

THE BELLS OF GLADNESS

ON THE NINETEENTH HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon of Unusual Interest From the Text, "To Us a Child is Born"—The Death of One Century and the Birth of Another Sublime Beyond all Estimate.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 24.—At the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage preached a sermon of unusual interest on the text, "To us a child is born." The Nineteenth Hundredth Anniversary: A Proposition Concerning It. The text was taken from Isaiah 9:6: "To us a child is born." There is a tremendous hour in the history of any family when an immortal spirit is incarnated. Out of a very dark cloud there descends a very bright morning. On life appears, and another life is given. All the bells of gladness ring over the cradle. I know not why anyone should doubt that of old a star pointed down to a birthplace, for a star of joy points down to events of honorable nativity. A new eternity dates from that hour, that minute. Beautiful and appropriate is the custom of celebrating the birth of a nation as an event, and clear on into the eighties and the nineties the recurrence of that day of the year in an old man's life causes recognition and more or less congratulation. So also, nations are accustomed to celebrate the anniversary of their birth and the anniversary of the birth of their great heroes or deliverers or benefactors. The 22nd of February and the fourth of July are never allowed to pass in our land without banquet and oration and bell-ringing and cannonade. But all other birthday anniversaries are tame compared with the anniversary of the birth of a nation, which is celebrated as if it were the birth of a child. Protestant and Catholic and Greek churches, with all the power of music and garland and procession and oration, put the words of my text into national and continental and hemispheric chorus: "To us a child is born." On the 25th of December each year it is the theme in St. Paul's and St. Peter's and St. Mark's and St. Isaac's and all the dedicated cathedrals, chapels, meeting-houses and churches all around the world. We shall soon reach the nineteenth hundredth anniversary of that happiest event of all history. This century is dying. Only seven more pulsations and its heart will cease to beat. The fingers of many of you will write at the head of your letters and in the foot of your important documents "1900." It will be a physical and moral sensation unlike anything else you have before experienced. Not one hand that writes "1900" at the end of a letter of this century will have cunning left to write "1901" at the induction of another. The death of one century and the birth of another century will be sublime and suggestive and stupendous and awe-inspiring. To stand by the grave of one century and by the cradle of another will be an opportunity such as whole generations of the world's infants never experienced. I put down that there may be no sickness or casualty that hinder your arrival at that goal, or to hinder your taking part in the valedictory of the departing century and the salutation of the new. But as this season will be the nineteenth hundredth anniversary of a Saviour's birth, I now nominate that a great International Jubilee or Exposition be opened in this city on the 25th of December, 1900, to be continued for at least one month into the year 1901. This century closing, December 31st, 1900, and the century beginning January 1st, 1901, will not be time for all nations to turn aside for a few weeks or months from everything else and emphasize the grandest of all events. Being who ever touched our planet; and could there be a more appropriate time for such commemoration than this culmination of the centuries which are dated from His nativity. You know that all history dates either from before Christ or after Christ, from B. C. or A. D. It will be the year of our Lord 1900, passing the Centennial at Philadelphia, celebrative of the one hundredth anniversary of our nation's birth. We have had the magnificent Exposition at the Centennial in 1876, and the great World's Exposition at Chicago, celebrative of the four hundredth anniversary of the continent's emergence, and there are at least two other great celebrations promised for this country, and other countries will have their historic events to commemorate, but the one event that we must to do with the world is the arrival of Jesus Christ on this planet, and all the centuries since ever witnessed at London or Vienna or Paris or any of our American cities, the mingling of the enthusiasm that would celebrate the ransom of all nations, the first step towards the accomplishing of it being taken by an infantile foot one winter's night, about five miles from Jerusalem when the clouds dropped the angelic cantata: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men."

The three or four questions that would be asked me concerning this nomination of time and place, I proceed to answer. What practical use would come of such international celebration? Answer: The biggest stride the world would make toward the evangelizing of all nations. That is a grand and wonderful convocation, the Religious Congress at Chicago. It will put intelligently before the world the nature of false religions that have been brutalizing the nations, trampling womanhood into the dust, enacting the horrors of infanticide, kindling funeral pyres for striking victims, and rolling juggernauts across the world, trampling the story of the mission. All the world would say, Why this ado, this universal demonstration? What a vivid presentation it would be, when, at such a convocation, the physicians of the world should tell what Christ has done for hospitals and the assuagement of human pain, when Christian lawyers declare what Christ has done for the establishment of good laws, and Christian conquerors should tell what Christ has done in the conquest of nations, and Christian rulers of the earth would tell what Christ

had done in the government of earthly dominions. Thirty days of such celebration would do more to tell the world of Christ than any thirty years. Not a land on the earth but would hear it and discuss it. Not an eye so dimmed

by the superfluous of ages but would see the illumination. The difference of Christ's religion from all others is that its one way of dissemination is by a simple "telling," not argument, not skillful exegesis, polemics or the science of theological distinctions, but "telling." "Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh." "Go quickly and tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead." "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." "When he is come, he will tell us all things." A religion of "telling." And in what way could all nations so well be told that Christ has done for us by such an international emphasizing of his nativity? All India would cry out about such an affair, for you know they have their railroads and telegraphs. "What is going on in America?" All China would cry out: "What is that great excitement in America?" It would be the mightiest missionary movement the world has ever seen. It would be the turning point in the world's destiny. It would awaken the slumbering nations with one touch.

Question the second: How would you have such an international jubilee conducted? Answer: All arts should be marshaled to the service of the occasion. The impressive shape: First: architecture. While all Academies of Music and all churches and all great halls would be needed here should be one great auditorium erected to hold such an audience as has never been seen on any sacred occasion in America. If Scribonius Curio at the cost of a kingdom could build a hundred thousand spectators gathered for carousal and moral degradation, could not Christianity afford one architectural achievement that would hold and enthral its fifty thousand Christian disciples? Why do you say no human voice could be heard throughout such a building? Ah! then you were not present when at the Boston Peace Jubilee Fifty thousand auditors. And the time is near at hand when in Theological Seminaries, where our young men are being trained for the ministry, the voice will be developed, and instead of the numbing ministers, who speak with so low a tone you cannot hear unless you lean forward, and hold your hand behind your ear, and then are able to guess the general drift of the subject, and decide quite well whether it is about Moses or Paul or someone else—instead of that you will have coming from the Theological Seminaries all over the land young ministers with voice enough to command the attention of an audience of fifty thousand people. That is the reason that the Lord gave us two lungs instead of one. It is the Divine way of saying physiologically, "Be heard!" That is the reason that the New Testament in beginning the account of His birth, the angel said, "I describe our Lord's plain articulation and resound of utterance by saying, 'He opened his mouth.'" In that mighty concert hall and preaching place, each I suggest for this nineteenth hundredth anniversary, let us make music crown our Lord. Bring all the orchestras, all the orchestras all the harmonious and melodious instruments, and then give us Händel's oratorio of the Creation, for our Lord took form in a universal building, and "without Him," says John, was not anything made that was made; and Händel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the prophet that typified our Christ, and the grandest composition of the German, English and French masters, living or dead. All instruments that can hum or rattle, or whisper, or harp, or flute, or trumpet, or tangle the praises of our Lord, joined, to all the voices that chant and sing, to all the voices that chant or Ariel, rising into Hallelujah, or similar, rising into an almost supernatural Amen!

Yes, let Scripture stand on pedestals all round that building, the forms of apostles and martyrs, men and women, who spoke or wrote, or suffered by heathen's axe or fire. Where is my favorite of all arts, this art of scripture that it is not busier for Christ or that its work is not better appreciated? Let it come in the last Judgment with fire and hail and earthquake, and beat down the hearts of all sinners, and heal all wounds, and wipe away all tears, and feed all hunger, and right all wrongs, and illumine all darkness, and break all bondage, and set all free. Some think He will thus come, but about that coming I make no prophecy, for I am not enough learned in the Scriptures, as some of my friends are, to announce a very definite opinion. But this I do know, that it would be well for us to have an international and an inter-world celebration of the anniversary of His birthday about the time of the birth of the new century, and that it will be wise beyond all other wisdom for us to take Him as our present and everlasting tutor, and if that Daxling of earth and Heaven will only accept you and me, after all our lifetime of unworthiness and sin, we can never pay Him what we owe, though through all the eternity to come, we had every hour a new song of homage and praise.

Lord Dunraven and his party arrived in New York on Saturday morning, Lord Dunraven says the Valley of the Kings, very little from his rough voyage, and that he will be ready for a trial spin on Wednesday or Thursday. "As I was walking up, and down my room the other day," said Dunraven, "I was in the United States, and I was with my head lowered and hands clasped behind me. I heard a tittering, and I looked back, I saw my children following me, and I heard a tittering and laughing; they had tried hard to be very solemn, but had found it quite impossible. I couldn't help laughing myself when I saw them, but I picked up my hat and went on. Promptly the children fell in again, and marched after me; when I turned a corner I saw them tagging on as before. We all laughed again, and then they followed me, and I played soldier for a while. When we got through with that I found that my serious friend care had gone away."

Added to all this I would have a floral decoration on a scale never equalled. The fields and open gardens could not furnish it, for it will be winter, and that season is not the season for flowers. It is into the frosts and desolations of winter that Christ immigrated when he came to our world. But while the fields will be bare, the conservatories and hot-houses will have two hundred miles worth of flowers, and the conservatories will be kept at a temperature that will keep the flowers in bloom during all the winter.

Added to all, let there be no banquet, not like the drunken bout at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, celebrating the Centennial of Washington's inauguration, where the riotous and abandoned sobriety of so many senators and governors and generals, but a banquet for the poor, the feeding of scores of thousands of people of all ages in which the majority of the inhabitants have never yet had enough to eat; not a banquet at which a few favored men and women of social or political fortune shall sit, but such a banquet as Christ ordered when he told his servants to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Let the Mayor of cities and the Governors of States and the President of the United States proclaim a whole week of legal holiday, at least from Christmas Day to New Year's Day.

Added to this let there be at that international and religious Exposition a mammoth distribution of sacred literature. Let the leading ministers of religion from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and the United States, for school, for the children of the pulpits of all these cities, and tell what they know of Him whose birth we celebrate. At those convocations let vast sums of money be raised for churches, asylums, for schools, for the institutions of which institutions were born in the heart of Christ. On that day and in that season which Christ gave Himself to the world, let the world give itself to Him.

Why do I propose America as the country for this convocation? Because most other lands have a State religion, and while all forms of religion are tolerated in many lands, America is the only country on earth where all evangelical denominations stand on an even footing and all would have equal rights in such an international exposition. Why do I select this cluster of seacoast cities? Answer: By that time December 30th, 1900, these four cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, by bridges and tunnels, will be practically one, and with an aggregating population of about four millions. Consequently no other part of America will have such immensity of population. Why do I now make this nomination of time and place? Answer—Because such a stupendous movement cannot be extemporized. It will take seven years to get ready for such an over-the-top celebration, and the work ought to be begun speedily in churches, in colleges, in legislatures, in congresses, in parliaments, in all styles of religious institutions, and we have no time to lose. It would take three years to make a programme worthy of such a coming together.

Whether this suggestion of a world's celebration of the Nativity be taken or not, it has allowed me an opportunity in a somewhat unusual way of expressing my love for the great Central Character of all time and all space, Jesus Christ, the Infinite Non-such. The armies of heaven drop in front of His feet. After Boudrialove, before overwhelmed audiences, has preached Him and His name in immortal blank verse, and Michael Angelo has glorified the coming, and martyrs, while girdled and crowned with the flames of the stake have with burning lips kissed His memory, and in the hundred and forty and four thousand of heaven with feet on seas of glass interthrust with feet on earth with uplifted and down-avung tabor, and sounding cornets, and waving banners, and heaven-capturing Doxologies, celebrated Him, the story of His love, His beauty, and His grandeur, and His grace, and His intercession, and His sacrifice, and of His birth and His death will remain untold. He has become our lips while we live, and when we die after we have spoken farewell to father and mother, and wife and child, let us speak that name which is the lullaby of earth and the transport of heaven. In the midnight between December 31, 1900 and the first of January, 1901, many of you will hear the clock strike twelve, but the stroke of one and an hour after it hear it strike one of another century, but many of you will not that midnight hour hear either the stroke of the clock or the toll of the bell. The holiday is perpetual. He who gets into it feels a sudden desire to get into it to keep all that he does very secret and let no one know what he is doing until the last sheet of his manuscript is in the printer's hands. He is also said to have an almost superstitious feeling toward his "mascot." A visitor says: "By the side of the inkpot on the table on which so many remarkable books have been written, there stood a small carved wooden bear so common in Switzerland. Beside it was a little black devil for holding a match, and two or three little cats and rabbits in a row. 'What are these funny little things?' we queried. 'I never write a single line of any of my dramas without having the tray and its contents before me on the table. It may seem strange—perhaps it is, but I cannot write without them,' he reported; 'but why I use them is my own secret, and he laughed quietly.'

He has a Mascot. The drivers are large black men with loose gowns and twisted turbans. They sit tray, and on the tray one of those small carved wooden bears so common in Switzerland. Beside it was a little black devil for holding a match, and two or three little cats and rabbits in a row. "What are these funny little things?" we queried. "I never write a single line of any of my dramas without having the tray and its contents before me on the table. It may seem strange—perhaps it is, but I cannot write without them," he reported; "but why I use them is my own secret, and he laughed quietly."

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FUN ON A CAMEL'S BACK

THE COMEDIAN OF CAIRO STREET AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Camel Has Made a Hit at the Exposition—He Carries all Kinds of People on His Back and Earns Big Money in the Course of a Week.

WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS, CHICAGO.

Did you ever ride a camel? His getting up is like nothing else under the sun. When he lies down, the man on his padded back feels as though he were on the roof of a collapsing house, as though the structure was teetering and going to pieces. It is the wonder of a day now a camel, after folding himself together and dropping on a mat, can uncoil his hump and lumber parts and get to his feet once more.

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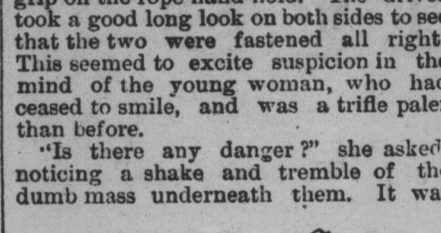
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danger. On occasions the driver allows his business and said they would enjoy themselves.



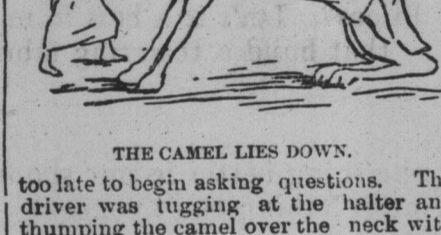
AND THE CAMEL IS UP.

mouth and reached for the young woman. She was a trifle pale and glanced at her escort with a weak smile, as the dandy man in the gown lifted her to the saddle and showed her how to hold on. The young man, laughing in a nervous way and evidently bored by the gaze of the crowd, climbed up behind her, and, reaching around her waist, took a death grip on the rope hand-hold. The driver took a good look on both sides to see that the two were fastened all right. This seemed to excite suspicion in the mind of the young woman, who had ceased to smile, and was a trifle paler than before.



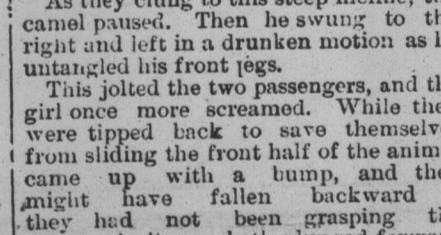
THE CAMEL LIES DOWN.

too late to begin asking questions. The driver was tugging at the halter and thumping the camel over the neck with his stick. At first the camel merely shook his head in drowsy protest; then all at once his hind-quarters began to lift. They kept on lifting. It seemed as though he was using one end at a time. The young man was tilted forward on the girl. Both threatened to slip over the saddle and down the sloping neck to the ground below. The girl's hat fell over her eyes and she screamed, but she knew enough to keep a tight hold and lean back.



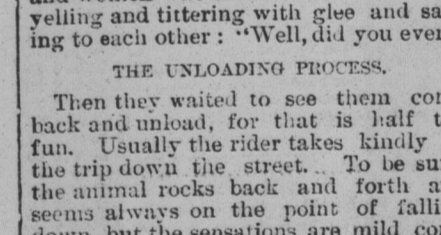
A FORWARD ROTARY MOVEMENT.

straps. He is tipped people into all sorts of frantic attitudes, causing women to shriek, and sending an idle crowd into roars of laughter, he always maintains that slow and loomly dignity which is natural and not acquired.



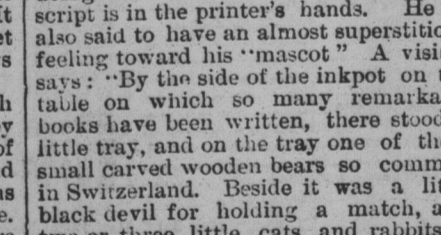
THE UNLOADING PROCESS.

Then they waited to see them come back and unload, for that is half the trick of the rider. Kindly to the trip down the street. To be sure, the animal rocks back and forth and seems always on the point of falling down, but the sensations are mild compared with the shake-up of mounting.



SUDDEN SHOOT UPWARD.

wares. The holiday is perpetual. He who gets into it feels a sudden desire to get into it to keep all that he does very secret and let no one know what he is doing until the last sheet of his manuscript is in the printer's hands.



A FLYING MOVEMENT.

the ankles, and, in a volley of hot Egyptian, begs her to keep cool and lean back. Although he has seen people lurch and toss around on camels for a great many years, he enjoys as much as any other man, the broad and sympathetic grin. Every moment or so, just to keep the beast from going utterly to sleep, he whacks it with his stick, like a man beating a carpet, and says something, to which the camel pays no attention.



MADE SPORT FOR THE CROWD.

The camels were swarmed on the mats one day when a young man and a backward girl approached one of the men, and he went up to him, and the children fell in again, and marched after me; when I turned a corner I saw them tagging on as before.

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