

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE UPLIFTING POWER OF RELIGION" THE THEME.

"Her Ways Are Ways of Pleasantness" - From the Book of Proverbs, Chapter III, Verse 17 - The Sunshine of the Christian Life - Self Denial.

Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y. Washington, April 14. - In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth religion as an exhilaration and urges all people to try its uplifting power; text, Proverbs III, 17, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

You have all heard of God's only begotten Son. Have you heard of God's daughter? She was born in heaven. She came down over the hills of our world. She had queenly step. On her brow was celestial radiance. Her voice was music. Her name is Religion. My text introduces her. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." But what is religion? The fact is that theological study has had a different effect upon me from the effect sometimes produced. Every year I tear out another leaf from my theology until I have only three or four leaves left - in other words, a very brief and plain statement of Christian belief.

An aged Christian minister said: "When I was a young man I knew everything. When I got to be 35 years of age, in my creed I had only a hundred doctrines of religion. When I got to be 40 years of age, I had only 50 doctrines of religion. When I got to be 60 years of age, I had only ten doctrines of religion, and now I am dying at 75 years of age, and there is only one thing I know and that is that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And so I have noticed in the study of God's word and in my contemplation of the character of God and of the eternal world that it is necessary for me to drop this part of my belief and that part of my belief as being non-essential, while I cling to the one great doctrine that Jesus is a sinner and Christ is his Almighty and Divine Savior.

Now, I take these three or four leaves of my theology, and I find that in the first place and dominant above all others is the sunshine of religion. When I go into a room, I have a passion for throwing open all the shutters. That is what I want to do this morning. We are apt to throw so much of the sepulchral into our religion and to close the shutters and to pull down the blinds that it is only through here and there a crevice that the light streams. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a religion of joy indescribable and unutterable. Wherever I can find a bell I mean to ring it.

If there are any in this house this morning who are disposed to hold on to their melancholy and gloom, let them now depart this service before the fairest and brightest and the most radiant being of all the universe comes in. God's Son has left the world but God's daughter is here! Give her room. Hail princess of heaven! Hail, daughter of the Lord God Almighty! Come in and make this house thy throne-room.

In setting forth this idea the dominant theory of religion is one of sunshine. I hardly know where to begin, for there are so many thoughts that rush upon my soul. A mother saw her little child seated on the floor in the sunshine and with a spoon in her hand. She said, "My darling, what are you doing there?" "Oh," replied the child, "I am getting a spoonful of this sunshine." Would God that today I might present you with a gleaming chalice of this glorious, everlasting gospel sunshine!

Sunshine of Christianity. First of all, I find a great deal of sunshine in Christian society. I do not know of anything more doleful than the companionship of the mere fanmakers of the world - the Thomas Hoodes, the Charles Lambes, the Charles Mathewses of the world - the men whose entire business it is to make sport. They make others laugh, but if you will examine their autobiography or biography, you will find that down in their soul there was a terrific disquietude. Laughter is no sign of happiness. The maniac laughs. The hyena laughs. The loon among the Adirondacks laughs. The drunkard, dashing his decanter against the wall, laughs.

There is a terrible reaction from all sinful amusement and sinful merriment. Such men are across the next day. They snap at you on exchange or they pass you, not recognizing you. Long ago I quit mere worldly society for the reason it was so dull, so insane and so stupid. My nature is voracious of joy. I must have it.

I always walk on the sunny side of the street, and for that reason I have crossed over into Christian society. I like their mode of repartee better. They live longer. Christian people, I sometimes notice, live on when by all natural law they ought to have died. I have known persons who have continued in their existence when the doctor said they ought to have been dead ten years. Every day of their existence was a defiance of the laws of anatomy and physiology, but they had this supernatural vivacity of the gospel in their soul, and that kept them alive.

The Question of Self Denial. I know there is a great deal of talk about the self-denials of the Christian. I have to tell you that where the Christian has one self denial the man of the world has a thousand self denials. The Christian is not commanded to surrender anything that is worth keeping.

But what does a man deny himself who denies himself the religion of Christ? He denies himself pardon for sin, he denies himself peace of conscience, he denies himself the joy of the Holy Ghost, he denies himself a comfortable death pillow, he denies himself the glories of heaven. Do not talk to me about the self-denials of the Christian life. Where there is one in the Christian life there are a thousand in the life of the world. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Again, I find a great deal of religious sunshine in Christian and divine explanation. To a great many people life is an inexplicable tangle. Things turn out differently from what was supposed. There is a useless woman in perfect health. There is an industrious and consecrated woman a complete invalid. Explain that. There is a bad man, with \$30,000 of income. There is a good man with \$800 of income. Why is that? There is a foe of society who lives on, doing all the damage he can, to 75 years of age, and here is a Christian father, faithful in every department of life, at 35 years of age taken away by death, his family left helpless. Explain that. Oh, there is no sentence that offends drops from your lips than this: "I cannot understand it. I cannot understand it."

Well, now religion comes in just at that point with its illumination and its explanation. There is a business man who has lost his entire fortune. The week before he lost his fortune there were 20 carriages that stopped at the door of his mansion. The week after he lost his fortune all the carriages you could count on one finger. The week before financial trouble began people all took off their hats to him as he passed down the street. The week his financial prospects were under discussion people just touched their hats without anywise bending the rim. The week that he was pronounced insolvent people just jolted their heads as they passed, not tipping their hats at all, and the week the sheriff sold him out all his friends were looking in the store windows as they went down past him.

All is for the Best. There are hundreds of people who are walking day by day in the sublime satisfaction that all is for the best, all things working together for good for their soul. How a man can get along through this life without the explanation is to me a mystery. What! Is that child gone forever? Are you never to get it back? Is your property gone forever? Is your soul to be bruised and to be tried forever? Have you no explanation, no Christian explanation, and yet not a maniac? But when you have the religion of Jesus Christ in your soul it explains everything so far as it is best for you to understand. You look off in life, and your soul is full of thanksgiving to God that you are so much better off than you might be. A man passed down the street without any shoes and said: "I have no shoes. Isn't it a hardship that I have no shoes? Other people have shoes. No shoes, no shoes!" until he saw a man who had no feet. Then he learned a lesson. You ought to thank God for what he does instead of grumbling for what he does not. God arranges all the weather in this world - the spiritual weather, the moral weather, as well as the natural weather. "What kind of weather will it be today?" said someone to a farmer. The farmer replied, "It will be such weather as I like." "What do you mean by that?" asked the other. "Well," said the farmer, "it will be such weather as pleases the Lord, and what pleases the Lord pleases me."

Oh, the sunshine, the sunshine of Christian explanation! Here is some one bending over the grave of the dead. What is going to be the consolation? The flowers you strew upon the tomb? Oh, no. The services read at the grave? Oh, no. The chief consolation on that grave is what falls from the throne of God. Sunshine, glorious sunshine! Resurrection sunshine!

A Place for Study. And geology! What a place that will be to study geology when the world is being picked to pieces as easily as a school girl in botanical lessons pulls the leaf from the corolla! What a place to study architecture, amid the thrones and the palaces and the cathedrals - St. Mark's and St. Paul's rookeries in comparison.

Sometimes you wish you could make the tour of the whole earth, going around as others have gone, but you have not the time, you have not the means. You will make the tour yet, during one musical pause in the eternal anthem. I say these things for the comfort of those people who are abridged in their opportunities, those people to whom life is humdrum, who toil and work and toil and work and aspire after knowledge, but have no time to get it and say, "If I had the opportunities which other people have, how I would fill my mind and soul with grand thoughts!" Be not discouraged, my friends. You are going to the university yet. Death will only mutilate you into the royal college of the universe.

What a sublime thing it was that Dr. Thornwell of South Carolina uttered in his last dying moments! As he looked up he said, "It opens; it expands; it expands!" Or as Mr. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," in his last moment or during his last hours looked up and said, as though he saw something supernatural, "Light!" and then as he came on nearer the dying moment, his countenance more luminous, he cried, "Light!" and at the very moment of his departure lifted both hands, something supernatural in his countenance, as he cried,

"Light!" Only another name for sunshine. The Celestial Professor. And then I stand at the gate of the celestial city to see the processions come out, and I see a long procession of little children, with their arms full of flowers, and then I see a procession of kings and priests moving in celestial pageantry - a long procession, but no black tasseled vehicle, no mourning group, and I say: "How strange it is! Where is your Greenwood? Where is your Laurel Hill? Where is your Westminster abbey?" And they shall cry, "There are no graves here." And then listen for the tolling of the old bellfries of heaven, the old bellfries of eternity. I listen to hear them toll for the dead, but they toll not for the dead. They only strike up a silvery chime, tower to tower, east gate to west gate, as they ring out, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Oh, unglue your hand, and give it to me in congratulation on that scene! I feel as if I could shout. I will shout. Dear Lord, forgive me that I ever complained about anything. If all this is before us, who cares for anything but God and heaven and eternal brotherhood? Take the crape off the doorbell. Your loved ones are only away for their health in a land ambrosial. Come, Lowell Mason; come, Isaac Watts. Give us your best hymn about joy celestial. What is the use of postponing our heaven any longer? Let it begin now, and whosoever hath a harp, let her thrum it, and whosoever hath a trumpet, let him blow it, and whosoever hath an organ, let him give us a full diapason. They crowd down the air, spirits blessed, moving in calvacade of triumph. Their chariot wheels whirl in the Sabbath sunlight. They come! Halt, armies of God! Halt, until we are ready to join the battalion of pleasures that never die!

Oh, my friends, it would take a sermon as long as eternity to tell the joys that are coming to us. I just set open the sunny door. Come in, all ye disciples of the world who have found the world a mockery. Come in, all ye disciples of the dance, and see the bounding feet of this heavenly gladness. Come in, ye disciples of worldly amusement, and see the stage where kings are the actors and burning words the footlights and thrones the spectacular. Arise, ye dead in sin, for this is the morning of resurrection. The joys of heaven submerge our soul. I pull out the trumpet stop. In Thy presence there is a fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

Work in Both Houses at Springfield.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

The Bill Concerning the Circulation or Disposal of Criminal Literature Contains Sweeping and Stringent Provisions - To Increase Assessment Values.

Tuesday, April 9. A new primary election bill, providing for nomination of party candidates by direct vote, has been introduced by Senator Busse. It is much like the so-called Minneapolis law, which has not always produced unimpeachable results. Coming so late in the session and being so complicated that thorough understanding of it necessitates careful study, the bill has small chance of passing either house, but it may serve as a thought provoker on the subject of nominating by direct vote.

Wednesday, April 10. A measure was introduced into the house in the shape of a bill, read by the committee on insurance. This bill was sent in as a committee bill. That means that it bears the name of no member of the house as its author, but the committee stands sponsor for it. The bill proposes to make the state superintendent of insurance an elective officer. It provides that in November, 1902, a superintendent of insurance shall be elected in the same way that other state officers are chosen. The term of office is fixed at four years. The salary of the superintendent is placed at \$3,500 per year, and the duties of the proposed elective official are the same as those now devolving on the appointed incumbent of the position. The elected insurance superintendent is required by the bill to give a bond of \$100,000. The introduction of this bill called out animated discussion from both sides of the house.

Thursday, April 11. A great number of bills came into the senate, were read a first time, and sent to second reading. Senator Townsend's bill, which provides that commercial travelers' associations may insure members of their organization who are not engaged in the business of commercial traveling, passed, yeas, 32; nays, 3. Governor Yates sent to the house this morning eight bills making amendments to the practice act prepared by the practice commission.

Friday, April 12. The senate advanced to third reading Mr. Stubbfield's bill taxing the premiums of foreign fire insurance companies and made it a special order for next Wednesday. As amended the tax is reduced to 2 per cent on gross premiums, but applies to all classes of insurance companies, life as well as fire. Another amendment provides that no reduction in the tax shall be allowed on account of cancellations or reinsurance.

The minority members of the committee appointed to investigate charges of mismanagement of the Southern Illinois penitentiary report in part as follows: That the defalcation of Kurzdorfer, lately indicted in the Circuit Court of Randolph county, to the extent of \$475.35 as mentioned in majority report, is only a partial and incomplete report thereof; that a shortage of \$50 due a stone firm in Monroe county, Indiana, and other shortages for stone shipped to and from said prison, are not included in said report; that if allowed to introduce the evidence of witnesses they would have shown that hundreds of bushels of potatoes not mentioned in the majority report were purchased from political friends of the warden, fifteen cents per bushel cost to the state above local market prices; that a carload of cider belonging to the warden, and large shipments of lumber from the saw-mill of the warden in Clay county were sold to the state and shipped to the prison, such of lumber as had been through one Moore of Louisville, Ill., as agent for said warden.

The report recommends that all employees of said institution holding positions of trust wherein they handle property or money of the state of Illinois, should be required to give sufficient security.

NOTES OF THE SESSIONS. Some amusement was created the other day when Speaker Sherman called upon Doorkeeper Thomas Spellman to enforce the rules and expel the outsiders if necessary. Spellman was down in the treasury office drawing his pay. "Is the doorkeeper present?" asked the speaker, in his quiet, penetrating tones. There was no response. "Is the doorkeeper present?" he repeated, raising his voice until it reverberated through the house chamber. He looked grim and determined and his eyes were fixed on the speaker. "It will be in order to move an investigation to inquire as to the whereabouts of the doorkeeper, and it will be in order for the speaker to make an investigation when pay day comes around," he continued. He then appointed two special police to go to the treasury office and the visitors and declared that unless the doorkeeper kept quiet the sheriff of Sangamon county and the mayor of Springfield would be brought into service. For the remainder of the session there was a noticeable quiet.

A. W. Miller, James J. Gray, and C. W. Randall of the Cook county board of assessors and F. W. Upham and F. D. Meacham of the board of review have been at Springfield looking after the various revenue bills now pending. All are in favor of the bill limiting taxation to 5 per cent of the assessed value of property. The two boards differ as to Senate bills 207 and 213. The assessors favor and the reviewers oppose these bills. Bill 207 greatly reduces the present power of the board of review by limiting its authority to reducing assessments to one per cent, and providing an appeal to the courts from any finding of the board of review. Judge Carter has been quoted as having said that the passage of the bill would make some 40,000 lawsuits every year in Chicago in the shape of appeals from the board of review. The bill No. 207 leaves but little of the board of review. Senate bill No. 213 provides that the board of review shall meet monthly, and that all changes of assessments shall be made public at once.

Martin B. Madden has been at Springfield in the interest of the bill which proposes to permit the construction of an industrial exposition building on the lake front, Chicago.

The committee on judiciary of the house spent two hours the other afternoon in listening to arguments for and against the house joint resolution for a greater Chicago, which was prepared and is being pushed by the Civic Federation of Chicago. The country towns are against the proposition to make a separate county of the city of Chicago, and then giving it power to reorganize and take in the adjoining country towns.

The recount of ballots in the Bollinger-Alden contest for a seat in the Senate has been concluded. The recount shows the following totals for the Forty-eighth district: Alden, 9,292; Bollinger, 8,854. Alden's majority, 438. By the original election returns Alden's majority was 48.

CULTURE IS FOR ALL.

Only a Course From Length of Four People's Studies.

Culture is not barred to anybody in America, whether he be a college student or a post-graduate, or not, said J. T. Hatfield to the Self-Educational Club in Chicago the other day. Slave labor and its prohibition of intellectual growth are things of the past - or nearly so. Now and then we meet so-called "fine ladies" who find it extremely ridiculous and a cause for contemptuous merriment that the hired help in their kitchens should have the impudence to actually want to develop a taste for music or good literature or art. The old slave idea, which (very consistently) prohibited as a crime and punished severely the teaching of negroes how to read, is not entirely dead and buried, but exists, here and there, to this day, as I have had opportunity to notice. Especially did I gain such an impression in the United States navy, which is rather a feudal survival in some respects. I noticed that a common sailor might be as wise and profane and low as he chose, and me one was troubled about it. He could go ashore and carouse disgracefully, parading the uniform of his country into all sorts of dens of infamy and no one in authority would complain or worry. They seemed, on the whole, rather satisfied than otherwise that the slaves of the forecabin should find something to keep them amused and contented, but I observed that, while there was no law on the subject, if a sailor attempted to pass his time like a quiet, self-respecting gentleman and American citizen, especially if he sat quietly reading on the deck during his free hours, it always caused a certain feeling of restlessness on the part of the officers who saw it; they seemed to have an instinctive sense that that sort of thing reduced somewhat their immense superiority over the crew, and they found some way to break it up, too, every time. These things, however, which are rather the rule than the exception in European society are going fast in American life and the time is already here when every self-respecting man has the opportunity to put himself at the task of self-improvement on the highest side of his nature. With an eight-hour working day the plumber or carpenter has, I believe, more free time to put into the nutrition of his higher nature than the college professor, whose merely routine work of drudgery usually consumes about ten hours out of every twenty-four.

Spinsters in Clover. In Denmark the spinster's state has been robbed of much of its horror. In fact, there's a premium on spinsterhood. A celibacy insurance company has been founded, and between an insurance policy and a husband a Danish maiden's heart is rent with indecision. Matrimony is interesting but problematic. Insurance in a good company is a safe proposition. How shall a wise woman choose? If the holder of a policy in the celibacy is still unmarried at 40 she is considered immune and gets a life annuity. If she marries before 40 she forfeits her policy and premiums. In Sweden and Norway there are several old maids' homes, and at least one of them is a most attractive institution. A very wealthy man, dying more than two hundred years ago, left most of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants. A superb home was built and furnished, and managed by salaried trustees. Any old maid who can prove blood relationship to the founder of the institution is entitled to a place in the home. She has a private suite of rooms, a private servant, private meals, and is subject to no rules save such as ordinary good behavior demands. Why doesn't some one do something for the American old maids who cannot master the art of transforming themselves into bachelor women. - New York Sun.

James J. Hill, Railroad King. The new "railroad king" in Wall street is James J. Hill of St. Paul and the continent at large, who came over the Canadian frontier a friendless, moneyless boy forty years ago, and is now one of the unofficial sovereigns of his adopted country. Mr. Hill didn't try his prentice hand on building a pyramid or making a dictionary; he constructed a transcontinental railway system, and he still bristles with hair and energy. The bearded strong men of the earlier generations who pierced forests, tunneled mountains and made flower gardens in deserts have almost disappeared. The constructive era is over in railroads. But Mr. Hill, almost the last of the great railroad builders now that Collis P. Huntington is dead, is just as apt, it seems, at combinations as at construction. A charming talker, this little giant of the Northwest, when he finds the time. The magnificent farms along the Red river valley which contribute a great grain traffic to Mr. Hill's Great Northern road were originally stocked with blooded horses and cattle, which "Jim" Hill, as the people out there call him, imported at his own expense for their benefit. Now he is reaping his reward, and the people there are glad of it. - Harper's Weekly.

J. Pierpont Morgan's Busy Life. J. Pierpont Morgan is a very busy man and his time is, of course, enormously valuable, but he always manages to attend the Episcopal general convention and has not missed one for many years. This year the convention will be held next October in San Francisco. The splendid Crocker mansion there has been placed at the disposal of Mr. Morgan for use during the convention.

Appointed Circuit Clerk. Judge Farmer has appointed J. G. Burnside, Democrat, of Vandavia, circuit clerk, Fayette county, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lewis F. Mitchell, which occurred Friday.

Gen. Harding's Widow Dead. Mrs. Susan A. Harding, widow of Gen. A. C. Harding, who was the first colonel of the 83d Illinois Volunteers during the rebellion, died at Mount Vernon, aged 86 years, after a residence in this county since 1838.

Superintendent of Bloomington School. Prof. John K. Staberton has been selected by the Bloomington city board of education as superintendent of the schools of that city, succeeding E. M. Van Patten, resigned. Prof. Staberton has for two years been superintendent at Charleston, Ill. He is aged 42, and is a graduate of the Wesleyan at Delaware, Ohio. His salary is \$2,250.

Illness Evangelical Conference. The Illinois conference of the Evangelical association held its fifty-seventh annual session at Naperville, under the presidency of Bishop P. G. Bryerogel of Reading, Pa. Resolutions of sympathy were passed on behalf of Bishop J. J. Esher, the senior bishop of the church, also the oldest member of the conference, who is residing at his home in Chicago. The presiding elders were stationed as follows: Chicago district, J. Wellner; Preempt district, H. A. Kramer; Naperville district, W. H. Messerschmidt; Peoria district, F. Schwarz.

Presbytery Meeting at Carthage. The Schuyler presbytery of the Presbyterian church held a session in Carthage. Officers for the ensuing year elected are: Moderator, J. W. Pugh, Fountain Green; stated clerk, A. E. Dean, Monmouth; permanent clerk, Rev. G. J. E. Richards, Kirkwood, Ill.; temporary clerk, Rev. J. M. Eakin, Mount Sterling. Pastoral relations between Rev. J. A. McLaughney and the church of Bushnell were dissolved, Mr. McLaughney will become pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lewiston.

Record of Happenings From Seven Days. Bloomington's New Superintendent of Schools - Place of Tin Removed from the War of a Veteran of the Civil War - Student Killed.

People Hurt in a Color Rush. The annual banquet given by the girls of the senior class of the Springfield high school to the male members was given in that city, and as is customary upon such occasion, the boys of the class were arrayed in their class colors. The juniors and sophomores attempted to remove the colors and a general rush followed, the freshmen going to the assistance of the seniors. Several of the participants were seriously hurt. Scott Humphrey, son of Judge J. Otis Humphrey of the United States District court, sustained a broken collar bone, and Emery Gaffney, son of Dr. E. C. Gaffney, was rendered unconscious. Other pupils received painful bruises. Principal Castles and instructors Seymour, Magill and Brown tried to stop the rush, but were ignored by the boys, and it was not until young Humphrey and Gaffney were found to be seriously hurt that the scramble ended. The injured pupils were removed to their homes and the banquet proceeded under the protection of the instructors.

Out His Throat with a Razor. Jacob Querin, a farmer living five miles southwest of Belleville, cut his throat with a razor in the presence of his wife, who tried to prevent him from doing so. Dr. Louis J. Bechtold, of Belleville, was called to render surgical aid, but it is believed the wound will prove fatal. It is thought that he was insane. He has shown symptoms of insanity for some months, and in February last, while firing a pump on his farm, he fell into the well and this aggravated the disorder. He is aged 61 and came here from Germany twenty-six years ago. He has a wife and two sons and three daughters.

Tin Removed from His Ear. Eden Van Ripper of San Jose, a hamlet north of Pana, had removed from his ear a piece of tin which he had carried ever since the civil war, thirty-six years ago. In the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, Mr. Van Ripper was struck on the left side of the head with a bullet that entered just below the temple and plowed its way entirely through the left side of the skull, coming out just behind the ear. The cartridge had placed in the hollow of the bullet a piece of tin, thus making the wound more painful and dangerous. This piece of tin was removed yesterday.

Nominations at Murphysboro. The following tickets have been selected at Murphysboro: Republican - Mayor, F. H. Eisenmayer; city clerk, Herbert Lee; treasurer, Phillip D. Herbert; city attorney, Fred G. Bierer; Aldermen - First ward, Frank Hrabik; second, Wm. T. Varnum; third, W. H. Boucher; fourth, J. J. Pierson. Democratic - Mayor, John R. Kane; city clerk, R. O. Deason; treasurer, Dolph C. Carter; city attorney, G. W. Andrews. Aldermen - First ward, Louis Baxman; second, James C. Hill; third, George Beckerle; fourth, T. J. Burton; fifth, J. F. Rausch.

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