

WALMAGE IN LONDON.

HE RECEIVED AN OVATION AND DELIVERED HIS FAREWELL SERMON.

The close of a remarkable campaign. Nothing like it since the days of Whitefield—A sermon on the Starvel at St. Paul's and the vicar of Heaven.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—The closing week of Rev. Dr. Talmage's preaching tour was marked by several gatherings, which in magnitude and enthusiasm eclipsed all that had preceded them. The last service in London was on Sept. 8, when, after addressing three great meetings during the daytime, he spoke to an immense multitude in Hyde park in the evening.

Some estimates place the number at 80,000. The crowd was so dense that many women fainted and had to be removed. During the services the auditors were raised to the highest pitch of religious fervor, and scenes were enacted such as have not been witnessed since the days of Whitefield. On the following Wednesday evening Dr. Talmage addressed a great audience at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, the largest building in the suburbs of London.

Prayer meetings involving the divine blessing on the services were held in various churches the preceding Monday and Tuesday evenings. Before the sermon Dr. Talmage was entertained at a banquet in the large banquet hall of the Crystal Palace by a hundred distinguished clergymen and laymen of every denomination and from every continent, even including Australia.

A vote of thanks was moved relating to Dr. Talmage's eminent services to God and humanity; also that he had traveled over 12,000 miles and preached in every prominent city in Great Britain to hundreds of thousands of eager auditors, collected vast sums for various English benevolences, and through the entire tour paid his own expenses, not retaining one farthing. Rev. Dr. Thain Davidson seconded the motion, and declared that Dr. Talmage commanded the admiration of the entire Christian world for his faithful preaching of the orthodox Gospel in times of fierce religious discussion. The motion was unanimously carried amid great applause.

Dr. Talmage was then presented, in behalf of his English admirers, with a beautiful and costly gold watch of unique design, inscribed "Presented to Rev. Dr. Talmage at Crystal Palace, London, in commemoration of his preaching tour through England in the summer of 1892." Dr. Talmage was then escorted to the great hall, where the vote of thanks was unanimously indorsed and ratified by the entire audience.

He then preached his farewell sermon, and shook hands with hundreds of the close. This was the second sermon ever preached in the Crystal Palace, the first having been delivered by Pastor Spurgeon thirty-five years ago on the Crimean war. The text selected for today is from Proverbs xxx, 28: "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."

Permitted as I was a few days ago to attend the meeting of the British Scientific Association at Edinburgh, I found that no paper read had excited more interest than that by Rev. Dr. McCook, of America, on the subject of spiders. It seems that my talismanic sermon, banished from his pulpit for a short time by ill health, had in the fields and forests given himself to the study of insects, and surely if it is not beneath the dignity of God to make spiders it is not beneath the dignity of man to study them.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE. We are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars shining from January to January calls out to many remarks as the blazing of one meteor. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bird darting into the window on a summer eve. Things of ordinary sound and sight and occurrence fall to reach us, and yet no grouse ever springs up in our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle, no note ever floats in the sublimity that pours through the crack of the window shutter, no binnacle on ship's hull, no burr on a chestnut, no insect clinging to a rock, no ray of sunlight that would touch us, no many remarks as the blazing of one meteor.

One of the sacred writers sitting amid the mountains sees a hind skipping over the rocks. The hind has such a peculiar shaped foot that it can go over the steepest places without falling, and as the prophet looks upon that marking of the hind's foot on the rock, and articles of the divine care over him he says: "Thou makest my feet like hinds' feet that I may walk on high places." And another sacred writer sees the ostrich leaving its egg in the sand of the desert, and without any care of incubation walk off, and the Scripture says that like some parents leaving their children without any wing of protection or care.

In my text inspiration opens before us the gate of a palace, and we are inducted amid the pomp of the throne and the courtiers and attendants are looking around upon the magnificence inspiring points us to a spider plating its shuttle and weaving its net on the wall. It does not call us to regard the grand surroundings of the palace, but to a solemn and earnest consideration of the fact that "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."

It is not very certain what was the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it the exquisiteness of the divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes to the palace and looks around and sees the spider on the wall and says, "Away with that intruder," and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying, "What a loathsome thing it is!" But under microscopic inspection I find

it more wonderful of construction than the embroidery on the palace wall and the upholstery about the windows. All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the organism with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes. We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses or chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimitar of lightning.

TOO IS LITTLE'S THING. I have better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond lily. I love to track his footsteps in the mountain tows, and to hear his voice in the hum of the rye fields, and discover the rustic of his robes of light in the south wind. Oh, this wonder of divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple blossom, and tune a bee's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a fly, "Let there be light!" in the hollow of his head, goes forth to find heights and depths and length and breadth of omnipotence in a dewdrop, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight hurricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web.

You may take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God, but I shall take the web holding the spider on the spider's web, and I shall bring him into my eye, and while I gaze and look and study and am confounded I will kneel down in the grass and cry "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Again, my text teaches me that in magnificence is no excuse for inactivity. This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace; what can I do amid all this gold embroidery? I am not able to make anything so grand and fine, and so I will not seek my spinning jenny." Not so said the spider. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." Oh, what a lesson that is for you and me! You say if you had some great service to perform, if you only had a great audience to talk to, if you only had a great army to march, if you only had a constitution to write, if there were some tremendous thing in the world for you to do—then you would show us. Yes, you would show us!

What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to snuff the candle because he could not be a high priest? What if the humming bird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honey-suckle because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun? What if the midwife should refuse to deliver because it is not a Nizkor? What if the spider of the text should refuse to move its shuttle because it cannot weave a Solomon's robe? Away with such folly! If you are lazy with the one talent, it will be lazy with the ten talents. If Milo cannot lift the calf he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order for promotion, but you cannot be a general until you have been a captain, a lieutenant and a colonel. It is step by step, it is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke, that our Christian character is built. Therefore be content to do what God commands you to do.

God is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to do chiseling a grain of sand, or helping a honeybee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tingeing a shell in the surf, or shaping the bill of a chaffinch. What God does, he does well. What you do, do well, do it a great work or a small work. If ten talents, employ all the ten. If one talent, employ the one. If one sixteenth part of a talent, employ that. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." I tell you if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere, you would be indolent and insignificant in a large sphere.

THE REPULSIVE IN HIGH PLACES. Again, my text teaches me that repulsiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You would have tried to have killed the spider that Solomon saw. You would have struck it by the wall for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web, let it do so in the cellar of this palace, or in some dark dungeon. Ah! the spider of the text could not be discouraged. It clambered on and climbed up, higher and higher and higher, until after awhile it reached the king's vision, and he said, "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." And so it often is now that things that are loathsome and repulsive get up into very elevated places.

The church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The King of heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible, her beams are of cedar, and her rafters of fir, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace—the church of God is, as I yet sometimes unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—evil speaking, and rancor and slander and backbiting and abuse, crawling up on the walls of the church, spinning a web from its loom, and from the top of one corner another tankard to the top of another or another tankard. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light and love and pardon and grace; yet a spider is in the palace!

Homes ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of everything royal. Kindness, a love, peace, patience and forbearance ought to be the princes residing there, and yet sometimes dissipation crawls up into that home, and the jealous eyes comes up, and the scene of peace and plenty becomes the scene of domestic quarrels and dissensions. You say, "What is the matter with the home?" A spider is in the matter with it. A spider is in the matter with it. A well developed Christian character is a grand thing to look at. You see some man with great intellectual and

spiritual propensities. You say, "How awful that man must be!" But you find amid all his splendor of faculties there is some prejudice, some whim, some evil habit that a great many people do not notice, but that you have happened to notice, and it is gradually spoiling that man's character—it is gradually going to injure his entire influence. Others may not see it, but you are anxious in regard to his welfare, and now you discover it. A dead fly in the ointment. A spider in the palace.

TOOL FOR THE ROYER. Again, my text teaches me that perseverance will mount into the king's palace. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb in Solomon's splendid residence, but it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations—the throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it that many of those who are down in the dust of the earth, and who gradually attain to the King's palace. We see it in worldly things.

Who is that banker in Philadelphia? Why, he used to be the boy that held the horses of Stephen Girard while the millionaire went in to collect his dividends. Arkwright toils on up from a barber's shop until he gets into the palace of invention. Sextus V toils on up from the office of a wineheer until he gets into the palace of Rome. Fletcher toils on up from the most insignificant family position until he gets into the palace of Christian eloquence. Hogarth, engraving pewter pots for a living, toils on up until he reaches the palace of world renowned art.

And God hath decided that though you may be weak of arm and slow of tongue, and be struck through with a great many mental and moral defects, by his almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the King's palace—not such an one as is spoken of in the text—not one of marble—not one adorned with pillars of alabaster and thrones of ivory and flags of burnished gold—but a palace in which God, the King and the angels of heaven are the emperors.

The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worth looking after or considering as compared with the fact that we, who are worms of the dust, may at last ascend into the palace of the King Immortal. By the grace of God may all reach it. Oh, heaven is not a dull place. It is not a worn-out mansion, with faded curtains and outlandish chairs and cracked ware. No; it is as fresh and fair and beautiful as though it were completed but yesterday. The things of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it.

A palace means splendor of apartments. Now, I do not know where heaven is, but if our bodies are to be resurrected in the last day I think heaven must have a material splendor as well as a spiritual grandeur. Oh, what grandeur of apartments when that divine hand which plunges the sea into blue, and the foliage into green, and sets the sunset on fire, shall gather all the beautiful colors of earth around his throne, and when that arm which lifted the pillars of Alpine rock, and bent the arch of the sky, shall raise before our soul the eternal architecture, and that hand which hung with loops of fire the curtains of morning shall prepare the upholstery of our kingly residence!

THE PALACES OF GOD. The poor man, the outcast cannot get into Windsor castle. The sentinel of the queen stands there and cries "Halt!" as he tries to enter. But in the palace of which I speak we may all become residents, and we shall all be princes and kings. We may have been beggars, we may have been outcasts, we may have been wandering and lost as we all have been, but there we shall take our regular power. What companionship in heaven! To walk side by side with John and James and Peter and Paul and Moses and Joshua and Caleb and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and Micah and Zechariah and Wilberforce and Oliver Cromwell and Philip Doddridge and Edward Payson and John Milton and Richard Baxter and Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth, and all the other kings and queens of heaven. Oh, my soul, what a companionship!

A palace means splendor of banquet. There will be no common ware on that table. There will be no unskilled musicians at that entertainment. There will be no scanty supply of fruit or beverage. There have been banquets spread that cost a million of dollars each; but who can tell the untold wealth of that banquet? I do not know. But I do know that it is literal or figurative. A great many wise people tell me it is figurative; but prove it! I do not know but that it may be literal. I do not know but that there may be real fruits plucked from the tree of life.

I do not know but that Christ referred to the real juice of the grape when he said that we should drink new wine in our Father's kingdom, but not the intoxicating stuff of this world's brewing. I do not say it is so; but I have as much right for thinking it is so, as you have for thinking the other way. At any rate, it will be a glorious banquet. Hark! the chariot rumbles in the distance. I really believe the guests are coming now. The gates swing open, the guests dismount, the palace is filling, and all the chalice, flashing with pearl and amethyst and carbuncle, are lifted to the lips of the myriad banqueters, while standing in robes of snowy white they drink to the honor of our glorious King.

"Oh," you say, "that is too grand a place for you and me." No, it is not. If a spider, according to the text, could crawl up on the wall of Solomon's palace, shall not our poor souls, through the blood of Christ, mount up from the depths of their sin and shame, and finally reach the palace of the eternal King? "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death, even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." One flash of that coming glory obliterated the snapher.

Two years ago, with lanterns and torches and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave is a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible heights to fathomable depths. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave; stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lanterns, and you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and special. The darkness is fearful.

Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his lantern light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and loses from rock to rock and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the summit surface of the earth.

The guide after awhile takes you into what is called the "star chamber," and then he says to you, "Sit here," and then he takes the lantern and goes down and the light rolls and loses from rock to rock and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the summit surface of the earth.

Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern and wanders on and wanders off until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and he gets brighter and brighter, and the gloom is all gone and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle.

FROM THE GRAVE TO GLORY. Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterranean, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the agonies seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stigmata, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stigmata, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place, as that to me, thank God! Our divine guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and after awhile we look up, and behold the cavern of the tomb has become a King's star chamber.

And while we are looking, at the pomp of an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in a stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and as that gate flashes open you find it as one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God that through this Gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulcher has become the illumined star chamber of the King! Oh, the palace! the eternal palace! the King's palace!

DR. MILES' NERVINE. RESTORATIVE NERVE. These illustrious physicians can name your diseases, without asking a question. Go and consult them this day. It will cost you nothing, and may save you years of suffering and perhaps your life.

DR. MILES' NERVINE. NERVOUS DEBILITY. or falling power of any diseases of the eye, ear, nose, throat, lungs, heart, stomach, skin, kidneys, or bladder.

MOTIVE POWER. HERCULES Gas and Gasoline ENGINES. REMEMBER THE DATES, September 22d, 23d and 24th.

Chas. Wolz, GERMAN MARKET, 123 State St. Free delivery. All kinds of meat and poultry. Old patrons are requested to close accounts and renew orders.

Notice of Final Settlement. NATURE'S Breeze gives to whom it will, and it is the unbridled passion of the Estate of Henry Breeze, deceased, has this day filed his final account of said estate in the County Court of Marion County, Oregon, and that said estate is now closed and the same is being settled and distributed to the heirs and legatees of said estate.

CASTORA. For Infants and Children. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. AARON, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK BAKERY. If you are looking for BARGAINS don't fail to call on our store for it is HEADQUARTERS for them in Salem. Bargins in every line. To our stock bargains in every line.

The Doctors Are Coming. Salem Abstract and Loan Co. W. H. H. WATERS, MANAGER. For Locating Mines. Dr. H. Smith is now sole agent in Oregon for the sale of Marshall's Electro Magnetic Rods for locating veins of Gold or Silver.

Dr. Geo. W. Williams. Formerly of Queen's St., London, and assistant, will again visit SALEM, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.

Burton Bros. STATE STREET BRICK YARD. Large stock of common brick always on hand. Pressed and ornamental brick made to order.

EAST AND SOUTH - VIA - Southern Pacific Route Shasta Line. CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. P.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS. Second Class Sleeping Cars. For accommodation of passenger holding second class tickets attached to express trains.

Through Tickets. EAST AND SOUTH. For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., apply to the Company's Agent, Salem, Oregon.

Notice of Final Settlement. NATURE'S Breeze gives to whom it will, and it is the unbridled passion of the Estate of Henry Breeze, deceased, has this day filed his final account of said estate in the County Court of Marion County, Oregon, and that said estate is now closed and the same is being settled and distributed to the heirs and legatees of said estate.

THE WILLAMETTE, SALEM, OREGON. Rates, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per Day. The best hotel between Portland and San Francisco. First-class in all its appointments. Its tables are served with the choicest fruits.

FOR SALE! CHOICE TRACTS FOR SUBURBAN HOMES AND FRUIT GARDENS. Within one hour's ride of two electric street cars from the depot station and the office. Only two and one-half miles from the center of Salem. Healthy, beautiful, and fertile. Price low and terms easy.

FOR SALE! Absolutely - Safe - Investment. \$10,000 FOR \$6,000. The new two-story brick store building and ground owned by Geo. F. Smith, a commercial street. For sale for \$6,000. If taken soon it pays a net income of \$1,000 per annum, and will be worth \$10,000 in less than five years.

Before Starting on a Journey. A person usually desirous to gain some information as to the most desirable route for his journey, will purchase tickets via the route that will afford him the quickest and most service. Before starting on his journey, he should inquire of the agent of the route for the most reliable and comfortable route.

THE YACHTING ROUTE. And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 225 miles shorter, 200 less time than by any other route. From Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

THE SCHEDULE. (Except Sundays.) Leave time for second class train. Arrive Corvallis. Arrive Astoria. Arrive Astoria. Arrive Astoria.

Le Richard's Golden Balm. Le Richard's Golden Balm. Le Richard's Golden Balm. Le Richard's Golden Balm.

Le Richard's Golden Balm. Le Richard's Golden Balm. Le Richard's Golden Balm. Le Richard's Golden Balm.

Le Richard's Golden Balm. Le Richard's Golden Balm. Le Richard's Golden Balm. Le Richard's Golden Balm.