

A GREAT BATTLE.

It is Now Being Fought Between Sin and Righteousness.

The Soldiers of Christ Will Finally Triumph—Christian Nations Now Fight with the Pagan-National Disputes are Being Settled by Arbitration.

In his latest Washington sermon Dr. Talmage urged his hearers to battle for Christ's kingdom on earth so that they might reign with Him in Heaven.

Back from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farmhouse, your cheeks bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?"

So the Samson controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through the peccadillo of an ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment at Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable.

We in this country might better have settled sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the trial of the sword. Philanthropy said to the North: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free."

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. No man had a right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that? He was glad at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose that Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over His knee and shoulder at His own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?"

Let me put myself in their place; I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are fruitful with birds, and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under the large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, until, after awhile I say: "Stand back, don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?"

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers disturbed many people by telling them that there was danger of stellar collision. We were told by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center, where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen that by the movement of the switch one or two inches, the train shoots this way and that, without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch-tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe, keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only 6,000 years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about 6 o'clock, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last 25 years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword. The Venezuelan controversy in any other age of the world would have brought a shock of arms, but now is being so quietly adjusted that no one knows just how it is being settled.

The Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows, or off the

Mersey? By the gulf stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London. "All settled." Peace! Peace! England pays to the United States the amounts awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So, the quarrel about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said: "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said: "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say: "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pen. Arbitration instead of battle.

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pression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with fourteen hundred millions of population and no facile means of communication; but now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steam boating and railroading, the 25,000 miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for 19 centuries, and may go on in the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are thoroughly built, they may do all their work in 24 hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science 5,652 years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took 5,500 years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces, and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the queen's speech at the proroguing of parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it anything marvelous to believe that in twenty-four hours a divine communication can reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations—many expect that Christ will come among the nations personally—suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-four hours? Suppose he should present his gospel in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God; I come to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrow; to prove that I am a supernatural being, I have just descended from the clouds. Do you believe me, and do you believe me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell you all these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instantly when the time comes. There are foretellings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down, or that the axle of the world is going to break; but I mean something for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the famines and plagues. Enough, the Asiatic cholera. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the confagurations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some new banner that has never been carried ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of Heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into lilies of morning cloud, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand!"

Beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God felt yet your ear alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all Heaven is on our side.

Brother! Christ! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood-bought immortality. O Christ, how shall I meet Thee, Thou of the scarred brow and the scarred back and the scarred hand and the scarred foot and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in Thy service? It shall not be so. I step out today in front of the battle. Come on, ye foes of God, I dare you to the combat! Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine. Come on with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow, I uncover my heart. Strike! I cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with Him on earth, we cannot be glorified with Him in Heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come. Pick out all the cheer-lest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

ILLINOIS SAFE FOR BRYAN

What a Close Canvass of the State Discloses.

RURAL DISTRICTS FOR SILVER.

In Chicago the Free Silver Candidate is the Avowed Choice of the Trades Unions. A Conservative Estimate Gives the State to the Democrats by 20,000 Plurality.

A ransack of Illinois politically brings cheer to the free silver democracy. Both sides have of late laid violent claim to Illinois. Hanna and his coterie said it was to be for McKinley; Jones, Altgeld and the Democratic leaders at Springfield and Chicago were equally vehement in giving the state to Bryan and free silver. They declared the battle won for Bryan.

The Hamacrats, in an ecstasy of eager voracity, announced, and do still, that McKinley would carry Illinois by 100,000 majority. The wish was father to this bluff, for such it was. A bit of research disclosed this claim of 100,000 for McKinley to be feather headed nonsense.

In Marion county, where the Republicans solemnly assert a McKinley certainty of 100 majority, a house to house poll, made with hair line patience, gives it to Bryan by over 500. The same might be said of all the county counties. The Republicans lay hands on them, but don't know whereof they speak and don't dare make practical investigation for fear the discoveries might blast and wither them.

Altgeld, on his part, working with his lieutenants, Buck Hinrichsen and Pithian, has made, one following the other, two thorough canvasses, school district by school district, of every foot of Illinois ground lying between Cairo and the Cook county line. They made two because the first cast such an unlooked for glow on their prospect that they couldn't believe it true. So they made the second. They declare—Altgeld and aids—that their search was so thorough that not even a pin point of political chance escaped them. They slammed every front gate, pulled every doorbell save in Chicago and its county. As a result, they assert that both Altgeld and Bryan will come to the Cook county line with a clean majority of 30,000.

They tell, too, that a poll has been made of Chicago and Cook county, and that the free silver Bryan-Altgeld forces will win there by 85,000. They claim the state without tremor by 65,000 for Altgeld and Bryan.

Conservative ones with whom I conversed cut the rural majority which they claimed down to 20,000. That figure, it would seem, everybody agrees Altgeld and Bryan have.

But, taking the best and most conservative testimony of both sides, Bryan today stands to get the state by 20,000. It remains to be seen whether the McKinleyites can bribe or browbeat this down. All honest future changes of political faith in the state will be from gold to free silver. One hears of new converts to free silver daily. This is particularly true of the southern half of the state, where Bryan met such enthusiastic thousands as he crossed it Monday.

In Chicago Bryan is the open and admitted candidate of all of the trades unions. His speech Labor day made a profound impression. By the way, the labor men say that the attendance at the park where Bryan spoke that day was over 100,000.

The labor unions make no doubt of Bryan's success in Illinois. To sum up, from all I could see and learn, Bryan and free silver will carry Illinois, and do it handsomely. The Populists will do their part, and the free silver Republicans would seem to outnumber the gold Democrats about 10 to 1. Bryan should win by a good majority. All he has to fear, for it is the only loophole of Republican escape, is the McKinley syndicate's money in Chicago. If they can buy or bribe a victory, they will do so.

All of the Chicago papers are for McKinley and violently against Bryan. This need breed no alarm. They were as violently against Cleveland in 1892, when he carried Cook county by fully 40,000 majority and took the state out of the Republican list for the first time since the days of Douglas. They were as violently against Carter Harrison when he was made mayor by a large majority. Bryan need have no fears of the Chicago press if the past is any guide. As the day stands, put Illinois in the Bryan column. Let it stay till further orders.—Alfred Henry Lewis in New York Journal.

Free silver would benefit the farmers by raising the price of the silver in silver using countries. It is that silver price, cut in half when measured in gold, that he has to meet. It is oriental silver countries' competition and not overproduction that causes the low price of wheat. A bushel of wheat in Mexico will buy the dollar there as easily as it ever did. A bushel of wheat here will buy only half as much of our dollar.

The Moral Side. The efforts of the goldbug orators to put their cause on a high moral plane will make their situation worse rather than better. They merely show the desperation of a bad position. The immorality is on the side of those who are trying to force the people to a single gold standard.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There is nobody with us but the people, my friends, and they are the ones for whom this government was instituted.—William J. Bryan.

That's Another Matter. It is wicked for the poor to be prejudiced against the rich; but, as for the rich being prejudiced against the poor, you know how it is.—Detroit News-Tribune.

HIGH MONEY, LOW TIMES.

Mr. Bryan Says That Phrase Strikes the Keynote of Political Economy.

Lexington is said to be the citadel of the gold sentiment of Kentucky. Yet it turned out—and the regions round about—fully 40,000 people to greet Mr. Bryan.

The Lexington procession, which came off in the rain, was a striking feature. It was made up of horsemen and was fully five miles in length. Mr. Bryan was interrupted by the passing of the procession for 25 minutes. When it had passed, he continued: "FELLOW CITIZENS—I have been interrupted in the midst of speeches before, but I can say to you that of all this is the most pleasant interruption of which I have recollection. I shall remember this speech which was cut in two by the most remarkable parade which I have ever seen my good fortune to witness. And they bore banners which presented mottoes which make any further speaking unnecessary.

"If I were to talk to you from now until night, I could not more than emphasize the mottoes which have passed in procession by you. I noticed one motto, drawn with letters not altogether according to the latest patterns, but it represented a sentiment that ought to find a lodgment in the memories of all—that is, 'High Money, Low Times.' I challenge you to find in any of the speeches that will be made this year by the opponents of free silver a single sentence that contains as much of political economy and common sense as is contained in that phrase, 'high money, low times.' It seems that those things which are hidden from those who are themselves all wise are revealed unto those who in the estimation of the financiers are but babes and sucklings. I saw another motto, 'Our Barns Are Full, but Our Pockets Are Empty.' And in that sentence is epitomized 20 years of farming history.

"Nature smiles upon your husbandry, your soil gives forth in rich profusion, but according to the experience of the farmer, with all that he can do with his industry, with his economy, with all his patient toil, he finds that the load of the American farmer grows harder every year.

"In modern times, under the rule of those who ruled and swept the saber, as they said, by divine right, complaint was answered with the lash, but now the just complaint of the toiling millions of the United States is answered by charges that they are anarchists and socialists.

"My friends, there is one unfortunate thing in connection with the use of the word 'anarchist' as applied to those who are banded together to restore the money of the constitution—there is one unfortunate thing about it. Anarchy is a thing not to be considered in a land like this. Anarchy can have no home among the people who have the ballot to right their wrongs. And the unfortunate thing about this campaign is that the name, anarchist is applied to the bone and muscle of this country by men who are doing more to overthrow our government than any anarchist who ever carried a red flag.

"I say that when this word anarchist is applied to the toiling millions by men who seek without toil to usurp the fruits and reap the rewards of those who toil the danger is that it will make the name respectable because of its association.

"I protest against the use of that name for the purpose which deprives it of all its terrors. My friends, those who are opposed to us cannot afford to place the farmers of this country in the position of enemies of the government, because they are the only friends that any government ever had.

"My friends, these very men who are abused and despised by those who doubt the capacity of the masses for self government—these are the very people who in time of emergency must protect their calculators from themselves and their associates. My friends, there is not a syndicate that has preyed upon the public which would not rather try its case against another syndicate before the common people of this country than before a jury made up of a syndicate.

"Now, just one word more. There was one motto that impressed me more deeply than any other motto, and I want you to carry that motto home with you when you leave this place and bear it in your memories every day, so that you can read it when you rise up and again when you go to bed, so that it will be a part of your political life. It is a short motto and contains but few letters. It was, 'We Mean Business.'

If under a free silver law our foreign debtors think they would be robbed, they can prevent that by adopting similar laws and keeping the silver dollar equal to the gold dollar instead of forcing it down. That is probably what they would do. International agreement would quickly follow.

What Will the Farmer Answer? Whenever any one tells you that farmers' crops are cheap because of overproduction, ask him if he would advise smaller farms and poorer land. His opinion will be valuable to cultivators of the soil.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

Great Britain clings to the single gold standard not because it is best for the world, but because it is best for her. She owns the gold both above and below ground. But is it the best for us?

Hanna's Army. Every trust, every desperate speculator and option gambler, every usurious money lender, every stock waterer and inflationist, is in Hanna's army behind the McKinley breastworks.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Call For Cockran. If Mr. Cockran could be induced to speak in the south as he did in Madison Square Garden, gold standard Democrats would all come back.—Nashville American.

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