

WITH TONGUES OF FIRE
INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST ON
CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"Have You Received the Holy Ghost?"
Text of an eloquent sermon by Dr. Talmage—Necessary to an Understanding of the Scriptures as a Solace in Time of Wee.

NEW YORK, March 24.—When Dr. Talmage ascended the platform of the Academy of Music, this afternoon, he faced an audience quite as large as any that had assembled in the great hall since these services began, while several thousand others were outside unable to secure seats or even standing-room. He took for his subject, "Tongues of Fire," the text selected being, Acts 19: 2: "Have you received the Holy Ghost?"

The word ghost, which means, a soul, or spirit, has been degraded in common parlance. We talk of ghosts as baleful and frightful, and in a frivolous or superstitious way. But the Holy Ghost, who is omnipotent, and Divine, and everywhere present; and ninety-one times in the New Testament called the Holy Ghost. The only time I ever heard this text preached from was in the opening days of my ministry, when a glorious old Scotch minister came up to help me in my village church. On the day of my ordination and installation, he said: "If you get into the corner of a Saturday night without enough sermons for Sunday, send me, and I will come and preach for you." The fact ought to be known that the first three years of a pastor's life are appallingly arduous. No other profession makes the twentieth part of the demand on a young man. If a secular speaker prepares one or two speeches for a political campaign, it is considered arduous. If a lecturer prepares one lecture for a year, he is thought to have done well. But a young pastor has two sermons to deliver every Sabbath, before the same audience, beside all his other work; and the most of ministers never recover from the awful nervous strains of the first three years. Be sympathetic with all young ministers, and withhold your criticisms.

My aged Scotch friend responded to my first call, and came and preached from the text that I now announce. I remember nothing but the text. It was the last sermon he ever preached. On the following Saturday, he was called to his heavenly home. But I remember just how he appeared as, leaning over the pulpit, he looked into the face of the audience, and with earnestness, and pathos, and electric force, asked them, in the words of my text, "Have you received the Holy Ghost?" The office of this present discourse is to open a door, to unveil a Personage, to introduce a Force, not sufficiently recognized. He is as great as God. He is God. The second verse of the first chapter of the Bible introduces Him: Genesis 1: 2: "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Another appearance of the Holy Ghost was at Jerusalem, during a great feast. Strangers speaking seventeen different languages were present from many parts of the world. But in one house they heard what seemed like the coming of a cyclone, or hurricane. It made the trees bend and the houses quake. The cry was, "What is that?" And then a forked flame of fire tipped every forehead; and what with the blast of wind and the dropping fire, a panic took place, until Peter explained that it was neither cyclone nor conflagration, but the brilliance and anointing and baptismal power of the Holy Ghost. That scene was partially repeated in a forest when Rev. John Easton was preaching. There was the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, and the people looked to the sky to see if there were any signs of a storm, but was it a clear sky; yet the sounds of the wind was so great that horses, frightened, broke loose from their fastenings, and the whole assembly felt that the sound was supernatural and portentous. Oh, what an infinite, and almighty, and glorious Personage is the Holy Ghost. He broods this planet into life, and now that through sin it has become a dead world, he will brood it the second time into life. Paris attempted would be a comparison between the three Persons of the Godhead. They are equal, but there is some consideration which attaches itself to the Third Person of the Trinity, the Holy Ghost, that does not attach itself to either God the Father or God the Son. We may grieve God the Father and grieve God the Son, and be forgiven, but we are directly told that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost which shall never be forgiven, either in this world or the world to come. And it is wonderful that while on the street you hear the name of God and Jesus Christ used in profanity, you never hear the words, Holy Ghost. This hour I speak of the Holy Ghost as Biblical interpreter, as a human reconstructor, as a solace for the broken-hearted, as a preacher's reinforcement.

The Bible is a man of contradictions, an affirmation of impossibilities, unless the Holy Ghost helps us to understand it. The Bible says: "private interpretation," but "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." No one but the Holy Ghost, who inspired the Scripture, can explain the Scripture. Fully realize that, and you will see, as an enthusiastic lover of the old book, that my venerable friend who told me in Philadelphia last week that he was reading the Bible through the fifty-ninth time, and it became more attractive and thrilling every time he went through it. I do not depreciate the use of the helps for Bible study, but I do say that they all together come infinitely short without a direct communication from the throne of God, in response to prayerful solicitation. We may study the Bible, but special illumination, as how many horses Solomon had in his stables, or how long was Noah's ark, or who was the only woman whose fall is given in the middle verse of the Bible, and all that will do you no more good than to be able to tell how many bean poles there are in your neighbor's garden.

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What has so affected him? What has ransacked his entire nature? What has done it? It must be something tremendous. It must be God. It must be the Holy Ghost.

Notice the Holy Ghost as the solace of broken hearts. Christ calls him the Comforter. Nothing does the world so much want as comfort. The most of people have been abused, misrepresented, and treated about, swindled, bereft. What is needed is balsam for the wounds, lantern for the dark roads, rescue from maligning pursuers, a lift from the marble slab of tombstones. Life itself has been a failure. They have not got what they wanted. They have not reached that which they started for. Friends betray. Change of business stands loses old custom, and does not bring enough custom to make up for the loss. Health becomes precarious when one most needs strong muscle, and steady nerve, and clear brain. Out of this audience of thousands and thousands, if I should ask all those who have been unhurt in the struggle for life to stand up, or all standing to hold up their right hand, not one would move. Oh, how much we need the Holy Ghost as Comforter. He recites the sweet Gospel promises to the hardly beset. He assures of mercy mingled with the severities. He consoles with thoughts of coming release. He tells of a heaven where tear is never wept, and burden is never carried, and injustice is never suffered. Comfort for all the young people who are in this audience, or receive insufficient income, or are robbed of their schooling, or kept back from positions they have earned by the putting forward of others less worthy. Comfort for all these men and women who are in the pay of life, worn out with what they have already gone through, and with no brightened future. Comfort for these aged ones amid many infirmities, and who feel themselves to be in the way in the home or office, which themselves established with their own grit.

The Holy Ghost comfort, I think, generally comes in the shape of a soliloquy. You find yourself saying to yourself, "Well, I ought not to go on in this hole while the anyhow, and God makes no mistakes," or you soliloquize, saying, "It is hard to lose my property. I am sure I worked hard enough for it. But God will take care of us, and as to the children, the money might have spoiled them, and we find that these have to struggle for themselves generally turn out best, and it will be all well if this upsetting of our worldly resources lead us to lay up treasures in heaven." Or you soliloquize, saying, "It was hard to give up that boy when the Lord took him. I expected great things of him, and oh, how we miss him out of the house." And after you have said that you get that relief which comes from an outburst of tears. I do not say to you, as some say, do not cry. God pity people in trouble who have the parched eye-balls and the dry eyelid and cannot shed a tear. That makes maniacs. To God be people who are in the dews of the night dashed with sunrise. I am so glad you say to yourself are only soliloquies. No, no. There are the Comforter, who is the Holy Ghost, also, the Holy Ghost, as the preacher's reinforcement. You and I have known preachers encyclopedic in knowledge, brilliant as an iceberg when the sun smites it, and with rhetorical hand unlifted with diamond big enough to dazzle an assembly, and so surcharged with vocabulary, that when they left his life it might be said of each of them as De Quincy said of another that he is an act of doing, he committed a robbery, abounding with a valuable polyglot dictionary, yet no awakening, or converting, or sanctifying result, while some plain man, with humblest phraseology, has seen audiences whelmed with religious influence. It was the Holy Ghost. What a useful thing it would be if every minister would give the history of his sermons. I call upon the ministers of America to give the history of sermons, for I believe it will illustrate Scripture. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

On the Sabbath of the dedication of one of our churches in Brooklyn, at the morning service three hundred and twenty-eight souls stood up to profess Christ. They were the converts in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where we had been worshipping. The reception of so many members, and many of them not converts, had made it an arduous service, which continued from half past ten in the morning until half past two in the afternoon. From that service we went home exhausted; but the cause there is nothing so exhausting as deep emotion. A message was sent out to obtain a preacher for that night, but the search was unsuccessful, as all the ministers were engaged for some other place. With no preparation at all for the evening service, except the looking in Cruden's Concordance for a text, and I began the service, saying audibly while the opening song was being sung, although, because of the singing, no one but God heard it: "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest my infirmities; for this service upon this people." The place was shaken with the Divine presence. As far as we could find out, over four hundred persons were converted that night. Hear, ye young men entering the ministry, hear it all Christian workers: it was the Holy Ghost.

In the Second Reformed Church of Somerville, New Jersey, in my boyhood days, Mr. Osborne, the evangelist, came to hold a special service. He saw him as he stood in the pulpit. Before he had announced his text, and before he had uttered a word of his sermon, strong men wept aloud, and it was like the Day of Judgment. It was the Holy Ghost.

In 1857 the electric telegraph bore strange messages. One of them read, "My dear parents will rejoice to hear that I have found peace with God." Another read, "Dear mother, I have been converted." Another read, "At last, faith and peace." In Vermont a religious meeting was singing the hymn, "Waiting and Watching for Him." The song rolled out on the night air, and a man halted and said, "I wonder if there will be anyone waiting and watching for Him?" It started him, he was waiting for the Holy Ghost. In 1857, Jaynes' Hall, Philadelphia, and Fulton street, New York, telegraphed each other the number of souls saved, and the number of the devotedness. Now-day prayer-meetings were held in all the cities. Ships came into harbor, captain and all the sailors saved on that voyage.

Police and fire departments met in their rooms for Divine worship. At Albany, the Legislature of the State of New York, assembled in the rooms of the court of Appeals for religious services. Congressional union prayer-meeting was opened at Washington. From whence came the power? From the Holy Ghost, that power shook America. That power shook the Atlantic Ocean. That power shook the earth. That power could take this entire audience into the peace of the Gospel quicker than you could lift your eyes heavenward. Come, Holy Ghost. Come, Holy Ghost! He has come! He is here! I feel Him in my heart. There are thousands who feel Him in their hearts, convicting some, saying some, sanctifying some.

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How many marked instances of Holy Ghost power? When a black trumpeter took his place in Whitefield's audience proposing to blow the trumpet at a certain point in the service, and he everything into the trumpet to any end, and at the close of the meeting he sought out the preacher and asked for his prayers. It was the Holy Ghost. What was the matter with the Holy Ghost? He was the soldier, when he sat with his Bible before him in a tent, and his deriding comrades came in and jeered, saying, "Turned Methodist, eh?" And another said, "You hypocrite! Did you ever place into any tent, and then he became the soldier evangelist, and when a soldier in another regiment hundreds of miles away telegraphed his spiritual anxieties to Hedy Vickers, saying, "What shall I do?" Vickers telegraphed as thrilling a message as ever went over the wires. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." What power was being let? It was the Holy Ghost. He was the more appropriate for the Holy Ghost is a "tongue of fire," and the electricity that flies along the wires is a tongue of fire. And that reminds me of what I stand on now: From the place where I stand on this platform, there are invisible wires of influence stretching to every heart in all the seats on the main floor and up into the boxes and galleries, and there are other innumerable wires or lines of influence reaching out from this place into any part of the world, across continents, and under the seas. For in my recent journey around the world I did not find a country where I had not been preaching the Gospel for many years through the printing press, or stands at a given point and sends messages in all directions, and you only hear the click, click, click of the electric apparatus, but the telegrams go on their errand, God help them, to touch the right key, and send the right message along, the right wire to the right places! Who shall I first call up? To whom shall I send the message? I guess I will send the first to all the tired, who are here, for there are some tired souls here, for these are the Christy message. "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and I will give you rest." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will be to the fatherless and the widows, for these are the Christy message. "Leave your fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me."

Who next shall I call up? I guess my next message will be to those who have buried members of their families, and here it goes, "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will go to those who think themselves too big to be converted, and the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon. Who next shall I call up? I guess it will be to those who may think I have not yet touched their case. Here it goes, "Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever will, let him come." And now may God turn on all the electric power into this Gospel battery for the tremendous message, so that it may thrill through this assemblage, and through all the earth. Just six words will compose the message, and I touch the key of this Gospel battery just six times and the message has gone. And the way it files! And the message is, "Have you received the Holy Ghost?" That is, do you feel His power? Has He enabled you to sorrow over a wasted life, and take full pardon from the crucified Christ, and turned your face toward the wide open gates of a welcoming heaven? We appeal to thee, oh Holy Ghost, who dost turn the Philippian jailer, and Saul of Tarsus, and Lydia, and Thyatira, and helped John Bunyan out of darkness, when, as he says, "I felt as if I was a bird shot from the top of the tree, into fearful despair, but was relieved by the comfortable word, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' and helped John Brown, when standing at the helm of the ship in a midnight hurricane, and mightier than the waves that swept the docks, came over him the memory of his blasphemous and licentious life, and he cried out, 'My mother's God have mercy on me! I am a sinner, and nearer home, even me, De Witt Talmage, at about eighteen years of age, that Sunday night in the lovely village of Clawenburgh, New Jersey, when I could not sleep, because the questions of real death were being asked of me, and has helped me ever since to use as most expressive of my own feeling:

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come,
And bright beams led me over the sea,
And grace will lead me home.

His Friends Were too Friendly.
John G. Whittier was greatly loved by strangers, who not only called on him, but thriftily insisted on putting up with him all night. "How much time Greenleaf spends trying to lose these people in the streets. Sometimes he comes home and says: 'Well, sister, I had hard work to lose him, but I have lost him.' But I can tell you, the man who says that is not a man who has lost him; he has only let him go." The World's Fair in Montreal.
One of the most attractive features of the Cotton States and International Exposition will be the Exposition in miniature by G. W. Harris, the builder of the Ferris wheel. The fair will be represented on an acre of 1-160th. This miniature of the fair will be a masterpiece of the miniature art. The miniature is white with gold and the workmanly appearance. The electrical effects will be particularly remarkable, and the small lights over sea will be used in decorating the various buildings.

Long Enough.
Stephen A. Douglas and Mr. Lovejoy were once gossiping together when Abraham Lincoln came to the spot. He immediately turned their conversation upon the proper length of a man's legs. "Now," said Lovejoy, "Abe's legs are altogether too long and yours, Douglas, I think are of real length. Let's ask him how he thinks of it." Let's ask them, turning to Lincoln, he said: "We're talking about the proper length of a man's legs. When I see you are too long and Douglas, too short and we are like to know what you think of the proper length." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter that I've never given any thought to, so of course I may be mistaken, but my first impression is that a man's leg ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

Football Salaries.
Some of the well-known clubs keep the salary list a secret, but as far as is known the distinction of paying the highest retaining fee belongs to the Everton Football Club, which, in one case of a professional player, Mr. Blackley, offers to join their club, agreed to pay him £250 down and £5 a week. The Sunderland Club is not far behind, and to secure a Scotchman, a player of repute, gave him his own terms, which were £100 a week, £150 a year and a stipend of £20 a year in a shipbuilding yard. Then two clubs, at present the leading clubs of the Association Football League, have the reputation of paying the lowest salaries. These are the Blackburn Rovers, who offer to a player, in addition to a salary of £20 a week, £100 a year and a stipend of £20 a year in a shipbuilding yard. Then two clubs, at present the leading clubs of the Association Football League, have the reputation of paying the lowest salaries. These are the Blackburn Rovers, who offer to a player, in addition to a salary of £20 a week, £100 a year and a stipend of £20 a year in a shipbuilding yard.

SWAGGERING STUDENTS.
Trying to Kato a How With the Gendarmes.

A riotous spirit is still prevalent in the students' quarters in Paris. The associates and non-associates have been at odds some time owing to the theatre privileges enjoyed by the former, and which the latter insist upon sharing. The music hall and theatre proprietors have told them to settle the matter among themselves, but beyond holding stormy meetings, and calling each other names the students have done nothing. The association says its doors are open to those without the pale, but the latter retort that they want nothing to do with so aristocratic an institution.

Meanwhile there is an extra body of police in the neighborhood of the sorbonne, whose officers are afraid that the 20,000 students may at any moment inaugurate a reign of terror. The Paris student is a great deal of a swaggerer. He imagines himself a privileged being in more ways than one and conducts himself accordingly. There have been one or two attempts at riot which have been promptly suppressed. The students rather like the notoriety the press confers upon them, and seem to be inviting a conflict with the gendarmes.—Paris Cor. Chicago Times-Herald.



"Have you given the goldfish fresh water, Bridget?" "No, mum; I haven't finished the water I gave 'em last week."

The New Year in Railroad.
"Any one may predict," said Chauncey M. Depew, in a recent interview, "but who can fulfill? I might tell you a dozen things that will make the year 1895 historical, but they are in my mind so materialized. Take, for instance, the New York Central Railroad. You know what its achievements have been. And yet how essential it is that we should be continually looking out for improvements. The road which has been studied, the cooling stations need attention; in a word, we must never be satisfied with the results that have been attained, no matter how good they are. So much for detail. Now for the general.

You know that Engine 999 of the New York Central road has attained a speed unheard of in kind in the history of travel. Our trains might almost be termed flashes of lightning, but their speed is not a circumstance to be gloried in, for the matter of safety. I used not assure you that the safety of the passengers is the most important thing a railroad man has to do with. The coming year we have to consider a chimera—namely, perfect freedom from risk in the transportation of human beings by rail. We have, we believe, solved the problem and that, I should say, will make 1895 an unusual year in railroading.—The Railway Agent.

As to Snake Bites.
Not less than 28,000 people should have perished last year in the Indian province of Bengal from snake bites shows how little progress has been made toward the discovery of some antidote to the poison of these reptiles. The trouble is that the poison of nearly every species seems to affect a different organ of the body. Thus the bite of a cobra seems to paralyze the lungs, while the poison of the cobra produces terrible convulsions. From time immemorial physicians of every clime and race have devoted their energies to the discovery of cures for these bites; but judging from the heavy list of casualties from this source alone in Bengal, the most heroic efforts have not sufficed. The trouble is that the poison of nearly every species seems to affect a different organ of the body. Thus the bite of a cobra seems to paralyze the lungs, while the poison of the cobra produces terrible convulsions. 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