

The Democrat

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VAIANT, the anarchist bomb-thrower, will be justified the same day that Judas Iscariot is canonized.

If we should mark the words of every man who requests us to do so it would not be long before the language of the world would all be in italics.

EUROPEAN armies are changing that fine old phrase, "the dogs of war," from a simile to a hard fact by using man's canine friend for military purposes.

A STATISTICIAN has figured out that the entire population of the world could be accommodated in Texas. But the world's population will not all go to Texas. Some of it will be saved.

MEAN enough to steal sheep is a proverb without force. Hereafter the lowest depths of unmitigated dishonesty and selfishness will be characterized as "mean enough to steal charity tickets."

SOUTH CAROLINA moonshiners defy even Governor Tillman, and vow they will continue to exercise their American citizen's right to make and sell whisky when and where they please. Now Governor Tillman knows how the federal authorities felt when the moonshiners defied them.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE confesses: "My life does seem to have been what men call happily successful; but, honor bright, what worries me is that I've invented a fishpole and can't do a thing with it. The finest thing of the kind you ever saw, made of aluminum, hollow, lime comes down inside the pole, light, well balanced—but it will not work, and he is miserable."

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON, ex-Governor and United States Senator from Georgia, is meeting with great success as a platform orator. His lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," is being received with great approval by large audiences in the East. The lecture is founded on the closing days of the late war and contains his personal estimation of the two great commanders, Grant and Lee.

ONE of the few good uses discoverable for soldiers in Spain has been indicated at Madrid. The bakers were about to go on strike. The civic authorities requested the royal government to erect temporary bakeries forthwith and detail soldiers to make bread. Thus, in an inglorious art of peace, they will probably render their country better service than they ever will in war.

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the man who first popularized pedestrianism in this country and afterward won renown in Europe, has done no walking in public for ten years. He has a record of 62,000 miles covered in endurance tests, and he did it all on a cold water and vegetable diet basis. His favorite food when walking is oatmeal and his favorite beverage milk. He is 50 years of age and is a haloed, handsome, active man.

THE Salvation Army, says the San Francisco Argonaut, is gradually winning the respect of the community. Its methods are certainly peculiar. It is not entirely admirable, in our opinion, that religious worship should be accompanied by discordant singing, cracked tambourines, and drop-cord bass-drums. But, while we do not admire some of the methods of the Salvation Army, we cannot help but admire the results. This body of women and men seems to be earnest and honest, and unselfishly engaged in the doing of good.

AT least fifteen blocks of valuable building property in Galveston, with the twenty buildings thereon, the whole being valued at fully one hundred thousand dollars, have tumbled into the sea within a few months past. It seems that the extension of the south jetty far into the Gulf of Mexico by United States engineers has deflected the coast currents until the waters have eaten their way into the town to the extent, in some places, of two hundred feet. The only remedy lies in the construction of a sea-wall a mile long to connect with the jetty.

THE attention of the postoffice department has been called by the Peruvian government to the frequency of illegible addressed packages of printed matter mailed to Peru, preventing delivery of the mail. As a remedy the Peruvian postal officials recommend that the addresses on these packages be written not only on the wrapper, but on the article, thus making its delivery possible in case the wrapper is destroyed. In accordance with the suggestion, Superintendent of Foreign Mails Brooks has issued a general order to postmasters directing that public attention be called to the recommendation.

THEY have their troubles and differences down in Tonga just as they do in other places, but they overcome them. News comes from Tonga that the King has deposed Premier Tukauapo and appointed a successor, probably more to his royal liking. Then the rest of the Cabinet walked the official plank. One Secretary, however, showed his displeasure at being

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE PREACHES AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON FESTIVITY.

An Entertainment Where the Lord is the Banqueter and Angels Are the Cupbearers—An Effective and Earnest Gospel Plea to the Unconverted.

Ready for a Feast.

Dr. Talmage's subject was "Festivity," and the text selected, "Come, for all things are now ready." Luke xiv, 17.

It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted to the gate with floating islands and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced in a dining hall the luxuries of which astonished the world. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests. The entertainment cost \$5,000 each day. Lord Leicester made that great supper in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors at Hampton Court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet. Purveyors went out and traveled all the kingdom over to find spoons for the table. The time came.

The guests were kept during the day hunting in the King's park so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold, and there were tables aglitter with imperial plate and laden with the rarest of meats and abounds with the costliest wines, and when the second course of the feast came it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds and beasts, and groups dancing and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords and Princes and ambassadors, out of cups filled to the brim, drank the health first of the King of England and next of the King of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton Court.

A Remarkable Banquet.

But I have to tell you of a grander entertainment. My Lord the King is the banqueter. Angels are the cupbearers. All the redeemed are the guests. The halls of eternal love, frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfading beauty, are the banqueting place. The harmonies of eternity are the music. The chalices of Heaven are the plates, and I am one of the servants coming out with both hands filled with invitations, scattering them everywhere, and, oh, that for yourselves you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ, "Come now, for all things are now ready."

There have been grand entertainments where was a taken off—the wine gave out, or the servants were rebels, or the light failed. But I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come here to tell you it is complete, and I swing open the door of the feast, telling you that all things are now ready."

In the first place, I have to announce that the Lord Jesus Christ himself is ready. Cardinal Wolsey came into the feast after the first course. He came in booted and spurred, and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in at the very beginning of the feast—aye, he has been waiting 1,894 years for his guests. He has been standing on his mangled feet, He has had his sore hand on His punctured side, or he has been pressing His lacerated temples—waiting, waiting. It is wonderful that He has not been impatient and that He has not said, "Shut the door and let the laggard stay out," but he has been waiting.

No banqueter ever waited for his guests so patiently as Christ has waited for us. To prove how willing He is to receive us, I gather all the tears that rolled down His cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows; I gather all the drops of blood that channeled His brow, and His back, and His hands and feet, in trying to purchase your redemption. I gather all the groans that He uttered in midnight chill, and in mountain hunger, and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one cry—bitter, agonizing, overwhelming.

I gather all the pains that shot from spear and spike and cross, jolting into one pang—reproachless, grinding, excruciating. I take that one drop of sweat on His brow, and under the gossamer glass that drops enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That being standing before you now, emaciated and gashed and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is a heart-break and every sentence a martyrdom.

How can you think He trifles?

For the Delayed Guests.

Ahasuerus prepared a feast for 180 days, but this feast is for all eternity. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and all our world are invited to this. Christ is ready. You know that the banqueters of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion, so my Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair He is! His eye, His brow, His cheek, so radiant that the stars have no gleam and the morning no brilliancy compared with it, his face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, His hand having the omnipotent surgery with which He opened blind eyes, and strengthened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of Heaven, and swung the twelve gates, which are twelve pearls.

There are not enough cups in Heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this one altogether fair. Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of Heaven! Oh, blissful day-break, let all people clap their hands in thy radiance! Chorus: Come, men and saints and cherubim and seraphim and archangels—all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus: Roll Him through the heavens in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of honosanas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus: Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory, world without end!"

I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it and no pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records His victory—and then, with my hand strong to supernatural ecstasy and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in the capitals of love, "J-E-S-U-S." It is this one, infinitely fair, to whom you are invited. Christ is waiting for you,

waiting as a banqueter waits for the delayed guest—the meats smoking, the beakers brimming, the minstrels with fingers on the stiff string, waiting for the clash of the hoofs at the gateway.

Waiting for you as a mother waits for her son who went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting! Oh, give me a comparison intense enough, importunate enough to express my meaning—something high as heaven and deep as hell and long as eternity! Not hoping that you can help me with such a comparison, I will say, "He is waiting as the all the sympathetic Christ can wait for the coming back of a lost soul."

Bow the knee and kiss the Son. Come and welcome, sinner, come.

How Luther Saw the Truth.

Again, the holy spirit is ready. Why is it that so many sermons drop dead? That Christian songs do not get their wing under the people—that so often prayer goes no higher than a hunter's "hollo!" It is because there is a link wanting—the work of the holy spirit. Unless that spirit give grapping hooks to a sermon and lift the prayer and wait the song, everything is a dead failure. That spirit is willing to come at our call and lead you to eternal life, or ready to come with the same power with which he unloosed Saul on the Damascus turnpike, and broke down Lydia in her fine store, and lifted that 3,000 from midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. With that power the spirit of God now beats at the gate of your soul. Have you not noticed what homely and insignificant instrumentality the spirit of God employs for man's conversion?

There was a man on a Hudson River boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coat sleeve, and he saw on it the word "eternity," and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Luther to see the truth? "The just shall live by faith." Do you know that there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine into the life of dissipation? "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hadley Vicars, the great soldier to Christ. "The blood of Jesus Christ sanctifieth all sin."

Do you know that the holy spirit used one message of Scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory." One year ago on Thanksgiving Day I read for my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." And there is a young man in the house to whose heart the holy spirit took that text for his eternal redemption. I might speak of my own case. I will tell you I was brought to the peace of the gospel through the Syro-Phoenician woman's cry to Christ, "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table."

Glorious Church.

Again, the church is ready. If I could take the curtain of these Christian hearts, I could show you a great many anxieties for your redemption. You think that old man is asleep because his head is down and his eyes are shut. No; he is praying for your redemption and hoping that the words spoken may strike your heart. Do you know the air is full of prayer? Do you know that prayer is going up from Fulton street prayer meeting and from Friday evening prayer meeting, and going up every hour of the day for the redemption of the people? And if you should just start toward the door of the Christian church, how quickly it would fly open! Hundreds of people would say, "Give that man room at the sacrament. Bring the silver bowl for his baptism. Give him the right hand of Christian fellowship. Bring him into all Christian associations."

Oh, you wanderer on the cold mountains, come into the warm sheepfold. I let down the bars and bid you come in. With the shepherd's crook I point you the way. Hundreds of Christian hands beckon you into the church of God. A great many people do not like the church and say it is a great mass of hypocrites, but it is a glorious church with all its imperfections. Christ bought it, and hoisted the pillars, and swing its gates, and lifted its arches and curtained it with upholstery crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come in.

We are a garden walled around.

Comes a noise louder than a herd,

A little spot inclosed by grace.

Out of the world's wild wilderness.

Again, the angels of God are ready.

A great many Christians think that the talk about angels is fanciful.

You say it is a very good subject for theological students who have just begun to study.

I suppose that the talk about angels is more proof in that Bible that there is a God than that there are angels.

Why do not they swarm about Jacob's ladder?

Are we not told that they conducted Lazarus upward; that they stand before the throne, their faces covered up with their wings, while they cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty?"

Did not David see thousands and thousands? Did not one angel slay 185,000 men in Sennacherib's army? And shall they not be the chief harvesters at the judgment?

Immortal Health.

There is a line of loving, holy-mighty angels reaching to Heaven. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion, so my Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair He is!

His eye, His brow, His cheek, so radiant that the stars have no gleam and the morning no brilliancy compared with it, his face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, His hand having the omnipotent surgery with which He opened blind eyes, and strengthened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of Heaven, and swung the twelve gates, which are twelve pearls.

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Angels ready to bear the tidings, angels ready to drop the benediction, angels ready to kindle the joy. They have felt the joy that is felt where there are no tears and no graves; immortal health, but no invalidism; songs, but no groans; wedding bells, but no funeral torches; eyes that never weep, hands that never blister, heads that never faint, hearts that never break; friendships that are never weakened.

Ready, all of them! Ready, thrones, ready, all the powers! Ready, earth, ready, the principles and powers! Ready, ready, ready, and ready, the Archangel!

Again, your kindred in glory are ready all for your coming. I pronounced modern spiritualism a fraud and a sham, H. John Milton and George Whitefield have no better business than to crawl under a table and rattle the leaves, they had better stay at home in glory.

While I believe that modern spiritualism is bad because of its mental and domestic ravages, common sense enlightened by the word of God, teaches us that our friends in glory sympathize with our redemption.

This Bible says plainly there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repents, and if angels rejoice and know of it shall not our friends standing among them know it? Some of these spirits in glory told us of our redemption. When they came to die, their chief grief was that you

were not a Christian. They said, "Meet me in Heaven," and put their hands out from the cover and said, "Goodby." Now, suppose you should cross over from a sinful life to a holy life. Suppose you should be born into the Kingdom. Suppose you should say: "Farewell, O deceitful world! Get thee gone, my sin! Fly upon all the follies! O Christ, help me to perish I enter Thy promise. I believe Thy word. I enter Thy service."

Suppose you should say "and do this?"

Why, you and I would say, "He is coming!" and the angels rising higher in the air would shout it louder. "He is coming!" and it would run all up the line of light from wing to wing and from trumpet to trumpet until it reached the gate, and then it would flash to "the house of many mansions" and it would find out your kindred there, and before you had finished your first prayer your kindred in glory would know of it, and another Heaven would be added to the gate, and then it would flash to "the house of many mansions" and it would find out your kindred there, and before you had wiped from the cheek and before you had finished your first prayer your kindred are ready, then with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul I ask you if you are ready? You see my subject throws the whole responsibility upon yourself. If you do not get into the King's banquet, it is because you do not accept the invitation. You have the most inopportune invitation. Two arms stretched down from the cross soaked in blood from elbow to finger tip, two lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming with infinite love, saying, "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

I told you that when the Queen came to Kenilworth Castle they stopped all the clocks, that the finger of time might be pointed to that happy moment of her arrival. Oh, if the King would come to the castle of your soul, you might well afford to stop all the clocks, that the hands might forever point to this moment as the one most bright, most blessed, most tremendous. Now, I wish I could go around from circle to circle and invite every one of you, according to the invitation of my text, saying, "Come!"

I would like to take every one of you by the hand and say, "me, me!" Old man, who has been wandering 60 or 70 years, thy sun has almost gone down. Through the dust of the evening stretch out thy withered hand to old Christ. He will not cast thee off, old man. Oh, that one tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek! After Christ has fed thee all thy life long, do you not think you can afford to speak one word in his presence?

Come, those of you who are farthest away from God. Drummond, Christian, put out the fire of thy thirst. He can break that shackles. He can restore thy blighted home. Go to Jesus, libertine! Christ said thee where thou went last night. He knows of thy sin. Yet if thou wilt bring thy polluted soul to Him this moment He will throw over it the mantle of His pardon and love. Mercy for thee, oh, thou chief of sinners! Harlot, thy feet foul with hell and thy laughter the horror of the street! Oh, Mary Magdalene, look to Jesus! Mercy for thee, poor lost soul of the street! Self-righteous man, thou must be born again, or thou cannot see the kingdom of God!

Do you think you can get into the feast with those rags? Why, the King's servant would tear them off and leave you naked at the gate. You must be born again. The day is far spent. The cliffs begin to slide their long shadows across the plain. Do you know the feast has already begun—the feast to which you were invited—and the King sits with His guests, and the servant stands with his hand on the door of the banqueting room, and he begins to swing it shut? It is half way shut. It is only just ajar. Soon it will be shut. It is only just ajar. Soon it will be shut.

Come, for all things are now ready.

Have I missed one man? Who has not felt himself called this hour? Then I call him now. This is the hour of thy redemption.

White God invites, how sweet the gospel's charming sound!

Come, sinner, haste, oh, haste away.