

"THY LAND SHALL BE MARRIED"

Talmage Says Monopoly and Nihilism and Infidelity Are Suitors For the United States, But the Nation Was Pledged to Christ For Divine Marriage.

Washington, D. C., June 4.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage speaks of some of the perils that threaten our American institutions, and points out the path of safety. Text: "Thy land shall be married."—Isa. xlii. 4.

As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicure of our own republic. Bold, exultant, unique, divine imagery of the text. At the close of a week in which for three days our national capital was a pageant and all that grand review and bannered procession and national anthems could do, celebrated peace, it may not be inapt to anticipate the time when the prince of peace and the heir of universal dominion shall take possession of this nation, and "thy land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation, it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpit and on platform and in places of public discourse, I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes and Babylon and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar; not cypress, but orange blossoms; not requiem, but wedding march; for "thy land shall be married." I propose to name some of the suitors who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected. In the first place, I remark: There is a greedy, all-grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of monopoly. His sceptre is made out of the iron of the rail track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things went on from bad to worse until in the three legislatures of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, for a long time monopoly decided everything. If monopoly favors a law, it passes; if monopoly opposes a law, it is rejected. Monopoly stands in the railroad depot putting into his pockets in one year two hundred millions of dollars in the name of the union, charges for services. Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam power of locomotion, and in the other, the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly has the Republican party in one pocket and the Democratic party in the other pocket. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, state elections, national elections. With bribes he secures the votes of legislators, giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative positions, employing them as attorneys if they are lawyers, carrying their goods 15 per cent less if they are merchants, and if he find a case very stubborn as well as very important, puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But monopoly is not so easily caught now as when during the term of Mr. Buchanan the legislative committee in one of our states explored and exposed the manner in which a certain railway company had obtained a donation of public land. It was found that thirteen of the senators of that state received \$175,000 among them, sixty members of the lower house of that state received between \$5,000 and \$10,000 each, the governor of that state received \$50,000, his clerk received \$5,000, the lieutenant-governor received \$10,000, all the clerks of the legislature received \$5,000 each, while \$50,000 were divided among the lobby agents. That thing on a larger or smaller scale is all the time going on in some of the states of the union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not so easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that the overshadowing curse of the United States to-day is monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat, upon every sack of salt, upon every ton of coal, and every man, woman and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism. I rejoice that in twenty-four states of the union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established, God speed them in the work of liberation.

I have nothing to say against capitalists; a man has a right to all the money he can make honestly—I have nothing to say against corporations as such; without them no great enterprise would be possible; but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without any adequate compensation, I am a thief, and if a railway damages the property of the people without making any adequate compensation, that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds of thousands of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness, and in the United States proposes to take the wealth of sixty or seventy millions of people and put it in a few silken wallets.

Monopoly, brazen-faced, iron-fingered, vulture-hearted monopoly offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes and up the great railroads and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people north, south, east and west forbid the banns of that marriage, forbid them at the ballot box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelm-

ing sentiment of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all-devouring monopoly that this land is to be maw as He had said.—Pul. Com. Rabbi—My Master.

Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is nihilism. He owns nothing but a knife for universal cut-throatery, and a nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven, and the hell except what he can make on earth! He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps many a king practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth, and if he had the power, would climb up until he could drive the God of heaven from His throne and take it himself, the universal butcher. In France it is called communism; in the United States it is called anarchism; in Russia it is called nihilism, but that last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash-up. It would make the holding of property a crime, and it would drive a dagger through your heart, and put a torch to your dwelling and turn over this whole world into the possession of theft and lust and rapine and murder.

Where does this monster live? In all the towns and cities of this land. It offers its hand to this fair republic. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot-box, the legislative hall, the congressional assembly, it would take this land and divide it up, or rather, divide it down. It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good. Nihilism! This panther having prowled across other lands has set its paw on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which to spring upon its prey. It was nihilism that burned the railroad property at Pittsburg during the great riots; it was nihilism that set black people in our northern cities during the war; it was nihilism that mauled to death the Chinese immigrants years ago; it is nihilism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. And its power has never yet been tested. I pray God its power may never be fully tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, school-house and college in a heap of ruins.

Let me say it is the worst enemy of the laboring classes in any country. The honest cry for reform lifted by oppressed laboring men is drowned out by the vociferation for anarchy. The criminals and the vagabonds who range through our cities talking about their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary—if they could be hushed up, and the down-trodden laboring men of the country could be heard, there would be more bread for hungry children. In this land, riot and bloodshed never gained any wages for the people or gathered up any prosperity. In this land the best weapon is not the club, nor the shalshav nor firearms, but the ballot. Let not our oppressed laboring men be beguiled to coming under the bloody banner of nihilism. It will make your taxes heavier, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater. Yet this nihilism, with feet red of slaughter, comes forth and offers its hand for this republic. Shall the banns be proclaimed? If so, where shall the marriage altar be? and who shall be the officiating priest? and what will be the music? That altar will have to be white with bleached skulls, the officiating priest must be a dripping assassin, the music must be the smothered groans of multitudinous victims, the garlands must be twisted of nightshade, the fruits must be apples of Sodom, the wine must be the blood of St. Bartholomew's massacre. No! It is not to nihilism, the sanguinary monster, that this land is to be married.

Another suitor for the hand of this nation is infidelity. When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked, but infidelity proposes something worse than that—the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words, "Asleep in Jesus," and substitute the words, "Collateral—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take the letter from the world's Father, inviting the nations to virtue and happiness, and tear it up into fragments so small that you can not read a word of it. It proposes to take the consolation from the broken-hearted, and the soothing pillow from the dying. Infidelity proposes to swear in the president of the United States, and the supreme court, and the governors of states, and the witnesses in the court room with their right hand on Paine's Age of Reason, or Voltaire's Philosophy of History. It proposes to take away from this country the Book that makes the difference between the United States and the kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornean cannibalism. If infidelity could destroy the Scriptures, it would in two hundred years turn the civilized nations back to semi-barbarism, and then from semi-barbarism into midnight savagery, until the morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes and chimpanzees would be better than the morals of the shipwrecked cannibals.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That Book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English magna charta and American declaration of independence. Benjamin Franklin, holding that Holy Book in his hand, stood before an infidel club in Paris and read to them out of the prophecies of Habakkuk, and the infidels, not knowing what book it was, declared it was the best poetry they had ever heard. That Book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at

Valley Forge, and led the dying Prince Albert to ask someone to sing Rock of Ages.

I tell you that the worst attempted crime of the century is the attempt to destroy the Book; yet infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster, stretches out its hand, ichorous with the second death, to take the hand of this republic. It stretches it out through seductive magazines, and through lyceum lectures, and through caricatures of religion. It asks for all that part of the continent already fully settled, and the two-thirds not yet occupied. It says: "Give me all east of the Mississippi, with the keys of the church and with the Christian printing presses—then give me Wyoming, give me Alaska, give me Montana, give me Colorado, give me all the states west of the Mississippi, and I will take those places and keep them by right of possession long before the Gospel can be fully entrenched."

And this suitor presses his case appealingly. Shall the banns of that marriage be proclaimed? "No!" say the home missionaries of the west, a martyr band of whom the world is not worthy, of cold and fatigues and malaria and stonied starvation. "No!" not if we can help it. By what we and our children have suffered, we forbid the banns of that marriage! "No!" say all patriotic voices, "our institutions were bought at too dear a price, and were defended at too great a sacrifice to be so cheaply surrendered." "No!" says the God of Bunker Hill and Independence Hall and Gettysburg, "I did not start this nation for such a price." "No!" cry ten thousand voices, "to infidelity this land shall not be married!"

But there is another suitor that presents his claim for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned in the verse following the text. It says: "The bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." It is not my figure; it is the figure of the Bible. Christ is so desirous to have this world love Him that He stoops to humiliation and condescension. He compares his grace to spittle on the eye of the blind man. He compares Himself to a hen gathering the chickens, and in my text he compares Himself to a suitor begging a hand in marriage for Rachel, but Christ, my Lord, the King, suffered in torture 33 years to win the love of this world. As often princesses at very birth are pledged in treaty of marriage to princes or kings of earth, so this nation at its birth was pledged to Christ for divine marriage.

Before Columbus and his 120 men embarked on the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina for their wonderful voyage, what was the last thing they did? They sat down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? Gloria in Excelsis. After Columbus and his 120 men had stepped from the ship's deck to the solid ground, what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the new world to God. What did the Huguenots do after they landed in the Carolinas? What did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the Pilgrim Fathers do after they had landed in New England? With bended knee and uplifted face and heaven beseeching prayer, they took possession of this continent for God. How was the first American congress opened? By prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And then see how good God has been to us! Just open the map of the continent, and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down in all sides into the sea, prophesying land manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains timbered with wealth on the top and sides, metalled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron. The land so covered that extreme weather hardly ever lasts more than three days—extreme heat or extreme cold. Climate for the most part bracing and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruit and all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No London fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No German divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has traveled abroad. For the poor, more sympathy; for the industrious, more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to our fathers, and how good He is to us and to our children. To Him! Blessed be His mighty name! To Him of cross and triumph, to Him who still remembers the prayer of the Huguenots and Holland refugees and the Pilgrim Fathers for this land, and this land, O! you Christian patriots, by your contributions and your prayers, hasten on the fulfillment of the text.

We have been turning an important leaf in the mighty tome of our national history. One year at the gates of this continent, 600,000 emigrants arrived. It was told by the commissioners of emigration that the probability was that in that one year 600,000 emigrants would arrive at the different gates of commerce. Who were they? The paupers of Europe? No. At Kansas City, it was told by a gentleman, who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in worldly estate \$800. I was told by an officer of the government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone, averaging \$1,000 in possession each. I was told by the commission of emigration that twenty families that had recently arrived brought \$85,000 with them. I was told by the same commission, additions to the national wealth, not tramps. Advertisements therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn books, thanking God for His kindness in helping them cross the sea. Some of them had Christ in the steering all across the waves, and they will have Christ in the rail trains which will at 5 o'clock every afternoon start for the great west. They are being taken by the commission of emigration in New

York, taken from the vessels, protected from the shysters and the sharpers, and in the name of God and humanity passed on to their destination; and there they will turn their wilderness into gardens, if you will build for them churches, and establish for them schools, and send to them Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah, that shows you have not been to California, that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows you have not been to Texas. A fishing smack to-day on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign populations in this country. The one state of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian empire, yet the Austrian empire supports 35,000,000 people. The one state of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports 36,000,000 people. The one state of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic empire, yet the Germanic empire supports 41,000,000 people. I tell you the great want of the western states is more population.

While some people may stand at the gates of the city saying, "Stay back!" I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come! all ye people who are honest and industrious and God-loving! But say you: 'I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign governments and plant them here.' Absurd. They are sick of the governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America! Give them the great gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country and then we will dedicate all to Christ, and 'thy land shall be married.' But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky mountains, when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards and orchards and grain fields. Then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlesons of the Pacific coast come to the marriage altar on one side, and then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlesons of the Atlantic coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevada on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghenies on the other side, should open full diapason of wedding march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of him who takes the hand of this bride of nations, saying: 'a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee.' At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver, and the chalices of California gold, and the fruits of northern orchards, and the spices of southern groves, and the tapestry of American manufacture, and the congratulations from all the free nations of earth and from all the triumphant armies of heaven, 'And so thy land shall be married.'

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. XI.
JUNE 11, 1899.

Christ Risen.—John 20: 11-20.

Time.—Sunday, April 9th, A. D. 30. Place.—Near Jerusalem. Persons.—Jesus. Mary Magdalene. Two angels. The disciples.

Commentary.—Connecting links. On the third day Jesus arose from the dead. The manner of the resuscitation of Christ's soul and body in His resurrection is a mystery, one of the secret things that does not belong to us. But the clear proofs of His resurrection, that He did indeed rise from the dead and was thus proved to be the son of God, are things revealed, made plain for us, and belong to us. On hearing the report of Mary Magdalene, Peter and John hurried to the tomb and inspected it. They did not see the angel, but found the Saviour was not there. Mary Magdalene returned to the tomb and remained there weeping after Peter and John went away. She stooped down and looked into the tomb. Two angels were sitting there, and asked her why she wept. This explanation agrees with that of Dr. Townson and others. 11. Mary stood without—Peter and John going (v. 10) commend Mary's staying. To the grave she came before them; from the grave she went to tell them; to the grave she returns with them; at the grave she remains behind them. To stay while others stay is the world's love; to stay when all are gone is constant love.—Andrews. She stooped and looked—To see if after all she might be mistaken about the absence of the body.

12. Seeth two angels—Peter and John did not see the angels. The angels' presence showed the divine hand and care. They were ministering spirits to comfort those who were in such great sorrow and need; and they gave explanation of what had been done, no one else being able.—Pelouset.

13. Why weepeth thou?—Are you quite sure that this empty tomb does not show that you ought to be rejoicing?—Ryle. She saith—While the other women were terrified, Mary seems to have had no fear, so wholly was she taken up with her great desire of finding her Lord. She was ready to brave more heroically than ever all danger if only she might find his corpse.—Jacobus.

14. She turned herself back—Away from the angels, still weeping in the utter desolation of a broken heart.—Pul. Com. Knew not that it was Jesus—She had her eyes dimmed with tears, and her mind occupied and excited with other thoughts; besides, she was not expecting to see Jesus alive.

15. Whom seeketh thou?—He recalls her to herself. He seeks to assuage the grief of desolation, the bitterness of despairing love.—Pul. Com. The gardener—And therefore a servant of Joseph of Arimathea, who

owned the tomb, and who of course would be friendly. No other person would be likely to be there at so early an hour. She knew nothing of the Roman guard, who had been there, but who had fled in fear.—Pelouset. Tell me—If indeed it were true that Jesus had been laid in Joseph's tomb until the Sabbath was past (John xix. 42) and had been removed to some other place, Mary was ready to offer a place for the remains of her Lord. To think that perhaps stranger hands had cared for His body when she had brought spices for that purpose was a bitter disappointment to Mary.

16. Mary—Jesus stirred the affection of the weeping woman at His side by uttering her own name in tones that thrilled her to the heart, and created the new, sublime conviction that He had risen as He had said.—Pul. Com. Rabbi—My Master.

17. Touch Me not—Do not rest your new faith upon my corporeal life, but upon that spiritual life soon to be consummated with the Father. Then I shall receive your love, and we will resume our friendship. One touch through the Holy Ghost is worth far more than any bodily presence. I ascend unto My Father—I am clothing Myself with My eternal form; I have laid down My life that I might take it again, and use it for the highest blessedness of My brethren.—Pul. Com. My Father—your Father—My God and your God—Father of Christ by nature and of men by grace.—Wescott. His God only in connection with us; our God only in connection with Him.—J. B. & F. His eternal consciousness of the Father's love dignified all His human relations with the Father, and became the true inspiration of all consciousness of God possessed by His disciples.—Pul. Com.

18. Mary told the disciples—"An apostle to the apostles." Mary was the first to see Jesus and the first to proclaim His resurrection. This special message, not recorded in Matt. xviii. 10, was clearly given to the woman who held His feet.—Pul. Com.

19. The same day at evening—Resurrection day. John has omitted the appearing of our Lord to the other women who came from the tomb (Matt. xxviii. 9), and that to the disciples who were going to Emmaus (Luke xxiv. 13), which all occurred the same day.—Clarke. Fear of the Jews—We do not find that the Jews designed to molest the disciples, but as they had proceeded so far as to put Christ to death, the faith of the disciples not being very strong, they were led to think that they should be the next victims if found. Some think, therefore, that they had the doors barricaded.—Clarke. Jesus stood in the midst—Thomas was not present at this time. The others were holding, perhaps, a prayer and conference meeting, talking over the reports of the resurrection, when the two disciples from Emmaus came and declared that Jesus had been made known to them in the breaking of bread.

20. He shewed them His hands and His side—His body bore the marks of the nails and the spear—preserved that the disciples might be the more fully convinced of the reality of His resurrection.—Clarke. PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Mary's love was manifested by persistent watching and waiting at the tomb; by her passionate weeping, and by her anxiety to discover some trace of her Lord. Mary feared nothing in seeking her Lord, neither the darkness of the night, for she reached the tomb very early, even at dawn, nor the terror of the soldiers, if possibly she knew they had guarded the sepulchre; and not the malice of the Jews had alarmed her. "Love is strong as death, and the flames thereof are vehement. True love to Christ suffers not itself to be stunted or limited. The weakest woman that truly loves Christ may piously strive with the greatest apostle in this point."

Her Master's voice dispelled all gloom. Her own name! His own voice! In an instant all her tears were gone, all her sorrow over, and she cried out in tones expressive of woman's deepest love and devotion, Rabbi—My Master! She saw plainly that the supposed gardener was her risen Lord. Her glad heart was satisfied, yet satisfied with too little. The Master spoke again: "Touch me not." Her faith must grasp greater things than merely being satisfied that He had risen again. Resurrection is nothing if ascension goes not with it. Jesus did not say, "Tell my brethren to come with you and enjoy me as in former days," but, "Tell them I ascend unto My Father and your Father, to My God and your God." His promise to rise again was fulfilled, and now that He again calls to us and His former words about going to the Father, they may not doubt His promise to send them another Comforter. Mary faithfully obeyed the Master's direction, and hastened to spread the glad news of a risen Saviour.

ENGLISH ARMY BLACKING gives a beautiful polish with little or no labor.

At the Ball. Decollete was the lady's gown. Astonishingly so. And people spoke about it. As she wandered to and fro. The men all gazed the women frowned. And called it a disgrace. While three indignant lookers on Arose and left the place. Said Jones, "I hear she's in the swim. I think it must be so." "Quite true, quite true," quoth Robinson. "And dressed for it, you know."

If the children require physic none acts so nice as Miller's Worm Powders; very pleasant to take.

Woman's highest sphere is wifehood, motherhood, sisterhood—the ministry of sympathy and love.—Bishop Potter. His Daughter—Yes, the story ends in the same old way; they marry and live happy ever after. The Furniture Man—Ah! Antique finish!