

# THE INDEPENDENT.

## THE ONE RIGHT ROAD

### REV. DR. TALMAGE POINTS IT OUT TO LIFE'S TRAVELERS.

He Shows the Road of Righteousness to Be Safe, Plain, Pleasant, Broad, Smooth, and with a Glorious Terminus at Last.

#### Sermon at the Capital.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon in Washington last Sunday was a picture of the road that many have traveled and others are trying to get on and is no more appropriate for the capital of the nation than for all places. The text chosen was Isaiah xxxv., 8, 9, 10: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

There are hundreds of people in this house who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at cross roads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence conscious of the fact that there are many of you here who realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one, and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive tollgates scattered all along the way. Indeed at every rod you must pay in tears, or pay in gembions, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way, and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way, I believe it is the wrong way.

Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment and invitations to come in and dine and rest, but from the looks of the people who stand on the piazza I am certain it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and magnified. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway, until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they seize the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed and cry: "Ho! Ho!" But it is too late, and, crash! they go over the embankment. We shall turn and see if we cannot find a different kind of road. You have heard of the Appian way. It was 350 miles long. It was 21 feet wide, and on either side of the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road it must have been! Made of smooth, hard rock, 350 miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the elements, and time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—there is nothing left of that structure but a ruin. But I have to tell you of a road built before the Appian way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

The prophets and apostles, too, pursued this road while here below. We therefore will, without dismay, Still walk in Christ, the good old way.

#### The King's Highway.

First, this road of the text is the king's highway. In the diligence you dash over the Bernhard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath, under projecting rock, along by dangerous precipices, through tunnels adrift with the melting of the glaciers, and perhaps for the first time learn the majesty of a road built and supported by governmental authority.

Well, my Lord and King decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness. It should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty. It should be wide enough and strong enough to hold 50,000,000,000 of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the execution of devils.

The King sent his Son to build that road.

He put head and hand and heart to it, and after the road was completed waved his blistered hand over the way, crying, "It is finished!" Napoleon paid 15,000,000 francs for the building of the Simplon road that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy, but our King at a greater expense has built a road for a different purpose that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it. Being a king's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and abutressed have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ the King would build no such thing as that. The work done, he mounts the chariot of his love and multitudes mount with him and he drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done.

#### A Clean Road.

Still further, this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become mire and foul because it has not been properly cared for, but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry them along, you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock.

Apaches Again on the Rampage.

The San Carlos Apaches are again on the rampage. Sam Hinton, a cow man, while riding along the reservation, was fired upon from ambush near San Carlos agency. All settlers are confidently expecting an attack in the near future.

#### Naval Officer Sued for Divorce.

Lient. Neumann of the United States man-of-war Charleston has been sued at Perry, O. T., for divorce by his wife. They were married in Baltimore and have lived in New York and Washington. She is a daughter of Capt. Dawson of the United States army.

#### Prof. Dowd Declared Insane.

Prof. Daniel L. Dowd, inventor of Dowd's exerciser, which is now in many gymsnasiums in New York, and who is well known as an exponent of physical and vocal culture, was declared insane.

end of the Christian race, you are so awfully mistaken that, in the name of God, I shatter the delusion.

#### A Plain Road.

Still further, the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring man, though fool, shall not err therein"—that is, if a man is three-fourths an idiot, he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughing stock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once at the gate of heaven, and it swings open, while there has been many a man who could lecture about pneumatics and chemistry and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization and yet has been shut out of heaven. There has been many a man who stood in an observatory and swept the heavens with his telescope and yet has not been able to see the morning star. Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics and yet could not do the simplest sum. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems and yet could not "read his title clear to mansions in the skies."

Many a man has botanized the continent and yet not known the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley. But if one shall come in the right spirit, asking the way to heaven, he will find it a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everything is plain. He who tries to get on the road to heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says, "Come to me and I will take all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now, what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not that plain? If you wanted to go to some city, and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detailing to you by a geological discussion about the gravel you will pass over, or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After this Bible has pointed you the way to heaven, is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And that is you and that is me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can. "Unless you become as a little child you cannot see the kingdom of God." If you are saved, it will not be as a philosopher; it will be as a little child. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Unless you get the spirit of little children you will never come out of their glorious destiny.

#### A Safe Road.

Still further, this road to heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think him perfectly secure, not knowing there was a mangled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God he is as safe as though he had been 10,000 years in heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble, but he cannot be destroyed; kept by the power of God, through faith, unto complete salvation, everlasting safety. The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it; no floods can drown it; no devils can capture it. Firm and unmoved are they.

Who rest their souls on God; Fixed as the ground where David stood, Or where the ark abode.

His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "suppose his store burns up?" Why, then it will be only a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say, "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper mill, and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so often the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation. There was one passage of Scripture the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamonix, with Mont Blanc on one side and Montanyer on the other. I opened my Bible and read, "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is around about them that fear him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary.

Though troubles assail and dangers affright,

Though friends should all fail and foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever be tide,

The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

#### A Pleasant Road.

Still further, the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that treads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the president of the whole universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." And will he take care of the sparrow, will he take care of the raven, will he take care of the hawk and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? Consider the lilies of the field. Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He blesseth the habitation of the just."

What is the use of your fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it."

Oh, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pil-

grims. Tables spread with a feast of good things, and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway, and I find a harper, and I say, "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess as with his eyes toward heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings this tune comes rippling on the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?"

I go a little farther on the same road and meet a trumpeter of heaven, and I say, "Haven't you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And, wiping his lips and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain, "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sunlight on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I go a little distance farther on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea spray, and I say to the maiden of Israel: "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And, like the clang of victors' shields, the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse: "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." And then I see a white robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say, "Who are they? The happiest, and the brightest, and the fairest in all heaven—who are they?" And the answer comes: "These are they who came out of great tribulations and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

#### The Terminus.

I pursue this subject only one step farther. What is the terminus? I do not care how long a road you put me on, I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it, "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the king's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away. They cannot break in those gates. Gibraltar was taken, Sevastopol was taken, Babylon fell, but these walls of heaven shall never surrender either to human or satanic besiegeant. The Lord God Almighty is the defense of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway!

Dr. Dick said that, among other things, he thought in heaven we would study chemistry and geometry and conic sections. Southey thought that in heaven he would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now, Dr. Dick may have his mathematics for all eternity, and Southey his Shakespeare. Give me Christ and my old friends—that is all the heaven I want. Christ and his people that I knew on earth—that is heaven enough for me. Oh, garden of light, whose leaves never wither, and whose fruits never fail! Oh, banquet of God, whose sweetness never palls the taste and whose guests are kings forever! Oh, city of light, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise! Oh, palace of rest, where God is the monarch and everlasting ages the length of his reign! Oh, song louder than the surf beat of many waters, yet soft as the whisper of cherubim!

Oh, glorious heaven! When the last wound is healed, when the last heartbreak is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let all the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets, and all across heaven let there be choirs of morning stars, choirs of white robed victors, choirs of martyrs from under the throne, choirs of ages, choirs of worlds, and there is but one song sung, and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

#### Mother-Wit.

A pretty long list might be made of men who have owed their advancement in life to a smart answer given at the right moment.

One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sir?" instantly asked the ready-witted soldier.

Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "In my Guard, for I see you know how to be prompt."

The newly made officer received his commission the next morning. A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvorov, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion.

"How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvoroff.

"All that are not caught yet," was the answer.

"How far is it to the moon?"

"Two of your excellency's forced marches."

"What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?"

"I'd tell them that there was a wagon-load of whisky just behind the enemy's line."

Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with "What's the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word."

"I say it now then," answered Suvoroff, "and a right good officer you'll be."

#### A New and Light Metal.

The metal glucinium, hitherto a chemical rarity, is likely to come forward as a useful material, especially in electrical work. It is only twice as heavy as water, and is, therefore, even lighter than aluminum. It is a good deal less expensive than iron and has an electric conductivity greater than that of copper. It is more durable than iron. At its present price, \$17.83 per pound, it is one-tenth the price of platinum, weight for weight, and one hundred and sixtieth the price volume for volume.

## RAILROADS IN CHINA.

### THE GOVERNMENT WILL ALLOW THEIR CONSTRUCTION.

One Will Be Built from Tien-Tsin to Lu Kou Bridge, Eight Miles West of Pekin—Great Opportunity for American Railroad Builders.

Invaded by the Iron Horse.

The Chinese Government has at length turned its attention to the construction of railroads, and, according to United States Minister Denby, has appointed Chih-Aben a provincial judge to superintend the building of a railroad from Tien-Tsin to Lu Kou bridge, eight miles west of Pekin, which is as near the sacred precincts of royalty as Chinese engineers will permit the road to approach at present. The cost of the seventy miles of road is estimated at \$2,000,000. It is to be finished in one year. The decree ordering the work also requires Chinese merchants to form stock companies to build other railroads, for the Government is determined to exclude foreign capital and foreign control of the roads, although there is reason to believe it will ultimately yield these points, when practical trial has shown the magnitude of the undertaking, and the lack of ability, owing to the inexperience of the Chinese engineers. In this case there will be a great field for foreign railroad enterprise, and Mr. Denby, who has lost no opportunity of setting out the pre-eminence of Americans as railroad managers and constructors and stock builders, urges that this market should not be allowed to pass, without an effort, into European hands.

### FIRE IN THE GILSEY HOUSE.

Guests of a New York Hostelry Routed Out of Bed at an Early Hour.

At New York fire that started in the drying-room in the basement of the Gilsey House caused great excitement among the 222 guests in the house, many of whom became hysterical, while others fell downstairs in their efforts to escape from the building. The hallways were filled with smoke, and there was every indication that the building would be consumed. The fire was discovered while the guests were still asleep. The watchmen touched off the automatic signals which communicated with the various floors to alarm the guests, and then hurried to the nearest alarm box and turned in the fire alarm. On the arrival of the engines in response to the first alarm the smoke was so thick that a second alarm was sent in. In short time the fire was extinguished and the guests fled back to their apartments. The total damage will not amount to more than \$500.

### MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

Its Business Last Year Not Up to the Expectations.

The great Manchester ship canal is not doing much business, according to the figures for last year's operations transmitted to the State Department by United States Consul Grinnell at Manchester. He says only small cross-channel boats carry out full cargoes, and efforts of the company to attract the India and China trade have been attended by disappointment. Although last year merchandise was sent to the United States to the value of \$14,156,414, yet not one package was shipped direct to New York since the canal opened. Although there were at least two recent opportunities for such shipments, the steamers both left in ballast.

### Gut in the Fruit Market.

Last December more fruit was exported from Sicily to the United States than ever before in that month, the aggregate being 375,000 boxes of green fruits, 160,000 of which were oranges. Now the markets both in America and England are glutted and the prices often received are not sufficient to cover the expenses, to say nothing of the cost of the fruit.

### May Name the Arbitrator.

The Federal council has authorized the President of the Swiss republic to accept the proposal tendered by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States that, in the event of a disagreement as to the choice of an arbitrator for the Canadian sealers, claims, the President of Switzerland shall designate an arbitrator.