

**TALMAGE'S SERMON.**

**HE PREACHES TO THE NEWSPAPER PROFESSION.**

And Incidentally Tells About the Good Papers in the Country Towns and Cities, and the Wicked Papers of the Greater Cities.

Express, rail train and telegraphic communication are suggested if not foretold in this text, and from it I start to preach a sermon in gratitude to God and the newspaper press for the fact that I have had the opportunity of delivering through the newspaper press two thousand sermons or religious addresses, so that I have for many years been allowed the privilege of preaching the gospel every week to every neighborhood in Christendom, and in many lands outside of Christendom. Many have wondered at the process by which it has come to pass, and for the first time in public place I state the three causes. Many years ago, a young man who has since become eminent in his profession, was then studying law in a distant city. He came to me, and said that for lack of funds he must stop his studying, unless through stenography I would give him sketches of sermons, that he might by the sale of them secure means for the completion of his education. I positively declined, because it seemed to me an impossibility, but after some months had passed, and I had reflected upon the great sadness for such a brilliant young man to be defeated in his ambition for the legal profession, I undertook to serve him; of course, free of charge. Within three weeks there came a request for those stenographic reports from many parts of the continent. Time passed on, and some gentlemen of my own profession, evidently thinking that there was hardly a man for them and for myself in this continent began to assail me, and became so violent in their assault that the chief newspapers of America put special correspondents in my church Sabbath by Sabbath to take down such reply as I might make. I never made reply, except once for about three minutes, but those correspondents could not waste their time and so they telegraphed the sermons to their particular papers. After awhile, Dr. Louis Klopsch of New York systemized the work into a syndicate until through that and other syndicates he has put the discourses week by week before more than twenty million people on both sides of the sea. There have been so many guests on this subject, many of them inaccurate, that I now tell the true story. I have not improved the opportunity as I ought, but I feel the time has come when as a matter of common justice to the newspaper press that I should make this statement in a sermon commemorative of the two thousandth full publication of sermons, and religious addresses, saying nothing of fragmentary reports, which would run up into many thousands more.

There was one incident that I might mention in this connection, showing how one insignificant event might influence us for a lifetime. Many years ago on a Sabbath morning on my way to church in Brooklyn, a representative of a prominent newspaper met me and said: "Are you going to give us any points today?" I said, "What do you mean by 'points'?" He replied, "Anything we can remember." I said to myself, "We ought to be making 'points' all the time in our pulpits and not deal in platitudes and inanities." That one interrogation put to me that morning started in me the desire of making points all the time and nothing but points.

And now, how can I more appropriately commemorate the two thousandth publication than by speaking of the newspaper press as an ally of the pulpit, and mentioning some of the trials of newspaper men.

The newspaper is the great educator of the nineteenth century. There is no force compared with it. It is book, pulpit, platform, forum, all in one. And there is not an interest—religious, literary, commercial, scientific, agricultural or mechanical—that is not within its grasp. All our churches and schools and colleges and asylums and art galleries feel the quaking of the printing press.

The institution of newspapers arose in Italy. In Venice the first newspaper was published, and monthly, during the time Venice was warring against Soliman the Second in Dalmatia, it was printed for the purpose of giving military and commercial information to the Venetians. The first newspaper published in England was in 1588, and called the English Mercury. Who can estimate the political, scientific, commercial and religious revolutions roused up in England for many years past by the press?

The first attempt at this institution in France was in 1621, by a physician, who published the News, for the amusement and health of his patients. The French nation understood fully how to appreciate this power. So early as in 1820 there was in Paris 160 Journals. But in the United States the newspaper has come to unlimited sway. Though in 1775 there were but thirty-seven in the whole country, the number of published journals is now counted by thousands; and today we may as well acknowledge it as not—the religious and secular newspapers are the great educators of the country.

But alas! through what struggle the newspaper has come to its present development. Just as soon as it began to demonstrate its power, superstition and tyranny shackled it. There is nothing that despotism so much fears and hates as the printing press. A great

writer in the south of Europe declared that the King of Naples had made it unsafe for him to write on any subject save national history. Austria could not bear Kossuth's journalistic pen leading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I., wanting to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said that the newspaper was the regent of kings, and the only safe place to keep an editor was in prison. But the great battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court rooms of England and the United States before this century began, when Hamilton made his great speech in behalf of the freedom of J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America, and when Erskine made his great speech in behalf of the freedom to publish Paine's "Rights of Man" in England. Those were the Marathon and the Thermopylae where the battle was fought which decided the freedom of the press in England and America, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put upon the printing press the handcuffs and the hoppers of literary and political despotism. It is remarkable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, also wrote these words: "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers, and newspapers without a government, I would prefer the latter." Stung by some new fabrication in print, we come to write or speak about an "unbridled printing press." Our new book ground up in unjust criticism, we come to write or speak about the "unfair printing press." Perhaps through our own indistinctness of utterance we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semicolons and hyphens and commas, and we come to write or talk about the "blundering printing press," or we take up a newspaper full of social scandal and of cases of divorce, and we write or talk about an "filthy, scurrilous printing press." But this morning I ask you to consider the immeasurable and everlasting blessing of a good newspaper.

I find no difficulty in accounting for the world's advance. What has made the change? "Books," you say. No, sir! The vast majority of citizens do not read books. Take this audience, or any other promiscuous assemblage, and how many histories have they read? How many treatises on constitutional law or political economy, or works of science? How many elaborate poems or books of travel? Not many. In the United States the people would not average one such book a year for each individual! Whence, then, this intelligence, this capacity to talk about all themes, secular and religious; this acquaintance with science and art; this power to appreciate the beautiful and grand? Next to the Bible, the newspaper, swift-winged and everywhere present, flying over the fence, shoved under the door, tossed into the counting house, laid on the work bench, hawked through the cars! All read it; white and black, German, Irishman, Swiss, Spaniards, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday and week day. I now declare that I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which the gospel is to be preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, heaven rejoiced, and God glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, "Lazarus, come forth!" and to the retreating surges of darkness, "Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers, professing no more than secular information, there have appeared during the past thirty years some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion, and some of the most effective interpretations of God's government among the nations. . . .

One of the great trials of the newspaper profession is the fact that they are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day by day, go the weakness of the world, the vanities that want to be puffed, the revenges that want to be wreaked, all the mistakes that want to be corrected, all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent, all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns in order to save the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who never were right, all the crack-brained philosophers, with story as long as their hair and as gloomy as their finger-nails, all the itinerant hores who come to stay five minutes and stop an hour. From the editorial and reportorial rooms all the follies and shams of the world are seen day by day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man, nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in your profession there are some skeptical men. I only wonder that you believe anything. Unless an editor or a reporter has in his present or in his early home a model of earnest character, or he throw himself upon the upholding grace of God, he may make temporal and eternal shipwreck.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is the diseased appetite for unhealthy intelligence. You blame the newspaper press for giving such prominence to murders and scandals. Do you suppose that so many papers would give prominence to these things if the people did not demand them? If I go into the meat market of a foreign city and I find that the butchers hang up on the most conspicuous hooks meat that is tainted, while the meat that is fresh and savory is put away without any special care, I come to the conclusion that the people of that city have tainted meat. You know very well that if the great mass of people in this country get

hold of a newspaper, and there are in it no runaway matches, no broken-up families, no defamation of men in high position, they pronounce the paper insipid. They say, "It is shockingly dull tonight." I believe it is one of the trials of the newspaper press, that the people of this country demand moral slush instead of healthy and intellectual food. Now, you are a respectable man, an intelligent man, and a paper comes into your hand. You open it, and there are three columns of splendidly written editorial, recommending some moral sentiment, or evolving some scientific theory. In the next column there is a miserable, contemptible divorce case. Which do you read first? You dip into the editorial long enough to say, "Well, that's very ably written," and you read the divorce case from the "long primer" type at the top to the "nonpareil" type at the bottom, and then you ask your wife if she has read it! Oh, it is only a case of supply and demand! Newspaper men are not fools. They know what you want, and they give it to you. I believe that if the church and the world bought nothing but pure, honest, healthful newspapers, nothing but pure, honest and healthful newspapers would be published. If you should gather all the editors and the reporters of this country in one great convention, and ask of them what kind of a paper they would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say, "We would prefer to publish an elevating paper." So long as there is an iniquitous demand, there will be an iniquitous supply. I make no apology for a debauched newspaper, but I am saying these things in order to divide the responsibility between those who print and those who read.

Another trial of this profession is the fact, no one seems to care for their souls. They feel bitterly about it, though they laugh. People sometimes laugh the loudest when they feel the worst. They are expected to gather up religious proceedings, and to discuss religious doctrines in the editorial columns, but who expects them to be saved by the sermons they stenograph, or by the doctrines they discuss in the editorial columns? The world looks upon them as professional. Who preaches to reporters and editors? Some of them came from religious homes, and when they left the parental roof, who ever regarded or disregarded, they came off with a father's benediction and a mother's prayer. They never think of those good old times but tears come into their eyes, and they move through these great cities homesick. Oh, if they only knew what a helpful thing it is for a man to put his weary head down on the bosom of a sympathetic Christ! He knows how nervous and tired you are. He has a heart large enough to take in all your interests for this world and the next. Oh, men of the newspaper press, you sometimes get sick of this world, it seems so hollow and unsatisfying. If there are any people in all the earth that need God, you are the men, and you shall have him, if only this day you implore his mercy.

A man was found at the foot of Canal street, New York. As they picked him up from the water and brought him to the morgue, they saw by the contour of his forehead that he had great mental capacity. He had entered the newspaper profession. He had gone down in health. He took to artificial stimulus. He went down further, and further, until one summer day, hot and hungry, and sick, and in despair, he flung himself off the dock. They found in his pocket a reporter's pad, a lead pencil, a photograph of some one who had loved him long ago. Death, as sometimes it will, smoothed out all the wrinkles that had gathered prematurely on his brow, and as he lay there his face was as fair as when, seven years before, he left his country home, and they bade him good-bye forever. The world looked through the window of the morgue, and said, "It's nothing but an outcast," but God said it was a gigantic soul that perished, because the world gave him no chance.

Let me ask all men connected with the printing press that they help us more and more in the effort to make the world better. I charge you in the name of God, before whom you must account for the tremendous influence you hold in this country, to consecrate yourselves to higher endeavors. You are the men to fight back this invasion of corrupt literature. Lift up your right hand and swear new allegiance to the cause of philanthropy and religion. And when, at last, standing on the plains of judgment, you look out upon the unnumbered throngs over whom you have had influence, may it be found that you were amongst the mightiest energies that lifted men upon the exalted pathway that leads to the renown of heaven. Better than to have sat in the editorial chair, from which, with the finger of type, you decided the destinies of empires, but decided them wrong, that you had been some dungeoned exile, who, by the light of window iron-grated, on scraps of a New Testament leaf, picked up from the earth spelled out the story of Him who taketh away the sins of the world. In eternity, Dives in the Beggar! Well, my friends, we will all soon get through writing and printing and proof-reading and publishing. What then? Our life is a book. Our years are the chapters. Our months are the paragraphs. Our days are the sentences. Our doubts are the interrogation points. Our imitation of others the quotation marks. Our attempts at display a dash. Death the period. Eternity the peroration. O God, where will we spend it?

A thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness has.—Carlyle. Truth and facts always agree. Error and lies are associates.

**FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

**SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.**

**Liberty—A Fable—The Eternal Struggle Within Between Wrong and Right—An Unfortunate Interruption—A Child's Adventure.**

**Rock Me to Sleep.**  
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child again just for to-night: Mother, come back from the echoes of shore, Take me again to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair; Over my slumbers your loving watch keep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years! I am so weary of toil and of tears— Toll without recompense, tears all in vain— Take them, and give me my childhood again! I have grown weary of dust and decay— Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away; Weary of sowing for others to reap— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you! Many a summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and faded, our faces between; Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain, Long I to-night for your presence again. Come from the silence so long and so deep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over your heart, in the days that are flown, No love like mother-love ever has shone; No other worship abides and endures— Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours: None like a mother can charm away pain From the sick soul and the world-weary brain, Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders again as of old. Let it drop over my forehead to-night, Shading my faint eyes away from the light; For with its sunny-edged shadows once more Happily will through the sweet visions of youth, Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

**Liberty—A Fable.**  
(By M. M.)

Once upon a time there lived, in the land of Freedom, a great and good man, named Right Rule. He had in his service one, Weak Will, who was claimed as a slave by his neighbor, Evil Passions. The strife had been long between them, but Right Rule being the stronger, Evil Passions had been forced to retreat, but not to give up.

He retired to his castle in a rage, and called his slaves. He told them, with curses, that if they did not get the man, Weak Will, for him their heads should be cut off.

One after another tried, but the castle of Right Rule was so strong that it resisted all their efforts.

At last, License, twin brother of Liberty, the king of the country, whom he much resembled in feature, though not in character, offered his service to Evil Passions, for the work in which his servants had failed.

"If thou wilt indeed overcome Right Rule, and put Weak Will into my power, I will help thee in whatsoever thou dost wish," said Evil Passions.

Now, this pleased License greatly, for he had long been secretly plotting to gain the throne of his brother, and Evil Passions, with his multitudes of slaves, would be a great aid to him in carrying out his desires.

Accordingly, he arrayed himself in royal garments, called his servants, and set out in state for the castle of Right Rule, who, when he saw him coming, thinking it was Liberty, ordered the gates to be flung wide, and everything in readiness to welcome his lord and master.

License greeted him with all the dignity and condescension due to his assumed rank, then inquired why he had so far violated his commands as to keep slaves in his service.

"Nay, my lord," said Right Rule, "I meant no offense. My servants stay with me from year to year, I know, for they do not wish to change masters. And I keep a strong watch on the walls, for there be many unprincipled men who would carry them away by force and make slaves of them. But I pay them their wages regularly and they can go at any time that they really wish."

"Nay, but you should let your servants go freely to and from the castle and visit with the neighbors within its walls. You are really making slaves of them. Throw open the gates and call down thy watchmen, for thou art transgressing the law of the land."

"I will do even as thou dost command, my lord," said Right Rule.

Accordingly he threw open the gates, and called the watchmen from the towers, and that night when all was dark, Evil Passions stole in through the open gates, seized Weak Will, bound him hand and foot and cast

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.**

**LESSON IX., FEB. 27—MATT. 11: 20-30—TIMELY WARNING.**

**Golden Text: "Come Unto Me All Ye That Labor and Are Heavy Laden, and I Will Give Ye Rest"—Matt 11:28.**

The section included Chap. 11: 20-30—the delegation from the imprisoned John the Baptist and the discourses that grew out of it.

"Place in the Life of Christ.—Just beyond the middle of his second year. After the sermon on the Mount, New notes for entering the kingdom of heaven.

"Time.—Latter part of the summer of A. D. 28. Place.—Galilee, probably in the vicinity of the cities on the shore of the lake.

John the Baptist in prison at Macherus since March, A. D. 28.

Rulers.—Tiberius Caesar, emperor of Rome. Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea (3d year).

We go back a little in time from our last lesson, but with the purpose apparently of tracing to its beginning a new thread in the method of Jesus' preaching, which, like a brook among the mountains, broadens in its flow as the history moves on.

After a proclamation of the kingdom, and the call to repentance, there is now heard a note of warning and of judgment. "From this time onward these warnings grow more and more terrible to the close of the ministry. Luke 11: 29-34; 13: 1-5; 16: 15, and their strongest and most terrible expression in Matt., Chap. 23.—Abbott. But at this time, mercy, rather than wrath, is the note. "Then began he." He had not done this before. He began to urge a new motive. "To uphold." Not abuse, or scold, but rebuke, blame, including both "pitiful grief and indignation." "Wherein is his mighty works." One of the six names given to miracles in the New Testament. It is commonly translated "miracles."

"Wee unto thee, thou a wishing of woe to them, but a statement of the fact that we must come to them, doing as they did. "Chorazin." The site of this city is uncertain, but it was probably at Kerash, two miles from Tell Hum, the probable site of Capernaum, a little way from the Sea of Galilee. "Bethsaida" (House of Fish) was situated on both sides of the mouth of the Jordan where it enters the Sea of Galilee. It was the birthplace of Simon Peter, Andrew, and Philip.

"22. "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you." "The Tyrians and Sidonians, inexcusable and guilty, are not so condemned, therefore, on the great day of judgment will not be so severe as yours."—Morison.

"23. "And thou, Capernaum, which are exalted, shalt thou be exalted unto heaven? Do you expect, on account of your exalted privileges, whatever you do with them, that you will be high in the kingdom of heaven, honored, prospered, a capital city? Do you, the inhabitants, expect that you shall have the highest enjoyment and all the blessings of heaven, without regard to your character, because I have done so many wonderful works among you? "Shall be brought down to hell." To nades, the abode of the dead; that is, shall be utterly destroyed.

"25. "Jesus answered" the unspoken questions that would arise. "I thank thee." Rather, "I assent to thee." "I cordially concur and approve." "O Father." And therefore loving and good, full of tender mercies. "Lord of heaven and earth." And therefore able to do all that love and goodness deem wise, and with a right to act according to his sovereign will.

"27. "All things are delivered unto me of (my) my Father." Christ had control of all things, and could and would do what was best. It was not for want of goodness or power that things were not done differently. Jesus held the helm of the ship of Zion, and would guide it safely to the desired haven, in spite of tempests, or darkness, or rocks.

"28. "Come unto me." To where he was, to his person, his heart, to his character, his method of living his kingdom. It is only there that the blessing can be found. It is a personal invitation. "All ye that labor." Struggling under too heavy burdens, moving with difficulty and pain, as a ship is said to labor, when badly ballasted, or a stormy sea. "And are heavy laden." Heavy laden here means overstrained with too much load to be carried. No one can mistake the almost violent force of such a figure, who has even noted, "How the cruelty of people in Eastern countries leads them to pile on burdens, to such an extent that their ill-favored animals can often be seen pitiably staggering under a weight quite unendurable.—Robinson. "The burdens are our sins, our bad habits, cares, sorrows, remorse for the past, fears for the future, anxieties, losses, sickness, disappointments, inability to find work, debts, business cares, and all the other things that make life a burden. It is often the burden of self-consciousness. . . . "And I." The emphasis is on the "I." No other can give the needed rest. "Will give you rest." Not by taking away all burdens, but giving the right burden. For "my burden is light." Christ's burden is one of duty, of self-denial, of labor for him of the cares that are needful for our best character and development. It is a burden of faith when we cannot see. It is the burden of love and gratitude. And it is infinitely light compared with the other burden. There is no real rest without some burden.

**A Child's Lively Adventure.**

The Chicago Record reports a pretty lively adventure which befell a five-year-old Iowa boy last summer. He had gone out to the wheat field where his father was driving the harvester, and begged to be taken up on the high seat by his father's side. The harvester was one of those wonderful labor-saving machines of which farmers use so many in these days. It cut the wheat, swept it into sheaves, bound them, and tossed them aside. For a time all this was very interesting to the little fellow. Then he grew tired of sitting still, and began to squirm, and before the father knew what was going on, the boy had tumbled off.

He screamed as he found himself going; but before the horses could be stopped the machinery had caught him, rolled him up in a bundle of wheat, bound him about the legs and the neck with twine, and there he lay on the ground.

He was not hurt. A little skin had been scraped from one of his shoulders, and he was, or thought he was, almost choked. That was all; but he was very much frightened.

**A Magic Square.**

Here is a block of four numbers each way, which has the remarkable peculiarity of adding up to thirty-four in sixteen different ways:

Add up from right to left, four times or ways; add up from bottom to top, four times or ways; add up diagonally, two times or ways; add up the four corners one time or way; add up the four nearest each corner, four times or ways; add up the four nearest the

1	15	14	4
8	10	11	5
12	6	7	9
13	3	2	16

center, one time or way; thus you get the numbers from 1 to 16 to add thirty-four in sixteen different ways.

**The Seven Wonders of Corea.**

1. The wonderful curative springs of Rin Shantana.
- 2 and 3. The two wells at the extreme of the peninsula; one bitter, the other sweet.
4. A cold cave from which blows a wind so strong that a man cannot stand against it.
5. An indestructible pine forest.
6. A stone on a hilltop which glows with heat.
7. An idol of Buddha which sweats and which stands in a temple where grass will not grow.

**Brain Weight of Men and Women.**

Sir William Turner shows that among civilized races men have the advantage over women in capacity of the cranium, and in weight of the brain itself. While the average brain weight of the European male is from 49 ounces to 53 ounces, in the female it is only from 44 to 45 ounces. The difference in size and weight begins at birth. Nor is the inequality confined to European races. It is observable among savages, though in a lesser degree. Man is not only the larger and stronger animal, but is fitted with a large and more powerful supply of brains.

**FLOATING PARAGRAPHS.**

The waters of the Grand Falls of Labrador have excavated a chasm thirty miles long.

Strasburg University students have combined in a resolution to drink no beer except in the afternoon and evening.

The Japanese cite 269 color varieties of the chrysanthemum, of which 63 are yellow, 87 white, 32 purple, 30 red, 31 pale pink, 12 russet, and 14 of mixed colors.

In some parts of New Zealand orange-growing is a very profitable industry. Sometimes the crop from an acre of trees amounts in value to more than \$1,000.

A proposal has been made by M. Gabriel Vland, a French chemist, to obtain easily assimilable iron tonics from vegetables by feeding the plants judiciously with iron fertilizers.

**ITEMS OF INTEREST.**

The Methodist Episcopal Church South has in its general conference equal lay and ministerial representation.

A mother who will deliberately admit that some other baby is as smart as hers is not to be trusted.—Athenian Globe.

A Kentucky citizen has just written to his senator, asking for a copy of every document issued by the government since it began its existence.