

# DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Outlook Inspiring - A Far Look into the Future - Marvelous Advances Predicted - Religion and Science in the Next Hundred Years.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage tells something of what he expects the next hundred years will achieve, and declares that the outlook is most inspiring; text, II Samuel xxiii, 4, "A morning without clouds."

"What do you expect of this new century?" is the question often asked of me, and many others have been pined with the same inquiry. In the realm of invention I expect something as startling as the telegraph and the telephone and the X-ray. In the realm of poetry I expect as great poets as Longfellow and Tennyson, than the realm of religion I expect more than one Pentecost like that of 1857, when 500,000 souls professed to have been converted. I expect that universal peace will reign, and that before the arrival of the two thousandth year gunpowder will be out of use except for glistening rocks or pyrotechnic entertainment. I expect that before this new century has expired the millennium will be fully inaugurated. The twentieth century will be as much an improvement on the nineteenth century as the nineteenth century was an improvement on the eighteenth. But the conventional length of sermonic discourse will allow us only time for one hopeful consideration, and that will be the redemption of the cities.

Pulpit and printing press for the most part in our day are busy discussing the condition of the cities at this time, but would it not be healthful encouraging to all Christian workers and to all who are toiling to make the world better if we should this morning, for a little while, look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the sky, and it shall be "a morning without clouds?"

Every man has pride in the city of his nativity or residence if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Caesar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of base heartedness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity, or its artistic embellishments, or its scientific advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well! People who have a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos and Rhodes and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude right away that Homer behaved well. He liked them, and they liked him. We must not war on laudable city pride or with the idea of building ourselves up at any time to try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall and to its superior educational advantages; Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence Hall, and its mint and its Girard College; New York must continue to exult in its matchless harbor, and its vast population, and its institutions of mercy, and its ever widening commerce; Washington must continue to rejoice in the fact that it is the most beautiful city under the sun.

If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking him right away, "What mean thing have you been doing there? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

Every city is influenced by the character of the men who founded it. Romulus impressed his life upon Rome. The pilgrim fathers will never relax their grasp on New England. William Penn left a legacy of fair dealing and integrity to Philadelphia, and you can now, any day, on the streets of that city, see his customs, his manners, his morals, his hat, his wife's bonnet and his meeting house. So the Hollanders, founding New York, left their impression on the following generations. So this capital of the nation is a perpetual eulogy upon the Washington who founded it.

I thank God for the place of our residence, and, while there are a thousand things that ought to be corrected and many wrongs that ought to be overthrown, while I thank God for the past, I look forward this morning to a glorious future. I think we ought—and I take it for granted that you are interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on the way to final victory, and are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under His feet and the stars of heaven for His tiara. Hail, conqueror, hail!

I know there are sorrows and there are sins and there is suffering all around about us, but as in some bitter cold winter day when we are thrashing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing we think of the warm spring day that will after awhile come, or in the dark winter night we look up and see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illumined by some great victory, just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of vicin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth, or an angel in heaven, or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know it just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. The nation has to be saved; it course all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you, and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat or toiling on toward a victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world people will give their time up to psalm singing and the relating of their religious experience, and as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and as all business will be purified there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now, when that time comes of which I speak, and all double dealing, all dishonesty and all fraud in the time of commercial circles, through confidence will be established, and there will be better business done and larger fortunes gathered and mightier successes achieved. The great business disasters of this

country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers. The great foe to business is crime. When the right shall have hurred back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed taxes—the taxes, taxes, taxes! I am not talking an abstraction; I am not making a guess; I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak taxes will be a mere nothing. Now our business men are taxed for everything; city taxes, county taxes, State taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons; we have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through beastly indulgence; we have to support the municipal governments, which are expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who supports the almshouses and police stations and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals; there will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children; there will be no voting of large sums of moneys for some municipal improvement, which moneys, before they get to the improvement, drop into the pockets of those who voted them; no over and terminer kept up at vast expense to the people, no impeding of justice, to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail; better factories; grander architecture; finer equipage; larger fortunes; richer opulence. "A morning without clouds."

In that better time also coming to these cities the churches of Christ will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the service of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many different opinions as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not 400. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded, they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to the sermon warranted to hit no more sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then, after an hour and a half of indolent yawning, they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

But all these wrongs are going to be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the church of God going to be, or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations.

What will you do with those who fleece that young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story and frankly asked what he might do? Nothing. God's love will yet bring back this ruined world to holiness and happiness. An infinite Father bends over it in sympathy. And to the orphan He will be a Father, and to the widow He will be a husband, and to the outcast He will be a home, and to the poorest wretch that today crawls out of the ditch of his abomination, crying for mercy, He will be an all-pardoning Redeemer.

The rocks will turn gray with age, the forests will be unmoored in the hurricane, the sun will shut its fiery eyelids, the stars will drop like blasted figs, the sea will heave its last groan and lash itself in expiring agony, the continents will drop like anchors in the deep, the world will wrap itself in sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day, but God's love will never die. It shall kill its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowing sea after all other oceans have wept themselves away. It will warm itself by the blaze of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet peals and the air is filled with the crash of breaking speulchers and the rattle of the wings of the rising dead. Oh, commend that love to all the cities and the morning without clouds will come!

I know that sometimes it seems a hopeless task. You toil on in different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith and say: "It does not amount to anything. You might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red Sea it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came out, I suppose, and said, "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the sea parted, stretching out of his hand over the sea! But after awhile the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering parade on either side, and the billows roared as God pulled back on their crystal bits. Wheel into line, O Israel! March, march! Pearls crashed under feet, flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under, about of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid sea, and when the last line of the Israelites reach the beach the cymbals clasp, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift fingered winds on the white keys of the storm play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.

So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and they stretch their hand over the sea, the boiling sea of crime and sin and wretchedness. "It doesn't amount to anything," people say. Doesn't it? God's winds of help will after awhile begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasure of Christian beneficence, and we will be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us and derided us and tried to destroy us will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach. The splintered wheel of a chariot or thrust out from the foam, the breathless nostril of a r'lerless charger.

These are hard lines," mused the ghost as he read the inscription on his tombstone.

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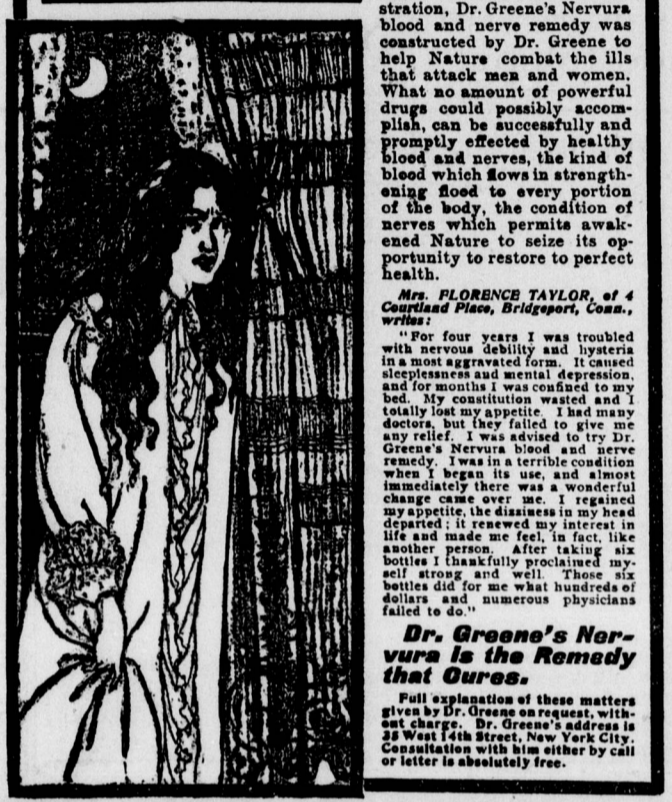
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