WHY? SATAN

The Blind, the Lame, the Idiotic, the Insane, the Destitute, a World of Misfortune.

Who Can Explain for What Reason All These Ills Must be Borne in This World? SATAN

By the Refulgent Light That Pours from the Throne of God This Dark Mystery Will be Cleared.

THE COMING GLORY.

Special to the Gazette.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 1.—At the Tabernacle this morning Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., announced that next Sabbath he will begin a course of sermons to the women of America, with practical hints to men—the following subjects among others:

"The Women Who Have to Fight the Battle of Life Alone;" "Marriage for Worldly Success, Without Reference to Moral Character;" "Is Engagement as Binding as Marriage?" "Women Who Are Already Uncongenially Married;" "Influences Abroad for the Destruction of Women;" "Wifely Ambition, Right and Wrong;" "What Kind of Men Women Should Avoid;" "Simplicity as Opposed to Affectation;" "Reformation in Dress;" "Plain Women;" "The Female Skeptic," and "Christian Housewifery."

This morning Dr. Talmage's subject was: "The Coming Glory;" his text I. Corinthians, ii, 9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." He said:

Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight. How strange it looks, and how strange it sounds! Not only is the past year dead, but the century is dying. Only twelve more long breaths and the old giant will have expired. None of the past centuries will be present at the obsequies. Only the twentieth century will see the nineteenth buried. As all the years are hastening past, and all our lives on earth will soon be ended, I propose to cheer myself, and cheer you with the glories to come, which shall utterly eclipse all the glories past; for my text tells us that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, anything like the advancing splendors.

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor, the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharfes, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war-galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and sat them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticos, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and statue, and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the corintharil, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, and towers, and temples (one thousand slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compar d with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and

DEFIED THE WORLD.

Oh, It was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures, and sculpture, and architecture, and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was not a chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acro-Corinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds, and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen or ear heard, neither have not entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the new Jerusalem; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate: that after all the nations have been gathered to heaven, there will be room for each soul—a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye had not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetics calculated,

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of Heaven When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp-strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that float now upon the earth are not like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now, and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air Health in all the pulses—health of vision; health of spirits; immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No head-aches, no side aches, no back-aches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with

THE INFIRMITIES OF AGE,

see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—for ever young again. That night when the needle-woman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her for ever. For everlasting years to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, that we can, in this world, get no just idea of the splendors of heaven. John tries to describe them He says "the twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John, we see a blaze of amethyst, and pearl, and emerald, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass, and a city like the sun.

John bids us look again, and see the thrones; thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus—throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory and it is thrones! thrones! thrones!

John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing; Jesus, on the white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves His sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns slung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some, "Sosanna to the son of David;" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there comes up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! and Amen!"

"Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities and they would not make a stepping-stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding-bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstacy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further, we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the seas, and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all

MARKS OF SORROW

disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is good-by, good-by. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window, and at the steamboat wharf—good-by. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way — "good-by;" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-bye! Ah! that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in in to close the Christmas chant. Good-bye, good-bye. But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no good-bye. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem—little hands to take hold in the great home circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee—little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river, and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place. If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordon roar so hoarsely, we cannot hear the joy on the other side when that group is augmented. It is graves here, and coffins and hearses here. A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said, "Your mother has gone to heaven—don't cry;" and the next day, they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said, "Is this heaven?" Oh! we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merry-making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives, some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher-angel says to the newly-arrived, "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus;" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy; "I am going to see Jesus." The missionary said: "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment and then said: "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in His presence! That will be heaven. Oh, to put our hand in that hand that was wounded for us on the cross—to go around amid the groups of the redeemed and shake hands with the prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear, beloved ones. That will be the great reunion; we cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the waters. None, none! Unbelief says, "They are dead, and they are annihilated:" but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated—that they never were so much alive as now—that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river Oh, glorious re-union! we cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Oh, what a place of explanation it will be!

I see, every day, profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are

HUNDREDS OF GRAVES

in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up In the light that pours from the throne, no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel that he denned with lions; and Paul that he was humpbacked; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow: and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies. But we can get an idea of that anthem here. We appreciate

THE POWER OF SECULAR MUSIC,

but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiriting to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now—by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and city church and sailors' bethel and western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the sceptres of eternity beat time in the music. Away then with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary, and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars, don't we cheer them and shout, "Huzza, huzza?" and when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for Him one loud ringing cheer?

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angles prostrate fall
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven! They all know the tune there. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—choirs of white-robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles. Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are all full, and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices.

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in our closing hymn to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth.

They rise for the doxology, all the multitude of the blest! Let us rise with them; and so at this hour the joys of the church on earth and the joys of the church in heaven will mingle their chalices, and the dark apparel of our morning will seem to whiten into the spotless raiment of the skies. God grant that through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ we may all get there.

MAILS CAN BE TAMPERED WITH.

Serious Charges Against the Postoffice Administration.

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 31.—Postoffice officials, as well as the business community, are considerably exercised today by the publication of charges in several newspapers that under the present administration of postoffices it is possible for private mail to be tampered with, and an instance of this has just come to light. On December 19, W. H. Schimpforman, a large wholesale liquor dealer of this city, received a letter from Charles Graeff, New York, asking about the commercial standing of J. Bernstein, a local dealer in wines. Schimpforman immediately answered the letter and on the same day Bernstein wrote to Graeff ordering some goods. Both letters were almost simitaneously in different street letter boxes. Bernstein wishing to change his order called at the postoffice to get his letter to Graeff back. Instead he was handed one written by Schimpforman to Graeff. He opened it and then wrote on it "opened by mistake." It reached Graeff and the latter not seeing it had been opened, sent it back to Schimpforman. He complained at the postoffice, but was treated shabbily and has been able to get no satisfaction. Schimpforman will carry the case to the Postoffice Department.

A Spartan Mother.

There has just been entered as a student at one of the colleges of New Orleans a young lad whose education is to be paid for by the proceeds of the labors of a heroine. This boy comes from the country, and when his mother wrote to enter him at college she said in her letter: "At last I can give my son the blessed privilege of an education. The money has been hardly earned. I earned every penny of it walking in the cotton fields picking cotion." Before the war this Spartan mother was a grand lady. She owned many slaves and kept carriages, and had a box at the opera, with jewels and fine gowns a plenty. To-day she walks down the cotton fields that once were hers and patiently picks off the fleece, for which she is paid for picking so much a pound.

The widow of an editor in Shawnee, Ohio, still conducts the paper, and says that her husband's spirit directs her.

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

The Consul at Odessa, Russia, Reports on the Importation of Russian Wools to America.

An Expose of the Methods Used to Benefit Importers to the Detriment of Wool Growers.

The Receipts and Expenditures of the Government for the Month Just Past. Payment of National Debt.

RICH READING FOR WOOLGROWERS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—The United States Consul at Odessa, Russia, has made a special report to the Department of State in regard to the condition of the wool trade between Southern Russia and the United States. The conclusions of the report, which is contained in a pamphlet of forty-three pages are briefly stated as follows:

1. That the wool trade between Southern Russia and the United States has been carried on for twenty years, greatly to the detriment of the revenue of the United States.

2. That all the wool shipped from Southern Russia to the United States is the property of three or four American importers.

3. That these importers in combination with shippers have conspired to prevent the recognition of a market price for so-called Donskoi washed wools at Rosteff-on-the-Don.

4. That all these wools are and ever have been scoured wools.

5. That these wools have in many instances succeeded in entering the United States at low duty limits of 2½ cents; others again at the high duty of 5 cents, when all of them should have paid duty as scoured wool.

6. That flagrant mis-designation of these wools has benefitted American importers, and has been a corresponding loss to honest wool merchants and to the United States government.

7. That this loss will exceed $10,000,000, can easily be demonstrated.

8. That this loss will reach between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000 is very probable.

9. That the market value of socalled donskoi washed wools exists at Rosteff-on-the-Don.

10. That charges in invoices of wool shipped from Odessa and Rosteff are false, and are introduced for the purpose of defrauding revenue.

11. That the commissions charged are never paid as commissions.

12. That the legitimate and proper charges have been excessive.

13. That the gross weight in invoice has caused great loss of revenue, and has been successfully practiced for many years.

14. That the interests of the United States require the permanent closing of the Rosteff consular agency.

15. That a salonid consul should be sent to Rosteff.

THE TREASURY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—The receipts of the government from all sources during the present month were $29,350,328 and the expenditures $10,400,682, leaving a net gain of receipts over expenditures of $18,924,603. Out of this net gain, however, must be paid $3,500,000 for interest upon the public debt, which will leave the actual surplus for December, $15,425,603. The public debt was also reduced during the month to the amount of $15,250,000. For the entire calendar year of 1887 the debt was diminished by $117,016,000, the largest reductions being made in June and November when payment on that account amounted to $16,852,000 and $16,833,000 respectively.

All executive departments closed at noon to-day and will not be open for business till Tuesday morning.

TEXAS PENSIONS.

Special to the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—The following Texas pensions were issued to-day: Elizabeth, widow of Wm. H. Anderson, Leesville; Jas. P. Ratcliff, Waelder.

ALCOHOLISM AND INEBRIETY.

There is a Well Defined Distinction Between the Two.

Report of the British Medical Association.

The term "alcoholism" has been somewhat loosely employed. Some at random applied it to all moderate and immoderate drinking, or any kind of intoxication; others restricted it to the mental and moral, exclusive of the physical, phases of drunkenness. This probably arose through ignorance. Only of recent years has the existence of the disease inebriety been recognized. Alcohol was an irritant narcotic poison, and the term "alcoholism" should be limited to the toxic phenomena directly or indirectly arising from the alcohol on the body and brain. This included acute alcohol (fatal and non-fatal) and chronic alcohol poisoning, all the functional disturbances and tissue degenerations of various kinds, the vitiation of the blood, the circulatory tumult, the nervous perturbation, the vaso-motor paralysis (with or without unconsciousness) of transient alcohol excitement, as well as the tremors of delirium tremens, the madness of mania a potu, the depraved digestion, the cerebro-spinal paralysis, delusions of insanity or more permanent and graver lesions. Under alcoholism would also be ranged the mental and moral depravities induced by alcoholic intoxicants, as well as the inherited proclivities to excess, brain irritability and feeble will begotten of alcohol. Fatty and other degenerations of the liver, heart, kidneys and other organs were also included.

Inebriety, on the other hand, was a disease of higher nerve centers, allied to insanity, which might or might not be of alcoholic origin. This disease consisted in a morbid impulse to or craze for intoxication. The intoxicant consumed might be any narcotic. It was the immediate evanescent relief which was sought, the inebriate often hating the inebriating substances. Inebriety was, therefore, a true intoxication mania, or, as Dr. Kerr preferred to call it, "narcomania," i. e. a mania for narcotism. Inebriety, or narcomania, assumed various forms. There was alconol, opium, chloral, chloroform, chlorodyne, ether or cocaine inebriety. The disease might be constant or periodic, solitary or social, with periodicities of function, nerve, energy, time, occupation, climate, season, etc. There were the inebrieties of insanity and of other diseases, of convalescence from fevers, from heart apoplexy, of operations, of other injuries (traumatic inebriety) and of nerve damage generally.

Will Johnson, a young man living near Cowden, S. C., met with a severe and peculiar accident the other day. He had returned from a hunting trip and was leaning over the stove when his powder flask fell out of his pocket into the fire. Before he could seize it the flask exploded with great violence and he was badly injured.