TALMAGE'S SERMON.

OPENING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

He Likens It to a "Morning Without Clouds" — Wonderful Things to Be Achieved Through the Grace of God —Lessening the Burdens.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Jan. 6.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage tells something of what he expects the next hundred years will achieve and declares that the outlook is most inspiring, text, II Samuel xxiii, 4 "A morning without clouds."

"What do you expect of this new century?" is the question often asked of me, and many others have been piled with the same inquiry. In the realm of invention I expect something astounding as the telegraph and the telephone and the X ray. In the realm of poetry I expect as great poets as Longfellow and Tennyson. In the realm of medicine I expect the cure of cancer and consumption. In the realm of religion I expect more than Pentecost like that of 1857, when 50,000 souls professed to have been converted. I expect that universal peace will reign and that before the arrival of the last thousand in our geography will be a day of universal rest for disabled soldiers in poverty and sickness. I expect that before this new century has expired the millennium will be fully inaugurated. The twentieth century will be as much an improvement on the nineteenth as the nineteenth on the eighteenth century, and the eighteenth century on the eighteenth. But the conventional length of sermonic discourse will allow us only time for one hopeful consideration and that will be the redemption of the cities.

Civic Pride Commendable.

I hope not of that a man never lived in a city where he has not believed it. People seldom have any pride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Arcadians and Rhodes and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I pondered right away that Homer behaved well. He hid them, and they liked him. We need more of that laudable city pride or with the idea of building ourselves up at any time to try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil hall and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its independence hall and its mint and its great college. New York must continue to exult in its matchless harbor and its vast population and its institutions of mercy, and its ever widening commerce. Washington must continue to rejoice in the fact that it is the most beautiful city under the sun.

If I should find a man coming from any city having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking him right away "What mean ye these stones you been doing there? What outrageous thing have you been doing that you do not like the place?"

Good Overbalances Evil.

I know there are sorrows and there are sins and there are sufferings all around about us, but as in some bitter cold winter day when we are thrashing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing we think of the warm spring day that will after awhile come, or in the dark winter night we look up and we see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illumined by some great victory, just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth or an angel in heaven or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know it just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. The nation is to be saved, of course, all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat or toiling on toward a victory.

Lessening the Burdens.

In that day of which I speak taxes will be a mere nothing. Now our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, state taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the bond of the villains who are in carceration in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through beastly indulgence. We have to support the municipal governments which are expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who supports the almshouses and police stations and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals. There will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of moneys for some municipal improvement, which moneys before they get to the improvement slide into the pockets of those who voted them. No oyster and terrapin kept up at vast expense to the people. No impounding of juries to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail. Porter factories, grander architectural finer equipage, larger fortunes, richer opulence—a morning without clouds.

Churches Not Large Enough.

In our great cities the churches are not today large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States today is not 400. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshipers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded, they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing times that nobody knows.

Now, in that day of indolent yawning they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep.

In many of the churches of Christ in our day the music is simply a mockery. I have not a activated ear nor a cultivated one, but the man with the ear singing for his life has nothing to say about artistic music. The $2 or $3 day to hear one of the great queens of song is a good investment. But what the people want in religious conversation and in the music of the sanctuary is something that will come from the heart and go to the heart. I would prefer the hearty, shouting music of a Methodist camp meeting.

Praising God in Song.

Let one hundred Italian travelling famishes come in church and up before the throne of God and let them sing the song and the great doxologies of the redeemed? Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the choirs of Christ get many hours the start, will be caught and past by the hosanna of the Sabbath school children. I know a church where the choir did all that they could to put down some Christian man who, through performance of the saints, went right on, and afterward a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please to stop singing, as it bothered the choir.

"Let the saints earth to sing
Who need the care of the heavenly King
Silenced, poor souls, by our tuneless tongues."

"Praise ye the Lord, let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities and in the world hosanna will meet hosanna and hallelujah hallelujah.

The Machinery of Love.

He goes on and gives plans of the machinery by which this work is to be done, and he says he only needs at the start a company in which the shares shall be $100 each, and a hundred or two hundred thousand shall be raised just to make a specimen community, and then this being formed, the world will see its practicability, and very soon $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 can be obtained, and in ten years the whole earth will be regenerated. The plan is not so preposterous as some I have heard of, but I will take no stock in that company. I do not believe it will ever be done in that way by any mechanical force or by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is to be by the gospel of the Son of God, the omnipotent machinery of love and prayer and pardon and salvation. That is to emancipate the nations. Archimedes destroyed a fleet of ships coming up the bay of Syracuse, you know, by the lifted glass which he had in his hand, and when the fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syracuse he brought to bear his sun glass, and he converged the sun's rays upon those ships. Now, the sails and wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink, and my friends, by the sun glass of the gospel converging the rays of the Sun of Righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world, we will make them blaze and explode.

God's Omnipotent Love.

God's love will yet bring back this ruined world to holiness and happiness. An infinite Father bends over it in sympathy. And to the orphan he will be a father, and to the widow he will be a husband, and to the outcast he will be a home, and to the poorest wretch that today crawls out of the ditch of his abominations, crying for mercy, he will be an all pardoning God. The rocks will turn gray with age, the forests will be unmossed by the hurricane, the sun will shut itself, the stars will drop, the moon will be turned into blood, and the sea will become as a mirror, and the heavens will be as a scroll, but God's love will never change. It will have come. It will be the last one after all others have been swept away. It will be the last one when the house of a conquering world will sink while the triumphal trumpets and the air is filled with the crash of breaking sepulchers and the rush of the wings of the rising dead. Oh, commend that love to all the cities until the morning without clouds will come.

Like a Hopeless Task.

I know that sometimes it seems a hopeless task to work on in different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith and say "It does not amount to anything. You might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red sea it did not seem to do anything especially. People came out I suppose, and said, "Ahal" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He waited the sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea. But all while the wind blew all night from the east and the waters were gathered and into a glittering palisade on either side, and the billows reared as God pulled back on their crystal walls. Why, into line, O Israel! Move right! Pearls crashed under feet! Flying spray gathers into rainbows arches of hope for the conquerors! So much under the shout of hosts amid the sea. And when the last line of the Israelites reach the beach the cymbals clap, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.

So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and they stretch their hand over the sea, the boiling sea of crime and sin and wretchedness. It doesn't amount to anything," people say. Doesn't it? God's winds of help will after awhile begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian beauty, and we will be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us and decided us and tried to destroy us will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be just high waves upon the beach, and the sea will be stained of a crimson tint from the foam the breathless hosts of sin rise charger.

SUN WARDS.

Hospitals Which Are Applying Solar a in Every Dullings.

The idea of using the sun's rays as a powerfully healing influence has been pushed to a new point by the building of a well-appointed hospital. In the plans of new hospitals that appear to be up to date there is a tendency to be up to date in the matter of sun rooms, and it is well and to keep up with the advances of medical science many of the old hospitals are attaching solaria to their buildings. The sun ward is easily built. It may be of conifer on the south side of the building, having its windows, pillars and seats so adjusted as to let in the sun's rays. The sun ward "Nature's Nurse" A good plan is to build a sun ward with metal roof, so that the sun's rays may extend to the full height of the main structure. With this arrangement each floor will have the advantages of a sun ward. The means of ventilation should be perfect, and the heating arrangements adequate for the sun bath is just as practicable and useful on bright, winter days as on sunny days of summer. If the outlook from the windows of the sun ward be pleasant if the landscape be diversified with hills, trees, groves, lawns, fields or a lake, so far as the sick are concerned so much the better. Unfortunately for some invalids, the only view from their hospitals is limited by walls, brick and tiles. It is not, however, out of the question the direction of the going, so that wherever possible, abundance of full and very cheap commodity should be utilized for therapeutic effects.

WANT TO VOTE.

Movement in England Looking Toward General Female Suffrage.

Our women are not determined as ever, if not more so, to have their rightful votes. In war times domestic reforms must wait, and among them woman suffrage. But there is no reason why the interval should not be utilized for consolidation and preparation for possible action when war is behind us and the time crisis aloud for the reformation of old scandals. This is what the woman suffrage people have been doing. Once upon a time the movement was single and solid. Then came the home rule split, and the union, protecting their independence from the house of lords and the popular party in the house of commons, after the yeoman service done by women on the vestries, their spirit has been stirred and they are in earnest. Meantime practice in voting for local offices is training women for greater things.

Good-By to the Train Boy.

Good-by to the train boy. On January 1, 1901, on two important American railroad systems, the experiment, inaugurated three centuries, of executing from their cars all peddling of popcorn, peanuts, apples, newspapers, cameras, cameras, magazines and magic lanterns. Good-by to the train boy. Good-by to the train boy. Good-by to the train boy