

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

THE NEWS OF SEVEN DAYS UP TO DATE.

Political, Religious, Social and Criminal Doings of the Whole World Carefully Condensed for Our Readers—The Accident Record

Orin Robbins of Plano, Ill., had his brains kicked out by a horse. The Michigan Christian Missionary association closed a successful four days' convention Sunday at Bloomington with an address by the Rev. J. H. Reese of Bangor.

Miss Emma Gable, 26 years old, committed suicide at Hartford City, Ind., by shooting herself in the head. She had just recovered from typhoid fever and was despondent.

At Anderson, Ind., Mrs. James Larmore, a woman of middle age and medium stature, gave birth to an eighteen-pound boy, probably a record breaker for Indiana. The boy is perfectly formed.

Walter C. Heinecke, son of a man who claimed to be a German count, died in a New York hospital from a shot fired with suicidal intent. He had received a threatening note from an unknown woman.

Maddened by unrequited love, Homer Howell, aged 27, shot and fatally wounded his former sweetheart, Miss Annie Sims, aged 24, at her home in Montreal, Que., and then put a bullet in his own brain, dying on the spot.

While skating Sunday the following were drowned: At Hawley, Pa., Blanche Bishop, Ella and John Alpha; at Middletown, N. Y., Adam C. Henning; at Hartford, Conn., William Bourke, 7 years old; Josie Bourke, 11 years old; Daniel Ryan, 6 years old, and Martin Burns, 10 years old.

At Delevan, Ill., fire destroyed Phillips' hall, the oldest brick building in the place. Loss, \$10,000; insurance, \$3,000.

The grocery store of Clinton Neely at Shelbyville, Ind., was consumed. Loss, \$2,500; partially insured. The building was set on fire, and arrests are expected.

Fire which broke out in W. N. Smith's store in Shaw, Miss., destroyed twenty-one store buildings and five dwellings. The total loss will be \$75,000, with partial insurance. It is thought incendiaries are responsible for the fire.

The droves of hogs on the farm of Gelman Bailey, near Delevan, Tazewell county, Ill., have been stricken by a disease believed to be hog cholera. Sixty have died within a few days.

It is expected that the French government will consent to naval credits to the amount of \$30,000,000.

D. W. Shouley, a well known attorney and justice of the peace at Rockford, Ill., attempted suicide by swallowing a dose of laudanum. He will recover.

W. A. Northcott, lieutenant-governor-elect, has selected W. W. Lowie, editor of the Greenville Advocate, as his private secretary at Springfield. Mr. Lowie has been president of the Illinois Press association.

The prospectus of a new Louisville silver daily paper has been issued. The stock is to be raised by the democratic county committees in proportion to the vote in November.

The condition of ex-Congressman Rowell G. Horr, formerly of Michigan, who is ill, is much improved to-day.

The London Times, in an article reviewing the official returns, finds that the estimated wheat crop of Great Britain is 20,000,000 bushels above that of 1895.

Martin Hinrichs, a prominent resident of Madison, Wis., committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. He had lived in Madison for more than forty years, served a term as chief of the Madison fire department and was for many years street commissioner.

The receivers of the Young Brothers and Maria Wholesale Grocery Company at Decatur, Ill., will on Monday present a petition in the Circuit Court asking to be discharged from further duties. Their report show that they have paid all claims, over \$100,000, in full, and that there still remains stock valued at about \$20,000. The company will be reorganized and business resumed.

Judge Dunbar has appointed Alfred B. Chandler temporary receiver of the Arena Publishing Company of Boston. The company publishes the Arena Magazine, which for several years has been edited by B. C. Flower. The authorized capital of the company is \$150,000, and its liabilities are about \$65,000. The principal asset is the good-will of its business, which is rated at \$100,000.

The assignment of the wholesale clothing firm of Whitten, Burdett & Co. of Boston is announced. An account of stock is being taken, and a statement of assets and liabilities will be prepared as soon as possible.

The Mackley Shoe Company of Quincy, Ill., has made an assignment. Liabilities, \$9,000; assets, not known. To secure a claim of \$50,000 held by the defunct Sioux City National Bank, the Sioux City engine and iron works has given a bill of sale to Receiver of the former concern.

The newly new temple-house erected on the South Side, at Indianapolis, during the week recently destroyed, was dedicated with imposing ceremonies Monday. The event brought about a great assemblage of the people in the Valley of the In-

CASUALTIES.]

The only fatality from the North Dakota blizzard is the death of Dr. H. M. Kennedy, who was on a sheep ranch fifty miles west of Pierre, S. D. An old German named Koch, who lived in the south part of this county, is also reported missing, and it is feared he is dead on the prairie.

A man supposed to be Gas Wilbur of No. 134 West Fulton street, Grand Rapids, Mich., was killed on the railway tracks near Tecumseh, Ontario.

The Columbia theater at Muscatine, Iowa, was totally destroyed at an early hour Thursday morning. Loss, \$35,000, with insurance at \$7,500.

John Opie, part owner of the Puzzler mine at Victor, Colo., on Straub Mountain, was killed by falling down the shaft 120 feet.

Hyrum Jeppesen, James Christenson, Sr., and his son James were buried in a snow slide in Logan canon, Utah. Jeppesen extricated himself, but the others were killed.

Chaplain M. C. Blaine and his daughter were burned to death at Fort Ringgold, Texas, in his residence. Chaplain Blaine went upstairs to save his daughter and was overcome.

The two-story frame house of Sam Henderson, colored, who resides near Conway, Ark., was burned, and five of his children, two of whom were grown, perished in the flames. They were asleep in the building.

The passenger steamer City of Kalamazoo of the Williams Transportation Line was burned at South Haven, Mich., Monday, and now lies on the river bottom at her dock a blackened wreck. Three people lost their lives to the fire.

FOREIGN.

The plague in India is spreading and several Europeans have been attacked, two of them dying.

Advices received from Liberia announce that the president of that republic, Joseph James Cheesman, died on Nov. 11. Vice-President Coleman was inaugurated Nov. 18.

The London Graphic has a dispatch from Sebastopol, containing a description of military preparations in the caucuses for an expected invasion by Russian forces of Armenia.

The porters have decided to decline the payment of all claims for indemnity for massacres, except those advanced by Americans.

The Corriere di Napoli reports that Lord Salisbury has offered to buy Erythraea from Italy, even at any price.

The Luraghiera Company, bankers, of Como, Italy, have gone into bankruptcy and the Bank of Como closed its doors at the same time.

The French vintage of 1896 will amount to 44,656,000 hectolitres of an estimated value of 1,174,000,000 francs, and which is 18,000,000 hectolitres over the vintage of 1895.

On account of the crop deficiency, Australia requires 100,000 tons of wheat and flour from America, and half of that amount has already been ordered.

Mlle. Marie Van Zandt made her appearance in Delibes Opera Comique in "Lakme," at Paris. Mlle. Van Zandt was in splendid voice and sang to a brilliant audience, scoring a veritable triumph.

Count Finckenstein, an intimate friend of Emperor William, has been found mortally wounded in the woods on his estate at Malitz, near Brienen. The Vorwaerts says that the count is supposed to have been killed by poachers. He was one of the wealthiest land owners in Germany.

CRIME.

The jury in the James Paul murder case at Webster City, Iowa, returned a verdict finding the accused not guilty.

Fred Behme, who murdered his wife and 3-year-old son last Easter Sunday, was hanged in a building erected in the court house yard at McLeansboro, Ill., Friday.

Dynamite Dick, the notorious territory outlaw, over whose head hangs a reward of \$5,000, was shot and killed in a fight with a number of deputy sheriffs sixteen miles west of Newkirk, Ok., Friday.

Joseph E. Fager, a horse and turf man of Alton, Ill., known all over the state in racing circles, shot himself through the head. He had threatened his life lately because "horses were so slow that a man could not live at the business."

At Arapahoe, Ok., Ruth Richenberg and Jessie Fiddler, respectable young women, created a sensation by publicly horsewhipping Silas Richardson, a prominent business man, who they alleged had insulted them. Both women have been arrested.

Michael Foley was sentenced to a year's imprisonment by United States Judge Sage at Columbus for making nine 5-cent pieces and passing them into a slot machine. They were very rude and could not have been passed in any other way.

Detectives allege they have unmistakable evidence that Michael Lascella, who was found dead in a field near Toledo, Ohio, a few months ago, was murdered; that he was a Hungarian nobleman, and that he had been pursued here from his native land by enemies and assassinated.

Clara Fisher, a novice in a convent, who was at her home in Hamburg, Ohio, suffering from typhoid fever, hanged herself.

William Albert, trustee of Jefferson township, Whitley County, Indiana, under arrest on a charge of embezzlement, committed suicide by taking poison.

The Missouri Supreme Court handed down a decision in the case against J. W. Van Wyck, charged with selling a certain Kansas City publication in St. Joseph. The Criminal Court sentenced Van Wyck to two years in the penitentiary, and the higher court now sustains that decision.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cunarder Servia has again broken the record, having completed the run from Daunt's rock in 6 days, 14 hours and 8 minutes. The time from Liverpool to Boston was 7 days, 8 hours and 24 minutes.

It is learned that the Philadelphia and Reading rolling mill will likely be started up Jan. 1, and that Milligan Brothers of New York are to take charge.

The senate of Alabama killed the bill seeking to make it unlawful for any person to make any contract in Alabama providing for payment in gold or any other specified currency than the general legal tender of the country.

The Georgia state senate, by a vote of 21 to 15, has decided that gold contracts in that state are good.

Peacock, Dunwoody & Hough, retail dry goods dealers at Atlanta, Ga., made an assignment to Willis E. Ragan. Liabilities, \$53,000; assets, \$71,000.

The J. E. Owens Drug company of Kansas City, Mo., has failed as a result of the Missouri National bank failure. The bank holds notes of the firm aggregating \$11,250.

Porteous & Mitchell, dry goods dealers at Middletown, Conn., announced that on March 1 the business there will be closed. No cause is given. This company is a branch of the concern having stores in Norwich, Conn., New York state, Michigan and Illinois.

Armstrong & Brother, the oldest firm in Eldorado, Ark., dealers in general supplies, have failed. Liabilities, \$60,000; assets about the same. The stock was sold to Ritchie & Co. and H. P. Smead of Camden. The firm did a large credit business with cotton planters.

W. E. Dupree, dealer in hardware and agricultural implements at Waco, Texas, filed a trust deed, naming J. C. Berkhead trustee. The liabilities will probably amount to nearly \$50,000.

Dupree conducted branch stores at Rosebud, Mount Calm and McGregor, all of which are included in the trust deed. The assets are nominally largely in excess of the liabilities.

Fifteen sawmill owners of the northwest are in Georgia on a tour of inspection of the south in company with members of the Southern Pine company. The object of the visit is to pave the way, if possible, for a combine between the lumber mill owners of this region and those of the west and northwest.

Colonel John R. Fellows, district attorney, and formerly member of congress from New York, is seriously ill with gastritis.

The Minnesota state game warden seized and declared confiscated to the state of Minnesota thirty tons of venison, claimed as being illegally shipped out of the state via the Milwaukee road.

The Pennsylvania Glass Company of Anderson, Ind., has resumed operation. The Victor, Anderson and Union Glass companies also posted notice that they would resume five blasts Dec. 14, after their six months' shut-down.

Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the World's W. C. T. U., has announced that the annual convention of the national and dominion unions will be held the last of October and the last of November, 1897, in the order of mention, the national in either Buffalo or Detroit, and the dominion in Toronto.

Under the direction of Fish Commissioner Brice a large number of Pacific coast salmon are to be planted in eastern waters.

The directors of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad have declared a dividend of 1 per cent on the preferred stock, payable Jan. 15.

Thomas B. Wallace of Kansas City has been appointed receiver of the Missouri National Bank of that city, which recently failed. Mr. Wallace is a prominent attorney of Kansas City.

Morris Peries, hatter, at Dayton, Ohio, assigned. Assets, \$10,000; liabilities the same.

Senator Allison's departure for Washington has been postponed. He is confined to his home with a cold and absence of the ear.

LATEST MARKET REPORTS.

CHICAGO.

Table with market prices for Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Corn, Wheat, Oats, Rye, Eggs, Potatoes, and Butter.

PEORIA.

Table with market prices for Rye, Corn, and Oats.

DETROIT.

Table with market prices for Wheat, Corn, and Oats.

MILWAUKEE.

Table with market prices for Wheat, Corn, and Oats.

TOLEDO.

Table with market prices for Wheat, Corn, and Oats.

ST. LOUIS.

Table with market prices for Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, and Wheat.

NEW YORK.

Table with market prices for Wheat, Corn, and Oats.

KANSAS CITY.

Table with market prices for Cattle, Hogs, and Sheep.

Talmage's Sermon. Employments of Heaven. . . .

Washington, D. C., Dec. 6, 1896. Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day gives a very unusual view of the celestial world, and is one of the most unique discourses of the great preacher. The text is Ezekiel 1: 1: "Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives of the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened."

The question is often silently asked, though perhaps never audibly pronounced, "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the story of eighteen centuries ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kinsfolk. After God has made a nature he never eradicates the chief characteristic of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion.

You have then only by a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition to decide what are the employments of your departed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all earthly dressness and add all earthly goodness, and then you are to come to the conclusion that they are doing now in heaven what in their best moment they did on earth. The reason why so many people never start for heaven is because they could not stand it if they got there if it should turn out to be the rigid and formal place some people photograph it. We like to come to church, but we would not want to stay here till next summer. We like to hear the "Hallelujah Chorus," but we would not want to hear it all the time for fifty centuries. It might be on some great occasion, it would be possibly comfortable to wear a crown of gold weighing several pounds, but it would be an affliction to wear such a crown forever. In other words, we run the descriptions of heaven into the ground while we make that which was intended as especial and celebrative to be the exclusive employment in heaven. You might as well, if asked to describe the habits of American society, describe a Decoration Day, or a Fourth of July, or an autumnal Thanksgiving, as though it were all the time that way.

I am not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must, by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense, conclude that in heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of heaven, but will that abolish employments? No more than love on earth—paternal, filial, fraternal, conjugal love, abolishes earthly occupation.

In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends, who, on earth, found great joy in the fine arts, are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladdest pleasures amid pictures and statuary, and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affluence of faculty at death collapsed and perished? Why so, when there is more for them to look at and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful, and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the rainbows and the spring mornings are woven? Are you so obtuse as to suppose that because the painter drops his easel and the sculptor his chisel, and the engraver his knife, that therefore that taste, which he was enlarging and intensifying for forty or fifty years, is entirely obliterated? These artists, or

these friends of art on earth worked in coarse material and with imperfect brain and with frail hand. Now they have carried their art into larger liberties and into wider circumference. They are at their old business yet, but without the fatigues, without the limitations, without the hindrances of the terrestrial studio. Raphael could improve upon his masterpiece of "Michael the Archangel," now that he has seen him, and could improve upon his masterpiece of the "Holy Trinity," now that he has visited them. Michael Angelo could better present the "Last Judgment" after he had seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering-rams of its thunder. Exquisite colors here, graceful lines here, powerful chiaroscuro here, but I am persuaded that the grander studies and the brighter galleries are higher up, by the winding marble stairs of the sepulchre, and that Turner and Holman Hunt, and Rembrandt, and Titian, and Paul Veronese, if they exercised saving faith in the Christ whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are painting yet, but their strength of faculty multiplied ten thousandfold. Their hand has forgotten its cunning, but the spirit has faculties as far superior to four fingers and a thumb as the supernatural is superior to the human. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand and their brain was that he might give them something more limber, more widely, more skillful, more multipliant. Do not, therefore, be melancholy among the tapestries, and the bric-a-brac, and the embroideries, and the water-colors, and the works of art which your departed friends used to admire. Do not say, "I am so sorry they had to leave all these things." Rather say, "I am glad they have gone up to higher artistic opportunity and appreciation." Our friends who found so much joy in the fine arts on earth are now luxuriating in Louvres and Luxembourgs celestial.

Again, I remark that those of our departed Christian friends, who in this world had very strong military spirit, are now in armies celestial and out in bloodless battle. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in time of peace. They cannot bear a drum or a rifle without trying to keep step to the music. They are Christian, and when they fight, they fight on the right side. Now, when these our Christian friends who had natural and powerful military spirit, entered heaven, they entered the celestial army. The door of heaven scarcely opens but you hear a military demonstration. David cried out, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand." Elisha saw the mountains filled with celestial cavalry. St. John said, "The armies which are in heaven followed him on white horses." Now, when those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified entered glory, I suppose they right away enlisted in some heavenly campaign; they volunteered right away. There must needs be in heaven soldiers with a soldierly spirit. There are grand parade days when the King reviews the troops. There must be armed escort sent out to bring up from earth to heaven those who were more than conquerors. There must be crusades ever being fitted out for some part of God's dominion—battles, bloodless, graceless, painless. Angels of evil to be fought down and fought out. Other rebellious worlds to be conquered. Worlds to be put to the torch. Worlds to be saved. Worlds to be demolished. Worlds to be sunk. Worlds to be hoisted. Beside that in our own world there are battles for the right and against the wrong where we must have the heavenly military. That is what keeps us Christian reformers so buoyant. So few good men against so many bad men, so few churches against so many grog-shops, so many pure printing presses against so many polluted printing presses, and yet we are buoyant and courageous, because while we know that the armies of evil in the world are larger in numbers than the army of truth, there are celestial cohorts in the air fighting on our side. I have not so much faith in the army on the ground as I have in the army in the air. O God, open our eyes that we may see them; the military spirits that went up from earth to join the military spirits before the throne—Joshua and Caleb, and Gideon, and David, and Samson, and the hundreds of Christian warriors who on earth fought with fleshy arm, and now having gone up on high are coming down the hills of heaven ready to fight among the invisibles. Our departed Christian friends, who had the military spirit in them sanctified, are in the celestial army. Whether belonging to the artillery or the cavalry or the infantry, I know not. I only know that they have started out for fleet service, and courageous service, and everlasting service. Perhaps they may come this way to fight on our side, and drive sin, and meanness, and Satan from all our hearts. Yonder they are coming, coming. Did you hear them as they sweep by?

What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now? Exploring yet, but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance. A world in a second. A planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin, no more in disabled Erebus pushing toward the North Pole; Christian De Long no more trying to free blockaded Jeanette from the ice; Christian Livingstone no more, amid African malarial, trying to make revelation of a dark continent, but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was once unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock. The coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving-bell. The mountains unbarred and opened without St. Humphrey Davy's lamp.

What are the historians doing now? Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities—whole millenniums before Xenophon, or Herodotus, or Moses, or Adam was born. History of one world. History of all worlds. What are our departed astronomers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter, and Mars, and Mercury, and Saturn, and Orion, and the Pleiades—overtaking and passing the swiftest comet in their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac Newton is doing? Joseph Henry died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Joseph Henry is doing? They were in discussion, all these astronomers of earth, about what the aurora borealis was, and none of them could guess. They know now; they have been out there to see for themselves.

But what are the men of the law, who in this world found their chief joy in the legal profession, what are they doing now? Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law from the flight of humming-bird to flight of world—law, not dry and hard and drudging, but righteous and magnificent law, before which man and cherub, and seraph, and archangel, and God himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities, and infinity, and eternity, chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand!

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world found their joy in the healing art doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated. Those glorious souls coming down, not in lazy doctor's glib, but with lightning locomotion. You cannot understand why that patient got well after all the skillful doctors had said he must die. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him. Abercrombie, who, after many years doctoring the bodies and the souls of people in Scotland, went up to God in 1844. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him. I should not wonder if my old friend Dr. John Brown, who died in Edinburgh John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," John Brown, who was as humble a Christian as he was a skillful physician and world-renowned author; I should not wonder if he had been back again to see some of his old patients. Those who had their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth, gone up to heaven, are come forth again for benignant medication.

But what are our departed Christian friends who in all departments of usefulness were busy, finding their chief joy in doing good—what are they doing now? Going right on with the work. John Howard visiting dungeons; the dead women of Northern and Southern battlefields still abroad looking for the wounded. George Peabody still watching the poor; Thomas Clarkson still looking after the enslaved—all of those who did good on earth under such death than before. The tombstone not the terminus but the starting-post. What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God, doing now? Studying God yet. No need of revelation now, for unshaken they are face to face. Now they can handle the omnipotent thunderbolts, just as a child handles the sword of a father, come back from victorious battle. They have no sin; no fear, consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation save the revelation of the scars—that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary; the Christ of the awful massacre with its hemorrhage of head, and hand, and foot, and side; the Christ of the shattered maul; the Christ of the sacrifice, the Star, the Son, the Man, the God, the God-man, the man-God. But hark! the bell of the cathedral rings—the cathedral bell of heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshippers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Conqueror. Christ standing in the temple. All heaven gathering around him. Those who loved the beautiful, come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music, come to listen to his voice. Those who were mathematicians, come to count the years of his reign. Those who were explorers, come to discover the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of his love. Those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified, and the military spirit in heaven, come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to look at the Morning Star. The men of the law come to look at him who is the judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at him who was wounded for our transgressions. All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the doxology: "Unto him who washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God; to him be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end." Amen.

To show you that your departed friends are more alive than they ever were, to make you homesick for heaven, to give you an enlarged view of the glories to be revealed, I have preached this sermon.

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But what are our departed Christian friends who in all departments of usefulness were busy, finding their chief joy in doing good—what are they doing now? Going right on with the work. John Howard visiting dungeons; the dead women of Northern and Southern battlefields still abroad looking for the wounded. George Peabody still watching the poor; Thomas Clarkson still looking after the enslaved—all of those who did good on earth under such death than before. The tombstone not the terminus but the starting-post. What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God, doing now? Studying God yet. No need of revelation now, for unshaken they are face to face. Now they can handle the omnipotent thunderbolts, just as a child handles the sword of a father, come back from victorious battle. They have no sin; no fear, consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation save the revelation of the scars—that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary; the Christ of the awful massacre with its hemorrhage of head, and hand, and foot, and side; the Christ of the shattered maul; the Christ of the sacrifice, the Star, the Son, the Man, the God, the God-man, the man-God. But hark! the bell of the cathedral rings—the cathedral bell of heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshippers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Conqueror. Christ standing in the temple. All heaven gathering around him. Those who loved the beautiful, come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music, come to listen to his voice. Those who were mathematicians, come to count the years of his reign. Those who were explorers, come to discover the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of his love. Those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified, and the military spirit in heaven, come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to look at the Morning Star. The men of the law come to look at him who is the judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at him who was wounded for our transgressions. All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the doxology: "Unto him who washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God; to him be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end." Amen.

To show you that your departed friends are more alive than they ever were, to make you homesick for heaven, to give you an enlarged view of the glories to be revealed, I have preached this sermon.

What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now? Exploring yet, but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance. A world in a second. A planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin, no more in disabled Erebus pushing toward the North Pole; Christian De Long no more trying to free blockaded Jeanette from the ice; Christian Livingstone no more, amid African malarial, trying to make revelation of a dark continent, but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was once unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock. The coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving-bell. The mountains unbarred and opened without St. Humphrey Davy's lamp.

What are the historians doing now? Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities—whole millenniums before Xenophon, or Herodotus, or Moses, or Adam was born. History of one world. History of all worlds. What are our departed astronomers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter, and Mars, and Mercury, and Saturn, and Orion, and the Pleiades—overtaking and passing the swiftest comet in their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac Newton is doing? Joseph Henry died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Joseph Henry is doing? They were in discussion, all these astronomers of earth, about what the aurora borealis was, and none of them could guess. They know now; they have been out there to see for themselves.

But what are the men of the law, who in this world found their chief joy in the legal profession, what are they doing now? Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law from the flight of humming-bird to flight of world—law, not dry and hard and drudging, but righteous and magnificent law, before which man and cherub, and seraph, and archangel, and God himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities, and infinity, and eternity, chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand!

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world found their joy in the healing art doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated. Those glorious souls coming