

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CHANT TO THE STARS," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "Who laid the Corner Stone Thereof, When the Morning Stars Sang Together" - Book of Job, Chap. 38, Verses 6 and 7.



We have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone of church, asylum, or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents, to be suggestive if, one or two hundred years after, the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner-stone was a block of light and the trowel was of celestial crystal.

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes.

The human intellect out of tune: the judgment wrongly swayed or the memory leaky or the will weak or the temper inflammable, the well-balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune: only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife-beating or husband-poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune: labor and capital, their hands on each other's throat. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale who are struggling to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down.

On all sides there is a shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord without realizing it; so wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that symbols chosen are fierce and destructive.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he handed to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion, and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, "The Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious, but faulty, for all melody descends from heaven, and only discords ascend from hell.

seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with his holiness, with his purity, with his love, with his commands, our will clashing with his will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the Creator.

In olden times the chorists had a tuning fork with two prongs, and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack, and put it to the ear, and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join.

Now, our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the wood of the cross, and the voices that accompany it are imported voices, cantatrices of the first Christmas night, when heaven serenaded the earth with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. I walk in the Fairbanks Weighing Scale Manufactory, of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise; so, all the world over, labor and capital will be brought into euphony.

When the paper was removed, Then, pray what was seen? Why a perfect W. Of a lovely green. —Rebecca Cronston.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song, but I would not wonder if, as sometimes on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the redeemed may have, playing through them the songs of earth; and how thrilling, as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets, if we should hear some of the strains of Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and Coronation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, and Fountain, and Ariel, and Old Hundred! How they would bring to mind the praying circles, and communion days and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old Gospel hymns, which motored and raptured our souls for so many years. Now, if sin is discord, and righteousness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other.

honored by the selection of some of his music, to be rendered on that occasion, I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great Coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and stringed instruments. Twelve thousand trained voices. The masterpieces of all ages rendered, hour after hour, and day after day—Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," rolling on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens. The mighty cadences within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of bells of the city and cannon on the commons, discharged by electricity, in exact time with the music, thundering their awful bars of a harmony that astounded all nations. Sometimes I bowed my head and wept. Sometimes I stood up in the enchantment, and sometimes the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it, especially when all the voices were in full chorus, and all the batons were in full wave, and all the orchestra in full triumph, and a hundred anvils under mighty hammers were in full clang, and all the towers of the city rolled in their majestic sweetness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of thirty cannon. Parepa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equalled on earth until the archangelic voice so proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our national air, "The Star Spangled Banner." It was too much for a mortal, quite enough for an immortal, to hear, and while some fainted, one woman's spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the voices and all the musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurried death across the nations sound forth eternal victory, and over all the acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than any human or angelic voice, a voice once full of tears, but now full triumph, the voice of Christ, saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and last." Then, at the laying of the top-stone of the world's history, the same voices shall be heard as when, at the laying of the world's corner-stone, "the morning stars sang together."

An Apple for Willie. Willie had a pretty aunt, Many years ago, Fanny thought she did for him. He has told me so.

Once from out of paper she Cut a W. On an apple pasted it, Knowing what 't would do.

Very green the apple was Hanging on a tree, Auntie knew that in the fall It would crimson be.

Where the sun shone on its cheek, There the color came. All around the letter which Stood for Willie's name.

When the paper was removed, Then, pray what was seen? Why a perfect W. Of a lovely green. —Rebecca Cronston.

Staying Away from Church. The habit of absenting one's self from the Sunday services of the church is one very easily made. Sometimes it is occasioned by sickness; very often some small excuse, some grudge against a member, some resentment at a fellow member's fault, is the occasion. Jesus will be there, even if an unworthy member is present. Jesus may be present, especially to meet and forgive that unworthy member; and who are we that we should judge a brother or a sister? We must be careful not to repeat Thomas' error, or we may also—we almost certainly will also—repeat his unbelief. If we do not, like Thomas, come back again to the place where Jesus meets His disciples, how can we expect to meet Him? At least let no one be so jealous for the honor of Christ and His church that he shall dishonor both by avoiding them.

Macauley's Love for Books. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find out that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays and sights in the world, once wrote Macauley, the famous English writer. If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners and wines, and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading.

Paris Divers Must Be Careful. Cabmen and truckmen who run down cyclists in Paris fare hardly. Last week a cabman, Emile Tachudin, for maliciously running down a bicyclist, M. Laya, when riding his bicycle on the Pont de Neuilly, was sent to prison for two years and ordered to pay a fine of \$400 besides.

OF ILLINOIS.

RE OF MINOR DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

Deaths. Green and Miss Jennie Tribly married last week at Wing.

Deaths. Mrs. H. Park, aged 42, died at Decatur.

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Mrs. Charlotte A. Garton of 4336 Wallace street, Chicago, drank carbolic acid Sunday night, from the effects of which she died Tuesday night. Her husband, Harry Garton, was a machinist, but had been of late unable to secure employment. About a year ago one of their children died, and, it is said, she attempted to commit suicide at that time. Since then she had made many threats to take her life. Four weeks ago their second child died, and since then she has been almost inconsolable.

George Jacob Schweinfurth with his bride, formerly Mrs. Tuttle, her two children and two other couples from "Heaven," who were married at the same time as the so-called "Messiah" at Minneapolis, returned to Rockford the other morning, after an absence of nearly five months. The chariot, from the Weldon farm, was at the station to meet the party, and Schweinfurth smiled as he referred to his wife. Asked as to whether he intended to remove from his location south of Rockford he simply replied that "time alone would tell." Both Schweinfurth and his wife carried guitars, giving an additional motley touch to the appearance of the party.

The Chicago sub-treasury officials do not anticipate a repetition of the San Francisco run for gold. The gold of the Chicago sub-treasury is better protected than that of the others. Only coin certificates can draw it out. The law paying out gold on legal tenders was passed before the establishment of the Chicago office. About \$1,000,000 has been withdrawn during the last three months. "We pay out about \$15,000 a day on coin certificates," said Cashier Pratt to a reporter. "There has been a quiet demand for gold for the last three months, but all in a small way. The demand is made entirely by individuals."

Daniel Cameron, an engineer for the Lipton packing company, Chicago, was struck on the head with a coupling pin the other morning as he stood in the doorway of the engine room leading into the packing house at Forty-fifth street and Packers avenue. It was thrown by a man who ran down Packers avenue and disappeared among a string of cars. Cameron was standing in the doorway when four men passed by. They made some remark to Cameron, who replied. What was said is not known, but as the remark was passed one of the men was seen to lean forward and strike Cameron on the head and then run. Several men ran to the assistance of the engineer and carried him into the engine house, after which a doctor was sent for and he was then removed to the county hospital. At the hospital it was said that Cameron's skull was fractured, but that his injuries would not result fatally.

Following upon the meeting of the Grand commandary, Knights Templar of Illinois, the Illinois Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, met for its yearly session at the Masonic Temple, Chicago. About 500 were in attendance, many of whom had been in the city to attend the meeting of the Grand Commandary. After the work necessary for the following year had been finished the election of the officers for next year was held. Dr. F. C. Winslow of Jacksonville had been mentioned as the probable successor of Mr. Moulton as grand high priest, and he was almost unanimously elected. The other officers selected for next year are: Deputy grand commander, E. S. Stoker, Evanston; grand king, William Grimes, Pittsfield; grand scribe, Nathaniel Bowditch, Aurora; grand treasurer, Wiley M. Egan, Chicago; grand secretary, G. W. Barnard, Chicago; grand captain of the host, George W. Warvelle, Chicago; grand principal sojourner, Charles Patton, Mount Vernon.

The Annette Jans estate matter is once more being agitated throughout the country. Peoria has several people who claim to have a claim to a portion of that immense property, one of them being W. A. Berry, of the Toledo, Peoria & Western. But the movement now has started at the Pacific coast, with Gen. W. H. Hart, of San Francisco. The general has recently been in New York, and he bases his ideas that there is something to be gained on account of some old court records he has succeeded in digging out. As a first step he proposes a reorganization of the heirs in a compact body. When this reorganization act is complete the body is to petition the court to levy a 1 per cent assessment upon the property to settle up the indebtedness and other expenses which have accumulated during the years of contest. As soon as the debt is cleared Gen. Hart says the heirs will step into their property. In addition to the Trinity church property in New York, there is said to be \$300,000,000 of Annette Jans' money in Holland banks.

JOSH BILLINGS'S PHILOSOPHY. A first-class servant ain't fit for anything else. The human harte has cells in it that never have been explored, and possibly never will be. It requires sun branes to make a mistake, but it don't require enny to make a blunder. Take rum out of this world, and 50 per cent of the devil's kapital would be sunk at orbe. I am allways just a little afrade of those who are very oily; blunt tools ain't apt to kut. Menny people mistake their will for their judgment; but this is not allways a fatal error. The pashuns add auster to the virtues; they give energy to faith, zeal to hope, and force to charity. The world has munny people in it who are very respectable empty because they are very vain.

GINNATI FLYER. The Moon has put on a first class for Indianapolis and Cincinnati in connection with the C. & N. W. The train leaves Chicago, Dearborn Station, at 11:50 A. M., reaches Indianapolis at 4:37 and Cincinnati at 7:45 P. M., thus making the run, Chicago to Indianapolis, in four hours and forty-seven minutes, and Cincinnati in seven hours and fifty-five minutes. This is the fastest time made between Chicago and Indianapolis and Cincinnati by any line. The "Cincinnati Flyer" is equipped with elegant day coaches, the Moon celebrated high-backed seats, parlor car and dining car. City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

For Free Distribution. The Cotton Belt Route has published a series of attractive pamphlets, beautifully illustrated, which set forth in a clear and concise manner the wonderful resources of the States of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, commonly known as "The Great South-west." The information contained in these pamphlets is thoroughly reliable, being compiled from the best sources and each one is complete in itself. Much interest is being taken in them, and the general good they are doing in upbuilding the country traversed by the Cotton Belt Route is commendable. The pamphlets are entitled "Homes in the West," "Texas," "Truth about Arkansas," "Glimpses of South-east Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana," "Lands for Sale Along the Cotton Belt Route." These books are for Free Distribution and will be cheerfully sent to any address free, upon application to E. W. LaBreaue, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Santa Fe Route—California Limited. Beginning November 4, the Santa Fe Route will resume its celebrated California Limited train as a semi-weekly service, leaving Chicago Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6:00 p. m., reaching Los Angeles in 72 hours and San Diego in 74 1/2 hours. Equipment of superb vestibuled Pullman palace sleepers, buffet smoking car and dining car. Most luxurious service via any line. Another express train, carrying both palace and tourist sleepers, leaves Chicago 10:25 p. m. daily, for Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Inquire of G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern Bldg., Chicago.

Tourist Sleeping Cars to California Daily. Every day in the year Tourist Sleeping Cars are run through from Chicago to California via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Rys). Only \$6.00 for completely equipped double berth from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. For tickets and full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kalskers, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago.

A Lovely Foster. Miss Doctor—"Oh, what a lovely poster! Where in the world did you get it?" Mrs. Tolmes—"Foster? Oh, I see. Ned tried to fling that egg out of the window, but he was never much of a marksman, and of course it went smash against the wall."—Boston Transcript.

Home-Seeker's Excursion. On November 17 and December 1 and 15, 1894, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern states, both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Not Much Consolation. "Bloomfield called me an ass," complained Oakland to Bellfield. "Well," replied Bellfield, reflectively, "I always have a great respect for Bloomfield's opinion."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Letters from Farmers. In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Tourist Car to California. An Upholstered Pullman Tourist car is run every Wednesday by the Northern Pacific. This car leaves St. Paul at 2:45 p. m., Minneapolis, 3:20 p. m., reaching San Francisco the following Monday morning. Double berth only \$6.00. For tickets and reservations write to Chas. S. Fox, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, N. P. Ry. Co., St. Paul, Minn., sending six cents for tourist literature.

Get a Farm While Prices Are Low. If you want a farm of your own now is the time to get one in Northern Wisconsin, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, where a sure crop can be raised each year, which can always be sold at good prices in the lumbering towns along the line of this railroad. Low prices; long time; Address C. E. Rollins, 161 La Salle street, Chicago.

Nothing to See. On his return from a tour which he had been making with his master in Switzerland a servant being asked what he had seen, replied: "Oh, one can't see anything. There's nothing but mountains everywhere."—Tit-Bits.

Home-Seeker's Excursion. Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway on November 17th, December 1st, 15th, to the South. For particulars apply to the nearest local agent. From H. A. ...