DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

THE CRY OF ARMENIA.

Dr. Talmage Insists It Shall Be Heeded, and By America, Too.

TEXT: "They escaped into the land of Armenia."—II Kings xix., 37.

In Bible geography this is the first time that Armenia appears, called then by the same name as now. Armenia is chiefly a tableland, 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and on one of its peaks Noah's ark landed, with its human family and fauna that were to fill the earth. That region was the birthplace of the rivers which fertilized the garden of Eden when Adam and Eve lived there, their only roof the crystal skies and their carpet the emerald of rich grass. Its inhabitants, the ethnologists tell us, are a superior type of the Caucasian race. Their religion is founded on the Bible. Their Saviour is our Christ. Their crime is that they will not become followers of Mohammed, that Jupiter of sensuality. To drive them from the face of the earth is the ambition of all Mohammedans. To accomplish this, murder is no crime, and wholesale massacre is a matter of enthusiastic approbation and Governmental reward.

The prayer sanctioned by highest Mohammedan authority and recited every day throughout Turkey and Egypt, while styling all those not Mohammedans as infidels, is as follows: "O Lord of all creatures! O Allah! Destroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion. O Allah, make their children orphans and defile their bodies, cause their feet to slip, give them and their families, their households and their women, their children and their relatives by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their possessions and the race, their wealth and their lands as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all creatures!" The life of an Armenian in the presence of those who make that prayer is of no more value than the life of a summer insect.

The Sultan of Turkey sits on a throne impersonating that brigandage and assassination. At this time all civilized Nations are in horror at the attempts of that Mohommedan Government to destroy all the Christians of Armenia. I hear somebody talking as though some new thing were happening, and that the Turkish Government had taken a new role of tragedy on the stage of Nations. No, no! She is at the same old business. Overlooking her diabolism of other centuries, we come down to our century to find that in 1822 the Turkish Government slew 50,000 anti-Moslems, and in 1850 she slew 10,000, and in 1860 she slew 11,000 and in 1876 she slew 10,000. Anything short of the slaughter of thousands of human beings does not put enough red wine into her cup of abomination to make it worth quaffing. Nor is this the only time she has promised reform. In the presence of the warships at the mouth of the Dardanelles she has promised the civilized Nations of the earth that she would stop her buteheries and the international and hemispheric farce has been enacted of believing what she says, when all the past ought to persuade us that she is only pausing in her atrocities to put Nations off the track and then resume the work of death

In 1820 Turkey in treaty with Russia promised to alleviate the condition of Christians, but the promise was broken. In 1839 the then Sultan promised protection of life and property without reference to religion, and during the Crimean war this promise was broken. In 1844, at the demands of an English minister plenipotentiary, the Sultan declared after the public execution of an Armenian at Constantinople that no such death penalty should again be inflicted, and the promise was broken. In 1850, at the demand of foreign Nations, the Turkish Government promised protection to Protestants, but to this day the Protestants at Stamboul are not allowed to build a church, although they have the funds ready, and the Greek Protestants, who have a church, are not permitted to worship in it. In 1856, after the Crimean War, Turkey promised that no one should be hindered in the exercise of the religion he professed, and that promise has been broken. In 1878, at the memorable treaty of Berlin, Turkey promised religious liberty to all her subjects in every part of the Ottoman Empire, and the promise was broken. Not once in all the centuries has the Turkish Government kept her promise of mercy. So far from any improvement, the condition of the Armenians has become worse and worse year by year, and all the promises the Turkish Government now makes are only a gaining of time by which she is making preparation for the complete extermination of Christianity from her borders.

No wonder that the physicians of that region declared that among all the men and women that were down with wounds and sickness and under their care not one wanted to get well. Remember that nearly all the reports that have come to us of the Turkish outrages have been manipulated and modified and softened by the Turks themselves. The story is not half told, or a hundredth part told, or a thousandth part told. None but God and our suffering brothers and sisters in that far-off land know the wholestory, and it will not be known until in the coronations of heaven Christ shall lift to a special throne of glory these heroes and heroines, saying, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." My Lord and my God, Thou didst on the cross suffer for them, but Thou, surely, O Christ, will not forget how much they have suffered for Thee! I dare not deal in imprecation, but I never so much enjoyed the imprecatory songs of David as since I have heard how those Turks are treating the Armenians. The fact is, Turkey has got to be divided up among other Nations. Of course the European Nations must take the chief part, but Turkey ought to be compelled to pay America for the American Mission buildings and American schoolhouses she has destroyed and to support the wives and children of the Americans ruined by this wholesale butchery. When the English lion and the Russian bear put their paws on that Turkey, the American eagle ought to put in its bill.

Who are these American and English and Scotch missionaries who are being hounded among the mountains of Armenia by the Mohammedans? The noblest men and women this side of heaven. Some of them men who took the highest honors at Yale and Princeton and Harvard and Oxford and Edinburgh. Some of them women, gentle and most Christlike, who, to save people they never saw, turned their backs on luxurious homes to spend their days in self-expatriation, saying goodby to father and mother and afterward goodby to their own children as circumstances compelled them to send the little ones to England, Scotland or America. I have seen these foreign missionaries in their homes all around the world, and I stamp with indignation upon the literary blackguardism of foreign correspondents who have deprecated these heroes and heroines who are willing to live and die for Christ's sake. They will have the highest thrones in heaven, while their defamers will not get near enough to the shining gates to see the faintest glint of any one of the twelve pearls which make up the twelve gates.

This defamation of missionaries is augmented by the dissolute English, American and Scotch merchants who go to foreign cities, leaving their families behind them. Those dissolute merchants in foreign cities lead a life of such gross immorals that the pure households of the missionaries are a perpetual rebuke. Buzzards never did believe in doves, and if there is anything that nightshade hates it is the water lily. What the 550 American missionaries have suffered in the Ottoman Empire since 1820 I leave the archangel to announce on the day of judgment. You will see it reasonable that I put so much emphasis on Americanism in the Ottoman Empire when I tell you that America, notwithstanding all the disadvantages named, has now over 27,000 students in day schools in that Empire and 35,000 children in her Sabbath-schools, and that America has expended in the Turkish Empire for its betterment over $10,000,000. Has not America a right to be heard? Aye, it will be heard! I am glad that great indignation meetings are being held all over this country. That poor, weak, cowardly Sultan, whom I saw a few years ago ride to his mosque for worship, guarded by 7000 armed men, many of them mounted on prancing chargers, will hear of these sympathetic meetings for the Armenians, if not through American reporters, then through some of his 360 wives. What to do with him? There ought to be some St. Helena to which he could be exiled while the Nations of Europe appoint a ruler of their own to clean out and take possession of the palaces of Constantinople. To-night this august assemblage in the capital of the United States, in the name of the God of Nations, indicts the Turkish Government for the wholesale assassination in Armenia and invokes the interference of Almighty God and the protest of Eastern and Western Hemispheres.

But what is the duty of the hour? Sympathy, deep, wide, tremendous, immediate A religious paper, the Christian Herald, of New York, has led the way with munificent contributions collected from its subscribers. But the Turkish Government is opposed to any relief of the Armenian sufferers, as I personally know. Last August, before I had any idea of becoming a fellow citizen with you Washingtonians, $50,000 for Armenian relief was offered me if I would personally take that relief to Armenia. My passage was to be engaged on the City of Paris, but a telegram was sent to Constantinople asking if the Turkish Government would grant me protection on such an errand of mercy. A cablegram said the Turkish Government wished to know to what points in Armenia I desired to go with that relief. In our reply four cities were named, one of them the scene of what had been the chief massacre. A cablegram came from Constantinople saying that I had better send the money to the Turkish Government's mixed commission, and they would distribute it. So a cobweb of spiders proposed a relief committee for unfortunate flies. Well, a man who would start up through the mountains of Armenia with $50,000 and no Government protection would be guilty of monumental foolhardiness. The Turkish Government has in every possible way hindered Armenian relief.

Now where is that angel of mercy, Clara Barton, who appeared on the battlefields of Fredericksburg, Antietam, Falmouth and Cedar Mountain and under the blaze of French and German guns at Metz and Paris and in Johnstown floods and Charlestown earthquake and Michigan fires and Russian famine? It was comparatively of little importance that the German Emperor decorated her with the Iron Cross, for God hath decorated her in the sight of all Nations with a glory that neither time nor eternity can dim. Born in a Massachusetts village, she came in her girlhood to this city to serve our Government in the patent office, but afterward went forth from the doors of that patent office with a divine patent signed and sealed by God Himself to heal all the wounds she could touch and make the horrors of the flood and fire and plague and hospital fly her presence. God bless Clara Barton. Just as I expected, she lifts the banner of the Red Cross. Turkey and all Nations are pledged to respect and defend that Red Cross, although that color of cross does not, in the opinion of many, stand for Christianity. In my opinion it does stand for Christianity, for was not the cross under which most of us worship red with the blood of the Son of God, red with the best blood that was ever shed, red with the blood pouring out for the ransom of the world? Then lead on, oh, Red Cross, and let Clara Barton carry it! The Turkish Government is bound to protect her, and the chariots of God are 20,000 and their charioteers are angels of deliverance, and they would all ride down at once to roll over and trample under the hoofs of their white horses any of her assailants. May the $500,000 she seeks be laid at her feet! Then may the ships that carry her across Atlantic and Mediterranean seas be guided safely by Him who trod into sapphire pavement bestormed Galilee. Upon all incarnadined and martyred Armenia let the Red Cross be planted until every demolished village shall be rebuilded and every pang of hunger be fed and every wound of cruelty be healed and Armenia stand with as much liberty to serve God in its own way as in this the best land of all the earth, we, the descendants of the Puritans and Hollanders and Huguenots, are free to worship the Christ who came to set all Nations free.

It has been said that if we go over there to interfere on another continent that will imply the right for other Nations to interfere with affairs on this continent, and so the Monroe doctrine be jeopardized. No, no! President Cleveland expressed the sentiment of every intelligent and patriotic American when he thundered from the White House a warning to all Nations that there is not one acre or one inch more of ground on this continent for any transatlantic Government to occupy. And by that doctrine we stand now and shall forever stand. But there is a doctrine as much higher than the Monroe doctrine as the heavens are higher than the earth, and that is the doctrine of humanitarianism and sympathy and Christian helpfulness which one cold December midnight, with loud and multitudinous chant, awakened the shepherds. Wherever there is a wound it is our duty, whether as individuals or as Nations, to balsam it. Wherever there is a knife of assassination lifted it is our duty to yard off the blade. Wherever men are persecuted for their religion it is our duty to break that arm of power, whether it be thrust forth from a Protestant church, or a Catholic cathedral, or a Jewish synagogue, or a mosque of Islam. We all recognize the right on a small scale. If, going down the road, we find a ruffian maltreating a child, or a human brute insulting a woman, we take a hand in the contest if we are not cowards, and though we be slight in personal presence, because of our indignation we come to weigh about twenty tons, and the harder we punish the villain the louder our conscience applauds us. In such case we do not keep our hands in our pockets, arguing that if we interfere with the brute the brute might think he would have a right to interfere with us, and so jeopardize the Monroe doctrine. The fact is that the persecution of the Armenians by the Turks must be stopped, or God Almighty will curse all Christendom for its damnable indifference and apathy. But the trumpet of resurrection is about to sound for Armenia.

Did I say in opening that on one of the peaks of Armenia, this very Armenia of when we speak, in Noah's time the ark landed, according to the myth, as some think, but according to God's "say so," as I know, and that it was after a long storm of forty days and forty nights, called the deluge, and that afterward a dove went forth from that ark and returned with an olive leaf in her beak? Even so now there is another ark being launched, but this one goes sailing not over a deluge of water, but a deluge of blood—the ark of American sympathy—and that ark, landing on Ararat, from its window shall fly the dove of kindness and peace to find the olive leaf of returning prosperity, while all the mountains of Moslem prejudice, oppression and cruelty shall stand fifteen cubits under. Meanwhile we would like to gather all the dying groans of all the 500,000 victims of Mohammedan oppression and intone them into one prayer that would move the earth and the heavens, hundreds of millions of Christians' voices, American and European crying out: "O God Most High, spare Thy children! With mandate from the throne hurl back upon their haunches the horses of the Kurdish cavalry. Stop the rivers of blood. With the earthquakes of Thy wrath shake the foundations of the palaces of the Sultan. Move all the Nations of Europe to command cessation of cruelty. If need be, let the warships of civilized Nations boom their indignation. Let the crescent go down before the cross, and the Mighty One who hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords,' go forth, conquering and to conquer. Thine, O Lord, is the Kingdom! Hallelujah! Amen!"

RELIGIOUS READING.

Hark! the praising angels say,
Christ was born on Christmas Day
In blest Judea far away.

Hush! our pleading spirits say,
Christ be born in us, we pray,
And give our souls their Christmas Day.

—From the German.

THE BASAL THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.

The Christmas festival did not come first in the thought of the church. In the New Testament there is no trace of it, and in the later growth of observances it seems like an afterthought suggested by the gospel story, and doubly welcome as rounding out the ceremonies of the Christian year. And yet there is no festival more widely accepted in the middle and the modern ages as distinctively the Christian feast, and none which expresses the essential message of our Lord to the world more fully and widely to those who are not believers. To many, indeed, it is the one delightful occasion which they perforce associate with the name and work of Christ. Its message is benevolence; its utterance, "Peace upon earth! Good will toward men!" and those who feel the mellow spirit of the time feel something of the purpose and essential spirit of the King.

The mellowness of spirit which we all associate with Christmas time is due in part, no doubt, to its association with childhood, for which our modern thinking has a very tender side. Yet this itself is no chance meeting of ideas. It is the promise of good foretold and fulfilled in the life of a little child of which we think at Christmas, and the love and care of little children never found more exquisite expression than in the words and acts of Jesus. The modern love of childhood comes from him who was a little child in a stable at Bethlehem. All the good in it, in whatever hearts developed and by whatever gifts or self denial shown, was suggested by him and will be acknowledged by him in the time of judgment. And if the Advent feast holds the attention of the world because its keynote is the simplicity of childhood, that itself means far more than appears upon the surface, rising to prophetic melodies of strength and service for every man and for mankind.

First of the great basal thoughts of Christianity which find expression in the Advent feast is that of God's search for man. Already, though he lies an infant, wrapped in swaddling clothes, in the box where the oxen eat, the angels call him Saviour. It is Advent, not accident, which we remember. He whose birth we celebrate, alone of all mankind, can say assuredly, in speaking of his entrance into this world's life, "I am come!" The world has had religions in abundance which expressed man's seeking after God. The glory of Christianity is that its whole life depends upon the Son of God who came, moved by His love for men. Without this it is, after all, nothing more than a splendid guess; a great example of right living and high thinking, but futile to redeem lost sinners. When no embassy could reach the heavens, the heavens in love stooped to reveal themselves to men. The new astronomy has only emphasized the isolation of the earth in space. No thought of man has been so daring as to plan a hopeful route of travel to the nearest of the planets. We hear much of the seas and continents of Mars, but it would be far more likely that those who live in Mars should come to us, than that any skill or knowledge which we possess should enable us to go to them. They may have powers of which we know nothing, but we know too well the limitations of our state. And so, when we think soberly of it the coming of the divine to share the experience of the human is, after all, more likely than that any searching of the human should suffice to find out God. Christ's freely purposed coming is the glory of Christmastime. Not that we loved him, but that he loved us. That he chose to become as one of us, to begin life on the earth as a little helpless child, to study and with a last heresy similar to the first as regards the person of the Lord himself.—Prof. J. Rendel Harris.

TEMPERANCE.

A LITTLE PUBLIC HOUSE.

"There's a little public-house
Which every one may close;
'Tis the little public house
Just underneath the nose."

TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN THE FAMILY.

Total abstinence of parents brings into the family cheerfulness, thrift, cleanliness, industry, and all the natural virtues; but especially it helps the Christian virtues. Happy the home in which both parents are total abstainers.—Sacred Heart Review.

GIVE GOD THE GLORY.

Go and do something for "The least of these." That is how we work for our Christs who have been lifted up. Go their errands; enter into the sacrifice with them; be a link yourself in the divine chain, and feel the joy and the life of it. The moment you give yourself, you shall feel that.—A. V. T. Whitney.

EARLY ENGLISH INTEMPERANCE.

Stephen Perlin, a French physician who was in England about the time of Henry VIII.'s death, wrote: "The English, one with another, are joyous and are very fond of music; they are also great drinkers." The Rev. William Kethe preached about Sunday, in 1570—"Which holy day the multitudes call their revelyng day, which day is spent in bul-beatings, beare-beatings, bowlings, dicyng, carlyng, daunsynges and drunkenesse." Philip Stubbs (1583) wrote that the public houses were "crowded from morning till night with inveterate drunkards." Bacon saw enough to convince him that "all the crimes on the earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as drunkenness." The testimony of Shakespeare (particularly of Iago) and of the other dramatists of the period, is too familiar to need quotation. At this period the upper classes drank wine and the lower still stuck to beer, but spirits, the invention of which dates from the earlier Plantagenet days, were beginning to be known. Geneva, or gin, was brought home from the Netherlands, and Irish settlers introduced the distillation of aqquebaugh.—National Review.

ONE MOTHER'S DEATH.

Columns of facts and figures, with all their arraments, could not convey a stronger portrayal of the awful effects of drunkenness than this story of real life, taken from one of the big daily papers of New York. One morning last winter, so the story runs, a policeman came into the Jefferson Market Court, having in charge a lad of twenty. The boy stared vacantly at all at him, and his face, which was honest and good humored, was bloated with a long and heavy debauch. Close behind him came a little old woman, decently clad. Her hair was white and her countenance pale and anxious.

"Who's this, officer?" the justice said, when the boy's turn came.

"It's John Cleary, your Honor. We've got his mother to enter complaint against him for habitual drinking. We think if he had a month at the island it would give him a chance to pull up."

"You can do nothing with him yourself, Mrs. Cleary?" said the kindly magistrate, who, used as he was to scenes of suffering, was startled by the dumb agony in the old woman's face.

"I can not, sir. It's five years since he took to the drink. It's not Johnny's fault. There's four saloons near by. He was as good a boy as ever a mother had. He's good now when he's himself."

"He's mad when he is drunk," the policeman interrupted. "He tried to kill her twice."

"Sign the complaint, Mrs. Cleary," the magistrate ordered, nodding to a clerk who laid a printed form on the table before her, saying, "Write your name on that line."

She took up the pen, and then turned to the justice again. Her thin face was bloodless.

"Sir," she said, "he's all the child I've got! I've been fighting the devil for him for five years. If I sign this paper [illegible] he'll never forgive me. He'll never come home again."

"It's the only chance to save him," the officer said.

She wrote her name, John was told to stand up.

"Now go into the witness box," a policeman directed her. "You must swear against him."

Her foot was on the step. She suddenly turned. "I can't swear against him! I can't!" She clutched her breast with both hands. "It's killing me! Johnny, come here!"

Her son sprang toward her, but she fell at his feet. She was dead when he lifted her.

"Mother, mother, I'll quit the drink!" she startled lad cried. But she did not answer. The physicians said it was heart disease.

An ambulance was summoned. Some one whispered to the police.

"Discharged," he said, and the wretched lad followed his dead mother home to be haunted all his life by the terrible thought that he sent her broken-hearted to her death.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

The saloon is a direct attack upon our children.

The liquor traffic is the enemy of every legitimate industry in the country.

Of all the evil spirits abroad in the world the grog spirit is the most devilish.

The joy of the whisky-selling shop is the friendly patronage of the whisky-prescribing doctor.

If the drinking saloons of London were placed side by side they would reach from London to Portsmouth.

The American University, at Washington, will have as one of its departments a college of scientific temperance.

The descent from the elaborately furnished liquor palace to the low class drinking den is both natural and rapid.

The total abstainer is safe from the dangers of the "knock-out" drops and the diabolical devices of the fiends who use them.

Temperance in advocating a cause, sagely remarks one of our Catholic contemporaries, is as much a virtue as temperance in drink.

Mrs. Lake, Third Vice-President of the C. T. A. U., has completed arrangements for an Eastern lecturing tour in behalf of the total abstinence cause.

Chicago brewers have formed a compact to raise the price of beer. It is reported that a penalty fund of $600,000 has been subscribed by sixty-three breweries to immediately bring this about.

A temperance banquet was given to the Mayor of Southport, England, recently, at which the drinks were orange champagne, ginger champagne, lemonade, ginger ale, gingerette, winterine and coffee.

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ABOLISH THE SALOONS.

Why can we not close them? The London Times well says: "It is impossible to find anything which stands for so much loss to soul and body and estate as the saloon." Their whole traffic is evil, and that continually. They foster idleness, poverty, crime, disease and death; and these terrible evils are not confined to their patrons, but reach out to their families, their neighbors and the entire State. It has often been said: "Let liquor alone and it will not touch you;" but this is not by any means true—it touches the drunkard's wife and children in spite of all their efforts to prevent it. It touches the family of the father killed in railroad collision in consequence of a drunken engineer or conductor. It turns out to the frost and snow the family of the drunken sot who, trying to light a match, set fire to his own house and burned it; worse still, it breaks the hearts of thousands of noble mothers, because they have seen their once lovely sons drop into a drunkard's grave to meet the fearful sentence, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," and all this while their own cry was: "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Let us abolish the saloon!

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STUNTED BY SALOONS.

A recent press despatch from Des Moines, Iowa, states:

"The return of the saloon has been disastrous to prosperity. There are hundreds of empty houses here, business is stagnant, except in the dram shops, and the population, instead of reaching 80,000 as was expected, and as doubtless would have been the case had prohibition continued, is shown by the State census to be hovering in the neighborhood of 57,000, an increase of about 7000 in the last five years, as against an increase of 17,000 in the preceding five years of solid prohibition. Business men, who clamored for saloons as the best method of making a city of Des Moines, see the sudden stoppage of immigration of the best classes from the small towns of the State, and from other parts of the country, yet are apparently loath to admit the error which led them into the great mistake of lowering the civic tone of our municipality. You may look for an uprising against the saloons as soon as the leaven of adversity permeates the community, and brings it to the point of action."