

TALMAGE'S SERMON

"PAGEANTRY OF THE WOODS" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "We All Do Fade as a Leaf; and Our Iniquities, Like the Wind, Have Taken Us Away" —Isaiah 64-6.



It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a blackboard, and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of his Bible, and draws them out in diagram on the natural world. Champlion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them, and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness, and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them! There are scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the natural world. Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet;" a passage which means nothing save to the man that knows that the feet of the red deer, or hind, are peculiarly constructed, so that they can walk among slippery rocks without falling. Knowing that fact, we understand that, when Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," he sets forth that the Christian can walk amid the most dangerous and slippery places without falling. In Lamentations we read that "The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness;" a passage that has no meaning save to the man who knows that the ostrich leaves its egg in the sand to be hatched out by the sun, and that the young ostrich goes forth unattended by any maternal kindness. Knowing this, the passage is significant—"The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness."

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world, who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their impression. There are some faces so mobile that photographers cannot take them; and the face of nature has such a flush, and sparkle, and life, that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat at summer evening-tide at the edge of a wood, and listened to the cry of the whip-poor-will. There is today more glory in one branch of sumach than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain. For several autumns I have made a tour to the far west, and one autumn, about this time, saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Crowspey and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming into soifering and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down, and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at the end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Manatee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tip top of the Alleghenies, and then it had some dripping down to the lowest leaf and deepest cavern. Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this gospel harp—a string of sadness, and a string of joy infinite. "We all do fade as a leaf." First: Like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which, week before last, felt the frost, have, day by day, been changing in tint, and will for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the fit of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No. Deeper and

and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After a while, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been quenched. So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not clear. Ear not so alert. After a while we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding in to the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—slowly—gradually. As the leaf! As the leaf! Again: Like the leaf we fade, to make room for others; Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops today from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life. So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these leaves today, because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing, or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come in to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. God grant that their life may be brighter than ours has been! As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy the spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Dr. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said, "You need not think I am old because my hair is white; I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting-room, the children played, the blithest and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

folliaged with opportunities; but October came, and their glory went. Frost! In early autumn the frosts come, but they do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window and say, "There was a black frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion, amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here and nip them there. But after a while death comes. It is a black frost, and all is ended. Why go to the death-bed of distinguished men, when there is hardly a house on this street but from it a Christian has departed? When your baby died there were enough angels in the room to have chanted a coronation. When your father died you sat watching, and after awhile felt of his wrist, and then put your hand under his arm to see if there were any warmth left, and placed the mirror to the mouth to see if there were any sign of breathing; and when all was over, you thought how grandly he slept—a giant resting after a battle. Oh! there are many Christian death-beds. The chariots of God, come to take his children home, are speeding every-where. This one halts at the gate of the almshouse; that one at the gate of prisons. The shout of captives breaking their chains comes on the morning air. The heavens ring again and again with the coronation. The twelve gates of heaven are crowded with the ascending righteous. I see the accumulated glories of a thousand Christian death-beds—an autumnal forest illumined by an autumnal sunset! They died not in shame, but in triumph! As the leaf! As the leaf! Lastly: As the leaves fade and fall only to rise, so do we. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice, and sap, and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again. "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make our everlasting residence in such a place. Crossing the Atlantic the ship may founder, and our bodies be eaten by the sharks; but God tameth leviathan, and we shall come again. In a awful explosion of factory boiler our bodies may be shattered into a hundred fragments in the air; but God watches the disaster, and we shall come again. He will drag the deep, and ransack the tomb, and upturn the wilderness, and torture the mountain, but he will find us, and fetch us out and up to judgment and to victory. We shall come up with perfect eye, with perfect hand, with perfect foot, and with perfect body. All our weaknesses left behind. We fall, but we rise; we die, but we live again! We moulder away, but we come to higher unfolding! As the leaf! As the leaf!

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. A quail flew through a \$1.50 pane of glass in a Decatur residence and was soon after dashed up on toast. The fifty-first annual meeting of the State Baptist association is in session at Urbana. It is expected that 200 clergymen and 150 delegates will be in attendance. Mrs. Maria Payson, aged 78, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. Simons, at Ashkum. She was the mother of ex-Congressman L. E. Payson, and leaves two other sons, H. L. Payson of Chicago and C. H. Payson of Waukegan, Ill. A farmer by the name of S. B. Tuttle, living a few miles east of Pontiac, was brought to jail the other evening charged with the murder of his wife. He is undoubtedly insane, and, while in this state, he seized a club and beat his wife to death. He then ran his daughter from home and took to the woods. He was seen and caught, and while being brought to town wanted to be hanged. He is a well-to-do farmer about 60 years of age. Oscar Gullier fell from a tight rope at Lincoln on the pavement below and received fatal injuries. He was a strolling acrobat who gave a performance, hoping to profit by the crowd who gathered to see the governor's flying squadron. His show did not draw many of the crowd, and a collection of 35 cents was his only reward. He had hardly started with his show when he fell from the wire, which was strung from the top of the Commercial hotel, and struck upon his head after a fall of fifty feet. The wife of Howard K. Cavelle, who was sentenced to the Ohio penitentiary for seventeen months Oct. 20, has received from him a large box of jewelry, valued at \$1,700, which he secured from women duped by him, and which was never claimed. Under the alias of Harry C. Kimball, Cavelle, who is called the "king heartbreaker," defrauded women of their wealth by promises of marriage. He was captured in Columbus while working his game on a rich woman and was convicted of fraud. Until he went to the penitentiary he wore all his jewels, but when he assumed the striped suit he sent them to his wife in Chicago. An agent representing the Montana Mining, Loan and Investment company, the tickets of which gave Butte, Mont., as the headquarters of the concern and Henry Haupt as president, was arrested at Chicago by Detective Etleson of police headquarters. After questioning the prisoner he was released. It is claimed he gave the police the information necessary to enable them to put a stop to the operations of those who conduct the lottery. It is also said one Jacobs is in charge of the concern at 215 State street. The concern has been doing business in the state for several years without molestation. It "fixes" prominent persons. According to the evidence of witnesses in Judge Burke's court at Chicago last week John Dolan had been out of the Joliet penitentiary only 24 hours when he committed the burglary for which he was convicted Thursday, Dec. 28, 1895. Dolan is said to have broken a window in the store of Adolph Wolf, 2321 Westworth avenue, and to have stolen two watches and 45 rings valued at \$150. During the progress of the trial Mary Shea, one of the witnesses, told the court that Joseph Sherlock had told her that if she appeared in court and testified against Dolan he would kill her. Judge Burke ordered an attachment for Sherlock. Sherlock will be tried for contempt of court and intimidation. Dolan will go back to Joliet. It is probable that a larger amount of grape wine has been made in Bloomington and vicinity the present season than in any one year before in a very long time, and the same is true of all Central Illinois. Nearly everybody raises grapes, and they have been an abundant and low in price that tons have been converted into beverage. One gentleman who has only a small arbor covered with vines said that he had just finished making twenty gallons of wine, and that he knew of scores of people who had all the way from 50 to 150 gallons in their cellars, while there were hundreds who had from 10 to 20 gallons. When drawn off from the wood for bottling, this gentleman says, a much finer article of wine can be obtained by filtering through charcoal than by the ordinary method. The democratic and populist congressional and senatorial committees met at Litchfield, and after an all day session succeeded in fitting up a fusion ticket and withdrawing superfluous candidates. The democrats allowed the populists to name N. Dresser, of Greenville, for state senator, the populists withdrawing all of their other candidates. One of the suburban depots near Chicago has a unique feature. The officials of the road have supplied the depot platform with 1,000 bicycle stand locks. The patrons of the road do business in the city and they ride to the depot on their wheel. The wheels stand locked all day and are protected from meddlers by the company. This is quite a step on the onward march of civilization. The elegant new \$40,000 Burnham altimeter at Champlain is just finishing. A committee are arranging for its proper dedication.

THE TRADE REVIEW. DEALINGS IN WHEAT THE FEATURE OF THE WEEK. Business to a Great Extent is Looking for the Election—Many Combinations Contracts Have Been Made—Forecast for the Week. R. C. Owen & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: "The event of the week has been the sensational advance of wheat to 75 cents for cash on Tuesday (a rise of 10 cents), its fall to 77 cents on Thursday, and gain of 1 1/2 cents on Friday. The rise was magnified by the covering of speculative sellers, who imagined the advance had gone too far, but was at the bottom based on an extraordinary foreign demand, which has engaged grain vessels from all the Pacific, as well as the Atlantic, ports for months ahead. Now great the shortage in ordinary European supplies may be in the point of doubt and speculation, but none now questions that the shipments from the Pacific coast to India and the decrease in the Russian yield are important, and the buying of enormous quantities for export, with engagements of freight room at higher rates, expresses the belief of European dealers. "Wheat exports from the Pacific coast are large, and over 500,000 bushels per day has been engaged ahead for some time. The Atlantic exports, about 900,000 bushels larger than last year for the week, have been in October, 6,570,213 bushels, flour included, against 5,056,383 last year. It is worthy of note that Western roads are complaining of a car famine, the demand for movement to market being so great, though the actual receipts for three weeks at Western ports have been 21,193,716 bushels, against 23,061,514 last year, following a much increased movement in the quarter ending with September. "Corn moves largely and at lower prices, having declined 1 cent for the week. "Cotton has advanced a sixteenth to 8 cents, with only moderate transactions, and heavy receipts from plantations. Estimates of yield vary all the way from Mr. Neill's 9,000,000 bales to much less than 5,000,000, but the impression grows that the yield will be large. "The most striking feature of the industrial returns is the number of contracts conditioned upon the election. These already are enough to make business lively for a time, and many others are pending that will probably be held back until Nov. 1. "The buying of Bessemer pig at Pittsburg causes a slight advance, and all markets are strong for pig, but not for finished products. Low prices are made for a speedy delivery by mills wanting work. The tone of the market is better, and a decided increase of orders appears in plates, about 2,000 tons for building vessels on the lakes, and in structural work at the west, owing to contracts taken at Chicago for buildings at Boston, Toronto, Detroit, and Minneapolis. There is also a great demand expected for cars, and the association offers to sell iron until Nov. 6 to jobbers and large buyers at \$1.60, while steel bars are selling largely at 1 cent. A reduction in nails is expected. The rail season is over, and the billet pool has little business. "A sale of about 5,000,000 pounds was made of lake copper at 10 1/2 cents to domestic consumers. Tin is a shade higher at 12.80 cents. "The failures for the week have been 274 in the United States, against 221 last year, and 60 in Canada, against 28 last year." BIG GRAIN BINS BURN. Elevators of Chicago and Pacific Company Destroyed by Fire. One million four hundred thousand bushels of grain were destroyed, two immense elevators burned and four firemen hurt at Chicago Monday by a big fire starting in the two elevators of the Chicago and Pacific company. Never since the big fire of 1871 has so much grain been consumed at one time. The entire loss is in the neighborhood of \$1,400,000, which is nearly covered by insurance. CHARLES F. CRISP DEAD. Ex-Speaker of the National House Is No More. Charles F. Crisp, ex-speaker of the house of representatives, died at Atlanta, Ga., Friday afternoon. Mr. Crisp had been an inmate of a sanitarium for several weeks. His condition had been reported as low, but no fatal conclusions to his illness had been expected so soon. Mr. Crisp, had he lived, would have been the next senator from Georgia. Silver Party Ruled Out. The Missouri supreme court has decided that the silver party's ticket could not be printed on the official ballot. It is understood that the petition filed is considered irregular, it having been alleged that fully 200 of the signers had participated in other conventions. The silver party ticket was made up of the democratic presidential electors and the republican state ticket.

Lord Rosebery's First Speech. Lord Rosebery's first speech was delivered when the future premier was fourteen years of age, at a dinner to volunteers given by his grandfather. He had even then his cool self-possession, and the speech—in acknowledgment of a vote of thanks to his grandfather—was considered a very good effort for one so young. The Air After a Snowfall. The air, after a heavy snowfall, or shower, is usually very clear, because the snow or rain in falling brings down with it most of the dust and impurities, and leaves the atmosphere exceedingly clear. The prim rose is nothing but the prime rose, an allusion to the early flowering of the plant in spring.