

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

Subject: "The Path of Safety"—Menaces to Our National Existence—The Dangers of Monopoly, Nihilism and Infidelity Pointed Out.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage speaks of some of the perils that threaten our American institutions and points out the path of safety; text, Isaiah xlii. 4. "Thy land shall be married."

As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, exhilarant, unique, divine imagery of the text. At the close of a week in which for three days our national capital was a pageant, and all that grand review and bannered procession and national anthems could do celebrated peace, it may not be inapt to anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation and "thy land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation, it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits and on platforms and in places of public concourse I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes and Babylon and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar; not cypress, but orange blossoms; not requiem, but wedding march, for "thy land shall be married."

I propose to name some of the suitors who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so effluent that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected. In the first place, I remark: There is a greedy, all grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of monopoly. His scepter is made out of the iron of the rail track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people.

Things went on from bad to worse until in the three legislatures of New Jersey, New Jersey and Pennsylvania for a long time monopoly decided everything. If monopoly favors a law, it passes; if monopoly opposes a law it is rejected. Monopoly stands in the railroad depot putting into his pockets in one year \$200,000 in excess of all reasonable charges for services. Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam power of locomotion and in the other the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly has the Republican party in one pocket and the Democratic party in the other pocket. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, state elections, national elections. With bribes he secures the votes of legislators, giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative position, employing them as attorneys if they are lawyers, carrying their goods 15 per cent. less if they are merchants, and if he find a case very stubborn as well as very important puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But monopoly is not so easily caught now as when during the term of Mr. Buchanan the Legislative Committee in one of our States explored and exposed the manner in which a certain railway company had obtained a donation of public land. It was found out that thirteen of the Senators of that State received \$175,000 among them, sixty members of the lower house of that State received between \$5000 and \$10,000 each, the Governor of that State received \$50,000, his clerk received \$5000, the Lieutenant-Governor received \$10,000, all the clerks of the Legislature received \$5000 each, while \$50,000 were divided among the lobby agents. That thing on a larger or smaller scale is all the time going on in some of the States in the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not so easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that the overshadowing sin of the United States to-day is monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat, upon every sack of salt, upon every ton of coal, and every man, woman and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism. I rejoice that in twenty-four States of the Union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established. God speed them in the works of liberation.

I have nothing to say against capitalists. A man has a right to all the money he can make honestly—I have nothing to say against corporations as such; without them no great enterprise would be possible, but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without any adequate compensation, I am a thief, and if a railway damages the property of the people without making any adequate compensation, that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds of thousands of her best people into semi-starvation and in Ireland has driven multitudes of tenants almost to madness and in the United States proposes to take the

wealth of 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 of people and put it in a few silken wallets.

Monopoly, brazen faced, iron fingered, ruffian hearted monopoly offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes and up the great railroads and over the telegraph poles of the continent and says, "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people North, South, East and West forbid the banners of that marriage, forbid them at the ballot box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiment of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all devouring monopoly that this land is to be married.

Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is nihilism.

He owns nothing but a knife for universal outthorowery and a nitroglycerin bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven and no hell except what he can make on earth! He slew the czar of Russia, keeps many a king practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth, and if he had the power would climb up until he could drive the God of heaven from His throne and take it himself, the universal butcher. In France it is called communism; in the United States it is called anarchism; in Russia it is called nihilism, but that last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash up. It would make the holding of property a crime and it would drive a dagger through your heart and put a torch to your dwelling and turn over this whole land into the possession of theft and lust and rapine and murder.

Where does this monster live? In all the towns and cities of this land. It offers its hand to this fair republic. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot box, the legislative hall, the congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or rather divide it down. It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good. Nihilism! This panther, having prowled across other lands, has set its paw on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which to spring upon its prey. It was nihilism that burned the railroad property at Pittsburg during the great riots; it was nihilism that slew black people in our Northern cities during the war; it was nihilism that mauled to death the Chinese immigrants years ago; it is nihilism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah! Its power has never yet been tested! I pray God its power may never be fully tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, school-house and college in ashes.

Another suitor for the hand of this nation is infidelity. When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked, but infidelity proposes something worse than that—the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tomb-stones of your Christian dead the words, "Asleep in Jesus" and substitute the words "Obliteration—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take the letter from the world's Father, inviting the nations to virtue and happiness and tear it up into fragments so small that you cannot read a word of it. It proposes to take the consolation from the broken hearted and the soothing pillow from the dying. Infidelity proposes to swear in the President of the United States and the supreme court and the Governors of States and the witnesses in the courtroom with their right hand on Paine's "Age of Reason" or Voltaire's "Philosophy of History." It proposes to take away from this country the book that makes the difference between the United States and the kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornean cannibalism. If infidelity could destroy the Scriptures, it would in 200 years turn the civilized nations back to semibarbarism, and then from semibarbarism into midnight savagery until the morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes and chimpanzees would be better than the morals of the shipwrecked human race.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of beautiful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English magna charta and American Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin, holding that Holy Book in his hand, stood before an infidel club in Paris and read to them out of the prophecies of Habakkuk, and the infidels, not knowing what book it was, declared that it was the best poetry they had ever heard. That book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge and led the dying Prince Albert to ask some one to sing "Rock of Ages."

I tell you that the worst attempted crime of the century is the attempt to destroy this book. Yet infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster stretches out its hand, ichorous with the second death, to take the hand of this republic. It stretches it out through seductive magazines, and through lecture lectures and through caricatures of religion. It asks for all that part of the continent already fully settled, and the two-thirds not yet occupied. It says: "Give me all east of the Mississippi, with the keys of the church and with the Christian printing presses—then give me Wyoming give me Alaska, give me Montana, give me Colorado, give me all the States west of the Mississippi, and I will take those places and keep them by right of possession long before the gospel can be fully entrenched."

But there is another suitor that presents his claim for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned in the verse following my text where it says, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." Before Columbus and his 120 men embarked on the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Nina, for their wonderful voyage, what was the last thing they did? They sat down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? "Gloria in excelsis." After Columbus and his 120 men had stepped from the ship's deck to the solid ground, what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the new world to God. What did the Huguenots do after they landed in the Carolinas? What did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the pilgrim fathers do after they landed in New England? With bended knee and uplifted face and heaven besieging prayer, they took possession of this continent for God. How was the first American Congress opened? By prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And then see how good God has been to us! Just open the map of the continent and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides to the sea, prophesying large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains timbered with wealth on the top and sides, metaled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather hardly ever lasts more than three days—extreme heat or extreme cold. Climate for the most part bracing and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No South American earthquake. No Scotch mists. No London fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has traveled abroad. For the poor more sympathy, for the industrious more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to our fathers, and how good He has been to us and our children. To Him, blessed be His mighty name—to Him of cross and triumph, to Him who still remembers the prayer of the Huguenots and Holland refugees and the pilgrim fathers, to Him shall this land be married. Oh, you Christian patriots, by your contributions and your prayers, hasten on the fulfillment of the text.

While some people may stand at the gates of the city, saying, "Stay back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them and beckon to foreign nations, saying, "Come, come, all ye people who are honest and industrious and God loving!" But say you, "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign governments and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the governments that have oppressed them and they want free America! Give them the great gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ and "thy land shall be married." But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards and orchards and grainfields. Then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Pacific coast come to the marriage altar on one side, and then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Atlantic coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel, and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevada on the one side or moved the foundations of the Alleghenies on the other side should open full diapason of wedding march that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of him who would take the hand of this bride of nations, saying, "As a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver, and the chalices of California gold and the fruits of northern orchards, and the spoons of southern groves, and the tapestry of American manufacture, and the congratulations from all the free nations of earth and from all the triumphant armies of heaven, "And so thy land shall be married."

OFFSETS TO INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS.

"Katharine, what made you laugh when I was reading my club paper on 'Architecture'?"

"Pardon me, Nancy; I couldn't help it; you looked so funny with your hat on crooked!"

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The Sexton in New York City.
"Sexton and Undertaker" is the name usually found affixed to or near the New York churches, but it does not mean that the sexton actually conducts an undertaker's establishment. He merely contracts for the funeral of the members of the congregation and sublets the work to what are known as wholesale undertakers, who attend to this class of work exclusively.

A twenty per cent. commission is the sexton's share of the proceeds, and taking into consideration the large membership of some of the New York churches and the elaborate funerals that take place almost daily, it can readily be seen that to be a sexton is an honorable calling—for it is a business that brings in the coin. The profits of a sexton in one of the large downtown churches is estimated at \$10,000 annually from his funeral business alone. Weddings are not so profitable, but they do fairly well and are cheerful. He collects the pew rents and takes his habitual commission, he gets \$10 for digging a grave and hires a mere laborer to do the work for \$4; he is paid for opening the church and for closing it, and a few other things that keep him from starvation. But there is one thing he must look sharp after, and that is his collections. It is a peculiar fact, but people will stand off a funeral bill as long and as callously as any other. —Detroit Free Press.

Lincoln's Brother-in-Law.
Maj. Clement B. White, of Selma, Ala., the only surviving brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, was an officer of the Alabama state guard at the outbreak of the war, and under orders of the executive of the state took part with his command in the capture of Fort Morgan, Mobile bay, before Alabama had formally seceded from the Union. When it was reported to President Lincoln that his brother-in-law had performed this daring exploit against the national authority, on being asked what he would do about it, he replied: "Well, I suppose I shall have to hang White—when we catch him." Maj. White later performed many distinguished military and civil services for the Confederacy. —New York Tribune.

Easy Plan.
"That young man," said the citizen, pointing to a sharp-featured youth across the street, "has made fame both for himself and this, his native village." "As to how?" asked the stranger. "Simply by sending telegrams of congratulation, or condolence, as the occasion called for, to prominent persons." —Indianapolis Journal.

"What's an empty title, pa?" "An empty title is your mother's way of calling me the head of the house."

Passenger fare on the new Congo Railroad is 33 1/4 cents a mile.

"Pride Goeth Before a Fall."

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