

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## "THE BALANCES," THE SUBJECT ON SUNDAY.

From Daniel 5: 27 as follows:—Mene, Mene Tekel Upharson—Thou Art Weighed in the Balances and Art Found Wanting.

Babylon was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, two million men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city sixty miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which the material for the building of the city had been dug. There were twenty-five gates on each side of the city; between every two gates a tower of defense springing into the skies; from each gate on the one side a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets fifteen miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and to keep it from ruining the city, a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning this Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace seven and a half miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country, and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon; and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain four hundred feet high. This mountain was built out into terraces, supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead, and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky. Standing below and looking up it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom, or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple an image, just one image, which would cost what would be our fifty-two million dollars.

Oh, what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it. And yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king! Drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look; and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room, that puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of fiery terror circling around and circling around as though it would write; and then it comes up and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the king: "Weighed in the balances, and found wanting." The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now Death is king, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities, on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break, or in some way the equipoise may be disturbed. You can not always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound and you may pay for one thing and get another; but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God, a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel, and a perfect peck, and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil, and there is less than a gallon, God

knows it, and calls upon his recording angel to mark it: "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from his imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel: "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves, and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct; that twenty hundredweight makes a ton, and one hundred and twenty solid feet makes a cord of wood. No more, no less, and a religion which does not take hold of this life, as well as the life to come, is no religion at all.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of today, that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations and weigh worlds. "What!" you say, "is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side of the balances suspended from the throne the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and Mount Washington, and all the cities of the earth, they would crush it. No! No! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities, and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins, and away will go the opportunities, and God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! weighed and found wanting!"

So God will weigh churches. He takes a great church. That church, great according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side of the balances, and the minister and the choir, and the building that cost its hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one side of the balances. On the other side of the scale he puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is on one side. That side comes down, and the church, not being able to stand the test, rises in the balances. It does not make any difference about your magnificent machinery. A church is built for one thing—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude of souls, God will spew it out of his mouth! Weighed and found wanting!

So we perceive that God estimates nations. How many times he has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales, and found it insufficient, and condemned it! The French empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French empire and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded opera house?" Then God weighed the nation, and he put on one side the scales the emperor and the boulevards, and the Tuileries and the Champs Elysees, and the gilded opera house, and on the other side he puts that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting!

Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be weighed, or who will be weighed? Yes; here comes a worldling. He gets into the scales. I can very easily see what his whole life is made up of. Stocks, dividends, percentages, "buyer ten days," "buyer thirty days." "Get in, my friend, get into these balances and be weighed—weighed for this life, and weighed for the life to come." He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are: "How cheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How dearly can I sell them?" I find he admires heaven because it is a land of gold, and money must be "easy." I find from talking with him, that religion and the Sabbath are an interruption, a vulgar interruption, and he hopes on the way to church to drum up a new customer! All the week he has been weighing fruits, weighing meats, weighing ice, weighing coals, weighing confections, weighing worldly and perishable commodities, not realizing the fact that he himself has been weighed. "On your side of the balance, O worldling! I will give you full advantage. I put on your side all the banking-houses, all the store-houses, all the cargoes, all the insurance companies, all the factories, all the silver, all the gold, all the money vaults, all the safe deposits—all on your side. But it does not add one ounce, for at the very moment we are congratulating you on your fine house and upon your princely income, God and the angels are writing in regard to your soul: 'Weighed and found wanting!'"

But I must go faster and speak of the final scrutiny. The fact is, my friends, we are moving on amid astounding realities. These pulses which now are drumming the march of life may, after a while, call a halt. We walk on a hair-hung bridge over chasms. All around us are dangers lurking, ready to spring on us from ambush. We lie down at night, not knowing whether we shall arise in the morning. We start out for occupations, not knowing whether we shall come back. Crowns being furnished for thy brow, or bolts forged for thy prison. Angels of light ready to shout at thy deliverance, or fiends of darkness stretching out skeleton hands to pull thee down into ruin consummate!

But says the Christian: "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes.

If some one should come and put on the other side the scales all your imperfections, all your envies, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with Christ on your side the scales. Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Chains broken, prison houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free! Weighed in the balances, and nothing, nothing wanted. Oh! what a glorious hope! Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack. Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept him? "I am insufficient, I am a sinner, I am lost by reason of transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord, and my God, my life, my pardon, my heaven. Lord Jesus, I hail thee!" Oh, if you could only understand the worth of that sacrifice which I have represented to you under a figure if you could understand the worth of that sacrifice, this whole audience would this moment accept Christ and be saved.

We go away off, or back into history, to get some illustration by which we may set forth what Christ has done for us. We need not go so far. I saw a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashing through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though to hurl them to death, and a mounted policeman, with a shout clearing the way, and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses to save a calamity, when his own horse fell and rolled over him. He was picked up half dead. Why were our sympathies so stirred? Because he was badly hurt, and hurt for others. But I tell you today of how Christ, the Son of God, on the blood-red horse of sacrifice, came for our rescue, and rode down the sky, and rode onto death for our rescue. Are not your hearts touched? That was a sacrifice for you and me. O thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice! come and ride through this world on the white horse of victory!

### EATING TO MUSIC.

A Popular Craze in Metropolitan Hotels and Restaurants.

Music at meals is now the thing in the metropolis. The craze is still very young, yet it has spread all over the town, and looks as if it had to stay. Not long since a certain restaurant of the Bohemian class not far from Fourteenth street encouraged a couple of itinerant performers on the guitar and mandolin to come around two or three evenings in the week and help entertain the guests. There were three rooms in the restaurant, and the musicians wandered from one to the other, alternating their instrumental selections with really good vocal numbers. When any of the latter happened to be well-known airs, guests around the tables were not slow to join in the refrain, and as the evening progressed one may well imagine that the musicians, whose pay was mostly gathered from their happy hearers, were not slow to select such pieces as had a singable chorus. There was frequently a number of persons at the tables with good voices, and the audible result by no means to be despised. The large hotels, almost without exception, employ orchestras ranging in number from four to ten men. One of the more prominent of these places established an afternoon tea service a year or so ago, and the tea drinkers and muffin eaters beguiled an hour listening to the yodeling of a blue and white clad Tyrolean quartet, or the guitars and mandolins of a group of Neapolitans attired in spotless white trousers, with gorgeous and voluminous sashes. Another well-known hotel entertains its after-theater habitués in a palm garden, with seductive music by a hidden harpist. Another place down on the East Side seats its dinner guests at tables in a cellar, on one side of which great casks of wine are ranged, while at the further end of the cob-webbed room a band of gypsies discourses the weird music of the Hungarian composers.

### BOOKS OF ADVENTURE.

Mystery and Crime the Favorite Literature of Convicts.

New York World: Criminals, like the people of stogeland and of other professions that exact high nervous pressure, have their superstitions. Nothing is better proof of the fact than the library list of Sing Sing prison and a computation of the favorite books of men who have run the gamut of crime from murder to felony. In a two-months' record out of the well-furnished library of upward of 4,000 volumes of science, travel, biography, religion and fiction, the book that heads the list, with a circulation of 463, is Charles Reade's "It Is Never Too Late To Mend." Lever's "Charles O'Malley" is a close second and Lytton's "Paul Clifford" as third shows the standing of the gentlemen highwayman with the men of his calling. Alex Dumas' "Count of Monte Cristo" was out 390 times in those eight weeks, and the Dickens books which contested its run most closely were "Oliver Twist," with its famous history of Bill Sykes, and "A Tale of Two Cities," with its Sydney Carton, who lived a vagabond and died a hero. The Sherlock Holmes stories of Conan Doyle and Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone," "Woman in White" and "The Dead Secret" are in constant demand. Capt. King and Capt. Marryat both have a strong following, and Stanley Weyman's spirited romances, so replete with incident, stand side by side with Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" in the estimation of the prison readers.

The prosperous man who is too busy to think of God, is as ungodly as the criminal who is too vicious to do so.—Ram's Horn.

# ABUSING THE TARIFF

## TIRADE BY A DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANT.

Augustus Van Wyck at Richard Croker's Ten-Dollar Jeffersonian Dinner Denounces the Protection System Despite All the Facts of Restored Prosperity.

"It is the foulest mockery of reason to profess in one breath devotion to the doctrine of the equality of all men before the law of the land, and in the next to applaud a tariff system which squeezes the blood out of the average man for the fattening of select individuals who have mastered the art of depraving all federal government, and directing a new feudalism which proposes to subdivide the land into plutocratic dukedoms."—From the speech of Augustus Van Wyck at Richard Croker's ten-dollar Jeffersonian dinner in New York, April 13, 1899.

This peculiar view of the conditions now prevailing throughout the length of the most favored land that the sun shines on is the view of the man who was the Democratic candidate for governor of the state of New York at the election of 1898. He is, moreover, under serious consideration as a possible Democratic candidate for the presidency of the United States in 1900, and is perhaps the most formidable competitor of William Jennings Bryan for that nomination. Otherwise it would be difficult to understand how an American citizen, surrounded on every side with unmistakable evidences of a restored prosperity, which showers its blessings equally upon rich and poor, falling alike upon the just and the unjust, could take so absurdly pessimistic a view of existing conditions as to characterize the American policy of protection as "a system which squeezes the blood out of the average man."

What class of gudgeons does Mr. Augustus Van Wyck expect to catch with this sort of bait? Certainly not the two thousand ten-dollar Jeffersonians

# FOREIGN MARKETS AND PROTECTION.

## What Might Happen to Brethren Who Show Signs of Weakening.

Robert Ellis Thompson in Home Market Bulletin: The protective tariff is getting in its work, and is justifying its friends' predictions for it, as fast and far as can be reasonably expected. But there are signs of danger ahead, to which the friends of the protective policy will do well to take heed. The first of these is the weakening of the loyalty of some protectionists, through the dream of expansion and commerce and exports by the annexation of the Philippines, and any other country we can lay our hands on. Repeatedly the fruits of the protectionist policy have been sacrificed through this craze for securing foreign markets.

It was this which led the cotton manufacturers of England to acquiescence in the miserable compromise tariff of 1835, as they felt sure that the recent improvements they had introduced into cotton spinning and weaving would make them masters of every foreign market. Their utter prostration was the result.

It was this that made the manufacturers of woollens in New England to combine in 1883 with the free-trade party in effecting a reduction of the duty on both wool and woollens. They believed that with cheaper wool they could do without much protection, and could export their woollens to every country that wore them. In six months three-fourths of their factories were shut down or were running on short time.

The same craze now seems to have caught many of the makers of carpets and iron wares in our part of the country. They think that the tariff is no longer of any use to them, and that they would do even better under free trade, with low wages and cheap raw materials—Russian wool, and iron ore from everywhere. They also may "go for wool and come home shorn."

# TARIFF AND BOYCOTT.

## The Case of the Merchant and the Social Smugglers.

Louisville Post: The retail merchants of New York having to pay duties on their stocks had a strange idea that they were entitled to the same protection as the ironmaker or the woolen manufacturer. They were so blind that they could not see the justice in taxing the merchant who imported his goods and allowing that merchant's customers to import their purchases free.

Consequently they organized an association for the enforcement of the law. They laid their case before the treasury officials and asked a more rigid application of the law.

This produced a change which has created great dissatisfaction among the rich smugglers of New York. The smugglers thus caught in the toils made their complaints to the New York Evening Post, and asked Mr. Godkin what recourse they had.

The New York Post at once denounced the merchants' association as a gang of miscreants who were mere "traders." It singled out members of the association for especial ridicule. It referred with English contempt to men who would so degrade themselves as to be engaged in retail trade as "furriers," "hosiery," "shirtmakers," "shoemakers," and "haberdashers," and found the English language scarcely strong enough to express contempt for the whole crew.

Somehow this artificial thunder had no effect. The men concerned manifested no shame; they brazenly confessed that they had engaged in trade as Astor had done, as Gould had done, as Vanderbilt and Rockefeller, as Godkin himself, as a host of Americans had done. They even proclaimed in the advertising columns of the Evening Post that they were doing business at their old stands.

This cynical indifference, this moral obliquity of vision, enraged the Evening Post, and it then proclaimed a boycott against all merchants who were members of the association. It advised Mr. Kennedy Tod and his associates in idleness, and all the families of the social smugglers, to refuse to patronize any merchant who had been so unpatriotic as to ask the government officers to treat the rich and poor smugglers alike, and to put a stop to the robbery of the revenue by ladies and gentlemen who gained moral and financial enlightenment from Godkin.

The Evening Post then published a partial list of the offenders and held them up to scorn and contempt, and told the Kennedy Tods and various other families enriched by smuggling to "close their accounts" with the offending merchants.

The merchants in question concluded it was a waste of money to advertise in a newspaper which advised its readers not to buy of them, and so stopped advertising in Mr. Godkin's paper.

This independence surprised the New York Post and its advisers and abettors and there was an outcry. The Post denounced this action as an effort of the "storekeepers" to curp the freedom of the press. Mr. J. Kennedy Tod wrote a letter of condolence to Godkin, announcing that he kept accounts with three of the offending merchants, and that they would all be closed.

We do not know how valuable these Tod accounts are, but the Tod letter recalls a story. During the campaign of 1896 a free-silver advocate was discussing the issues with Col. W. R. Ray, the banker, "Colonel," he said, "Bryan is going to be elected, and then I am going to pay your bank what I owe it in fifty-cent dollars."

"Don't wait until the election of Bryan," said the colonel, "I'll be glad to get fifty cents of your debt under any circumstances."

### A Choice Between Two Systems.

A trade paper states that another large industry is coming to this country. The firm of Alexander Morton & Co. of Darvel, Scotland, a concern well-known throughout the world as a manufacturer of carpets and other textiles, has decided to locate at Niagara Falls, and it is stated, has already made arrangements with the Niagara Power Company for the supplying of power and for the purchase of property.

Free-trade brings the foreign-made products of pauper labor into the country, and sends American money out of the country to pay for them, while American workmen sit in idleness. Protection brings foreign industries and foreign capital into the country to provide labor for American workmen, and keeps American money within the country, to be paid in exchange for American-made goods. As Lincoln put it, under free-trade we get the goods—so long as our money holds out—and the foreigner gets the money. Under protection we get the goods and the money, too. A choice between the two systems would not seem to be hard to make by the well-balanced mind.

### Type of Free Trade Organ.

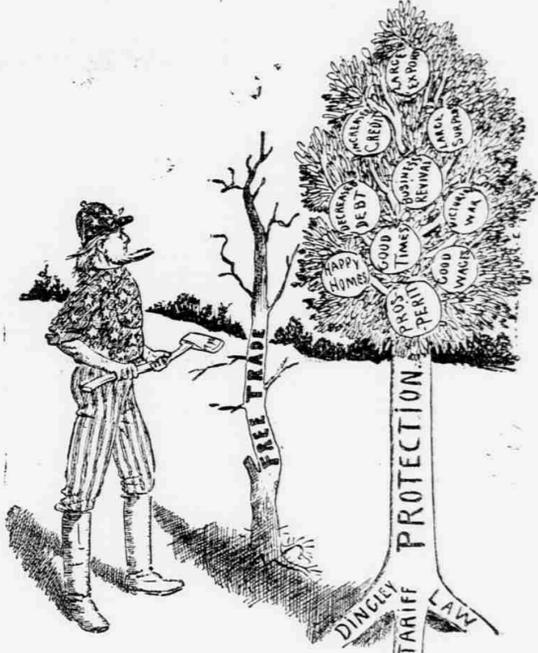
Wages Up for 200,000 Workmen—All New England Cotton Mills Raise Wages 10 Per Cent.—Headline in New York World in 1899 under Republican administration.

Soup Houses in a Hundred Cities—Wages in Iron Mills and all Allied Industries Cut 10 Per Cent.—Headline in New York World in 1895 under Democratic free-trade administration.

And the hypocritical old reprobate continues to try to fool the people in its editorial columns! Worse still, it is only a type of the free-trade organ.—New York Press.

Some of the Cuban leaders are calling Gomez hard names. The division of spoils will always cause more or less election.

EASY TO SEE WHICH TREE WILL BE CUT DOWN.



who were within the sound of his voice and every man of whom has shared liberally in the increase of national wealth which has followed the restoration of the very policy which the speaker denounced. Certainly not the vast army of wage-earners of all occupations who have to thank the return of good protection times for more work and better pay for it than they had during the awful stringency of the last four years of Democratic domination. Certainly not the great body of farmers who have enjoyed the substantial benefits of enlarged consumption and increased values of agricultural products. Certainly not the general community of merchants, manufacturers and business men who, as the commercial statistics show, are prospering as they never did in free-trade times.

What ears, then, did this possible presidential candidate expect to reach with his diatribe? The ears, it may be presumed, of the average Bourbon politician who always recognizes the denunciation of a protective tariff as a sure sign of sublime statesmanship. These he may reach, but not the ears of a prosperous and contented people. All such will smile a pitying smile at the foolish mouthings of a typical Tammanyite, trying to tickle the fancy of the fellows who boss caucuses and control conventions.

Just as a matter of contrast, let us quote what Thomas Jefferson wrote in 1809, in a letter to Humphrey: "My own idea is that we should encourage home manufactures to the extent of our own consumption of everything of which we raise the raw materials."

Had Thomas Jefferson lived in these days of trade expansion and of American victories in the contest for possession of the world's markets, he would point with pride to what he wrote ninety years ago and urge adoption to a policy that had wrought such splendid results. But, then, Thomas Jefferson is not now alive, and Augustus Van Wyck is a very different sort of person.

A man is strong when he admits to himself his own weakness.

### Good Times Everywhere.

The New York World gives utterance to some most praiseworthy rejoicings in an article headed, "Wages Up for 200,000 Workmen! All New England Cotton Mills Raise Pay 10 Per Cent." It does not attempt to disguise the fact that there is similar prosperity in other parts of the country, for it adds to the article on cotton mills this paragraph: "The wages of the iron workers in Michigan, Ohio, Illinois and Pennsylvania were raised last week generally about 10 per cent."

True! And glorious it is that 'tis true! But ought not the World and other bitter enemies of the Dingley law explain how it is possible that it can be true? How many times were we warned of the woes that would fall upon the wage earner if the Dingley tariff were adopted? How many predictions were there of the disasters into which we all should plunge if the Wilson free-trade principles were abandoned! The poor man was to starve, because the manufacturer would rob him of his little all. Prices were to go so high that only the Vanderbilt and the Astor, enriched by a monstrous tariff law, could afford to buy a breakfast. The government would have no revenues, the country would be a barren waste and its population, heaps of whitened skeletons. But wages are up, everybody is busy at work, the bread-winner is saving money again, the customs receipts are rising, and the sun shines more clearly than ever it shone before!

Why, then the lovers of Prof. Wilson's theories once thundered against Dingley's tariff like the main battery of a battleship, do they now pipe down to the thin note of the bo'n's whistle?—New York Press.

### They Go Hand in Hand.

These are Republican times. Last week the advance in wages affected over 110,000 hands, adding greatly to the purchasing power of these operatives. As the Press has had frequent occasion to remark during the last twenty-seven years, "Protection and prosperity go hand in hand."—Manchester (La.) Press.