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Calendar for August 1897 with days of the week and dates from 1 to 31.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The commissioner of the general land office is having a new map made of the Alaskan country, which will be of the greatest value to persons contemplating a trip to the gold regions. It will show all the rivers and lakes and all the routes to the gold fields, including those through British Columbia. The maps will be out in a couple of months.

GENERAL NEWS.

The annual convention of the National Christian alliance opened at Cleveland, O., on the 8th. It was expected that 3,000 visitors would be present during the two weeks that the meeting continues. FISHERMEN found the body of a four-year-old boy floating on the surface of a pond near Quitman, Ga., and it was identified as that of the son of Mrs. Idella Powell Banks, a widow, and she was arrested. She afterwards confessed that she murdered her child because he was too ugly to live.

LEADERS in Chinese mission work at San Francisco were recently circulating a petition to be sent to President McKinley asking him to get congress to appoint a commission to investigate the horrors of human slavery in that city. It was said that over 1,000 Chinese women were bought and sold as chattels and kept in involuntary servitude. WHILE on his way to serve warrants on charges of "wildcatting," Dink Wharton, a deputy sheriff in Cleburne county, Ala., was assassinated from the bushes. His body was literally filled with lead. A NEGRO attempted to assault a 14-year-old girl near Edwardsville, Ala., but she screamed and got away. A short time after armed men with dogs were after the fiend. When they returned they said they had "lost" the negro, intimating that he never would be found alive.

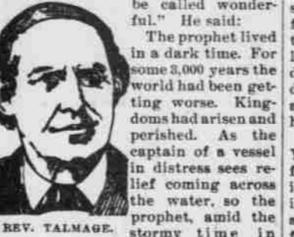
A GRADING company at work near Valley, Neb., exhumed 19 skeletons recently, five being women. Residents of the locality could not account for them being there nor recall any burying ground as having been located at the place. The bodies were not buried in any coffin. LIZZIE HOFFMAN threw her baby, sewed in a bag, into the Hudson river at New York, but the bag filled with air and floated, saving the child's life. The mother was arrested. THIRTY thousand people witnessed the final contests of the national meet of the League of American Wheelmen at Willow Grove, Philadelphia, on the 7th. The finishes were all intensely exciting, but only one record was broken, Fred Schade covering one-third mile in 32 4-5 seconds. THE discovery of new diamond fields was reported in the district west of the Kimberly mines in Africa, the find being said to be fully equal to those of Kimberly. SENOR CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, the prime minister of Spain, was shot and killed by an anarchist at Santa Agueda, Spain, on the 8th. The assassin was arrested. Great excitement prevailed in the place. THE sensational story sent out from Ottumwa, Ia., to the effect that Gov. Drake was on his death-bed at his home in Centerville was denied by his son-in-law and physician, who said that the governor had never been in a critical condition, and that he was improving rapidly. THE grand stand at the White Horse race track near Lancaster, Pa., gave way just as the winning horse passed under the wire. There were July 2, 000 men, women and children on it and hundreds of them were buried in the debris. Over 300 were injured and four killed. A NIGHT watchman at Homestead, N. J., heard a woman shrieking "I am burning up; save me!" He rushed to her rescue, beat out the flames and picked her up, but she was dead. It proved to be his wife, who was the victim of a lamp explosion. JAMES PERBYMAN was legally hanged at Hattiesburg, Miss., for assaulting a woman. BY an explosion at the cartridge factory of Ruzschuk, Bulgaria, 40 persons were killed and many others injured and the lives of 60 of the latter despaired of.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Noted Divine Talks of the Personal Magnetism of Christ.

The Wonders of Christ's Character—The Opposites and Seeming Antagonisms of His Nature—His Sorrows and His Victories.

In a recent Washington sermon Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage discoursed on the personality of Jesus Christ, taking for his text Isaiah 9:6: "His name shall be called wonderful."



REV. TALMAGE.

The prophet lived in a dark time. For some 3,000 years the world had been getting worse. Kingdoms had arisen and perished. As the captain of a vessel in distress sees relief coming across the water, so the prophet, amid the stormy time in which he lived, put the telescope of prophecy to his eye and saw, 750 years ahead, one Jesus advancing to the rescue. I want to show that when Isaiah called Christ the Wonderful he spoke wisely. In most houses there is a picture of Christ. Sometimes it represents him with face effeminate; sometimes with a face despotic. But I am convinced that I shall never know how Jesus looked until, on that sweet Sabbath morning, I shall wash the last sleep from my eyes in the cool river of Heaven. I take up this book of divine photographs and I look at Luke's sketch, at Mark's sketch, at John's sketch and at Paul's sketch, and I say, with Isaiah, "Wonderful!" I think that you are all interested in the story of Christ. You feel that He is the only one who can help you. You have unbounded ambition for the commander who helped his passengers ashore while he himself perished, but have you no admiration for Him who rescued our souls, Himself falling back into the waters from which He had saved us? Christ was wonderful in the magnetism of His person. After the battle of Antietam, when a general rode along the lines, although the soldiers were lying down exhausted, they rose with great enthusiasm and huzzed. As Napoleon returned from his captivity, his first step on the wharf shook all the kingdoms, and 250,000 men joined his standard. It took 3,000 troops to watch him in his exile. So there have been men of wonderful magnetism of person. But hear me while I tell you of a poor young man who came from Nazareth to produce a thrill such as has never been excited by any other. Napoleon had around him the memories of Austerlitz and Jena, and Badajos; but there was a man who had fought no battles; who wore no epaulettes; who brandished no sword. He is no titled man of the schools, for He never went to school. He had probably never seen a prince, or shaken hands with a nobleman. The only extraordinary person we know of as being in His company was His own mother, and she was so poor that in the most delicate and solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul she was obliged to lie down amid camel drivers grooming the beasts of burden. I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside Him, and says: "My father was a merchant prince; he had a castle on the beach at Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers: "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation, and says to Christ: "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers: "I never graduated." Aha! the idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet no sooner does He set foot in the towns or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for the day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that, at the risk of starving, they follow Him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down flat before Him, and says, "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes, and says, "Lord, but my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman pressing through the crowd, says, "I must touch the hem of His garment." Children, who love their mother better than any one else, struggle to get into His arms, and to kiss His cheek, and to run their fingers through His hair, and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which he does not take one, saying, "I must have them; I will fill Heaven with these; for every cedar that I plant in Heaven I will have 50 white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold it not back, oh weeping mother; lay it on My warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Jesus was wonderful in the opposites and seeming antagonisms of His nature. You want things logical and consistent, and you say: "How could Christ be God and man at the same time?" John says Christ was the Creator: "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made." Matthew says that He was omnipresent: "Where two or three are met together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Christ declares His own eternity: "I am Alpha and Omega." How can He be a lion, under His foot crushing kingdoms, and yet a lamb licking the hand that slays Him? At what point do the throne and the manger touch? If Christ was God, why flee into Egypt? Why not stand His ground? Why, instead of bearing the cross, not lift up His right hand and

crush His assassins? Why stand and be spat upon? Why sleep on the mountains when He owned the palaces of eternity? Why catch fish for His breakfast when all the pomegranates are His, and all the vineyards His, and all the cattle His, and all the partridges His? Why walk when weary, and His feet stone-bruised, when He might have taken the splendors of the sunset for His equipage, and moved with horses and chariots of fire? Why beg a drink from the wayside, when out of the crystal chalices of eternity He poured the Euphrates, the Mississippi and the Amazon, and dipping His hand in the fountains of Heaven, and shaking that hand over the world, from the tips of His fingers dripping the great lakes and the oceans? Why let the Roman regiment put Him to death, when He might have ridden down the sky followed by all the cavalry of Heaven, mounted on white horses of eternal victory? You cannot understand. Who can? You try to confound me. I am confounded before you speak. Paul said it was unsearchable. He went climbing up from argument to argument, and from antithesis to antithesis, and from glory to glory, and then sank down in exhaustion as he saw far above him other heights of divinity unsealed, and exclaimed, "that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." Again: Christ was wonderful in His teaching. The people had been used to formalities and technicalities; Christ upset all their notions as to how preaching ought to be done. There was this peculiarity about His preaching: The people knew what He meant. How few pulpits of this day would have allowed Him entrance? He would have been called undignified and familiar in His style of preaching. And yet the people went to hear Him. Those old Jewish rabbis might have preached on the side of Olivet 50 years and never got an audience. The philosophers sneered at his ministrations and said: "This will never do!" The lawyers caricatured, but the common people heard Him gladly. We spend three years in a college studying ancient mythology, and three years in the theological seminary learning how to make a sermon, and then we go out to save the world; and if we cannot do it according to Claude's "Sermonizing," or "Blair's Rhetoric," or Kame's "Criticism," we will let the world go to perdition. If we save nothing else, we will save Claude and Blair. We see a wreck in sight. We must go out and save the crew and passengers. We wait until we get on our fine cap and coat, and find our shining ornaments, and then we push out methodically and scientifically, while some plain shoresman, in rough fishing-smack, and with broken oarlocks, goes out and gets the crew and passengers, and brings them ashore in safety. The work of a religious teacher is to save men; and though every law of grammar should be snapped in the undertaking, and there be nothing but awkwardness and blundering in the mode, all hail to the man who saves a soul. Christ, in His preaching, was plain, earnest and wonderfully sympathetic. We cannot drag men into Heaven. We cannot drive them in with the butt end of a catechism. We waste our time in trying to catch flies with acids instead of the sweet honey-comb of the gospel. We try to make crabapples do the work of pomegranates. Again: Jesus was wonderful in His sorrows. The sun smote Him, and the cold chilled Him, the rain pelted Him, thirst parched Him, and hunger exhausted Him. Shall I compare His sorrow to the sea? No; for that is sometimes hushed into a calm. Shall I compare it with the night? No; for that sometimes gleams with Orion, or kindles with Aurora. If one thorn should be thrust through your temple you would faint. But here is a whole crown made from the Rhamnus or Spina Christi—small, sharp, stinging thorns. The mob makes a cross. They put down the long beam, and on it they fasten a shorter beam. Got Him at last. Those hands, that have been doing kindness and wiping away tears—hear the hammer driving the spikes through them. Those feet, that have been going about on ministrations of mercy—battered against the cross. Then they lift it up. Look! look! Who will help Him now? Come, men of Jerusalem—ye whose dead He brought to life; ye whose sick He healed; who will help Him? Who will seize the weapons of the soldiers? None to help! Having carried such a cross for us, shall we refuse to take our cross for Him? You know the process of ingrafting. You bore a hole into a tree, and put in the branch of another tree. This tree of the cross was hard and tough, but into the holes where the nails went there have grafted branches of the Tree of Life that now bear fruit for all nations. The original tree was bitter, but the branches ingrafted were sweet, and now all the nations pluck the fruit and live forever. Again: Christ was wonderful in His victories. First—over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulchre. It swallowed the Central America, the President, and the Spanish Armada as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Galilee, when aroused in a storm, is overwhelming; and yet that sea crouched in His presence and licked His feet. He knew all the waves and winds. When He beckoned, they came. When He frowned, they fled. The heel of His foot made no indentation on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely withered no human power can restore them, but when a limb is once dead, it is dead. But here is a paralytic—his hand lifeless. Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thy hand!" and he stretches it forth. In the eye infirmity how many diseases of that delicate organ have been cured! But Jesus says to one born

blind, "Be open!" and the light of Heaven rushes through gates that have never before been opened. The frost or an ax may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word. Chemistry can do many wonderful things, but what chemist, at a wedding, when the refreshment gave out, could change a pail of water into a cask of wine? What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes, until in the place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it, they let it down again, and the disciples lay hold and begin to pull, when, by reason of the multitude of fish, the net broke. Nature is His servant. The flowers—He twisted them into His sermon; the winds—they were His lullaby when He slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glittering on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over His birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at His death. But Christ's victories have only just begun. This world is His, and He must have it. What is the matter in this country? Why all these financial troubles? There never will be permanent prosperity in this land until Christ rules it. This land was discovered for Christ, and until our cities shall be civilized, and north, south, east and west shall acknowledge Christ as King and Redeemer, we cannot have permanent prosperity. What is the matter with Spain? With France? With all of the nations? All the congresses of the nations cannot bring quiet. When governments not only theoretically, but practically, acknowledge the Saviour of the world, there will be peace everywhere. In that day the sea will have more ships than now, but there will not be one "man-of-war." The foundries of the world will jar with mightier industries, but there will be no molding of bullets. Printing presses will fly their cylinders with greater speed, but there shall go forth no iniquitous trash. In laws, in constitutions, on exchange, in scientific laboratory, on earth as in Heaven, Christ shall be called Wonderful. Let that work of the world's regeneration begin in your heart, oh hearer! A Jesus so kind, a Jesus so good, a Jesus so loving—how can you help but love Him? It is a beautiful moment when two persons who have pledged each other, heart and hand, stand in church, and have the banners of marriage proclaimed. Father and mother, brothers and sisters stand around the altar. The minister of Jesus gives the counsel; the ring is set; earth and Heaven witness it; the organ sounds and amid many congratulations they start out on the path of life together. Oh, that this might be your marriage day! Stand up, immortal soul. Thy Beloved comes to get his betrothed. Jesus stretches forth his hand and says, "I will love thee with an everlasting love," and you respond, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." I put your hand in His; henceforth be one. No trouble shall part you—no time cool your love. Side by side on earth—side by side in Heaven! Now let the blossoms of heavenly garden fill the house with their redolence, and all the organs of God peal forth the wedding march of eternity. Hark! "The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."

A POET READING HIS POEMS.

Tennyson Inspired His Hearers with Deep Emotion.

It was usually in the afternoon that Tennyson would delight us, and any of the other guests who thronged his house, by reading to us some of his poems. I have heard him read "Guinevere" and many other of his poems. He read in a sort of recitative, somewhat monotonously at times, and always with such deep emotion that the effect was indescribable. I once asked him to read "Boadicea," because of its singularly sonorous lilt, and he did so, though he did not regard it as much more than an experiment in language and meter. Two of my readings are impressed upon my memory with special vividness. One was "The Revenge," which he read to a distinguished company whom he met at dinner at my house at Westminster. Among them was my parishioner, the late Lord Chancellor—Lord Hatherley—one of the best and truest men whom I ever knew—toward whom Mr. Tennyson was immediately drawn. The effect of his reading of that noble piece was like that of a vivid picture, as his rich, sonorous voice rose and fell with the changes of the impassioned story. The others were much longer readings. He read us the whole of "Queen Mary" before it was published. It has never been among the more popular of his works, and I believe that on the stage, with Sir Henry Irving to help, it was not a dramatic success. But as the poet interpreted it by his sympathetic reading I had never before so deeply felt the tragedy of the life of that miserable queen, with her diseased body, her disappointed love, her blighted hopes and the sour, gloomy, cruel, impoisoned fanaticism which she took for religion and the service of her God. As he read, breath on breath of the gloom seemed to be falling, fold after fold, upon the life of the unhappy woman; and his own voice was often broken by emotion. I specially, however, remember the ring of triumph with which, after the successful repression of Wyatt's rebellion, the queen is first made to say: "My foes are at my feet—and I am queen." And with still more rapturous passion: "My foes are at my feet—and Phillip king." I also specially remember his reading of the poem of "Akbar's Dream." He told me much about Akbar that was entirely new to me. For breath and wisdom of thought this poem must always take a very high place.—N. Y. Independent.