

CHEERING THOUGHTS

REV. DR. TALMAGE CONFIDENT THAT AMERICA IS FOR GOD.

He Believes That This Continent Was Referred To in Revelation and Presents a Glowing Picture of Our Future Possibilities and Prospects.

Sermon at the Capital.
This discourse presents a sublime theme and is of national importance, and coming from the capital of the nation must have a stirring effect throughout the land. Dr. Talmage chose for his text Revelation xii, 11, "And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth, and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a

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Wicked and Lazy.

Then there is what in America we call socialism, in France communism, and in Russia nihilism—the three names for one and the same thing—and having but two doctrines in its creed: First, there is no God; second, there shall be no rights of property. One of their chief journals printed this sentiment, "Dynamite can be made out of the dead bodies of capitalists as well as out of hogs." One of the leaders of communism left inscribed on his prison wall, where he had been justly incarcerated, these words: "When once you are dead, there is an end of everything. Therefore, ye scoundrels, grab whatever you can, only don't let yourselves be grabbed. Amen!" There are in this country hundreds of thousands of these lazy scoundrels. Honest men deplore it when they cannot get work, but those of whom I speak will not do work when they can get it. I tried to employ one who asked me for money, I said, "Down in my cellar I have some wood to saw, and I will pay you for it." For a little while I heard the saw going, and then I heard it no more. I went down stairs and found the wood, but the workman had disappeared, taking for company both buck and saw.

Socialism, communism and nihilism mean "too wicked to acknowledge God and too lazy to earn a living," and among the mightiest obstacles to be overcome are those organized elements of domestic, social and political ruin.

There also are the fastnesses of infidelity, and atheism, and fraud, and political corruption, and multiflora hydra headed, million armed abominations all over the land. While the mightiest agencies for righteousness on earth are good and healthful newspapers and good and healthful books, and our chief dependence for intelligence and Christian achievement is upon them, what word among the more than 100,000 words in our vocabulary can describe the work of that archangel of mischief, a corrupt literature? What man, attempting anything for God and humanity, has escaped a stroke of its filthy wing? What good cause has escaped its hindrance? What other obstacle in all the land so appalling? But I cannot name more than one-half the battlements, the bastions, the intrenchments, the redoubts, the fortifications, to be stormed and overcome if this country is ever taken for God. The statistics are so awful that if we had nothing but the multiplication table and the arithmetic, the attempt to evangelize America would be an absurdity higher than the tower of Babel before it dropped on the plain of Shinar. Where are the drilled troops to march against these fortifications as long as the continent? Where are the batteries that can uninhibit against these walls? Where are the guns of large enough caliber to storm these gates? Well, let us look around and see, the first of all, who is our leader and will be our leader until the work is done.

A Great Leader.

Garibaldi, with 1,000 Italians, could do more than another commander with 10,000 Italians. Gen. Sherman, on one side, and Stonewall Jackson on the other, each with 10,000 troops, could do more than some other generals with 20,000 troops. The rough boat in which Washington crossed the icy Delaware with a few half-frozen troops was mightier than the ship of war that, during the American revolution, came through the Narrows, a gun at each porthole, and sank in Hell Gate. Our leader, like most great leaders, was born in an obscure place, and it was a humble home, about five miles from Jerusalem. Those who were out of doors that night said that there was stellar commotion and music that came out of the clouds, as though the front door of heaven had been set open, and that the camels heard his first infantile cry. Then he came to the fairest boyhood that mother was ever proud of, and from 12 to 30 years of age was off in India, if traditions there are accurate, and then returned to his native land, and for three years had his pathway surrounded by blind eyes that he illuminated, and epileptic patients to whom he gave rubidium health, and tongues that he loosed from silence into song, and those whose funerals he stopped that he might give back to bereaved mothers their only boys, and those whose fevered pulses he had restored into rhythmic throb, and whose paralytic limbs he had warmed into healthful circulation—pastor at Capernaum, burning flaming evangelist everywhere, hushing flaming tempests and turning rolling seas into solid sapphire, and for the rescue of a race submitted to court room filled with howling miscreants, and to a martyrdom at the sight of which the sun faints and falls back in the heavens, and then treading the clouds homeward, like snowy mountain peaks, till heaven took him back again, more favorite than he had ever been; but, coming again, he is on earth now, and the nations are gathering to his standard.

Following him were the Scotch covenanters, the Theban legion, the victims of the London Haymarket, the Piedmontese sufferers, the pilgrim fathers, the Huguenots and uncounted multitudes of the past, joined by about 400,000,000 of the present, and with the certainty that all nations shall buzzz at his chariot wheel, he goes forth, the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara—the mighty leader, he of Drumclog, and Bothwell Bridge, and Bannockburn, and the one who whelmed Spanish armada, "Coming up from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save," and behind whom we fall into line to-day and march in the campaign that is to take America for God. Hosanna! Hosanna! Wave all the palm branches! At his feet put down your silver and your gold, as in heaven you will cast before him your coronets.

A Stupendous Issue.
With such a leader do you not think we can do it? Say, do you think we can? Why, many ramparts have already been taken. Where is American slavery? Gone, and the South, as heartily as the North, prays, "Peace to its ashes." Where is best

money is spent in this country for rum and how many drunkards die! But who will give us the statistics of how many hearts are crushed under the heel of this worst demon of the centuries? How many hopes blasted? How many children turned out on the world, accursed with stigma of a debauched ancestry? Until the worm of the distillery becomes the worm that never dies, and the smoke of the heated wine vats becomes the smoke of the torment that ascends up for ever and ever! Alcoholism, swearing—not with hand uplifted toward heaven, tor from that direction it can get no help, but with right hand stretched down toward the perdition from which it came up—swearing that it will not cease as long as there are any homesteads to despoil, any magnificent men and women to destroy, any immortal souls to damn, any more nations to balk, any more civilizations to extinguish.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Crafty.
He—What is that, dear?
She—Angel food. I made it myself.

He—You'd better eat it, dear. You're the only angel in this house.—Boston Transcript.

Absurd Mistake.
"Maria!" he said, nervously, as he sat straight up in bed, "there's a man in the house!"

"William," she responded, "you are very silly. Those are my bloomers hanging over the back of a chair."—Washington Evening Star.

Other Opinions Not Required.
Mr. Wyndham—Do you like the young man who is paying attention to your daughter Mary?

Mr. Warrington—What difference does that make? Mary does.—Southbridge (Mass.) Journal.

A Single Sticker.
He (who has been trying to get rid of her maiden aunt for the last hour)—Your aunt reminds me of the Defender. She—Defender, why?

He—Because she is a single sticker.—Brooklyn Life.

Both Love the Kitty.
"Herald," said Mrs. Pulsifer, "when you talk in your sleep about the kitty it always wakes baby up. She just

"So do I," answered Mr. P., grateful for his escape.—Detroit Free Press.

The Rapidity of Fashion.



"Then if this is the hat that suits Madame, I will send it to her."

"No, indeed! I mean to put it on at once. By the time you could send it to me the fashion would have changed."

Ruling Passion.
Miss Wallflower—If you would only show—

Mr. Tapleigh (absent-mindedly)—No trouble to show anything; miss, even if you do not intend purchasing to-day—Exchange.

On the Strand.
Britisher—Have you any grand ducal halls in America?

Gothamite—Oh, yes; some. The last ducal hall was ten millions cash. I call that grand, don't you?—New York World.

Modest Gentility.
Hungry Hank—They say it hain't good form to keep right up with the fashions.

Tattered Timmy—I know; and it's a mighty lucky thing for fellers like us!—Exchange.

Everybody Got Out.
"How did you get Borely out of your whist club—did you ask him to resign?" "No, we didn't like to do that, but we all resigned except Borely and then we all got together and formed a new club."—Harper's Bazaar.

Mother of Love.
May—When Jack likened Belle to Venus do you suppose he intended to reflect on her morals?

Jack—Oh, no; he simply meant that she was old enough to be the mother of love.—Bay City Chat.

At His Funniest.
"Your friend is an actor, isn't he?" "Yes."

"Very amusing fellow."

"Yes, off the stage."—Exchange.

Matter of Dimension.
Manager—We want a kiss in it.

Playwright—Yes, sir. A four-act kiss or just a curtain-raiser?—Detroit Tribune.

A Natural Result.
Teacher—Tell me, John, what becomes of the man who neglects his soul and gives his entire attention to his body?

John—He grows fat.—Exchange.

A Home Truth.



Irate Stepfather—I can't think where you learn such manners. You don't see me sliding down the balusters and turning somersaults in the hall!—Punch.

Her Prerogative.

Frank—As this is leap year I will trouble you, Miss Florence, to help me on with my coat.

Florence—Certainly, and I will stuff your sleeves in with pleasure.—Detroit Free Press.

Refused to Walk.

"Why do you refuse young Stingy-man?"

"He asked me to walk through life with him."—Detroit Free Press.

The Reason.

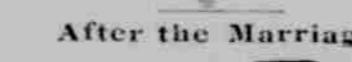
Billy—Do all you chaps at this bank have to give bonds?

Kilby—Yes.

Billy—To keep you from running away?

Kilby—Oh, no; to keep the money from running away.—Exchange.

After the Marriage.



The Wife—My! but you were embarrassed when you pronounced the marriage vow!

The Husband—What do you expect? It was the first time. I will do better the second.

Had Not the Courage.

Mrs. Watts—I am afraid you don't love work.

Dismal Dawson—Deed I do, mum, but I am so bashful.—Indianapolis Journal.

Common Fault.

Pipkin—I got this typewriting machine on trial, but I'm going to take it back.

Potts—What for?

Pipkin—It doesn't spell correctly.—Exchange.

Professional Courtesy.

The casual visitor of the bland disposition leaned over the shoulder of the regular humorist.

"So you're the man who sees the funny side of everything?" he chorused.

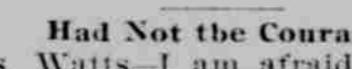
"Yes," the police reporter hastened to say. "He even sees the funny side of his own jokes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Philately Versus Finance.

Professor—Is "dude" short for anything?

Pupil—Yes; for farce usually.—Exchange.

They Knew Its Need.



"My good man, I never sent for you to tune my piano."

"No, madame, it was the people next door."—London Pick-Me-Up.

His Favorite Feature.

"Say," said the watchdog to his friend, the goat, "which of your interesting features are you charmed with?"

"My brows," answered the goat as he absorbed another mouthful from the clothesline.—Detroit Free Press.

Dialogues in the Air.

"What is love?"

"A fresh egg."

"Marriage?"

"Hard-boiled eggs."

"Divorce?"

"Scrambled eggs."—New York Times.

Lack of Culture.

Harry—What girl was that you had in tow last evening?

Willy (indignantly)—What you are pleased to call tow is usually spoken of by people of culture as blonde tresses.—Boston Globe.

A Disappointed Patriot.

"Well, after all, we won't have war with England!"

"So it seems and it's completely ruined me."

"Ruined you?"

"Yes; I was just preparing to stay at home and write a history of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Back Slap.

Patient—Say, doctor, that's a whopping bill you sent me.

Doctor—I'm not in this business for my health.

Patient—No, nor for mine either. I judge, by the way you are working me.—Exchange.

Later On.

Teacher—So, George, you were named after George Washington, were you?

Young George—Yes'm; sometimes after Roxbury Gazette.

Their Choice.

"How does Winters manage to keep the wolf from the door?"

"He doesn't. He gave violin lessons but his family said they preferred the wolf."—Detroit Free Press.

Sparks from the Wires.

Three hundred tons of armor plate has been shipped by the Bethlehem Steel Company to Russia.

Al Spink's play, "The Derby Winner," has been sold to George Munson, a baseball writer, who has been its advance agent.

The Brazil Government has declined an offer from Rio Janeiro bankers of a loan of £1,000,000 (\$5,000,000) to counteract the fall of exchange.

Health Officer Routh's ultimatum to the ice companies at Duluth, Minn., has had the desired effect. All of the companies have gone out over a mile from shore to secure ice.

Oliver Karschbaum, the 16-year-old son of a farmer near Osgood, Ind., while cutting trees, was struck on the head by a falling limb, crushing his skull and killing him instantly.

A futile attempt was made to rob the safe of the county treasurer at Creede, Colo. Robbers worked the combination, but secured nothing. \$6,000 having been removed to the bank.