

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

NEW YEAR'S SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

He Speaks of the Fight Between the Powers of Light and the Powers of Darkness—Christians Need the Help That Comes from On High.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 4.—Dr. Talmage's New Year's sermon is a ringing battle cry to ministers and Christians everywhere, calling upon them to join in a combined charge on the intransigencies of sin and Satan.

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 ever widening 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 world was swung out among 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.

The Christian Sabbath meanwhile, appointed for physical, mental and spiritual rest, is being secularized and abolished. As if the bad publishing houses of our own country had exhausted their literary fifth, the French and Russian sewers have been invited to pour their scurrility and moral slush into the trough where our American swine are now wallowing.

THE MINISTERS OF THE UNITED STATES. 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 there are in this country more than eighty thousand 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 enterprises, and whoever else fall they may be depended on. The truth of this is demonstrated by the fact that when a minister of religion does fall, it is exceptional that the newspaper, the support it is 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 in moral character the clergy of this country have all that the schools can give. All archaological, rhetorical, scientific, scholastic, literary attainment. 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, glorified. 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.

CHRISTIANITY HAS YET MUCH TO WIN. But look at some of the startling facts. It is nearly nineteen hundred years since Jesus Christ came by the way of Bethlehem caravan to save this 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 bleatings of their own young, had not heard the shouting of the angels, and the stars had not fallen from heaven, and the earth had not been shaken. Out of the eighteen hundred million of the human race fourteen hundred million 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 financial 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. And I am going to get it, if in answer to prayer, earnest and long continued, God will grant it me, his unworthy servant. Men and women who know how to pray, when you pray for yourself, pray for me that I may be endued with power from on high. I would rather have it than all the diamond fields of Golconda, and all the pearls of the sea, and all the gold of the mountains. Many of the mightiest intellects never had a touch of it, and many of the less than ordinary intellects have been surcharged with it. And every man and woman on earth has a right to aspire to it, a right to pray for it, and, properly persistent, will obtain it.

Power from on high is a good thing, such power as I may give you, or you may give me, by encouraging words and actions. Power from on high is the level when we

stand by each other in any Christian undertaking. Power from on high is the level when other pulpits are in accord with ours. Power from on high is the level when the religious and secular press forward our Christian undertakings. But power from on high is not sufficient. Power from on high is what we need to take possession of us. Power straight from God. Supernatural power, omnipotent power, all conquering power. Not more than one out of a thousand of the ministers has it continuously. Not more than one out of ten thousand Christians has it all the time. Given in abundance, these last ten years of the Nineteenth century would accomplish more for God, and the church, and the world than the previous ninety years of this century.

MORE POWER FROM ON HIGH SEEDED. A few men and women in each age of the world have possessed it. Caroline Fyfe, the immortal Quakeress, had it, and three hundred 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 beneficiaries showered the world. John Newton had it. Bishop Latimer had it. Isabella Graham had it. Andrew Fuller had it. The great evangelists 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 Somerville, N. J., 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 greater or less degree may have it. Once get it and nothing can stand before you. Satan goes down. Caricature goes down. Infidelity goes down. Worldliness goes down. All opposition goes down.

TIMES OF BLESSING. Several times in the history of the church and the world has this 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 ebb, and William Cowper, writing of the clergy of those days said:

Except a few with Eli's spirit blest, Hopini and Phineas 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 old 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 theatres and commercial establishments. Chatham Street theatre, New York, was the scene of a most tremendous religious awakening.

A committee of Christian gentlemen called upon the lessee of the theatre, and said they would like to buy the lease of the theatre. He said, "What do you want it for?" They replied, "For a church." "For what?" said the owner. "For a church," was the reply. The owner said, "You may have it, and I will give you a thousand dollars to help you on with your work." Arthur Tappan, a man mightily persecuted in his time, but a man, as I saw him in his last days, as honest and pure and good as any man I ever knew, stepped on the stage of old Chatham theatre as the actors were closing their morning rehearsal and said, "There will be preaching here to-night on the stage," and then gave out and sang with such people as were there the old hymn:

The voice of free grace cries, escape to the mountain, For all that believe Christ has opened a fountain. The barroom of the theatre was turned into a prayer room, and eight hundred persons were present at the first meeting. For seventy successive nights religious services were held in that theatre, 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—1837—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, garrotting, burglary, assassination 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 be nothing like it in the next thirty centuries. Talk about your Black Fridays! It was Black Saturday, Black Sunday, Black Monday, Black Tuesday, Black Wednesday, Black Thursday as well as Black Friday.

This nation in its extremity felt helpless before the Lord and cried for pardon and peace, and upon ministers and laymen the power from on high descended. Engine houses, warehouses, 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 theatre on Chambers street, where our ancestors used to assemble to laugh at the comedies, and all up and down the streets, and out on the docks and on the decks 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 mart of our busiest American cities, where the worshippers of Mammon had been counting their golden beads, 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, and speak at half past 8 o'clock in the morning for prayer and praise. Printed invitations were sent out to the freemen of New York saying, "Come as suits your convenience best, whether in fire or citizens' dress, but come!" Quarrymen knelt among the rocks. Fishermen knelt in their boats. Weavers knelt among the looms. Sailors knelt among the hammocks. Schoolmasters knelt among their classes.

A gentleman traveling said there was a line of prayer meetings from Omaha to Washington, in prayer, and he might have added a line of prayer meetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

BLESS GOD FOR 1837! In those days what songs, what sermons, what turnings to God, what recitals of thrilling experiences, what prodigals brought home, what burning tidings of souls saved, what sermons of sin emancipated, what wild rout of the forces of darkness, what victories for the truth! What millions on earth and in heaven are now thanking God for 1837, which, though the year of worst financial calamity, was the year of America's most glorious blessing. How do you account for 1837, its spiritual triumphs on the heels of its worldly misfortune? It was what my text calls the power from on high.

That was thirty-three years ago, and though there have been in various parts of the land many stirrings of the Holy Ghost, there has been no general awakening. Does it not seem to you that we ought to have and may have the scenes of power in 1837 eclipsed by the scenes of power in 1891? The circumstances are somewhat similar. While we have not had national panic and universal prostration as in 1837, 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 way. 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 1837 was followed by the glorious triumphs of grace, let the awful struggles of 1891 be followed by the hallelujahs of a nation saved in 1891.

LET US ALL PRAY MORE! Brethren in the Gospel ministry! if we spent half as much time in prayer as we do in the preparation of our sermons nothing could stand before us. We would have the power from on high as we never had it. Private membership of all Christians if we spent half as much time in positive prayer for this influence as we do in thinking about it and talking about it, there would be no secretaries enough to take down the names of those who want to give in their names for enlistment.

We would have hundreds of cases like those recently reported when a man said to an evangelist: "I am a lost sinner. Pray for me. My wife has been a professor of religion for years, but I knew she did not enjoy religion, and I said if that was all there was in religion I did not want it. But for the last few days she has looked and acted in such an elevated and glorious spirit that I cannot stand it away from God. I want the same religion that is in her." Come! Come! all through the United States, and all through Christendom, and all around the world let us join hands in holy pledge that we will call upon God for the power. Oh, for the power from on high, the power that came on Pentecost, yea, for ten thousand Pentecosts! Such times will come, and they will come in our day if we have the faith, and the prayer, and the consecration.

As the power from on high in 1837 was more remarkable in academies of music and lyceum halls and theatres than in churches, why not this winter of 1891 in these two academies of music, places of secular entertainment where we are during the rebuilding of our Brooklyn Tabernacle, so grandly and graciously treated by the owners and lessees and lessees; why not expect, and why not have the power from on high, comforting power, arousing power, convicting power, converting power, saving power, omnipotent power? My opinion is that in this cluster of cities, on the Atlantic coast, there are five hundred thousand people now ready to accept the gospel call, if freed from all the conventionalities of the church; it were earnestly and with strong faith presented to them.

In these brilliant assemblies there are hundreds who are not frequenters of churches, and who do not believe much if at all in ministers of religion or ecclesiastical organizations. But God knows you have struggles in which you need help, and beseechers in which you want solace, and perplexities in which you need guidance, and with a profound thoughtfulness you stand by the grave of the old year, and the cradle of the young year, wondering where you will be and what you will be when "rolling years shall cease to move." Power from on high descended upon them:

Men of New York and Brooklyn, I offer you God and heaven! From the day you came to these cities what a struggle you have had! Can you remember your countenances, and the tears in your eyes, and the deep sigh you have just breathed that you want re-enforcement, and here it is, greater than Blucher when he re-enforced Wellington; greater than the Bank of England when last month it re-enforced the Barings—namely, the God who through Jesus Christ is ready to pardon all your sin, comfort all your sorrows, scatter all your doubts, and swing all the shining gates of heaven open to you, if you are deemed spirit. Come into the kingdom of God! Without a half second of delay come in!

THEY LACK BELIEF. 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, or 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 and they so well I would, without any 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!

Years ago, at the close of a religious service in Brooklyn Tabernacle, a gentleman most distinguished in appearance, and with a remarkable cerebral development, came forward with his wife and daughter, and said to me in a most courteous and elegant way, "Let me introduce you to my wife and daughter, who wish some counsel in regard to religious matters," and the three sat down. After I had conversed with the wife and daughter I turned to the gentleman and said, "Perhaps you have some interest yourself in these matters?" "None whatever," was the reply, polite yet firm, but before the meeting had closed I saw his hand lifted to his forehead and his eyes closed, and I said, "Sir, have you not changed your mind, and are you not thoughtful on this subject?" He said: "I am. Since coming to this seat I have sought and found Christ as my Saviour, and I have but one desire more, and that is before I leave this house to join my wife and daughter in making profession of the

Christian religion. I have been known as on the wrong side long enough." What was it that had come upon him? It was power from on high.

At the first communion after the dedication of our former church three hundred and twenty-eight souls stood up in the aisles and publicly espoused the cause of Christ. At another time four hundred souls; at another time five hundred; and our four thousand five hundred membership were but a small part of those who within 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.

WE MAY SEEK GREAT THINGS. But greater things are to be seen, if ever these cities and ever this world is to be taken for God. There is one class of men and women in all these assemblages in whom I have especial interest, and that is those who have good fathers and mothers once, but they are dead. What multitudes of us are orphans! We may be 40, 50, 80 years old, but we never get used to having father and mother gone. Oh, how often we have had troubles that we would like to have told them, and we always felt as long as father and mother were alive we had some one to whom we could go! Now I would like to ask if you think that all their prayers in your behalf have been answered. "No," you say, "but it is too late; the old folks are gone now."

I must courteously contradict you. It is not too late. I have a friend in the ministry who was attending the last hours of an aged Christian, and my friend said to the old Christian, "Is there no trouble on your mind?" The old man turned his face to the wall for a few moments, and then said: "Only one thing. I hope for the salvation of my ten children, but not one of them is yet saved. Yet I am sure they will be. God means to wait until I am gone." So he died. When my friend told of the circumstances eight of the ten had found the Lord, and I have no doubt the other two before this have found him. Oh, that the long postponed answers to prayer for you, my brother, for you, my sister, might this hour descend in power from on high.

The history of those 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 that want would come to them and you. They may have been offered when the lips could no longer move and the eyes were closed for the long sleep.

Oh, unanswered prayers of father and mother, where are you? In what room of the old homestead have they hidden? Oh, 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. Oh, armchair of the aged, now empty and in the garret among the rubbish, speak out! Oh, staff of the pilgrim who has ended his weary journey, tell of the parental anxieties that bent over thee! Oh, family 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 passage, "O Absalom, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

OH, FOR POWER FROM ON HIGH! Good and gracious God! what will become of us, if after having had such a devout and praying parentage, we never pray for ourselves! We will pray. We will begin now. Oh, for the power from on high, power to move this assemblage, 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, 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 whoever chimed it, instead of being anonymous, ought to be immortal:

Thy sin I bore on Calvary's tree; The stripes, thy due, were laid on me. That peace and pardon might be free— O wretched sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? Truest the word; it gives us rest; I bring relief to hearts oppressed— O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross; Count all thy gains but empty dross. My grace repays all earthly loss— O needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boiling fears, Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears. Thy mercy's voice salutes thine ears: O trembling sinner, come!

An Important Operation. Dr. James S. Barnard, recently called from Clyde, N. Y., to the chair of operative clinical and official surgery in the Maryland Homeopathic Free Hospital at Baltimore, has distinguished himself by successfully performing a unique operation upon Sebastian Brown, one of the best known lawyers in Baltimore, who over a year ago, while sitting in his office, suddenly found himself unable to move. He recovered, but similar attacks followed. By a skillful operation Dr. Barnard succeeded in extracting from the lower part of the bowel a small apple stem.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Lawyer Priest.

Padre C. Garcia, the priest for this end of the peninsula, while in the city on this trip has made inquiries as to what would be required to admit him to the San Diego bar. He mastered law in Guadalajara while at his ecclesiastical studies, and was admitted there, practicing for a time in interior Mexico before coming to the coast. He learned that the courtesy could be extended to him on presentation of his certificate from Mexico, which he will have forwarded. The padre does not expect to practice here, but desires the honor of admission.—San Diego Union.

Photographs in Hospitals.

The telephone has for some time been used in various hospitals as a means of communication between patients who were suffering from infectious diseases and their visiting friends. It is now proposed that the photograph be brought into the hospital for the entertainment of the patients, and it is argued that a photograph in a ward, with a large and constantly renewed supply of cylinders, would be a source of amusement and pleasure to the patients, which would admirably supplement the hospital treatment.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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A TWICE TOLD TALE!

The wise man selecteth the "Burlington route" and therefore starteth aright. He arrayeth himself in purple and fine linen, for lo, and behold, he is snugly ensconced in a "lower center" on the famous vestibuled flyer, where smoke and dust are never known. He provideth himself with a book from the generous library near at hand, adjusteth his traveling cap, and proceedeth to pass a day of unalloyed pleasure and contentment. And it came to pass, being hungry and athirst, he steppeth into the dining car, and by the beard of the prophet, 'twas a feast fit for the gods. Venison, Blue Points, Bergundy, frog legs, canvassbacks, Mum's extra dry, English plum pudding, fruits, nuts, ices, French coffee,—verily, the wise man warrath and while he lighteth a cigar, he taketh time to declare that the meal was "out of sight."

It cometh to the wise man that the country through which he journeyed was one of wondrous beauty, inasmuch that it was with deep regret he noted the nightly shadows fall. However, tenfold joy returned as he beheld the brilliantly lighted car, and the merry company it contained. Verily, it afforded a view of Elysium.

The wise man retireth to rest. Deliciously unconcerned, he sleeps the sleep of the righteous and awakes much refreshed. His train is on time, his journey ended. He rejoiceth with exceeding great joy, as he holds a return ticket by the same route, the "Great Burlington."

MORAL: Travel by the Burlington Route

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