

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WASHINGTON FOR GOD" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "Beginning at Jerusalem"— Luke xiv, 47—The Spread of Christian Grace Should Begin at the Nation's Capital.

HERE it is," said the driver, and we all instantly and excitedly rose in the carriage to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, so long the joy of the whole earth. That city, coroneted with temple and palace and radiant, whether looked up at from the valley of Jehoshaphat or gazed at from adjoining hills, was the capital of a great nation. Clouds of incense had hovered over it. Chariots of kings had rolled through it. Battering-rams of enemies had thundered against it. There Isaiah prophesied, and Jeremiah lamented, and David reigned, and Paul preached, and Christ was martyred. Most interesting city ever built since masonry rung its first trowel, or plumb-line measured its first wall, or royalty swung its first scepter. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish kingdom, Washington is to our own country—the capital, the place to which all the tribes come up, the great national heart whose throbs send life or death through the body politic, clear out to the geographical extremities.

What the resurrected Christ said in my text to his disciples, when he ordered them to start on the work of evangelization, "beginning at Jerusalem," it seems to me God says now, in his Providence, to tens of thousands of Christians in this city. Start for the evangelization of America, "beginning at Washington." America is going to be taken for God. If you do not believe it, take your hat now, and leave, and give room to some man or woman who does believe it. As surely as God lives, and he is able to do as he says he will, this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregon, from the Highlands of the Nevernink to the Golden Horn, from Bath's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and Christ will walk every lake, whether beformed or placid, and be transfigured on every mountain, and the night skies, whether they hover over groves of magnolia or over Alaskan glaciers, shall be filled with angelic "venture of 'Glory to God and good-will to men.'"

Again and again does the old Book announce that all the earth shall see the salvation of God, and as the greater includes the lesser, that takes America gloriously in. Can you not see that if America is not taken for God by his consecrated people, it will be taken for Apollyon? The forces engaged on both sides are so tremendous that it cannot be a drawn battle. It is coming, the Armageddon! Either the American Sabbath will perish and this nation be handed over to Herods, and Hildebrands, and Diocletians, and Neros of baleful power, and alcoholism will reign, seated upon piled-up throne of beer barrels, his mouth foaming with domestic and national crime, and crime will lift its unblinded knife of assassination, and rattle keys of worst burglary, and wave torch of widest conflagration, and our cities be turned into Sodoms, waiting for Almighty tempests of fire and brimstone, and one tidal wave of abomination will surge across the continent, or our Sabbaths will take on more sanctity, and the newspapers will become apocalyptic wings of benediction, and penitentiaries will be abandoned for lack of occupants, and holiness and happiness, twin son and daughter of heaven, shall walk through the land, and Christ reign over this nation either in person or by agency so glorious that the whole country will be one clear, resounding echo of heaven. It will be one or the other. By the throne of him who liveth forever and ever, I declare it will be the latter. If the Lord will help me, as he always does—blessed be his glorious name!—I will show you how a mighty work of grace begun at Washington would have a tendency to bring the whole continent to God, and before this century closes.

Why would it be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, "beginning at Washington?" First, because this city is on the border between the north and south. It is neither northern nor southern, it commingles the two climates. It brings together the two styles of population. It is not only right, but beautiful, that people should have especial love for the latitude where they were born and brought up. With what loving accentuation the Alabamian speaks of his orange groves! And the man from Massachusetts is sure to let you know that he comes from the land of the Adameses—Samuel, and John, and John Quincy. Did you ever know a Virginian or Ohioan whose face did not brighten when he announced himself from the Southern or Northern State of Presidents? If a man does not like his native clime, it is because while he lived there, he did not behave well. This capital stands where, by its locality and its political influence, it stretches forth one hand toward the north and the other toward the south, and a mighty work of grace starting here would probably be a national awakening. Georgia would clasp the hand of New Hampshire, and Maine the hand of Louisiana, and California the hand of New York, and say, "Come, let us go up and worship the God of Nations, the Christ of Golgotha, the Holy Ghost of the pentecostal three thousands." It has often been said that the only way the north and the south will be brought into complete accord, is to have a war

with some foreign nation, in which both sections, marching side by side, would forget everything but the foe to be overcome. Well, if you wait until all this generation is dead, and perhaps wait forever. The war that will make the nations forget past controversies is a war against unrighteousness, such as a universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls, in which about forty million northerners and southerners shall be on the same side, and shoulder to shoulder. In no other city on the continent can such a war be declared so appropriately, for all the other great cities are either northern or southern. This is neither, or, rather, it is both.

Again, it would be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, because more representative men are in Washington than in any other city between the oceans. Of course there are accidents in politics, and occasionally there are men who get in to the senate and house of representatives and other important places who are fitted for the position in neither head nor heart; but this is exceptional and more exceptional now than in other days. There is not a drunkard in the national legislature, although there were times when Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, Illinois, New York and Massachusetts had men in senate or house of representatives who went maudlin and staggering drunk across those high places. Never nobler group of men sat in senate or house of representatives than sat there yesterday and will sit there to-morrow, while the highest judiciary, without exception, has now upon its bench men beyond criticism for good morals and mental endowment. The soul of a man who can bring a thousand or ten thousand other souls into the kingdom of God is worth a thousand times or ten thousand times more than the soul of a man who can bring no one into the kingdom. A great outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this capital, reaching the chief men of America, would be of more value to earth and heaven than in any other part of the nation, because it would reach all the states, cities, towns, and neighborhoods of the continent. Oh, for the outstretched right arm of God Almighty in the salvation of this capital.

Some of us remember 1857, when, at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in which five hundred thousand people were converted in different states of the Union. Do you know where one of its chief powers was demonstrated? In Washington. Do you know on what street? This street. Do you know in what church? This church. I picked up an old book a few days ago, and was startled, and thrilled, and enchanted to read these words, written at that time by the Washington correspondent of a New York paper. He wrote: "The First Presbyterian church can scarce contain the people. Requests are daily preferred for an interest in the prayers offered, and the reading of these forms one of the tenderest and most effective features of the meetings. Particular pains are taken to disclaim and exclude everything like sectarian feeling. General astonishment is felt at the unexpected rapidity with which the work has thus far proceeded, and we are beginning to anticipate the necessity of opening another church." Why, my hearers, not have that again, and more than that? There are many thousands more of inhabitants now than then. Beside that, since then the telephone, with its semi-omnipresence, and the swift cable car, for assembling the people. I believe that the mightiest revival of religion that this city has ever seen is yet to come, and the earth will tremble from Capitoline Hill to the boundaries of this coming of the Holy Ghost—not for a pentecostal three thousand, that I have referred to, but thirty thousand. Such a fire as that would kindle a light that would be seen from the sledges crunching through the snows of Labrador to the Caribbean sea, where the whirlwinds are born. Let our cry be that of Hebraic, the blank verse poet of the Bible: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years made known: in wrath remember mercy." Let the battle-cry be, Washington for God! The United States for God! America for God! the world for God! We are all tired of skirmishing. Let us bring on a general engagement. We are tired of fishing with hook and line. With one sweep of the Gospel net let us take in many thousands. This vast work must begin somewhere. Why not here? Some one must give the rallying cry, why may not I, one of the Lord's servants? By presidential arrangement, I am every week in sermonic communication with every city, town, and neighborhood of this country, and now I give the watchword to north and south, and east and west. Hear and see it, all people—this call to a forward movement, this call to repentance and faith, this call to a continental awakening!

From where the seaweed is tossed on the beach by the stormy Atlantic, to the sands laved by the quiet Pacific, this work beginning at Washington, if we have the faith and holy push, and the consecration requisite. First of all, we ministers must get right. That was a startling utterance of Mr. Swinnock's, when he said, "It is a doleful thing to fall into hell from under the pulpit, but, oh! how dreadful a thing to drop thither out of the pulpit." That was an all-suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "Let that by any means, when I have preached to others,

I myself should be a castaway." That was an inspiring motto with which Whitefield sealed all his letters: "We seek the stars." Lord God! Wake up all our pulpits, and then it will be as when Venn preached and it was said that men fell before the Word like clanked lime. Let us all, laymen and clergymen, do the work. What Washington wants most of all is an old-fashioned revival of religion, but on a vast scale, so that the world will be compelled to say, as of old, "We never saw it on this fashion!" But remember there is a human side as well as a Divine side to a revival. Those of us brought up in the country know what is called "a raising," the neighbors gathered together to lift the heavy frame for a new house, after the timbers are ready to be put into their places. It is dangerous work, and there are many accidents. The neighbors had gathered for such a raising, and the beams had all been fitted to their places except one, and that very heavy. That one, on the long pikes of the men, had almost reached its place, when something went wrong, and the men could hoist it no higher. But if it did not go in its place it would fall back upon the men who were lifting it. It had already begun to settle back. The boss carpenter shouted, "Lift, men, or die! All together! Yo—heave!" With mightiest push they tried to send the beam to its place, but failed. Still they held on, all the time their strength lessening. The wives, and mothers, and daughters stood in horror looking on. Then the boss-carpenter shouted to the women, "Come and help!" They came, and womanly arms became the arms of giants, for they were lifting to save the lives of husbands, and fathers and sons, as well as their own. Then the boss-carpenter mounted one of the beams and shouted, "Now! All together! Lift or die! Yo—heave!" And with a united effort that almost burst the blood-vessels, the great beam went to its place, and a wild hurra was heard. That is the way it sometimes seems in the churches. Temples of righteousness are to be reared, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few are lifting all they can, but we want more hands at this raising, and more hearts. More Christian men to help, ay, more Christian women to re-enforce. If the work fall, it means the death of many souls. All together! Men and women of God! Lift or die! The topostone must come to its place "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." God is ready to do his part; are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the knee of prayer, but for the shoulder of up-heaval.

And now I would like to see this hour that which I have never seen, but hope to see—a whole audience saved under one flash of the Eternal Spirit. Before you go out of any of these doors, enter the door of Mercy. Father and mother, come in and bring your children with you. Newly-married folks, consecrate your lifetime to God, and be married for eternity as well as time. Young man, you will want God before you get through this world, and you want him now. Young woman, without God this is a hard world for women. One and all, wherever you sit or stand, I lift my voice so that you can hear it, out in the corridors and on the street, and say, in the words of the Mediterranean ship captain, "Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

Real Help.
"I will strengthen thee," says God; "yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Can there be a more gracious promise? Can there be one more absolutely suited to the needs of human nature? Let us find out that it is not in man and who walketh "to direct his steps," and the intervening ages have only furnished additional proof that it is human weakness and human perversity which stand in the way of human happiness.

FASHION NOTES.
What are called "French zephyrs" are fine soft ginkhams made on Scotch looms. Pique dresses for small girls are made with the plain round waist and skirt with a wide hem, and worn over a white gimp. Collars and revers of cream-white open-work embroidered batiste over white satin are a novel and showy trimming for black satin capes. Feathery horse-chestnut blossoms look very pretty on pale yellow straw hats trimmed with bronze-brown velvet ribbon rosettes and yellow lace. New beautiful creamy French batistes are used by many dressmakers in the fashioning of poetic-looking toilets for summer, in preference to the less durable chiffon textiles.

The more you make people believe your advertising, the more your advertising will make them believe in you, and the more you will believe in advertising. If people exercised as much care and shrewdness when investing in advertising as they do when investing in banks, mining stocks and real estate, there would be more believers in the value of printers' ink. In hard times the advertisements of sharp merchants contain many great bargains. The failures of unsuccessful firms give stronger ones chances to buy goods cheap and sell them under the usual price. Some people's misfortunes are other people's opportunities.

In our own day the name of Sicily as a kingdom has for the first time been wiped from the map of Europe by its incorporation with Italy—a country in which the vicissitudes of rule have been scarcely less checked. To "pile on agony" is popularly supposed to be an Americanism. It is, however, found in one of the letters of Charlotte Bronte, and was used in English popular literature before the beginning of the present century.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII., FEB. 23—FAITH IS ENCOURAGED—LUKE 8:43-55.

Golden Text: "Thy Faith Has Made Whole: Go in Peace"— Luke 8:49—The Scorners Repulsed by the Great Redeemer.

OR TO-DAY'S LESSON we have two more of Jesus' miracles. Time, Autumn 28 A. D. Places, Capernaum, the Sea of Galilee and vicinity. Jesus was now closing the second year of his public ministry. The raising of Jairus' daughter took place while Jesus was on his way to the house of Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, one of the leading laymen, something like our trustees, who had general charge of the synagogue, its services, and its school. His daughter was very sick, nigh unto death. Knowing that Jesus was at a feast in the house of Matthew, whom Jesus had lately called to be a disciple, Jairus went to him, and besought Jesus to come to his house and restore his daughter. He had not quite the faith of the Roman centurion in our last lesson, but he did prevent, before becoming helpless, from getting a firm hold on some object, it could not emerge from its shell; but, fastened firmly by the claws, it soon begins alternately to contract and expand its body, until what at first resembles a little crack on its back opens wider and wider, closing more of the constricting insect. At last it raises its head and the lower part of its body from the shell, then the legs, and rests as while until its claws become strong enough to enable it to climb out altogether and cling to the rough surface of the tree. Its wings, which are narrow and thick, now thin out gradually, the place of tough outer which a roller is continually passing. Reaching their full expansion, they remain flattened until quite dry, when suddenly they assume the position for flight.

"As the transition from hard to soft conditions is very short, it is obvious that the holes in the ground from which they emerge, often bored through hard ground, must be made a considerable time before they are required, to enable the insect to push quickly through the little space that is needed to let it out when its instincts teach it that the time is at hand for its coming thence.

"The locust lives only a short time as a flying insect, when the female borrows holes into the extremities of small twigs in which she inserts her eggs. The larvae, when hatched, feed upon the twigs until the latter wither and fall to the ground. When the young cecidias penetrate the earth to reach the roots of trees, by sucking the juices of which, with their sharp, hollow proboscis, as was discovered not many years ago by a distinguished lady, the species live for seventeen years."

Returning to Philadelphia in his fortieth year, Mr. Langstroth, it being late in the season, collected larvae from trees in Independence Square, and sat up until midnight with his daughter and some school companions to show them the curious changes just described; but from boyish recollection he could have described them almost as vividly and accurately before as after the later observations.—Country Gentleman.

THINKS SHE WAS ONCE A CAT.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox Believes in the Reincarnation Theory.
Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox believes in reincarnation. She thinks, possibly, she was a cat once. This is due, probably, to the fact that she bestows much of her surplus affection, her interest and the unanswered wondering of her heart upon Banjo.

Banjo is her pet cat. He is, of course, the most remarkable specimen of the feline race that ever scampered after a fluttering ribbon or tried to chase its own tail. Banjo is an aristocrat and he is intelligent. One characteristic that Mrs. Wilcox points to with pride is Banjo's love of mice. Other cats may be afraid of mice, but Banjo is composed in their presence. At night he slumbers on a downy pillow in a warm room, furnished exclusively for his comfort. Mrs. Wilcox declares that Banjo was not always a cat. She has an idea that in some former existence she and Banjo were friends. It is her theory that the soul goes into the vegetable and mineral state from time to time, and that occasionally it passes into animal life—human beings, for instance. By centering our forces at a given point, Mrs. Wilcox thinks, we can tell in advance the next stopping-place of our souls.

"Over three-fourths of the inhabitants of the globe," she says, "believe in reincarnation. I do not call myself a theosophist, because theosophy is only a branch of a mighty tree of truth under which my soul finds shelter and satisfaction. There are too many doctrines in the world and not enough beliefs. I am satisfied with my nameless religion—the reincarnation theory. I believe there is a possible Christ in each of us, and the more unselfishly we live the more quickly we attain to it by lessening the future incarnations and hurrying on to the goal." New York Letter, in Philadelphia Press.

Rest and Recreation.
Busy women continually resolve to "take things more easily;" "to rest on their oars for a season;" and drift on the River of Indolence, if only for one hour a day. We embark on the daily voyage fully intending to do this, but before nightfall realize that we have been shipwrecked on the Scylla of duties, real or imaginary, or engulfed in the Charybdis of social hurry.

Why not really make up our minds that one hour daily shall be devoted to recreation or resting in some manner? Either we will walk an hour, lie down an hour, sew, knit, do fancy work, visit or chat with a congenial friend for an hour. In short, we will overturn our common methods for one brief space daily. The result of a month's fair trial of this plan will encourage to further effort in the same direction, and in faithful observance of some such system we shall renew our "youth like the eagles," while many of the worn and toilsome places will take on new beauties—"and blossom as the rose."—Jenness-Milner Magazine.

LATEST PROVERBS.
Justice never weeps.
True love often uses shocking grammar.
An imaginary blessing is only part of a blessing.
There is hope for anybody who is willing to unlearn.
All things come to him who knows when not to wait.
To many men do their dreaming in their waking hours.
Cupid promises more than his victims are able to perform.

ONE OF NATURE'S ODDITIES.

The Bug that Waits Seventeen Years for its Transformation.

The late L. L. Langstroth when a boy was a close observer of insect life. Once he was whipped for wearing holes in his trousers by too much kneeling on the ground to observe ants. Between the ages of eight and twelve he made a thorough study of cecidias, including the "seventeen-year locusts," as they appeared in Center Square, Philadelphia. This is his account of them:

"The larvae of these insects come out of the ground late in the afternoon, and I noticed that the holes out of which they crept were almost as smoothly bored as though made with an augur. As soon as an insect emerged it made for a tree or some other object. If suddenly approached while in the act of mounting, it would often drop to the ground as if dead. After fastening its sharp claws into some chosen surface, it remains motionless for a short time. When first leaving its hole the body of the larvae feels quite hard but soon becomes soft as dough. Then it can no longer crawl, and if prevented, before becoming helpless, from getting a firm hold on some object, it could not emerge from its shell; but, fastened firmly by the claws, it soon begins alternately to contract and expand its body, until what at first resembles a little crack on its back opens wider and wider, closing more of the constricting insect. At last it raises its head and the lower part of its body from the shell, then the legs, and rests as while until its claws become strong enough to enable it to climb out altogether and cling to the rough surface of the tree. Its wings, which are narrow and thick, now thin out gradually, the place of tough outer which a roller is continually passing. Reaching their full expansion, they remain flattened until quite dry, when suddenly they assume the position for flight.

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