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A SERMON TO VOTERS.

DR. TALMAGE SCOURGES THE PHARISEES WHO CORRUPT ELECTIONS.

The Wonderful City of Babylon, Its Greatness, Its Debauchery and Its Sudden and Awful Ruin—Is This Nation Running on the Same Course?

BROOKLYN, Nov. 6.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today selected for his sermon a subject sufficiently appropriate for these times, when throughout the United States great political questions are being discussed and the nation is about to go to the ballot box and decide who shall rule in neighborhood, town, city and nation. The text chosen was Revelation xviii, 10, "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!"

Modern scientists are doing a splendid work in excavating the tomb of a dead empire holding in its arms a dead city—mother and child of the same name, Babylon. The ancient mound invites the spades and shovels and crowbars, while the unwashed natives look on in surprise. These scientists find yellow bricks still impressed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar, and they go down into the sarcophagus of a monarchy buried more than two thousand years ago. May the explorations of Rawlinson and Layard and Chevalier and Opperto and Loftus and Chesney be eclipsed by the present archæological uncovering!

But is it possible this is all that remains of Babylon—a city once five times larger than London and twelve times larger than New York? Walls three hundred and seventy-three feet high and ninety-three feet thick. Twenty-five burnished gates on each side, with streets running clear through to corresponding gates on the other side. Six hundred and twenty-five squares. More pomp and wealth and splendor and sin than could be found in any five modern cities combined. A city of palaces and temples. A city having within it a garden on an artificial hill four hundred feet high, the sides of the mountain terraced. All this built to keep the king's wife, Amytis, from becoming homesick for the mountainous region in which she had spent her girlhood. The waters of the Euphrates spouted up to irrigate this great altitude into fruits and flowers and aborescence unimaginable—a great river running from north to south clear through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it.

THE DEBAUCHED CITY.

A city of bazaars and market places, unrivaled for aromatics and unguents, and high mettled horses with grooms by their side, and thyme wood, and African evergreen, and Egyptian linen, and all styles of costly textile fabrics, and rarest purples extracted from shellfish on the Mediterranean coast, and rarest scarlets taken from brilliant insects in Spain, and ivories brought from successful elephant hunts in India, and diamonds whose flash was a repartee to the sun, fortress within fortress, embattlement rising above embattlement. Great capital of the ages.

But one night, while honest citizens were asleep, but all the saloons of saturnalia were in full blast, and at the king's castle they had filled the tankards for the tenth time, and reeling and guffawing and hiccoughing around the state table were the rulers of the land, General Cyrus ordered his besieging army to take shovels and spades, and they diverted the river from its usual channel into another direction so that the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieging army entered. When the morning dawned the conquerors were inside the outside trenches. Babylon had fallen, and hence the sublime threnody of the text, "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!"

But do nations die? Oh, yes; there is great mortality among monarchies and republics. They are like individuals in the fact that they are born; they have a middle life; they have a decease; they have a cradle and a grave. Some of them are assassinated, some destroyed by their own hand. Let me call the roll of some of the dead civilizations and some of the dead cities and let some one answer for them.

Egyptian civilization, stand up. "Dead" answer the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and from seventy pyramids on the east side of the Nile there comes up a great chorus, crying, "Dead, dead!" Assyrian empire, stand up and answer. "Dead!" cry the charred ruins of Ninevah. After six hundred years of magnificent opportunity, dead. Israelitish kingdom, stand up. After two hundred and fifty years of divine interposition, and of miraculous vicissitude, and of heroic behavior, and of appalling depravity, dead. Phœnicia, stand up and answer. After inventing the alphabet and giving it to the world, and sending out her merchant caravans in one direction to central Asia, and sending out her navigators to the Atlantic ocean in another direction, dead. Pillars of Hercules and rocks on which the Tyrian fishermen dried their nets all answer, "Dead Phœnicia." Athens, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades, dead. Sparta, after Leonidas, after Eurybiades, after Salamis, after Thermopylæ, dead. Roman empire, stand up and answer—empire once bounded by the British channel on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, by the great Sahara desert in Africa on the south, by the Atlantic ocean on the west; home of three great civilizations, owning all the then discovered world that was worth owning—Roman empire, answer. Gibbon, in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," says, "Dead!" and the forsaken seats of the ruined Coliseum, and the skeleton of the aqueducts, and the miasma of the Campagna, and the fragments of the marble baths, and the useless piers of the Bridge Triumphalis, and the Mamertine prison, holding no more apostolic prisoners, and the silent Forum and Basilica of Constantine, and the arch of Titus, and the Pantheon come in with great chorus, crying, "Dead; dead!" After Horace, after Virgil, after Tacitus, after Cicero, dead. After Horatius on the bridge, and Cincinnatus, the farmer oligarch, after Pompey, after Scipio, after Cassius, after Constantine, after Cæsar, dead. The war eagle of Rome flew so high it was blinded by the sun and came whirling down through the heavens, and the owl of desolation and darkness built its nest in the forsaken eyrie. Mexican empire, dead. French empire, dead.

WHY NATIONS DIE.

You see, my friends, it is no unusual thing for a government to perish, and in the same necrology of dead nations and in the same graveyard of expired governments will go the United States of America unless there be some potent voice to call a halt, and unless God in his mercy interferes, and through a purified ballot box and a widespread public Christian sentiment the catastrophe be averted. This nation is about to go to the ballot box to exercise the right of suffrage, and I propose to set before you the evils that threaten to destroy the American government, and to annihilate American institutions, and if God will help me I will show you before I get through the mode in which each and every one may do something to arrest that appalling calamity. And I shall plow up the whole field.

The first evil that threatens the annihilation of our American institutions is the fact that political bribery, which once was considered a crime, has by many come to be considered a tolerable virtue. There is a legitimate use of money in elections, in the printing of political tracts, and in the hiring of public halls, and in the obtaining of campaign oratory, but is there any homunculus who supposes that this vast amount of money now being raised by the political parties is going in a legitimate direction? The vast majority of it will go to buy votes.

Hundreds and thousands of men will have set before them so much money for a Republican vote, and so much money for a Democratic vote, and the superior financial inducement will decide the action. You want to know which party will carry the doubtful states day after tomorrow. I will tell you. The party that spends the most money. This moment while I speak the peddlers carrying gold from Wall street, gold from Third street, gold from State street and gold from the Brewers' association, are in all the political headquarters of the doubtful states, dealing out the infamous inducement.

There used to be bribery; but it held its head in shame. It was under the utmost secrecy that many years ago a railroad company bought up the Wisconsin legislature and many other public officials in that state. The governor of that state at that time received $50,000 for his signature. His private secretary received $5,000. Thirteen members of the senate received $175,000 among them in bonds. Sixty members of the other house received from $5,000 to $10,000 each. The lieutenant governor received $10,000. The clerks of the house received from $5,000 to $10,000 each. The bank comptroller received $10,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were divided among the lobbyists. You see the railroad company was very generous. But all that was hidden, and only through the severest scrutiny on the part of a legislative committee was this iniquity displayed. Now political bribery defies you, dares you, is arrogant, and will probably decide the election next Tuesday.

Unless this diabolism ceases in this country Bartholdi's statue on Bedloe's island, with uplifted torch to light other nations into the harbor, had better be changed and the torch dropped as a symbol of universal incendiarism.

REFORM OR PERISH!

Unless this purchase and sale of suffrage shall cease the American government will expire, and you might as well be getting ready the monument for another dead nation and let my text inscribe upon it these words, "Alas, alas, for Babylon, that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!" My friends, if you have not noticed that political bribery is one of the ghastly crimes of this day, you have not kept your eyes open.

Another evil threatening the destruction of American institutions is the solidifying of the sections against each other. A solid north. A solid south. If this goes on we shall, after awhile, have a solid east against a solid west; we shall have solid middle states against solid northern states; we shall have a solid New York against a solid Pennsylvania, and a solid Ohio against a solid Kentucky. It is twenty-seven years since the warcloud, and yet at every presidential election the old antagonism is aroused. When Garfield died, and all the states gathered around his casket in sympathy and in tears, and as hearty telegrams of condolence came from New Orleans and from Charleston as from Boston and Chicago, I said to myself, "I think sectionalism is dead." But, alas, no! The difficulty will never be ended until each state of the nation is split up into two or three great political parties.

This country cannot exist unless it exists as one body, the national capital the heart, sending out through all the arteries of communication warmth and life to the very extremities. This nation cannot exist unless it exists as one family, and you might as well have solid brothers against solid sisters, and a solid bread tray against a solid cradle, and a solid nursery against a solid dining room, and you might as well have solid ears against solid eyes, and solid head against solid foot. What is the interest of Georgia is the interest of Massachusetts; what is the interest of New York is the interest of South Carolina. Does the Ohio river change its politics when it gets below Louisville? It is not possible for these sectional antagonisms to continue for a great many years without permanent compound fracture.

Another evil threatening the destruction of our American institutions is the low state of public morals.

What killed Babylon of my text? What killed Phœnicia? What killed Rome? Their own depravity, and the fraud, and the drunkenness, and the lechery which have destroyed other nations will destroy ours unless a merciful God prevent. To show you the low state of public morals, I have to call your attention to the fact that many men nominated for offices in different states at different times are entirely unfit for the positions for which they have been nominated.

DEGRADATIONS OF POLITICS.

They have no more qualification for them than a wolf has qualification to be professor of pastoral theology in a flock of sheep, or a blind mole has qualification to lecture a class of eagles on optics, or than a vulture has qualification to chaperon a dove. The mere pronunciation of some of their names makes a demand for carbolic acid and fumigation! Yet Christian men will follow right on under the political standards.

I have to tell you what you know already, that American politics have sunken to such a low depth that there is nothing beneath. What we see in some directions we see in nearly all directions. The peculation and the knavery hurled to the surface by the explosion of banks and business firms are only specimens of great Cotopaxis and Strombolis of wickedness that boil and roar and surge beneath, but have not yet regurgitated to the surface. When the heaven descended Democratic party enacted the Tweed rascality it seemed to eclipse everything; but after awhile the heaven descended Republican party outwitted pandemonium with the star route infamy.

My friends, we have in this country people who say the marriage institution amounts to nothing. They scoff at it. We have people walking in polite parlors in our day who are not good enough to be scavengers in Sodom! I went over to San Francisco ten or fifteen years ago—that beautiful city, that queen of the Pacific. May the blessings of God come down upon her great churches and her noble men and women! When I got into the city of San Francisco the mayor of the city and the president of the board of health called on me and insisted that I go and see the Chinese quarter, no doubt so that on my return to the Atlantic coast I might tell what dreadful people the Chinese are.

But on the last night of my stay in San Francisco, before thousands of people in their great opera house, I said, "Would you like me to tell you just what I think, plainly and honestly?" They said, "Yes, yes, yes!" I said, "Do you think you can stand it all?" They said, "Yes, yes, yes!" "Then," I said, "my opinion is that the curse of San Francisco is not your Chinese quarter, but your millionaire libertines!"

And two of them sat right before me—Felix and Drusilla. And so it is in all the cities. I never swear, but when I see a man go unwhipped of justice, laughing over his shame and calling his damnable deeds gallantry and peccadillo, I am tempted to hurl redhot anathema and to conclude that if, according to some people's theology, there is no hell, there ought to be!

THE WICKED, VOLUPTUOUS CITY.

There is enough out and out licentiousness in American cities today to bring down upon them the wrath of that God who on the 24th of August, 79, buried Herculaneum and Pompeii so deep in the ashes that the eighteen hundred and thirteen subsequent years have not been able to complete the exhumation. There are in some of the American cities today whole blocks of houses which the authorities know to be infamous, and yet by purchase they are silenced—by hush money—so that such places are as much under the defense of government as public libraries and asylums of mercy.

These ulcers on the body politic bleed and gangrene away the life of the nation, and public authority in many of the cities looks the other way. You cannot cure such wounds as these with a silken bandage. You will have to cure them by putting deep in the lancet of moral surgery and burning them out with the caustic of holy wrath, and with most decisive amputation cutting off the scabrous and putrefying abominations. As the Romans were after the Celts, and as the Normans were after the Britons, so there are evils after this nation which will attend its obsequies unless we first attend theirs.

Superstition tells of a marine reptile—the cephaloptera—which enfolded and crushed a ship of war; but it is no superstition when I tell you that the history of many of the dead nations proclaims to us the fact that our ship of state is in danger of being crushed by the cephaloptera of national depravity. Where is the Hercules to slay this hydra? Is it not time to speak by pen, by tongue, by ballot box, by the rolling of the prison door, by hangman's halter, by earnest prayer, by Sinaitic detonation?

A son of King Crœsus is said to have been dumb, and to have never uttered a word until he saw his father being put to death. Then he broke the shackles of his silence and cried out, "Kill not my father, Cræsus!" When I see the cheatery, and the wantonness, and the manifold crime of this country attempting to commit patricide—yea, matricide—upon our institutions, it seems to me that lips that heretofore have been dumb ought to break the silence with canorous tones of fiery protest.

WE HAVE A GOODLY HERITAGE.

I want to put all of the matter before you, so that every honest man and woman will know just how matters stand, and what they ought to do if they vote, and what they ought to do if they pray. This nation is not going to perish. Alexander, when he heard of the wealth of the Indies, divided Macedonia among his soldiers. Some one asked him what he had kept for himself, and he replied, "I am keeping hope!" And that jewel I keep bright and shining in my soul, whatever else I shall surrender. Hope thou in God. He will set back these oceanic tides of moral devastation.

Do you know what is the prize for which contention is made today? It is the prize of this continent. Never since, according to John Milton, when "satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic ocean, dividing us from the worn-out governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation.

One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora, and all fauna, all metals, and all precious woods, and all grains, and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone, and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien, the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, he shall at last set up his throne in this world.

Who shall have this hemisphere? Christ or satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas; the silver of her Nevadas; the gold of her Colorados; the telescopes of her observateries; the brain of her universities; the wheat of her prairies; the rice of her savannahs; the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all computation save by him with whom a thousand years are as one day? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right sight of all moral, religious and national movements.

Ah, it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon, the youngest of us. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulcher, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden. By that time this country will be all paradise or all dry tortugas. Eternal God, to thee we commit the destiny of this people!

Habitual Posture.

Comparatively few persons have both sides of the body of perfectly similar proportions. One leg or one arm is shorter than the other. The two sides of the head are often of unequal size. Few persons have ears of an equal size and symmetrically placed. The size and position of the eyes vary. In the mouth and throat also we find inequality, and the cartilage separating the two nasal cavities is oftener deflected than vertical.

This condition of inequality in the two sides of the body is called asymmetry.

Those who have observed the effects of school life on body development must have noticed the influence of habitual posture on the symmetry and health of the body.

There is a tendency among school children, and especially among schoolgirls, to assume habitual postures both in sitting and standing. The habit of throwing all the weight of the body on one leg produces a corresponding throwing of the upper part of the body toward the opposite side in order to establish the necessary equilibrium. This tends of course to curve the spinal column, on which the upper part of the body is supported.

In this position the body and all the internal organs are thrown out of their normal vertical position, and the force of gravity still further exaggerates this result. Thus the muscles of the neck are unevenly exercised in the unconscious balancing of the head upon the vertebral column. Even the muscles of the face tend to become unevenly contracted, and this in time develops a condition of asymmetry of the face.—Youth's Companion.

Some Interesting Political Figures.

The two states in which the colored voters absolutely predominate in numbers are South Carolina and Mississippi. In South Carolina there are 102,000 white voters and 132,000 colored voters. In Mississippi there are 120,000 white voters and 150,000 colored voters—a colored majority of 30,000 in each state. Louisiana has more white than colored voters, but it has, on the other hand, more colored voters native born than white voters native born. These are the figures: Colored voters, 119,000; white voters (native born), 106,000; foreign born white voters, 25,000. The latter hold the balance of power, numerically, and this is the only state in the Union where this condition of things prevail.—New York Sun.

Electricity in Medicine.

Dr. Newman Lawrence, in writing concerning the many ways in which disrepute is brought on the application of electricity in medicine, points out that a considerable number of medical men who use electricity in treatment simply order a nurse or assistant to make the application, taking little or no trouble to ascertain how far such nurse or assistant is competent, and giving only the vaguest instructions. This, however, does not alter the fact that there is a section of the profession—and happily it is increasing—that can be relied on for careful, conscientious and intelligent application of the most wonderful of modern curative agents.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Using Horses Without Shoes.

For two years I have been using an old mare, 17 years old, without shoes. She had always been shod before. And for the last ten months I have used a 6-year-old horse of rather heavy build without shoes. My brougham is ten and a half hundredweight, and they draw it singly in turns. I had them shod three times with "Charlier" shoes. Each time the shoe was made shorter, and I allowed the shoes to be worn until they were thinner than a sixpence. At the end of that time the middle of the hoof had grown level with the wall. Then the animal went without shoes altogether.

There was a little lameness once or twice, which passed off with a day's rest each time. I use the rasp about once a month to remove the jagged edges of the hoofs and to keep the hoofs in shape. The wall of the hoofs becomes more than an inch in thickness and wonderfully hard, and not brittle as might have been thought, though I use no means to keep them soft.

My horses go quite as well as with shoes, and are much safer when the sets are greasy and slippery. They are not as safe on ice as a sharpened horse, but much safer than an unsharpened horse. If a horse is used unshod before the middle of the hoof is filled up, the wall breaks away in large pieces up to the nail holes, and he goes lame and must have rest until what the farrier has cut away has been replaced by nature. Nothing could induce me to go back to shoes, and any horse is able to do without shoes if treated as above.—Dr. Wharton in London Lancet.

Superstitions of Children.

As might be expected superstitious fancies take a peculiarly firm hold of the minds of children. In the pockets of plenty of scholars at our public schools will be found a smooth white pebble, carried for luck; around the necks of plenty more will be found a red string tied to keep off throat diseases, while a large proportion could not comfortably pass by a pin or a horseshoe without picking it up lest ill luck should ensue.

At a certain school, the yard to which has no gate, but instead an open space divided by a row of three posts, the girls believe that whoever passes between the middle post and one of those next it will fail in her lessons that day, and a girl who has unthinkingly done so will turn back and enter a second time, going carefully between an outer post and the end of the fence. This superstition is handed from class to class and bids fair to flourish for many years as part of the information acquired at the school.

No one knows how the idea started; no one takes pains to observe if it holds true; but what has either of these matters to do with believing in it?—Exchange.

What Love Is.

I cannot tell you what love is. I used to believe it the power that made the world go round—an emanation from heaven—a portion of that bright essence increate, infused into the human heart; but, after watching its vagaries for half a century, I am inclined to believe it a disease of the blood, the mad work of some yet undiscovered microbe, which therapeutics may yet provide a panacea for.—Exchange.

Liquor sets are prominent either in Russian enamel or repousse work. The decanters are very low bodied. The glasses are set in perforated silver, enameled or raised.

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