The Ellicott City Times.

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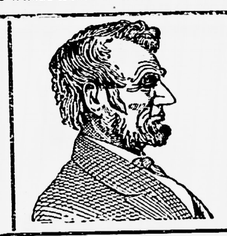
OFFICIAL BALLOT.

A X made in the large square space to the right of emblem at head of party ticket, or in the space to the right of the party name, means a vote for all the names in that column, and no other X is required.
A X made in small space at right of name of candidate means a vote for the particular person opposite whose name the X is placed, and no other.
A X made at right of emblem and also opposite one or more of the names of persons in any other column or group, then the vote so cast shall be regarded as given for all the candidates under such marked party emblem or name, except the candidate or candidates under such party emblem or name whose name or names is or are opposite to the name or names so marked, and also for the candidate or candidates whose name or names is or are so marked.



DEMOCRATIC TICKET.	REPUBLICAN TICKET.	PROHIBITION TICKET.	PEOPLE'S PARTY TICKET.	SOCIALIST LABOR TICKET.	
For Governor: JOHN E. HURST, OF BALTIMORE CITY.	For Governor: LLOYD LOWNDES, OF ALLEGANY COUNTY.	For Governor: JOSHUA LEVERING, OF BALTIMORE CITY.	For Governor: HENRY FRANKLIN ANDREW, OF CAROLINE COUNTY.	For Governor: HENRY F. ANDREWS, OF CAROLINE COUNTY.	For Governor:
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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "All Heaven Looking On."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's opening sermon in Washington was: "All Heaven Looking On," the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrews xii., 1 "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In this my opening sermon in the National Capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church, so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers beside Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly forty-three years in this conspicuous pulpit. Long distant be the year when that gospel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel or sheathe the sword with which he has struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same gospel that he has preached and to join you in all kinds of work for making the world better, and I hope to see you all in your own homes and have you all come and see me, but don't all come at once. And without any preliminary discourses as to what I propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins in the world—the amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise tier above tier until you count forty elevations or galleries—as I shall see fit to call them—in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena. Then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race, sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon! With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory. The sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrible a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On His head are many crowns! Two Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our King hath come to His place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard of condescensions! I see Him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down His voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of My power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh, blood of His blood.

In all the anguish of our heart,
The Man of Sorrows bore a part.

Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with the other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair. The lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame, shame!" at such meanness. But the King, in this case, is our brother, and He will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him."

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All those are messengers of light. Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the new-born world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 chariots of God and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command and go forth on the high behest.

Now bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Though shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample underfoot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and King. On their fallen carcasses, O bending throng of heavenly angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot, I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again, and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide, and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They have been in the fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of 66666? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—881,000—who perished for Christ in the persecution of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group—Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns, another was flung from a rock, another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are, together—a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night." Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I had ten heads they should all fall off for Christ." The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats, horses were fastened to their hands and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart. They had their tongues pulled out by redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage, down there in the arena!"

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give and cry, "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved. There is Albert Barnes and around him the presbytery which tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought they would sit so lovingly together? There are George Whitefield and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers—Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries—David Abeel, talking of China redeemed, and John Scudder of India saved, and David Brainerd of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burma took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted with none to cure for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?

Toplady shouts in his old hymn.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied:

A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky!

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children, do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child running his hand over your brow and saying: "Father, do not fret." "Mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay; I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us, shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No, ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No, we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Be faithful to my Lord.
And bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die.
They see the triumph from afar.
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted, "Here!"

"Oh! I heard the roll call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls we shall cry: "Here! Here!"

Good Greenbacks in Bad Company.

Charles M. Burks, one of the city policemen, hit a streak of luck a few days ago that was worth to him $120. He found that much money in a box of old Confederate bills that his father had owned before his death. The old gentleman was quite well-to-do, and lived on a fine farm in Troup County. He had a box full of Confederate money that was on hand when the war closed. He laid the box away, considering its contents worthless. He died in 1878, and the box was left to his children. Some time ago Mr. Burks' sister sent the box to him from her home down in Troup County. In counting over the money he came across several bills that looked like good money to him. Mr. Burks went to J. C. Dayton of the State Savings Bank for an opinion on the money. Mr. Dayton told Mr. Burks that he thought the bills were good, and that he would cash them if they were not in such bad company. Mr. Dayton proposed that the bills be sent to the treasury at Washington, to which Mr. Burks consented. They were sent last Friday, and Wednesday Mr. Dayton received from the treasury a letter inclosing a check for $120. Mr. Burks still has $44,000 in Confederate money in that old box, which he would be glad to exchange for checks.—Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

Sometimes people become so lonesome that they want to howl like a dog.