

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon from the text, Luke xxiv., 49: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

For a few months, in the providence of God, I have two pulpits, one in Brooklyn and the other in New York and through the kindness of the printing press an everwidening opportunity. To all such hearers and readers I come with an especial message. The time has arrived for a forward movement such as the church and the world have never seen. That there is a need for such a religious movement is evident from the fact that never since our work was swung out from the planets has there been such an organized and determined effort to overthrow righteousness and make the Ten Commandments obsolete and the whole Bible a derision. Meanwhile alcoholism is taking down its victims by the hundreds of thousands and the political parties get down on their knees, practically saying: "O thou almighty Rum jug, we bow down before thee. Give us the city, state and national."

That is one side of the conflict now raging. On the other side we have the most magnificent gospel machinery that the world ever saw or heaven ever invented. In the first place, in this country more than 70,000 ministers of religion and, take them as a class, more consecrated, holier, more consistent, more self-denying, more faithful men never lived. I know them by the thousands. I have met them in every city. I am told, not by them but by people outside our profession, people engaged in Christian and reformatory work, that the clergy of America are at the head of all good enterprise and, who ever else fail, they may be depended on. The truth of this is demonstrated by the fact that when a minister of religion does fall, it is so exceptional that the newspapers report it as something startling, while a hundred men in other callings may go down without the matter being considered as especially worth mentioning. In addition to their equipment and moral character the clergy of this country have all that the schools can give. So much for the Christian ministry of all denominations. In the next place on our side of the conflict we have the grandest churches of all time and higher style of membership, and more of them, and a host without number of splendid men and women who are doing their best to have this world purified, elevated, gospelized. But we all feel that something is wanting. Enough hearty songs have been sung and enough earnest sermons preached within the last six months to save all the cities of America, and, saving the cities, you save the world, for they overflow all the land either with their religion or their infamy.

But look at some of the startling facts. It is nearly 1,900 years since Jesus Christ came by the way of Bethlehem caravansary to save the world, yet the most of the world has been no more touched by this most stupendous fact of all eternity than if on the first Christmas night the beasts of the stall, amid the bleating of their own young had not heard the bleating of the Lamb that was to be slain. Out of the eighteen hundred million of the human race fourteen hundred are without God and without hope in the world, the camel driver of Arabia, Mahomet, with his nine wives, having half as many disciples as our blessed Christ, and more people are worshipping chunks of painted wood and carved stone than are worshipping the living and eternal God. Meanwhile, the most of us who are engaged in Christian work—I speak for myself as well as others—are toiling up to our full capacity of body, mind and soul, harnessed up to the last buckle, not able to draw a pound more than we are drawing, or lift an ounce more than we are lifting.

What is the matter? My text lets out the secret. We all need more of the power from on high. Not muscular power, not logical power, not scientific power, not social power, not brain power, but power from on high. With it we could accomplish more in one week than without it in a hundred years. A few men and women in each age of the world have possessed it. Caroline Fry, the immortal Quakeress, had it, and 200 of the depraved and suffering of Newgate prison under her exhortation repented and believed. Jonathan Edwards had it, and Northampton meeting house heard the outburst of religious emotion as he spoke of righteousness and judgment to come. Samuel Budgett, the Christian merchant, had it and his benefactions showered the world. John Newton had it. Bishop Latimer had it. Isabella Graham had it. Andrew Fuller had it. The great evangelist, Daniel Baker and Dr. Nettleton and Truman Osborn and Charles G. Finney had it. In my boyhood I saw Truman Osborn rise to preach in the village church at Ferrisburgh, N. Y., and before he had given out his text or uttered a word people in the audience sobbed aloud with religious emotion. It was the power from on high. All in a greater or less degree may have it. One got it and nothing can stand before you. It comes down. Christmas goes down, suddenly goes down.

Several times in the history of the church and the world has his power from on high been demonstrated. In the seventeenth century, after a great season of moral depression, this power from on high came down upon John Tillotson, and Owen, and Flavel, and Baxter and Bunyan, and there was a deluge of mercy higher than the tops of the highest mountains of sin. In the eighteenth century, in England and America, religion was at a low water mark. William Cowper, writing of the clergy of those days, said:

Except few with *Ecce spiritus sanctus* Nuptial and Pinnace may describe the rest.

The infidel writings of Shaftesbury and Hobbes and Chubb had done their work. But power from on high came upon both the Wesleys and Lady Huntington on the other side the Atlantic, and upon William Tennant and Gilbert Tennant and David Brainerd on this side the Atlantic, and both hemispheres felt the tread of a pardoning God. Coming to later date there may be here and there in this audience an aged man or woman who can remember New York in 1831, when this power from on high descended most wondrously. It came upon pastors and congregations and theaters and commercial establishments. Chatham Street theater, New York, was the scene of a most tremendous religious awakening. A committee of Christian gentlemen called upon the lessee of the theater and said they would like to buy the lease of the theater. He said, "What do you want it for?" They replied, "for a church." For what a church? said the owner. "For a church," was the reply. The owner said: "You may have it and I will give you \$1,000 to help you on with your work." Arthur Tappan, a man mightily persecuted in his time, but a man, as saw him in his last days, as honest and pure and good as any old Chatham theater as the actor was closing their morning rehearsal and said: "There will be preaching here tonight on this stage," and then gave out and sang with such people as were there, the old hymn:

The voice of free grace cries, escape to a mountain For all that believe Christ has opened a fountain.

The bar room of the theater was turned into a prayer room, and 800 persons were present at the first meeting. For seventy successive nights religious services were held in that theater, and such scenes of mercy and salvation as will be subjects of conversation and congratulation among the ransomed in glory as long as heaven lasts. But I come to a later time—1857—remembered by many who are here. I remember it especially as I had just entered the office of the ministry. It was a year of hard times. A great panic had flung hundreds of thousands of people penniless. Starvation entered habitations that had never before known a want. Domestic life, in many cases, became a tragedy. Suicide, garroting, burglary, assassinations were rampant. What an awful day that was when the banks went down. There has been nothing like it in thirty years, and I pray God there may not be anything like it in the next thirty centuries. Talk about your Black Fridays! It was Black Saturday, Black Sunday, Black Monday, Black Tuesday, as well as Black Friday.

This nation in its extremity fell helpless before the Lord and cried for pardon and peace, and upon ministers and laymen the power from on high descended. Engine houses, ware rooms, hotel parlors, museums, factories from 12 to 1 o'clock, while the operatives were resting, were opened for prayers and sermons, and inquiry rooms and Burton's old theater on Chambers street, where our ancestors used to assemble to laugh at the comedies, and all up and down the street; and out on the docks and on the deck of ships lying at the wharf people sang "All hail the power of Jesus' name," while others cried for mercy. A great mass meeting of Christians on a week day in Jayne's hall, Philadelphia, telegraphed to Fulton street prayer meeting in New York saying: "What hath God wrought?" and a telegram went back, saying: "Two hundred souls saved at our meeting today." A ship came through the Narrows into our harbor, the captain reporting that himself and all the crew had been converted to God between New Orleans and New York. In the busiest parts of our busiest American cities, where the worshippers of Mammon had been counting their golden leads, men began to calculate, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul." The waiters in restaurants after the closing of their day's work knelt among the tables where they had served. Policemen asked consent of the commissioner of police to be permitted to attend religious meetings. At Albany members of the New York legislature assembled in the room of the court of appeals at half past 8 o'clock in the morning for prayer and praise. Printed invitations were sent out to the firms of New York saying: "Come as suits your convenience best, whether in fire or citizens' dress, but come!" Quartermen knelt among the rocks. Fishermen knelt in their boats. Weavers knelt among the looms. Sailors knelt among the hammocks. School-boys knelt among their classes. A gentleman traveling said there was a line of groups kneeling from Queens-

to Washington city, and he might have added a line of prayer meetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, as from the Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

That was thirty-three years ago, though there have been in various parts of the land many stirrings of the Holy Ghost, there have been no general awakenings. Does it not seem to you that we ought to have and may have the scenes of power in 1857, eclipsed by the scenes of power in 1907? The circumstances are somewhat similar. While we have not had national panic and universal prostration as in 1857, there has been a stringency in the money market that has put many of the families of the earth to their wits' end. Large commercial interests collapsing have left multitudes of employes without means of support. The racked brains of business men have almost or entirely given away. New illustrations all over the land of the fact that riches have not only feet on which they walk slowly as they come, but wings on which they speed when they go. Eternal God! Thou knowest how cramped, and severe and solemn a time it is with many. And, as the business ruin of 1857 was followed by the glorious triumph of grace, let the awful struggles of 1890 be followed by the hallelujahs of a nation saved in 1891.

Many of my hearers today are what the world calls, and what I would call splendid fellows, and they seem happy enough and are jolly, and obliging, and if I were in trouble I would go to them with as much confidence as I would to my father, if he were yet alive. But when they go to their rooms at night when the excitements of social and business life are off, they are not content, and they want something better than this world can offer. I understand them so well I would, without fear of being thought rough, put my right hand on their one shoulder, and my left hand on their other shoulder and push them into the kingdom of God. But I cannot. Power from on high, lay hold of them.

At the first communion after the dedication of our former church, 325 souls stood up in the aisles and publicly espoused the cause of Christ. At another time 400 souls; at another time 500, and our 5,400 membership were but a small part of those sacred walls, took upon themselves the vows of the Christian. What turned them? What saved them? Power from the level? No. Power from on high.

The history of these unanswered prayers for you God only knows. They may have been offered in the solemn birth hour. They may have been offered when you were down with scarlet fever or diphtheria, or membranous croup. They may have been offered some night when you were sound asleep in the trundle bed and your mother came in to see if you were rightly covered in the cold winter night. They may have been offered at that time which comes at least once in almost every one's life when your father and mother had hard work to make a living, and they feared want would come to them and you. They may have been offered when the lips could no longer move and the eyes were closed in the long sleep. O, unanswered prayers of father and mother—where are you? In what room of the old homestead have they hidden? O, unanswered prayers, rise in a mist of many tears into a cloud and then break in a shower which shall soften the heart of that man who is so hard he cannot cry, or that woman who is ashamed to pray. O, arm chair of the aged now empty and in the garret among the rubbish, speak out. O, staff of the pilgrim who has ended his weary journey, tell of the parental anxieties that bent over thee. O, faithful Bible, with story of births and deaths rustle some of thy time worn leaves and let us know of the wrinkled hands that once turned thy pages and explain that spot where a tear fell upon the page, "O, Abesalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

Good and gracious God! What will become of us, if, after having had such a devout and praying parents, we never pray for ourselves! We will pray. We will begin now. Oh, for the power from on high, power to move this assembled power to save Brooklyn and New York, power of evangelism that shall sweep across this continent like an ocean surge, power to girdle the round earth with a red girdle dipped in the blood of the cross. If this forward movement is to begin at all there must be some place for it to begin, and why not this place? And there must be some time for it to begin, and why not this time? And so I sound for your ears a rhythmic invitation, which until a few days ago, never came under my eye, but it is so sweet, so sobbing with pathos, so triumphant with joy, that who ever chimed it, instead of being anonymous, out to be immortal.

Work will soon begin at Fairbury on the new court house, the architect having completed arrangements for shipping the stone for the foundation. The bonds were sold at par value.

Fred Patterson, of Rock Bluffs, Cass county, was elected justice of the peace and road overseer last fall. Later he was appointed school district treasurer and now his latest appointment is as postmaster.

DER ALTE CHAPERON.

They all thought he was a fool; but then they often make mistake like that. Kangaroos can't jump like women when the women are jumping at conclusions. You see, the trouble was that Collis Beattie—Collie they called him when they wanted to be funny—did not have much to say. He used to lie about the hotel veranda in a big steamer chair and read novels. He wore a yachting suit and cap and a silk shirt. He did not look a bit salt, because the skin of his face was as white and as smooth as a baby's. So they laughed at him for wearing a yachting suit. All the other fellows wore them, because it was a yachting port upon the sound, and pretty much every one went in for sailing, which was about all there was to do at the place. Collie went sailing once or twice when some generous fellow took pity on him and invited him. Then he women laughed at him more, and a strange German called him Der Alte Chaperon—the Old Chaperon—because he always went down into the cabin, stretched himself on a locker and fell asleep. They said he was afraid the pray would spoil his complexion.

Collie didn't seem to know that he was being laughed at. If he did know he did not mind it. He never said anything, but went on reading novels. German novels, too; and he read them in the original. It was most exasperating. What business had a man at a gay, active summer resort to wear nautical toggery, have a skin like a queen's baby and read German novels? Once some one said to him:

"Come and play a game of billiards." "Thank you," he replied, "it's a little so much for me you know." He certainly was a fool—and a lazy one, too. They tried him on several things, but he lay in the steamer chair and read German. And there were at least six beautiful girls in the hotel. And every one of them had been piqued into trying to interest him. But he just staid in the steamer chair and read German, or went to sleep in the cabin of the yacht.

He didn't get seasick. They remembered that after he was gone, as one of his good qualities. They had him out one day when it blew fresh and there was a lively sea on, but he went to sleep like a rocked infant. He certainly was the most torpid man that ever lived.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Bisbee one morning, "Miss Silver is coming here next week. Perhaps she'll wake him up."

"You don't mean Mattie Silvers, do you?" exclaimed Gertrude Greer.

"Yes, I do."

"Oh, dear!"

And Gertrude's mouth went down at the corners.

"What's the matter with Mattie Silvers?" inquired Ethel Brisket.

"Oh, nothing," answered Gertrude, dejectedly; "only I was at a place where she was once."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Sybil Vane, that tall, white girl, you remember.

"Well," sighed Gertrude, "every man in the house dropped right down at her feet."

"Oh, my! is she so very wonderful?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Gertrude; "just the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and with two little millions in her own right."

There was a painful silence and all the young women looked glum. Gertrude was not a girl to be sneezed at, and she used her mirror. Her dejection was ominous. The girls gazed anxiously at Mrs. Bisbee.

"I don't want to be disagreeable," she said smoothly, "but I am afraid it's true."

"What's her style?" asked Sybil.

"Brown," replied Mrs. Bisbee, sententiously.

"Brown?"

"Yes; burnt sienna. Burnt sienna hair and eyes, dusky pink cheeks, dusky crimson lips, silk plush complexion—all cream and coax— and two millions from her uncle," said Harole Beaver who had just come up.

There was a general biting of lips.

"Haven't seen her for three years," he continued, "and—"

"Ah! Perhaps she has faded?" exclaimed Ethel.

"The dusky brown don't fade much," said Harole.

"No," said Mrs. Bisbee. "I saw her in a box at the Metropolitan last winter, and she was radiant."

"Why she doesn't belong in New York," Sybil said.

"No, Baltimore," responded Harole.

"I don't see what she wants to come away up here for," grumbled Ethel spitefully. "What's the matter with Chesapeake bay?"

"Well, she's coming next week," said Mrs. Bisbee, moving away with Harole. "I had a letter from her mother today."

"I hope she'll like him," said Ethel looking scornfully at Collie in his steamer chair.

"That will not do any good," answered Gertrude; "the other men will all like her."

"Of course," said Sybil; "it's no more than two millions, any of us."

"And we're not dusky, brown," snapped

ped Ethel, caressing a stray raven lock, "all cream and coax." "Humph!" "But she's a lovely girl," sighed Gertrude; "or she was two years ago. I haven't met her since then. I was at Cape May. You can't help liking her."

"Oh, yes, I can, and I will," decided Ethel as they rose to go down to the water.

The day before this paragon of beauties was expected Phil Partridge invited all hands to go sailing on his sloop. And then he got a telegram which compelled him to go to the city. But he insisted on their going sailing just the same. His sailing master would take them, and they could invite Der Alte Chaperon to go along as his substitute. That made them laugh. But they got Collie out of his steamer chair and took him along just the same. Of course, he went right down in the cabin and prepared to go to sleep.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Bisbee, "that's a little too bad. The only man in the party. I wouldn't stand it, girls."

"Man!" exclaimed Ethel. "Call that pudding faced gelatine a man! Lord forgive us."

"Oh, I say, Ethel," remonstrated Gertrude, "you ought not to talk like that."

"Don't say 'ought' to me. I'm tired of doing what I ought to do."

Ethel was 25 and her skin was growing yellow under her eyes.

"Go down into the cabin and keep Der Alte Chaperon awake," suggested Sybil.

"Do it yourself."

"Not such a bad idea," said Sybil, slipping down the companionway.

Collie Beattie was not asleep yet. He sat up and stared at the tall, white girl came below.

"Awful good of you, you know," he murmured.

"Oh, it's not so very good; but what do you mean?"

"I mean your coming down here to keep me awake."

Sybil turned just a trifle pink under the ears. Had he been listening to their conversation on deck? It must have edified him, she thought.

"I came down to keep myself awake," she said hastily, and then added, inconsistently, "Why don't you go on deck and enjoy the breeze?"

"Because I can't enjoy the breeze," he answered.

"It's too strong for you, I suppose," said Sybil, with a touch of scorn.

"Yes, much too strong."

"Makes you chilly."

"Yes, makes me chilly."

"Might spoil your complexion."

"My what?"

"Your complexion."

"Didn't know I had any."

"You're as white and pink as a baby."

"That's true, but I don't think that's much of a complexion for a man, you know."

"Neither do I. I should think you'd get a little sunburn on you just from shame."

Collie laughed. He seemed to be immensely amused. He had a funny way of being amused at things that didn't amuse other people. It was jolly for him, but it made the other people angry.

"If you're going to laugh at my conversation I'm going back to the—the girls," exclaimed Sybil, springing up the steps.

Collie laughed some more. Then he stretched himself on the cabin locker and laughed again. Next he closed his eyes and smiled. A minute later he was sound asleep. All the women came down and looked at him half an hour later. He didn't seem much to look at. He had deep lines under his eyes when he slept, and a worn appearance. Yet they all looked at him and despised him. He just slept on and didn't mind it.

"Valuable persons to have on a yachting excursion, isn't he?" whispered Ethel, with a genuine grin in her pretty voice. "If I had a thing like that for a husband I'd—bu I'd never have one."

"Let's go on deck. I do believe it's fallen dead calm," said Mrs. Bisbee.

So it had. The Clover's mast was plumb perpendicular. So were her mainsail and her jib. The water looked like molasses. And it was seeming hot. The skipper said there was going to be a squall, and sent the one sailor, a boy, aloft to furl the topsail. The skipper was right. There was going to be a squall. Big blue black clouds were piling up in the northwest. Lightning played around their lower edges. The skipper said it would not be a bad squall. The Clover would stand it under jib and mainsail. It came along in a few minutes. You could see it strike the water over near the Connecticut shore. It made the surface six shades darker. The girls had their rubber goods on, but the skipper said it would not rain. However, they had heard skippers say that before. The squall came bounding over the sound.

Then, they never knew how it happened, but the boom gave a terrific jump right across the yacht. It hit the skipper on the head and knocked him senseless. The next moment he was halfway over the lee rail with seven shrieking women pulling at him. The yacht was pretty nearly on her beam ends and the sailor boy was paralyzed.

Then Collie Beattie walked up out of the cabin rubbing his eyes.

"Did some one scream?" he asked. "Oh, look at that useless thing!" cried Ethel, tugging at the leg of the skipper's trousers.

Whereupon Collie woke up.

He brushed the women aside like so many flies and pulled the skipper into the cockpit. Then he let go the jib sheet, and the yacht righted partly.

"Here, my lad," he called to the boy, "take the wheel." The boy obeyed, and Collie pulled off his coat. There was a red spot in each of his cheeks.

"What's he going to do?" inquired Gertrude, awestruck.

"Lord knows I'm glad to see him do anything," said Ethel.

"Hard down upon your helm!" exclaimed Der Alte Chaperon. "Mrs. Bisbee, you and Miss Sybil please hold the wheel there a minute. Now, lad, main sheet; in with it!"

Collie and the boy got the main boom trimmed flat as the yacht came up into the wind. The jib flapped madly.

"Bright your helm!" cried Collie.

The boy obeyed the order.

"Keep your head to it," was the next order.

Then Collie sprang forward and snatched the jib halvard, unbent the sheet, slid out on the bowsprit, which was plunging into the young seas like a crazy porpoise, reefed the jib, came back, bent on the sheet and hoisted away again, while the women huddled in the cockpit like petrified mummies.

"Now let her blow," said Collie as he went aft, put on his coat and took the wheel.

"Get the captain below," said he to the boy, "and give him a good horn of brandy. He's coming to."

The boy dragged the skipper downstairs, the women all following in silence to see if they could do anything. Sybil Vane asked the boy when they were below whether he hadn't better go up and sail the yacht.

"Guess not," said the boy. "That feller don't need no help. I can see that without a telescope."

The boy's judgment appeared to be right. It was blowing great guns. But the Clover was riding like a canvasback duck. Collie looked very composed at the wheel. The girl stared up the companionway at him. He seemed to be enjoying it. The captain recovered his senses presently and hurried on deck.

"Go below and lie down, captain," said Collie; "your head must be rattling like a locker of shot in a gale."

The captain looked surprised.

"Who reefed the jib?" he asked.

"I did," said Collie, humoring her neatly with the helm.

The captain watched him do it. Then he went below and stretched himself on Collie's favorite locker.

"That man's the best amateur sailor I ever saw," he said.

The women looked at one another and heaved long sighs of relief.

"That useless thing appears to be some good after all," said Mrs. Bisbee to Ethel.

"Hum!" said Ethel.

Collie called the Clover back to her anchorage off the hotel after the squall. They all went ashore and he immediately retired to his room and was seen no more until the next day. About noon he was discovered in the steamer chair with an unusually formidable German novel. They surrounded him and began to thank him for bringing them in safely. He didn't seem to pay much attention to them. Just keep listening for something down the road. Presently the hotel stage came rattling up from the station.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Bisbee, beckoning the girls. And they all deserted their preserver to see the beautiful heiress. She was beautiful. There was no mistaking that. The girls groaned inwardly. She came airily up the steps, her brown eyes aflame with expectation. She caught sight of Der Alte Chaperon lying in his steamer chair. She ran right to him, threw both arms about his neck and publicly kissed him on the lips.

"Collie dear!" she said passionately.

"But, dear old fellow, you look real done up, and I expected to find you so much better."

Better? He must have been sick, then, when he came down.

"Well, sweetheart," he replied laughing "I've been mending slowly but surely till yesterday, when I had to do a little work aboard a boat and—"

"Aboard a boat! Now, dear, you know the doctor said you were not to exert yourself, and when you sail a boat you always—"

"But we got caught in a squall and the captain—well, perhaps these young ladies will explain. Let me introduce you all to my fiancée."

And then the whole crew of them figuratively got right down on their knees and worshipped Der Alte Chaperon.

It isn't much of a story, is it? But then it has a moral. Two, maybe.—W. J. Penderson in New York Times.

A Kansas Mayor.

Mrs. Sailer, the mayor of Argonia, Kan., is now administering the affairs of that town for her official term. She is said to be a nervous looking and timid little woman, but it must be considered that besides attending to her public and social duties she has done all her household work, including washing, ironing and cooking for a family of five, and during the past year she has increased her family from five to six.—Exchange.