

THE ASCENSION

AS TREATED IN THE TABERNACLE PULPIT.

The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage Preaches on the Ascension of Our Lord From the Mount of Olives.

After reading appropriate passages of Scripture, and the usual prayers and musical exercises, Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon, in the Academy of Music, Sunday morning, from the words, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up..."

In olden times when a great conqueror returned from victorious war, the people in wild transport would take hold of the gates of the city and lift them from their hinges, as much as to say: "This city needs no more gates to defend it since this conqueror has won it for us..."

Among the mountains of Palestine no one is more uplifting than Mount Olivet. It was the peroration of our Lord's ministry. On the roof of a house in Jerusalem I asked, "Which is Olivet?"

And here I am, and the first glance transfixed me. But how shall I describe my emotions, when, near the close of a journey, in which we had for two nights encamped amid the shattered masonry of old Jericho, and tasted of the arid waters of the Dead Sea, that crystal sarcophagus of the plain, and waded down into the deep and swift Jordan to baptize a man, and visited the ruins of the houses of Mary and Martha, and Lazarus, we found ourselves in stir, and on a horse, I gathered with the long and difficult way, ascending Mount Olivet. Oh, that solemn and suggestive ridge! It is a lime-stone hill, a mile in length and three hundred feet high, and twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Up and down that road Jesus had walked twice a day from Bethany to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Bethany. There, again and again, He had taught His disciples. Half way up this Mount He uttered His lamentation, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" From its heights Jesus took flight homeward when He had finished His earthly mission. There is nothing more for him to do. A sacrifice was needed to make peace between the recalcitrant earth and outraged heaven, and He had offered it. Death needed to be conquered, and He had put his resurrection foot upon it. The thirty-three years of voluntary exile had ended. The grandest, tenderest, mightiest goodbye ever heard was now to be uttered.

On Mount Olivet Jesus stands in a group of Galilee fishermen. They had been together in many scenes of sadness and persecution and had been the more endeared by that brotherhood of suffering. They had expected Him to stay until the day of coronation when He would take the earthly throne and wave a scepter mightier, and rule a dominion wider, than any Pharaoh, than any Cæsar. But now all these anticipations collapse. Christ has given His last advice. He has offered his last sympathy. He has spoken His last word. His hands are spread apart as one is apt to do when he pronounces a benediction, when suddenly the strongest and most stupendous law of all the worlds is shattered. It is the law which, since the worlds were created, holds them together. It is the law which holds everything to the earth, or temporarily hurled from earth, returns to the law which keeps the planets whirling around other systems, and all the systems whirling around the throne of God—the law is suspended, or relaxed, or broken, to let the body of Jesus go. That law had held of Him thirty-three years before, when He descended. It had relaxed its grip of Him but once, and that when it declined to sink Him from the top of the waves on Lake Galilee, on which He walked, to the bottom of the lake. That law of gravitation must now give way to Him who made the law. It may hold the other stars, but it cannot longer hold the Morning Star of the Redemption. It may hold the noontid sun, but it cannot hold the Sun of Righteousness. The fingers of that law are about to open to let go the most illustrious Being the world had ever seen and whom it had worst mistreated. The strongest law of nature which philosophy ever weighed or measured must at last give way. It will break between the rock of Olivet and the heel of Christ's foot. Watch it, all ye disciples! Watch it, all the earth! Watch it, all the heavens! Christ about to leave this planet. How! His friends will not consent to have him go. His enemies catching him would only attempt by another Calvary to put

Him into some other tomb. I will tell you how. The chain of the most tremendous natural law is unlinked. The sacred foot of our Lord and the limestone rock part, and part forever.

Leaning back, and with pallid cheeks and uplifted eyes, the disciples see their Lord rising from the solid earth. Then rushing forward they would grasp His feet to hold Him fast, but they are out of reach, and it is too late to detain Him. Higher than tops of the fig-trees from which they had plucked the fruit, Higher than the olive-trees that shaded the mount. Higher until he is within sight of the Bethlehem where he was born, and the Jordan where he was baptized, and the Golgotha, where he was slain. Higher until on stairs of fleecy clouds He steps. Higher, until into a sky bluer than the lake that could not sink Him. He disappears into a sea of glory whose billowing splendors hide Him. The fishermen watch and watch, wondering if the law of nature will not re-assert itself, and He shall in a few minutes come back again, and they shall see Him descending, first His scarred feet coming in sight, then the scarred side, then the scarred brow, and they may take again His scarred hand. But the moments pass by, and the hours, and no appearance. Come out of sight of earth, but come within sight of heaven, and rising still, not welcomed by one angelic choir like those of Him down, but all heaven turns out to greet Him home, and the temples have special anthem, and the palaces special banquet, and the streets special throngs; and all along the line to the foot of the throne, for years vacated but again to be taken, there are arches lifted, and banners waved, and trumpets sounded, and dogmatics chanted, and coronets cast down.

"O garden of olives, thou dost harbor a spot. The fame of thy glory shall never be forgotten." No wonder for at least fourteen hundred years the churches have, forty days after Easter, kept Ascension day; for the lessons are most inspiring and glorious. It takes much of the uncertainty out of the idea of heaven, when from Olivet we see human nature ascending. The same body that rose from Joseph's tomb ascended from Mount Olivet. Our human nature is in heaven to-day. Just as they had seen Christ for forty days, He ascended, head, face, shoulders, hands, feet, and the entire human organism. Humanity ascended! How closely did they keep Christ in sympathy with those who are still in the struggle! Ascended scars, face scars, hand-scars, feet-scars, shoulder-scars. That will keep Him in accord with all the suffering, with all the weary, with all the imposed upon. No more is He a spirit now than a body, no more of heaven than earth. Those of the celestial inhabitants who never saw our world, now walk around Him and learn from His physical countenance something of what our race will be when, in the resurrection, heaven will have uncounted bodies as well as uncounted spirits. On Ascension day He lifted Himself through the atmosphere of Palestine until, amid the immensities, He disappeared. He was the only being the world ever saw who could lift Himself. Surely, if He could lift Himself, He can do the lesser deed of lifting us.

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secretary, and a bombshell fell into the room, and the secretary dropped his pen and attempted flight. Charles said to him: "Do on with your writing! What has the bombshell to do with the letter I am dictating?" If the ascending Christ be on our side, nothing should disturb us.

"Our fellow-sufferer yet retains a fellow-feeling for our pain, and still remembers, in the smiles, his tears, his agonies, and cries."

I am so glad that Christ broke the natural law of gravitation when He shook off from His feet the clutch of Mount Olivet. People talk as though cold iron, unsympathetic, natural law controlled everything. The reign of law is a majestic thing, but the God who made it has a right to break it, and again and again will break it. A law is only God's way of doing things, and if He chooses to do things another way, He has a right to do so. Any law not strong enough to shackle the Almighty, Christ broke botanical law when, on Monday morning in March, on the way from Bethany to Jerusalem, by a few words he turned a full-leaved fig tree into a lifeless stick. He broke ichthyological law when, without any natural inducement, He swung a great school of fish into a part of Lake Genezareth, where the fishermen had cast their nets for eight or ten hours without the capture of a minnow; and by making a fish help pay the tax by yielding from its mouth a Roman stater, Christ broke the law of storms by compelling, with a word, the angered sea to lull its frenzy, and the winds to quit their blowing. He broke zoological law when he made the devils possess the swine of Gadara. He broke the law of economies when He made enough bread for five thousand people out of five biscuits that would not ordinarily have been enough for ten of the hungry. He broke intellectual law when, by a word, He silenced a mania into placidity. He broke physiological law when, by a touch, He straightened a woman who, for eighteen years, had been bent almost double, and He put spring into the foot of the infatuated Lazarus, and when, without medicine, He gave the dying girl back to health to the Syro-Phœnician mother, and when He made the paralytic home of the nobleman rebound again with the laughter of his restored boy, and when, without effort, He set entranced eyes, deaf ears to vibrating again, and the nerves of paralyzed arms to thrilling again, and then when in leaving the earth He defied all the atmospheric law and physiological law, and that law which has in it withes and cables and girder enough to hold the universe—the law of gravitation.

The Christ who proved himself on so many occasions, and especially the last, superior to law, Jesus, and every day, in answer to prayer, for the good of the world, He is overriding the law. Standing today on the Ascension peak of Mount Olivet I am glad that at the closing gesture, the last gesture Christ ever made, "He lifted up his hands and blessed them," says the inspired account of our Lord's departure. I am so glad He lifted up His hands, His arms extended, and the palms of His hands turned downward, and so He dropped benediction upon Olivet, benediction upon Palestine, benediction upon all the earth.

The cruel world took Him in at the start on a cradle of straw, and at last thrust Him out with the point of a spear; but benediction! Ascending and beneath He saw on one side the Bethlehem where they put Him among the cattle, and Calvary on the other side, where they put Him among the thieves. As far as the excited and intensified vision of a group on Olivet could see Him, and after He was so far up they could no longer hear His words, they saw the gesture of the outspread hands, the benediction. And that is His attitude today. His benediction upon the world's climates, and they are changing, and will keep on changing until the atmosphere shall be a commencing of October and June. Benediction upon the deserts till they whiten with hly, and bluish with rose, and yellow with cowslip, and emerald with grass. Benediction upon governments till they become more just and humane. Benediction upon nations until they kneel in prayer. Benediction upon the woe earth until every mountain is an Olivet of consolation, and every lake a Galilee on whose mosaic of crystal, and opal, and sapphirine divine splendors shall walk. Oh, take the benediction of his pardon, sinners young, sinners old, sinners moderate and sinners abandoned. Take the benediction of His comfort, all ye broken-hearted under bereavement, and privation, and myriad woes. Take His benediction, all ye sick beds, whether under acute spasms of pain, or in long-protracted invalidism. For orphanage, and childlessness, and widowhood, a benediction. For cradles and trundle beds, and rocking chairs of octogenarians a benediction. For life and death, for time and eternity, for earth and for heaven, a benediction. Sublime gesture ever made, the last gesture of our ascending

Lord. "And He lifted up his hands, and blessed them." Is our attitude the same? Is it the clenched fist or the open palm? Is it wrath or is it kindness? Is it diabolism or Christianity? God gives us the grace of the open palm, open upward to get the benediction, open downward to pronounce benediction. A lady was passing along a street and suddenly ran against a ragged boy, and she said: "I beg your pardon, my boy, I did not mean to run against you; I am very sorry."

And the boy took off the piece of cap he had on his head and said: "You have my pardon, lady, and you may run again me, and knock me clear down; I won't care." And turning to a comrade he said: "That nearly took me off my feet. Nobody ever asked my pardon before." Kindness! Kindness! Fill the world with it. There has always been too much of disregard of others. Illustrious in 1639, in England, when 95,000 muskets were drained for health and for crop-raising, and the sportsmen destroyed by the drainage work because they wanted to keep the marshes for hunting grounds, where they could shoot wild ducks. The same selfishness in all ages. Oh, for kindness that would make our life a symphony suggestive of one of the ancient banquets where everyone was set to music, the plates of music, the motion of the carvers keeping time to the music, the conversation lifting and dropping with the rising and falling of the music. But, instead of the music of an earthly orchestra, it would be the music of a heavenly choir, our steps the music of helpful deeds, our smiles the music of encouraging looks, our youth and old age the music of the pierced hand that was opened in love and spread downward in benediction on Olivetic heights on Ascension day.

"By a new way none ever trod, Christ mounted to the throne of God."

To Succeed Mr. Randall. Richard Vaux has been nominated by acclamation as the candidate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Samuel J. Randall. Richard Vaux was born in 1816, and admitted to the bar when twenty years of age. During President Van Buren's administration he acted as secretary of the American legation at London. He was elected Mayor of Philadelphia on the Democratic ticket in 1850 and served one term. He has always been a stalwart Democrat and is popularly known as a Bourbon of the Bourbons.

World's Fair Finances. It is intended to secure the additional \$5,000,000 of World's Fair capital stock by subscription, as the first \$5,000,000 was secured, and a sub-committee has been appointed by the ways and means committee to draft a suitable form of subscription book to be reported to a meeting of the committee. The issue of bonds as a part of the financial scheme outlined before the committees of Congress will come later. A portion of the finances of the fair, which will doubtless receive a great deal of attention, is the sale of privileges, which is expected to bring in at least \$1,000,000. At the centennial only \$227,000 was realized, and only about \$400,000 at the late Paris exposition. The question of a site, it is thought, will soon be decided.

Allen G. Thurman. "I have just returned from a visit to Ohio," said an enthusiastic Washington Democrat, "where I met Allen G. Thurman, and had a long chat with him. His head is as level and his heart is as warm as ever, but he is a little shaky on his pins. Will he be a candidate again for Vice President? No. Nothing would tempt him to run again, not even the unanimous voice of a Democratic national convention. He realizes he is getting old, and has no desire for public life. His home life is a very happy one, and his mind is fully occupied. Besides that he is looked up to in Ohio to-day as he never was before. Understand me, I know he is all ways had warm friends, God bless him. But to-day he seems to have no enemies, and his opinion and advice are eagerly sought by men who have been against him in the years that have passed. I believe he will come to Washington soon on business. Don't you think we ought to give him a reception if he does?"

A Timely Snake Story. The season has now advanced far enough for snake stories to be in order. One of the first to gain currency is the "cub" that the boys who attend the Howard public school at Johnsbury, N. J., found a den of serpents the other afternoon. It was a big hole in the ground, partly covered with asters. They poked sticks into it and in ten minutes a large number of snakes came out. With sticks and stones they killed forty-seven black snakes, five pilots and fourteen garters. Two of the black snakes were five feet long.

A Farmer's Request. "Good bye, children," said a Kansas farmer on his death bed. "I leave you my blessing, the old farm, and," gasped the old man—"And what, father dear?" eagerly whispered his expectant children. "And the usual mortgage," were the last words of the good old man.

AT ANDERSON.

THE SECOND SPEECH OF CAPTAIN TILLMAN'S CANVASS.

A Reiteration of the Points Made at Ridgeway, With Some New One—Colonel Earle in Reply.

The second meeting of Capt. Tillman's campaign was held at Anderson on Saturday the 10th. The meeting was attended by about 1,000 persons. Nothing new was developed by Capt. Tillman's speech, his remarks covering about the same points he made at Ridgeway. He was replied to by Attorney General Earle, and the discussion was harmonious. From the Columbia Register we take the following report of the speaking:

As the crowd began to get settled around the stand, some one called out: "Three cheers for Earle," which was followed with a whoop. "Three cheers for Tillman," and then three cheers for the straight-out Democracy. Mr. A. C. Lattimer called the meeting to order. Rev. C. B. Smith was requested to open it with prayer, which he did. This was about 11:30. Capt. D. R. Tillman was then introduced to the audience by the presiding officer.

After leisurely arranging some manuscript and news papers on the board, he began: "I give mepl cause to meet the citizens of any county of South Carolina and see them, and let them look me in the eyes, or eye, for I have got but one eye. After what you have seen in the papers, I am sure you are surprised to learn that this little, insignificant fellow is Ben Tillman. I have some peculiarities, I write with my left hand. All you've seen in the papers as coming from me was written with this left paw. Another peculiarity is, I have only one eye and I will tell the truth, I have said some hard things, but that is necessary in all reforms. What I have said has been in self defense. I am here as a candidate for governor. I am here as the exponent of the principles represented by the farmers' movement."

He then went on to discuss the necessity for the March convention, and said he "was responsible for its being called." He spoke of his canvass two years ago with Governor Richardson and referred to the election of delegates to the State convention, and said the ringsters had the convention bottled up in their breeches pockets. He spoke of the amendment to the constitution, two years ago, as a trap to catch the farmers in. He said the change was a damnable plot. "I warned them that the farmers would interest them in 1890." He said the State Democratic executive committee had mapped out thirty-five meetings, at which he was expected to be.

He said: "I hope they will meet there." A voice from the crowd: "They'll never do it." Capt. Tillman: "Don't you be too sure of it. Don't holler until you get out of the woods. I don't holler." He spoke of the cry of splitting the party, and finally came to the meeting at Ridgeway, and explained why he withdrew. He then went over pretty much the same ground as covered at Ridgeway. He denounced the free-school, universal, and shambings, and said we should stop work on the State House. It would take nearly a million dollars to finish it, and we could not afford it and live in our huts.

Capt. Tillman referred to refunding the State debt, and said: "I don't see why I can't refund it as well as anybody. I've as good a chance as anybody if I do say it myself." At the conclusion of his talk, Gen. Earle was introduced to the audience as "another honored son of South Carolina." He made a calm and clear speech, notwithstanding that he was often interrupted by Tillman and others.

Col. Earle's Reply. Colonel Earle said he agreed with Capt. Tillman in some things, and differed with him in many. Under his definition, Tillman was an aristocrat, and he was an office seeker in Columbia. He also said the March convention was called outside the Democratic ranks and that hence it was an independent movement. He then said he wanted to know, as attorney general, in what the corruption in the State offices consisted, and turned to Capt. Tillman and asked him to tell him. Tillman replied: "Well, the legislators did not do what they swore they would do, in not taking the census and apportioning the representatives over the State?" "Is that all?" said Gen. Earle. "Well, yes," replied Tillman; "there was also a failure of duty by the board of agriculture to prosecute fertilizer dealers."

"Is that all?" inquired Gen. Earle. "Yes." "Do you charge anything against me in my office?" "No." "Have I been extravagant?" "No." "Have I failed to do my duty?" "No." "The only corruption in the State government is in the failure to re-apportion?" "Yes." There were several little spats, but nothing generally involved. Gen. Earle's speech was characterized by calmness and clearness. He showed that the railroad commission was without power. He also said that Capt. Tillman had done wrong in saying that such men as John C. Haskell and others, who are just

AS GOOD AND PURE AS TILLMAN, ARE PERJURERS.

Gen. Earle characterized this a fight by the odds to get in, and said it looked very much like Walker Russell's Democracy. "I don't say they will go like Russell, nor do I compare them to Russell, but the facts point in that direction." Tillman hastened his back on the rules of the Democratic party of 1876. He believed Tillman was a Democrat, but if defeated he did not know what he would do. He is a misguided Democrat. He did not think Capt. Tillman would be false to the party.

Concluding, Gen. Earle said: "God be praised, this Democratic party has no corruption to answer for, and South Carolina's proud name has not been snatched." Tillman replied by reiteration to Gen. Earle, and the meeting closed. All passed off quietly. Both speakers were listened to attentively with few exceptions. There were frequent applauses for both speakers.

A MISER'S HIDDEN WEALTH.

Material for a Novel Furnished by an Old Woman's Death.

Ample material for a sensational novel is supplied in the last police report from Stockerau, a small town on the left bank of the Danube, says the London Daily News. About a week ago an old woman of 70, Theon Schiller, was murdered by two visitors, who succeeded in escaping. She was known to be an old miser, who lived in rags, with two cats and dogs, in a little suburban house, which stands quite isolated near the railroad station.

The police made an inventory of her possessions. After some searching it was found that the old woman must have been in relations with all the thieves of the empire. Property which had been missing for many years was found on her premises. The clue was given by the discovery of a valuable watch and chain to which the words "Bought this of S. for 60 florins." The watch bore the name of a well known citizen of Stockerau, out of whose room it had been stolen ten years ago. The old woman's clothes were more rags, and the police at first felt reluctant to touch them, but when a splendid redon pax, set with precious stones, fell out of the tailor's old gown, their interest was aroused, and every corner was searched. In the collar large pieces of gold, no doubt melted ornaments, were found. In the left there were boxes with trinked and jewels, many of which the police recognized as forming part of which on the Graben caused so much trouble five years ago.

In the moldering furniture valuables of every description were found, such as chalices, pyxes, golden candlesticks, beautiful lace and linen. In a corner of a cupboard lay a bag containing 20,000 florins in gold and silver and bonds worth upward of 10,000 florins. Silver spoons and cutlery were discovered in all the kitchen drawers. In a little box five black diamonds were found, which are said to be of enormous value. Only a part of the floor has been pulled up, but large quantities of linen and valuable dress materials were hidden there.

At present the garden is being searched, as it is supposed that she may have buried things there. The whole property found is believed to be worth more than 500,000 florins, and yet the old woman secretly ever allowed herself a decent meal, and had not a piece of respectable clothing on her when she was found dead. The fuel she used consisted of little bits of coal collected by poor children at the railway station and sold to her for a few coppers.

THE COTTON STATES.

Planting Generally Late Except in the Carolinas.

The statistical returns of the Department of Agriculture for May, relative to cotton, report the progress of planting and conditions affecting seedling and germination. Planting is late except in Carolinas. In Georgia it is scarcely up to the average at this date, the delay being caused by drought, difficulty of plowing and slow germination. From Alabama, westward, serious delays have occurred from excessive rains, overflow of lands and floods from the rise of the great rivers. Replanting is necessary where the soil has rotted in the ground. A great scarcity of seed is reported in parts of Tennessee. Usually nearly seven eighths of the cotton area is seeded before the close of April. This year only three-fourths has been planted. The proportion in the several States is reported as follows: Virginia, 55 per cent.; South Carolina, 86; North Carolina, 77; Georgia, 86; Florida, 87; Alabama, 85; Mississippi, 65; Louisiana, 79; Texas, 73; Arkansas, 69; Tennessee, 57; average 75.8 per cent.

In the Mississippi River cotton lands the fear of floods, as well as the actual overflow, prevents planting, which will be actively pushed as the waters subside and danger becomes less imminent. An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Girardin, living a few miles from Anderson, was choked to death in a singular manner a day or two since. The parents of the child went early to the field, leaving the child asleep on the bed. In some manner it rolled off the side of the bed next to the wall. The child's head was caught between the side of the house and the bed stand, in which position it died in a short while from strangulation.

ALLIANCE ARGUMENT.

THE SUB-TREASURY BILL BEFORE THE HOUSE COMMITTEE.

An Address by Chairman MacCraw—General Address by the Cause of all Industrial Troubles—The Sub-Treasury Scheme.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 13.—A delegation representing the Farmers' Alliance appeared before the Ways and Means Committee this morning to advocate the passage of the Pickens bill to create sub-treasuries in different parts of the country for the reception of staple goods produced by farmers. The spokesman was C. W. MacCraw, chairman of the legislative committee of the Alliance and editor of the National Economist, a paper devoted to the objects of the organization. Others present were Alonzo Wardell, of South Dakota; Benj. Terrell, of Texas, National Lecturer; C. T. Livingston, President of the Georgia State Alliance; R. M. Humphrey, General Superintendent of the Alliance, and J. J. Rogers, of the Virginia State Alliance. In addition there were present a number of members, principally from the Southern States.

MacCraw began his address by describing the depressed state of agriculture, which, he said, was a cause of trouble in other parts. If the existing conditions continued, he warned the Committee that labor would become desperate and a great revolution would ensue. History showed that wealth had always lured the intelligence to meet in time the necessities of labor and in its past labor had never adopted proper means to remedy the faults of which it complains.

The object of the Farmers' Alliance was mental, social and financial improvement. Republicans in the North and Democrats in the South were working in the same direction and the result had been to place them on a shoulder to shoulder. Black and white, who were engaged in the cultivation of the soil, harmony of purpose characterized the concerted efforts of generations had been sunk in the pursuit of the good of the commonwealth.

At the St. Louis convention 2,000,000 farmers had been represented and they had proposed the remedy set out in the bill as a first step in the right direction. If it was crudely framed and the ideas indistinctly expressed they relied upon the wisdom of the committee to give it the proper form, but they believed that they had found a remedy for their ills.

The Illinois farmers asked no favor and no class legislation. They were not suffering from the latter. They did not ask the enactment of any unconstitutional measure, but as the great debtor class, as the men who had gone out in the West and laid the soil under contribution with borrowed money they protested against the contraction of the currency at the time when their debts became due and asked that the conditions be restored to what they