

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SELLS OF DAVID'S PASSAGE OVER THE JORDAN.

From an Almost Unnoticed Incident of Olden Time Are Drawn Lessons of Comfort and Hopefulness to All God's Children.

Copyright, 1900, Louis Klopsch, N. Y. Washington, Dec. 9.—From an unnoticed incident of olden time Dr. Talmage in this discourse draws some comfortable and rapturous lessons. The text is II. Samuel xix., 18, "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household."

Which of the crowd is the king? That short man, sunburnt and in fatigue dress. It is David, the exiled king. He has defeated his enemies and is now going home to resume his palace. Good! I always like to see David come out ahead. But between him and his home there is the celebrated river Jordan which has to be passed. The king is accompanied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of 80 years, Barzillai by name, who owned a fine country seat at Rogelim. Besides that, David has his family with him. But how shall they get across the river? While they are standing there I see a ferryboat coming from the other side, and as it cuts through the water I see the faces of David and his household brighten up at the thought of so soon getting home. No sooner has the ferryboat struck the shore than David and his family and his old friend Barzillai from Rogelim get on board the boat. Either with splashing oars at the side or with one oar sculling at the stern of the boat they leave the eastern bank of the Jordan and start for the western bank.

That western bank is black with crowds of people, who are waving and shouting at the approach of the king and his family. The military are all out. Some of those who have been David's worst enemies now shout until they are hoarse at his return. No sooner has the boat struck the shore on the western side than the earth quakes and the heavens ring with cheers of welcome and congratulation. David and his family and Barzillai from Rogelim step ashore. King David asks his old friend to go with him and live at the palace, but Barzillai apologizes and intimates that he is infirm with age and too deaf to appreciate the music, and has a delicate appetite that would soon be cloyed with luxurious living, and so he begs that David would let him go back to his country seat.

Duties of Excitement. I once heard the father of a president of the United States say that he had just been to Washington to see his son in the White House, and he told me of the wonderful things that occurred there and of what Daniel Webster said to him, but he declared: "I was glad to get home. There was too much going on there for me." My father, an aged man, made his last visit at my house in Philadelphia, and after the church service was over, and we went home, some one in the house asked the aged man how he enjoyed the service. "Well," he replied, "I enjoyed the service, but there were too many people there for me. It troubled my head very much." The fact is that old people do not like excitement. If King David had asked Barzillai thirty years before to go to the palace, the probability is that Barzillai would have gone, but not now. They kiss each other good-by, a custom among men Oriental, but in vogue yet where two brothers part or an aged father and a son go away from each other never to meet again. No wonder that their lips met as King David and old Barzillai, at the prow of the ferryboat, parted forever.

An Unstable Craft. Every day I find people trying to extemporize a way from earth to heaven. They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, shoving it from the shore, and poor, deluded souls get on board that raft, and they go down. The fact is that skepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die. I invite all the ship carpenters of worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross that river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Bolingbroke shall lift the stanchions, and Tyndall shall shape the bowsprit, and Spinoza shall make the masting and rigging, and Renan shall go to tacking and wearing and boxing the ship. All together in 10,000 years they will never be able to make a boat that can cross this Jordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Blount and Shaftesbury lost their souls? It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they made of dying? Diodorus died of mortification because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner. Zeno, the philosopher, died of mirth, laughing at a caricature of an aged woman, a caricature made by his own hand, while another of their company and of their kind died saying, "Must I leave all these beautiful pictures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last moments and be shaved and painted and roged. Of all the unbelievers of all ages not one died well. Some of them sneaked out of life, some wept themselves away in darkness, some blasphemed and raved and tore their bedcovers to tatters. This is the way worldly philosophy helps a man to die.

Word from the Other Shore. Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other side! Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore, where they are this morn-

ing from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore; pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles from the other shore; Jesus Christ from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and from a foreign shore I see the ferryboat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Savior's suffering; but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. That boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it in his expiring moment, saying: "He has come! He has come! My Beloved is mine, and I am his." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried: "Open the gates! Open the gates!" I bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across, so, when we are about to die, the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that starts from this side.

The Boat's Companions. Now, I want to break up a delusion in your mind, and that is this: "When our friends go out from this world, we feel sorry for them because they have to go alone; and parents hold on to the hands of their children who are dying and hold on to something of the impression that the moment they let go the little one will be in the darkness and in the boat all alone." "Oh," the parent says, "if I could only go with my child, I would be willing to die half a dozen times. I am afraid she will be lost in the woods or in the darkness; I am afraid she will be very much frightened in the boat all alone." I break up the delusion. When a soul goes to heaven, it does not go alone; the King is on board the boat. Was Paul alone in the last extremity? Hear the shout of the sacred missionary as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Was John Wesley alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say, "Best of all, God is with us." Was Sir William Forbes alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say to his friends, "Tell all the people who are coming down to the bed of death from my experience it has no terrors." "Oh," says a great many people, "that does very well for distinguished Christians, but for me, a common man, for me, a common woman, we can't expect that guidance and help." If I should give you a passage of Scripture that would promise to you positively when you are crossing the river to the next world the King would be in the boat would you believe the promise? "Oh, yes," you say, "I would." Here is the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Christ at the sick pillow to take the soul out of the body; Christ to help the soul down the bank into the boat; Christ midstream; Christ on the other side to help the soul up the beach, be comforted about your departed friends. Be comforted about your own demise when the time shall come. Tell it to all the people under the sun that no Christian ever dies alone; the King is in the boat.

The Ferry to Heaven. Again, my text suggests that leaving the world for heaven is only crossing a ferry. Dr. Shaw estimates the average width of the Jordan to be about 30 yards. What, so narrow? Yes. "There went over a ferryboat to carry the king's household." Yes, going to heaven is only a short trip—only a ferry. It may be 80 miles—that is, 80 years—before we get to the wet bank on the other side, but the crossing is short. I will tell you the whole secret. It is not five minutes across, nor three, nor two, nor one minute. It is an instantaneous transportation. People talk as though, leaving this life, the Christian went plunging and floundering and swimming, to crawl up exhausted on the other shore, and to be pulled out of the pelting surf as by a Ramsgate life-boat. No such thing. It is only a ferry. It is so narrow that we can hail each other from bank to bank. It is only four arms' lengths across. The arm of earthly farewell put out from this side, the arm of heavenly welcome out from the other side, while the dying Christian, standing midstream, stretches out his two arms, the one to take the farewell of earth, and the other to take the greeting of heaven. That makes four arms' lengths across the river.

Welcome at the Landing. Again, my subject teaches that when we cross over at the last we shall be met at the landing. When David and his family went over in the ferryboat spoken of in the text, they landed amid a nation that had come out to greet them. As they stepped from the deck of the boat to the shore there were thousands of people who gathered around them to express a satisfaction that was beyond description. And so you and I will be met at the landing. Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among friends, good friends, those who are warm hearted friends, and all their friends. We know people whom we have never seen by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if we had seen them. And do you not suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been talking about us all these years, and talking to their friends? So that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. Your departed friends love you now more than they ever did. You will be

surprised at the last to find how they know about all the affairs of your life.

Meeting on the Other Shore. There was romance as well as Christian beauty in the life of Dr. Addison Judson, the Baptist missionary, when he concluded to part from his wife, she to come to America to restore her health, he to go back to Burmah to preach the gospel. They had started from Burmah for the United States together, but, getting near St. Helena, Mrs. Judson was so much better she said: "Well, now I can get home very easily. You go back to Burmah and preach the gospel to those poor people. I am almost well. I shall soon be well, and then I will return to you." After she had made that resolution, terrific in its grief, willing to give up her husband for Christ's sake, she sat down in her room and with trembling hand wrote some eight or ten verses, four of which I will now give you:

"We part on this green isle, love— Thou for the eastern main; I for the setting sun, love; Oh, when to meet again!

"When we kneel to see our Henry die And heard his last faint moan, Each wiped away the other's tears; Now each must weep alone.

"And who can paint our mutual joy When, all our wandering o'er, We both shall clasp our infants three At home on Burmah's shore?

"But higher shall our raptures glow On yon celestial plain When loved and parted here below Meet ne'er to part again."

She folded that manuscript, a relapse of her disease came on, and she died. Dr. Judson says he put her away for the resurrection on the isle of St. Helena. They had thought to part for a year or two. Now they parted forever, so far as this world is concerned. And he says he hastened on board after the funeral with his little children to start for Burmah, for the vessel had already lifted her sails. And he says, "I sat down for some time in my cabin, my little children around me crying, 'Mother, mother!' And I abandoned myself to heartbreaking grief. But one day the thought came across me as my faith stretched her wing that we should meet again in heaven, and I was comforted."

Was it, my friends, all a delusion? When he died, did she meet him at the landing? When she died, did the scores of souls whom she had brought to Christ and who had preceded her to heaven meet her at the landing? I believe it, I know it. Oh, glorious consolation, that when our poor work on earth is done and we cross the river we shall be met at the landing!

But there is a thought that comes over me like an electric shock. Do I belong to the King's household? Mark you, the text says, "And there went over the ferryboat to carry over the king's household," and none but the king's household. Then I ask, "Do I belong to the household? Do you?" If you do not, come today and be adopted into that household. "Oh," says some soul here, "I do not know whether the King wants me!" He does; he does. Hear the voice from the throne, "I will be a father to them, and they shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Him that cometh unto me," Christ says, "I will in nowise cast out." Come into the King's household. Sit down at the King's table. Come in and take your apparel from the King's wardrobe, even the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness. Come in and inherit the King's wealth. Come in and cross in the King's ferryboat.

RUSSIAN LANGUAGE. More Valuable to Acquire Than Any Other Continental Tongue.

When every progressive young German is doing his utmost to acquire a thorough knowledge of some other language than his own it seems a waste of time for the Englishman to learn German with an idea to making money. Instead, he should learn Russian. Russian is not the official language, but the actual medium of communication throughout an empire that extends from the Baltic to the Yellow sea. Years ago on the Moscow exchange one might transact business as rapidly in German as in Russian; now the native merchants, even those who know German, require some special inducement to speak it, and in the hurry of business turn aside impatiently from any one who addresses them in any other tongue than that they themselves habitually use. In the near future a knowledge of Russian will be worth more to the mere commercial than any two continental languages, for Russia is making gigantic strides in all industries, says Pearson's Weekly. As a recent visitor aptly describes it, "Russia is a new America." To a young man who adds to a knowledge of Russian practical experience in any staple industry, Russia offers a promising career. Mere theoretical knowledge is not enough; this is taught, and well taught, in the special universities; St. Petersburg alone turns out some hundreds of efficient "technicians" every year. Practical work in any of the textile, engineering, or the chemical industries is not so readily obtainable in Russia, and a capable Englishman is sure of an engagement at a wage double or triple that he would receive at home.

Children Are Polygamists. Otriches are polygamists, one male having several wives. The females in each family lay their eggs in one nest, and go off sporting while the male remains at the nest to do the hatching.

YOUNG REFORMERS.

CHINA'S HOPE LIES IN NEW GENERATION.

Reform Must Come—Such Men as Wu Ting-Fang Can Bring About New State of Affairs in the Ancient Empire.

"Some have a tendency to say that the present troubles in China arose out of the missionary question. This is an extremely narrow view, and it indicates that the one who holds it knows nothing back of what has occurred during the past year. The present troubles are the last efforts of the old Conservatives to preserve the conditions which have existed in China for four thousand years. I have a number of friends among the young scholars, first, second, third and fourth graduates. They are young men who have studied English, and who have started English schools. Their schools have been destroyed by the Conservatives, and for the past two years they have been out of employment. All of them, so far as I know, are still pursuing the same line of study, confident that conservatism is a thing of the past, that reform must come, and when it does come they will be ready for it. Such men are of the class of Minister Wu Ting-fang, Lo Feng-lo and Mr. Yu, minister to France, who called upon me a few days before he sailed for France. During our conversation I alluded to the attempt he had made to entertain some foreigners on New Year's day, and to serve them with tea, coffee, wine and cakes. The Conservatives of the

though Tanaka would not allow me to entertain the foreigners on New Year's day as you wished," I said. "He replied, 'but this thing will not continue. The world is rapidly changing out from under those old men's feet. There are not any strong men among the young Conservatives. They are simply hang-ons, and when these few old Conservatives die, China can easily be reformed.' The wife of Mr. Yu is a Eurasian woman. His two daughters dress in European clothing when they go calling in Peking. They converse freely in Japanese, Chinese, French and English, as do also his sons. On one occasion some of the old Conservatives went to the Empress Dowager and said to her: 'Do you know that the man whom you have had as minister to Japan, and whom you are about to appoint as minister to France has a foreign wife?' 'Has he any children?' the old Dowager asked in return. 'Yes, indeed, he has grown sons and daughters.' 'Then it is late in the day to report him to me. Why did you not report him before? We cannot separate a man from his wife and family even though she is a "foreign devil." It could not add much interest to the readers of this paper to describe in detail the other leaders of the Conservative party. They are Prince Tuan, Li Ping Heng and Tung Fu-Halang. Prince Tuan is the son of the fifth prince—that is, the son of the fifth brother of the husband of the Empress Dowager. This husband was never heard of until his son was selected to be the successor to the son of the Empress Dowager instead of Kuang Hsu. His greatest virtue is his conservatism, which is a vice. Also his ability as a warrior has been greatly over-estimated."—I. T. Headland in Anales's.

Ex-Empress Eugenie

In a little village in Surrey, Eng., as remote from the great world as a desert island, the ex-Empress Eugenie, widow of the third Napoleon, is spending the evening of her days. Her home, Farnborough Hill, is so closely hidden by trees that at no point can the all-pervading tourist gain a glimpse of the quiet gabled house. The empress, a sad, white-haired woman, almost crippled with rheumatism, spends her time chiefly in prayer. Close to her home she has built the pure white mausoleum, with its dome and many spires, that can be seen from all points of the country for miles around. There black-robed Benedictines pray constantly for the good estate of the souls of Napoleon III, and the prince imperial. The empress is too infirm now to sit, as she used to, in the sanctuary of the great white church; mass is said, generally by the prior, at her own house. Under the church, in the crypt, are two great sarcophagi in red granite, covered with wreaths of immortelles

and cards signed by many royal hands. The empress who, even at the height of her glory as a sovereign and a beautiful woman, was renowned for her charity, is now a benefactress to the poor roundabout Farnborough. She often drives in the very plainest of black broughams with servants in deep mourning, and when she is in better health it was no uncommon sight to see it drawn up at one or other of the humbler cottages in the neighborhood. She entirely supports and has endowed the monastery attached to the church. There is a private way from Farnborough Hill to the mausoleum. A small wooden gate with a peculiar catch used to connect the two properties, but the empress is hardly ever able to use it now. The anniversary of the prince imperial's death is a day of great anguish to the empress. Here is one of the saddest faces it can fall to one's lot to know, and compared with the radiant portrait of her by Winterhalter, for instance, its pathos is tenfold increased.

Russia's Corner on Sugar

Each year the Russian minister of finance fixes the amount of sugar which shall be produced in the empire and sets the price at which it shall be sold. The average domestic consumption is about 1,000,000 pounds. This is announced as the legal limit of production which shall be put upon the market during the year. In addition to this, it is allowed to manufacture 100,000,000 pounds more, which is placed in storage. The 1,000,000,000 pounds, as it is sold, pays an excise tax of 24 cents a pound. If at any time through increased demand sugar

becomes worth more than the price fixed by the government, the 100,000,000 pounds in reserve are allowed to reach the market free of excise duty. If this does not supply the market at the legal price the government itself will buy from foreign countries enough sugar to supply the need for a bare subsistence upon the price. This has been done in Russia twice during the past ten years. This system, of course, precludes any export business in sugar, but the Russian government does not believe that the exporting of sugar from Russia can be made profitable or advisable, so it does not encourage it.

WHAT A DOLL DID.

Flighting Had Soothing Influence Upon Warlike Apaches. A strange story is told of how a child's plaything once had a soothing influence upon a warlike Apache tribe and was the means of avoiding a serious war. It happened that Mr. Bourke was in Arizona with Gen. Crook. The general was trying to put a band of Apaches back on the reserve, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not want to do. One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her black beads of eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed just as any white child would have done. They tried in vain to comfort her, and then Mr. Bourke had an idea. From the adjutant's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to her little daughter, and when the young Apache was made to understand that it was hers to keep her sobbing ceased, and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day and apparently all thought of ever getting back to her tribe had left her. Several days passed and as so overtures about the return of the papoose had been made by the tribe, they sent her, with the doll still in her possession, back to her people. Mr. Bourke had no idea of the effect his benevolent act would have upon the Indians. When the child reached them, with the pretty doll in her pocket, it made a great sensation among them, and before long the peace was made and the war was ended.

The Balloon Burst.

The most dreadful aeronautic position, perhaps, which it is possible to conceive is that described in "Memoirs of Sir Claude de Crespigny." Burahay, a noted aeronaut, was making an ascent from Cremorne with two Frenchmen, one of whom was the inventor of the balloon in use. When they were about a mile and a half high, the appalling discovery was made that the neck of the aviator, which should have been left open to allow the gas to escape, was still tied up with a silk handkerchief. The balloon was now quite full, and the atmospheric pressure was rapidly decreasing as the aeronauts ascended, while the gas, having no exit, continued to expand. It was impossible to get at the neck and loosen the fatal handkerchief, and to make disaster doubly sure, the valve-line was out of reach. The only thing the men could do was to sit still and await the bursting of the balloon and the fatal dash to earth. Within a few minutes the balloon burst, and instantly began to rush earthward with increasing velocity. But by a piece of wonderful good fortune, the balloon in its downward course met the resistance of the air in such a way as to form a huge parachute, and the happy aeronauts landed unhurt in a field just outside the city.

A WEEK IN

RECORD OF HAPPENINGS IN SEVEN DAYS.

Illness of Governor Tanaka. Governor Tanaka was found dead in his room at a hotel at Centralia. He claimed to have come from St. Louis, and was looking for a location. He was a man of refinement and about 67 years old.

Illness of Governor Tanaka. The eighty-second anniversary of the admission of Illinois to the Union was the occasion of a celebration by the Illinois Society at Springfield. Dr. T. D. Logan opened the morning session with prayer and an address. Rev. D. F. Howe followed. Mr. T. Crowder, secretary of the society, read a brief history of the organization. Miss Savilla T. Harbison, of Alexander, read a paper on "Foster Mothers," followed by a history of the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution by Mrs. G. Clinton Smith of this city, and an address on the Sons of the Revolution by Dr. H. P. Bartlett of this city. Dr. P. M. Short of Jacksonville, delivered an address on "True Aristocracy," which closed the meeting. A musical offering was held when singing was directed on Gen. John M. Palmer, Gen. John A. McClelland, Dr. W. W. Draper of Champaign, and John Davis.

Feet of More Than 200. More than 200 exhibits were in place when the second annual poultry show of the Aurora Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association opened at the arena. Judges of the exhibit are J. M. Niel of Chicago, D. T. Kambler of Jacksonville, Ill., and F. R. Shullenger of West Liberty, Iowa.

Value of Illinois Property. The state auditor has completed the totals on the assessed and equalized value of all property in Illinois. Following is a statement of the different classes of property: Personal property assessed, \$1,000,000,000; Real estate assessed, \$1,000,000,000; Total assessed, \$2,000,000,000. The equalized value of real estate property in Cook county is \$14,000,000. This brings Cook county's total assessment up to \$100,000,000, or 50 per cent. of the entire state.

Reward for a Man Slain. State Secretary-Treasurer William D. Ryan, United Mine Workers of America, has offered \$200 reward for the capture of Frank H. Stout, late night engineer of the coal mines at Dawson, who killed John Whinn a few weeks ago. Governor Tanaka will offer \$200 additional reward.

Carroll's Counsel. The city council of Carrollton has granted a saloon license to Mrs. Sarah Snyder, and approved the bond which she presented. She will open again the saloon where the tragedy took place on Thanksgiving day, in which Howard Morton lost his life. The council tied in voting on the request for the license, and the deciding vote was cast by the mayor. A great amount of feeling exists in the city over the continuing of this resort, and pressure is being brought to bear upon the mayor to have him revoke the license.

Notes on Pharmacy Exam. In the supreme court at Springfield hearings were held in the case of Noel vs. The People and Overland vs. The People. These were the cases decided at the October term of the court, the opinions in which declared void that part of the pharmacy act which provides that only registered pharmacists shall engage in the sale of patent or proprietary medicines. In other words, the opinion decides that anyone may resume the sale of that class of remedies without first becoming registered pharmacists. The denying of a rehearing amounts to an affirmation of the opinion of the court.

Found Dead in Hotel Room. Dr. Thomas Cecil was found dead in his room at a hotel at Centralia. He claimed to have come from St. Louis, and was looking for a location. He was a man of refinement and about 67 years old.

Chicagoan Wins Over Cup. Athletes of the University of Chicago declare that there will be no further if the freshmen carry out the resolution adopted at their class meeting to wear maroon caps similar to those given to the successful athletes. The freshmen caps will bear the class number, '04, instead of the '03 on the athletic headgear, but at a short distance they will be indistinguishable. The young women of the class will be outside by the men, are going to wear maroon tam-o'-shanders and work on them the class figure in gold. The athletes vow that they will destroy every one of the new caps that appears on the campus.

Grade the Figure Shows. The committee clerks have completed the work of determining the value of all valuation of railroad property in Cook county and find it to be \$71,000,000. This brings Cook county's total assessment up to \$100,000,000, or 50 per cent. of the entire state.