

AN EARTH REDEEMED

REV. DR. TALMAGE PICTURES THE WORLD AS IT WILL BE.

The Twenty-first Century Will See the Complete Gospelization of All the People of the Earth—Evil Overcome by the Power of Christ.

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WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—By a novel mode Dr. Talmage in his discourse shows how the world will look after it has been revolutionized for good; text, II Peter iii, 13, "A new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Down in the struggle to make the world better and happier we sometimes get depressed with the obstacles to be overcome and the work to be accomplished. Will it not be a tonic and an inspiration to look at the world as it will be when it has been brought back to paradisaical condition? So let us for a few moments transport ourselves into the future and put ourselves forward in the centuries and see the world in its rescued and perfected state, as we will see it if in those times we are permitted to revisit this planet, as I am sure we will. We all want to see the world after it has been thoroughly gospelized and all wrongs have been righted. We will want to come back, and we will come back, to look upon the refulgent consummation toward which we have been on larger or smaller scale toiling. Having heard the opening of the orchestra, on whose strings some discords traveled, we will want to hear the last triumphant bar of the perfected oratorio. Having seen the picture as the painter drew its first outlines upon canvas, we will want to see it when it is as complete as Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Having seen the world under the gleam of the star of Bethlehem, we will want to see it when, under the full shining of the Sun of Righteousness, the towers shall strike 12 at noon.

There will be nothing in that coming century of the world's perfection to hinder our terrestrial visit. Our power and velocity of locomotion will have been improved infinitely. It will not take us long to come here, however far off in God's universe heaven may be. The Bible declares that such visitation is going on now. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" Surely the gates of heaven will not be bolted after the world is Edenized, so as to hinder the redeemed from descending for a tour of inspection and congratulation and triumph.

Evils Overcome.
You know with what interest we look upon ruins—ruins of Kenilworth castle, ruins of Melrose abbey, ruins of Rome, ruins of Pompeii. So this world in ruins is an enchantment to look at, but we want to see it when rebuilt, replastered, retowered, realitered, rededicated. The exact date of the world's moral restoration I cannot foretell. It may be that through mighty awakenings it will take place in the middle of the nearby twentieth century. It may be at the opening of the twenty-first century, but it would not be surprising if it took more than 100 years to correct the ravages of sin which have ragged for 6,000 years. The chief missionary and evangelistic enterprises were started in this century, and be not dismayed if it takes a couple of centuries to overcome evils that have had full swing for 60 centuries. I take no responsibility in saying on what page of the earthly calendar it will roll in, but God's eternal veracity is sworn to, it that it will roll in, and as the redeemed in heaven do as they please and have all the facilities of transit from world to world and I, my hearer or reader, will come and look at what my text calls "A new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

I imagine that we are descending at that period of the world's complete gospelization. There will be no peril in such a descent. Great heights and depths have no alarm for glorified spirits. We can come down through chasms between worlds without growing dizzy and across the spaces of half a universe without losing our way. Down and farther down we come. As we approach this world we breathe the perfume of lillimite gardens. Florilization that in centuries past was here and there walled in, lest reckless and dishonest hands pluck or despoil it, surges its billows of color across the fields and up the hillsides, and that which was desert blossoms as the rose. All the foreheads of crag crowned with flowers, the feet of the mountains slippered with flowers. Oh, this perfume of the continents, this aroma of hemispheres! As we approach nearer and nearer we hear songs and laughter and hosannas, but not one groan of distress, not one sob of bereavement, not one clank of chain.

Alighted on the redeemed earth, we are first accosted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, who proposes to guide and show us all that we desire to see. Without his guidance we would lose our way, for the world is so much changed from the time when we lived in it. First of all he points out to us a group of abandoned buildings. We ask this spirit of the twenty-first century, "What are those structures whose walls are falling down and whose gates are rusted on the hinges?" Our escort tells us: "Those were once penitentiaries filled with offenders, but the crime of the world has died out. Theft and arson and fraud and violence have quitted the earth. People have all they want, and why should they appropriate the property of others, even if they had the desire? The marauders, the assassins, the buccaneers, the Herods, the Nana Sahibs, the ruffians, the bandits, are dead, or transformed by the power of the Christian religion, are now upright and beneficent and useful. Prisons are of no more use in this world except

as places to be visited by curiosity seekers, as further back in the annals of time tourists visited the fortress where the prisoner of Chillon was incarcerated, or Devil's Island, where Dreyfus endured four years of cruelty."

After passing on amid columns and statues erected in memory of those who have been mighty for goodness in the world's history, the highest and the most exquisitely sculptured those in honor of such as have been most effectual in saving life or improving life rather than of those renowned for destroying life, we come upon another group of buildings that must have been transformed from their original shape and adapted to other uses. "What is all this?" we ask our escort. He answers: "Those were almshouses and hospitals, but accuracy in making and prudence in running machinery of all sorts have almost abolished the list of casualties, and sobriety and industry have nearly abolished pauperism, so that those buildings, which once were hospitals and almshouses, have been turned into beautiful homes for the less prospered, and if you will look in you will see the poorest table has abundance and the smallest wardrobe luxury and the harp, waiting to have its strings thrummed, leaning against the piano, waiting for its keys to be fingered. Yes, we have on the shelves of our free libraries the full story of dispensaries, and crutches, and clinics, and surgery, and what a time of suffering there must have been on those battlefields of Sedan and Gettysburg and South Africa one or two hundred years ago.

A New World Born.
"Hospitals and almshouses must have been a necessity once, but they would be useless now. And you see all the swamps have been drained. The sewerage of the great towns has been perfected. And the world's climate is so improved that there are no pneumonias to come out of the cold or rheumatisms out of the dampness or fevers out of the heat. Consumptions banished, pneumonias banished, diphtheria banished, ophthalmia banished, neuralgias banished. As near as I can tell from what I have read, our atmosphere of this century is a mingling of the two months of May and October of the nineteenth century."

And we believe what our escort says, for as we pass on we find health glowing in every cheek, and beaming in every eye, and springing in every step, and articulating in every utterance, and you and I whisper to each other as our escort has his attention drawn to some new sunrise upon the morning sky, and we say, each to the other: "Who would believe that this is the world we lived in over a hundred years ago? Look at those men and women we pass on the road. How improved the human race! Such beauty! Such strength! Such gracefulness! Such gentleness! Faces without the mark of one sorrow! Cheeks that seem never to have been wet by one tear! A race sublimated! A new world born!"

But I say to our escort: "Did all this merely happen so? Are all the good here spontaneously good? How did you get the old shipwrecked world afloat again, out of the breakers into the smooth seas?" "No, no," responds our twenty-first century escort. "Do you see those towers? Those are the towers of churches, towers of reformatory institutions, towers of Christian schools. Walk with me, and let us enter some of these temples." We enter, and I find that the music is in the major key, and none of it in the minor. "Gloria in Excelsis" rising above "Gloria in Excelsis." Tremolo stop in the organ not so much used as the trumpet stop. More of Ariel than of Naomi. More chants than dirges.

But I say to our twenty-first century escort: "I cannot understand this. Have these worshippers no sorrows, or have they forgotten their sorrows?" Our escort responds: "Sorrows! Why, they had sorrows more than you could count, but by a divine illumination that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries never enjoyed they understand the uses of sorrow and are comforted with a supernatural condolence such as previous centuries never experienced."

Prophecy Fulfilled.
I ask again of the Interpreter, "Has death been banished from the world?" The answer is, "No; but people die now only when the physical machinery is worn out and they realize it is time to go and that they are certainly and without doubt going into a world where they will be infinitely better off and are to live in a mansion that awaits their immediate occupancy." "But how was all this effected?" I ask our escort. Answer: "By floods of gospel power. You who lived in the nineteenth century never saw a revival of religion to be compared with what occurred in the latter part of the twentieth and the early part of the twenty-first century. The prophecy has been fulfilled that 'a nation shall be born in a day'—that is, 10,000,000 or 20,000,000 or 40,000,000 people converted in 24 hours."

As you and I see in this terrestrial visitation of the coming centuries that the church has, under God, accomplished so much, we ask our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, to show us the different kinds of churches. So we are taken in and out of the churches of different denominations, and we find that they are just as different in the twenty-first century as they were different in the nineteenth, when we worshipped in them. There is unity in them as to the great essentials of salvation. But we enter the Baptist church, and it is baptismal day, and we see the candidates for membership immersed. And we go into a Presbyterian church and see a group of parents around the baptismal font holding up their children for the christening. And we enter the Episcopal church and hear the solemn roll of her liturgies, and her ministers are

gowned and surpliced. And we enter the Lutheran church, and we hear in the sermon preached the doctrines of the greatest of German reformers. And we go into the Methodist church just in time to sit down at a love feast and give audible "Amen" when the service stirs us. At least 50 kinds of churches in the twenty-first century, as there were 150 different kinds of churches in the nineteenth century.

"O spirit of the twenty-first century, will you not show us something of the commercial life of your time?" He answers, "Tomorrow I will show you all." And on the morrow he takes us through the great marts of trade and shows us the bargain makers and the shelves on which the goods lay on the tierces and hogheads in which they are contained. I notice that the fabrics are of better quality than anything I ever saw in our nineteenth century, for the factories are more skillful, and the wheels that turn and the looms that clack and the engines that rumble are driven by forces that were not a century ago discovered.

Honesty Everywhere.
The prices of the fabrics indicate a reasonable profit, and the firm in the counting room and the clerks at the counter and the draymen at the doorway and the errand boy on his rounds and the messenger who brings the mail and the men who open the store in the morning, as well as those who close it at night, all look as if they were satisfied and well treated. No swallowing up of small houses of merchandise by great houses. No ruinous underselling until those in the same line are bankrupt and then the prices lifted. No unnecessary assignment to defraud creditors. No overdrawing of accounts. No abscondings. No sharp practice. No snap judgments. But the manufacturer right in his dealings with the wholesaler, and the wholesaler with the customer. No purchasing of goods that will never be paid for. All right behind the counter. No repetition of what Solomon describes when he writes, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

"But what is yonder row of buildings, majestic for architecture?" The spirit of the twenty-first century says, "Those are our legislative halls and places of public trust, and, if you would like it, I will show you the political circles, the modes of preferment, the styles of election, the character of public men in this century." "Thank you," I reply. "I can easily understand how gospelization would improve individual life and social life and commercial life, but I would like to see what it can do for political life." "Let me tell you," says the spirit of the twenty-first century, "that I have read about political chicanery and corruption of more than a hundred years ago—the nineteenth century, in which you lived here—but the low political caucus has gone from the face of the earth, and the stuffed ballot box, and the bribery by money and by promise of office, and the jobs got through legislatures and congresses by lobbyists. The last corrupt judge of election was buried 50 years ago, the preacher officiating at the obsequies taking for his text Proverbs x, 7, 'The name of the wicked shall rot,' or Jeremiah xxii, 19, 'He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem.'"

"Our laws are good and well executed. Men do not in our century have to wade chin deep through moral slush in order to gain office."
End of Inequality.
As in company with our escort we pass down from the heights on which these buildings stand, I see a dismounted cannon planted on the side of the hill, and I go to examine it, and I read the inscription, cut in letters of bronze: "This is the last gun that was fired in the last battle of the last war that will ever be fought. Presented by the last regiment of war just before disbanding. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Then I look up, and our escort says: "Do you see that large structure on our right? That was a fortress, but now it is a college, and instead of guns aiming out of the portholes are looking the students of a higher literature and a wiser science and a grander civilization than the world ever before imagined. And those students are taught by a professorate of men as renowned for piety as for science. Archaeologist's hammer and geologist's crowbar and chemist's laboratory and explorer's journey have joined in a confirmation of the truth of the Holy Scriptures until there is not an unbeliever in all the earth. The astronomer through his telescope has seen the Morning Star of the Redeemer, and the geologist has found the Rock of Ages, and the geometrical has demonstrated that heaven is the city which lieth four square, and the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

"What!" I say to our escort. "No skeptics? No infidels? No agnostics?" His reply is: "Absolutely none. The last fool who said in his heart there is no God" was buried a half century ago without any liturgical service."

In response to my question as to what had wrought all this change—obliterated all the evil and fully inaugurated all the good—our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, tells me that gospelization had directly or indirectly done it. It was a practical gospel that had not only changed the heart, but made the man honest—a practical religion, which did not extend all its energy in singing "Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel," but gave something to make it fly.

Sin Obliterated.
The good work was helped on by the fact that it became a general habit among millionaires and multimillionaires to provide churches and schools and institutions of mercy, not to be built after the testators were dead, but built so that they might be present

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dence have come to pass, and all the Davidic, Solomonian and Paulinian and Johannan prophecies have been fulfilled, and that the earth, instead of being a ghastly failure, is the mightiest success in the universe. A star redeemed! A planet rescued! A world saved! It started with a garden, and it is going to close with a garden. What a happiness that we could have seen this old world after it was righted and before it burned, for its internal fires have nearly burned out to the crust, according to the geologist, making it easy for the theologian to believe in the conflagration that the Bible predicts."

The Universal Song.
And now you and I have left our escort as we ascend, for the law of gravitation has no power to detain ascending spirits. Up through immensities and by stellar and lunar and solar splendors which cannot be described by mortal tongue we rise higher and higher, till we reach the shining gate as it opens for our return, and the questions greet us from all sides: "What is the news? What did you find in that earthly tower? What have you to report in this city of the sun?" Prophetic, apostolic, saintly inquiry. And, standing on the steps of the house of many mansions, we cry aloud the news: "Hear it, all ye glorified Christian workers of all the past centuries! We found your work was successful, whether on earth you toiled with knitting needle, or rung a trowel on a rising wall, or smote a shoe last, or endowed a university, or swayed a scepter; whether on earth you gave a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple or at some Pentecost preached 3,000 souls into the kingdom. In that world we have just visited the deserts are all abloom and the wildernesses are bright with fountains. Sin is extirpated. Crime is reformed. Disease is cured. The race is emancipated. The earth is full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea." The redeemed of the Lord have come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let the harpers of heaven strike the glad tidings from the strings of their harps, and the trumpeters put them in the mouth of their trumpets, and the orchestras roll them into the grand march of the eternities, and all the cathedral towers of the great capital of the universe chime them all over heaven."

And now I look up and see the casting down of the bejeweled and radiant crowns at the sacred feet of the enthroned Jesus. Missionary Carey is casting down before those feet the crown of India saved. Missionary Judson is casting down the crown of Burma saved, Missionary Abel casting down the crown of China saved, David Livingstone casting down at those feet the crown of Africa saved, Missionary Brainerd casting down the crown of this country's aborigines saved. Souls that went up from all the denominations in America in holy rivalry, seeking which could soonest cast down the crown of this continent at the Saviour's feet, and America saved. But often you and I who were companions in that expedition from heaven to earth, seated on the green bank of the river that rolls through the paradise of God, will talk over the scenes we witnessed in that vacation from the skies in our terrestrial visitation, when we were early residents in the nineteenth century, escorted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, when we saw what my text describes as "a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

at the laying of the cornerstone and at the dedication and leave less inducement for the heirs at law to prove in orphans' court that when the testators made their last will and testament they were crazy. The telegraphic wires in the air and the cables under the sea thrill with Christian invitation. Photographs charged with gospel sermons stand in every neighborhood. The 5,000,000,000 of the world's inhabitants in that century are 5,000,000,000 disciples.

"But," I say to our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, "you have shown us much. But what about international conditions? When we lived on earth, it was a century that bled with Marengo and Chalons and Lodi Bridge and Lucknow and Solferino and Lepsic and Waterloo and San Juan." Our escort replies, "Come with me to this building of white marble and glittering dome." As we pass up and on we are taken into a room where the mightiest and best representatives of all nations are assembled to settle international controversies. As we enter I hear the presiding officer opening the council of arbitration, reading the second chapter of Isaiah: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Questions which in our long past nineteenth century caused quarrel and bloodshed, as when Germany and France were deciding about Alsace and Lorraine, as when the United States and Spain were deciding about Cuba—such questions in this twenty-first century settled in five minutes, one drop of ink doing more than once could have been accomplished by a river of blood.

But we cannot stay long in this hall of arbitration, for it is almost time for us to retrace our way heavenward. This voluntary exile must soon end. "But," I say to our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, and you and I say to each other, "we must go home now, back again to heaven. We have staid long enough on this terrestrial visitation to see that all the best things foretold in the Scriptures and which we read during our earthly resi-

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N. & W. Norfolk & Western Schedule in Effect June 25, 1899.

WINSTON-SALEM DIVISION. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.		P. M. A. M.	
5:00	8:20 Lv. Winston	Ar. 9:35	4:40
5:38	9:02 Lv. Walnut Cove	Ar. 9:55	4:30
6:08	9:35 Lv. Madison	Ar. 9:55	4:20
6:11	9:39 Lv. Mayodan	Ar. 9:55	4:10
6:17	10:41 Lv. Martinsville	Ar. 7:10	4:00
	1:10 Ar. Roanoke	Lv. 4:30	
WESTBOUND. LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.			
4:55	a. m. (Vestibuled Limited for Bristol and intermediate points, and Knoxville and Chattanooga, all points South and West, Pullman Sleepers to Memphis and New Orleans.		
4:23	p. m. for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Kenov, Columbus and Chicago, and all points west, Pullman Sleepers from Roanoke to Bluefield, umbus, also for Radford, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga and intermediate points. Pullman Sleeper Roanoke to Knoxville.		
NORTH AND EAST ROUND LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.			
1:40	p. m. for Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk.		
1:45	p. m. for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York.		
12:35	a. m. for Richmond and Norfolk, Pullman Sleeper Roanoke to Richmond and Lynchburg to Richmond.		
12:35	a. m. (Vestibuled Limited for Washington and New York, Pullman Sleepers to Washington, Philadelphia and New York via Lynchburg.		
DURHAM DIVISION—Leave Lynchburg daily except Sunday, and New York p. m. (union station) to Washington, and all intermediate points, and all intermediate points.			
Leave Durham daily except Sunday, at 7:00 a. m. for Lynchburg and intermediate points.			
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