DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine Preaches in Chicago.

Morning Sermon at the Third Presbyterian Church on the Twelve Gates.

An Eloquent Rebuke of Sectarianism and of Narrow Creeds.

A Description of the Glories of the Heavenly Kingdom.

A Discourse at Farwell Hall for the Benefit of Young Men.

A Strong Plea for the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

THE GATES OF PEARL.

DR. TALMAGE'S MORNING SERMON.

Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached to a vast audience yesterday morning in the Third Presbyterian Church, one of the largest religious edifices in Chicago. The ordinary seating capacity of the church, when comfortably full, is about 2,500. Every seat was taken yesterday morning on the main floor and in the gallery, while the aisles around the sides of both, and portions of the aisles leading down to the pulpit, were packed with tiers of people who were perforce content with standing-room, since sitting-room was altogether out of the question. The doors of the audience-room, opening on the vestibule and the gallery steps, were left open, and both vestibule and stairs were packed and jammed with hundreds on hundreds of other patient ones, glad enough, apparently, even to be within hearing distance. The whole scene was a forcible reminder of the similar reception accorded the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher some two or three years ago at Plymouth Congregational Church on the South Side. When it is added that fully a thousand people—perhaps more—surged up against the front door long after the house was full, unable to get even one foot inside, the reader will have some idea of the size of the crowd which massed yesterday morning from all sections of the city for the purpose of hearing the famous Brooklyn divine. Those who failed in their purpose were of course greatly disappointed, but that disappointment will be somewhat tempered with satisfaction when they look into THE TRIBUNE this morning and read what they were unable yesterday to hear.

THE GREAT PULPIT ORATOR

from the City of Churches has not grown perceptibly older since he was last in Chicago. The prominent nose, the bald forehead, the shoulder-of-mutton side-whiskers, and the cleanly-shaven chin and upper lip have not changed, but are as prominent facial characteristics as ever. If anybody looked for any degree of special animation or gesticulation yesterday morning he must have been greatly disappointed. Beyond a deal of walking across the pulpit platform and twice or thrice clapping his hands to enforce a bit of emphasis on some especially prominent point in the discourse, there was nothing in the Brooklyn preacher's actions to distinguish him from the average earnest and intense expounder of the Gospel. There has been an apparent toning-down of late years, and all that remains is the now somewhat harsh and now melting peculiarities of voice, the same old-time vigor and earnestness, the same abhorrence and detestation of hypocrisy and sham, the flashes of eloquence, and the frequently bright, crisp way of putting things.

The Rev. A. E. Kittredge, pastor of the Third Church, occupied the pulpit with the Brooklyn brother, and directed the conduct of the services. They had not progressed very far when the venerable Dr. William Beecher marched up the pulpit steps and was given a chair at Talmage's right. The well-known black skull-cap was soon adjusted to the equally well-known bald head, and the Chicago member of the Beecher family sat back in his chair the picture of content. Whether he changed his mind, however, and longed for a seat on the plush-covered sofa, the fact remains that he had not sat still very long before he got up, shoved the chair along the platform, and, with more noise than grace, handed it over the railing to a lady in corkscrew curls who was standing below, whereupon, amidst the audible smiles of the audience, he sat down alongside of Talmage, where he remained during the rest of the services.

THE ONLY UNUSUAL FEATURE

about the introductory services was the baptism of three little children—a ceremony which Talmage afterwards not inaptly alluded to in the course of his sermon. The audience got its first good look at him when he arose and, in a somewhat schoolboyish way—halting here and there and bestowing his emphasis after a curious, juvenile fashion—gave out Hymn 499, otherwise known as "Rock of Ages." The volume of sound which went up from the vast audience as it joined in this favorite song of penitents and believers was one of the most impressive features of the whole services.

Dr. Kittredge, after making the usual announcements, introduced the visiting brother by saying, "We have the pleasure of listening this morning to the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn," and invited the congregation to look with him to God for a blessing upon the words he was about to speak. At the conclusion of the prayer, Dr. Talmage stepped to the desk, opened the Sacred Book, announced his text, and plunged at once into his discourse. He spoke almost exactly an hour, and claimed the undivided attention of the vast throng of hearers from the moment he oped his lips until he sat down.

THE DISCOURSE WAS AS FOLLOWS:

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls.—*Revelation, xxi., 21.*

My text speaks of a great metropolis, the existence of which many have doubted. There has been a vast migration into that city, but no emigration from it so far as our natural eyesight can descry. "There is no such city," says the undevout astronomer. "I have stood in a high tower, and with a mighty telescope I have swept the heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun and caverns in the moon, but no massive walls, no shining street, no palaces have arisen on my vision. There is no such city." A great many people have nearly joined in this theory by saying that all the Bible descriptions of Heaven are figurative, that Heaven is not a place of physical organisms, but a great spiritual fact—nothing but a spiritual fact. They may be right, and they may be wrong. In opposition to the theory I often hear presented, I quote the words of Christ, and He ought to know: "I go to prepare"—a theory? No. "I go to prepare"—a sentiment? No. "I go to prepare"—a principle? No. "I go to prepare"—a condition? No. "I go to prepare a place for you." Place! The doctrine of the Resurrection implies this. If my foot is to be resurrected from the dust, I must have something to tread on. If my hand is to be reformed in the Resurrection, it must have something to handle. If my eyesight, having gone out in the throes of death, is to be rekindled, I must have something to gaze at. Your opposing theory seems to imply that the resurrected body is to be hung on nothing, or to float amid the intangible, or to walk on air for ever and ever. Some say if there were to be physical organisms in Heaven, then the joys of the righteous would be cramped and hindered. O no! Wasn't there room for Adam and Eve in Paradise, and hadn't they body and soul as well? And don't you suppose that God, out of the immensities, could find room for all His children? Yes, he could build a world for each one, if need be, and have plenty of room. Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss guide puts his alpenstock between the glaciers and glides from crag to crag, so Herschel put his telescope between the worlds and glided from star to star, and he came back and told us that we lived in a part of the universe sparsely strewn with worlds, and that he found one place no larger than our solar system where there were 50,000 worlds moving on in their eternal way. Plenty of room for all God's children, though there be physical organism as well as a great spiritual fact. As a great army about to camp upon the top of a mountain just before the nightfall look off upon the landscape in which are castles to be captured the following day, rein in their chargers and halt, and take one good long look before they pitch their tents for the night, so now we, having camped on this mountain-top of Gospel privilege, rein our thought a little while, and, before we pitch our tents for the night,

TAKE ONE GOOD LONG LOOK AT THE GATES OF THE GREAT CITY.

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls." Ah, my friends, it is only the outside of the gate which illumines the Christian in the dying hour. And if that brightness is so great, what must be the inside of the gate. It was only the outside of the gate that flashed upon the celebrated Toplady in his dying moment when he said "Light"; and then, just the instant before he departed, lifted both hands and said, "Light"; and the very moment of his departure, his face illumined with the glory to come, cried out, "Light." It is only the outside of the gate that gleamed upon the pillow of Christmas Evans, the glorious Welsh minister, in the hour of his departure. In a pleasant delirium he thought that his bed was a throne, and that the family and friends standing on either side of the bed were his subjects and he was a King. And he mistook the man that stood at the foot of the bed for the charioteer. And, at the last moment, thinking himself a King, as he soon would be a King, and upon a throne or upon a chariot, he waved his hand to one side of the bed and said, "Farewell," and then to the other side he waved his hand as a King might wave his hand to his subjects; and then to the man at the foot of the bed, whom he took to be the charioteer, he cried, "Drive on." It was only the outside of the gate that kindled the deathbed in my house and the deathbed in your house. It was only the outside of the gate that lifted the glory upon the last moments of our departed loved ones.

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls." I call your attention, my friends, in the first place to

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THESE GATES.

Every palace, every lordly park, has an ornamented gateway. It may be an archway of masonry. It may be the posts are flanked with deer in statuary, the bronze gate a representation of intertwining foliage, bird-haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops dead, its life frozen into the stone. Nearly all the ancient cities had a gate of wood, or iron, or brass, or stone—Babylon 100 gates, Thebes 100 gates. Sometimes, as in the case of the Muslim, they inscribed beautiful sentiments upon the gates. The Muslim inscribed a beautiful sentiment from the Koran on the gates. People in old times had beautiful inscriptions upon the gates, but all the gates of earth are nothing as compared with the gates of Heaven. Christ set His hand to the work. With the nail of His own cross He cut upon it wonderful traceries—stories of past sufferings and of glories to come. O the gate, the gate not made up of a piece of pearl from the banks of Ceylon, and another piece of pearl from the Island of Margarita, and another piece of pearl from the Persian Gulf; no, a solid pearl lifted from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands, and hoisted and swung amid the chanting of angels. O the gate, the gate! You and I will see it. That gate puts out all the glory of feldspar, and Bohemian diamond, and alabaster pillar, and porphyry vase. One little precious stone upon the finger will gleam very brightly in the sunlight, but O when that gate shall swing before our vision—the gate! the gate! struck through and dripping with eternal noontide! Julius Cæsar gave 125,000 crowns for one pearl. The Government of Portugal boasts that it owns a pearl larger than a pear. Philip the Second and Cleopatra dazzled the world with precious stones. But all these glories, and all these beauties, and all the wealth of the pearl fisheries, and all the precious stones of all the ages put into the panel of one door will give no idea of the Heavenly gateway. One step this side of the gate we are paupers, one step the other side we are Kings. Against one side of the gate put the splendors of earthly beauty; against the other side of the gate put the surges of eternal glory. The sorrow-struck of earth, going through that gate, will find all tears crystallized into this great pearl. I have sometimes seen chemists try to analyze a tear, and they think they have successfully analyzed a tear when they say it is so much salt, so much lime, and this and that component part; but they miss the chief ingredient of a tear. What is a tear? There is a Divine analysis of it, a Christian analysis of it. I will tell you what a tear is.

IT IS AGONY IN SOLUTION.

But the tears of earth will be the crystals of heaven.

> When shall these eyes thy heaven-built wall
> And pearly gates behold?
> Thy bulwarks with salvation strong
> And streets of shining gold?

Oh Heaven is not a dull place. Heaven is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. There were twelve gates and there were twelve pearls; and they are so near this morning if you put your hand out you can touch them. Yea, they are nearer than that. You can touch them with your heart-throbs. Oh the gate, the gate! I cry upward, and I get answer, "Are you ever weary there?"

A voice comes back saying, "This is the everlasting rest."

"Are you ever sick there?"

A voice comes back saying, "The inhabitant here never says, 'I am sick.'"

"Have you to toil hard for a livelihood there?"

A voice comes back saying, "We never hunger, and we never thirst."

Oh how near the place is! I am not surprised that the Christian in his last moments, catching a glimpse of the gate, is thrilled with it. The Christian comes down to the water of death, and he wades into the water of death until the wave comes to the ankle, and he says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?"

"No," says Christ, "this is not."

And he still wades down to the Jordan of death until the wave comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?"

"No," says Christ, "this is not."

And he wades deeper down into the Jordan of death until the wave comes to the girdle; and he says, "Lord Jesus, is this death? Is this death?"

"No," says Christ, "this is not."

And he wades down deeper into the wave until the billow reaches the lip, and he cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?"

"No," says Christ, "this is not death."

But when Christ had seated that soul on a throne of triumph, and all the joy and pomp of heaven came surging to his feet, then Christ said: "This, oh trembling sinner, this, this is death."

But I want you, in the next place, to consider the number of gates. I have noticed that, while great parks and King's estates have one ornamental gateway—that is about all—the others are very apt to be very ordinary gates. How is it with this City of Heaven? Count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hear it all the earth and all the heavens! Twelve gates! I admit

THIS IS VERY HARD ON SHARP SECTARIANISMS.

Here is a bigoted Presbyterian, and he comes with his Westminster Assembly catechism, and he lifts that for a gate, and he says: "Now, you go through that gate into Heaven or stay out." [Laughter.] And here comes a bigoted member of the Reformed Dutch Church, and he lifts the Heidelberg catechism as a gate, and he says: "Now, you go through that gate, or stay out." Here comes a bigoted Methodist, and he plants two posts for a gate, and he says: "Now, you go in between those two posts, or stay out." A bigoted Baptist comes along, and he lifts a water-gate [laughter], and he says: "Now, you go through that, or forever stay out." [Laughter.] And here comes a bigoted Episcopalian, and he lifts a liturgy for a gate, and he says, "You go through that liturgy or stay out." And so in all our denominations there are small-souled men who have contracted notions about the Gospel, and contracted notions about Heaven. O, small-souled man, when did God

GIVE YOU THE CONTRACT FOR MAKING GATES?

[Great laughter.] Ah, I will tell you plainly, I want to go through each gate—I will go through any gate that Christ lifted, and He lifted twelve. He lifts a twelve-gated gospel. A man comes to me, and says, "I can now easily approach my God through a liturgy." I say to him, "My brother, always use a liturgy." A man comes to me, and he says, "I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is by immersion." I say, "By all means be immersed my brother." And I have a baptistry under my pulpit, though it is a Presbyterian church. A man comes to me, and he says, "I like to see a minister of the Gospel in gowns, bands, and surplice. So let it be. Another man comes and he says, "I prefer a minister of Christ to dress in plain citizen's apparel." So let it be.

Twelve gates, and all open! The fact is, that some of the churches of Jesus Christ in this day are doctrined to death. They go into the discussion about the decrees of God, as to how many are elected to be saved, and how many are reprobated to be lost, and they forget the fact that all men need the Gospel put to them, and that they must all repent or be lost. I can tell whether a man is elected or not. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and give up your sin, and you are elected. But how many there are who sit studying the infinitesimals of religion—the non-essentials! They sit counting the number of teeth in the jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines—[laughter]—and go into the abstruse argument to show who Melchizedek wasn't [laughter]—stay on the beach, looking off, and seeing a shipwreck in the offing, instead of getting into the lifeboat and pulling away for the wreck, they sit discussing the different styles of oar-lock. [Laughter.] It is a twelve-gated Gospel. There are only two doctrines in the Bible that mightily affect us,—

MAN A SINNER AND CHRIST A SAVIOR,—

and if any man has those two theories of his creed, I give him my hand in a warm grip of Christian brotherhood. We go down to a river in time of freshet; we have no boat; we must swim to the other beach. What is the first thing we do? Put down all the impediments; throw off all obstacles. You and I after a while come down to the river of death, and we will find it swift and rushing; and then the first thing we will have to do will be to put down all our cumberous theologies, and all our heavy sectarianism, and in the simple faith of Christ put out for the other shore.

"But," say you, "would you make all Christians worship under the same form, and in the same kind of church, and have the same ecclesiastical polity?"

Oh, no. You might as well decree what kind of food people shall eat, without reference to appetite; or what kind of apparel they shall wear, without reference to the shape of their bodies. Your history, your temperament, your antecedents, your ancestry, your surroundings, will decide whether this or that church can better get you to Heaven. I believe in creeds. I have no sympathy with the outcry against creeds. Every man has a creed who believes anything; it may not be printed in a book, but it is in his heart. I believe in creeds; we must believe something. I have no objection to there being a fence, and a very high fence, around every denomination or Christians; I think there ought to be a fence around every denomination of Christians, but there must be bars you can let down, and a gate you can swing open.

Well, now, they are coming up to the gates of Heaven. "Do you really think you will get in?" I here declare that all who accept Christ, whatever be their creed—

ALL WHO ACCEPT CHRIST AS THEIR PERSONAL SAVIOR—

will get through the gates. There has got to be a great change yet before we come up to the high point that the Quaker reached when he said to George Whitfield—George having chided him somewhat about his style of apparel—"George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all men to the faith of the Gospel; therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand." We want a large-hearted Christian charity for those who differ from us. Four men went to see an obelisk at the East—far away at the East—and the four men looked each one at the one side of the obelisk, and came home. After a while, the four men were in consultation, and they grew angry in the discussion about the color of the obelisk. One man said it was gray, another that it was blue, another that it was yellow, and another that it was red. After a while a man who had walked all around the obelisk came in, and he said: "You are all wrong, and you are all right; I have walked all round the obelisk, and I have seen all the colors on all sides." Blessed is that man who has a heart large enough and a head large enough to walk all round the doctrines of the Gospel, and all round the Church of Jesus Christ. There would be no more contention. Bigotry is an owl of the night that roosts in the belfry of many churches. My father has been many years in Heaven. He died, after serving the Lord for many years, at 82. He went through the gate. I do not think he knew whether he was a sublapsarian or a supralapsarian; I do not believe he has found out yet.

Twelve gates! I go out into the field on a summer day, and I find two beehives in a contest. One beehive says, "That field of clover is the best, and this is the best beehive." The other says the same thing in regard to another field of clover. I come in and say, "Stop this contest; I can tell which is the best—that which has the most honey." And I go out, and I find denominations of Christians in a contest; I say, "Stop this war; you say this field of doctrine is the best, and you say that field of doctrine is the best. I can tell which is the best, and which is the best church, and which will be finally triumphant; it is that which produces the best honey of Christian grace for the heart, and the best honey of Christian grace for the life."

Well, now, they are coming up. Do you really think they will get through? They will. Gate the first; the Moravians come up; they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; they pass through. Gate the second; the Quakers come up; they have received an inward light; they have trusted in the Lord; they pass through. Gate the third; the Lutherans come up; they had a great admiration for their reformer, and believed in the same Christ that saved him; and they pass through. Gate the fourth; many of those who were brought up under the Roman Catholic Church, looking beyond the ceremonies of their Church, believe in salvation by Jesus Christ; for I have had Roman Catholic servant maids in my house who were an example to the whole household. It does not make any difference what else they believe, or what else they do not believe, they take Christ for their personal Savior from sin and death; they will pass through. Gate the fifth; the German Reformed Church passes. Gate the sixth; the Congregationalists pass through. Gate the seventh; the Baptists pass through. The pædo-Baptists and the Baptists are all sheep of the Lord's flock; it is only a little

DIFFERENT WAY OF WASHING THE SHEEP.

[Laughter.] Gate the eighth; the Episcopalians pass through. Gate the ninth; the Sabbatarians pass through. Gate the tenth; the Methodists pass through. Gate the eleventh; the Reformed Church passes through. Gate the twelfth; the Presbyterians pass through. [Laughter.] That is our gate; and if there are any denominations that I have not mentioned, let them come through our gate; and if there be a vast multitude who have never connected themselves with any church, but yet believe the Lord Jesus Christ is their Savior, and take Him to their hearts' love, although they are wrong in the fact that they never professed a faith in Christ, notwithstanding that, if they have accepted Christ, "come through the twelfth gate if they will not let you through any other." [Laughter.]

Now they are before the throne; how are you going to pick them out and tell through which gate they came? You cannot. A vast multitude! John wrote up on the top of one mountain of great altitude, and he looked off, and he said: "Thousands and thousands." And then he came up on a higher altitude of mountain, and he looked off again, and he said: "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came up to a greater altitude of inspiration, and looked off again, and he said: "One hundred and forty and four thousand thousands of thousands." And yet by looking at them you cannot tell through which gate they came.

"Luther, are you there?"

"Yes!"

"How did you get in?"

"Oh, I came in through the third gate."

"Cranmer, are you there?"

"Yes!"

"How did you get in?"

"I came in through the eighth gate."

"Adoniram Judson, are you there?"

"Yes!"

"How did you get in?"

"I came through the seventh gate."

"Hugh Maccail, are you there?"

"Yes!"

"How did you get there?"

"I came through the twelfth gate."

Glory to God! One Heaven, but twelve gates! In the next place, I want you to notice

THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS

to which these gates look. It is not on one side, or two sides, or three sides, but on all four sides. It is not my idea, but the statement of the Bible. Just look up the context: "On the north, three gates; and on the south, three gates; and on the east, three gates; and on the west, three gates." It means salvation for all the nations. "On the north three gates"; mercy for Lapland, Norway, Sweden, and Greenland. "On the south, three gates"; mercy for Hindostan, and Algiers, and Ethiopia. "On the east, three gates"; salvation for China and Japan. "On the west, three gates"; redemption for America. England for manufacturing, France for manners, Germany for scholarship, Italy for pictures, the United States for God. It does not make any difference from what part of the earth a man comes up, or what is the color of his skin, or what has been his ancestry; if his heart is right he will find a gate right before him. Those picked bananas under a tropical sun, and those shot reindeer across Russian snows. From Roman campagna, from Holland dyke, from Scottish highlands, they come, they come; march on, great host of the redeemed, forward! Battalion after battalion, host after host—plenty of room.

"What!" say you, "are you going to let all the heathen into Heaven?" But you forget, what almost everybody forgets, that the vast majority of the people who die in China, in India, in Siberia, in all the dark lands of heathenism—the vast majority of those who die in these lands go straight to glory. Why?

THEY DIED IN INFANCY.

There can be no doubt about that—about their happiness. You might discuss about the salvation of the adults; but there is no doubt about this—the vast majority in all those dark lands of heathenism die in infancy, and they go straight to the bosom of God. You cannot imagine any little children like those beautiful little children presented here for baptism this morning—you cannot imagine them going away from this world and going anywhere but to Jesus.

Well, now, what does that statistic amount to? It amounts to this: there have been about 167 generations since the world was created, and that makes about fifteen thousand millions of children in Heaven; and if 1,000 or 2,000 of them in a concert lift up their voices till our souls are overwhelmed, what will it be when the fifteen thousand millions of redeemed children from all parts of the earth lift their anthem before the throne, like the voice of many waters—like the voice of mighty thunderings! It is a very large place. I have not much patience with many that talk about Heaven, because they make it such a contracted place—a sort of Windsor Castle for royal families. It isn't that at all. An angel went out one day, we are told, and measured the city. He took a rod and measured it this way, and it was 1,500 miles; you figure it out and you will find it was 1,500 miles; he measured it that way and it was 1,500 miles; he measured it this way and it was 1,500 miles; and he measured it that way and it was 1,500 miles. A vast heaven! Plenty of room! Room on the river bank, and room on the throne; room in the house of many mansions! Let the invitation sound across the mountains until the glens echo it! Let the missionary tell it in the pagoda, and the colporteur sound it across the prairies! Shout it to the Laplander in his skin sled, and halloo it to the Bedouin in the desert! Plenty of room in heaven for all who will receive it! [A voice: "Amen."] One heaven, but twelve gates to enter it.

But, mark you, those gates are wide open. When the text was written they were wide open. They have got to come shut. What is the use of a gate if it does not some time be shut? The very fact of a gate implies its being shut. The text implies that they are open. They are all open; but after a while they will be closed, and then what will be the history? Get Austria in, and the first gate shut; Russia in, and the second gate shut; Italy in, and the third gate shut; Egypt in, and the fourth gate shut; Spain in, and the fifth gate shut; France in, and the sixth gate shut; England in, and the seventh gate shut; Norway in, and the eighth gate shut; Switzerland in, and the ninth gate shut; Hindostan in, and the tenth gate shut; Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut; all the gates closed but one. Now, let America go in, with all the islands of the sea; all the nations that have called on God. The harvest is all reaped; the captives all free. The flashing splendor of that twelfth gate begins to move on its hinges; let two mighty angels of God put their shoulders to the gate, and heave it to with silvery clang. It is done; the twelfth gate shut. [The speaker extended his arms and drew his hands slowly together, to illustrate his words.]

I remark once more that each of these gates has an armed sentinel. It is not my idea; you will find it in the context. Each one has an armed sentinel. The context distinctly says, twelve gates and twelve angels.

WHAT ARE THESE ANGELS FOR?

Armed sentinels—one at each gate. Why, you know very well, if a fortress had not its gate guarded, the enemy would come in and capture the fortress. You know very well that the gate of every rich park, having no defense, no guard, might be taken by those who are the enemies of the person owning the castle. When I tell you that each gate has an armed sentinel, you say: "That is right." Of course it is right. Common sense demands that it be so. Why, suppose the gates of Heaven were unguarded and all the abandoned of earth and all the destroyed of perdition would go right straight up, and they would enter the gate, they would destroy the beauty and the glory of that blessed home, and, instead of being a place of light, and joy, and peace, and triumph, it would be a great horror. You would not want to go there, and you would not want your families to go there. Each gate has an armed sentinel. Why, suppose the unsaved and the unrepentant miser got through the gate, he would tear up the golden pavements. Suppose the house-burner should get through the gate, his sin unforgiven, he would put a torch to the mansion. Suppose the unforgiven libertine should get through the gate, he would whisper his abominations on the white coral of the sea-beach. Twelve gates, twelve armed sentinels.

Now, here is a man who spends his whole life in doing good. He is pure of heart; everybody knows he is good; he has all the years of his life been trying to make the world better. Look at him. Right beside him is a man who is polluted in all his thoughts; he has spent sixty years in trying to make the world worse; he is just as bad as bad can be. These two men now start, and they go through side by side, through the gate, into Heaven. Do they? Can they? Why, it is a mathematical impossibility. If there be two roads diverging, they go on diverging. One man travels this road, and the other that; how long before these two travelers will come together? Never! Here is the right, and there is the wrong. One man starts on this road and the other on that; when will they meet? Never! The armed sentinel is at the gate and the Robespierres and Neros cannot go through. The men who have spent all their lives in abomination cannot go through until they have repented of their sins. Only the prayer-lipped and the blood-washed will get through these gates.

THERE IS A PASSWORD

at the gate of Heaven. I was a little while in the army as Chaplain, and I was one night wanting to go from one encampment to another. As I came down the sentinel says, "Halt! Advance and give the countersign."

I could not give it; I had neglected to get it. "Well," I said, "it will be all right; you know me; I will just pass through; there will be no trouble about it."

"Oh," he said, "I am very sorry I have to interrupt you or to stop you, but I have explicit orders that nobody shall go through—no officer of the army even—unless he has the countersign."

So I went back and got the countersign, and came with it.

"Halt!" he says. "Advance and give the countersign."

I gave it to him; all was well, and I passed on.

There will be a password at the gate of Heaven. Here is a great multitude who come up to the gate, and they say, "Stand back; let us go through; we were in great honor; we sat in Senatorial chairs and on Judges' benches; we were mighty in the world; we had vast influence; and being mighty on earth we now come up to take the honors of Heaven."

The gatekeeper says: "Stand back; I never knew you."

Here comes up another great multitude; they say: "Let us go through; we were very benevolent; we gave hundreds and thousands of dollars; we endowed colleges; we were distinguished for our benevolence on earth, and now we come up to get the reward of our charity."

The gatekeeper says: "Stand back; I never knew you."

Here comes up another great multitude, and they want to go right through. They say: "We were very virtuous and very moral people on earth. We never stole; we never lied; we never broke the Sabbath; we were excellent neighbors. We were so good on earth we now come up to get the reward of our virtue."

And the gatekeeper says: "I never knew you."

Here come up a great multitude—a vast multitude—and they stand before the gate, and they say, "We would like to pass through. We are not worthy to enter; the lustre we see inside these gates is far better than anything we ought ever to have. We were sinners, we were wanderers from God, we deserve to die. We went far away from that which was right, and we were altogether wrong. But down in the world we heard of a great atonement, and we have put our trust in Jesus."

"Oh," says the gatekeeper, "that's the password [clapping his hands]. Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates, and let them go through."

Jesus! Jesus! But if I get through that gate, and if you get through that gate, it will be with that password. But if we cannot speak it on earth, we cannot speak it after we have left this life.

NOW THERE ARE TWO THOUGHTS VERY ENCOURAGING,

in the first place, to all people in this audience who are not Christians. You frankly say you are not. You are not hypocrits in this matter. You say you are not Christians. Well, now, I want to show you it is a twelve-gated Gospel, and you can come in this moment.

"Oh," you say, "I am not ready. I want to get myself ready for coming."

Why, my friend, there is no long lane up to this gate. At this moment you may enter into the Kingdom of God with a flash. You have only to look and live. It is a twelve-gated Gospel. There is no reason that any man should not get into the gate, and I tell you plainly, my brother, if you don't get in it will be your own fault. God will not keep you out. You keep yourself out. Now come into the gate—come into any one of the twelve gates.

It is a generous Gospel—you must admit it—a generous Gospel. Christ is ready to take all who will have Him. On one of the great Western lakes there was something evil betiding a ship, and it must go down. There was onboard a father—a husband—and a wife, and a child. And the ship was soon to sink. And the father said, "Now I will jump overboard, and then you two will jump after me, and I am a good, strong swimmer, and I will take you to the shore."

It was a long way to the shore. The father leaped into the waves, and the wife and child leaped after him; the one at this shoulder and the other at that shoulder. He was a mighty swimmer, and he pushed out for the beach. But, oh it was a long pull; and after a while he found his strength failing. He found he could not get them all to shore, and he came to the awful conclusion that he must leave one in the deep. He felt that his first duty was to his wife, and so he said, "My little child, good-by. I cannot take you, we will all go down together, if we attempt to get ashore together." So he gently pushed her away, and, with the other burden,—the wife—clinging to the other shoulder, he swam until he got into the breakers, and fainted dead away; and from the shore they came out and picked them up and brought them safely to the beach. It was a glorious thing he could save his wife; it was an awful thing he could not save his child. But our Christ is an Almighty swimmer. He can take to shore father, mother, husband, wife, son, and daughter. All the world he can take ashore. Lay on His Almighty shoulder this morning, while He swims for the beach.

LAY HOLD OF GOD THIS MORNING

["Amen."] Young and old lay hold of God this moment. I swing them wide open—not one gate, or five gates, or ten gates, but twelve gates. Oh come into the Gospel. Your great fallacy, my brother and sister, is that you think a man must get ready to become a Christian. That is not so at all. Just as well be saved this moment as in ten years; easier now, for ten years after it may be too late.

Then there is a great consolation for all people who have lost their friends—and who has not? Whose heart has not been broken? None on the platform. We have all been through the surges, and our friends have gone, and the devil sometimes tempts us to think, "Well, they have gone out of existence." Oh, no, they have only gone through the gates. They have been promoted. They have had an honor put on them that we have not. They are better off than we. They have gone through the gates. We look on this side of the gate; they look on the other side of the gate. There is something on still nights, when we are wrapped in prayer, that makes me think that the departed are not dead. We are the dead. We who toil, we who weep, we who sin—we are the dead. Our departed ones are not dead. They have gone through the gates. Oh, how great a difference there is in Heaven from what it is on earth when a Christian dies. When a Christian dies, we say on earth, "Close the eyes." In Heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let them down into the ground." In Heaven they say, "Hoist them on a throne." On earth we say, "Farewell." In Heaven they say, "Welcome, welcome."

But I hear some one in the audience saying,

"IN THAT VAST THRONG I WILL BE NOBODY;

no one will know me. I will be lost in the vast multitude." My brother and my sister, you will be of as much importance to God as though you were the only soul in Heaven. You think the Lord will not know you. He has counted every one of your tears. He has known all your bruises of soul. You haven't had a trouble for the last forty years, fifty years, nor my father [indicating a venerable listener on the right], for the last seventy years, that God hasn't known all about. He has pitied you, and He has comforted you, and will He not know you? The Lord knows them that are His. When the Huguenots were so persecuted in France, a father and mother had to leave their little child in the hands of an almost stranger, and leave the country. The great sorrow was leaving the child. They didn't know that they would ever return, and if they did get back they didn't know that they would know their child. They said: "After years have passed—a long while—we won't know her, even if we should see her." So, before they left their country—perhaps for ten years, perhaps forever—the father drew his sword and made a deep cut in the wrist of the child. It was a hard thing for a father to do. Years passed on, and when the husband and the wife had an opportunity to go back to France, the one thought was, "Where is our child?" The father wandered up and down the land and examined the wrists of the maidens, and after awhile he found the scar and he knew his child. And oh! what a time of joy it was, and what a reunion. And I tell you, my dear friends,

GOD WILL KNOW YOU IN HEAVEN

by the scar of your sorrow, by the cut of your earthly sufferings, and by the bruises of your worldly misfortunes. He will know you. The Lord does know them that are His.

Now I imagine we have all entered through the gates and all the gates are closed. Why, they must be closed. Do we want to get into Heaven and have our sorrows and sins and troubles follow us. No; they must be closed. They have come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South. I was at the concert given by Jullien in New York many years ago. It was in the Crystal Palace. It was the first large audience I had ever seen, coming in from my country home, and it was a great concert. There were thousands of singers and thousands of players upon instruments. It was to me an overwhelming scene and an overwhelming sound. What moved me very much was when I saw Jullien standing before the choir, perhaps of 4,000 or 5,000 singers, and that orchestra of as many players upon instruments—to see Jullien stand before the great throng, and, with one hand and one foot, conducting the harmony. Oh, it was overwhelming to me. But oh, when they shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, into the heavenly temple—a vast throng, gallery beyond gallery, gallery beyond gallery—and they rise for the Doxology, and Christ shall rise with them, and with His wounded hand and His wounded foot shall conduct that great harmony, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end!"

In the far East there is a bird they call the huma, about which is the beautiful superstition that upon whatever head the shadow of that bird shall rest upon that head there shall be a crown. O thou dove of the spirit floating above us let the shadow of Thy wing fall upon this congregation, that each at last in Heaven may wear upon his head a crown, a crown, and hold in his right hand a star, a star.

A TALK TO YOUNG MEN.

THE SERVICES AT FARWELL HALL.

The same scene was presented at Farwell Hall in the evening as at the Third Presbyterian Church in the morning—an overflowing house—though there was this difference: most of the seats were occupied by males, the service being specially for the young men of Chicago, though there were some white heads in the audience. The gallery was set aside for ladies, but there were not over 100 present. Admission was by ticket until half-past 7, and then there was a rush for the hundred or so vacant chairs, and, as they wouldn't accommodate a tenth of those who got into the hall, several hundred people were obliged to stand up. The congregation numbered fully 2,800. A choir of seventy-five were on the platform and led the singing, under the direction of James McGranahan.

There was a praise service from 7:15 to 7:45, and then the hymn "Stand Up for Jesus" was given out by Mr. T. W. Harvey, and sung by all standing.

Prayer was offered by J. W. Dean.

Mr. McGranahan sang "Eternity."

The reading of Scripture—a portion of the thirteenth chapter of Acts—by Maj. Whittle, was followed by "Fix Your Eyes upon Jesus," sung by all.

DR. TALMAGE

then addressed the audience. He took as his text Psalm xix., 8—"The statutes of the Lord are right." Old books, he said, go out of date; when they were written they struck at wrongs which have ceased, or advocated institutions which no longer excite our interest. We no longer believe in the philosophy of barbarous times; there are only a few books of ancient times that affect us now. Many libraries are merely cemeteries of dead books; once in a while there comes into our possession an old book, whose teachings are dead and whose author is forgotten. But not so with one old book. It grew under theocracy and monarchy, it withstood storm and fire, and tyranny in vain launched its bolts against it. It crossed the Channel, and was translated by Wicliff; it crossed the ocean and was planted on Plymouth Rock, and churches, schools, and asylums had grown up along its pathway. One day lately he saw a man in a rail-car take a Bible from his pocket and read it for an hour, and kiss it reverently before returning it. When his parents died his chief legacy was his mother's Bible. It was the most beautiful book he had ever owned.

> How precious is the Book divine,
> By inspiration given;
> Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
> To guide our souls to Heaven.

When he saw that a vast multitude of the audience were young men forming their ideas about God's Word, and when he knew how hard it was for a man to believe in the Scriptures in this day, and stand amid the scoffing and caricature of the world, he felt it most profitable to show that the Bible was right—right in authenticity, right in style, right in doctrine, right in its effects. There is not so much evidence that Shakspeare wrote "Hamlet," or that Tennyson wrote "The Charge of the Six Hundred," or that Walter Scott wrote "Marmion," or that Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," as evidence that the Lord God Almighty, by prophet, evangelist, and apostle, wrote this Book. The Bible crashed into the prejudices of the world. If Job and Isaiah, Joshua and Paul, and John had been imposters the world would have found it out. The fact that it had come to this moment without scar or spot showed that it was God-given, God-signed, with a divine mission for all nations. When it began amid violent opposition there were 200 copies, now there are 300,000,000.

Suppose some one invented a great medicine that cured millions of people, would it not be regarded as a pretty good medicine? There were a great many men who rejected this Bible; but whose testimony were they going to take? The world have been sick of leprosy—the worst of all diseases, the leprosy of sin; and there were a hundred thousand men and women who would testify with their hands lifted towards Heaven that they had

FOUND THIS A DIVINE PANACEA,

and that it had cured their sin and cured their sorrow. Whose testimony would they take—that of the millions of Christians on earth that said they had tested the power of this Gospel and taken the medicine, or the men who said they had never tried it? Their common sense said, "We will take the testimony of those who know all about it in their own experience." Infidelity scoffed when it was said in the Bible that there was a city built of stone, and called the statement absurd; but Botta, and Bonomi, and Keith had gone on in their explorations until they had found that very city, with one street six miles long, along which once flashed imperial pomp and echoed the laughter of light-hearted mirth on her way to the theatre. The Bible stated that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire; this also was scoffed at, but Lieut. Lynch, of the United States, went out and cast his fathoming line into the Dead Sea, the lake where these cities were ingulfed, and brought up a piece of the very sulphur that fell in that horrible tempest. In like manner Layard had proved the truth of the Bible description of Nineveh. There were some eminent men who pretended to have discovered a discord between science and revelation, but he could bring just as great an array of great names who had found a perfect harmony. Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, knew all the facts of geology, and yet believed in the Book of Genesis; he knew the facts of astronomy, and yet believed that the sun and moon stood still; he knew the anatomy of man and fish, and yet believed in the Book of Jonah. [Laughter.] It was easy for a man to put his thumb in his vest and swagger about and sneer at the Bible, but the time would come when that man would be sorry for it. He who goes out on the field of infidelity goes out on a great Sahara desert. Some years ago two members of Congress met every Friday night in Washington to talk of the immortality of the soul. While at the same time they despised the Scriptures, they proposed to prove from reason that the soul was immortal. They met week after week until their term of office had expired, and they departed to their homes. Many years passed, and those two men again happened to meet at a Presidential levee. There was a throng at the house, and they entered at opposite doors; and when they met, the one said to the other, "John, any light?" He shook his head and said, "No light." And then the other said, "Henry, any light?"

"NO LIGHT; NO LIGHT."

It was the blackness of darkness for them forever.

The Bible was right in style. Many thought it was a collection of geological facts—dry statistics. It was not. The most interesting novel one ever saw, if read as we read our Bible, would not be interesting.

"Suppose," said Mr. Talmage, "you read one page of the novel today, and another tomorrow—first the 400th page, then the 300th, next the 250th, then the 31st; and the next day the last line, and then the first line of the first page, how much would you get out of it? [Laughter.] That is the way you read your Bibles—a verse from Ezekiel, the Psalms, Genesis, Revelation. An angel from Heaven reading the Bible in that way could not get any interest out of it. [Laughter.] The Bible, like other palaces, has a door by which to come in, and a door by which to go out. Genesis is the door to come in, Revelation is the door to go out. Read the Bible in course, if you would have it interest you. Suppose you got a letter full of business, how do you read it? Do you read the last line of the last page, then the top line of the second page, then a paragraph on the third page, and then a few lines at the start of the first page? No. You begin with 'Dear Sir,' and you end with 'Yours truly.' [Laughter.] Let us have the same common sense here—begin at the beginning and close at the close."

The Bible was the tersest book ever written. He wanted all the young men to understand it. Every word of the Book was full of truth; every sentence double-barreled; every paragraph like an old banyan-tree—had a hundred roots and a hundred branches. Nearly the great books of the world were merely the Bible diluted. It was the well of all sweetness, the armory of all well-tempered weapons, the torch from which all other lamps were lighted. It was the wedding-ring which connected the celestial to the terrestrial, while all the white-robed denizens of the sky stood around to rejoice at the nuptials. It was the river into which poured all the tides of Hallelujah. It was the firmament in which suns, and moons, and stars, and constellations, and galaxies, and universes, and eternities wheel, and blaze, and triumph. There was more variety in it than in all the books that were ever written. "No discord, no contradiction, but great variety. Just like the alto, soprano, tenor, and bass come in and make a harmony, so the Patriarch carries one part of the song redemption, the Prophet another part, the Evangelist another part, and the Apostle another; Four parts, and they make up the Song of Moses and the Lamb."

If the book had been written by one man it would have been a monotone—a dull book. There would have been no variety in it. God took men of different temperaments, and inspired them to write, and they wrote in their own style, for children, the historian, the aged, the poet. Seeing the Bible suited to all temperaments, he could not help resolving that the text was accurate in its declaration,

"THE STATUTES OF THE LORD ARE RIGHT."

He remarked in the next place that the Bible was right in doctrine—the two doctrines that we are sinners and that Christ died to save us. Had it not been for the one doctrine of the Atonement Moses would not have sketched creation, nor would prophets have predicted, nor would apostles have preached. In this Bible Christ seems to stand on the platform of an amphitheatre. Behind him are the prophets, throwing light forward on His sacred person; the evangelists and the prophets are the footlights, throwing light upon His sacred person; while all the galleries of earth and Heaven are filled with the spectators. Every mountain on earth is made to bow to Calvary. There is no book in the world that talks of mercy like this book. The world talks of mercy, but it does not know what mercy is. Suppose a man wanders from the right and sacrifices his integrity, out with him from the church, from the banking-house, and from all pleasant circles; that is the mercy of the world. What does God do? You can tell how far a man has gone wrong by the earnestness of God's voice calling him back. And if it is hard for a man to come back when he has gone astray how much more difficult is it for a woman! What though she repent, no mercy for her; what though she starve, good for her; what though she die, tumble her into a coffin and have no prayer at the grave. There is more mercy in the fangs of a rattlesnake than in the hearts of men for women who have gone astray. [Applause.] At one of his services in Brooklyn a poor man from the Far West came in and sat down sadly and forlorn. At the close he went to this man and asked him if they could do anything for him. The man sadly replied no; that he had sacrificed his beautiful family to the thirst for strong drink, and he feared that his case was hopeless. He (Dr. Talmage) took the man into his vestry-room and talked with him, and finally went with him to a drug-store and got him a prescription which would assist him in his paroxysms, in which there was no alcohol. Giving him the prescription and telling him to put his trust in the Lord, he parted from him. A few weeks ago he received a letter from Boston from this man, who was now preaching the Gospel and temperance to thousands of people.

The Gospel was right in its effects. Put it into the hands of a serious soul who had read the indictment of ten counts—the Ten Commandments—he pleaded guilty. We were not justified by works. "Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest." Put it into the hand of the sorrowing. You thought it was death that took your child, but it was only the Divine Shepherd taking a lamb out of the cold. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." As sometimes the sweetest berries were found on the sharpest thorns, so some of the sweetest consolations of the Gospel grew out of the sorest afflictions. "Put the Bible into the hands of the merchant and banker. He reads that riches got by fraud a man shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool." A dishonest dollar could not be hidden.

"PUT THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOL."

Palsied be the hand that would take the Bible from the college and the school. Educate only a man's head and you make him an infidel. Educate only a man's heart and you make him a fanatic. Educate both together, and you have the noblest work of God. Put the book into the hands of the dying." What joy and consolation it gave.

He urged the young men present who had a mother's Bible in their trunks to go home and take it out, and get on their knees, and not arise until God had pardoned them for time and eternity.

He made an earnest appeal to all the unsaved to seek Jesus while there was time, and to urge their associates to come. One night, as he stood listening to the strokes of a church clock striking the hour, he thought to himself, "How like the passing away of the day of grace this is!" With some it was now 1 o'clock, and with others the bell was fast approaching the stroke of 12. God in His mercy grant that 12 might not strike until they had all entered into the hope of the Gospel!

Dr. Talmage concluded by impressively relating an incident of a man who had been persuaded by his Christian wife to stay in meeting and talk about his soul, but who concluded to put it off till another time. In going home their horse took fright, their buggy was upset, and the man thrown out. His wife called to him, "John, are you hurt?" After a pause, he gasped out, "Yes, Mary; that was my last chance."

At the conclusion of the address there was a brief praise service.

Major Whittle addressed an earnest appeal to the young men present to procrastinate no longer, but to give their hearts at once to God. Twenty-one years ago, he said, he was a young man of 20, engaged in an express office on the corner of Dearborn and Lake streets, and it had many times occurred to him that he ought to be a Christian, but from pride, love of sin, or some other cause, he had not come to a decision, when he received a letter from a young friend in Ohio stating that he had accepted Christ as His Savior, and beseeching him to do so too. He read the letter as he was busy receiving money packages, and, getting off his stool, he went into the vault with tears in his eyes, and prayed to God for grace to become a Christian. That was the beginning of his Christian life, and for twenty-one years Christ had been very precious to him. The time would come in all their lives when they would have to decide whether they would continue to serve the Devil any longer. He appealed to them to make that decision now.

Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan then sung, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

Dr. Talmage said the words of that song had a wonderful pathos to his soul. When he was in this city a year ago, he had with him his boy, not quite twenty years ago. The Lord took him without a second of warning; and all the time he had been in the city on this occasion the memory of that last visit had always been present with him. His boy then said to him, on Tuesday night, "Papa, I am going to give my soul again to God." He lay down in what seemed an insignificant sickness, but on Thursday he died. He felt what it would have been to him if he had not had this assurance from his boy, and also others which he found among his papers afterwards, of the state of his soul. He hoped and believed his boy was in Heaven. But there was one thing to be done to enter into Heaven. It was what the prodigal son did when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." It was not enough to arise, but they must go. They must take some step before they could get there, and if they did so God would give them His pardoning mercy.

A large number stood up for prayers, and the proceedings were brought to a close with prayer by Dr. Talmage.

HONORED BLOOD.

A Dramatic Incident of the War—Recognition of the Gallantry of the Captain of a Chicago Battery.

Little Rock Gazette.

Eighteen years ago one of the most dramatic incidents of the late War, called late because, let it be hoped, all of its issues are dead, occurred at Fourche Dam, a few miles below this city. Gen. Price and his army were occupying this city. Gen. Steele was advancing. The whole country was in a terrible state of excitement. A battle was expected. Every one had confidence in the bravery and military skill of Gen. Price. His achievements were heralded, his praises sung.

One night, before the dawning of the 10th of September, 1863, a Confederate officer on duty with his men at an outpost, having received direct information from a man who had been in the enemy's camp, lay down by a fire, and on a leaf torn from an old account-book wrote a dispatch to a senior officer, beginning: "The ball opens tomorrow," and giving a statement as to the number of men in the enemy's ranks, showing that his force was inferior to Price's army. The officer wrote "Respectfully forwarded" on the paper and dispatched a man to Little Rock with instructions to deliver the communication to Gen. Price.

The General could not be found. He was playing cards at a private residence, and only became aware that the time for action had come when the booming of cannon, just at daylight, aroused him. The soldiers down the river fought desperately. They were compelled to retreat. Falling back to Fourche Dam, it was decided that a final resistance should be made. Gen. Newton, who had been sent back to form the men as they arrived, was executing that order, when Gen. Marmaduke, who had been arrested for killing Gen. Walker, and who had just been released, dashed up and exclaimed:

"We must make a fight here to cover Price's retreat."

"Cover Price's retreat?" replied Newton, in surprise.

"Yes; for his army is in full retreat."

Nothing but fight was left. The enemy charged, but were repulsed. Jeffries was ordered to take his Missouri brigade, cross the creek, and feel of the enemy. He crossed, and not only felt of the enemy, but, following the promptings of an impulsive nature, charged the section of a battery supported by cavalry. The cavalry, from the suddenness of the attack, was thrown into confusion and retreated, leaving the guns unsupported. The Captain of the battery, a young man from Chicago, stood by one of his guns, with a revolver in each hand, firing rapidly. He was completely surrounded, but refused to surrender. The Confederates, in admiration of his bravery, stopped firing and cheered him. He was repeatedly told to surrender, and as often refused. He continued to fire, and had wounded several men.

"This thing is gittin' tiresome, Cap'n," yelled a lank Missourian, "an' if you don't behave yourself an' quit your skylarkin' you'll git hurt."

The brave fellow, with a disdainful gesture, exclaimed:

"I told the people of Chicago that I would never surrender this battery, and by all the demons in hell I'll keep my word," and he leveled his pistol at the Missourian. But the lank man was too quick for him, and, throwing up his pistol he fired. Capt. Reed fell across his gun, shot through the heart. "Brave man," said the boys as they laid him on the ground preparatory to removing the gun. "Brave man. It is a pity we had to kill him." The gun, with its death-mark of life's blood, was drawn away by the Confederates, and used in a dozen different battles, but no one ever washed off the blood. Once when an officer asked one of the men why he did not wash his gun the soldier related the circumstance of Reed's death. "Let the blood remain," said the officer; "it is a mark of respect to the memory of a brave man."

Just before the close of the War, Capt. Reed, the name applied to the gun, was dismounted by a cannon-ball. After the battle the soldiers tenderly buried the heavy iron. The rains of heaven nor the hands of man had not washed off the blood.

Winchester's Hypophosphites

will cure consumption, coughs, weak lungs, bronchitis, and general debility. Established 21 years.

GEORGE R. DAVIS.

His Efforts to Secure Better Postal Facilities for the West Side.

What He Has to Say About Political Matters in Washington.

Congressman George R. Davis returned to his home in this city Saturday from Washington and was seen that night by a TRIBUNE reporter, to whom he had something of interest to say regarding affairs at the National Capital. As is well known by the West-Siders, Mr. Davis has been laboring very assiduously of late to secure

AN ADDITIONAL POSTAL STATION

for their accommodation. The only existing West Side station, at the corner of Washington and Halsted streets, is, as Mr. Davis states, two miles and over from the reach of tens of thousands of citizens who live west of the river, and he wants another station established somewhere in the neighborhood of Madison street and Hoyne avenue.

First of all that night the reporter asked Mr. Davis what the prospects were for a successful issue to his labors in this matter of a new postal station. The gentleman answered that the prospects were the best in the world. Said he: "I took a petition to Washington that was signed with names enough to reach across the road, and this petition I presented to the Postmaster-General. He referred it to Mr. Smith, an agent of the free delivery system. Now, all of these agents are known to be opposed to increasing the number of stations; they want all the extra money put into the Carrier Department. Mr. Smith came to Chicago, drove about the West Side a little in a buggy, and then, as I supposed he would, reported that no station was wanted. Then I went to the Postmaster-General myself, and told him that I wanted the petition referred to a man who knew something about Chicago and Chicago's needs, and the result was that the petition was referred to Special Inspector Stuart of this city; and Mr. Stuart will, I am satisfied, report favorably in the premises."

"Have you talked with Mr. Stuart yet about the matter?"

"I have not; but I feel sure that it will all come out right now."

"AND AS TO THE POLITICAL SITUATION

at Washington—what do you know about that?"

"I know nothing particularly new. Everything definit has been telegraphed to the papers, and so, too, have surmises from all quarters."

"Then you are not prepared to suggest names for a new Cabinet?"

"I certainly am not. I had a short talk with the President a few days ago, but he had nothing to say on politics. Mr. Arthur is a man who asks advice when he wants it."

"Who do you think he is getting his advice from just at present?"

"I don't know that he is getting it from any one. He is in every way capable of advising himself. He thoroughly understands the responsibility of his position and the duties of his office, and it is my belief that he will discharge those duties in a manner satisfactory to his party and to the people of the Nation."

"WHAT ABOUT CONKLING

and the new Administration?"

"Mr. Conkling and Gen. Grant are, without doubt, as warm friends of Mr. Arthur as they ever were. But Mr. Arthur will be the President—there will be no power behind the throne. Conkling certainly will not go into the Cabinet."

When questioned as to the coming organization of the Senate, Mr. Davis said: "The Republicans will not consent to a permanent organization of the Senate until after Rhode Island and New York are fairly represented. They will insist that a President pro tempore be chosen for the sole purpose of swearing in the Senators from Rhode Island and New York, and that the permanent organization follow only after such action has been taken. There is precedent for such a proceeding, and the Constitution declares that under no circumstances shall a State be deprived of its fair representation in the Senate. I believe that there are Democrats and Independents in the Senate who take the same view of the matter, and who will see that this plan is carried out. I believe, too, that these same reasonable Democrats and Independents will consent to the election of a Republican for the possible successor of President Arthur and a Democratic Secretary."

"Have you talked with any of the Democratic Senators about it?"

"I have not, but I am satisfied that there are some of them who will act in a reasonable manner about the organization, and it will not require many."

THE COURTS.

DIVORCES.

A bill for divorce was filed Saturday by Elizabeth L. Dice against Harvey M. Dice, the charge being desertion.

UNITED STATES COURTS.

Benjamin C. Tilghman filed a bill Saturday against the Western Sand-Blast Company and E. L. Brown, President, to prevent them from infringing his patent, issued March 1, 1870, for an improvement in cutting stone, metal, glass, and other hard substances.

STATE COURTS.

Albert E. Kent and others began a suit in debt Saturday for the use of C. L. Hutchinson against B. P. Hutchinson, claiming $30,572.75, and another for $10,000 against the same party. George Webster for the use of C. L. Hutchinson also sued the same defendant for $22,500.

THE CALL.

JUDGE DRUMMOND—In chambers.

JUDGE BLODGETT—Peremptory call of Nos. 1, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, on his chancery calendar.

APPELLATE COURT—14, 16, 17, 18, 19. No case on hearing.

JUDGE GARY—Assists Judge Anthony. No case on trial.

JUDGE SMITH—No preliminary call. Trial call term Nos. 2,540, 2,562, 2,564, 2,650, 2,724, 2,748, 2,760, 2,762, 2,821, and 2,870. No case on trial.

JUDGE WILLIAMSON—Assists Judge Smith. No. 1,432, Erwin vs. Stearns, on trial.

JUDGE ANTHONY—291, 379, 382 to 387, 389, 391, 397, 400, 406, 407, 410, 412, 413, 416 to 418, 420 to 422. No case on trial.

JUDGE GARDNER—Contested motions.

JUDGE ROGERS—Preliminary call 251 to 300, inclusive. Trial call 250 to 300, inclusive. No case on trial.

JUDGE MORAN—46, 49, 50, 52, 53, 60, 67, 69. No case on trial.

JUDGE HAWES—56, 57, 62, 65, 71, 72, 73. No case on trial.

JUDGE TULEY—Contested motions.

JUDGE LOOMIS—Nos. 75 and 147.

JUDGE JAMESON—Nos. 290, 300, 304, 308, 315, 322, 329, 334, 335, 320, 337, 340, and 378.

JUDGE BARNUM—No. 3, John Lamb, implied burglary, on trial.

JUDGMENTS.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT—JUDGE BLODGETT—Thomas Brown et al. vs. Amos G. Throop and Robert McClelland, $92,171.32.

SUPERIOR COURT—JUDGE GARY—H. H. Shufeldt et al. vs. Ed Stiefel, Solomon Stiefel, and Isaac Ney, $5,476.11.—Erick Anderson, administrator, vs. M. Eldem, A. Engel, and A. C. W. Engel, $550.65.—Ignatz Boscowitz et al. vs. Adams Express Company; verdict, $12,768.77, and motion for new trial.

JUDGE SMITH—Celia Abbott, administratrix, etc., vs. Walter A. Morse, $2,691.

CIRCUIT COURT—CONFESSIONS—Julius Loewenthal vs. Moritz Gallingers, $255.

Tilden's Home.

Hartford Times New York Letter.

Persons passing in the neighborhood of Gramercy Park stop to look at a building that is all covered with canvas, and are puzzled to make out what it means. The canvas covering is an immense frame that incloses the entire front of the building from sidewalk to roof. People stand and look and wonder why it is covered up this way. Those who ask whose house it is are told, Mr. Tilden's. The enormous canvas envelope has been on it all summer. It was put there to protect the premises from the dust and dirt arising from the building operations next door. Mr. Tilden vacated the house early in the summer, when the work of the masons began. They first took out the front and rear of the adjoining building, and then ran the walls back to the depth of about 100 feet. The brick front that was taken out is now being replaced by one of heavy brown stone. This building is to be connected with and become a part of the well-known and almost historic No. 15 Gramercy Park, where Mr. Tilden transacted most of his campaign business five years ago. When the work of the masons and carpenters is completed the two structures will be one. It is advancing very slowly, and probably won't be finished before next spring. Every part of it is done in the most substantial manner. I doubt if the work on the Vanderbilt mansions on Fifth avenue is much better. Mr. Tilden's new house will certainly be one of the finest residences in New York. He is spending a large amount of money on it, and will furnish it in the richest and costliest manner. The most stylish of the Fifth avenue establishments won't surpass it in this respect. Some of his friends wonder what he will do with so fine a mansion, as there is no likelihood, they say, of his taking a wife to preside over it and enjoy the delight of having such a home. But Mr. Tilden probably knows what he will do with it. And, at all events, he may as well use some of his money this way as any other.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Makes a much more delicious acid drink that lemons or limes, at the same time giving to the system the invigorating phosphates.