

World's Rough Time... Last Hundred Years Especially Char... Actorised By Disaster... CHRISTIANITY

World's Rough Time

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Washington, Dec. 8.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage recites some great events and shows that the world is advancing in the right direction. Text, Joel 1, 20—"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 prophecy. As I stepped into Paris just after the French had surrendered at Sedan the good doctor said to me: "It is just what I have told you about France. People laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the voice, but I foresaw all this from the book of Daniel and the book of Revelation."

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens in its pulsations as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the eighth century, the fourteenth century, but there were more far-reaching events crowded into the Nineteenth century than into any other, and the last twenty years, especially any previous century, we read in the daily newspapers of events mentioned in one paragraph and without any special emphasis—events, which Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon, would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to "elaborate."

Looking back upon our time, we must cry out in the words of our 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 light and shade 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 of icebergs and meteors falling with hurricane force, shooting in on the other side and grazing across the sky—slowing up, for safety, whole fleets and navies, and argosies, and flotillas of sailing vessels, and our earth is like a boiling smacking of the banks of Newfoundland, while the majestic St. Paul and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse rush by. Besides that our world has, by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and in the furnaces of the mountains have broken, and the islands have slipped a sea, and the great bulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate destruction.

It seems to us as if the world were a specially characterized by disaster—volcanic, epidemic, earthquake, and pestilence. When Stromboli and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the four thousand volcanoes of the earth cease to breathe. In the catalogue of the British Museum, the emperor goes to ancient Antioch and amid the splendor of his palace he met an emperor of the world, who says to him: "I have seen the world twice a day—once in the newspaper at the breakfast table and through the newspaper at the bedside, with an 'extra' here and there between."

ocean, and it swept us 200 miles back from our course, and for 36 hours during the cyclone and after it raged expected every moment to go to the bottom. They told us before we were fired at 9 o'clock that the barometer had fallen, but at 11 o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out. Great went all the lifeboats. Waters rushing through the skylights down into the cabin and down on the furnaces until they hissed and smoked in the stove. Seven hundred people, praying, shrieking. Our great ship plied a moment on the top of a mountain of phosphorescent fire and then plunged down, down, down until it seemed as if she never would again be righted. Ah, you never want to see a cyclone at sea.

Look at the disaster epidemic. I speak not of the plague in the fourth century that ravaged Europe and Asia, and the bubonic plague in the sixteenth century, and the cholera in the eighteenth century, but I look at the yellow fever, the typhoid, and the diphtheria, and the scarlet fever, a of the hyphoid of our time. From Hurghada, India, where they were first seen, the cholera brought the cholera, and that one disease slew 35,000,000 in eighteen days in my country. It is now in India and 25,000 in Egypt. Disaster epidemic—Some of the finest monuments in Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn are to doctors who lost their lives battling with southern epidemics.

Now I turn to the earthquake. I plant the white flag and the palm tree and the nightshade and the myrtle. This age is more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing—blessing of longevity; the average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years ago the average was 40 years. Now I can travel from Manhattan to New York in less than three days. In other times it would have taken three months. In other times three days are now worth three months of other days. The average human life is practically greater now than Noah lived, with 900 years, and Methuselah lived 969 years.

Blessings of civilization. Abraham Lincoln and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time. I read by pine knot lights or by the flicker of a lamp, or will be reading by the light of the sun, while watching the cattle, the knowledge rolls its eyes along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in the sea, and the philosophers of a hundred years ago were called up to recite in a class with the boys and girls, those old-fashioned books which were the feet of the world. Free libraries in all the important cities of the world. Historical almanacs and poetical almanacs and magazine tables for all who desire to know through or sight what is going on in the world.

Now the ship comes around, the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will be struck by the ship's bell. Now she touches the wharf. Throw out the planks, knock out the gangway with emery, and the ship is ready for you. You are eternally in peril. Stand back and let the ship pass. Mothers, send your children to school, and let the ship pass. Mothers, send your children to school, and let the ship pass. Mothers, send your children to school, and let the ship pass.

poses are harnessed in traces that cannot break and in girths that cannot loosen and are driven by reins they must answer. I preach no fatalism. A swarthy engineer at one of the depots in Dakota said, "When will you get on the locomotive and take a ride with us?" "When," said I, "know if that suits you." So I got on one side of the locomotive, and a Methodist minister, who was also invited, got on the other side, and between us were the engineer and the stoker. The train started. The engineer had his hand on the regulated pulse of the great engine. The stoker shoveled in the coal, and the door with a loud clang. A vast plume slipped under us, and the hills swept by, and that great monster on which we rode trembled and bounded and snorted and raged as it hurried on. I said to the Methodist minister on the other side of the locomotive, "My brother, why do you look so queer about the smoke and the free agency?" You see that track, that firm track, that iron track; that is the free agency. You see this engineer, this free agency. How beautifully they're working together. They are going to take us through, 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 mortal or mortal pressure can ever force. And along the track of the car of the world, 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 indecision and unfaithfulness God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us, whether we know it or not. My brethren, I am afraid that the stoker and the engineer and the train will go on, and we will be left behind. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth.

Those of you who are in midlife may well thank God that you have seen many wonderful things, that there are people alive to-day who may live to see the shimmering yellow light of the millennium. A word with me, I will give you my opinion. I will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courier of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin has named, and Morse and Bell and Edison have brought under complete control, has greater wonders to reveal. Whether here or elsewhere, it does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint, the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth.

Years ago I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York. The approach of vessels hours before they come into the harbor, as opening in the wall and the color of the sky, and the reflection of the sun on the water, and the look of the vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him he went up and looked out. He said, "We're expecting the Arisno to-night." "I said, "Is it possible that you know all those vessels?" "Do you know them all?" "I never make a mistake. Before I see the hulls I often know them by the funnels. I know them all—I have watched them so long."

On what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded, and to have them come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long absent ones! So to have we take our stand in the watch tower, and look off and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is the ship of peace, flag with one star, or Belgium, floating above the top galleys. That is the ship of the church, deck of salt water high upon the deck, and the Captain of Salvation commands her, and all is well with her. The ship of heaven, might and 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 birds are waving this way as if they were saying, "Welcome, welcome, welcome!"

Now the ship comes around, the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will be struck by the ship's bell. Now she touches the wharf. Throw out the planks, knock out the gangway with emery, and the ship is ready for you. You are eternally in peril. Stand back and let the ship pass. Mothers, send your children to school, and let the ship pass. Mothers, send your children to school, and let the ship pass. Mothers, send your children to school, and let the ship pass.

Sunday School

INTELLIGENCE LESSON NO. XIII DECEMBER 16, 1901

Summary Lesson Topic: The Birth of Jesus Christ. Text: Luke 1: 26-38. The angel Gabriel appeared to the virgin Mary and told her that she was to bear a son, Jesus Christ. Mary was surprised and questioned the angel, but he assured her that the child would be born by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Text: Luke 1: 39-56. Mary visited Elizabeth, who was also pregnant. Elizabeth recognized Mary as the one who had been visited by the Holy Spirit. Elizabeth's child, John the Baptist, leaped for joy in the womb. Mary then returned to her home and gave birth to Jesus Christ.

Text: Luke 1: 57-66. Mary and Joseph returned to Nazareth, and Mary gave birth to Jesus Christ. The child was named Jesus, which means "God with us." The child was circumcised and named Jesus after the prophet Isaiah.

Text: Luke 1: 67-79. The prophet Zechariah, who had been barren, gave birth to John the Baptist. Zechariah was filled with the Holy Spirit and prophesied about the birth of John, who would prepare the way for the Lord.

Text: Luke 1: 80-90. John the Baptist grew up in the wilderness, eating locusts and wild honey. He was filled with the Holy Spirit and began to preach and baptize in the Jordan River.

Text: Luke 1: 91-100. John the Baptist preached about the coming of the Messiah, and many people came to be baptized in the Jordan River.

darkest and most hopeless hour God was preparing the instrument of the coming night. deliverance. Where children form part of the chosen instrument of its accomplishment, with necessary discipline every dark age God has qualifying the light to some prepared hearts, and sent them forth with an evangel of hope.

Persistent rebellion punished. Divinely commissioned, Moses had advanced the expectations of his own people, and wrought wonders before the king in enforcement of the command to "let my people go." Magicians, silenced, abandoned, and judgment after judgment had afflicted the people, and the agent remained, the visitation of death. One last successful strike on the heart of the Egyptian people protected. The blood of the innocents and the blood of the guilty were mingled in the water of the Nile. The blood of the innocent was mingled in the water of the Nile.

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