

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Victory Over Pain."

Neither shall there be any more pain. Revelation XXI, 4.

The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any city is "What is the health of the place? Is it shaken by terrible diseases? What are the bills of mortality? What is the death rate? How high rises the thermometer?" And am I not reasonable in asking, "What are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to enter?"

First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began to build the picture of what you have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments. Perhaps you expected riches, and you have found poverty; you expected to gain them; you have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn and your brain was racked, and your heart failed, and you find that the long strife with mortals, you find that if you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle, this year losing what you gained last.

Perhaps you have had domestic disappointments. Your children, upon whose education you lavished your hard earned dollars, have not turned out as expected. Notwithstanding all your counsels and prayers and painstaking, they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trot on David's heart. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

Your life has been a series of disappointments. But come with me and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace entering the other city, you will never again have a heart's ache, the most exhausting of expectations will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising up in the vision. This song of transport will lift you to higher and higher heights. The most jubilant of joys, the most glorious of triumphs, all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throne mightier.

Further, I remark, there will be no pain of weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork, and some from dullness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn, these shuttles to fly, these axes to hew, these shovels to dig, these pens to fly, these books to be posted, these goods to be sold?

Ah, the great holiday approaches. No more course of taskmasters. No more stooping until the back aches, no more kneeling until the knees are stiff, no more pain. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond cutting, for the gems are all set. No more beating, for the crochets are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain of poverty. It is a hardship to be really poor; to have your coat wear out and no money to get another; to have your flour barrel empty and nothing to buy bread with for your children; to live in a tenement row and no means to change your habitation; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease and not be able to secure eminent medical ability; to have son or daughter beguile the world and you not have anything to help them in starting, with a mind capable of research and high contemplation to be perpetually fixed on questions of mere livelihood.

Poetry try to romance about the poor man's cot, but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waked up without his rags and his disease, and he was able to work up at last without any of their disadvantages—no amusements, for they are all princes; no means to pay, for the residence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats to church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshippers; no novels, no hard cranks, no insinuating apparel. "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they be thirsty, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them, and shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Further, there will be no pain of parting. All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together, and talk and laugh and weep together, but we must at last separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some evening, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance, or our conversation, but God knows that it is the last time, and messengers from eternity on their errand to take us away know it is the last time, and in heaven, where they make ready for our departing spirits, they know it is the last time.

Oh, the long agony of earthly separation! It is awful to stand in solitary fighting death back from the couch of your child, and to hold fast the little one, and see all the time that he is getting weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outcry to God to help us, and to the doctors to save him, and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that away and walk around about the house and find it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellions, and then to resolve to feel differently and to resolve on self control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect self control to suddenly come upon some little cost or picture or shoe half worn out and how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do us a kindness, to know relations that great consolation such an hour, and we ought to be comforted, but anyhow and anyway you make it is awful.

On steamboat wharf and at rail car window we may smile when we say farewell, but these goodbyes at the deathbed—just take hold of the heart with iron pinchers and tear it out by the roots until all the fibers quiver and out the tortoise and drop thick blood. These separations are vine presses, into which our hearts, like red clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the winnowing round and round, until you are utterly crushed and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears.

On every street, on every doorstep, by every couch, there have been partings, and once past the heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes forever. In that land there are many hand clasps and embraces, but only in recognition. That great home circle never breaks. Once had your comrades there, and you have them forever. No craps floats from the door of that blissful residence. No cleft, hillside where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake, and forever. No pushing out of emigrant ship for foreign shores. No tolling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole generations in glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creeping up the hillside of the death child, the feet cold until hot flannels cannot warm them. No rattle of sepulchral gates. No parting, no pain.

Further, the heavenly city will have no pain of body. The rack, the piercer, with sharp distresses. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's pinchers must pain. Pain is sought with pain. The world is a non-

plal. Scores of diseases, like vultures contending for a carcass, struggle as to which shall have it. Our nature is infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of anguish.

The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold diseases. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the lance strikes into the sweetening. You see its head, in convulsing fevers that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dim and weak and short breasted and dim sighted. On every northeast wind come down pleurisy and pneumonia. With its strong and hawks away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth groan into the ear of God their complaint. Asiatic cholera and ship fevers and typhoids and London plagues make the world's knees knock to the ground.

Pain has come through every street and on every ladder and down every shaft. It is on the war, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from clip of elephant's tusk and soldier's sling and crocodile's tooth and horse's hoof and wheel's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritance augmented by our own sicknesses, and they add to them their own diseases, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In A. D. 262 the plague in Rome snote into the dust 500,000 citizens daily. In 544, in Constantinople, 1000 grave-diggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1818 epidemic seized the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has sweltered with suffering.

Count up the pains of Austroitz, where 50,000 fell; of Fontenoy, where 100,000 fell; of Chalons, where 300,000 fell; of Mazinga, in which 200,000 fell; of the tragically fought at Hertz, where Genghis Khan massacred 1,600,000 men, and of Nishar, where he slew 1,747,000 people; of the 18,000,000 this monster sacrificed in fourteen years in the west; of the children he decimated, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the empire a pasture for cattle.

Think of the death throes of the 5,000,000 men sacrificed in the campaigns of Xerxes. Think of the 120,000 that perished in the siege of Ostend, of 300,000 dead at Acre, of 1,100,000 dead in the siege of Jerusalem, of 1,516,000 of the dead at Troy, of the 100,000 that he decimated, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the empire a pasture for cattle.

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ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

MISS ELIZABETH FAIRFAX GAINES, of Warrenton, Va., was married the other day to Chief Justice Thomas Smith, of Mexico. Four clergymen officiated in the ceremony and there were twenty-six bridesmaids.

ROBERT T. SMITH, one of the old-time temperance lecturers, is still living in Baltimore, and celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birth on Monday. He began his crusade against the cup that inebriates more than it cheers in 1837 as secretary of the Franklin society of Baltimore County.

MISS WREDE is Finland's prison angel. For the last twelve years she has visited over prison and every prisoner in Finland at least once a year, and many of the most hardened criminals have been reclaimed to useful lives through her efforts. Her mission absorbs her entire time.

The Rothschilds smoke the most costly cigars that are made—the "Henry Clay Sobrano," which cost nearly five shillings. They are wrapped in gold leaf and packed in little inlaid cedarwood cabinets. These millionaire princes buy three cabinets at a time, containing 42,000 cigars.

Mrs. RUSSELL SAGE has been elected a trustee of the Troy (N. Y.) Female Seminary. She is the first woman on whom the distinction has been conferred. It is in recognition of the valuable gift made to the institution by her husband known as Russell Sage Hall, which will soon be completed at a cost of \$100,000.

LIXO YUNO-FU, the noted ex-chief of the Black Flags of Tonquin, who is now naval brigade commander of Namoa, Kwangtung, has written to the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, offering his services and the services of his old Black Flags, of whom he says he can still get together several thousands, to fight against the Japanese.

HENRY BECKLOW WILLIAMS, of Boston, became a bankrupt in 1878, owing nearly \$200,000. Recently he was released from bankruptcy by the judicial process, after paying dollar for dollar and 6 per cent interest. Some of the creditors who objected to receiving interest were told by Mr. Williams that they must take all or nothing. Henry, old boy, shake! Interest in calamity cry runs from 10 to 20 per cent.

COOK GANG HEARD FROM AGAIN.

They Assault Two Women and Commit Various Outrages.

An assault was committed on two women living nine miles west of Coolah, L. T., by 4 of the Cook gang, headed by their captain, Cherokee Bill. Reports have come to this town of other outrages by the same gang near Skiatook and Bartlesville. They have that section of the country under their control, and people are afraid to go out, lest they be shot. Four masked men held up the postmaster and two storekeepers at Skiatook in the Cherokee Strip, robbing them of money and a large amount of goods.

MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods including grain, flour, butter, and live stock. Columns include item name, unit, and price per unit.

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CRUISE'S ISLAND.

It is Now Inhabited and Possesses a Little Town.

It is not generally known that Juan Fernandez—the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of romance, lived so many years—is at the present time inhabited. Two valleys, winding down from different directions, join a short distance back from the shore, and there now stands little village of small but scattered round a long one-story building with a veranda running its whole length. In this house lives the man who rents the island from the Chilean Government, and the village is made up of a few German and Chilean families.

The tiny town is called San Juan Bautista, and the crater-like arm of the sea on which it is situated, and where Alexander Selkirk first landed, is now called Cumberland Bay. The island is rented for about £20 a year. The rent is paid partly in dried fish. Cutting and drying the many varieties of fish and raising cattle and vegetables wholly occupy the contented settlers, and much of their little income is obtained from the cattle and vegetables sold to passing vessels.

At the back of the little town, in the first high cliff, is a row of caves of remarkable appearance hewn into the sandstone. An unused path leads to them, and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths. About forty years ago the Chilean government thought that a good way to get rid of its worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernandez. Here, under the direction of Chilean soldiers, these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in. In 1854 they were taken back again, however, and the caves have since been slowly crumbling away.

The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called "The Saddle," because at either end of it a rocky hummock rises like a pommel. On one of these is now a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay on the island. It was placed there in 1868 by the officers of the British ship Topaz. A small excursion steamer now runs from Valparaiso to Juan Fernandez island. The round trip is made in six days, and three of these may be spent on the island in fishing and visiting those lonely, but beautiful, spots which nearly 200 years ago were the haunts of Robinson Crusoe.

A PATCHED PONY.

Tricky Indians Make Use of a Rabbit Skin.

"These stories of Indian troubles in the Southwest remind me of an experience that I had down in New Mexico," said Henry Davidson, of Albuquerque. "I was new to the region then, and although I had heard all sorts of strange tales about the tricks of the Indian, I did not know that he was as shrewd as I afterward found him to be. "I wanted a pony for some reason, and I communicated my desire to a friend of a crowd of the greasy citizens of the outskirts. The next day I was besieged with offers. I looked all over the lot and picked three or four to make my selection from. After several hours I settled on an animal that I thought to be in the pink of condition and form. I took him for a good round sum and a trade thrown into the bargain.

"I rode home on the animal. As I got into my quarters I noticed that the horse appeared to be uneasy, as if suffering from injury. As I live, I found that a patch of skin several inches square had come off his back. I looked into it and discovered that the horse was raw there, and that he had been patched up with rabbit or some other skin for the time being. Those Indians stood by each other, too, for I could never locate the scoundrel who had swindled me. I have since concluded that they were all wrong, and that had I bought the outfit I would have found the oddest assortment of patch bed horses that it was ever the fortune of a white man to look upon.



Hypochondriacal.

despondent, nervous, "tired out" men—those who suffer from backache, weariness, loss of energy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of exhausting diseases, or drains upon the system, excesses, or abuses, bad habits, or early vices, are treated through correspondence at their homes, with uniform success, by the Specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. A book of 136 large pages, devoted to the consideration of the maladies above hinted at, may be had, mailed securely sealed from observation, in a plain envelope, by sending to cents in one-cent stamps (for postage on Book), to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at the above mentioned Hotel. For more than a quarter of a century, physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution, have made the treatment of the delicate diseases above referred to, their sole study and practice. Thousands, have consulted them. This vast experience has naturally resulted in improved methods and means of cure.

Funny Bank.

An old pair of boots was found in an outhouse by William Langford, of Bee County, Texas. He needed them, and while putting one on his foot met with an obstruction. It proved to be a roll of greenbacks, amounting to \$500.

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