THE DOOR OPENED.

THE INVITATION TO THE BETTER WORLD ABOVE.

John on Patmos and Napoleon on St. Helena Contrasted—Bunyan's View of a Celestial City Through the Open Door—Calvin's Inspiration.

Dr. Talmage's sermon Sunday was on "The Wide Open Door," and his text, Revelations iv, 1: "And, behold, a door was opened in Heaven." Following is his sermon:

John had been the pastor of a church in Ephesus. He had been driven from his position in that city by an indignant populace. The preaching of a pure and earnest gospel had made an excitement dangerous to every form of iniquity. This will often be the result of pointed preaching. Men will flinch under the sword strokes of truth. You ought not to be surprised that the blind man makes an outcry of pain when the surgeon removes the cataract from his eye. It is a good sign when you see men uneasy in the church pew and exhibiting impatience at some plain utterance of truth which smites a pet sin that they are hugging to their hearts. After the patient has been so low that for two weeks he said nothing and noticed nothing, it is thought to be a good sign when he begins to be a little cross. And so I notice that spiritual invalids are in a fair way for recovery when they become somewhat irascible and choleric under the treatment of the truth. But John had so mightily inculpated public iniquity that he had been banished from his chuch and sent to Patmos, a disolate island, only a mile in breadth, against whose rocky coast the sea rose and mingled its voice with the prayers and hymns of the heroic exile.

You cannot but contrast the condition of this banished apostle with that of another famous exile. Look at the apostle on Patmos and the great Frenchman on St. Helena. Both were suffering among desolation and barrenness because of offenses committed. Both had passed through lives eventful and thrilling. Both had been honored and dispised. Both were imperial natures. Both had been turned off to die. Yet mark the infinite difference: one had fought for the perishable crown of worldly authority, the other for one eternally lustrous. The one had marked his path with the bleached skulls of his followers, the other had introduced peace and goodwill among men. The one had lived chiefly for self aggrandisement and the other for the glory of Christ. The successes of the one were achieved amid the breaking of thousands of hearts and the acute, Heaven-rending cry of orphanage and widowhood, while the triumphs of the other made joy in heaven among the angels of God.

The heart of one exile was filled with remorse and despair, while the other was lighted up with thanksgiving and inextinguishable hope. Over St. Helena gathered the blackness of darkness, clouds lighted up by no sunrising, but rent and fringed and having with the lightnings of a wrathful God, and the spray flung over the rocks seemed to hiss with the condemnation: "The way of the ungodly shall perish." But over Patmos the Heavens were opened, and the stormy sea beneath was forgotten in the col and gleam of waters from under the throne like crystal, and the barrenness of the ground under the apostle was forgotten as above him he saw the trees of life, all bending under the rich glow of Heavenly vintage, while the hoarse blast of contending elements around his suffering body was drowned in the trumpeting of triumpets, and the harping of harps, the victorious cry of multitudes like the voice of many waters, and the hosanna of hosts in number like the stars.

What a dull spot upon which to stand and have such a glorious vision! Had Patmos been some tropical island, arbored with the luxuriance of perpetual summer and drowsy with breath of cinnamon and cassia, and tesselated with long aisles of geraniums and cactus, we would not have been surprised at the splendor of the vision. But the last place you would go to if you wanted to find beautiful visions would be the island of Patmos. Yet it is around such gloomy spots that God makes the most wonderful revelation. It was looking through the awful shadows of a prison that John Bunyan saw the gate of the celestial city. God there divided the light from the darkness. In that gloomy abode, on scraps of old paper picked up about his room, the great dream was written. It was while John Calvin was a refugee from bloody persecution and was hid in a house at Angouleme, that he conceived the idea of writing his immortal Institutes. Jacob had many a time seen the sun breaking through the mists and kindling them into shafts and pillars of fiery splendor that might well have been a ladder for the angels to tread on, but the famous ladder which he saw soared through a gloomy night over the wilderness. The night of trial and desolation is the scene of the grandest Heavenly revelations. From the barren, surf-beaten rocks of Patmos, John looked up and saw that a door was opened in Heaven.

As we take our stand upon some high point, single objects dwindle in to such insignificance that we cease to see them in the minutiæ, and we behold only the grand points of the scenery. But not so with God. Although standing far up in the very tower of heaven, nothing by reason of its smallness escapes His vision. Every lily of the field, every violet under the grass, the tiniest heliotrope, aster and gentian are as plainly seen by Him as the proudest magnolia, and not one vein of color in their leaf deepens or fades without His notice. From this door in heaven God sees all human conduct and the world's moral changes. Not one tear of sorrow falls in hospital or workshop or dungeon but He sees it and in high heaven makes record of its fall. The world's iniquities in all their ghastliness glower under His vision. Wars and tumults and the desolations of famine and earthquake, whirlwind and shipwreck, spread out before Him. If there were no being in all the universe but God, He could be happy with such a outlook as the door of heaven. But there He stands no more disturbed by the fall of a kingdom than the dropping of a leaf, no more excited by the rising of a throne than the bursting of a bud, the falling of a deluge than the trickling of a raindrop. Earthly royalty clutches nervously its sceptre and waits in suspense the will of inflamed subjects and the crown is tossed from one family to another. But above all earthly vicissitude and the assault of human passions, in unshaken security stands the King of Kings, watching all the affairs of His empire from the introduction of an ox to the counting of the hairs of your head.

Again: I learn from the fact that a door in heaven is opened, that there is a way of entrance for our prayers and of egress for divine blessings. It does not seem that our weak voice has strength enough to climb up to God's ear. Shall not our prayer be lost in the clouds? Have words wings? The truth is plain: Heaven's door is wide open to receive every prayer. Must it not be loud? Ought it not to ring up with the strength of stout lungs? Must it not be a loud call, such as drowning men utter or like the shout of some chieftain in the battle? No: a whisper is as good as a shout, and the mere wish of the soul in profound silence is as good as a whisper. It rises just as high and accomplishes just as much.

But ought not prayer be made up of golden words if it is to enter such a splendid door and live beside seraphim and archangel? Ought not every phrase be rounded into perfection, ought not the language be musical, and classic, and poetic, and rhetorical? No, the most illiterate outcry, the unjointed petition, the clumsy phrase, the sentence breaking into grammatical blunders, an unworded groan, is just as effectual if it be the utterance of the soul's want. A heart all covered up with garlands of thought would be no attraction to God, but a heart broken and contrite, that is the acceptable sacrifice. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," rising up in the mighty harmony of a musical academy may overpower our ear and heart, but it will not reach the ear of God like the broken voiced hymn of some sufferer amid rags and desolation looking up trustfully to a Saviour's compassion, singing amid tears and pangs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I suppose that there was more rhetoric and classic elegance in the prayers of the Pharisee than of the publican, but you know which was successful. You may kneel with complete elegance on some soft cushion at an altar of alabaster, and utter a prayer of Miltonic sublimity, but neither your graceful posture nor the roll of your blank verse will attract heavenly attention, while over some dark cellar in which a Christian pauper is prostrate in the straw, angels bend from their thrones and cry one to another: "Behold, he prays!" Through this open door of heaven what a long procession of prayers is continually passing! What thanksgivings! What confessions! What intercessions! What beseechings! "And behold a door was opened in heaven."

Again: The door of heaven is opened to allow us the opportunity of looking in. Christ, when he came from heaven to Bethlehem, left it open, and no one since has dared to shut it. Matthew threw it still wider open when he came to write, and Paul pushed the door farther back when he spoke of the glory to be revealed, and John in Revelation actually points us to the harps and the singers, and the crowns, and the thrones.

It is wide open enough to see Christ. Behold him, the chief among ten thousands, all the bannered pomp of heaven at his feet. With your enkindled faith look up along these ranks of glory. Watch how their palms wave and hear how their voices ring. Floods clapping their hands, streets gleaming with gold, uncounted multitudes ever accumulating in number and ever rising up into gladder hosannas. If you cannot stand to look upon that joy for at least one hour, how could you endure to dwell among it forever? You would wish yourself out of it in three days and choose the earth again or any other place where it was not always Sunday.

My hearer in worldly prosperity, affluent, honored, healthy and happy, look in upon that company of the redeemed, and see how the poor soul in heaven is better off than you are, brighter in apparel, richer in estate, higher in power. Hearers, afflicted and tried, look in through that open door that you may see to what gladness and glory you are coming, to what life, to what riches, to what royalty. Hearers pleased to fascination with this world, gather up your souls for one appreciative look upon riches that never fly away, upon health that never sickens, upon sceptres that never break, upon exceptations that are never disappointed. Look in and see if there are not enough crowns to pay us for all our battles, enough rest to relieve all our fatigues, enough living fountains to quench all our thirst, enough glory to dash out forever and everall earth's sighing and restlessness and darkness. Battles ended, tears wiped away, thorns plucked from the bosoms, stabs healed, the tomb riven—what a scene to look upon!

And that door has not begun to shut. If redeemed by grace we shall enter it. This side of it we have wept, but on the other side of it we shall never weep. On this side we may have grown sick with weariness, but on the other side of it we shall be without fatigue. On this side we bleed with the warrior's wounds, on the other side we shall wave the victor's palm. When you think of dying what makes your brow contract, what makes you breathe so deep and sigh? What makes you gloomy in passing a graveyard? Follower of Christ, you have been thinking that death is something terrible, the measuring of lances with a powerful antagonist, the closing in of a conflict which may be your everlasting defeat. You do not want much to think of dying. The step beyond this life seems so mysterious you dread the taking of it. Way, who taught you the knowledge of angels? Heaven often is wide open, and you step out of your sick room into those portals. Not as long as a minute will elapse between your departure and your arrival there. Not half so long as the twinkling of an eye. Not the millionth part of an instant. There is no stumbling into darkness. There is no plunging down into mysterious depths. The door is open. This instant you are here, and the next you are there. When a vessel struck the rocks of the French coast, while the crew were clambering up the beach, a cage of birds in the ship's cabin awakened, began to sing most sweetly, and when the last man left the vessel they were singing yet. Even so in the last hour of our dissolution when driven on the coast of the other world may our disembarkation from this rough, tossing life be amid the eternal singing of a thousand promises of deliverance and victory!

For all repenting and believing souls the door of heaven is now wide open, the door of mercy, the door of comfort, for the poorest as well as the wealthiest, for the outlaw as well as the moralist, for Chinese coolie as well as his emperor, for the Russian boor as well as the czar, for the Turk as well as the sultan. Richer than all wealth, more refreshing than all fountains, deeper than all depths, higher than all heights, and broader than all breadths is the salvation of Jesus Christ which I press upon your consideration. Come all ye travelers of the desert under these palm trees. Oh, if I could gather before you that tremendous future upon which you are invited to enter—dominions and principalities, day without night, martyrs under the throne and four and twenty elders falling before it, stretching off in great distances the hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands of thousands, host beside host, rank beyond rank, in infinite distance, nations of the saved beyond nations of the saved, until angelic vision cease to catch anything more than the faint outline of whole empires, yet outstretching beyond the capacity of any vision save the eye of God Almighty. Then, after I had finished the sketch, I would like to ask you if that place is not grand enough, and high enough, and if anything could be added, any purity to the witnesses of the robes, any power to the acclaiming thunders of its worship. And all that may by yours.

A WILD MAN AT LARGE.

He Defies the People of a Whole County in North Carolina.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 24.—Union county, this State, is very much wrought up over the appearance of a wild man.

This strange being makes the woods his home and hiding place.

He was discovered a few days ago by a party of negroes that were out hunting at night, and before the negroes had time to converse with this strange individual he had a pistol in each hand, bidding them depart. His sleeping place has not as yet been found. He is a terror to the farmers in the Pleasant Grove neighborhood. At the dead hours of night he will come to their houses and carry off any kind of fowl, and sometimes will slaughter a hog and drag it awhile and carry it on his shoulder, so as to completely keep his place of abode to himself. He has been shot at two or three times in his night rambles, but on each occasion he has successfully escaped injury. It is thought by some of the inhabitants that he is an outlaw, and has chosen Union county as his refuge. All efforts to capture him have proven unsuccessful, and the men, women and children are afraid to go outside their houses at night for fear they will come in contact with this being. The farmers of that section are getting up a band of men to scour the country for this pest, and if found he will be shot down.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Alliance Victory in Tennessee

The result of the Democratic Convention at Nashville was a triumph for the Farmers' Alliance. Mr. Buchanan, the nominee of the convention, is a Rutherford county farmer, a member of the Alliance and received the support of that organization in his candidacy for the nomination. If the majority rule had obtained in the Tennessee Convention, Mr. Buchanan would have been an easy winner at the outset, practically overriding the opposition, and even under the two thirds regulation his following was so much greater than that of any other candidate that his nomination was inevitable. But there was no fight made against Mr. Buchanan on account of his convictions. He was in fact less antagonized than any candidate in the field, except Taylor. The fight was chiefly between Patterson and Baxter, and each of these candidates made it a point not to offend Buchanan, hoping to secure his influence should he fail of the nomination.

A Suicide of Sixteen.

GREENVILLE, S. C., July 22.—Luther Hightower, sixteen years old, son of Danial Hightower, was found hanging by the neck in a house on his father's place, near Lima, Sunday about noon. The rope with which the young man committed suicide was twisted to a joist and then wrapped tight around the boy's neck. The indications were that Hightower had climbed to the joist and after fixing the rope to suit himself, had rolled off. His neck was broken, but there were no other bruises about his body. No reason is assigned for the boy's rash act. He had been well treated at home and seemed to be in good spirits. It is reported, however, that he had been rejected by a young lady to whom he had been attentive.

—P. T. Barnum celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday at Bridgeport, Conn., Saturday, by giving a reception and dinner to his employes and their families at Seaside Park. About two hundred and fifty persons were present. Mr. Barnum's wealth is estimated at $11,000,000, all of which he has made since his fortieth year.

FROM AFFLUENCE TO POVERTY.

The Widow of Millionaire Alden Asking Aid of Her Former Colored Servant.

NORWALK, July 22.—Mrs. Caroline Miller, colored, of Westport, well known in that little village of her honesty and thrift, received from Manhaset, L. I., one day this week, a letter from Mrs. Georgiana Alden, the contents of which show to what depths of poverty those in opulence may fall. The writer is the widow of the late Stephen Alden, who for years was one of the wealthiest men in the country. She is now without money or friends, is suffering from hunger and want of proper shelter, and, reduced to the lowest depths of poverty, begs this poor woman, who was once employed in her household, for aid. So reduced had she become that only three cents were in her purse, and two of them were used to buy the stamp for her letter.

Mrs. Miller sent $2 of her earnings, all she had left from her wages of the week previous. Before doing so, however, she showed the letter to persons who had associated with Mrs. Alden at a time when fortune smiled upon her, thinking that they were better able than herself to answer the appeal. They offered no assistance. One of the parties to whom the letter was shown is the wife of a well known citizen, who, when the unfortunate lady was shining in society there, borrowed her diamonds, valued at many hundreds of dollars, to wear at an evening reception.

Twenty years ago Mrs. Alden's husband was reputed to be worth from three to five millions of dollars. He had previous to that time been president of one of the banks in Albany, and was also a prominent resident and politician of that city. Subsequently he married, removed to New York, and became a broker in the Stock Exchange. By a series of daring manipulations he made the major portion of his great wealth. He spent his summers in Westport, and at an expense of many thousands of dollars erected an elegant mansion, with spacious lawns and parks, and lived in princely style. His home was filled with servants, a small army of workmen kept the house and grounds in the best possible order, and a stable full of thoroughbreds with drivers and footmen, were always ready at a moment's notice. The quiet, easy going citizens of the place were overawed at their neighbor's lavish expenditures. No society was quite complete unless Mr. and Mrs. Alden were present. At length business reverses set in, heavy losses followed, and in a surprisingly short time money and property were swept away to satisfy the claims of creditors. Mr. Alden died under the weight of his obligations, and his widow, shattered in health, started westward. For several years she remained on the Pacific coast, but latterly returned east. She is now poverty stricken and aid is now refused her, even by those who at one time were her warmest friends.

A GREAT FIRE.

Twenty Six Hundred People Rendered Homeless at Kirin.

Meagre details have been received of a great fire at Kirin, which destroyed about $4,000,000 worth of property and rendered 2,600 families homeless. A correspondent of the North China Daily News writes: "Signals were made about 2 o'clock p. m., on May 13, and, as usual, the governor general left his yamen for the scene of the fire and to conduct operations in the work of extinguishing, etc. The soldiers carried some ten engines, but no one seemed to anticipate anything very serious. I saw that the governor-general's yamen would soon be in danger, so I proceeded as quickly as possible to save all the property that could be got at, and having secured a large junk at the river bank, I had all my things carried to it from my house before the latter caught fire. The yamen station is a large square with streets on all sides. All the houses caught fire and some 60,000 cartridges for Martini Henry rifles exploded. The noise was like half a dozen regiments firing volleys in quick time. The servants had to be dragged into the house to carry out the packages. They had no sense left. The cook prayed that I might fly. Thousands of people fled to the river with such things as they could pick up in a hurry. Large timber rafts crowded with people also were burned, and the only safety was in the water itself. My junk crossed to the other side of the river, where we remained during the night. By 8 o'clock p. m., the conflagration extended for more than a mile along the bank. All the large stores of timber were consumed, the flames shooting up hundreds of feet—a sight never to be forgotten. Fortunately the wind lessened, and the fire was nearly extinguished during the night, but it smoldered in places for days, and only gave way entirely to a heavy down pour of rain, which occurred May 20. The sufferers are chiefly well-to-do people, and the loss supposed to be from 2,500,000 3,000,000 taels. some ten lives were sacrificed. The exact estimate of the loss is difficult to get, but some 2,600 families were made homeless, and the misery is more easily imagined than described."

A Fight against Whiskey in Georgia.

There is going to be a big fight in the next Legislature for the suppression of bar rooms in Georgia. A general law making it illegal to sell whiskey in quantities of less than one quart will be asked for. Five thousand petitions are now being circulated over the State and fifteen hundred ministers are at work for the law. Judge John D. Cunningham, of Atlanta, is one of the leaders in the movement, and he and his colaborers are very much in earnest. The gentlemen who are at the head of this movement think that now is the time to press their bill, the original package decision having made the liquor question a new issue. They also base hopes on the fact that the Farmers' Alliance is against bar keepers.

LACY JUMPS ON EARLY.

The General's Private and Public Record Bitterly Assailed.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., July 14.—In response to the interview with Gen. Early, which has appeared all over the country, denying that Gen. R. E. Lee ever told Maj. Horace Lacy that if he (Lee) retired from command he would recommend Gen. Mahone as his successor, Maj. Lacy has published a card, in which he deals not gently with Gen. Early's record, public and private, both before and since the war.

In his interview Gen. Early denounced Maj. Lacy as a liar and a crank. In his reply Maj. Lacy says in substance that Earley's non-recollection of what passed at Richmond at the unveiling of the Lee monument between himself and Early, concerning the conversation with Lacy, is proof of his debauched condition on that day. He says Early is not only a miserable liar, but his private character is in keeping with the lie which has stamped his brow ever since this controversy began, and that what he said was literally true.

Then Lacy turns on Early's military career, and says that whether in tent, at drill or on the parade he was invariably drunk, and the only notoriety he has attained since the war was his love for gambling-houses and other places of ill-fame, and his concubinage with a negress.

His card closes in this manner: "I am a Democrat, and have no sympathy with Mahone or his tactics, and I am opposed to him as a politician. In justice to myself I feel I should reiterate what I have already said, and I regret that I have to deal with this miserable cur, who is trying to exchange drunkeness for bravery."

A Candidate Steps Down.

The Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelley, who recently accepted the Prohibition nominirtion for Governor of Tennessee and entered upon an active canvass, has withdrawn from the race. This action is the outcome of a correspondence with Bishop Keener, of the M. E. Church, South. Dr. Kelley was the pastor of a church of that denomination at Gallatin, Tenn., and proposed to retain the pastorate whilst stumping in favor of prohibition, but it is understood Bishop Keener objected to this, and so Mr. Kelley concluded to withdraw, allow the Prohibition party to name another candidate and devote his time to the duties of his pastorate.

The Power of Money.

What an influence for good or evil is exerted by the proper or improper use of money. It seems to be the first essential of modern life. Sad indeed is the lot of that man or that woman without money and without friends. Especially in cases of sickness is the need of money felt most pressingly and yet even the rich with all their money fall into a state of poor health and die, whereas if their money was rightly expended and the proper remedies applied they might regain health and strength.

Z. A. Clark, Atlanta, Ga., says: "I spent four hundred and eighty dollars in gold to cure me of terrible blood poison that affected my limbs and nose and body, with running ulcers. One month's treatment of B. B. B. healed the ulcers, restored my appetite, strengthened my kidneys and added 21 pounds to weight."

Still, in spite of this and much other testimony there are many who refuse to try the remedy, seeming to prefer to pay large fees to physicians, or visit distant springs in vain hopes of recovery. The great truth however, ever shines brightly and that is, that no one who ever gave B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) a trial ever found disappointment therein.

O. H. Rudolph, Talladega, Fla., writes: "I had blood disease for six years, but nothing benefitted me, although I paid two hundred and fifty dollars for treatment. At last I tried B. B. B. and found it a quick and cheap blood purifier.

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Even in Mid-Ocean.

Scene—A raft in mid ocean. Dramatis personæ, a shipwrecked party that have been floating for several days without food or water.

Shipwrecked Mariner—"A sail. A sail."

Woman passenger (reviving)—"Excuse me, but did you say a sail?"

Shipwrecked Mariner—"Yes, and not far off."

Woman passenger—"What do the bargains consist of?"—America.

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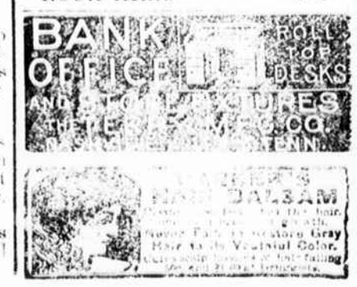

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