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WHOLE NO. 1579

TALMAGE'S

Great Sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle Last Sunday.

Large Audience Hears the Noted Preacher.

The Exercises Were Conducted. The Telegram's Correspondent Tells About It.

YESTERDAY I listened to a sermon from the lips of America's most noted living preacher, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D. Were I sure the many friends of the TELEGRAM would enjoy the perusal of this sermon and the description I am about to write, the tenth part as much as I enjoyed hearing it, I would feel amply repaid for the effort it costs me to place columns before them.

As he was to be presumed that the Sun-blowing New York's great naval attraction and at the same time the ceremony preceding the opening of the Fair would be an occasion for Talmage to select a popular subject and handle it with more than ordinary care. I knew too that he would have a large audience—one containing noted names from every part of the English-speaking world. I also knew that he would fail to gain admittance to the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and this high appreciation of the invitation had been extended to me by which I occupied a pew not ten feet from the altar.

For 4,000 years the world had been waiting for a deliverer—waiting while empires rose and fell. Conquerors came and made the world worse instead of making it better, still the centuries watched and waited. They looked for him on thrones, looked for him in palaces, looked for him at the head of armies. At last they found Him in a barn. The cattle stood nearer to Him than the angels, for the former were in the adjoining stall, while the latter were in the clouds. A percentage of peasantry. No room for Him in the inn, because there was no one to pay the hotel expense. Yet the pointing star and the angelic cantata showed that Heaven made up in appreciation of his worth what the world lacked. "Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen."

But who is this Christ who came? As to the difference between different denominations of evangelical Christians I have no concern. If I could, by the turning over of my hand, decide whether all the world shall at last be Baptist, or Methodist, or Congregational, or Episcopal, or Presbyterian, I would not turn my hand. But there are doctrines which are vital to the soul. If Christ be not a God, we are idolaters. To this Christological question I devote myself this morning, and pray God that we may think aright and do aright in regard to a question in which mistake is infinite.

I suppose that the majority of those here to-day assembled believe the Bible. It requires as much faith to be an infidel as a Christian. It is faith in a different direction. The Christian has faith in the teachings of Matthew, Luke, John, Paul, Isaiah, Moses. The infidel has faith in the free-thinkers. We have faith in one class of men. They have faith in another class of men. But as the majority of those, perhaps all of those here assembled, are

that it is a corruption of the story that the Egyptian plague turned the water into blood. They say it is no wonder that Christ sweat great drops of blood; He had been out in the night air and was taken suddenly ill. They say that there were no tongues of fire on the heads of the disciples at the Pentecost; that there was only a great thunder storm, and the air was full of electricity which snapped and flew all around about the heads of the disciples. They say that Mary and Martha and Christ felt it important to get up an excitement for the forwarding of their religion, and so they dramatized a funeral and Lazarus played the corpse, and Mary and Martha played the weepers, and Christ was the tragedian. I put it in my own words, but this is the exact meaning of their statements. They say the Bible is a spurious book, written by superstitious men, backed up by men who died for that which they did not believe.

Now, I take back the limited statement which I made a few moments ago, when I said it requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It requires a thousand fold more faith to be an infidel than to be a Christian, for if Christianity demand that the whale swallowed Jonah, then skepticism demands that Jonah swallowed the whale! I can prove to you that Christ was God, not only by the supernatural appearance on that Christmas night, but by what He said of Himself and by His wonderful achievements. "Christ came, who is over all." Ah! does not that prove too much? Not over the Caesars, not over Frederick, not over Alexander the Great, not over the Henrys, not over the Louises? Yes. He is all the thrones of all the ages together, and my text overspans them as easily as a rainbow overspans a mountain-top. "Christ came, who is over all." Then

forever keep the world from clashing and then demolition. But Paul says that Christ's arm is the axle on which everything turns, and that Christ's hand is the socket in which everything is set. Mark the words, "Upholding—upholding all things by the word of His power." Then He must be a God.

Then look at what Christ says of Himself. Now, certainly every one must understand himself better than any one else can understand him. If I ask you where you were born, and you tell me, "I was born in Chester, England," or "I was born in Glasgow, Scotland," or "I was born



in Dublin, Ireland," or "I was born in New Orleans, the United States. You being a man of integrity, I should believe you. If I asked you how many pounds you could lift, and you should say you could lift 100 pounds, or 300 pounds, or 500 pounds, I should believe you. It is a matter personal to yourself. You know better than any one else can tell you. If I ask how much estate you own, and you say \$10,000, or \$100,000, or \$500,000, I believe what you say. You know better than any one else. Now, Christ must know better than any one else who He is and what He is. When I ask Him how old He is He says: "Before Abraham was, I am." Abraham had been dead 2,028 years. Was Christ 2,028 years old? Yes,

Washington. He says: I am Emperor William, of Germany; I am traveling incognito; I have come over here for recreation and pleasure; I own castles in Dresden and Berlin." But the president finds out the next day that he is not Emperor William, that he owns no castles at Berlin or Dresden, that he has no authority. What is he? An impostor, Christ says He is the King over all, the King immortal, invisible. If He is, He is a God. If He is not, He is an impostor.

Strauss saw that alternative, and he tries to get out of it by saying that Christ was sinful in accepting adora-



tion and worship. Renan tries to get out of it by saying that Christ—not through any fault of his own, but through the fault of others—lost His purity of conscience, and he slyly intimates that dishonorable women had damaged His soul. Any thing but believe that Christ is God.

Now you believe the Bible to be true. If you do not you would hardly have appeared in this church. You would have gone over and joined the Broadway Infidel club, or you would go to Boston and kiss the foot of the statue of Thomas Paine. You would hardly come into this church, where the most of us are the deluded souls who believe in a whole Bible and take it all down as you swallow a ripe strawberry. I have shown you what inspired men said of Christ, I have shown you what Christ said of Himself; now if you believe the Bible, let us go out and see His wonderful achievements—surgical, alimentary, marine, mortuary, surgical achievements. Where is the medical journal that gives any account of such exploits as Christ wrought? He used no knife. He carried no splints. He employed no compress. He made no patient squirm under cauterization.

He tied no artery. Yet behold Him. With a word He struck fast Malchus' amputated ear. He stirred a little dust and spittle into salve, and with it caused a man who was born blind, and without optic nerve, or cornea, or crystalline lens, to open his eyes on the sunlight. He beat music on the drum of the deaf ear. He straightened a woman who through contraction of the muscle had been bent almost double for well nigh two decades. He made a man who had no use of his limb for thirty-eight years shoulder his mattress and walk off.

Sir Astley Cooper, Abernathy, Valentine Mott stood powerless before a withered arm; but this doctor of omnipotent surgery comes in and He sees the paralytic arm useless and lifeless at the man's side, and Christ says to him: "Stretch forth thine hand," and he stretched it forth whole as the other. He was God.

Alimentary achievements. He found a lad who had come out of the wilderness with five loaves of bread for a speculation. Perhaps the lad had paid five pennies for the five loaves, and he expected to sell them for ten pennies, and so he would double his money. Christ took those loaves of bread and performed a miracle by which he fed seven thousand famishing people. And I warrant you the lad lost nothing, for there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up, and if the boy had five loaves at the start, I warrant you he had at least ten at the close.

The Saviour's mother goes into a neighbor's house to help get up a wedding party. By calculation she finds out that the amount of wine is not sufficient for the guests. She calls in Christ for help, and Christ, not by the slow decay of fermentation, but by a word, makes 180 gallons of pure wine.

Marine achievements. He turns a whole school of fish into the net of men who were mourning over their poor luck, until the boat is so full they have to halloo to other boats, and the other boats come up and they are laden to the water's edge with the game, so that the sailors have to be cautious in going from larboard to starboard lest they upset the ship. Then there comes a squall down through the mountain gorge, Genesaret with long locks of white foam rises up to battle it, and the boat drops into a trough and ships a sea, and the loosened sails crack in the tornado and Christ rises from the back part of the boat and comes walking across the staggering ship until he comes to the prow, and there He wipes the spray from his brow and hushes the crying storm on the knee of His omnipotence. Who wrestled down that euroclydon? Whose feet trampled the rough Galilee into a smooth floor?

Let philosophers and anatomists go to Westminster Abbey and try to wake Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII. No human power ever awakened the dead. There is a dead girl in Capernaum. What does Christ do? Alas! that she should have died so young and when the world was so fair. Only twelve years of age! Feel her cold brow and cold hands. Dead, dead! The house is full of weeping. Christ comes and He takes hold of the hand of the dead girl and instantly her eyes open and her heart starts. The white lily of death blushes into the roses of health. She rushes into the arms of her rejoicing kindred. Who woke up that death? Who restored her to life? A man? Tell that to the luna-

tic in Bloomingdale asylum. It was Christ, the God.

But there comes a test which more than any thing else will show whether He was God or man. You remember that great passage which says: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." The earth will be stunned by a blow that will make it stagger mid-heaven; the stars will circle like dry leaves in an equinox; the earth will unroll the bodies, and the sky will unroll the spirits, and the soul and flesh will come into incorruptible conjunction. Day of smoke and fire and darkness and triumph. On one side,



piled up in galleries of light, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, yea, the quintillions of the saved. On the other side, piled up in galleries of darkness, the frowning, the glaring multitude of those who rejected God.

Between these two piled-up galleries a throne, a high throne, a throne standing on two burnished pillars—Justice, Mercy—a throne so bright you had better hide your eye lest it be extinguished with excess of vision. But it is an empty throne. Who will come up and take it? Will you?

"Ah, no!" you say. "I am but a child of dust; I would not dare to climb that throne." Would Gabriel climb it? He dare not. Who will ascend it? Here comes one. His back is to us. He goes up step above step, height above height, until He reaches the apex. Then He turns around and faces all nations, and we all see who it is. It is Christ, the God, and all earth, and all Heaven, and all hell kneel, crying: "It is a God! It is a God!" We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

Oh, I am so glad that it is a Divine Being who comes to pardon all our sins, to comfort all our sorrows. Sometimes our griefs are so great they are beyond any human sympathy, and we wait Almighty sympathy. Oh, ye who cry all last night because of bereavement or loneliness, I want to tell you it is an omnipotent Christ who is come.

After a short prayer the organ again pealed out its deep melodies. As the great throng was leaving the church, Dr. Talmage descended from the rostrum and stood near one door shaking hands and greeting people as they passed.

STUART REED.

New York, May 1st '93.

OPENED.

The Great Fair at Chicago Has Its Ponderous MACHINERY SET IN MOTION.

On Monday the greatest exposition the world has ever seen was appropriately opened at Chicago. The Naval Review at New York, described on page fifth was the Commencement and the starting of the machinery of the fair at Chicago, was the completion of the inaugural ceremonies. It is presumed that fully three hundred thousand people were assembled when the President of the United States took the golden button that released the pent-up forces and set the great show in motion.

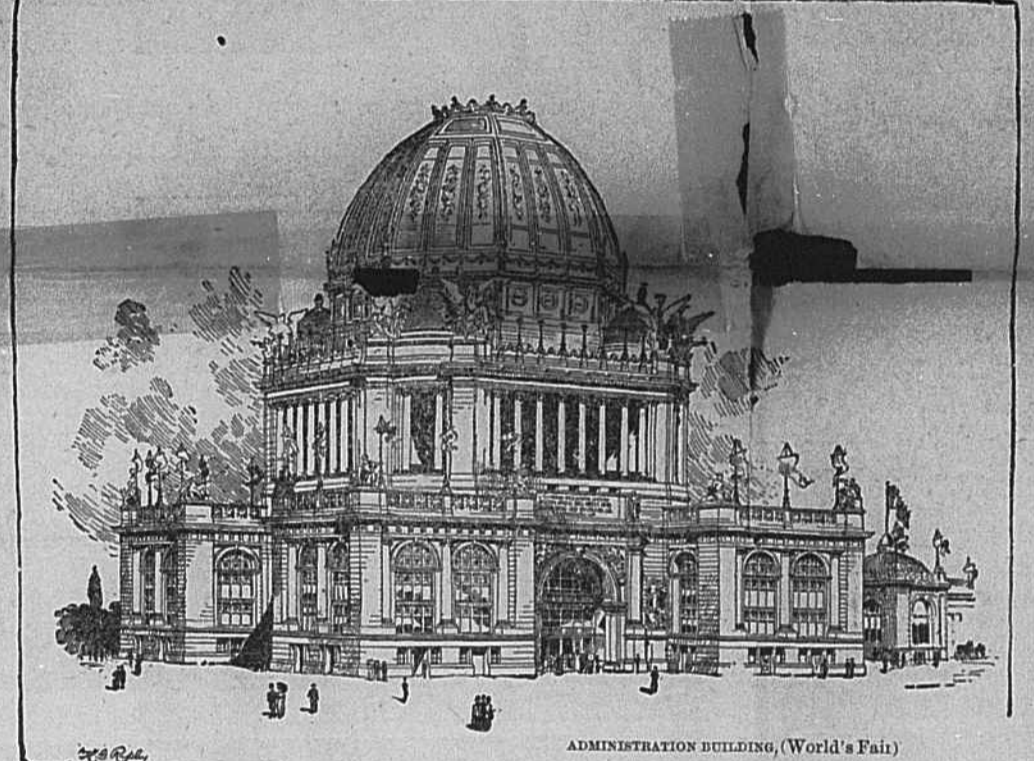
The President's speech was brief and very appropriate. The following being a stenographic report of his language: "I am here to join my fellow-citizens in the congratulations which befit the occasion. Surrounded by the stupendous results of American enterprise and activity, and in view of magnificent evidences of American skill and intelligence, we need not fear that the congratulations will be exaggerated. We must stand to-day in the presence of the oldest nations of the world and point to the great achievements we here exhibit, asking no allowance on the score of youth.

"The enthusiasm with which we contemplate our work intensifies the warmth of the greeting we extend to those who have come from foreign lands to illustrate with us the growth and progress of human endeavor in the direction of a higher civilization.

"We, who believe that popular education and the stimulation of the best impulses of our citizens lead the way to a realization of the proud national destiny, which our faith promises, gladly welcome the opportunities here afforded us, to see the results accomplished by efforts which have been exerted longer than ours the field of man's improvement; while in appreciative return, we exhibit the unparalleled advancement and wonderful accomplishments of a young nation and present the triumph of a vigorous self-reliant and independent people. We have built there splendid edifices, but we have also built the magnificent fabric of a popular government whose grand proportions are seen throughout the world. We have made and here gathered together objects of use and beauty, the products of American skill and invention; we have also made men who rule themselves.

"It is an exalted mission in which we and our guests from other lands are engaged, as we co-operate in the inauguration of an enterprise devoted to human enlightenment; and in the undertaking we here enter upon, exemplify in the noble sense the brotherhood of nations.

"Let us hold fast to the meaning that underlies this ceremony, and let us not lose the impressiveness of this moment. As by a touch the machinery that gives life to this vast exposition is now set in motion, so at the same instant, let our hopes and aspirations awaken forces which in all time to come shall influence the welfare, the dignity and the freedom of mankind."



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, (World's Fair)

willing to take the Bible as a standard in morals and in faith, I make this book my starting-point.

I suppose you are aware that the two generals who have marshaled the great armies against the deity of Jesus Christ are Strauss and Renan. The number of their slain will not be counted until the trumpet of the archangel sounds the roll-call of the resurrection. Those men and their sympathizers saw that if they could destroy the fortress of the miracles they could destroy Christianity, and they were right. Surrender the miracles and you surrender Christianity. The great German exegete says that all the miracles were myths. The great French exegete says that all the miracles were

He must be a God. The Bible says that all things were made by Him. Does not that prove too much? Could it be that He made the Mediterranean, that He made the Black Sea, that He made the Atlantic, the Pacific, that He made Mount Lebanon, that He made the Alps, the Sierra Nevada, that He made the hemispheres, that He made the universe? Yes. The Bible says so, and lest we be too stupid to understand, John winds up with a magnificent reiteration and says: "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Then He was a God.

The Bible says at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow. All Heavens must come down on its knees, apostles on their knees, the archangel on his

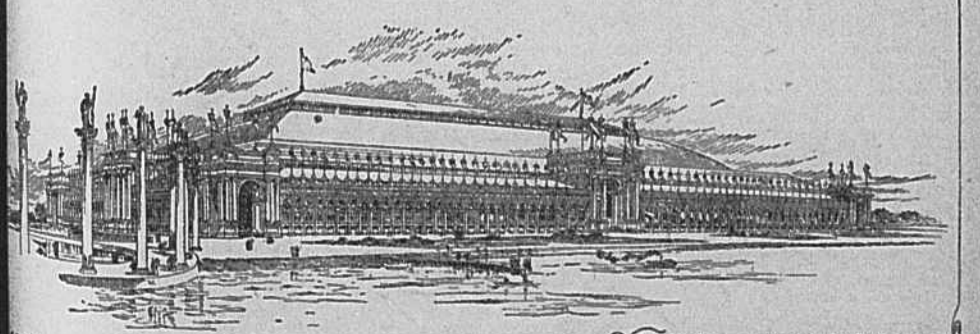
He says He is older than that. "Before Abraham was, I am." Then Christ says "I am the Alpha." Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and Christ in that utterance declared: "I am the A of the alphabet of the centuries."

Then He must be a God. Can a man be in a thousand places at once? "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." This ever-wonderfulness, is it characteristic of a man or of God? And, lest we might think this ever-wonderfulness would cease. He goes on and He intimates that He will be in all the cities of the earth—He will be in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America the day before the world burns up. "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Why, then, He must be a God.

Besides that He takes divine honors. He declares Himself Lord of men, angels and devils. Is He? If He is, He is a God. If He is not He is an impostor. A man comes into your store tomorrow morning. He says: "I am the great ship-builder of Liverpool; I have built hundreds of ships." He goes on to give his experience. You defer to him as a man of large experience and great possessions. But the next day you find out that he is not the great ship-builder of Liverpool, that he never built a ship, that he never built anything. What is he then? An impostor. Christ says He built this world; He built all things. Did He build them? If He did He is God. If He did not He is an impostor.

A man comes into your place of business, with a Jewish countenance and a German accent, and says: "I am a Rothschild, the banker of London; I have the wealth of nations in my pocket; I loaned that large amount to Italy and Austria in their perplexity." But after a while you find that he has never loaned any money to Italy or Austria; that he never had a large estate; that he is no banker at all; that he owns nothing. What is he? An impostor. Christ says He owns the cattle on a thousand hills; He owns this world; He owns the next world; He owns the universe; He is the banker of all nations. Is He? If He is, He is a God. Is He not? Then He is an impostor.

A man enters the white house at



Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building from South-east.

the rostrum and placing his hand on a small stand himself in one of the richly upholstered chairs. His prayer was very beautiful and his voice was a strong voice.

His countenance was pleasant and his words simple and unostentatious. His hair was smooth shaven and he wore his Albert coat closely buttoned. He held his notes or manuscript and stood on a small stand or table.

By his audience almost spell-bound by his inimitable style and his descriptions. His subject on the occasion was "Over All Forever." He began with Romans ix. 5: "Christ who is over all." His words were

legends. They propose to take everything supernatural from the Bible. They prefer the miracles of human nonsense to the glorious miracles of Jesus Christ.

They say there was no miraculous birth in Bethlehem, but that it is all a fanciful story, just like the story of Romulus said to have been born of Rea Silvia and the god Mars. They say no star pointed to the manger; it was only the flash of a passing lantern. They say there was no miraculous making of bread, but that it is a corruption of the story that Elisha gave twenty loaves of bread to a hundred men. They say the water was never turned into wine, but

knees. Before whom? a man? No, He is a God. The Bible says every tongue shall confess—Borneian, Malayan, Mexican, Italian, Spanish, Persian, English. Every tongue shall confess: To whom? God. The Bible says Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Is that characteristic of humanity? Do we not change? Does not the body entirely change in seven years? Does not the mind change? Does not the heart change? Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He must be a God.

Philosophers say that the law of gravitation decides everything, and that the centripetal and centrifugal