

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

OPENING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

No Illness It to a "Morning Without Clouds"—Wonderful Things to Be Achieved Through the Grace of God—Lessening the Burdens.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Jan. 6.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage tells something of what he expects the next hundred years will achieve and declares that the outlook is most inspiring; text, II. Samuel xxiii., 4, "A morning without clouds."

"What do you expect of this new century?" is the question often asked of me, and many others have been asked with the same inquiry. In the realm of invention I expect something as startling as the telegraph and the telephone and the X ray. In the realm of poetry I expect as great poets as Longfellow and Tennyson. In the realm of medicine I expect the cure of cancer and consumption. In the realm of religion I expect more than one Pentecost like that of 1857, when 500,000 souls professed to have been converted. I expect that universal peace will reign and that before the arrival of the two thousandth year gunpowder will be out of use except for blasting rocks or pyrotechnic entertainment. I expect that before this new century has expired the millennium will be fully inaugurated. The twentieth century will be as much an improvement on the nineteenth century as the nineteenth century was an improvement on the eighteenth. But the conventional length of sermonic discourse will allow us only time for one hopeful consideration, and that will be the redemption of the cities.

Civic Pride Commandable. I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well. People who have a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos and Rhodes and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude right away that Homer behaved well. He liked them, and they liked him. We must not war on laudable city pride or with the idea of building ourselves up at any time to try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil hall and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence hall and its mint and its Girard college. New York must continue to exult in its matchless harbor and its vast population and its institutions of mercy and its ever widening commerce. Washington must continue to rejoice in the fact that it is the most beautiful city under the sun.

If I should find a man coming from any city having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking him right away: "What mean thing have you been doing there? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

Good Overbalances Evil. I know there are sorrows and there are sins and there are sufferings all around about us, but as in some bitter cold winter day when we are thrashing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing we think of the warm spring day that will after awhile come, or in the dark winter night we look up and we see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illumined by some great victory, just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are tolling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth or an angel in heaven or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know it just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. The nation is to be saved; of course, all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are tolling on toward a defeat or tolling on toward a victory.

Lessening the Burdens. In that day of which I speak taxes will be a mere nothing. Now our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, state taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through beastly indulgence. We have to support the municipal governments, which are expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who supports the almshouses and police stations and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals. There will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of money for some municipal improvement which means, before they

get to the improvement, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. No oven and furnace kept up at vast expense to the people. No inspanning of juries to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail. Better factories, grander architecture, finer equipage, larger fortunes, richer opulence—"a morning without clouds."

Churches Not Large Enough. In our great cities the churches are not today large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States today is not 400. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time, what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded, they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then after an hour and a half of indolent yawning they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

In many of the churches of Christ in our day the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The \$2 or \$5 I pay to hear one of the great queens of song is a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought at the same time, for all matters practical, I would prefer the hearty, outbreathing song of a backwoods Methodist camp-meeting.

Praising God in Song. Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God, how would it look standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed! Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the church of Christ get many hours the start, it will be caught and past by the hosanna of the Sabbath school children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man who, through perseverance of the saints, went right on, and afterward a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please to stop singing, as it bothered the choir.

"Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God, But children of the heavenly King Should speak their joys abroad."

"Praise ye the Lord; let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities and in the world hosanna will meet hosanna and hallelujah hallelujah.

The Machinery of Love. He goes on and gives plates of the machinery by which this work is to be done, and he says he only needs at the start a company in which the shares shall be \$20 each, and a hundred or two hundred thousand shall be raised just to make a specimen community, and then, this being formed, the world will see its practicability, and very soon \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 can be obtained, and in ten years the whole earth will be emparadised. The plan is not so preposterous as some I have heard of, but I will take no stock in that company. I do not believe it will ever be done in that way by any mechanical force or by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is to be done by the gospel of the Son of God—the omnipotent machinery of love and grace and pardon and salvation. That is to emparadise the nations. Archimedes destroyed a fleet of ships coming up the harbor. You know how he did it? He lifted a great sun-glass, history tells us, and when the fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syracuse he brought to bear his sun-glass, and he converged the sun's rays upon those ships. Now, the sails are wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink. Oh, my friends, by the sun-glass of the gospel converging the rays of the Sun of Righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world, we will make them blaze and expire!

God's Omnipotent Love. God's love will yet bring back this ruined world to holiness and happiness. An infinite Father bends over it in sympathy. And to the orphan he will be a father, and to the widow he will be a husband, and to the outcast he will be a home, and to the poorest wretch that today crawls out of the ditch of his abominations, crying for mercy, he will be as all-pardoning Redeemer. The rocks will turn gray with age, the forests will be unmoored in the hurricane, the sun will shut its fiery eyelid, the stars will drop like blasted figs, the sea will heave its last groan and lash itself in expiring agony, the continents will drop like anchors in the deep, the world will wrap itself in sheets of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day, but God's love will never die. It shall kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a blinding sun after all other suns have waxed themselves away. It will warm itself

by the blaze of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet peals and the air is filled with the crash of breaking sepulchers and the rush of the wings of the riding dead. Oh, commend that love to all the cities, and the morning without clouds will come.

Like a Hopeless Task. I know that sometimes it seems a hopeless task. You toil on in different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith and say: "It does not amount to anything. You might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red sea, it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came out, I suppose, and said, "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea. But after awhile the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering paleade on either side, and the billows reared as God pulled back on their crystal bits. Wheel into line, O Israel! March, march! Pearls crashed under feet, flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. Shout of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid the sea. And when the last line of the Israelites reach the beach the cymbals clasp, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.

So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and they stretch their hand over the sea, the boiling sea of crime and sin and wretchedness. "It doesn't amount to anything," people say. Doesn't it? God's winds of help will after awhile begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian beneficence, and we will be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us and derided us and tried to destroy us will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot or thrust out from the foam the breathless nostril of a riderless charger.

WANT TO VOTE.

Movement in England Looking Toward General Female Suffrage.

Our women are as determined as ever, if not more so, to have their rightful votes. In war times domestic reforms must wait, and among them woman suffrage. But there is no reason why the interval should not be utilized for consolidation and preparation for resolute action when war is behind us and the time cries aloud for the repression of old scandals. This is what the woman suffrage people have been doing. Once upon a time the movement was single and solid. Then came the home rule split, and the women, protesting their independence of parties, followed the men and split also, says the London Mail. Two woman suffrage societies arose, both non-political, but one for Liberals, the other for Conservatives and Liberal Unionists. Time went by, home rule rancor softened, and the ladies, ever eager for the truth, resolved that there really was no object in having two woman suffrage societies, and that henceforth there should be but one, as of old. Women have been stung by the retrograde exclusion of women from the new municipal councils—thanks to the house of lords and the singular acquiescence of the commons, after the yeoman service done by women on the vestries; their spirit has been stirred and they are in earnest. Meantime practice in voting for local bodies is training women for greater things.

Good-By to the Train Boy.

Good-by to the train boy. On January 1, 1901, on two important American railroad systems, the experiment, heretofore tried tentatively, of excluding from their cars all peddling of popcorn, peanuts, cigars, newspapers, games, caramels, matches and magazines, was inaugurated and the "train boy" summarily done away with. Against this innovation serious and urgent opposition was expected, for the train boy, with his wares, had come to be regarded, if not as a cherished, certainly as an unavoidable, incident of American passenger travel by railroad. In the evolution of modern travel to its present point of excellence, the ununiformed conductor, distinguishable only by his metal badge, the loud-shouting brakeman and car coupler disappeared, but the "candy or train boy" with his stock of peanuts and confectionery had lingered on, a burden to the patience of many travelers and an unnecessary survival of arcane railroading.

A South African Job.

Tommy Atkins had taken a Boer prisoner, and the two getting friendly, talked about the prospects of the war. "You may as well give it up; you will never win," said the Boer. "Cos why?" asked Tommy. "Because we're the Lord on our side," said the Boer. "G'arr," said Tommy, with great contempt; "why, we've three lords on our side, and one of 'em's made a bloomin' hash of 'imself.'"—East London (Cape Colony) Dispatch.

Tommy—I shall be so glad when Christmas comes! Nellie—I suppose you think you're going to have a lot of nice things. Tommy—It isn't that so much. It's awful hard to be good all the time.

PHILIP D. ARMOUR IS DEAD.

Millionaire Dies at His Home in Chicago.

A SUMMARY OF HIS CAREER.

The Great Meat King Was the Employer of Twenty Thousand Men—Fortune Won in Grain and Packing Estimated at \$70,000,000.

Philip D. Armour died Sunday evening at 6 o'clock in his palatial home, Chicago. The end of the great packer and merchant was as peaceful as a child falling into a deep sleep. To the community his death was a surprise and a shock. He had been ill for two years, but no alarm was felt by his family. Recently he had several depressing periods and not until Saturday evening did he give any sign of collapse. The noted financier had an attack of pneumonia following a bad cold and he was considered out of danger. Wednesday his heart, which had given him some trouble, showed signs of weakness again, and the gravity of his ailment disturbed the physicians and family. Mr. Armour was not unconscious of his own condition. Saturday afternoon he was attacked by intense pain, which Dr. Frank Billings pronounced acute myocarditis. His son, J. Ogden Armour, Mrs. J. Ogden Armour and Mrs. Philip D. Armour, Jr., were summoned to the house and remained at the bedside all night with Mrs. Armour. His family stood by the bedside and watched the ebbing of his life. With them were Dr. Billings and Dr. J. A. Capps. For three hours he lingered in a calm and quiet sleep and his passage into death was almost unnoticed by the watchers. The heir to the vast interests that were controlled by Mr. Armour is J. Ogden Armour, his son, on whom the great burden doubtless will fall. For two years Mr. Armour knew that his days were numbered. Shortly after his first attack of heart trouble his brother, Augustus W. Armour of Kansas City, died and the shock af-



PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

fecting him greatly. He sought health at the curative springs of Nauheim, Germany, and returned greatly improved. Last winter while in California his son, Philip D. Armour, Jr., was stricken with pneumonia and died. The aged packer never recovered from the heavy affliction.

Armour and His Estate.

Born in Stockbridge, Madison county, N. Y., 1832; began business in Milwaukee, 1856; married Miss Belle Ogden, 1862; Armour & Co. founded, 1864; makes Chicago his home, 1875; died, 1901; estimated fortune, \$70,000,000; men in his employ, 20,000; principal heir, J. Ogden Armour.

Business Interests.

Armour & Co. Armour Elevated company, C. M. & St. P. Railway company, Baltimore and Ohio Railway company, Illinois Trust and Savings bank, Northern Trust company, Metropolitan National bank, Continental National bank, Union Stock Yards and Transit Co., Union Stock Yards Co., South Omaha, Kansas City Stock Yards company, Metropolitan Street railway, Kansas City, National Biscuit company, Northwestern National Insurance Co.

Led World in His Line.

Mr. Armour was never inclined to discuss the magnitude to which his business interests grew. At one time in the conduct of his affairs he was employing 25,000 men, or more than the average railroad corporation employs at any time. The average number of men drawing salary from him

Senator's Will Probated.

Judge Basile at St. Paul admitted to probate the will of the late Senator Cashman K. Davis. The estate, consisting of \$25,000 in personal and \$46,000 in real property, is all left to the widow. The St. Paul Trust company is named as executor.

Girl Victim Near Death.

The report comes from Hackney, O., that Miss Nellie Morris, who was seriously cut with a razor by Walter Weinstock, is rapidly sinking.

has been 12,000 for a number of years past. In busy times this number was often increased to 30,000. His pay roll for the last five years has been from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 a year. Mr. Armour did say of this once with a touch of pardonable pride: "Through the wages I disburse and the provisions I supply I give more people food than any other man living."

Liberal in His Charities.

In works of charity Mr. Armour's monument will be found in the Armour Institute, to which but a short time ago he gave \$750,000 in one remembrance. Asked once what he considered his best paying investment, he replied: "The Armour Institute." The institute today represents an investment on the part of Mr. Armour and his brother Joseph of \$2,750,000, with a yearly expense for maintenance of \$100,000. More than 1,200 young boys eager to be masters in manual training work are studying at the institute each year, and the applicants for admission far exceed the number who can be cared for.

Regret in Packingtown.

Packingtown is in mourning. Everywhere the chief topic of conversation is the death of Mr. Armour. Thirty minutes after his death was announced at the house every watchman, engineer, policeman and clerk who was on duty at the yards had heard of it. While Mr. Armour has not been at the yards much during the last four years there was a time prior to then when he was at his office just as regular as the humblest of clerks. About the yards are hundreds of old-timers who can and do remember Mr. Armour's daily visits to his great packing plant. Not infrequently did he stop and offer a suggestion to workman or a foreman in regard to construction of whatever particular piece of work they were at.

An Estimate by Dr. Parsons.

Dr. D. K. Parsons, himself famous as a philanthropist, said: "I consider Philip P. Armour one of the noblest men that ever lived. All his impulses were good. He was far-sighted in his philanthropy. It was his greatest desire to do something for the children of the poor. He wanted the poor boy to have a chance in the world. That is

In the P...

The Quiver has been making estimates of the missionary work accomplished during the past year in Great Britain. Taking the leading organizations alone, the Church Missionary Society, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, London Missionary Society, Baptist Society and Continental Church and Church of England, Wesleyan and Universities Central African Mission, it finds that they have sent \$200,000,000 and sent 5,000,000 into the field. There are also the smaller societies enjoying the attention of \$2,000,000 at the present time. It says: "The total amount of funds raised for foreign missionary work in Great Britain during the century is \$255,000,000. If we add this the amounts already raised in other branches of work—viz.: \$70,000,000 property, \$300,000,000 for work among young people and children—we get the astounding total of \$625,000,000 raised in the space of one hundred years, or equal to the total of last year's revenue in Great Britain." The Quiver's estimates would have been complete and more satisfactory if it had been given some approximate estimate of the results which have been accomplished by this immense financial outlay.

Wants Anti-Kidnaper Fund.

Paul Brown, manager of the St. Louis branch of the Continental Tobacco company and a director of the Mercantile Trust company of St. Louis, has



PAUL BROWN.

come forward with a suggestion that wealthy men of this country contribute to a permanent fund to be used in securing the arrest and capture of kidnapers. Mr. Brown's idea is to provide rewards to officers of the law and others who effect the capture of a kidnaped man. Mr. Brown also suggests that the money could be used to obtain legislation against kidnapers in states and territories where the statutes do not provide for their punishment. He expresses himself as being willing to contribute liberally to such a fund and believes \$100,000 could easily be raised.

A European Customs Union.

Paul Leroy Beaulieu, a French economist who enjoys a high reputation, especially as a writer on monetary questions, is one of those who think it desirable for European countries to form an economic federation to meet the commercial development of the United States. In a letter to the Vienna Tageblatt Mr. Beaulieu declares that this country "is on the point of becoming by far the most important economic factor in the world. It may henceforth be regarded as the first industrial nation, and its superiority will become more strikingly evident year by year."

Indianapolis Sensation.

Here is a portrait of William H. Smythe of Indianapolis, the mysterious shooting of whom in his office last week, has caused widespread interest. Mr. Smythe was secretary of the state



WILLIAM H. SMYTHE.

grand lodge of Masons. He stated that a strange woman did the shooting.

Man Pay Doctor's Bill.

Two of the physicians who attended Mr. Gobel in his last sickness and the lawyers who represented him in his contest before the legislature are going to sue his brother for \$50,000. Arthur H. Jones, brother of the deceased, thought from the gross amount paid for their services that they should pay no charges at all. They state this and that they should pay.