DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Turned to Darkness"—A Graphic Word-Picture of a Godless World—Deplorable Condition Into Which Infidelity Would Plunge the World.

TEXT: "The sun shall be turned into darkness."—Acts ii., 20.

Christianity is the rising sun of our time, and men have tried with the uprolling vapors of skepticism and the smoke of their blasphemy to turn the sun into darkness. Suppose the archangels of malice and horror should be let loose a little while and be allowed to extinguish and destroy the sun in the natural heavens! They would take the oceans from other worlds and pour them on the luminary of the planetary system, and the waters go hissing down amid the ravines and the caverns, and there is explosion after explosion until there are only a few peaks of fire left in the sun, and these are cooling down and going out until the vast continents of flame are reduced to a small acreage of fire, and that whitens and cools off until there are only a few coals left, and these are whitening and going out until there is not a spark left in all the mountains of ashes and the valleys of ashes and the chasms of ashes. An extinguished sun! A dead sun! A buried sun! Let all worlds wail at the stupendous obsequies.

Of course this withdrawal of the solar light and heat throws our earth into a universal chill, and the tropics become the temperate, and the temperate becomes the arctic, and there are frozen rivers and frozen lakes and frozen oceans. From arctic to antarctic regions the inhabitants gather in toward the center and find the equator as the poles. The slain forests are piled up into a great bonfire, and around them gather the shivering villages and cities. The wealth of the coal mines is hastily poured into the furnaces and stirred into rage of combustion, but soon the bonfires begin to lower, and the furnaces begin to go out, and the nations begin to die. Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, California geysers, cease to smoke, and the ice of hailstorms remains unmelted in their crater. All the flowers have breathed their last breath. Ships with sailors frozen at the mast, and helmsmen frozen at the wheel, and passengers frozen in the cabin. All nations dying, first at the north and then at the south. Child frosted and dead in the cradle. Octogenarian frosted and dead at the hearth. Workmen with frozen hand on the hammer and frozen foot on the shuttle. Winter from sea to sea. All congealing winter. Perpetual winter. Globe of frigidity. Hemisphere shackled to hemisphere by chains of ice. Universal Nova Zembla. The earth an ice floe grinding against other ice floes. The archangels of malice and horror have done their work, and now they may have their thrones of glacier and look down upon the ruin they have wrought. What the destruction of the sun in the natural heavens would be to our physical earth the destruction of Christianity would be to the moral world. The sun turned into darkness!

Infidelity in our time is considered a great joke. There are people who rejoice to hear Christianity caricatured and to hear Christ assailed with quibble and quirk and misrepresentation and badinage and harlequinade. I propose to-day to take infidelity and atheism out of the realm of jocularity into one of tragedy and show you what infidels propose and what, if they are successful, they will accomplish. There are those in all our communities who would like to see the Christian religion overthrown and who say the world would be better without it. I want to show you what is the end of this road, and what is the terminus of this crusade, and what this world will be when atheism and infidelity have triumphed over it, if they can. I say, if they can. I reiterate it, if they can.

In the first place, it will be the complete and unutterable degradation of womanhood. I will prove it by facts and arguments which no honest man will dispute. In all communities and cities and States and nations where the Christian religion has been dominant woman's condition has been ameliorated and improved, and she is deferred to and honored in a thousand things, and every gentleman takes off his hat before her. If your associations have been good, you know that the name of wife, mother, daughter, suggest gracious surroundings. You know there are no better schools and seminaries in this country than the schools and seminaries for our young ladies. You know that while woman may suffer injustice in England and the United States, she has more of her rights in Christendom than she has anywhere else.

Now, compare this with woman's condition in lands where Christianity has made little or no advance—in China, in Barbay, in Borneo, in Tartary, in Egypt, in Hindustan. The Burmese sell their wives and daughters as so many sheep. The Hindoo Bible makes it disgraceful and an outrage for a woman to listen to music or look out of the window in the absence of her husband and gives as a lawful ground for divorce a woman's beginning to eat before her husband has finished his meal. What mean those white burdies on the ponds and rivers in China in the morning? Infanticide following infanticide. Female children destroyed simply because they are females. Woman harnessed to the plow as an ox. Woman veiled and barricaded and in all styles of cruel seclusion. Her birth a misfortune. Her life a torture. Her death a horror. The missionary of the cross today in heathen lands preaches generally to two groups—a group of men who do as they please and sit where they please; the other group, women hidden and carefully secluded in a side apartment, where they may hear the voice of the preacher, but may not be seen. No refinement. No liberty. No hope for this life. No hope for the life to come. Ringed nose. Cramped foot. Disfigured face. Embruted soul. Now, compare those two conditions. How far toward this latter condition that I speak of would woman go if Christian influences were withdrawn and Christianity were destroyed? It is only a question of dynamics. If an object be lifted to a certain point and not fastened there and the lifting power be withdrawn, how long before that object will fall down to the point from which it started? It will fall down, and it will go still farther than the point from which it started. Christianity has lifted woman up from the very depths of degradation almost to the skies. If that lifting power be withdrawn, she falls clear back to the depth from which she was resurrected, not going any lower, because there is no lower depth, and yet notwithstanding the fact that the salvation of woman from degradation and woe is the Christian religion—and the only influence that has ever lifted her in the social scales is Christianity—I have read that there are women who reject Christianity. I make no remark in regard to those persons. In the silence of your own soul make your observations.

If infidelity triumph and Christianity be overthrown, it means the demoralization of society. The one idea in the Bible that atheists and infidels most hate is the idea of retribution. Take away the idea of retribution and punishment from society, and it will begin very soon to disintegrate, and take away from the minds of men the fear of hell, and there are a great many of them who would very soon turn this world into a hell. The majority of those who are indignant against the Bible because of the idea of punishment are men whose lives are bad or whose hearts are impure and who hate the Bible because of the idea of future punishment, for the same reason that criminals hate the penitentiary. Oh, I have heard this brave talk about people fearing nothing of the consequences of sin in the next world, and I have made up my mind it is merely a coward's whistling to keep his courage up. I have seen men flaunt their immoralities in the face of the community, and I have heard them defy the judgment day and scoff at the idea of any further consequence of their sin, but when they came to die they shrieked until you could hear them for nearly two blocks, and in the summer night the neighbors got up to put the windows down, because they could not endure the horror.

The mightiest restraints to-day against theft, against immorality, against libertinism, against crime of all sorts—the mightiest restraints are the retributions of eternity. Men know that they can escape the law, but down in the offenders' soul there is the realization of the fact that they cannot escape God. He stands at the end of the road of profligacy, and He will not clear the guilty. Take all idea of retribution and punishment out of the hearts and minds of men, and it would not be long before our cities would become Sodoms. The only restraints against the evil passions of the world to-day are Bible restraints.

Suppose now these generals of atheism and infidelity got the victory and suppose they marshaled a great army made up of the majority of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—the whole army. Forward, march! ye hosts of infidels and atheists, banners flying before, banners flying behind, banners inscribed with the words: "No God! No Christ! No Punishment! No Restraints! Down With the Bible! Do as You Please!" The sun turned into darkness!

Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists. And first of all you will attack the churches. Away with those houses of worship! They have been standing there so long deluding the people with consolation in their bereavements and sorrows. All those churches ought to be extirpated; they have done so much to relieve the lost and bring home the wandering, and they have so long held up the idea of eternal rest after the paroxysm of this life is over. Turn the St. Peters and St. Pauls and the temples and tabernacles into clubhouses. Away with those churches!

Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they scatter the Sabbath schools filled with bright eyed, rosy cheeked little ones who are singing songs on Sunday afternoon and getting instruction when they ought to be on the street corners playing marbles or swearing on the commons. Away with them! Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they will attack Christian asylums—the institutions of mercy supported by Christian philanthropies. Never mind the blind eyes, and the deaf ears, and the crippled limbs, and the darkened intellects. Let paralyzed old age pick up its own food, and orphans fight their own way, and the half reformed go back to their evil habits. Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and with your battleaxes hew down the cross and split up the manger of Bethlehem.

On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and now they come to the graveyards and the cemeteries of the earth. Pull down the sculpture above Greenwood's gate, for it means the resurrection. Tear away at the entrance of Laurel Hill the figure of Old Mortality and the chisel. On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, into the graveyards and cemeteries, and where you see "Asleep in Jesus," cut it away, and where you find a marble story of heaven, blast it, and when you find over a little child's grave, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," substitute the words "delusion" and "sham," and where you find an angel in marble, strike off the wing, and when you come to a family vault, chisel on the door, "Dead once, dead forever."

But on, ye great army of infidels and atheists, on! They will attempt to scale heaven. There are heights to be taken. Pile hill on hill, and Pelion upon Ossa, and then they hoist the ladders against the walls of heaven. On and on until they blow up the foundations of jasper and the gates of pearl. They charge up the steep. Now they aim for the throne of Him who liveth forever and ever. They would take down from Their high place the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. "Down with Them!" they say. "Down with Them from the throne!" they say. "Down forever! Down out of sight! He is not God. He has no right to sit there. Down with Him! Down with Christ!"

A world without a head, a universe without a king. Orphan constellations. Fatherless galaxies. Anarchy supreme. A dethroned Jehovah. An assassinated God. Patricide, regicide, deicide. That is what they mean. That is what they will have, if they can. I say, if they can. Civilization hurled back into semibarbarism, and semibarbarism driven back into Hottentot savagery. The wheel of progress turned the other way and turned toward the dark ages. The clock of the centuries put back 2000 years. Go back, you Sandwich Islands, from your schools, and from your colleges, and from your reformed condition, to what you were in 1820, when the missionaries first came. Call home the 500 missionaries from India and overthrow their 2000 schools, where they are trying to educate the heathen, and scatter the 140,000 little children that they have gathered out of barbarism into civilization. Obliterate all the work of Dr. Duff in India, of David Abeel in China, of Dr. King in Greece, of Judson in Burma, of David Brainerd amid the American aborigines, and send home the 3000 missionaries of the cross who are toiling in foreign lands, toiling for Christ's sake, toiling themselves into the grave. Tell these 3000 men of God that they are of no use. Send home the medical missionaries who are doctoring the bodies as well as the souls of the dying nations. Go home, London Missionary society! Go home, American board of foreign missions! Go home, ye Moravians, and relinquish back into darkness and squalor and death the nations whom ye have begun to lift.

From such a chasm of individual, national, worldwide ruin, stand back. Oh, young men, stand back from that chasm! You see the practical drift of my sermon. I want you to know where that road leads. Stand back from that chasm of ruin. The time is going to come (you and I may not live to see it, but it will come, just as certainly as there is a God, it will come) when the infidels and the atheists who openly and out and out and aboveboard preach and practice infidelity and atheism, will be considered as criminals against society, as they are now criminals against God. Society will push out the leper, and the wretch with soul gangrened and ichorous and vermin covered and rotting apart with his bestiality will be left to die in the ditch and be denied decent burial, and men will come with spades and cover up the carcass where it falls, that it poison not the air, and the only text in all the Bible appropriate for the funeral sermon will be Jeremiah xxii., 19, "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass."

At the beginning God said, "Let there be light," and light was, and light is, and light shall be. So Christianity is rolling on, and it is going to warm all nations, and all nations are to bask in its light. Men may shut the window blinds so they cannot see it, or they may smoke the pipe of speculation until they are shadowed under their own vaporing, but the Lord God is a sun! This white light of the gospel made up of all the beautiful colors of earth and heaven—violet plucked from amid the spring grass, and the indigo of the southern jungles, and the blue of the skies, and the green of the foliage, and the yellow of the autumnal woods, and the orange of the southern groves, and the red of the sunsets. All the beauties of earth and heaven brought out by this spiritual spectrum. Great Britain is going to take all Europe for God. The United States are going to take America for God. Both of them together will take all Asia for God. All three of them will take Africa for God. "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerrubbabel thou shalt become a plain." "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Hallelujah, amen!

The dissenting free churches have a larger membership and a stronger power in the United Kingdom that has the established church.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Sweetest Music—Three-fourths of the Deaths of Europeans in Africa Due to Drunkenness—Sober, Earnest Workers Stand the Climate All Right.

I was lounging, one night, in the lobby
Of our beautiful new hotel;
A mingling of varied music
On my sensitive hearing fell;
A guest, who was tired and homesick,
Was strumming a reverie
On the keys of the grand piano
In the foyer, over me.

From the poolroom there came through the doorway
The clack of the cue and the ball;
From the barroom the clinking of glasses,
Bearing trouble enough for all;
The humming of conversation
'Mid the traveling men about,
Gave tenor and bass to the chorus—
Sweet music beyond a doubt.

Near by—I could see 'neath my hat rim—
Stood a lad of the drummer stamp;
It needed no close inspection
To see he was new in the camp.
He was young, even boyish; was lonely;
Far from home, and 'twas Saturday night—
Dead ripe for the voice of the tempter,
And needing the courage to fight.

Just then a chance acquaintance
With a laughing and jesting throng;
As they passed toward the barroom, one whispered:
"Say, pardner, come! won't you go 'long?'
So eager was I, I leaned forward
To catch all his answer low;
And my heart sang a hymn as my drummer
Said: "No, thank you, friends, I can't go."

The piano still sang in the foyer;
Still clattered the cue and the ball;
The glasses still clinked in the barroom,
Luring many a man to his fall;
The hum of the travlers continued
As they chattered in accents low;
But sweetest of all the music,
To me, was that young man's "No."
—S. W. Gillilan, in the Lever.

Whisky in Africa.

The white men at Lagos, West Africa, are so indignant over the assertion of Bishop Tugwell that three-fourths of the deaths of Europeans on the coast is due to drunkenness, that they threaten to make him suffer for his language if they can find a remedy in the courts. The Bishop would probably plead that he told the truth. Many men who are temperate in all things undoubtedly meet an untimely end on the African coasts, and those who deal with vital statistics should carefully refrain from remarks that may seem to reflect unjustly upon their memories. But the very fact that seasoned imbibers on the Guinea coast, the Congo and elsewhere are prone to inculcate the pernicious idea that "after all, there is nothing like whisky to cure African fever," makes it all the more commendable to emphasize the undoubted truth that whisky claims a great many victims in Africa.

When Mr. Stanley wrote about a class of persons whom he called "gin and whisky topers on the Niger and the Congo," their immunity from fever, he said, was not due to their devotion to whisky, but to their expertness in the art of doing nothing. "A few hours' hard work or marching in the interior would lay the lazy lion as low as a dead donkey." The mischief they do grows out of the assurance they persistently give to youthful enthusiasts, newly arrived from Europe, that whisky is the best remedy for all African ills. Bishop Tugwell is only one of many men who have found it necessary to combat such pernicious and semi-maudlin advice.

Africa, like all regions newly opened to enterprise, attracts its full share of what Mr. Noble, in his book on African missions, calls "the moral scum of civilization," and the best authorities on tropical hygiene say that these men of irregular habits are easy victims as a rule to the diseases peculiar to warm climates. This has been notoriously the case in Africa. Military commanders, and the companies owning many trading posts along the coasts, have learned to know the great difference, in their efficiency and chances of living, between the habitual imbiber and the sober, earnest worker. E. G. Ravenstein, who has written as strongly as any one about Africa as "the white man's grave," admits that "the climate is too often blamed for a mortality that is in a large measure due to a dissolute life." Stanley wrote that "on the Congo the very atmosphere seems fatally hostile to men who pin their faith to whisky, gin and brandy." Recent writers on health conditions in Africa, such as Felkin and others, advise white men to observe the strictest temperance and drop all thoughts of tonics.

Bishop Tugwell has slandered neither the dead nor the living in calling attention to the fact that the evil effects of intemperance are far more potent and deadly in Africa than in the temperate zones.—New York Sun.

England a Drinking Nation.

It will be somewhat of a revelation to learn that England is the most drunken nation in the world.

A recent official statement got up by the English Government has opened the eyes of the people of the island to the fact that a great deal of missionary work is needed at home. The figures collected show that of beer England drinks 30.31 gallons per head per annum, America 12.20, Germany 25.50, France 5.10. In the drinking of wines, England falls a little to the rear, her consumption being .39 gallons per head per annum, America .44, Germany 1.34 and France 21.80. But it is when we come to spirits that England forges ahead once more, with a record of 1.02 gallons per head, America .84 and Germany and France both 1.89.

The grand total shows that England stands far ahead as the leading drinking nation. England's total consumption is 31.72 gallons, America's 13.48, Germany's 28.73, France's 28.70. While the drinking of wine in England is constantly decreasing, the drinking of spirits and beer increases in equal proportion.

A gratifying feature of these figures is the development that the United States stands last in this unsavory procession, her consumption of liquor being less than one-half of that of Europe's most temperate nations.

Hardens the Heart.

A little girl, in writing an account of an address she had heard on the physical effects of alcohol, wrote that "Alcohol hardens the heart." We may smile at the misapprehension of the child as to what the lecturer had taught, but there is no doubt she wrote a moral if not a physical truth when she said "Alcohol hardens the heart." There is not another agent that more effectually hardens the heart of men who in sober moments are tender and loving parents, than indulgence in alcoholic liquors.

Notes About the Rum Evil.

Edward Everett Hale says his church alone could care for all the dependent people in Boston who were not made so by drink.

A ruling by the State Treasurer of North Carolina, that dispensaries can sell liquor only on prescription, practically nullifies the many legislative acts creating dispensaries.

"I figured out years ago," said a prosperous farmer, "that with very moderate drinking, I'd drink an acre of good land every year. So I quit." Here is a temperance lecture, done up in a small parcel convenient for handling.

The Uses of Zinc.

The largest consumers of zinc are the manufacturers of galvanized iron work. Then come the brass founders, for zinc is an important element in brass alloys, and large quantities are used in the sheet form and as an element in galvanic batteries. Zinc is put under stoves and is used to line bathtubs.

Great quantities of the ore are used also to make zinc white, or zinc oxide, for paint, but this is made direct from the ores and is not materially affected by the present rise of values, the zinc oxide having gone up only about half a cent a pound in price. Of this the United States imported at one time about 30,000 barrels a year. Now we can export it as we do the metal and ore. Our exports of the ore were only 48,000 pounds in 1895, but last year rose to 21,040,000 pounds, while our exports of pig rose in the same period from about 3,000,000 pounds to 21,000,000.—New York Sun.

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Australia is capable of supporting at least 10,000,000 inhabitants.

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One on Her Majesty.

The following story—for the truth of which, however, we are unable to vouch—is told of the Empress Frederick. When Her Majesty was last in England she purchased a quantity of very artistic wall-paper, which she had sent to her villa at Homburg. On showing some samples of it to her chamberlain she asked him where he thought they came from. "This piece," replied the chamberlain, "comes from Berlin, and the other from Magdeburg—'made in Germany,' your Majesty."—London Chronicle.

Marriage Increasing in England.

Great Britain is flourishing. The sure test is the marriage record shown in the Registrar General's annual report just issued, in which it appears that the rate is higher than it has been in twenty-one years. The Registrar points out that a marriage rate usually keeps in close touch with the value of British exports and imports, and the price of wheat. Up goes trade, and up goes the marriage rate! Not exactly romantic, but eminently practical. It seems that widowers have been in greater demand than widows, for 98 out 100 of the men married in the course of the year were widowers, whereas only 69 out of 1000 of the women who married were widows. Nearly half of the bachelors and spinsters were married between the ages of 21 and 25. The favored age for the re-marriage of widows and widowers was between 35 and 40. In one out of every 100 of the marriages, husband and wife could neither read nor write, and signed the certificate with their mark.—New York Press.

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DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING.—To one pint of boiling water add one and one-half ounces (one-quarter of the small size cake) of Ivory Soap cut into shavings, boil five minutes after the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Remove from the fire and cool in convenient dishes (not tin). It will keep well in an air-tight glass jar.

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