AT THE TABERNACLE.

A SERMON ADDRESSED TO VOTERS JUST BEFORE ELECTION.

The Examples of Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Sidon and Many More Warn Us—This Nation Is Also Becoming Corrupt and Licentious—"Reform Is Necessary."

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 the 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!

THE AWFUL RUIN.

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 flours and arborescence unimaginable. A great river running from north to south clear through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it.

A city of bazaars and of 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 fabric, 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.

AS FORETOLD BY THE PROPHETS.

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 Nineveh. 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 fisherman dried their nets all answer, "Dead Phœnicia." Athens, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades, dead. Sparta, after Leonidas, after Kuribiades, 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.

WE, TOO, ARE THREATENED.

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 the 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.

A TERRIBLE DANGER.

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.

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 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.

HAS THIS NATION FORGOTTEN GOD?

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.

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 blessing 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!"

LIBERTINES IN HIGH PLACES.

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!

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 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.

NATIONAL ROT THREATENING.

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 silence and cried out, "Kill not my father, Crœsus!" 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.

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 now are. 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 wornout 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.

THE GREAT NATION.

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 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 observatories, 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 side 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!

Light from Celestial Bodies.

Light travels at the rate of 213,000 miles a second, a velocity which causes the rays from the moon to reach us in a little less than a second and a quarter. The rays of Jupiter are fifty-two minutes in reaching us. It would take millions of years for the same beams to reach us if their starting point was from one of the fixed stars.—St. Louis Republic.

DR. ALBERT SHAW.

The Brilliant Young Editor of The Review of Reviews.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Dr. Albert Shaw, who has scored such a brilliant success as editor of The Review of Reviews, was born in Butler county, O., July 23, 1857. He was graduated from Iowa college, Grinnell, Ia., in 1879. Soon after leaving college he entered local journalism in Iowa for the purpose of learning the mechanical and business branches.

His strongest tastes being for political and economic sciences, he took long leaves from his newspaper work to go to Johns Hopkins university for post graduate study in history and political science. In 1883 he did editorial writing on the Minneapolis Daily Tribune, but returned to Johns Hopkins to complete his course there and received in 1884 the degree of Ph. D., having accomplished work of a high order in constitutional history, international law and political economy.

He returned to Minneapolis as chief of the editorial staff of The Tribune, holding that position until the close of 1890—with the interval of over a year spent in Europe. In the meantime he had earned a distinguished reputation by his contributions to The Contemporary Review and Fortnightly Review in England, treating of various phases of western constitutional and legislative experience.

His stay in Europe in 1888 and 1889 was spent in the study of municipal government in Great Britain and in the large cities of the continent, and in study of European constitutional systems and general political conditions. When he returned he resumed editorial charge of the Minneapolis Tribune and gave lectures at Johns Hopkins, Cornell and Michigan universities upon municipal government in Europe. He also wrote, by invitation from The Century, a number of articles on the government of the principal cities of Europe, which are to be published in book form.

The Chautauqua Magazine printed a series of interesting and instructive articles from his pen on the political and social conditions of the Servians, Turks, Bulgarians, Greeks and other nations—the result of his travels and researches. During his residence in Minneapolis he wrote a monograph called "Co-operation in a Western City"—afterward enlarged and reprinted as a part of the "History of Co-operation in the United States"—which excited admiring attention both at home and abroad. His thesis in 1884 at Johns Hopkins was entitled "Icaria: A Study of Communistic History," afterward translated and published in Germany.

In the year 1888 he edited a volume entitled "The National Revenues," to which a large number of leading econo-

DR. ALBERT SHAW.

mists contributed. He was elected in 1890 professor of political and municipal institutions and international law by Cornell university, having frequently declined most flattering invitations from other institutions.

He did not accept the call to Cornell, but was induced by Mr. W. T. Stead, the eminent London journalist, to found The American Review of Reviews, to be published and edited in close association with Mr. Stead's English magazine of the same name. The new Review appeared in 1891, edited by Mr. Shaw in New York, and in a year's time had gained a circulation of 75,000 copies, a most unprecedented triumph in serious periodical literature, and it goes without saying that Mr. Shaw is entitled to a large share of the credit for its remarkable success.

He still holds lectureships at Johns Hopkins and the Winconsin State university's school of historical and political science, and frequently lectures on his favorite topics in other institutions. He contributes to leading periodicals and does a large amount of work every month for his own magazine. Mr. Shaw is unmarried, and seems wedded to his aspirations and work for reform and progress.

MEL R. COLQUITT.

Poet Riley's Practical Jokes.

Many amusing stories are told of the practical jokes the celebrated poet James Whitcomb Riley used to play on strangers to draw them out. One was to enter a town as a blind painter, led by a boy, and do sign painting that amazed the natives. The blindness part of it was only half a joke, for without powerful glasses Mr. Riley's vision is mostly limited to a few rods. He says that if he detects any signs of apathy in an audience he simply takes off his glasses, and then he sees no audience—"they may be enthusin like all possessed for all I know."

Matches Made of Compressed Peat.

In consequence of the growing difficulty of procuring wood suitable for the manufacture of matches, German factories are now making them of compressed peat, which is said to be an excellent substitute.

No Dinner, No Drink.

By a liquor law recently put in force in Cape Colony no traveler can be supplied with drink unless with a bona fide dinner or luncheon.

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