

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE BETTER ONE IS THE MORE HE IS HATED

By the Vice-Creatures Who Haunt the Abodes of Men—Text: "I Was the Song of the Drunkards"—Psalm 69:15.

Who said that? Was it David or was it Christ? It was both. These Messianic Psalms are like a telescope. Pull the instrument to a certain range, and it shows you an object near by. Pull it to another range, and it will show you objects far away. David and Christ were both, each in his own time, the song of the drunkards. Holiness of doctrine and life always did excite wicked merriment. Although David had fully reformed and written a psalmbody in which all subsequent ages have sobbed out their penitence, his enemies preferred to fetch up his old career, and put into metric measures sins long before forgiven. Christ, who committed no sin, was still more the subject of unholiness, because the better one is, the more iniquity hates him. Of the best Being whose voice ever moved the air or whose foot ever touched the earth it might be said: The byword of the passing throng. The ruler's scoff, the drunkard's song.

The earth fitted up for the human race, in congratulation the morning stars sang a song. The Israelitish "army safe on the bank of the Red Sea and the Egyptians clear under the returned water, Moses sang a song. One of the most important parts of this great old Book is Solomon's song. At the birth of our Lord the Virgin Mary and old Simeon and angelic primadonnas in hovering clouds sang a song. What enrichment has been given to the world's literature and enjoyment by the ballads, the canticles, the discants, the lyrics, the roundelays, the epics, the lullies, the dithyrambs. But my text calls attention to a style of song that I think has never been discoursed upon. You sometimes hear this style of music when passing a saloon, or a residence in which dissipation is ascendant, or after you have retired at night you hear it coming out of the street from those who, having tarried long at their cups, are on their way home—the ballad of the inebriate, the serenade of the alcoholized, or what my text calls the Song of the Drunkards.

For practical and saving and warning and Christian purposes I will announce to you the characteristics of that well-known cadence mentioned in my text. First I remark that the Song of the Drunkards is an old song. Much of the music of the world and of the church is old music. First came the music of percussion, the clapping cymbal, which was suggested by a hammer on an anvil, and then the sighing of the wind across the reeds suggested the flute, and then the strained sinews of the tortoise across its shell suggested the harp. But far back of that, and nearly back as far as the moral collapse of our first parentage is the Song of the Drunkards. That tune was sung at least four thousand two hundred and forty-three years ago, when, the deluge past, Noah came out of the ark, and as if disgusted with too much prevalence of water, he took to strong drink and staggered forth, for all ages the first known drunkard. He sounded the first note of the old music of inebriety. An Arab author of A. D. 1310, wrote: "Noah, being come out of the ark, ordered each of his sons to build a house. Afterwards they were occupied in sowing and in planting trees, the pippins and fruits of which they found in the ark. The vine alone was wanting, and they could not discover it. Gabriel then informed them that the devil had desired it, and indeed had some right to it. Heronon Noah summoned him to appear in the field, and said to him, 'O accursed! Why hast thou carried away the vine from me?' 'Because,' replied the devil, 'it belonged to me.' 'Shall I part it for you?' said Gabriel. 'I consent,' said Noah, 'and will leave him a fourth.' 'That is not sufficient for him,' said Gabriel. 'Well, I will take half,' replied Noah, 'and he shall take the other.' 'That is not sufficient yet,' responded Gabriel. 'He must have two-thirds and thou one, and when thy wine shall have boiled on the fire one-third shall be assigned for thy use.' A fable that illustrates how the vine has been misappropriated.

Benedad and thirty-two allied kings, rioting in a pavilion, took up the same bacchanal. Nabal was rendering that drunkard's song when his wife, beautiful Abigail, came back from her expedition to save her husband. Herod was singing that song when the daughter of Herodias wheeled in the dance before him. Belshazzar and a thousand lords renewed that song the night the handwriting came out on the plastering of the wall and the tramp of the besieging host was heard on the palace stairs. Ahasuerus sang that song when, after seven days of carousal, he ordered Vanthi to come into the presence of the roaring guests without her veil on—a January storm trying to command a June morning. Oh, yes! The song of the drunkards is an old song. Kink Cyrus boasted that he could drink more wine than his brother. Drunkenness was so rife among the Lacedaemonians that Lycurgus had all the vines of the vineyards destroyed. Paul excommunicates the Corinthians for turning the communion of the Lord's supper at church into a carousal. Isaiah mentions the drunkards of Ephraim. So much were the Athenians given to wassail that a law was passed giving a man double punishment for crime while intoxicated, the first punishment for the crime, and the other for the intoxication. It was a

quet and struck a spear through the heart of Chitus while putting up the curtains, and horrified at what was done, withdrew the sword from the dead body and attempted to take his own life. In the time of Oliver Cromwell the evil was so great that offenders were compelled to wear what was called "the drunkard's cloak," namely, a barrel with one end of it knocked out and a hole in the opposite end, the arms thrust through holes at the sides of the barrel. Samuel Johnson made merry of his own inebriety. Oh, this old song! All the centuries have joined in. Among the first songs ever sung was the Song of the Drunkards.

Again, this Song of the Drunkards is an expensive song. The Sonnets and the Parepa Rosas and Nilssons and the other renderers of elevated and divine solos received their thousands of dollars per night in coliseums and academies of music. Some of the people of small means almost pauperized themselves that they might sit a few evenings under the enchantment of these angels of sweet sounds. I paid seven dollars to hear Jenny Lind sing when it was not easy to afford the seven dollars. Very expensive is such music, but the costliest song on earth is the drunkard's song. It costs ruin of body. It costs ruin of mind. It costs ruin of soul. Go right down among the residential streets of any city and you can find once beautiful and luxurious homesteads that were expended in this destructive music. The lights have gone out in the drawing-room, the pianos have ceased the pulsation of their keys, the wardrobe has lost the last article of appropriate attire. The Belshazzarean feast has left nothing but the broken pieces of the crushed chalice. There it stands, the ghastliest thing on earth, the remnant of a drunkard's home. The costliest thing on earth is sin. The most expensive of all music is the Song of the Drunkards. It is the highest tariff of nations—not a protective tariff, but a tariff of doom, a tariff of woe, a tariff of death. This evil whets the knives of the assassins, cuts the most of the wounds of the hospital, makes necessary most of the almshouses, causes the most of the ravings of the insane asylum and puts up most of the iron bars of the penitentiaries. It has its hand to-day on the throat of the American republic. It is the taskmaster of nations, and the human race crouches under its anathema. The Song of the Drunkards has for its accompaniment the clank of chains, the chattering teeth of poverty, the rattle of executioner's scaffold, the crash of shipwrecks, and the groan of empires. The two billion twenty million dollars which rum costs the country in a year in the destruction of grain and sugar and the supporting of the paupers and the criminals which strong drink causes is only a small part of what is paid for this expensive Song of the Drunkards.

Again, this Song of the Drunkards is a multitudinous song—not a solo, not a duet, not a quartette, not a sextette; but millions on millions are this hour singing it. Do not think that alcoholism has this field all to itself. It has powerful rivals in the intoxicants of other nations; hasheeb, and arrack, and pulque, and opium, and quavo, and mastic, and wedro. Every nation, barbaric as well as civilized, has its pet intoxicant. This Song of the Drunkards is rendered in Chinese, Hindoo, Arabian, Persian, Mexican—yes, all the languages. All zones join it. No canton would be large enough for the choir gallery if all those who have this libretto in their hands should stand side by side to chant the international chorus. Other throngs are just learning the eight notes of this dreadful music which is already mastered by the orchestras in full voice under the batons in full swing. All the musicians assembled at Dusseldorf, or Berlin, or Boston Peace Jubilee, rendering symphonies, requiems, or grand marches of Meadelssohn or Wagner or Chopin or Handel, were insignificant in numbers as compared with the innumerable throngs, host beside host, gallery above gallery, who are now pouring forth the Song of the Drunkards.

Again, the Song of the Drunkards is a suggestive song. You hear a nursery refrain, and right away you think of your childhood home, and brothers and sisters with whom you played, and mother, long since gone to rest. You hear a national air, and you think of the encampment of 1863, and the still night on the river bank, and the campfires that shook their reflections up and down the faces of the regiment. You hear an old church tune, and you are reminded of the revival scenes amid which you were brought to God. Nothing so brings up associations as a song sung or played upon instrument, and the Drunkards' Song is full of suggestion. As you hear it on the street quite late some night, you begin to say to yourself, "I wonder if he has a mother? Is his wife waiting for him? Will his children be frightened when he enters the front door and staggers, whooping, up the stairs? What chance is there for that young man, started so early on the down grade? In what business will he succeed? How long before that man will run through his property? I wonder how he got so far astray? Can any influence be wielded to fetch him back? He must have got into bad company who led him off." So you soliloquize and guess about this man whose voice you hear on the street under the starlight.

Furthermore, the last characteristic of the Drunkards' Song is so tremendous that I can hardly bring myself to mention it. The Drunkards' Song is a continuous song. Once start that tune and you keep it up. You have known a hundred men destroyed of strong drink. You cannot mention five who got fully started on that road and stopped. The grace of God can do anything, but it does not do everything. Millions are under its power.

ery Mission saves some. The Central Mission saves some. But one hundred thousand who are annually slain by strong drink are not saved at all. I have been at a concert which went on for two hours and a half, and many people got up and left because it was too long; but 95 per cent of those who are singing the Drunkards' Song will to the last breath of their lungs and to the last beat of their hearts keep on rendering it, and the galleries of earth and heaven and hell will stay filled with the astounded spectators. It is such a continuous and prolonged song that one feels like making the prayer which a reformed inebriate once made: "Almighty God! If it be thy will that man should suffer, whatever seemeth good in thy sight impose upon me. Let the bread of affliction be given me to eat. Take from me the friends of my confidence. Let the cold hut of poverty be my dwelling-place and the wasting hand of disease inflict its painful torments. Let me sow in the whirlwind and reap in the storm. Let those have me in derision who are younger than I. Let the passing away of my welfare be like the fleeting of a cloud and the shouts of my enemies like the rushing of waters. When I anticipate good, let evil annoy me. When I look for light, let darkness come upon me. Let the terrors of death be ever before me. Do all this, but save me, merciful God! Save me from the fate of a drunkard. Amen."

You see this sermon is not so much for cure as for prevention. Stop before you start, if you will forgive the solecism. The clock of St. Paul's cathedral struck thirteen one midnight, and so saved the life of a sentinel. The soldier was arrested and tried for falling asleep at his post one midnight; but he declared that he was awake at midnight, and in proof that he was awake he said that he had heard the unusual occurrence of the clock striking thirteen instead of twelve. He was laughed to scorn and sentenced to death; but three or four persons, hearing of the case, came up in time to swear that they, too, heard the clock strike thirteen that same midnight, and so the man's life was spared. My hearer, if you go on and thoroughly learn the Drunkards' Song, perhaps in the deep midnight of your soul there may sound something that will yet effect your moral and eternal rescue. But it is a risky "perhaps." It is exceptional. Go ahead on that wrong road and the clock will more probably strike the twelve that closes your day of opportunity, than that it will strike thirteen, the sound of your deliverance.

A few Sabbaths ago, on the steps of this church, a man whom I had known in other years confronted me. At the first glance, I saw that he was in the fifth and last act of the tragedy of intemperance. Splendid even in his ruin. The same brilliant eye, and the same courtly manners, and the remains of the same intellectual endowments but a wreck. I had seen that craft when it ploughed the waters, all sails set and running by true compass; wife, and children, and friends on board, himself commanding in a voyage that he expected would be glorious, putting into prosperous harbors of earth and at last putting into the harbor of heaven. But now a wreck, towed along by low appetites, that ever and anon run him into the breakers—a wreck of body, a wreck of mind, a wreck of soul. "Where is your wife?" "I do not know." "Where are your children?" "I do not know." "Where is your God?" "I do not know." That man is coming to the last verse of that long cantata, that protracted threnody, that terrific Song of the Drunkards.

But if these words should come—for you know the largest audience I reach I never see at all—I say if these words should come, though at the ends of the earth, to any fallen man, let me say to him: Be the exception to the general rule, and turn and live, while I recall to you a scene in England, where some one said to an inebriate, as he was going out of church where there was a great awakening, "Why don't you sign the pledge?" He answered, "I have signed it twenty times, and will never sign it again." "Why, then," said the gentleman talking to him, "don't you go up and kneel at that altar, amid those other penitents?" He took the advice and went and knelt. After awhile a little girl in rags and soaked with the rain looked in the church door and some one said, "What are you doing here, little girl?" She said, "Please sir, I heard as my father is here. Why, that is my father up there, kneeling now." She went up and put her arms around her father's neck, and said, "Father, what are you doing here?" and he said, "I am asking God to forgive me." Said she, "If he forgives you will we be happy again?" "Yes, my dear." "Will we have enough to eat again?" "Yes, my dear." "And will you never strike us again?" "No, my child." "Wait here," said she, "till I go and call mother." And some the child came with the mother, and the mother, kneeling beside her husband, said, "Save me, too! Save me, too!" And the Lord heard the prayers at that altar, and one of the happiest homes in England is the home over which that father and mother now lovingly preside. So, if in this sermon I have warned others against a dissipated life, with the fact that so few return after they have once gone astray, for the encouragement of those who would like to return, I tell you God wants you to come back, every one of you, and to come back now, and more tenderly and lovingly than any mother ever lifted a sick child out of a cradle, and folded it in her arms, and crooned over it a lullaby, and rocked it to and fro, the Lord will take you up and fold you in the arms of his pardoning love.

There's a witness in God's mercy, Like the witness of the sea, There's a witness in his justice, Like the witness of the sky.

OUR SPRINGFIELD LETTER.

Springfield, Ill., Jan. 10.—The Legislature is now in good working order and the second week of the session may see some more or less worthy legislation enacted. Reform is in the air. Every member seems anxious to do something in the way of reform and each is anxiously waiting for his chance to be heard in behalf of his measure. It is not likely, however, that every member will quit the capital next June fully satisfied with his services. They never do.

But it is not the purpose of this first letter to discuss the measures that are to come up for legislative action, but to take a retrospective glance at the men who have, in the past, represented constituencies on the floor of the Senate and House.

The legislative history of Illinois, so far as it is purely personal to the prominence of the members, can be divided into two eras—the first prior to the Twenty-seventh General Assembly, and the second subsequent thereto.

Lincoln and Logan Era. During the first era a seat in either house of the Illinois Legislature was looked upon as a mere stepping stone to future preferment. Among the names of those belonging to the first era, the most prominent, of course, stands that of Abraham Lincoln. And it is but repeating history to say that to his membership in the Legislature of Illinois he was chiefly indebted for the foundation upon which was built all the greatness of subsequent years. Here, for the first time, an opportunity was given for the development of that great ability and wonderful tact which enabled him to control men and bend them to his will. His leadership in the fight for the removal of the capitol from Vandalia to Springfield stands out prominently in the state's history as the greatest legislative achievement.

Another man whose later career added lustre to the history of the state and whose political life began in the Legislature, was John A. Logan, who first took his seat in the House of Representatives on the 5th of January, 1857. In the same session, for the first time, appeared Senator Shelby M. Cullom, who has since been elected to the Legislature four times, serving twice as speaker, to Congress three times, governor twice, and United States senator three times—enjoying an official record covering more years than that of any other citizen of the state. At the session of 1853 Senator John M. Palmer appeared for the first time in public life. January 1, 1855, William R. Morrison first appeared, serving two subsequent terms, one as speaker, and leaving the Legislature to enter the army, but again becoming a member in 1871.

The Fifteenth and Sixteenth General Assemblies contained a galaxy of bright men, who afterwards became prominently identified with the history of the state. In the Fifteenth were found Charles H. Canby, Joseph Gilliespie, John S. Bailey, Stephen T. Logan, Josiah McRoberts, Samuel S. Marshall and William H. Underwood, each of whom afterwards served with distinction on the circuit bench. Also, in the same session, appeared Joel A. Matteson, afterwards governor of the state; John Dougherty, elected lieutenant governor with Governor Palmer in 1868; Newton Cloud, who presided over the constitutional convention of 1847; Samuel S. Hayes and Norman B. Judd, subsequently very prominent citizens of Chicago; Usher F. Linder, and Peter Sweat, for years leaders of the bar in the state.

In the Sixteenth General Assembly appeared for the first time Richard Yates, the great war governor of Illinois; Onias C. Skinner, for years a judge of the Supreme Court; O. M. Hatch, elected secretary of state in 1856-60; I. N. Haynie, afterwards adjutant general of the state; William Kellogg, who afterwards was a prominent member of Congress. In the same session for the first time appeared Stuart C. B. Denio, Francis C. Sherman and Edward Y. Rice, the latter subsequently serving as a circuit judge and also as congressman.

Blodgett, William C. Goudy, General William B. Anderson, Judge Cyrus Epler and Elijah M. Haines each began his official life in this session.

In Oglesby's Time. In the Twenty-second Assembly Governor Dick Oglesby began a career which, in some respects, is unprecedented in the history of the state, he being the only man ever elected the third time as governor. John Schofield, twenty years on the Supreme Court bench, was a member of this session, as also were Aaron Shaw, Horatio M. Vandever, Albert G. Burr, Franklin Blades and Arthur A. Smith, each of whom subsequently served on the circuit bench, as well as Lawrence Weldon, now a member of the Court of Claims in Washington.

In the Twenty-third General Assembly Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller was a distinguished member, as also were Chauncey L. Conger, and Simeon P. Shope, both subsequently serving as circuit judges, and the latter also as a Supreme Court judge. Scott Wike, assistant treasurer of the United States, and who has served three terms in Congress, was also a member of this session.

The Twenty-fifth General Assembly furnished a circuit and a supreme judge in the person of Joseph M. Baley, and four future congressmen in the persons of Greenbury L. Fort, Thomas A. Boyd, Jasper D. Ward and Robert M. Knapp.

The Twenty-sixth General Assembly furnished only one man who achieved the distinction of subsequent promotion—General John McNulta, who was elected to Congress in 1872.

Prior to 1847 but few men who afterwards became prominent in the history of the state were members of the Legislature. The reason, no doubt, can be found in the fact that the old colonial habit of going to the legal fraternity for congressmen as well as judges obtained. During this period, however, John Reynolds, Joseph Duncan, William L. Ewing, Augustus C. French and William H. Bissell, each of whom served in the state as governor, were members of the Legislature. Also James Semple, afterwards judge of the Supreme Court; Orville H. Browning, secretary of the Interior in Lincoln's cabinet and United States senator; Alexander Starne, state treasurer; General John A. McClelland and Lewis W. Ross, members of Congress.

New Era at the Capital. The era beginning with the present constitution has failed to turn out from the Legislature any such galaxy of judges, congressmen and other prominent officials as the prior era. Joseph W. Fifer, John M. Hamilton, each of whom has served as governor, and John R. Tanner, each have served in the Legislature under the present constitution; Isaac N. Pearson and Henry D. Dement, who each served as secretary of state, also served in the Legislature since 1871. George Hunt served two terms as attorney general, and David Gore one term as auditor of public accounts, and each served a term in the senate; Joseph N. Carter, of the supreme bench, served one term in the house. The following gentlemen, who served in the Legislature since 1870, have since served on the circuit bench; George W. Herdman, Loren C. Collins, James Shaw, Jacob Fouke, Thomas M. Shaw, A. K. Vickers, R. W. McCarty, A. S. Wilderman, John D. Crabtree and Clark W. Upton. The following have been elected to Congress after having served in the Legislature since 1871: William H. Neece, George E. White, George W. Prince, James A. Connolly, W. F. L. Hadley, James R. Campbell and Andrew J. Hunter.

Of the men who now occupy seats in the Legislature, a large number expect to represent their districts in Congress or their circuits on the bench. I commend to them the official fate of their predecessors under the present constitution, and suggest that the time seems to have gone by when the Illinois Legislature is the nursery for either congressmen, senators or judges.

THE TRADE REPORT.

YEAR 1897 BEGINS PROMISINGLY.

Enclosed herewith, for the benefit of our subscribers, we have prepared a report on the West and the Trade in 1897.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly trade report says: "The year 1897 begins with one advantage—the last year has averaged one of the way a great number of business concerns which in any time of activity would have been dangerous to business. Of the 15,296 commercial and banking failures in 1896, with liabilities of \$276,815,749, a large share represented crippling losses. In previous years, or the violence of speculative storms in 1895 or the first half of 1896, while thousands more resulted from the fury of the political tornado last fall, banking failures amounted to \$20,718,815 during the year averaged \$18,166 each, and were 145 per cent larger than in 1895.

"The commercial failures amounted to \$226,096,834, a little over \$1,000,000 having been added by the last day of the year, but the average of liabilities, \$14,992, was smaller than in some years of great prosperity.

"The failures of brokerage and other commercial concerns averaged \$58,433 each and increased 153 per cent over 1896; manufacturing failures averaged \$28,898 each and increased 34 per cent; trading failures increased 18 per cent and averaged only \$9,606 each.

"Over four-fifths of the increase in manufacturing and trading failures was in: Lumber and manufacturing, which was 170 per cent; dry goods, 50; woolen manufacturing, 161; clothing trade, 20; shoe trade, 87; leather and shoe manufactures, 167; grocery trade, 53; machinery, 70; milling, 117; furniture, 90, and printing, 97 per cent. In ten other branches the increase was moderate in amount, and in five, with the unclassified manufacturing and trading failures, the liabilities were smaller than in 1896.

"While banking failures have not ceased in the west, apprehension about them has almost wholly subsided, and no serious influence upon general trade is now expected. Many sound concerns were doubtless caught by the epidemic, but practically all the important failures are traced to a disregard of law and of banking sense.

"It is felt in the west that all business will be the sounder after its purging. The return of money to New York has exceeded shipments to the interior by \$2,000,000 for the week. "Wheat rose to 92 cents on Monday, but has declined again to 89.25 cents. The western receipts were 1,000,000 bushels smaller than last year, while the Atlantic exports, for the week, were 2,037,900 bushels, against 950 last year. The trade accounts indicate a great quantity in the farmers' hands, enough to permit more than 100,000,000 bushels to be exported in the remaining six months.

"Cotton started up a shade, but the receipts from the plantations are still too large for low estimates, and the condition of the cotton mills threatens a curtailment rather than a large consumption.

"The prices of wool are a shade lower. In woolen goods the only change is a reduction of 7 1/2 cents in dyes worsted and mixtures, and orders are not frequent.

"The orders for boots and shoes have almost ceased, except for a few qualities, which have been advanced only 2 1/2 to 5 cents in price, but皮鞋 are buying a little more as stocks run low. Leather is stiff and hides a shade stronger.

"The aggregate of the gross earnings of all the railroads in the United States reported for December, or a part of the month, is \$36,437,085, a decrease of 20 per cent, compared with last year, and 8.5 per cent compared with the corresponding time in 1892. Compared with 1892, the roads reporting for the month show reduced earnings, the greatest loss being on grangers and other western roads. As a whole, the returns so far made for December compare much more favorably with preceding years than the first complete report for November."

HONOR JACKSON'S MEMORY. Illinois Silver Democrats Attend a Banquet. Silver democrats gathered at the Tremont house, Chicago, Thursday evening from many far places for a midnight mass in honor of Andrew Jackson. The banquet was attended by every prominent silver democrat in the state.

A PORTABLE HOSPITAL.

Sample Structure Sent to Havana by a United States Company. A Pennsylvania iron and steel company has sent to New York for shipment to Havana a sample of a portable steel structure, a number of which it is proposed to use by the Spanish troops on the Cuban battlefields for hospital purposes, says the St. Louis Republic. The steel company received the order for the sample from the Spanish ambassador. The building is constructed entirely of light steel beams, channels and angles, with corrugated iron covering on roof and sides. It is bolted together and may be taken apart easily and transferred from one scene of operation to another. The building is thirty-five feet long, twenty feet wide and fifteen feet high under the eaves. The doors and windows are made of wood. There are four large windows on either side of the building. About forty patients can be cared for in each structure.

Contention and disputation are not the mark of either a great mind or a calm, sweet spirit. The thinker quietly does his best to make his meaning clear, but if there is still lack of perception on the part of his hearers he simply waits for that justification which time is sure to bring.—James H. Hodge.

H. H. Coffinbury, director in the Trenton bank at Butler, Ind., and president, has been indicated for election with ex-Treasurer F. H. Hodge, claiming that he gave some \$10,000 which the bank had lost, and was a member of the board of directors.