

THE STARTING POINT

HOW REV. DR. TALMAGE WOULD EVANGELIZE AMERICA

Wants an Outpouring of the Holy Spirit at the National Capital—Would Be of Incalculable Value to Christianity—A New Awakening.

Washington, Feb. 9.—The audience of Dr. Talmage is thronged with the chief men of the nation and people from all parts, making this sermon most timely. An hour and a half before the doors open the people gather in the street and policemen keep the way open for the pews.

"There it is," said the driver, and we all instantly and excitedly rose in the carriage to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, so long the joy of the whole earth. That city coroneted with temples and to the Jordan, whether looked up at from the valley of Jehoshaphat or gazed at from adjoining hills, was the capital of a great nation.

What the resurrected Christ said in his text, to his disciples when he ordered them to start on their work of evangelization, "beginning at Jerusalem," it seems to me God says now in his providence to tens of thousands of Christians in this city. Start for the evangelization of America.

Again and again does the old book announce that all the earth shall see the salvation of God, and as the great-est includes the lesser, that America is to be the center of the world.

Some of us remember 1857, when, at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in the different states of the Union.

Why would it be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, "beginning at Washington?" First, because this city is on the border between the north and the south. It is neither northern nor southern.

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the hand of New York, and say, "Come, let us go up and worship the God of nations, the Christ of Golgotha, the Holy Ghost of the Pentecostal three thousands." It has often been said that the only way the north and the south will be brought into complete accord is to have a war with some foreign nation, in which both sections, marching side by side, would forget everything but the foe to be overcome.

Well, if you wait for such a foreign conflict, you will wait until all this generation is dead, and perhaps wait forever. The war that will make the sections forget past controversies is a war against unrighteousness, such as a universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls, in which about 40,000,000 northerners and southerners shall be on the same side and shoulder to shoulder.

Again, it would be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here because more representative men are in Washington than in any other city between the oceans. Of course there are accidents in politics, and occasionally there are men who get into the Senate and House of Representatives and other important positions who are fitted for the positions in neither head nor heart, but this is exceptional and more exceptional than in other days.

There are on yonder hill those who, by the grace of God, will become John Knoxes and Chrysostoms and Fenelons and Bourdeaux when once regenerated. There is an illusion I have heard in prayer meetings and heard in pulpits that a soul is a soul—one soul worth as much as another. I deny it.

Some of us remember 1857, when, at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in the different states of the Union. Do you know where one of its chief powers was demonstrated? In Washington. Do you know on what street? This street. Do you know in what church? This church.

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With one sweep of the Gospel net let us take in many thousands. This net work must be somewhere. Why not here? Some one must give the rallying cry. Why not I, one of the Lord's servants? By providential arrangement I am very week in personal communication with every city, town and neighborhood of this country, and I now give the watchword to north and south and east and west: Fear and see it. All people—this call to a revival movement, this call to a continental awakening, this call to a continental revival.

This awakening will soon be out of sight. Where are the mighty men of the past who trod your Pennsylvania avenue and made in your legislation and decided the stupendous questions of the supreme judiciary? Ask the sleepers in the Congressional cemetery. Ask the mannequins all over the land. Their tongues are speechless, their eyes closed, their arms folded, their opportunities gone, their destiny fixed. How soon time prorogues Parliament and turns Senators and Representatives into dust.

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almost burst the blood vessels of the great beam went to its place, and a wild huzza was heard. That is the way it goes down in the churches. Temples of righteousness are to be reared, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few are lifting all their raising and more hearts, and more Christian men to help—aye, more, more women to be saved. If the work fails, it means the death of many souls. All together! Men and women of God! Lift or die! The stone must come to its place "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." God is ready to do His part. Are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the knees of prayer, but for the shoulders of upheaval.

And now I would like to see this hour that which I have never seen, but hope to see—a whole audience saved under one flash of the Eternal Spirit. Before you get out of any of these doors enter the door of mercy. Father and mother come in and bring your children with you. Newly married folks, consecrate your lifetime to God before you get through this world, and you want him now. Young women, what God, this is a hard world for women. One and all, wherever you sit or stand I lift my voice so that you can hear it, out in the corridors and on the street, and say, in the words of the Mediterranean ship captain, "Call upon the God, if so be that God will, and I will be with you. Oh, what news to tell; what news to relate to your old father and mother; what news to telegraph your friends on the other side of the mountains; what news with which to thrill your loved ones at home; what news that a man read in a noontide meeting in Philadelphia. He arose, and unrolling a manuscript read:

Where'er we meet, ye always say: "What's the news? What's the news? Pray what's the order of the day?" "Oh, I have got good news to tell—My Saviour hath done all things well, and I am happy from day to day—That's the news! That's the news!"

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—That's the news! That's the news! To set a world of sinners free—That's the news! That's the news! The Lord has pardoned all my sin—That's the news! That's the news! I feel the witness now within—That's the news! That's the news! And I am looking my sins away—That's the news! That's the news! And I am happy from day to day—That's the news! That's the news!"

And Christ the Lord can save you, too—That's the news! That's the news! Your sinful heart he can renew—That's the news! That's the news! This moment, if for sins you grieve, This moment, if you do believe, I will receive—That's the news! That's the news!"

The Transvaal Volkraad. The Volkraad, or Parliament, of the Transvaal, keeps reasonable hours. Both chambers sit from 9 a. m. till 1 p. m. and from 2 p. m. till 4 p. m. A few minutes at the close of each hour of the sitting is, however, devoted not to speaking, but to smoking and general conversation.

The members of both chambers of the Legislature receive a salary of £3 per diem for each day of the session. President Kruger, who has the right of speaking in either chamber, is a highly paid official, his salary amounting to £8000 per annum. Gen. Joubert, who holds three offices, as commander-in-chief of the army, chief executive and Minister of Native Affairs, receives a salary of £3000 per annum. Say London Star, under the heading "The President of the Transvaal has, under the constitution, says London Star, a curious prerogative. When the Legislature is not sitting his proclamations have the force of law, and these proclamations are subsequently, on the meeting of the Transvaal Parliament, either placed on the statute book or rescinded.

Vampires and Ghouls. According to the popular superstition the vampire left his her body in the grave while engaged in nocturnal prowls. The epidemic described prevailed all over Southern Europe, being at its worst in Hungary and Servia. It is supposed to have originated in Greece, where a heifer was entombed to the effect that Latin Christians buried in that country could not decay in their graves, being under the ban of the Greek Church. The cheerful notion was that they got out of their graves at night and pursued the occupants of the houses. The superstition as to ghouls is very ancient and undoubtedly of Oriental origin. Generally speaking, however, a ghoul is just the opposite of a vampire, being a living person who preys on dead bodies, while a vampire is a dead person that feeds on the blood of the living.

Football in England. Football has been played in England for more than 500 years. Formerly it was the custom to kick the ball; but latterly England finds so many other things to kick at, that the ball is now carried through the game as tenderly as if it were a baby or an obsolescent game require a series of ground and lofty tumblings.—Boston Transcript.

She Intended Otherwise. Rector (gravely)—My dear madam, now that you have returned from the gay season at Paris, pray do not neglect your duty.—Mrs. Bredon (would you mind me to say)—I stuffed my train with 300,000 worth of point lace.

Four Duchesses of Marlborough. There are four duchesses of Marlborough now living. These are Constance, reigning duchess; Lillian, wife of Sir William Bessborough; Fanny, the second wife of the present duke; and the mother of the late Randolph Churchill, and Jane, widow of the sixth duke. These do not include Lady Blandford, who was divorced before the late duke reached his title.

Lord Leighton had practically completed his principal academy picture, which represents the myth of Prometheus being punished for stealing fire from the gods of Olympus. He carries with him the head of Medusa.

BLESSING IN FAILURE.

How Advantageous May Be Taken of Life's Misadventures.

Dr. Stephens, in his life of Edward A. Freeman, the historian, hints at what must have been the greatest disappointment of the future historian's youth. University prizes and fellowships mean more to the student in England than they do with us, and young Freeman had set his heart upon winning the prize for the chancellor's English prize essay. To his immature mind the horizon was bounded by that converted reward. By gaining it he felt that he should reach a position where no honor could afterward be withheld from him.

To "bone" for a prize is very common in all institutions of learning, and every reader will sympathize with young Freeman in the unceasing efforts which it is said he made to secure the object of his desire. The subject of this practical prize essay was "The Effects of the Conquest of England by the Normans." For three months the contestant bent all his energies to the collecting of material, and the writing of what he felt sure would be the most important paper of his life. In doing this he literally worked night and day.

His essay was the longest and the fullest of 14 which were submitted; but the prize was won by another student. Those among us who do not know it is easy to imagine the agonizing disappointment that failure brought to the defeated competitor. Mr. Freeman, in writing about this experience 46 years afterward, said: "The Norman conquest was a subject that I had been thinking about ever since I could think at all. I wrote for the prize. I had the good luck not to get it. Had I got it, I might have been tempted to think that I knew all about the matter. As it was, I went on and learned something about it."

"Thus," says his biographer, "we are in some sense indebted to his rejected essay for his great 'History of the Norman Conquest.' The young man lost his prize; but the world gained through that loss an enduring work. The lives of great men are filled with inspiring failures. One of the most disappointed men in the country at the beginning of the war was Grant, when he failed to get his military appointment from the Governor of Illinois. Disraeli made a stupendous failure on his first appearance in Parliament. Napoleon started out as a failure in Corsica, and as lieutenant in the French army was almost a deserter, until his opportunity in Toulon came. Gordon's life exhibits professional failures; yet who would assert that Gordon was not the peer of any English general?"

Theologians declare that Christ, immediately after the crucifixion, because of His declarations with regard to Himself, was seemingly the most gigantic failure in history. The failure that teaches us that at its best our knowledge is meager; that gathers and concentrates our wandering powers and nerves us into truer and enlarged views of life and duty, is a fortunate failure. The fact is, most of us are not able to gauge the value of deprivation, or misfortune, or disappointments, or the "ills that flesh is heir to" in the education of the human soul for the "life that now is," and for "that which is to come." God, the all-wise and all-powerful, knows what our experiences mean, and the first lesson to be learned in this school of life is to trust Him.—Youth's Companion.

At a card party in the northwest a few evenings ago a cross-eyed man was posing who knew it all. He was giving his positive opinions on every subject in a loud voice, and otherwise making himself a general nuisance. A Boston girl was particularly annoyed at the lordly air he assumed, and the attacks he had made on some of her pet theories. She made up her mind to bowl him over if she ever got a chance.

A few minutes later she was the partner of the cross-eyed man, who immediately proceeded to give elaborate instructions as to how certain cards should be played to insure them the game. He finished by saying, "Now, go ahead, Miss Back Bay, and remember I have my eye on you." She never looked up, but in the most innocent way continued to play. "Which eye, Mr. Jones?" It broke up the party.—Washington Post.

A clever mother has hit upon a new plan for keeping her children well and dispensing with the doctor's services. At the beginning of the winter she gave them a talk on keeping well, called their attention to the many ways in which colds are caught, serious indigestion brought on, etc. Then she offered a prize for keeping well all winter, and thus far has found her idea to work like a charm. As doctors' bills in a family of five children are frequently no trifle, the prizes will probably be worth winning, but the greatest result will be that in all probability the children will grow in love with health and learn self-control.—New York Post.

His Face was a mass of Blotches. But now his skin is clear as a year old babe's.

Scott's Sarsaparilla his Salvation. Nothing blights existence like the knowledge that our appearance is repellent to those with whom we come in contact, nor is there any relief like that of feeling that the disfiguring cause has been removed. Says Mr. William Alger: "My face on one side was a mass of blotches, some of which were constantly full of matter. I run a bake shop doing my own work, but my face got so bad that I could not go out. Then I hired a man and went to a doctor. He said my blood was in a horrible condition. I sold my business and moved to the city where Scott's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me. The first bottle did me much good, and after taking five bottles my skin is as clear as possible, and not a sign of my previous disfigurement. I say Scott's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine going and an speaking from experience, pimples, blotches, boils, ulcers and all diseases arising from vital exhaustion and impure blood are radically cured by Scott's Sarsaparilla, a concentrated compound of the finest medicines ever known. Your druggist has it at 25¢ per bottle. The kind that cures."

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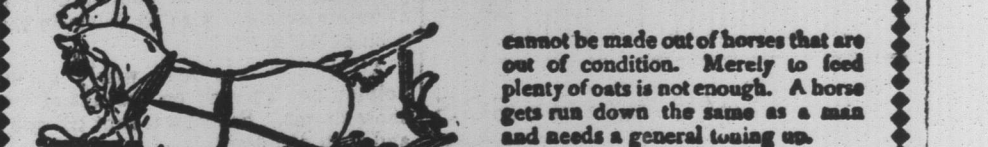
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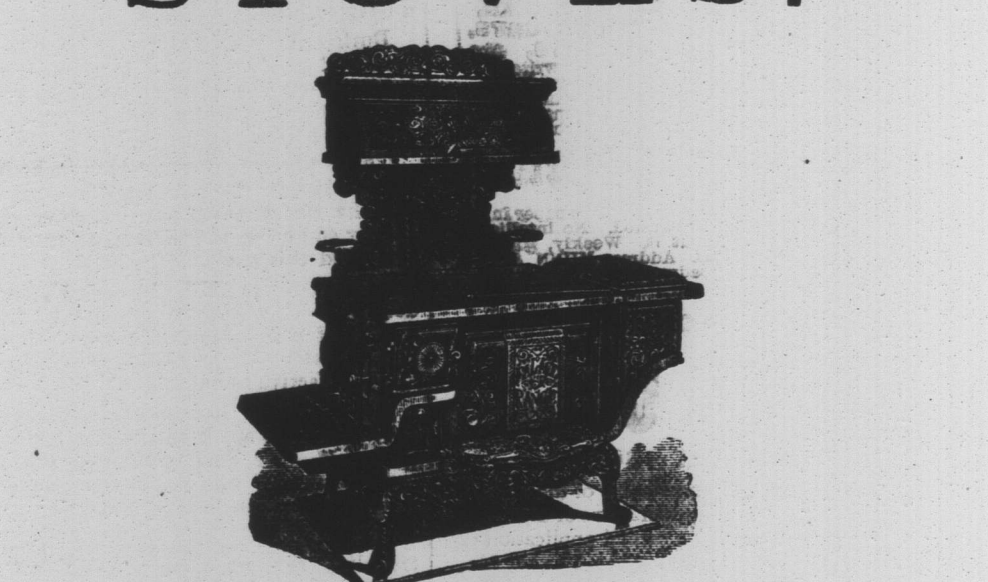
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STOVES.



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