THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

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SOME GREAT EVENTS.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the World's Advancement.

Says It Is in the Right Direction—Present Time Wonderful for Disaster and Wonderful for Blessing.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.] Washington.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage recites some great events and shows that the world is advancing in the right direction; text, Joel 2:30: "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

Dr. Cumming—great and good man—would have told us the exact time of the fulfillment of this prophesy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris, just after the French had surrendered at Sedan, he said: "That is just what I have told you about France. People laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I foresaw all this from the book of Daniel and the book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of the passage, I simply assert that there are in it suggestions of many things in our time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens in its pulsations as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the fourteenth century, but there were more far-reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last 20 years eclipse any preceding 20. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph and without any special emphasis—events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time we must cry out, in the words of the text: "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth—convulsion after convulsion; frosts pounding it with sledge hammer of iceberg and fires melting it with furnaces seven times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the Majestic and the St. Paul and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse rush by. Besides that, our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great hulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon have threatened immediate demolition.

But it seems to us as if the last hundred years were especially characterized by disaster—volcanic, oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic because an earthquake is only a volcano hushed up. When Stromboli and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the foundations of the earth beware! Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British association! Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful, at one o'clock on the 1st of November, 1775, in six minutes 60,000 have perished, and Voltaire writes of them: "For that region it was the last judgment, nothing wanting but a trumpet!" Europe and America feeling the throb—1,500 chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed!

But the disasters of other times have had their counterpart in later times. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of an earthquake, in 1852 in Chili 100,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation, in 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857, Mexico in 1858; Mendoza, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manila terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian Islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871, Antioch in 1872, California in 1872, San Salvador in 1873, while in 1883 what subterranean excitement! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder Capri, the summer resort of the Roman emperors; yonder Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 5,000 merrymakers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many a one of them, as it was said of Moses: "The Lord buried him." Italy, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping, where there were hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down and city after city until that island, which produces the best beverage of all the world, produced the ghastliest catastrophe. One hundred thousand people dying, dead!

Look at the disasters epidemic. I speak not of the plague in the fourth century that ravaged Europe and in Moscow and the Neapolitan dominions and Marseilles wrought such terror in the eighteenth century, but I look at the yellow fevers, and the cholera and the diphtherias and the scarlet fevers and the typhoids of our time. From Hurdwar, India, where every twelfth year 3,000,000 devotees congregate, the caravans brought the cholera, and that one disease slew 15,000 in 15 days in the Hegerah. Twelve thousand in one summer slain by it in India and 125,000 in Egypt. Disasters epidemic. Some of the finest monuments in Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn are to doctors who lost their lives battling with southern epidemic.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm tree amid the night-shades and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing—blessing of longevity; the average of human life is rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth 400 years once. Now I can travel from Manitoba to New York in less than three days. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days are now worth three months of other days. The average of human life, practically greater now than when Noah lived, with his 950 years, and Methusaleh lived his 969 ears.

Blessings of intelligence: The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine knot lights or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tide along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them. If the philosophers of a hundred years ago were called upon to recite in a class with our boys and girls those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land. Historical alcoves and poetical shelves and magazine tables for all who desire to walk through them or sit down at them.

Blessings of quick information: Newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. News three days old rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast table and through the newspaper at the tentable, with an "extra" here and there between.

Blessings of Gospel proclamation: Do you know that nearly all the missionary societies have been born within a hundred years and nearly all the Bible societies and nearly all the great philanthropic movements? Christianity is on the march, while infidelity is dwindling into imbecility. While infidelity is thus dwindling the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions a minute. All the copies of Shakespeare and of Tennyson and of Disraeli and of any ten of the most popular writers of the day less in number than the copies of the Bible going out from our printing presses. A few years ago in six weeks more than 2,000,000 copies of the New Testament purchased—not given away, but purchased, because the world will have it. The most popular book to-day is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the church, and the greatest name among the nations and more honored than any is the name of Jesus.

Wonders of self-sacrifice: A clergyman told me in the northwest that for six years he was a missionary at the extreme north, living 400 miles from a postoffice, the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, he slept out of doors in winter, wrapped in rabbit skins woven together. I said: "Is it possible? You do not mean 40 degrees below zero?" He said: "I do, and I was happy." All for Christ! Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Mothers sewing their fingers off to educate their boys for the Gospel ministry. For nine years no luxury on the table until the course through grammar school and college and theological seminary be completed. Poor widow putting her mite into the Lord's treasury, the face of emperor or president impressed upon the coin not so conspicuous as the blood with which she earned it. Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first and Christ last and Christ forever.

Way, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by Gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all the church bells in one chime and sound all the organs in one diapason and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one "Gloria In Excelsis." Mighty camp meetings! Mighty Ocean Groves! Mighty Chautauquas! Mighty conventions of Christian workers! Mighty general assemblies of the Presbyterian church! Mighty conferences of the Methodist church! Mighty associations of the Baptist church! Mighty conventions of the Episcopal church! There may be many years of hard work yet before the consummation, but the signs are to me so encouraging that I would not be unbelieving if I saw the wing of the apocalyptic angel spread for its last triumphant flight in this day's sunset or if to-morrow morning the ocean cables should thrill us with the news that Christ the Lord had alighted on Mount Olivet to proclaim universal dominion.

All dead churches, wake up! Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism and let the light of the spring morning come in! Morning for the land! Morning for the sea! Morning of light and love and upward! Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate. Blessed Christ, descend! Scarred temple, take the crown! Bruised hand, take the scepter! Wounded feet, step on the throne! "Thine is the kingdom."

These things I say because I want you to be alert. I want you to be watching all these wonders unrolling from the heavens and the earth. God has classified them, whether calamitous or pleasing. The Divine purposes are harnessed in traces that cannot break and in girths that cannot slip and in buckles that cannot loosen and are driven by reins they must answer. I preach no fatalism. A swarthy engineer at one of the depots at Dakota said: "When will you get on the locomotive and take a ride with us?" "Well," I said, "now, if that suits you." So I got on one side of the locomotive, and a Methodist minister on the other side of the locomotive: "My brother, why should ministers quarrel about the decrees and free agency? You see that track, that firm track, that iron track; that is the decree. You see this engineer's arm; that is free agency. How beautifully they work together! They are going to take us through. We could not do without the track, and we could not do without the engineer."

So I rejoice day by day. Work for all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents. But there is the track laid so long ago no one remembers it—laid by the hand of the Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or Satanic pressure can ever affect. And along the track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Grand Central depot of the millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence and unfaithfulness God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us. So, my brethren, watch all the events that are going by. If things seem to turn out right, give wings to your joy. If things seem to turn out wrong, throw out the anchor of faith and hold fast.

When Titans play quoits, they pitch mountains, but who owns these gigantic natural forces we are constantly reading about? Whose hand is on the throttle valve of the volcanoes? Whose foot, suddenly planted on the footstool, makes the continents quiver? God! I must be at peace with Him. Through the Lord Jesus Christ, this God is mine and He is yours. I put the earthquake that shook Palestine at the crucifixion against all the down rockings of the centuries. This God on our side, we may challenge all the centuries of time and all the cycles of eternity.

Years ago I was at Fire Island, L. I., and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him he went up and looked out. He said: "We are expecting the Arizona to-night." I said: "Is it possible you know all those vessels? Do you know them as you know a man's face?" He said: "Yes. I never make a mistake. Before I see the hulls I often know them by the masts. I know them all—I have watched them so long." Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long-absent ones! So to-day we take our stand in the watch-tower, and through the glass of inspiration we look off and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is the ship of peace, with the star of Bethlehem floating above the top gallants. That is the ship of the church, mark of salt water high upon the smokestack, showing she has had rough weather, but the Captain of Salvation commands her, and all is well with her. The ship of heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as if they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours. They went out from our own households. Ours! Hail, hail! Put off the black and put on the white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot.

Now the ship comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will go aboard her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw out the planks. Rush not up that gangway with embracing long lost friends, for you will have eternity of reunion. Stand back and give way until other millions come aboard her. Farewell to sin! Farewell to struggle! Farewell to sickness! Farewell to death! "Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city."

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