A WORD OF MIGHT.

Great Meaning Contained in Text of Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

It Composed of But Four Letters But Is the Queen of Words—Solace of Christian Faith—Two Things to Believe.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls all people to gladness and opens all the doors of expectancy; texts, Genesis vi., 16, "Come;" Revelations xxii., 17, "Come."

Imperial, tender and all persuasive is the word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times it is found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the postdiluvians of all later ages into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empties 10,000 rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts, and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglios of sin, from the gates of Heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accordant of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and prodigate. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad.

To-day I weigh anchor and haul in the planks and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the farther shore. I will let down the fathoming line into this sea and try to measure its depths, and, though I tie together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word, "Come." The dictatorial and commendatory in religion are of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coaxed, but they cannot be driven. Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our doors would find the assailant in prison. The theological seminaries, which keep young men three years in their institutions before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in that time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with proper emphasis and intonation, if they never use that one word, "Come," most men who has such a mission in Christian work and that work who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right must go through a series of temptations, persecutions and trials of 20 or 30 years before they can make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

You remember that in many cases "Come" has a mightier effect before it has any effect. Give me the accounts or statistics of how many have been ruined, in drunkenness, in impurity or in crime, and I will give you the number or statistics of how many have been slain by the wine cup and click wine glasses at this ivory bar." "Come, let us see what we can win at the gaming table." "Come enter the theatrical speculation!" "Come and read those infidel books against Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay bout through the underground life of the city." In this city there are 20,000 who are lost in moral character, who are under the power of the worst passions." I was reading of a man who had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said: "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a ragged and battered man drivelling in the corner of the barroom, said: "There he is. Jim, wake up! Here's your wife come for you." The woman said: "Do you call that a husband?" What have you done with him? Is that the man, is that the clear eye, is that the pearl, that I married? What have you given my husband into a fiend? Look at him! Look off of him. Look at the fields of evil you are ploughing him. Give me back the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give back to me." Victim was many millions of others have cried out "Come!"

Well, all the world over this word for good as well as for evil, and in all the five continents and in the islands thereof—yea, it will echo from earth back to God from whom it has wandered. It is the most persuasive word that ever came to give up their sins. Has ever brought into the church by an ebullition of sentiment infidelity? Was the blasphemer stopped in his career of blasphemy? Was the drunkard weaned from his cup by a temperance lecturer's tottering step and hiccough? Was it "Come with me to church to-day and hear our singing;" "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire;" "Come with me into associations that are cheerful and good and inspiring;" "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced."

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you today. Are you right with God? "No," you say, "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of Him; I fear I will not be ready to meet Him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come, then, and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the farther off you are and the deeper you are down. Strike out for Heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Princess Alice, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out: "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God that I am not thus limited and that I can promise room for all in this Gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in Heaven.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world, the prosperities or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others the envies and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a goal of success; one reaches it, and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of their wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects. On the other hand, the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after awhile for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business and the uncertainty of crops and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike and here and there a panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands of such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unhonored.

What we all need, whether up or down in life or half way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with the needle or saw or ax or yardstick or pen or type or shovel or shoe last, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency, no one need be left in the lurch.

But the word "Come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this Gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and have been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive to-day and in good health and buoyant in this journey of life who would have been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say, "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences and say: "Come!"

What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to condole! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in a snowstorm on a prairie of the far west. Night was coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh, and he said: "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses; but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and, as is the tendency of those who are confused in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round, for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out or be strong enough to lead others with an all-persuasive invitation.

"But," says some one, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come,' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets and at last through the culmination of all the tragedies on Golgotha, can anyone think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son and lay out parks white with statues and green with foliage and all a-sparkle with fountains and then not allow his son to live in the house or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of Gospel mercy and will He then refuse entrance to His children? Will a government at great expense build life saving stations all along the coast and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge and then, when the lifeboat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing, not allow the drowning to seize the life line or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of His only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt that I am kept back." No, no! You need believe but two things—namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of those things." Do you really believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death into life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet down hard, and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages. I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the Gospel and did not get it. Man alive, are you going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a Gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No, no!

As the one word "Come" has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then send down in an avalanche of power many of these Gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Come, for all things are now ready." "Come with us, and we will do you good." "Come and see." "The Spirit and the bride say 'Come,' and let him that heareth say 'Come,' and let him that is athirst come." The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned and rightly lifted and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all Heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky, saying: "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting: "Come!" Yea, all the towers of Heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming: "Come! Come!" Pardon for all and peace for all and Heaven for all who will come.

When Russia was in one of her great wars the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army, shouting: "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked: "Who says peace?" And the sick man turned on his hospital mattress and asked: "Who says peace?" and all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question: "Who says peace?" Then the messenger responded: "The czar says peace." That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So to-day, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry: "Peace between earth and Heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "Who says peace?" I answer: "Christ our King declares it." "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding!" "Everlasting peace!"

THE WORLD OF ART.

G. F. Watts, the painter, has, like Sargeant, been lately trying his hand at sculpture and has almost completed a large statue of Tennyson.

A bust of Dr. G. Armauer Hanson, the discoverer of leprosy bacillus, was unveiled recently by Prof. Visdal in the garden of the museum at Bergen in the presence of many Norwegians and foreign medical men.

The Paris Chronique des Arts announces that the art school maintained at Athens by France will hereafter be open to foreigners recommended by their respective governments and approved by the director of the school.

Berlin is to erect in the Thiergartenstrasse a monument to Richard Wagner for which 62 sculptors and architects have sent in designs. Ten of these have been selected as worthy of elaboration. The final award will be made in May next.

CROSS-CURRENTS.

There are three telephone circuits between New York and Atlanta.

Motor cars of a designedly heavy build are to replace a railway projected in the Congo Free State.

An electrical apparatus is now used by the United States department of agriculture to determine the characteristic of all soils.

Nicola Tesla has purchased 200 acres of land on Long Island sound, and will erect the largest building of its kind in the world to experiment with wireless messages.

Sweden spends $15,000,000 a year in coal and has 2,000,000 to 4,000,000 electrical horse power going to waste. The government is thinking about utilizing some of it.

STARTLING FACTS ABOUT SUGAR.

As a good deal has recently appeared in print regarding the consumption of sugar, and as the importance of this article as a food, in which every individual is concerned, is apparently not sufficiently understood, the following facts and figures furnished to us by the well-known sugar statisticians, Messrs. Willett and Gray (91 Wall street, New York), who are the publishers of the weekly Statistical Sugar Trade Journal, must necessarily be of great interest to all our readers:

RAW SUGAR.

	Tons.	
Total consumption, U. S., 1900 (Willett and Gray)..2,219,847		
Add 6.34 per cent., average annual increase in consumption last 19 years...	140,738	
Consumption for 1901...2,360,585		
Of which:	Tons.	
Louisiana produces	350,000	
Beet (domestic) produces	150,000	
Hawaii (free) produces	350,000	
Porto Rico (free) produces	150,000	1,000,000
		1,360,585
Paying duty at an average of say $36 per ton.. (Equivalent to $40 per ton in Granulated.) (Price increased because of tariff, $36 per ton.)		$48,981,060
Total consumption, 2,360,585 tons @ $36.....		$84,981,060
Additional, people taxed annually and pay to provide the 49 millions for revenue		$36,000,000
Viz.:		
To Louisiana planters on 350,000 tons at $36 per ton.....		$12,600,000
To domestic beet planters on 150,000 tons at $36 per ton.....		5,400,000
To Hawaii planters on 350,000 tons at $36 per ton.....		12,600,000
To Porto Rico planters on 150,000 tons at $36 per ton.....		5,400,000
		$36,000,000

Remove duty and the whole $84,981,060 accrues to the public. On October 8, the quotation for Cuba Centrifugal sugar, 96 per cent. test, free on board Cuba, was 1.96 cents per pound, and the duty on same amounted to 1.685 cents per pound, which is equivalent to 86 per cent. ad valorem.

(Signed) WILLETT & GRAY.
91 Wall street, New York.

An apt quotation is as good as an original remark.—Johnson.

Unnecessary lying is not only wrong, but is extremely injudicious.—Puck.

Do not begin smoking, boys, and you will never have to quit.—Atchison Globe.

Appearances are not deceitful enough to suit some people.—Chicago Daily News.

People are quick enough to recognize the mantle of true greatness when it is a shroud.—Puck.

The man who has time to think of his troubles has entirely too much spare time on his hands.—Atchison Globe.

The "story" that sounds funny to you may not be funny to other people. Don't repeat it too often.—Atchison Globe.

All things come to him who waits, but they aren't nearly so valuable as those that come to him who works.—N. Y. Herald.

Gladys—"Ferdy's rich uncle is dead." Her Brother Jack—"Was it expected?" Gladys—"Oh, not at all. Why, only last week Ferdy asked me to marry him!"—London King.

Mrs. Guinnivoice—"I never have any trouble with baby. I've only to sing to him and he goes right off to sleep." Mrs. Phaser—"What a knowing child!"—Boston Transcript.

"What's the proper season for rabbits?" inquired the man who thought of going in for gunning. "Oh," replied the gourmet, "just a little pepper and salt, and a dash of sauce when the cheese is melted."—Philadelphia Press.

The Other Fellow.—Mrs. Grogan—"My, oh, my! Phwere did yez git th' black eye, Pat?" Grogan—"Oh, 'twas wan o' thim anarchistha thot had some wurds wid me an' Clancy." Mrs. Grogan—"O! the murderin', black-hearted, dirthy—" Grogan—"'Sh, darlint, don't sphake hard av the dead."—Philadelphia Press.

No Escape.

Mrs. Oldboy—Oh, you needn't talk, John. You were bound to have me. You can't say that I ever ran after you.

Oldboy—Very true, Mariah. And the trap never runs after the mouse, but it gathers him in all the same.—Baltimore American.

The New Fire Net

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"No, sir," exclaimed the loud-voiced drummer in the smoker, "I'm proud to say that no house in the country has more men pushing its line of goods than ours." "What do you sell?" asked a curious one. "Baby carriages."—Syracuse Herald.

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In the Far North.—"Hi!" yelled the walrus, "look out for that pot-hunter; he's after you!" "I don't give a wrap," replied the humorous seal, as he disappeared below the waves just in time.—Philadelphia Press.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

A Poser.—Elsie—"Mamma, were you ever a child?" Mamma—"Certainly, dear. All human beings were once children." Elsie—"Really? Well, who took care of the babies then?"—Philadelphia Press.

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When a man's honesty is only protected by a policy it will be held at a premium.—Ram's Horn.

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The things that "go without saying" are oftenest said.—Puck.

Affectation marks the absence of affection.—Ram's Horn.

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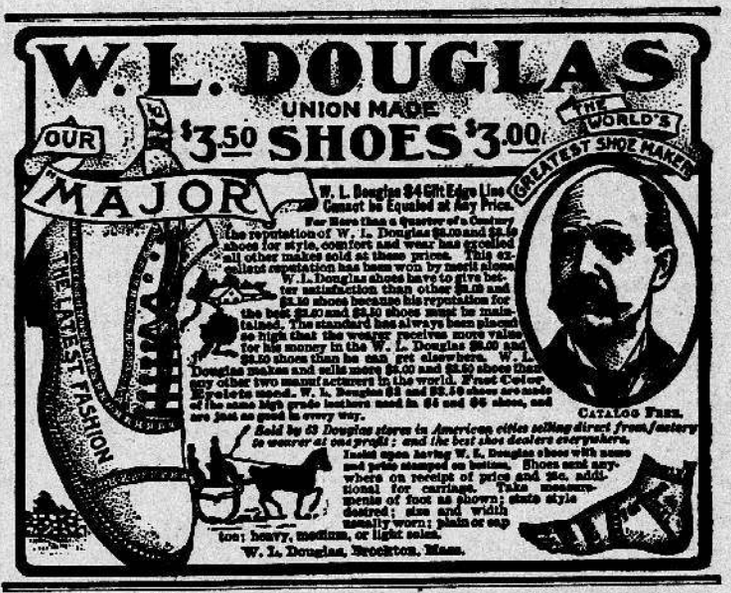

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