

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The World as It Will Be—Improvement in Human Conditions After the Earth Has Been Revolutionized For Good—The Coming Century.

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Wasmor, D. C.—By a novel mode Dr. Talmage in this 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 conditions? 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 renewed 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 evangelized and all wrongs have been righted. We will want to come back, and we will want to look upon the religious consummation toward which we have been on larger or smaller scale toiling. Having heard the opening of the orchestra on whose strings some discordia 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 complete as Raphael's "Descent From the Cross" or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment."

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.

You know 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, repaired, retowered, realigned, 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 raged for 6000 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 sixty centuries. I take no responsibility in saying on what page of the earthly calendar it will roll in, but God's eternal verities is certain 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, you 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 vast universes without losing our way. Down and farther down we come. As we approach this world we breathe the perfume of lilliputian gardens. Floralization that in centuries past was here and there wafted in least reckless and dishonest hands plucked or despoiled it surges its billows of color across the fields and up the hillsides, and that which was desert blossoms as the rose. All the forebears of crag crowned with flowers the feet of the mountains slipped with flowers! Oh, this perfume of the continents, this aroma of hemispheres! As we approach nearer and nearer we hear songs and laughter and merriment, but not one of grief, not one of sorrow, not one of bereavement, not one of clank of chains.

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 all departed from 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 buccaners, the Herods, the Nanshabils, the ruffians, the bandits, are dead or, transformed by the power of the Christian religion, are now upright and beneficent and useful."

Naomi. More chants than dirges. Not a thin song, the words of which no one understands on the lip of a soldier, but mighty harmonies that roll from the outside door to chancel and from floor to gilded rafter as though Handel had come out of the eighteenth century into the twentieth and had his foot on the organ pedal, and Thomas Hastings had come out of the early part of the nineteenth century into the twentieth and was leading the choir. Music that moves the earth and makes heaven listen!

But I say to our twenty-first century escort: "I cannot understand this. How do these woe-worn sorrows, or have they forgotten their sorrows?" Our escort responds: "Sorrows! Why, they had sorrows more than you could count, but by a divine illusion that has never since been repeated, and nineteenth centuries never enjoyed they understand the uses of sorrow and are comforted with a supernatural condoleance such as previous centuries never experienced."

I ask again of the interpreter, "Has death been banished from the world?" The answer is, "No, but people die 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 flood of gospel power. You who lived in the nineteenth century never saw a revival of religion to be compared with that occurred in the latter part of the twentieth and the early part of the twenty-first century. The prophecy has been fulfilled that 'In the last days shall be born in a day—that is, ten or twenty or forty million people converted in twenty-four hours. In our church history we read of the great awakening of 1857, when five hundred thousand souls were saved. But that was only a drop of the coming showers that since then took into the kingdom of God everything between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between the Pyrenees and the Himalayas.' The evils that good people were in the nineteenth century trying to destroy have been overcome by celestial forces. We human weapons failed to accomplish what has been done by omnipotent thunderbolts."

As you and I see in this terrestrial visitation of the coming centuries that the church has under 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 twentieth 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 the liturgical and bar mitzvahs are given and sung. 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 fifty 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 shrews with the goods lay and the forces 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 force that were not a century ago discovered.

The prices of the fabrics indicate a reasonable profit, and the firm in the counter and the draymen at the doorway and the errand boy on his rounds and the messenger who brings the mail and the man who opens 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 other people's merchandise by great houses, no ruinous under-selling until those in the same line are bankrupt and then the prices lifted, no unnecessary assignments to defraud creditors, no over-drawing 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 retailer, and the retailer with the customer. No purchasing of goods that will never be paid for. All right behind the counter, all right before 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 wife will be boastful." "O spirit of the twentieth century, how glad I am that you showed us these stores and factories and places of bargain and sale! It was not always so in the nineteenth century, when we were earthly residents. Many of those merchants who are good at dipping out other rules in arithmetic never could cipher out that sum in the rule of loss and gain. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?'"

"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 straggled enough on this terrestrial visitation to see that all the best things foretold in the Scriptures and which we read during our earthly residence 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 as it is, 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. One element taken from the water and that will burn, and another element taken from the air and that will burn, and surrounding planets will watch this old ship of a world on fire and wonder if all its passengers got safely off. Before that planetary catastrophe, he is back to heaven. Farewell, spirit of the twenty-first century! Thanks for your guidance! We can stay no longer away from doxologies that never end, in temples never closed, in a day that has no sundown. We must report to the immortals around the throne the transformations we have seen, the victories of truth on land and sea, the hemispheres irradiated, and Christ on the throne of earth, as He is on the throne of heaven."

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 gates 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 shop 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 3000 souls into the kingdom."

AN ECCENTRIC STAR.

Polaris' Movements Are Affected by Stars That Are Invisible.

How the existence of an invisible celestial body may be revealed through the spectroscopic is explained by Prof. W. W. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, in giving an account of his recent discovery that Polaris, or the North Star, is a triple system. The shifting of the lines of the spectrum of the star enables us to determine, he says, whether the star is approaching or receding from us, and how rapidly. Recent observations of Polaris, made with a spectrograph attached to the thirty-six-inch telescope, show that its velocity is variable. It approaches the solar system now with a velocity of five miles per second. This will increase in two days to eight and three-quarters miles, and in the next two days will decrease until it again becomes five miles. This cycle of change is repeated every four days. The only explanation of this movement is that the star is circling in an orbit which is turned toward us more or less edge-wise, and it can circle thus only because it is associated with some other body, the two revolving about their common center of gravity, like the balls of a dumbbell tossed into the air. The orbit is nearly circular and is comparable in size with the moon's orbit around the earth. The center of gravity, and, therefore, the binary system, is approaching the solar system at present with a velocity of seven and one-fifth miles per second. In 1896 it was approaching at the rate of twelve and one-half miles per second. A part of this change of velocity since 1896 may be due to a change in the positions of the orbits of the binary system, but the most of it must have been produced by the attraction of a third body on the two bodies composing the four-day system. The period of the revolution of the binary system around the center of gravity of itself and the third body is not known, but is probably many years. Both companions of Polaris are invisible, but their existence is proved by the disturbances which their attractions produce in the motion of Polaris.

Monkeys as Bait for Crocodiles.

Recently a subscriber to the British Fishing Gazette wrote that publication for information as to the best method of fishing for crocodiles. In the last issue another subscriber gives to him this reply: "With regard to catching crocodiles, I shall be glad to observe whether any one replies satisfactorily to Mr. Firmin's query. I tried my hand when I was last in Ceylon to catch some crocodiles that had taken some coolie women, and I will state my method. I shot a large monkey (the silver wandoo), and then I sewed up a triangle shark hook that I had with me in the stomach of the monkey, passing the chain and swivel out of the throat. I then fastened to the chain a strong manilla rope, which I attached to a springy tree. I am bound to add that every morning, to my disgust, I found my monkey gone, but no crocodile. When one considers the toughness of a monkey's skin the result was to me always incomprehensible. Perhaps we may learn of some infallible dodge, which I shall be glad to try when next I go out to the East."

How It Happened.

The Conqueror—I thought you said you could lick me with one hand in your pocket. The conquered—Well, I forgot to put me hand in me pocket.—New York Journal.

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