

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## THE CALL TO GLADNESS, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Text: Genesis VI: 18: "Come." Also Revelations XXII: 17: "Come"—The Solace of the Christian Faith—Two Things to Believe.

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Washington, Oct. 29.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls all people to gladness and opens all the doors of expectancy; texts, Genesis vi, 18, "Come;" Revelations xxii, 17, "Come." Imperial, tender and all persuasive is the word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times it is found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible, as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the post-diluvians of all later ages into the ark of a Savior's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods of feeling hith that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts, and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglio of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heifer of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and profligate. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad.

**Slain by the Word "Come."**  
You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "Come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and click winglasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gaming table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation!" "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come, with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay bout through the underground life of the city." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "Come." I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said, "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a maudlin and battered man drowning in the corner of the barroom, said: "There he is, Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow, is that the clear eye, is that the noble heart, that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncoll those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as many millions of others have been, of the word "Come!"

**Made Right with God.**  
With that word which has done so much for others I approach you today. Are you right with God? "No," you say, "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of him; I fear I will not be ready to meet him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come then and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use of waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Princess Alice, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out, "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God that I am not thus limited and that I can promise room for all in this gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

**There is No Escape.**  
I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world, the prosperities or the adversities, the conspiciuosities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others the envious and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the

estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a goal of success; one reaches it, and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects. On the other hand, the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after awhile for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business and the uncertainty of crops and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands of such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unremembered.

**Solace of Christian Faith.**  
What we all need, whether up or down in life or half way between, is the indefinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle or saw or ax or yardstick or pen or type or shovel or shoe last, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promises for every exigency, no one need be left in the lurch.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury Lane, London, in a humble home when every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies and found a kettle on the fire ready for tea. The benevolent lady said, "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter of the home said: "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said, 'What is the use of doing so when we have nothing in the house?' she said, 'My child, God will provide; thirty years he has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help though we do not yet see how.' We have been waiting all day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things the world may call coincidences, but I call them Almighty deliverances, and though you do not hear of them they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

**The World's Dismal Consolation.**  
What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to console! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in a snowstorm on a prairie of the far west. Night coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go his sleigh struck the run of another sleigh, and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding sleigh; but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and as the tendency of those who are confused in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round, for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out or be strong enough to lead others with an all-persuasive invitation.

"But," says some one, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come,' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets and at last through the culmination of all the tragedies on Golgotha, can any one think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son and lay out parks white with statues and green with foliage and all a-sparkle with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of gospel mercy and will he then refuse entrance to his children? Will a government at great expense build life-saving stations all along the coast and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge, and then, when the lifeboat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing, not allow the drowning to seize the life line or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of his only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

**Two Things to Believe.**  
"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt that I am kept back." No, no! You need believe but two things—namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of these

things!" Do you really believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death into life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet down hard, and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages. I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the gospel and did not get it. Man alive, you are going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No, no!

**Magic of a Word.**  
As the one word "Come" has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then send down in an avalanche of power many of these gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Come, for all things are now ready." "Come with us, and we will do you good." "Come and see." "The Spirit and the bride say 'Come,' and let him that thirst come." The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned and rightly lifted and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky, saying, "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Ye, all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming, "Come! Come!" Pardon for all and peace for all and heaven for all who will come.

**Big Hotel's Capacity.**  
New York Hostelry That Takes Care of Thousands of Guests Daily.  
Neither the bigness nor the completeness of a big hotel is appreciated by the patron who finds his interest satisfied with the accommodations which it furnishes. He knows in a general way that it may be a dozen stories high and several cellars deep, and that the thousand or more guests are attended by servants on every hand, and when he pays his bill he believes that the charges are exorbitant.

One of these hotels, which differs from the others chiefly in degree, represents an investment of \$15,000,000. The 1,400 bedrooms and 750 bath rooms in it are so constructed by a series of inner courts that each opens to the outer air. It has several concert halls and theaters, three great ballrooms, and, in addition to its public dining room, where, during the horse show week, for instance, 10,000 people are served daily, it has a series of private dining rooms which are arranged for from ten to 1,000 persons.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.**  
LESSON V. NOV. 3.—GEN. 50: 15-26.—DEATH OF JOSEPH.  
Golden Text—"So Teach Us to Number Our Days, That We May Apply Our Hearts Unto Wisdom"—Psa. 90: 12.  
Time.—The migration into Egypt, B. C. 1706. Jacob's death and burial, B. C. 1689. Joseph's death, B. C. 1625.  
Place.—The land of Goshen in Egypt. (1) Probably the Wady Tumilat, extending from the modern Ismailia, on Lake Timsah, westward about eighty miles, to the eastern branch of the Nile. It is watered by the Sweetwater Canal, running from the Nile to Suez. It is a few miles wide at its western end and gradually narrows toward the east. It is still the most beautiful districts of Egypt.—F. W. Dawson, in Egypt and Syria. (2) Others regard it as a large district, extending north and south of this Wady.  
Jacob was 129 years old when he went down into Egypt. He lived there seventeen years and died in 1689, aged 147, and was buried in the cave of Machpelah near Hebron.  
I. Jacob's Death Causes His Sons to Fear Joseph.—V. 15. "Saw." Realized. "Joseph will \* \* \* Hate us." They judged him by themselves. "All the evil." See Gen. 37:23-28.  
1. The only way to really get away from the effect of wrongdoing is to leave it forgotten.  
2. One reason why many persons will not take God at his word is because they judge him by themselves.  
II. Joseph's Brothers Plead for Mercy.—Vs. 16-18. 16. "They sent a messenger." Benjamin was probably sent from Goshen to Menzalis. "Thy father did command." The brothers, fearing the wrath of Joseph, had probably spoken to their father concerning the future, and he had given the command, although we have no record of it. Compare the threat of Esau, Gen. 27:11.  
III. Joseph Comforts His Brothers.—Vs. 19-21. 19. "Am I in the place of God?" That is, Am I to act as judge and punisher? Judges are sometimes in Hebrew even called God (as in Ex. 21:6; 22:8; 9:1 Sam. 2:25), as exercising his authority.—Joseph, in fact, Joseph understands, with perfect clearness, that we ought to forgive those who have injured us, that to take revenge is to usurp God's prerogative. No New Testament writer understands this more clearly than he.—Professor Beach.  
IV. Joseph's Life Reviewed.—Vs. 22, 23. 22. "An hundred and ten years." "Among the Egyptians this was the ideal length of life. In a court poem addressed to Seti II, the writer assures him: 'Thou shalt dwell one hundred and ten years on the earth.' I forget says it is the number of years invariably adopted when a long and happy existence is sought in prayer. See Tomkins' Notes on the Life of Joseph."—Dods. His life may be divided into three sections, viz., seventeen years spent at the three years as a slave, eighty years as second ruler in the kingdom. "And now we leave over an interval of sixty-one years, during which all we know of Joseph and his brethren is contained in these two verses."—W. M. Taylor.  
V. Joseph's Death.—Vs. 24-26. 24. "I die." Willingly or unwillingly, this is the thought that every one must entertain some time. Joseph could look forward to his death without a tremor. "Dying he comforts others, manifests his own faith in God."—Gray. "God will surely visit you." Not in wrath and anger because of your sin, but to fulfill his promises to "Abraham to Isaac and to Jacob."  
25. "Joseph took an oath \* \* \* ye shall carry up my bones from hence." Joseph, in fact, Joseph understands, as the promises of God (Gen. 46:4), prophesies the Exodus and commands the removal of his own body accordingly. So strong is his faith in the event that he does not command them to carry him immediately to Canaan. Or, perhaps, he knows that after his death there would be no one with sufficient authority to carry out such a command.—Alford. "Joseph says in effect, 'Keep my bones in Egypt. Ye shall carry them indeed to Canaan, but not in a mere funeral procession, as the bones of my father have gone. In triumph, not in sadness, shall they go; not as to a grave in a cave, but as to the broad and beautiful land of promise.' There was nothing for Joseph to attach his faith to but the simple word of God. And yet, when he is dying, and sees all hope dead around him, he calmly says, 'God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence. Of this it is said in Hebrew, 'By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel and gave commandment concerning his bones.' 1. Over all the softness of mere natural sentiment. 2. Over the tyranny of present advantage. 3. Over deficiencies in spiritual knowledge. 4. Over the feebleness of human finances. 5. Over the many series of failure. Compare Ex. 13:19; Josh. 24:22.  
"It is clear that when Joseph was dying, his thoughts were not engrossed by his own concerns, although he was on the borders of the everlasting world. His mind was at perfect ease concerning his own state, but he did what he could to console the hearts of his brethren, and of all his father's house, whom his death was depriving of their last earthly friend. He does not refer them to any new discoveries made to himself, but to the well-known promises made to Abraham and Isaac and Jacob."—Professor Bush.  
Illustration. Joseph's faith reminds us of Jeremiah's land purchase many centuries later. We read in Jeremiah 32:6-8 that the prophet, during the siege, bought a piece of land on which the Chaldean army were encamped, showing his perfect faith in the Word of God which he preached and in the promise of a return from captivity. The deeds were written on a clay tablet, as in Nineveh at that time. This reminds us of the Roman, who, nearly four hundred years later, bought, at its full price, the land on which Hannibal's army was encamped outside the gates of Rome. See Livy XXVI, 1. Both are good illustrations of faith.  
Conclusion. Joseph: A Character Study. When those who have left an impress on their times pass away it is customary to carefully review their life and characterize the purposes of handling down to succeeding generations the lesson to be learned therefrom. The character of Joseph belongs to all times and to all lands. How then can we more fittingly close our study of his life than by considering the roots of his character, and, if possible, discover the tap root by which it was built up and sustained?

**WISE OR OTHERWISE.**  
Some husbands are domestic and some are imported.  
It is the little troubles that wear away a man's conceit.  
Wish for luck instead of luck, then go to work and success is yours.  
Selfishness is the father of misery and jealousy is the mother-in-law.  
Revenge may be sweet or it may be bitter. It depends on who gets it.  
When one calls another a liar it may result in a job for the undertaker.

# AN ELEPHANT'S SKIN.

## Thick as a Plank, but Can Be Grafted.

We have all heard of skin being grafted on to human beings, but of all wonderful surgical achievements that of grafting a square yard of skin on to an injured elephant is certainly the most wonderful on record. This latest triumph of animal surgery was performed on a circus elephant named Belle, which sustained a painful accident. Just as she was getting out of a railroad car it received a sudden jolt, owing to the brake falling to act properly. The elephant was thrown down and struck her shoulder heavily on a small iron cage that was standing near. The skin was partially torn off and generally lacerated over a space of quite one square yard in extent. Inflammation set in and was followed by considerable fever, and the elephant, which was the more valuable because she had a calf, was in grave danger of losing her life. The specialists decided that a wholesale operation in skin grafting was the only thing that would do the elephant any good, but an elephant's skin is as thick as a plank, so it was not an easy undertaking. The great operation was undertaken forthwith in the menagerie hospital, and Belle's own son was the first elephant selected to supply new pieces of skin. The young animal's skin was peculiarly suitable for the purpose, as it is tender, yet healthy, and vigorous. Moreover, as he is growing, he will have plenty of new skin, and he will not miss a little purloined at the present time. Belle was placed on the ground in the operating theater and secured with heavy chains to immovable posts. The wound in her shoulder was carefully washed with the usual antiseptic fluids. At the same time an antiseptic spray was kept continually playing in the air. The new skin was taken from the young elephant in those places where he appears to have a great deal more than he needs. Cocaine was liberally applied where the cuts were to be made. A heavy knife was used to cut

off the coars outer part of the skin. Then a razor was employed to slice off the tender part that was to be transferred to the wounded elephant. This was taken off in strips about six inches long and one inch wide. The strips were pressed upon the wounded surface and held down by great bands of plaster. In exactly six days the new skin was found by the doctors to be firmly adhering to Belle's shoulder. Another elephant was then called in, and some pieces of his skin were removed in the manner already described. By this time the raw surface was so greatly reduced in size that Belle began to show signs of relief from her worst symptoms. Certain hopes of her recovery were entertained from that time. Every week a new elephant will be called upon to yield up some of his skin for the sake of his suffering sister. This will be continued until the wound is entirely covered with skin. The elephants make the sacrifice in a cheerful spirit, and it is calculated that fifteen will be required before matters are set right. It is confidently expected that this operation will prove an epoch-making triumph in the history of pachydermatous dermatology.—London Express.

**May Kiss the Teacher.**  
Miss Julia Wilson, a school teacher in White county, Indiana, has introduced a new method by which to prevent tardiness among her pupils, says the Chicago Record-Herald. She announced before the school that she would kiss the first arrival every morning. Miss Wilson is a handsome lass of 18 summers, and the boys declare she is "sweet as a peach." The first morning after her announcement as early as 5 o'clock a number of the eldest school boys were roosting on the fence awaiting their pretty school teacher's arrival. At 8 o'clock the entire school was there. The Township Trustees also put in an appearance. Miss Wilson kept her promise.

# A WIRELESS TORPEDO

English Submarine Destroyer Steered by Use of Marconi System.

For some time experiments have been carried out with a new torpedo invented by a young electrician, Mr. Cecil Varicas of Weymouth, England. The most salient characteristic of this new weapon is that its passage and course through the water can be directed and controlled either from the shore or the conning tower of a battle ship. As is well known, the course of the present Whitehead torpedo is maintained by a wonderfully complex appliance known as the gyroscope, fitted within the weapon. The cost of the Whitehead torpedo is about \$10,000, and although its destructive qualities are so tremendous, yet its chances of striking the target are very remote, especially if the object at which it is fired happens to be moving. If it should miss the target the projectile simply continues on its journey until its propelling force is exhausted, when it drifts at the mercy of the waves.

But the difficulty has, it is believed, at last been surmounted by the invention of Mr. Varicas. By means of his device the torpedo, while traveling at express speed through the water, and several hundreds of feet away from the point of discharge, without any wire or other connection, may be controlled as expeditiously and as easily as if an operator were on board to manipulate its diminutive rudder. How is this accomplished? Simply by means of wireless telegraphy.

Externally the torpedo is exactly the same as the Whitehead projectile. The dimensions are precisely the same, and the propeller is of equal caliber. The interior, however, is vastly different.

# Politeness Made to Pay

Courtesy Is the Best Policy and Gives Satisfaction

It pays to be polite even to the humblest of mortals. From a sordid standpoint courtesy is the best policy and besides the satisfaction one derives from its exercise is sufficient recompense in itself. Not infrequently an act of politeness serves as a magic key to unlock the doors that lead to fame and fortune. It is avowed that one of the most eminent French statesmen of to-day, M. Delcasse, owes his brilliant career to a simple act of politeness to a lady. He began his working life as a very obscure and poorly paid school teacher, and won Gambetta's favor by the grace and courtesy with which he presented him with a hamper of Arige beans, of which the great statesman was very fond. This somewhat prosaic incident was the first turning point in young Delcasse's fortune. Gambetta invited him to dinner and was so pleased with his intelligence that he procured for him the post of private secretary to a very wealthy deputy. One day when the secretary was traveling by train with the deputy and his wife he observed that the lady was much annoyed by an illbred passenger who persisted in smoking in her presence. M. Delcasse's action was characteristically prompt. Without a word he seized the man's cigar and threw it out of the window. For this act of courtesy the lady, when her husband died shortly

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after, rewarded M. Delcasse with her hand and with the fortune that has made his brilliant career possible. One of the leading advocates at the French bar owes his present position to a similar act of gallantry. In the early '80's, when he was a young clerk in Paris, "passing rich" on the equivalent of \$200 a year, he was traveling from Orleans to Paris when he heard screams proceeding from an adjoining compartment. Opening the door, he proceeded along the footboard to the compartment from which the sounds proceeded and saw a young lady struggling in the grasp of a powerful and well dressed ruffian. Springing into the rascal, and, after a brief struggle, pinned him to the floor of the carriage, where he held him until the train stopped and he could be given in to custody.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Sarcely's Criticisms Not Classified.**  
Francisque Sarcely was prevented by his sudden death from making a selection from the dramatic criticisms he had written during forty years for preservation in book form. There was material enough for about eight ordinary volumes. His successor, Larroumet, and his son-in-law, Brisson, selected from this enough to fill seven volumes.