn., at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Kenwood, the Rev. C. H. Bixby officiating. Miss Waite, nearly a year ago, wrote to a Chicago newspaper describing an "ideal husband," and it is said, based her description on a certain lawyer of that city, a deacon in the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church. Mr. Baldwin read the article, took it to exactly fit himself, wrote to the popular little teacher, and finally came to see her. An engagement and the wedding yesterday were the result.

Wyoming special: Louis Wilson, a prominent young farmer, living in the northeast part of Stark county, killed his wife and four-year-old daughter and himself the other afternoon. The hired man found the three dead bodies in the barn when he returned from his work. As Wilson was insane some years ago, it is supposed he committed the deed while deranged. When found Wilson still held a revolver in his hand, and there appears to be no doubt that he used the weapon to shoot his wife, child, and himself. Wilson was about 35 years old and his wife about 40. The coroner has ordered an inquest to be held.

There was disappointment last Tuesday night at Bradley, a suburb of Kankakee, over the hypnotist, W. E. Ferris, and his assistant, W. F. Honan, whom he was to have hypnotized and buried alive. The open grave yawned before the spectators and Mr. Honan had stretched himself out and prepared to fall into the hypnotic sleep and then sink into his ghastly resting place. But this was as far as the experiment was destined to proceed. The mayor of Bradley came to the conclusion that something horrible was going to be done. So in he marched and commanded Ferris to go no further with his experiment. Ferris had to yield.

Springfield special: The State Board of Public Charities has adopted a resolution requesting Attorney-General Maloney to take immediate steps to prosecute Dr. George C. McFarland of Jacksonville for conducting an asylum without a license from the board. For many years Dr. McFarland has conducted the "Oak Lawn Retreat," a private institution for the care of insane. Some time ago the board, after an investigation, decided to revoke his license. He was notified accordingly, but, defying the board, continued the operation of the asylum.

BRAVE MEN KILLED.

APPALLING CALAMITY AT BENTON HARBOR, MICH.

After a Benefit Fity at the Opera House, the Building Burns and Eleven Volunteer Firemen Are Crushed and Killed.

"A Factory Girl" was presented Saturday evening at the Grand opera house at Benton Harbor, Mich., by a company of local players for the benefit of the volunteer fire department. All of the firemen, with their wives and children and friends, were in attendance.

An hour after the performance was over flames burst from the top of the building. On the sudden alarm of bells and whistles the firemen returned with their hose carts, engines and ladders.

In a close alley behind the opera house, where the fight was hottest, many firemen were huddled together. Without warning the walls of the building fell, burying them under tons of hot brick and mortar.

Here are names of the men whose widows and orphans have need of the benefit from "A Factory Girl": FRANK WATSON, St. Joseph, 30 years old; leaves a wife; harnessmaker.

THOMAS KIDD, Benton Harbor, nephew of Andrew J. Kidd.

FRANK WOODLEY, Benton Harbor; leaves a wife and three children.

EDWARD H. GANGE, St. Joseph, drayman; leaves a wife.

SCOTT RICE, Benton Harbor, 26 years old, clerk Hotel Benton Harbor.

WILLIAM MITTEN, 35 years old; leaves wife and four children.

LOUIS HOFFMAN, Benton Harbor. JOHN HOFFMAN, Benton Harbor, foreman of Morton Hose company; leaves a wife and six children.

ARTHUR HILL, St. Joseph, manager of the St. Joseph Steam Laundry; leaves a wife and two children.

FRANK SEEVER, St. Joseph; died Sunday afternoon from burns.

ROBERT L. ROLFE, St. Joseph; died at 5:30 o'clock in the morning from internal injuries.

The injured: Jack McCormick, Benton Harbor; ankle crushed and leg broken.

John A. Crawford, Benton Harbor; burned about the head; will recover. He formerly was chief of the Benton Harbor fire department.

William Freundt, St. Joseph; cut about the head and burned by electric wires.

Frank Paget, St. Joseph; leg bruised.

The property loss will reach \$60,000, with insurance of about \$25,000. Over \$50,000 loss is on the opera house and its contents, and the remainder on the two-story building next west, which was crushed like a paper box by falling walls.

THE TRADE REVIEW.

Business Conditions of the Country Show an Improvement. R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

"There is a distinct increase of confidence, due largely to the continuing and heavy imports of gold, which have put an end to the money anxiety, and also to political events, which are closely watched. The gain in confidence and in willingness to lend and invest gives reason to hope that the necessary replenishment of stocks which cannot be long deferred may be liberal enough to stimulate fair activity in trade and industry."

"Wheat has suddenly risen a week ago, but reacted with better crop news until Thursday, when another advance came of 1 cent, making the net decline for the week 1 1/2 cents. Western receipts continued large, 5,215,796 bushels for the week, against 4,550,104 last year, making the increase since July 1 about 12,000,000, or 13 per cent. Atlantic exports are also large. Flour included 2,622,963 bushels, against 1,347,252 last year, and since July 1 19,073,551 bushels, against 11,315,545 last year, a gain of 69 per cent. Gloomy stories found little support in such returns."

"Corn has reached at Chicago the lowest point ever touched, 20 cents, in 1881, and has again broken all records here, declining to 25 1/2 cents, at which it closed.

"The starting of some woolen mills which have been idle and accumulating orders for a short run is still balanced by the stopping of others, and the volume of orders does not increase.

"No gain as yet appears in demand or prices. But a marked speculative buying of wool shows belief that prices will improve, and sales for the week were 4,277,600 pounds, of which only 555,700 were foreign, much over half of the domestic sales being in Texas and far western states at prices ranging from 7@8 1/2c. Cotton goods are growing stronger, more grades having advanced and though sales are moderate there are more buyers, indicating exhaustion of dealers' stocks.

"Failures for the week have been 234 in the United States, against 186 last year, and thirty-one in Canada, against thirty-eight last year."

Action of New York Gold Men. The New York state convention of gold democrats met at Syracuse Monday. The platform adopted repudiates the Chicago platform and indorses the administration of President Cleveland. Delegates were selected to the Indianapolis convention.

A dispatch to the London Times from St. Petersburg says that the tour of the czar through Western Europe will not be changed on account of the recent and sudden death of Emperor Louis-Rouvenor.