



EDWARD O. GUERRANT

THE GOSPEL OF THE LILIES

BY
EDWARD O. GUERRANT
" "
Author of "The Galax Gatherers," etc.



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TO
MY MOTHER

INTRODUCTION

BY

REV. EGBERT WATSON SMITH, D. D.,

Executive Secretary of Foreign Missions, Nashville, Tennessee.

To a genial, captivating, tactful personality, Dr. Guerrant adds a thrilling evangelistic eloquence, and a Christlike missionary zeal.

Leaving a lucrative medical practice in his native Kentucky, after graduating in New York City, he took the full course at Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, serving later in both rural and metropolitan pastorates.

Under his preaching and leadership the First Presbyterian Church of Louisville, Kentucky, had a phenomenal growth.

So incessant were the calls for his services that from this church he was soon forced into that wider ministry for which he was pre-eminently fitted by both nature and grace, and through which his name has become a household word throughout a wide section of our country.

Hundreds of remarkable meetings he has held in the large centers of population, yet his heart, like that of his Master, has especially yearned over the needy and neglected.

Recalling what, as soldier and physician, he

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had seen years before in the Appalachian Mountains, of the needs of the people, he visited that section when he became evangelist, and was amazed to find a region as large as the German Empire, inhabited by about four millions of people, nearly all of the purest Scotch-Irish and Anglo-Saxon stock, practically without churches, schools, or qualified teachers. After preaching to them on frequent evangelistic tours, in log huts, in tents, and under the open sky, winning their devoted affection, and leading hundreds and thousands of them to Christ, by his genial humor, his powerful oratory, and his patient, heroic persistence in seeking their good, he finally organized "The America Inland Mission" or "Society of Soul Winners," appealing to Christians of every name to help.

In ten years 362 missionaries employed by this Society labored exclusively in these wild mountains, holding over 22,000 public services at 10,069 places, reporting 6,304 conversions, teaching 879 Bible schools, with 39,500 pupils, distributing over 10,000 Bibles and Testaments, and 125,000 tracts, building 56 churches, schools and mission houses, including three Colleges and an Orphan Asylum.

The work that Dr. Guerrant has done for the sequestered people of the Appalachians will remain his monument ages after his eloquent voice has fallen silent. It shows what one brave man can accomplish, with God behind him.

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His book, "The Galax Gatherers," is a fascinating record of missionary service and adventure. It flashes and sparkles all the way through, like one of the mountain brooks pictured in its pages.

As a preacher, Dr. Guerrant speaks with the unmistakable accent and authority of an ambassador of the Most High. He is no literary trifler; he deals with essentials. As we listen, the great facts and meanings of redemption, of sin and death, of life, of God and eternity, tower before us like mountain peaks, dominating and dwarfing the worldly, transient, trivial things that allure and mislead us.

Rev. Dr. David Gregg, Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church (Dr. Cuyler's), in Brooklyn, N. Y., in a private letter to Dr. E. P. Marvin, says:

"Dr. Guerrant is a mighty man of God. He made the Gospel a new power in my life, and in the lives of many others. Put him into a crowd of unconverted people, and there will be but a few to go away unreached and unsaved. He is an evangelist of the very highest order."

From his Philadelphia pulpit, Dr. Frank DeWitt Talmage described a sermon by Dr. Guerrant as "the ablest address I ever heard before an audience, for common sense, for completeness of Gospel truth, and for effectiveness."

In a magazine article by Rev. Dr. T. Dwight

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Witherspoon, Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., we read:

“The unevangelized people are before us; how shall we preach? I do not know how to answer this question better than by giving a concrete case. A few weeks since, I had the opportunity, which I had long coveted, of hearing for the first time, the most successful preacher to the unevangelized masses that I know, the Rev. Dr. Edward O. Guerrant. Going to the nearest railway station, hiring a horse, and riding thirty miles across two mountain ranges, I came, at sunset, to the little county-seat in whose court-house the services were being held, there being no church edifice of any denomination in the place. It was in the latter part of May, when people were all in the midst of the busiest season with their crops, and when it was most difficult to secure a congregation. As we entered the court-house at the hour of service I was astonished to find it packed to its utmost capacity, with many outside who could not get in. The dingy and uncomfortable court-room was only dimly lighted by one or two flickering coal-oil lamps. There were no musical attractions beyond the presence of a brother with a good voice, who, accompanied by a small organ, led very simply in the singing of the most familiar Gospel hymns. It was evident that the preaching was what had gathered this great crowd of people, most of whom rarely, if ever, heard the Gospel preached. I had, therefore, full opportunity to study the preacher and the sermon,—a sermon which, admirable from beginning to end, produced so profound an impression upon the people that I was not sur-

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prised when one of the rude mountaineers told me after the service, that if that man preached a few days longer, the court-house yard would not hold the people that would gather to hear him. I take this sermon as a model of the kind of preaching needed."

The reader of these printed sermons, of which only a few are directly evangelistic, must miss, of course, the voice and magnetism of the orator, but we believe he cannot miss or escape the impression that through these pages, on subjects of personal and eternal moment, and in a tongue familiar and persuasive, God is speaking to his soul.

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If God had not used these messages in the conversion of hundreds of people, this little volume would never have been published.

With the hope and prayer that He will continue to honor them in winning souls for Christ, we commit them to His care.

I have tried to tell the "old, old story" in language adapted to the "common people" without any attempt at eloquence or learning. Most of them were prepared during my early ministry, while pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Louisville.

The pressure of many duties and frequent journeyings through the mountains and lowlands, compelled me to speak extemporaneously during the rest of my ministry as Evangelist.

Some may not find these extemporaneous sermons in this volume, because they were never written, and I cannot reproduce them now.

I owe more than I can repay to my brethren in the Ministry, whose sermons I have enjoyed and have tried to acknowledge all help received from others.

If I meet one soul in Heaven who was won to Christ by these humble messages, I shall be a thousandfold repaid for any time or labor in their preparation.

FOREWORD

Begging the help of your prayers for God's
blessing on all who read,

I am,
Your humble servant,
EDWARD O. GUEBANT

Wilmore, Ky.

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I

THE GOSPEL OF THE LILIES

Consider the lilies. Matthew vi, 28, 29.

The greatest preacher was the simplest. The "common people heard Him gladly," and understood Him easily.

This was His first sermon, His "inaugural address." In it He states the character of His kingdom, and lays down the laws of its government, and the duties of its subjects. He shows its superiority over all that preceded it and the absolute security and happiness of all its inhabitants.

Multitudes waited on His teaching. He was the "desire of all the nations." For four thousand years a guilty hopeless world has been expecting a deliverer. All other helps and hopes had failed. "In the fulness of time," He came to save a lost world; to bring a race of immortals back to God; to restore order and peace to God's kingdom on earth. It was a mission worthy of a God, and only a God could do it.

This great sermon on the mountain was His first utterance. He used plain language. He was speaking to plain people. Most of them were poor and unlearned. Their life was a hard one; a struggle for bread, long and sharp. He was

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speaking to multitudes who were accustomed to "walk by sight," to depend upon their own arm for a living. The inquiry was "how shall we get bread and clothes for ourselves and children?" They saw nothing beyond the narrow horizon of a hard life, and nothing above the humble roof of their homes.

For years they had been ground beneath the heels of tyrants, and deluded by teachers who taught a false religion, without a Savior or a hope. They felt the need of something better. This was the occasion. The object was to teach them, and you, and me, a better way—the divine, the heavenly way. We need it: The old Galilean cry has come down to us—"What shall we eat?" It occupies most of our thoughts, and time, and energies. He came to show us a better way; to set the world right; to put God back in His place in our lives; to lift up the burdens which have crushed humanity for six thousand years. His great theme was to let God do our thinking, planning, and providing; to let God bear our burdens; to let Him be, what He ought to be, our Father, our Helper, our Redeemer, our "All in All." He showed them the utter helplessness of man; the utter folly of thinking more of their clothes than of their bodies; more of their food than their souls.

Looking down into the valley where beautiful lilies were blooming, He called their attention to them, and says, "consider the lilies."

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What a scene! What a sermon! How simple, yet how sublime! He made those lilies. He painted their heavenly colors with His sunlight; He refreshed them with His dews and showers; He dressed them in colors more regal than "Solomon in all his glory." "They neither toil nor spin." No milliner could have made their wardrobe. God only could make it. Now let us consider:

I. *God's care of the lilies.*—He made them, and planted them along the mountain, glen and stream, in field and meadow. He fed and clothed them. The wild lilies have no other provider. God alone cares for them. How well it is done. No human heart or hand can take His place. He planted them where they grow. He selected their home. They grew as He wisely ordered, by stem and leaf and flower. He watered them when thirsty, and fed them when hungry.

"They have no care;
They bend their heads before the storm,
And rise to meet the sunshine warm,
"God cares for them.
His love is over every one;
He wills their good, His will be done.
He does neglect no single flower;
He makes them rich with sun and shower,
Their song of trust is sweet and clear,
And he that hath an ear, may hear."

You see the lesson. The maker of the lilies made you; the Lover of the lilies loves you. Will

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He not clothe and feed you? Are you not worth more than all the lilies? Why, then, be "anxious about the morrow?" Why, then, be afraid to trust God? How unnatural! How unreasonable! How ungrateful!

This is the lesson. Trust God like the lilies, and He will take care of you. This is the life of faith, the lily life; the child life, the heavenly life.

II. Then consider God's *prodigality to the lilies*.—Go into a beautiful garden and examine the flowers. What a wealth of color and shape and perfume. All colors, all shapes beautiful, all exquisite perfumes. The wealth of heaven poured out on earth. No wonder Jesus called heaven "Paradise," the beautiful garden of God.

But that lily is only a poor soulless flower. It can never know who feeds it, or made it, or loves it. It can never see, or know, or enjoy Him. You can. This is your God, your Father. Consider what He does for the lilies, then doubt what He will do for you, His child, His image, His loved one. You can know Him, see Him, love Him and enjoy Him. How much more then will He do for you. What prodigality of love and grace and riches and honor He has for you.

See what He has already done for you. For whom did He make the lilies and the birds and the sunshine and the world? All for you. Whom did Jesus die for? Whom are angels ministering to? Whom is heaven waiting for? All for you.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have

entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

III. Then consider God's *resurrection of the lilies*.—They vanish with the summer, and the snow of winter covers the graves of the lilies, and we imagine they are dead. The wild bees seek them in vain, and the valley is desolate where they bloomed, and the children wonder where they went, but God smiles over the landscape with April sun and showers, and the lilies rise from the dead, and bloom again. This is the resurrection of the lilies. Does it teach us no lesson? Hear Him say, "Consider the lilies."

Have we loved ones beneath the sod, and the snow, whom we call dead?

"An angel form walks o'er the earth,
With soft and silent tread,
And bears our best loved friends away,
And then we call them dead."

And will not the God of the lilies smile on them again, and make them rise from the grave and bloom again? He says He will. "Awake and sing, ye that sleep in the dust."

Hear Him say, "Thy brother shall rise again," and thy mother and husband and child.

We will consider the lilies, and thank God for the beautiful lessons they teach us. The loving hand that heals the broken lily with divine surgery, will bind up the broken heart of His child.

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The mighty voice that calls the sleeping lilies from beneath the snow and sod, will call our loved ones from their graves. Blessed resurrection! With beauty beyond all lilies, and life beyond all death, we will receive them again to our rejoicing hearts and homes.

When hard times come and our hearts fail, "Consider the lilies, how they grow," and take courage. When death comes and takes our best loved ones away, then "consider the lilies," how they rise, and rejoice that we shall meet them again

"In those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk,
And Seraphs are the wardens."

II

THE WOMAN WHICH WAS A SINNER

And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Luke vii, 44.

Is it not a little singular that perhaps the most remarkable history of a woman given in the Bible should give neither her name nor her place of residence? It only shows how little store God sets by posthumous fame, or all the honors this world can bestow. But before the image of this nameless woman the world has stood in mute admiration for nearly two thousand years, and, though nameless still, it has lost none of its interest or power as a living monument of a Savior's compassion and a sinner's hope.

And the challenge of Jesus to Simon, "Seest thou this woman?" has been ringing through all the ages of the past, and hundreds and thousands have beheld her, and rejoiced in the glorious truths this nameless woman illustrates with a power and pathos the world has never seen surpassed.

Joseph Cook tells us that he studied the celebrated painting, the Madonna di san Sisto of Raphael, for a month, day after day. Doubtless

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it well rewarded the study. But the Madonna of Raphael fades away in the luster of the Madonna of Jesus. One is the work of man; the other of God. One hangs yonder in Dresden; the other lives here in this eternal word. One is the admiration of artists for a few years; the other, the admiration of a universe forever. Then how richly will it repay our study?

We have time to-day only to point out the most obvious lessons this wonderful picture teaches.

“SEEST THOU THIS WOMAN?”

I. *A Sinner.* So great a sinner that she answers to no other name—“The woman which was a sinner.” The common name to ordinary sinners became a proper name when applied to her. So notorious a sinner was she that the Pharisee wondered that Jesus allowed her to come into his presence. Yea, according to Jesus’ own estimate, she was ten times as bad as ordinary sinners, for she was five hundred pence in debt, while some are only fifty. The Pharisee considered her very touch polluting, as of one with leprosy.

Now, here is a test case for sinners. If Jesus saved such as she, none need despair. If His Gospel is only for good, respectable people, this woman has no chance. If it is only for Pharisees, she can’t be saved. If Jesus pays only fifty pence debts, this five hundred pence sinner has no hope. Her tears are all in vain, if the Gospel of Jesus was rightly understood by Simon. But,

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thank God, Simon did not understand the Gospel as well as the "woman which was a sinner."

For I remark in the second place:

II. She was saved.

Her sins, which were many, were forgiven, all forgiven, five hundred though they were! A big debt, but Jesus "paid it all."

The Gospel of Jesus is a Gospel for sinners, and not for Pharisees; therefore the woman was saved, and the Pharisee was not. Jesus said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Simon knew the woman, but he did not know Jesus. He knew she was a sinner,—a great sinner; but he did not know the greater Savior who was sitting that day at his table, with power to forgive sins, and to save the chiefest of sinners.

III. Now the most important question is, How was this woman saved?

That she was a great sinner, she did not deny. That she was saved, Jesus says himself. Now it is a vital question with everyone of us, How was this woman saved?

1. Negatively:

(a) *Not by works*;—she had none. She was a notorious sinner, a woman whose name was cast out as vile, and who had probably lived in sin up to that very day; she owed a great debt at that very time, so Jesus says himself.

The Pharisee who had the good works was not

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saved; while the sinner without any good works was saved.

(b) Not by *baptism* or the Lord's Supper;—she had never been baptized, and the Lord's Supper had not yet been instituted; and yet she was saved at that time, and the Pharisee who had been circumcised, and kept the Passover, was lost.

(c) Not by *joining the church*;—she was insulted in the Pharisee's house, and could not have lived in the Pharisee's church. She made no such pretensions, but had been living a shameless life, not only out of the church, but out of all respectable society.

2. Then how was she saved? Jesus answers himself. "Thy *faith* hath saved thee." Not thy good works, nor thy baptism, nor thy church membership, not even thy repentance, nor thy love, nor thy confession, but "thy faith hath saved thee."

Let that settle the question forever. It is the fiat of Jehovah, the word of the author of salvation himself. Let no blasphemous tongue suggest another way. Let no impious hand put anything else where Jesus put faith.

"Thy faith hath saved thee."

Ever since Cain killed Abel, men have sought other ways to be saved. Cain himself had another way; so did this Simon; so do men yet. But no man has ever yet been saved (or ever will be) who was not saved like this woman—by faith.

There is only one way, and "I am the way,"

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said Jesus. The woman went that way; so did Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, John, Peter, and Paul; and everyone who ever reached heaven went that way.

The woman believed he was a Prophet; Simon did not. The sinner believed he was a Savior; the Pharisee did not. The woman went to him for salvation; the Pharisee did not. The woman was saved; the Pharisee was lost, so far as the record shows.

The history is a short one, but its consequences are not all told yet, nor ever will be; they are eternal; this is only the beginning.

IV. Now it is a matter of the greatest importance to us to know whether we have this faith that saves. Jesus himself tells us that many will be deceived; that many will say in that great day "Lord, Lord," and yet be cast out. So he tells us to "examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith"—i. e., whether we have faith.

Now there are two ways in which we know this woman had faith.

(a) Jesus said so.

(b) She showed her faith by *her works*.

We cannot hear Jesus say to us, "Thy faith hath saved thee," but we can apply the second test by which we discover her faith, and see whether we stand the test.

1. She showed her faith by her *repentance* for her sin. Was there ever a more genuine sorrow for sin than she exhibited? She had been a great

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sinner; she knew it, felt it, and, voiceless in her sorrow, she had no language but tears, bitter tears, to tell that sorrow.

Simon had none, not even water to wash the Master's feet. But what humility is hers! Taking the place of a slave, she bathed his feet with penitential tears, and wiped them with the hair God had given her for a glory and a covering.

2. By her *love*. "Love laughs at locksmiths," they tell us; hers laughed at the sneers of the crowd, at the insult of the Pharisee, at the conventionalities of society, at the etiquette that excluded her from Simon's house, an unbidden, unwelcome guest. No wonder Jesus said, "She loved much." Was there ever such love on earth? Behold her there! kissing the feet she had bathed with her tears; presuming not to kiss the immaculate lips Simon refused to honor, she esteemed it honor enough to kiss his sacred feet, which had brought her salvation.

What but love—love too deep for language—would ever have found such a voice as that! "Ceased not to kiss" the weary feet that had trodden the thorny highways of sin for her lost soul! "Many waters could not quench that love; the floods could not drown it."

Grand woman! we stand with uncovered heads in your presence to-day, humbled by the lack of our own gratitude and want of love for your divine Master. We shall stand humbled forever in the luster of that crown which shall extinguish our light in the glory that shall be revealed.

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Your memory is a benediction to this sin-cursed earth. God's sacred gallery would not be complete without your nameless picture; the song of the redeemed would not be full without the note of your voiceless love in Simon's house.

3. Then she showed her faith by her *sacrifice*. She brought her treasure, like Mary at Bethany, perhaps all her treasure, the precious ointment with which to anoint her Lord and Master. Hers was a love that knew no idol but Jesus, that withheld no offering from his service.

It was once told Mr. Wesley that a certain rich man was converted. "Is his pocket converted?" asked that eminent man of God. "If his pocket is not converted, I wouldn't give much for his conversion." This woman's pocket was converted. The rich Pharisee could not give even common oil to anoint Christ's head, but this poor woman could pour the most costly ointment on his feet.

I am sorry to say Simon has more followers to-day than the woman that was a sinner. Not many prove their faith by sacrifices for the Master. Many of his professed followers bestow more on every lust of the flesh than in the service of their Lord.

4. Finally, she showed her faith by a noble *confession*. She believed in Jesus, and she was not ashamed to confess it. She made that confession under circumstances which would try the courage of the bravest man; but she never faltered. She could not help it. "Out of the

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abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Paul tells us, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Jesus says, "Whoso confesseth me before men, him will I also confess before my Father and the holy angels." She confessed him here; and for eighteen hundred years he has been confessing her yonder before his Father and the holy angels.

My brethren, seest thou this woman, nameless here, but with a new and an immortal name, yonder, among the angels of God?

Penitent sinner, seest thou this woman, voiceless here, save with tears of penitential joy? Now with the tongue of a seraph, she sings the new "song of Moses and the Lamb."

Trembling sinner, seest thou this woman, that was a sinner here, weeping bitter tears, now washed in the blood of the Lamb and clothed in white raiment, and following him to "fountains of living water," all tears forever wiped away from her eyes by the hand of God himself?

Pharisee, seest thou this woman, saved by no righteousness of her own? "Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

Skeptic, seest thou this woman, abandoned by men, but not by God, her sins, which were many, forgiven, her sorrows, which were heavy, removed?

"Be not faithless, but believing."

III

LABORERS WANTED

The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man, an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into His vineyard. Matthew xx, 1.

It is not a little remarkable how many of these parables are about working and workmen. I count some thirty parables, and some ten are made to set forth this phase of our duty.

This one is addressed primarily to His servants—church members, and then to all men—for He made them all, and demands their service. It teaches us more lessons than we can learn in an hour. To the most important, I invite your attention.

You will notice this parable is to illustrate the Church—here called the “Kingdom of Heaven.” It is to teach us what the Church is like; what it is for; what God expects it to be and to do. Many people look upon it merely as a club to enjoy themselves in; or as an asylum to take refuge in; or a society to derive something from—a kind of Life Insurance Company.

This is not God’s idea of the Church. For the first and prominent feature of the parable is the *want of laborers.*

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On your street corners, I often see posters headed "Laborers Wanted. Five hundred or one thousand men to work on railroad or bridge." So here, this householder wanted laborers. Therefore, he went to the market place to get them. He did not want guests, nor friends, nor loungers, nor idlers, nor pensioners, but laborers,—men to work in His vineyard. The man who did not want to work, He did not want to hire.

Now, this is Jesus' own picture of the Church. He spoke this parable to you and me.

The Church is God's vineyard where laborers are wanted. How men have filled it with drones and idlers! How it has gotten crowded with people too proud, or rich or lazy to work. But God had nothing to do with putting them there. They are not His servants, and will receive no reward, but the reward of the unprofitable servant.

Then, you cannot fail to notice *how much* this householder wanted laborers.

First, he went out *early* in the morning after them. Then he went again at nine o'clock and twelve o'clock and three o'clock, and again at five o'clock in the afternoon. Five times in one day he went after laborers and hired them at the eleventh hour, when the sun was almost setting.

So God deals with us yet. He comes to the young in the morning of life; to the man in his strength; to the old man in his decrepitude, and

offers him work in his vineyard, and "whatever is right" for his labor.

There is a great work to be done, and God has determined we shall do it. He might have made the angels do it. He might have done it all Himself. But not so. He honors us, by letting us do it. He commits this treasure to earthen vessels.

"We have been poor workers," says Dr. Beadle, "but God keeps us in the field. He put us here six thousand years ago to cultivate the earth and fill it with His glory. Alas! how sadly have we failed in our work. But it is His glory to accomplish this work with earthen vessels. He makes the diamond out of charcoal, the agate out of potter's clay, and will make saints of poor human beings."

But to do this, He has us to work. God Himself works. He is the *Great Worker*. We are His co-laborers; so He calls us.

Alexander the Great said, "Labor is a royal thing." In laboring we are most like God.

This world never saw such an illustration of self-denying, self-sacrificing labor as in Jesus. And *He is set forth as our Example*.

Now, notice *who* hires the laborers. Here he is called the householder. I need not say it is *God*, the Great Householder. The *Whole Universe is His house,—illimitable and vast!* Heaven is His throne; the earth His footstool! These shining worlds are but "the many man-

sions" in our Father's House! His family fills Heaven and earth. *He it is who hires the laborers.* And He does it, not because He *needs them.* *He needs nothing!* But because *we need it.*

Charitable men sometimes employ the poor to save them from idleness and want. So God employs us. We work for ourselves when we work for God. We owe Him all our service, but He graciously *rewards* our labor. Yea, *graciously rewards* it. Labor is its own reward. The water that turns the wheel is pure. The still water is stagnant, as in the Dead Sea.

Whence are we hired? Out of the market place. Such is God's picture of this world. It is the market place of souls. Every soul is made for service. It must work for somebody. If men are not serving God, they are serving Mammon; so Paul says.

You remember Rowland Hill's striking illustration of this fact, when he offered Lady Ann Askayne's soul for sale. Satan bid riches, pleasures, honors, flattery,—death; Jesus bid peace, pardon, God's love,—and everlasting life. She accepted Jesus' offer and served Him faithfully.

Such an offer is made for every human soul. God only knows how many here and everywhere, are accepting Satan's offer,—gaining a little of the world and losing their own souls,—worth all the worlds.

You remember the service the Prodigal son came to at last,—feeding swine; hungrier than

the swine, he fain would have filled himself with the husks they did eat. Such is Satan's service. It is the degradation and famine of the soul.

But God puts His servants to work in His vineyard. That is Paradise work. It was Adam's work before he fell. It is beautiful, blessed work. Its rewards are *certain* and *glorious*. Even in this world, it brings a pleasure beyond all compare: the pleasure of saving souls. In the world to come—crowns and kingdoms.

I. *What are we hired to do?* "*To work in His Vineyard.*" Your *soul* is His vineyard. And what a vineyard! with plants of immortal growth and renown. How much work does that soul need? How many appetites there to conquer? How many passions to subdue? How much ignorance to enlighten? How much dross to remove?

It is a *great work*, a *life-work*, to get these souls ready for God and glory! Are you laboring in that vineyard?

II. Then the *family* is His vineyard also. In that we are called to work. God only knows what responsibility He has placed on the father and mother of children.

We know He suspended the destiny of a world on Adam and Eve. They sinned and fell and the world fell with them.

So some parents yet are dragging their children down to ruin. Look over this city. Tens of thousands of children have no religious in-

struction; never enter a Sunday-school; never hear a sermon; never keep the Sabbath day. Do you wonder then at the murders and robberies, the wholesale desecration of the Sabbath, at the beer gardens and base-ball grounds?

While the children of some faithful parents will rise up and call them blessed, the children of others will rise up and call them cursed! God calls you parents to labor in this vineyard. Are you doing it? Do your children regularly attend Sunday-school and church? Do they regularly read the Bible and keep the Sabbath day holy? These are questions God will ask you.

III. But the *Church*, especially is His Vineyard. It is here He trains men for Heaven. Here He purifies our nature. Here He enlightens our ignorance. It is here He carries on all the agencies for reclaiming the world.

The Church needs your labor. Its ministry needs to be increased. We need a thousand men now in our church. "The harvest is plenteous and the laborers few." Have you prayed the Lord to send more laborers? Have you devoted your sons to that work?

Our treasury needs to be replenished. We need ten dollars where we get one! Last year our church gave one dollar per member to all the Boards of the Church. That was about as good as any, and better than some. *What kind of work do you call that?* Not more than one-fourth of the members attend prayer meeting.

Probably not more than one-half of them read the Bible. Not more than one-third do anything for the Church's advancement. And still God hired them as laborers in His vineyard! What a farce they make of it.

IV. Then the *World* is a great Vineyard. "The field is the world," said Jesus. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to *every creature.*" These are, our orders. His church is here to save this *lost world*. That is her sublime mission. The member who fails to labor for that end is an unprofitable servant.

I dare say there are members of this church who cannot point to a *single soul* they have *led to Christ!* Yea, who probably could not point to a *single effort* to do so. And yet they were hired to labor for *that very thing!* They sit and look on while others work, and perhaps find fault because it is not done better.

Now, are you a laborer in God's vineyard? Ask your *life*. Is it a record of work or idleness? If you were to die to-night, could He say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." I want Him to say that of you,—everyone. He cannot unless you work in His vineyard. Remember the barren fig tree. It was cursed. Remember the unprofitable servant. He was cast out. I do not want you to be cursed or cast out. You will be, inevitably, if you do not labor in His vineyard. A man may go to hell idle, but he must work to go to Heaven!

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But blessed be God,—it is only “for a day!”
When evening was come, He called them from
their labor to rest, and reward.

I know we get weary of work. How often my
head and heart ache in the way. I know some-
thing of the crosses and trials that beset us. I
know how the weary limbs almost refuse to go,
and how heavy the load. So does God! There-
fore He soon calls us from labor to rest.

“Though the way be rough and our feet unshod—
Because it is short, I thank Thee, God.”

It is only for a day—then comes the rest, the
rapturous, eternal rest of the soul. Work a day!
Rest forever! Who could complain of that?

“And when the work is done, when the last soul is
won,
When Jesus’ love and power have cheered the dying
hour,

What then?

Oh, then the crown is given; Oh, then the rest in
heaven.

Then endless life in endless day,
When sin and death have passed away.”

Then let us “work while it is day—the night
cometh when no man can work.”

Therefore, “Whatever thy hand findeth to do,
do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor
device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave,
whither thou goest.”

IV

JESUS

Then Philip opened his mouth and began at the same Scripture and preached unto him Jesus. Acts viii, 35.

“I am a man,” said Terence, “and everything human interests me.” That is a noble sentiment. It makes the brotherhood of man.

Yet, while we are thus interested in all men, there is only One Man who ever lived on earth, in whom we are personally interested and whose life is necessary to our own. That Man is Jesus, called Christ.

The salvation of my soul and body, of my family and friends, depends on Him, and Him alone. Yea, even more, it depends on my knowing Him and God. John xvii, 3. No one ever knew the fact so well as He. Therefore He appeals to His works as His witnesses in answer to the doubting Jews. Upon this infallible proof Nicodemus based his faith. Jesus established that as the true criterion of character, as an infallible rule of Judgment. “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

Now to assure ourselves of the Divinity of His person, and the truth of His words, let us apply this rule and examine some of His works. If my

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eternal salvation depends on this Man Jesus, everything that concerns Him is of transcendent interest to me. I cannot afford to be deceived. I have only one soul, and only one chance for its salvation. It becomes us as intelligent men to examine the foundations of our faith sometimes, especially when those foundations are assaulted by all the powers of an infidel world.

Now, let us interrogate His works, to which He appeals as His witnesses.

This Man Jesus announces some startling facts, and makes some extraordinary claims. He announces Himself to be the Son of God, the Savior of the World, and claims our recognition of these transcendent facts, and our faith, obedience and worship.

Are these facts true? Are these claims legitimate? Let His works answer. We will examine His life in three parts.

BEFORE HIS INCARNATION

If Jesus be the Son of God, then He must have lived before He came into this world. You and I had no previous existence. No other world can claim our nativity or residence. We are of the dust, and after a few years we return to the dust.

Was it so with Him? Hear His answer: "Before Abraham was I am. Yea, before Adam, before time was. I am Alpha and Omega." Yea, He was not only with God, but He was God. Yea, He is the God who created all things.

These are the statements of the only Book on earth that God inspired; the only Book on earth that gives the history of creation; the only Book that embraces not only all time but Eternity in its compass. Let us examine His works.

DURING HIS INCARNATION

This testimony comes within the compass of our knowledge, so we have a more certain foundation for our judgment. We have four histories of His life, whose accuracy has never been successfully impeached. We will examine His earthly career under three heads—His Words, His Life and His Death.

His words. It was said of Napoleon that his "words were like Austerlitz battles."

What shall be said of the words of Jesus! Here is a Man whose mighty word spoke the world into existence. "He spoke and it was done."

Even Napoleon said of this Man's words: "The Gospel is not a book. It is a living being, with an action, a power, which invades everything that opposes its existence." His enemies testified that "Never man spake like this man," for there was never a man like "this Man." "His Word was with power." The power of the Omnipotent was behind it. The deaf heard it and rejoiced! The sea heard it and obeyed! The dead heard it and lived! It was the word of God. "These words,

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these moral maxims," said the great Corsican, "pass before us like the battalions of some celestial army. Other men's words die. Other books perish. His live. "Heaven and Earth shall pass away," but His words "shall never pass away." They are the Eternal words!

Let us examine *His life*. Was there ever such a life lived on earth! A poor Galilean carpenter, born in a stable, reared in obscurity, among a despised people, without money or friends or learning or patronage, and who died almost in His youth, on a cross as a public malefactor. And yet, as Schaff graphically says, "who conquered more millions than Alexander, Cæsar, Mohammed and Napoleon."

"Without science or learning, He shed more light on things human and divine than all philosophers and scholars combined.

"Without the eloquence of the schools, He spoke such words of life as were never spoken before or since.

"Without writing a single line, He set in motion more pens, and furnished themes for more sermons, orations, discussions, learned volumes, works of art and songs of praise than the whole army of great men of ancient and modern times."

Past all these extraordinary works of this Man Jesus, there "rises above and beyond them all the matchless miracle of a sinless life." He is the only Man "without a model and without a shadow."

He was the tallest Man who ever walked under the sun, and the tallest that walks above it, in glory to-day. Says Dr. Young:

“Never passed before the imagination, and never but once alighted on this earth so heavenly a vision.”

“Once in all human history we meet a Being who never did an injury, and never resented one done to Him; who never uttered an untruth; never practised deception and never lost an opportunity of doing good.”

Such was the life of this wondrous Personality who appeared in the world nearly two thousand years ago. Who shall say He was not Divine! What more could God do than He did? What more could God be than He was?

But if Jesus Christ was greater than all men in His life, He was still greater in His death.

As no man ever lived like Him, so no man ever died like Him. Observe—He died of His own accord. He died in the morning of His life. He chose the most cruel and ignominious death. He died for His enemies. It took a God to do that!

All nature testified to the magnitude of this tremendous catastrophe—the death of its Creator! The earth quaked; rocks were rent; graves were opened; the sun withdrew and darkness covered the earth. No wonder the Roman Centurian exclaimed, “truly this man was the Son of God.”

Probably a nobler life and death than that of Socrates, the Greek philosopher, was never seen among men. It has stood preëminent for twenty-three hundred years. But how vast the difference! Even Rousseau, the great French infidel, could exclaim, "What prepossession! What blindness to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the Son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion there is between them! If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God."

But the mightiest tragedy in the history of this world was His

RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD

Millions have died, and among them many great and illustrious men. But among them all not one had the power to return.

Death has conquered all the conquerors. He waved his imperial scepter over Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon, and they bared their necks to his yoke, and followed their vanquished legions across the gloomy Styx.

But here was a man who met and conquered death itself; who went down into his dark dominions and robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory. Then He rose up out of the grave and shouted "Victory" over its conquered legions. He rose up over the earth and shouted "victory" over all its dominions!

He rose up over Heaven and sat down on the

throne of God—"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

The third step in this matchless life begins with *His death and Resurrection*.

Death ends other men's lives. Not His. The greatest achievements of His life begin with His death.

We may consider this period also in three aspects.

1. In His *conquest of the world*. What more unlikely than the world would ever hear the name of a poor Jew, who died at thirty-three years of age, and who spent thirty years of that life at a carpenter's bench, in a despised village in the mountains of Galilee, with no money, or army or patronage or friends or learning! Who never wrote a line, or founded a school or organized a society, and who never left His own little country except in His infancy?

What more marvelous than that this poor unknown man, who only spoke for only three years, in one dark corner of the earth, and then died as a thief between two thieves, that this man's words should change the face of the earth! They have done it. The few words He spoke, for a few years of His life, have done more than all words of all teachers, philosophers and sages to influence the destiny of the world!

No wonder Jean Paul Richter said:

"Jesus was the purest among the mighty, and the

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mightiest among the pure. Who with His pierced hand has razed empires from their foundations, turned the stream of history from its channels, and still continues to rule and guide the ages."

The little company of twelve Galilean fishermen, unlearned and ignorant men, have in the name and by the power of this One man of Nazareth, gone forth to conquer the world.

The red banner of His cross is unfurled to-day beneath every sky, beyond every sea, and above every empire on earth!

"In the light of that star, lie the ages impeared. And that song from afar has swept over the world. Every heart is aflame and the beautiful sing, In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King."

"You speak of Cæsar and Alexander and of their conquests," said Napoleon, "but can you conceive of dead men making conquests? Jesus Christ, dead for eighteen hundred years, rules the world to-day! Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself founded empires. But on what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded His Empire upon love, and at this hour millions of men would die for Him."

That is true, except that Jesus is not dead. No, my friends, Jesus never died. In Apocalyptic vision, John saw Him last and heard Him cry, "I am He that liveth and was dead. And be-

hold I am alive forever more, and have the keys of hell and death."

Even the voice of the great French infidel Renan could answer back to Jesus:

"A thousand times more alive, a thousand times more beloved since thy death than during thy passage here below! Complete Conqueror of Death, take possession of thy Kingdom!"

Once more let us view His work—

IN THE ELEVATION OF MAN

Other heroes have conquered nations and founded empires, but they have only made vassals of freemen, and brought disaster and death instead of liberty and life and prosperity; but this humble life passed in the obscurity of a Jewish mountain village and ended at thirty-three years of age, has lifted the human race from the depths of ignorance, superstition and idolatry, into the light of civilization, learning and power.

The voice once heard at Nain has broken the power of hoary superstition and raised empires from the dead! "His coming," as has been said by Cobbe, "was to the life of humanity, what regeneration is to the life of the soul."

The mighty voice that called Lazarus from the sepulcher, has called nations from the grave of idolatry and heathenism into the light of liberty and religion and communion with God!

The same hand that made this world in the beginning, is lifting it up to a higher, holier life and fellowship with God. But all His other work was inferior to and preparatory for the salvation of the soul.

That greatest work gave Him His name and His chief glory. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

As the soul is the greatest creation of God, the only divine thing on earth, so its loss was the greatest catastrophe that ever occurred on earth, and its salvation was the greatest work of God Himself. So Jesus proclaimed that to be His especial mission.

That soul was worthy of high regard. "It is real; it is great; it is god-like; it is immortal. The body shall die! The earth and heaven shall pass away, but the soul shall endure forever,—in life or in perdition."

To save the matchless creation of God, He left His throne, His crown, His palaces, and His paradises, and came down to this earth.

"Such was His zeal for God;
And such His love for you.
He freely undertook what angels could not do
His mighty deeds of love and grace,
All words exceed, all thoughts surpass."

This is a brief summary of His mighty works!
These are His witnesses! Who will challenge

their truth or their testimony! Even the Devils believe and tremble.

Of this Divine Jesus, we may say with Renan:

“Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing. His legend will call for tears without end. His sufferings will melt the noblest hearts. All ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus.”

Yea, none Great but Jesus, for God only is Great, and Jesus is God.

V

MY HUSBAND

Thou shalt call me Ishi. Hosea ii, 16.

The opening chapters of the Bible give us a grand and beautiful picture of a holy family in a sinless world.

All was new and bright and glorious from God's hand. It is a picture of Heaven on earth. A terrestrial Paradise, where man walked with God and talked with Him as with a familiar friend.

But sin entered and all was changed. Sorrow and death took the place of happiness and life. Man walked no more with God. He even lost the knowledge of God, and became a stranger and an enemy to his Maker. Therefore men are afraid of God and avoid Him.

Now in every possible way God has sought to make Himself known to us, but there are several causes that make such knowledge difficult.

First, because of our *nature*. We are infinitely removed from God, who is the greatest of all Beings. Then we are hampered by the limitations of the flesh. We do not possess faculties which can see and know Spirits, and God is a Spirit.

Then because of *God's* nature. The Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Him. He fills immensity and eternity. We could no more comprehend God than we could measure the ocean in our cups, or embrace the world in our arms.

Then because of our *sinfulness*. Even the faculties we possess have been blunted and perverted by sin. It is a disease which has invaded both soul and body, and crippled all of our powers, and perverted our judgment and blinded our reason.

Now, in view of these facts, God has taken the greatest pains to reveal Himself to us.

First by His *word*. This whole Bible is a revelation of God. He inspired every word of it. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

By dreams of the night, and visions of the day, God has appeared to men; by angels,—messengers sent from Heaven to communicate with us, and by His Spirit. Last of all by His *Son*. John calls Him the *Logos*, the Word; the Revealer of His Father.

Laying aside His glorious appearance or obscuring it, He became a Man. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

He bridged the infinite distance at once by assuming our very nature. Jesus Christ was "God manifest in the flesh." As truly God as God, as

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really man as any man. "God was in Christ, reconciling the World unto Himself."

But He not only assumed our nature, but He assumed the tenderest relationships of that nature. He became not only a man, but a man who is our Friend, our Brother, our Shepherd, our Priest, our King.

All these relations are very close to us, and each reveals Him in a different light.

But in our text He assumes the very nearest earthly relationship. You know the Scriptures teach that there is one relationship in which two persons become one,—husband and wife. That is not true of brother and sister, of parents and children. So this relationship is the closest on earth.

Now in our text God takes that place. He becomes the Husband of our soul. "Thou shalt call me Ishi"—not Friend, Brother, Lord, or Father only, but "Ishi"—Husband, my Husband.

So in the Bible, you will find that the Church, the Redeemed, is represented as the Bride, the Lamb's wife. This is the last and highest type of the Church. This is what angels call her,—the Bride. This is what Christ in glory calls her.

Now let us try to realize the truth and blessedness of such a relationship to God.

And remember, that while husband and wife represent the nearest of all human relationships, and one fraught with the greatest pleasure, it is not an ideal one with us. There are many

good husbands, but the best are human, and so imperfect. I know none better than in this community, but there is not one but must acknowledge that we come short of our duty. It taxes the patience and gentleness of the best of wives to put up with some of us. But He is the Ideal Husband. There is nothing that belongs to absolute perfection, in which He is lacking.

Now, let us make some inquiry into His character. This is eminently proper. It would be a very foolish woman who would marry a man without a thorough knowledge of his character. For he makes or mars her soul's happiness. He becomes her angel or her demon. He makes her home a paradise or a purgatory.

Now, here is a Suitor for my soul. All my destiny hangs on the decision. It is for earth and Heaven; for time and eternity. Shall He be my Husband? Shall I call Him "Ishi"? What ought I ask of Him? What would a sensible woman ask of the man who seeks her heart and hand?

First, He must *love* me. He must love me more than all. That is the first requisite in a good husband. It is almost the only one with some of us.

Jesus fills that ideal. He loves us. He has always loved us; always will. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "Having loved His own in the beginning, He loved them to the end." Before we loved Him, or knew Him, yea, when we

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hated Him, He loved us, and though we have often forgotten Him and slighted Him, and sometimes proved false to Him, and given our heart to another, He has always loved us in spite of it all.

No other lover ever did that;—ever loved so well. If His heart had not been made of love, we would have estranged it a thousand times. No husband in this house would have loved his wife, who treated him as we have treated God, our Savior. We so estimate human love.

He left Heaven, with its thrones and crowns and palaces and paradises, with all its infinite wealth and power and glory and happiness. He left God, His Father, and the angels and arch-angels and Cherubim and Seraphim, and all its blessed and glorious inhabitants, who were His friends and companions and servants. He left all for us.

“My Father’s house of light,
My glory circled throne
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?”

Then He shows His love by what He *did* and *suffered* for us. He came down to earth; descended from the throne to the Footstool; from the heights of glory to the depths of poverty and sorrow and shame. Born in a stable of peasant

parents, reared in obscurity, rejected by His friends, deserted by His followers, persecuted by His enemies, and put to death by His people.

He loved us better than He loved Heaven, or glory, or angels, or riches, or honors—yea, better than He loved His life. He died for us. That is the supreme trial of love—to die. He did it.

But He is not only the Model Husband in His love, but in His *wealth*. He not only loves us but He is able to provide for us.

When we marry we promise to endow our wives with “all our worldly goods.” Sometimes that includes very little. Many of us are poor. It is no disgrace to be poor, but it is often inconvenient. I speak from experience. I remember our own humble beginning. I had no house, no furniture, no money. Our bridal chamber was a little back-room in a boarding house, with old furniture, a broken bowl and pitcher, and cotton-cloth window curtain. I was grieved it was so, but I could not help it. It is a little better now, by the grace of God, after forty years of hard work.

Ah! I shall hail the day when we shall go up out of poverty into wealth. When John Rhorer shall move his family from his little log house into a golden palace. When Wash. Thompson will stand in the door of the old log homestead of his grandfather and bid it good-by, to move his loved ones into a mansion in Heaven.

That day is coming, thank God. Do you hear

our Bridegroom say, "All power in Heaven and earth is given unto Me"? Did he not leave this last fond message, "Let not your heart be troubled," "I go to prepare a place for you"? That is what he is doing now, with infinite love and wealth and wisdom and power. Oh, what tongue can describe those preparations!

Paul, in enraptured vision, once saw them and said it was not possible to describe them in human language. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

A physician once visited a poor widow, who had been in great poverty and distress. He found her rejoicing, and asked the cause, when she pointed him to a verse she had found in her Bible: "Thy Maker is thine husband." "I have been thinking," said she, "if that be true, I should be living up to His income."

Oh! what an income. The whole universe is laid under tribute to fill the treasury of our Lord, who is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Every fish that swims in the sea; every bird that flies in the air; all the cattle that feed on the hills; all the gold and gems of earth and Heaven—are His.

He it is who says to my soul, "Thou shalt call me Ishi."

But you know other loves sometimes fail. Human hearts grow cold and ours are poor hu-

man hearts. The best of them are deceitful and wicked.

Old age brings wrinkles and decrepitude. Will love last and live through these when the blush of youth and beauty have fled? It does not always.

And then beyond the last sunset, beyond the grave, beyond the stars, will He love and care for me then and forever? That is a momentous question to an immortal soul. Will He meet me in eternity and say, "Thou shalt call me Ishi."

He is so great and I so small and poor and ugly. Oh, will He forsake my soul when I have no other helper, no other lover? These are great questions. Can I go into Eternity—leaning on His love? Can I venture my frail bark on such a sea as Eternity alone with Him?

We are told that when the Breton fishermen go out to sea, they pray—"Mon Dieu, protegez moi, mon navire, est si petit, et votre mer est si grande." "My God, protect me. My ship is so little and Thy sea is so great."

So you and I may say, as we look out and beyond upon the mighty future—the endless years of an immortal life, and inquire, "Can I venture on His love?"

"O endless waves! O feeble quivering sail,
O great eternity! I faint and fail,
And dare not go and may not here abide.
My bark drives on, whither I do not know.
My God, remember me that I am but dust.

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The way is too far for me when I go.
Yet will I leave the land and trembling trust
That One who once didst walk on Stormy Galilee.
Let me not sink in Thine unfathomed Sea."

Oh! do you hear His answer over the storm
and the sea—"Thou shalt call me Ishi." "Thy
Maker is thine husband." "I will never, never
leave thee nor forsake thee." "I am with you
always, even unto the end of the ages." "When I
love thee not, chaos is come again."

"Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove,
But no changes can attend Jehovah's love."

Oh! there are worlds of comfort in that. His
love is eternal.

When we marry we say, "until death do us
part." That was always a sad word to me.

Death parts us; parts some loving hearts for-
ever.

But blessed be God! Death can never part my
soul and its Lover. "That love doth burn
through death and animate our shade." The Ishi
of my soul conquered death and the grave, and
ever lives in palaces of gold and pearls to welcome
me to the banqueting house of His love.

"Oh! my heart is full of laughter,
I am very, very glad,
For I have a precious treasure,
Such as princes never had.
Ishi, Ishi, is the jewel!
Mine He is while ages roll;
Angels taste not of such glory,
Holy Ishi of the soul.

"How I love Thee! none can utter
Of its wondrous depth and power.
Growing deeper, growing stronger,
Day by day, and hour by hour.
Ishi! Ishi! night and morning
From my lips that holy name:
All the while my soul, exulting,
Beareth on the self-same strain.

"Many beauteous names Thou bearest—
Brother, Shepherd, Friend, and King—
But they none unto my spirit
Such divine support can bring.
Other joys are short and fleeting
Thou and I can never part!
Thou art altogether lovely,
Ishi! Ishi! of my heart.

"In Thy own fair realms of glory,
In the Holiest above,
Choirs of angels chant the story
Of Thy wondrous matchless love.
All my longings are contented,
All my wanderings turn to Thee,
Pole star of my restless spirit,
Ishi! all in all to me!

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“When the sun of life is setting,
When the shades of evening fall,
And upon earth’s fairest visions
Cometh darkness like a pall—
Then! O Ishi! well-beloved!
I shall see Thy glorious face;
Finding in Thy loving bosom
My eternal resting place.”

VI AND PETER

But go your way, tell his disciples, and Peter, that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you. Acts xvi, 7.

You all remember the story of Peter. It is a sad story,—how he denied his Master, with an oath, in His very presence, on the last night of His life. I do not think Peter ever outlived the recollection of that night, though he repented and was forgiven.

But though Jesus forgave him, he never forgave himself, for tradition reports that he requested to be crucified with his head downward, because he felt unworthy to suffer in the same way as his Lord.

It adds much of interest to this text, if we will remember that this Gospel of Mark was probably written under the eye of Peter himself, and these two words "And Peter" are not found in any other. No wonder he never forgot them. He had a special reason to remember them, because they were words from his wounded Master; words of forgiveness, and assurance of His love.

Therefore God had them spoken by the angel,

and Peter had them put down here, that all the world might see and know how fully and freely Jesus forgives His penitent children.

Peter was the one who had so grievously sinned. Peter was the only one who might fear he was not forgiven. So the angel sent the women to tell the disciples that Jesus was risen, and lest poor Peter might be afraid to go with the rest to Galilee, the angel added—"and Peter"; tell the disciples; and Peter, especially.

From this ye learn that *sin leaves no indelible stain*. Now we all need to learn this fact,—first for our own sake, and then for our neighbors.

Just three days before, this man had committed a great and grievous sin; had denied knowing his Lord, three times, and confirmed the triple lie with an oath. But he was forgiven; and especial pains taken by God's messenger to assure him, above all the rest, of his Master's remembrance and love.

Now here is a lesson I want us all to learn. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all sin*."

When Peter was forgiven, he stood on the same footing of equality with the rest of the Apostles. It would have been the grossest injustice and meanest spirit for any of them ever to have alluded to Peter's sin by word or act. So far as we know, they never did. That sin was gone. It was washed out in blood. No man or angel had a right to allude to it, for he was as clean as any

of the rest. We are all sinners, and all need to be cleansed; and when we are cleansed we all stand equal before God.

Do we act on that principle? Do we not sometimes think we are rather better than some others, whom Jesus loves and has forgiven?

Suppose the thief from the cross, or the "Woman that was a sinner" should venture into your pew, would you not feel rather contaminated by the contact? Ah, have you forgotten, that in His holy sight "There is no difference"; that we are all "miserable sinners"; that our respectable sins would send us to hell, as well as others?

Do we believe the blood of Jesus Christ washed us cleaner than they? That was the Pharisee's opinion, but Jesus said the poor sinful Publican was the whitest of the two. The self-righteous Pharisee who thanked God he was better than other men, went home cursed, and the Publican went home blessed.

Yea, I shall thank God, my brethren, if I ever get as near to God as that thief. And I shall feel proud to know that woman who kissed His feet in Simon's house. The luster of their crowns will put ours out. We shall feel proud of their acquaintance in Heaven, however we may scorn them on earth.

And if we ever expect to get to Heaven, we must cultivate its spirit on earth. "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." No, my brethren, let us never forget that

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the "blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Those sins are gone forever. Even God's eye cannot find them, after that blood covers and cleanses them.

The spirit that tries to dig up the past and remembers what God has forgiven, is a ghoul, digging up the dead to offer insult and indignity to their bones. Let us not be ghouls. What God forgives, let us forget. God graciously assures us He will never mention our sins. That word means never remember. I thank God for that precious assurance. There are sins of my life, I want Him to forget, as well as forgive, and I know He will do it. He is too good and too great ever to mention what would give me pain. They that are godlike, will follow His example.

Then our past sins should *not deter* us from *future activity*. Many earnest, loving hearts are held back from doing all they would for their Master, by the memory of the past.

It was not so with Peter. He was the first to enter the sepulcher after the resurrection; the first to leap into the sea to meet Jesus in Galilee. He spoke on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand were converted, and through the remainder of his life he was foremost among the Apostles. Paul called him a "pillar in the Church."

In all this he is our example. The memory of your past sins and their gracious forgiveness should make you humble and thankful, but

should not make you ashamed nor afraid. None of you had a sadder experience than Peter, and see how he worked. It seems he worked the harder, because he had sinned the greater.

These very memories should stimulate us to greater diligence and self-denial. Let us make some amends for the past, if we can. At least let us show our Lord that we love Him for what He has done for us.

If I consulted my past life, full of sin, and made that the measure of my assurance, I should not open my mouth for shame. But I believe those sins are washed out. I do not believe an archangel could find them,—for they have no existence. I shall never meet them again. Then why need I fear them? Only their memory furnishes an incentive to love and serve Him whose blood washed them out.

Again, for your comfort, I would have you remember that God's *greatest servants had dark spots to be washed out.*

Moses murdered an Egyptian, and was a fugitive for forty years. David had Uriah slain and took his wife. Paul was a party to Stephen's murder. John Bunyan was a blasphemer, and John Newton, a profane swearer. All these sins had to be washed out. Yea, my friends, heaven is full of great sinners, saved by a greater Savior. Do you remember the eternal song that goes up from that mighty throng of the redeemed which encircles the throne of God in Heaven? "Thou

art worthy." That is the spirit and worship of Heaven.

Now, if God forgives, we ought and must. He tells us we must. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, even so your Heavenly Father will not forgive you your trespasses." That is His law. You are your own judge. You condemn yourself when you condemn others. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." "He shall have judgment without mercy, who hath showed no mercy."

What a spectacle this world often presents: sinners more unforgiving than God. All in the same condemnation, but revengefully accusing each other,—a servant forgiven ten thousand talents, choking his fellow-servant for one hundred pence. That is the picture.

I need not say it is not the Spirit of Christ or of Heaven! It can never enter there!

If He forgives, so must we. If He forgets, so must we. If He loves, so must we. If He takes them into His company—His heaven, so must we. If they are His children, they are our brethren, our fellow-heirs, and will stand side by side with us on the crystal sea before the Sapphire throne, and sing: "Thou art worthy." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Finally, I have this to say to you all—to every sinner: *Only assure yourself that you love Him.*

That was the only question Jesus ever asked Peter after he denied Him. "Simon, son of Ju-

das, lovest thou Me?" He did not ask him if he was sorry for his sins. He knew that. He did not ask him if he would ever sin again. He knew, that, too. He only asked him if he loved Him.

That is all He asks you, poor penitent sinner. He will never allude to your sins. "Though they be scarlet, they shall be white as snow."

Those who followed Him closest on earth were Publicans and sinners. Those who are following Him closest in Heaven are the same Publicans and sinners. Then take courage. When He says to you: "Lovest thou Me?"—say to Him: "Lord, Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee."

And loving Him, love others; love everybody,—especially His own, and "Forgetting the things that are behind, reach forth unto those things which are before, and press toward the mark of the high calling of God, in Christ Jesus."

"Your many sins are all forgiven,
O, hear the voice of Jesus say:
Go on your way in peace to Heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus."

VII

THE HEART

Address to the students of Bellewood Seminary, Anchorage, Kentucky.

Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life. Proverbs iv, 23.

Young Ladies:

I want to talk to you to-day about something that is very near and dear to you all; and though like Bethlehem Ephratah, it is least among the thousands of great things around us and within us, out of it come all the issues of this life and of the great life which is to come.

That something, though it is no larger than your hand or an orange, is the fountain of your life (its Itasca), and though you have never seen it, and maybe never heard it, you would not exchange it for the whole world.

It paints the rose on these young faces. It lights the fires in these bright eyes. It gives the spring to these nimble feet. It nerves the strength of these strong arms. Yea, more, it redeems the world from the curse of sin, and sheds around it the halo of heaven.

That little thing is the *Heart*.

Now, my young friends, let us learn some lessons from it to-day.

But a little knowledge of yourselves will discover this truth—that there are *three grades of life*, and all of them in the *Heart*.

First. Is Animal life, which is *within us*, and *blood* is its medium.

Second. Is *Social* life, which is *around us*, and *love for man* is its medium.

Third. Is Spiritual life, which is *above us*, and *love for God* is its medium. Now, these three, may and often do exist separately.

Your horse has only the *first*, animal life. The *worldly man* has the *first* and *second*. The Christian has all three, *animal, social and spiritual*.

I. Now let us examine them separately, for *all* are important to you.

This Book tells us that we are “fearfully and wonderfully made.” In nothing is this truth more beautifully illustrated than in the heart.

It is a little organ, no larger than your *fist*, without a bone or sinew in it; a little hollow muscle, suspended with its apex downward, between the folds of the lungs, in the center of the chest.

But such is its *strength* that it propels every drop of blood in your body through all the vast series of blood vessels that cover you so thickly that you cannot put the point of a cambric needle

down without striking one of them and letting out the blood.

Seventy times in a minute it drives the current of blood to the extremity of your hands and feet and head and brings back that current against the laws of friction and gravitation.

Such is its *activity* that it begins its ceaseless motion with the first functions of life, beating long before we are born, beating long before we know we have a heart, beating in the night when all else is asleep, beating through the summer and winter, beating through youth, manhood and old age; beating until the last breath has left our body,—yea, beating a *knell* after the breath is gone, and the tongue is silent and the eye is blind.

And such is its *vitality* that life hangs on its every pulse, and ceases immediately it ceases to beat. It is the famous magician that accomplishes its wonders in a charmed circle, which can never be invaded.

You may cut away part of the *brain* and live. You may penetrate the lungs or destroy large portions of their substance and live. You may even destroy some whole organs and live—but you cannot touch your *heart*, without touching your life. The gateway to its crimson fountain is only trodden by death.

And so, to protect it from danger, God surrounded it on all sides with bony walls, with the breastbone in front and the spinal column behind it and the ribs on both sides of it. And that it

might be forever removed from the reach of human passion, God took its life out of our hands and put it in His own, so that we can neither stop it nor start it, nor alter its ceaseless motion. It moves alone at God's command,—without our will or knowledge or consent. It is the true "imperium in imperio," the power *within* us that is *above* us.

Now this little organ is the source of our animal life. How important a treasure! How wise the injunction of the sage: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Your mortal life depends on the motion of that heart. When *it* ceases, your *life* ceases. I have time now only to say, as a Doctor, that the best way to *keep it going is to keep it warm. It can't stand cold.* How many precious hearts have been chilled to death in our bleak winters because they were not kept warm. I knew one little boy (in Montgomery County), whose heart stopped forever before he was twelve years old, because it got cold.

You must have warm houses and warm fires and warm clothing, if you would have warm hearts. It is exceedingly sensitive to cold. Its normal temperature is ninety-eight degrees, and you cannot increase or diminish it more than a few degrees without producing death.

I have known many a thoughtless girl whose heart was chilled to death, because she would not wear warm clothing in the winter.

Alas! there is one bright face behind the veil to-day, I cannot see, though once she trod these walks and aisles, who is not here, because her heart grew cold one chilly night. In yon great cemetery there are doubtless hundreds of young, loving hearts,—still and cold to-day, because there was nothing between them and the ground but a paper sole; and nothing between them and the snow storm, but a muslin dress.

Listen to-night when your head is on your pillow, to its gentle voice as it comes up in every red alley to your ear and you will hear it say: "*Keep me warm if you would have me work.*" And if you will, it is wonderful how long and faithfully it will work.

It heaves its red volume of life to your finger tips 70 times every *minute*, 4200 times every *hour*; 100,800 times every *day*; 3,024,000 every *month*; 30,288,000 every *year*, and untold billions of times even in our short lives.

II. But it is the seat of a higher life than this mortal life, which we have in common with the animals; that is the *Social life*.

As blood is the medium of our physical life, so *man-love* or *philanthropy* is the medium of our *social* life.

God made this heart to *love our neighbor* just as truly as He made it to *circulate* our blood; and when it fails to do either, it is because it is *dead*. It is cold.

So men say a man is cold-hearted if he does

not love those whom he ought to love. And as that heart is dead when all the blood runs back in it and *stops*, so that man is dead whose love all centers in himself, and does not go out to his neighbors and his friends. For the heart can no more *live* without *love* than it can live without *blood*. *Love* is its *life* as truly as blood is its life; and the more of love the more of life, and more of God! So this Book says "he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

I knew great Generals in the army who thought that happiness consisted in leading grand armies and gaining splendid victories. But I noticed they were never happy, though they achieved both.

I know rich men in my country who think that happiness consists in owning large blue-grass farms, and splended flocks and herds; but I find they are not happy with it all.

Old Val Jean was happier in his prison than Alexander was on his throne. Alexander wanted another world to conquer, and wept because he couldn't get it. But the old prisoner only wanted to "*see enough of the sky to be calm and enough of Cosette to be happy.*" He had learned what many wise men and great men have not,—that *happiness* cannot be *bought* with *money*, nor *won* with *armies*.

We should thank God every day that *whoever has a heart, has all that is necessary to be happy*. If it took *wealth*, or *learning* or *power*, then most

of men would live and die *miserable*. But let us rejoice that God has given us the *secret* and *source* of true happiness in a *warm heart*.

What that great sun yonder is to this cold world, a warm heart is in this life of ours. It drives away the darkness. It melts the fogs and clouds. It warms the bleak sides of the world. It scatters a flood of golden beauty over hills and valleys. It paints the flowers and the very air, and gives life to all that breathes.

There are doubtless hearts here now, like that sun. When you are sad, she rises on you like the morning sun and chases away the cloud from your heart, and dries up the tear in your eye. The warm glow of her loving heart melts down the hardest trial of your life, and her merry laugh fills your soul with the melody of a better world, and awhile lifts it above the cares and conflicts of this life.

Such a heart as this is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." It has a source of happiness *within itself*, which like the perennial stream that flows from some great mountain is not dried up with droughts that affect common souls. It has its source in *God*, who is the Eternal Fountain of all *life* and *light* and *love*.

Physiologists tell us that the only animal that has no heart is the *leech*. So there are *human* leeches, heartless women and men who move through the world like icebergs on the sea, chilling every warm aspiration, freezing human hopes

and wrecking human hearts on the frozen peaks of selfishness and inhumanity.

Rather let your heart be like that sun whose very nature and glory it is to shine; to bring light and life and joy to everything that lives within your happy influence, so that when your light is obscured by death, some sad heart may say of you, as the old man said of Daniel Webster, when standing at his grave, "*The world is lonesome without you.*"

Time would fail me to mention the numberless opportunities you will possess of dispensing happiness to human hearts, as you journey through a world of sin and sorrow, where half of our lives are spent in the shadows of darkness and even the daylight often obscured by clouds of grief.

But I may mention your *homes* as the first and best place for the cultivation and exercise of this disposition. A warm heart there is like an eternal Summertime, where the flowers may bloom in unfading beauty through years that have no gloomy December, the earnest and foretaste of the nightless, sinless, tearless land, the *Eternal Florida of the soul*.

And there too is the sick chamber, where human hopes are setting under clouds of sorrowful fears. A warm heart and gentle hand will open the very window of Heaven in that chamber, and let some of the glory of "the better land" shine away its gloom and sadness.

Remember Florence Nightingale in the hospi-

tal of the Crimea. How she moved as an angel of light among the sick and the dying. Do you wonder that the wounded soldier cried "Come here, please, Ma'am, and let your *shadow* fall on me before I *die*." Yea! the very shadow of such an angel of mercy is a benediction to a dying soul.

If you cannot be Madame DeStael and George Eliot, you can be what is *far better*,—Florence Nightingale, and dispense so much of happiness in this world, that will make it akin to heaven.

And I may be pardoned, if I mention for the benefit of the larger of these young ladies, another affair of the heart not included in all I have said.

Somebody has well said that "love is an *episode* in a man's life, but it is the *whole volume* of a woman's."

In these matters it is of especial importance, my young friends, to "keep your heart." You may find it a difficult task in a world where everybody is after it and every man is ready to swear eternal devotion—so long as the roses bloom on your cheeks and the sunshine glows in your eye. But do not mistake *enthusiasm* for devotion, nor *sentiment* for *affection*.

"It is worth while," said Plotinus, "to consider well of love, whether it be a *God* or a *Devil* or a *passion* of the mind; or partly God, partly Devil or partly passion."

If this heathen philosopher had known any-

thing of the unctuous blandishments of Satan when he ruined the race by breathing his lies in a woman's ear, he could not have given you better advice. There is such a thing as "stealing the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the Devil in," and no people are so liable to meet these liveried gentlemen, as yourselves. May God give you the spear of Ithuriel, by whose magic touch you shall discover the true character of every man.

And when the time comes, stand every suitor at the bar of your better judgment and ask,

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above?
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?"

"Do you know you have asked for this priceless
thing,
As a child might ask for a toy;
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?"

"You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

"You require that your breakfast shall always be
hot,
Your socks and your shirts to be whole.

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"You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far greater thing:
And as pure as His heaven, your soul.

"I look for a man and a King!
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
A seamstress you've wanted for socks and for shirts,

"A *King* for the beautiful realm called *home*,
And a man that the Maker God,
Shall look upon as He did on the first,
And say 'it is very good.'

"I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day,
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mong the bloom of May?

"Is your heart an Ocean so strong and deep,
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell,
On the day she is made a bride.

"I require all things that are grand and true;
All things that a man should be;
If you give all this, I will stake my life
To be all you demand of me."

Until you find such a one, my young friends,
"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it
are the issues of life."

We come at length to the third and highest
grade of life—the *Spiritual*.

Like both the others, it has its seat in the *heart*; and *God-love* is its *medium*. As *animal* life is *within* us and *social* life is *around* us, so *spiritual* life is *above* us. As the first unites us to *animals*, and the second to *men*, so this unites us to *God*.

It was of this spiritual life especially, the wise man said, "Keep thy heart, with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," not only of this ephemeral life, which "to-day is and to-morrow is not," but the issues of that vast life, that true life into whose boundless amplitudes we shall soon enter through the gates of death.

As Milton evolved "Paradise Lost" from his brain, so you may evolve "Paradise Regained" from your *heart*, for with that heart you may believe unto righteousness and enter the eternal Paradise of God.

Now, the strangest and saddest thing about this wonderful life-organ, the heart, is that it does not *naturally love God*. It loves *men* and *money* and *houses* and *lands* and *pleasure* more than God.

In the terrible fall which ruined the race, while other organs suffered great damage, none seems to have been so badly injured as the heart.

And what may appear even stranger still, men seem to be utterly unconscious of this sad fact. This is very forcibly illustrated in other diseases of the heart.

There is a disease called ossification of the

heart, by which this soft and pliant organ is changed into a hard and stony one, and the change is so slow and subtle that the man himself may never know it.

I remember two ladies who once came to my office,—one was very much concerned about a harmless tumor; and the other, who came simply as her friend, was suffering with a dangerous disease of the *heart*, though she was utterly unconscious of the fact.

Now, sin has made such sad havoc in our hearts that we do *not even love God*, though the loveliest Being in the Universe; and then it disguises this terrible truth so men do not feel it. Then do you wonder that the prophet said “the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.”

Now, I need not say that a heart that does not love God, can never be truly or permanently happy. As well might you expect a stream of pure, sweet water to flow from the poisoned fountains of Jericho.

It cannot be. It must be changed. We must get rid of this hard, deceitful heart that doesn't love God and get another that will *love and honor and obey Him*. And *this* He promises to give us. Hear Him say, “A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh.”

Priceless Gift! God's greatest boon!

"I'd rather win thee than God's youngest star,
With teeming continents and seas of bliss."

For whoever has this new heart, has in it all the treasures that infinite wealth can bestow on a child of God, and has it *forever*.

Our animal life will perish with our bodies. Our social life will perish with our occupations. But our spiritual life will "burn through death and animate our shade!" Will live as long as God lives and eternity rolls.

In this little heart, then, my young friends, is bound up the issues of three lives: animal, social and spiritual. How diligently then should we keep it; keep it warm, pure and tender. How ardently should we seek this new heart, which makes us kin to God and angels; which alone can ever enter the gates of the eternal City; which alone will have the beatific vision that can see God and live.

Let that be your highest ambition, young ladies, to be pure in heart, "holding it dearer than the ruddy drops that visit your young hearts." Your wealth, your beauty, your accomplishments will avail you nothing without it. These will "vanish away," and leave you but the mournful emblems of their mortality, on which the wisest of men wrote three thousand years ago, "vanity and vexation of spirit."

But possessed of this God-life in a new heart, full of God-love, you may stand with the Great

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Apostle amid the wreck of every earthly treasure and in danger of impending death and exclaim, "None of these things move me," for I am persuaded that neither life nor death nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

May that be your persuasion, young ladies, and then we shall meet beyond the River, in the Eternal Bellewood of the Soul; in our "Father's house."

VIII

JUDAS ISCARIOT

Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders,

Saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that.

And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself. Matthew xxvii, 3, 4, 5.

The life and death of Judas Iscariot are pregnant with lessons to us all. They illustrate with fearful fidelity the natural development of lust into sin, and sin into death.

It is a typical case. And to a remarkable degree, it embodies the history of every lost soul. It was written for our instruction, and we will be wise if we profit by the solemn lessons it teaches.

It is a habit among men to hold an inquest over the bodies of men who come to their death in some violent and mysterious way. No man ever died a more fearful death, or went to a more certain destruction than Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of God's Son.

Now for our warning and instruction, let us

hold such an inquest over *this dead soul*. For though dead, yet like Abel, he speaks to us to-day, by his life and death, words of the most awful significance.

First. He died by *suicide*. He took his *own* life. The inspired Record is "he went out and *hanged himself*." There was no foul play in his case. He was not waylaid and murdered. No enemy plotted his ruin; but he deliberately and willfully took his *own* life.

Confessing his sin, and anticipating its punishment, he became his own executioner, and went out and hung himself over the valley of Hinnom (Hell in Hebrew), and "went to his own place" with the blood of God's Son and his own soul on his hands.

Second. And that too,—in spite of God, and Jesus and men. He was a chosen Apostle. Jesus had honored him with the highest office in His gift. He was distinguished even among the Apostles, as their Treasurer, the only officer among them. He had for three years enjoyed the personal ministry and closest intimacy with the Son of God. He had seen all His mighty miracles; heard all His matchless teachings, and "beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Yea, he had even preached that Gospel, and wrought miracles in its confirmation, and at the last supper, sat next the Lord of life and glory,

ate from the same dish, and yet,—died a sinner, —a suicide!

Third. And that, too, in sight of *heaven*, and in reach of eternal life. From the height of his great privilege as an Apostle; as a friend and companion of Jesus, he went down to ruin, as it were, from the very *threshold of glory*. He died in *sight of Calvary*. He lost his soul the *very day* Jesus died to save the world. He hanged himself the very morning and at the very city, that Jesus hanged on the cross to redeem a lost race. While the thief went from the prison and the cross to Paradise, this Apostle went from the temple and the last Supper to Perdition.

From the gates of Heaven and glory, he went down to the gates of death and destruction.

Fourth. And did it *deliberately* and *willfully* and of his *own choice*. The significant record is that "he went to his *own place*," "his *own place*," the place of murderers, suicides, betrayers, misers and unbelievers. John tells us where that is: "The fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable and murderers, and whoremongers and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars, shall have their part in the lake, which burneth with fire, and brimstone; which is the second death." *That* was his place; the place of his own deserts; the place of his *own choice*. Fearful fact, that a man should choose *hell* instead of *heaven*. But he did it. The choice was placed before him,—*life* and *death*. The Author of Life, and the Lord of glory made

him the offer. He rejected it; chose *death*; sold himself to Satan for thirty pieces of silver (the price of a Hebrew slave), went out and hanged himself, and went to "his own place."

Fifth. And, thereby gives a fearful illustration of the natural connection between *sin* and *death*.

The *death* of Judas Iscariot was the legitimate but awful *consequence* of his *life*. It was the inevitable effect the bargained "wages" of *his* sin, and of *every* sin. It is the only atonement any man can make for his sin; it is suicide,—self-immolation. After betraying his Master and refusing His salvation, Judas was left no alternative but to die himself. "Without shedding of blood is no remission of sin."—That is the voice of conscience as well as of God. He rejected the atonement of Jesus; and so was left to make his own, by *hanging himself*. His death was hell's conception of satisfaction for guilt and sin. The only conception and the only satisfaction, out of Christ, whom he betrayed.

It was the awful awaking of his conscience with its scorpion lash to vindicate the holiness of God, and to punish the guilt of sin.

"And to escape the hell within him, he leaped into the hell beneath him."

"Oh, the power," says Palmer, "which guilt has over the human conscience! When a man even finds refuge from that conscience in hell

itself." As Milton puts into the mouth of the great Adversary:

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly,
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

Sixth. And finally, his death, legitimate and natural as it was, *was without excuse*. There was no necessity of his despair or his death. True, he had sinned a great sin, a fearful sin in betraying his Master. But Peter denied Him the same night, with an oath; both lied and cursed; and yet Peter was saved.

Judas Iscariot was a great sinner, but Jesus Christ was a greater Savior. He would have forgiven Judas Iscariot as He forgave Peter, and as He forgave the thief who reviled Him, and the murderers who crucified Him. But Judas never asked forgiveness. True, he confessed his sins, but to heartless priests and not to God. Overwhelmed with the magnitude of his sin, and with an evil heart of unbelief, he sought refuge from *remorse* in the death of a *suicide*.

Now, this is a terrible picture, but it is *taken from life*. It is the picture of *Judas Iscariot*, and not a myth. Would to God it were!

But it is a fearful reality, as that man can

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testify to-day; for he still lives,—or rather dies, in “his own place.”

But, I said his case was typical.

What will you say if I make it typical of *every lost soul*—of your soul, if it is lost?

I affirm it to-day, and show you *your* picture, my unconverted friend, unless you believe in Jesus.

You are following in the footsteps of Judas Iscariot, and will go to his place and yours, unless you change your course.

There are but two places in the universe for souls,—heaven and hell,—the place of Jesus, and the place of Judas. If you are not going with Jesus, you are going with Judas.

Now, let us compare *your* case with his, and see whether or not it is so.

First. Judas, we saw, died by *suicide*. He took the life of his own body and his own soul. He did it knowingly and deliberately. Nobody killed Judas Iscariot, but Judas Iscariot himself. He murdered his own body and soul.

Are you doing that? God says the “soul that sinneth it shall die.” Your soul is dying, for it is sinning. I tell you so; God tells you so. Your own soul tells you so. But who is its murderer? Not man, not God, but yourself. You are committing suicide on your own soul. Nobody has power over your soul but *God* and *yourself*. It is an imperial spirit—*deciding its own destiny*.

God will never destroy it, for He gave His only Son to die to save it. So that if it is lost, *you* are its murderer. I repeat it: if your soul is lost, its *blood* will be found on *your* own hands.

Second. And that too,—like Judas Iscariot, in spite of God's love, and Jesus' death and the Spirit's striving.

Like Judas Iscariot,—you know Jesus; you have heard His Gospel; you have seen His miracles; you have felt His power, and received His pressing invitation to come to Him and be saved.

And, like Judas Iscariot, you are turning a deaf ear to all these,—selling yourself and your Savior for this world's goods, and unless you repent, you will die like Judas, and go to your own place, as he died and went to his.

Third. And that too, in sight of Heaven and in reach of eternal life. Judas, we saw, went to *Perdition* the same day the thief went to *Paradise*. He died and was lost in sight of Calvary, where Jesus died to save the world.

And so are you. Here you are sitting in God's house; in God's presence; at the gate of Heaven,—listening to the Gospel of Jesus—offering you pardon and life.

To-day, thousands are going into Paradise,—thieves and murderers among them—sweeping through the gates, “washed in the blood of the Lamb.” And you, deliberately rejecting this same Jesus, as Judas did; betraying the same innocent blood; deliberately going out to hang

yourself in sight of Calvary, and going to your own place,—the place of Judas Iscariot, the place of unbelievers, and murderers, and idolaters and despisers of Jesus; the place of “weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth”; the fearful place, “where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”

Fourth. And like him, you are doing it willfully and deliberately and of *your own choice*. Is it not so? Jesus says, “Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life.” “This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.”

Every soul that rejects Jesus, deliberately chooses death, and will inevitably go to certain destruction. I don't see that destruction, nor you. But God sees it and tells you of it. Dives saw it and sent back word not to come to that place. Judas Iscariot sees it and feels it and laments it forever. And you will see it and suffer it forever, unless you turn from the way he went, the way you are going. As Moses said to Israel, so I say to you, “I call heaven and earth to record, this day, against you, that I have set before you *life* and *death*, *blessing* and *cursing*, therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.”

Fifth. And finally, I said that the death of Judas was *without any excuse or necessity*. He had sinned a great sin, but Jesus saved “the chief

of sinners!" His blood could have cleansed Judas, as it cleansed Peter, who denied Him. "If possible," says Matthew Henry, "he sinned a greater sin in despairing of the mercy of God, than in betraying His Only Son."

The death of Jesus was a necessity to save the world. The death of Judas was suicidal and unnecessary.

He died without reason, without necessity and without excuse!

And so are you dying! Your sin may be black as Judas', but you need not die for it. Jesus died for it, if you will accept Him as your substitute. "He bore *our sins* (all of them), in His own body, on the tree." "He came into the world to save sinners," and He has saved millions of them, the very *chief* of them.

You cannot doubt His ability, for He is God, almighty. You cannot doubt His willingness, for He *died* to prove it. You cannot doubt His *readiness*, for He says, "*Come, for all things are now ready.*"

Nothing stands between you and eternal life, to-day, but *your own unbroken will*. "*Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life.*"

Now, I present you two pictures, Jesus and Judas! They embody the two great ideas of satisfaction for sin.

Jesus is heaven's way.

Judas is hell's way.

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Jesus hanging on the cross for the sins of *others, a substitute!*

Judas hanging himself for his *own sins*—a suicide!

These two plans exhaust all. There is no other way under heaven.

Mercy exhausted itself in Jesus on Calvary.

Malice exhausted itself in Judas in Hinnom.

These two plans are offered you to-day: the plan of Jesus, and the plan of Judas!

Salvation by Jesus—or

Suicide by Judas.

Which will you choose?

IX

THE MEN OF ISSACHAR

And of the children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do; the heads of them were two hundred; and all their brethren were at their commandment. I Chronicles xii, 32.

You may remember the circumstances of the making of David, King over Israel.

The armies of Israel had been signally defeated. King Saul and his three sons were slain, and the heathen Philistines were riding in triumph over the heritage of God's chosen people. Something had to be done.

Moved by a common impulse, the various tribes came to Hebron, to make David King. Among the thousands who came, were two hundred men of the tribe of Issachar,—only two hundred among so many thousand, children of Issachar, whose name is never mentioned after he was born.

But these two hundred were distinguished above all the thousands of their brethren as "men who had understanding."

The great difference between men, is not a difference of birth, or rank or wealth, or learning, but of wisdom,—an understanding of the

times, to know what ought to be done. This is wisdom.

I remark: there are times in the lives of men, which bring opportunities which do not recur. As Shakespeare said:

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”

Or a wiser than Shakespeare says,

“To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.”

Try it in your secular pursuits—as in agriculture. Every farmer boy will tell you there is a time to plant every seed, and a time to gather it. There is a work which can be done only in Spring—a work which can be done only in Summer.

So it is in medicine. There is a time in the treatment of disease for the use of certain remedies,—to bleed, to blister, to stimulate. The wise physician knows when.

So in navigation. There is a time to set sail, and a time to lie in harbor. One sea Captain crossed the Atlantic Ocean one hundred times, and never lost a passenger. He had understanding to know the times and places of danger and avoid them.

So in war. There is in every battle a Crisis, a turning point, a moment of decision, of destiny. To seize and take advantage of that moment,—marks the great Captain.

So in monetary affairs. There was a time when fortunes were made by entering lands in Kentucky, or buying it for a few dollars. That time is past. The men of courage and understanding came and settled the land, and their children are now enjoying the fruits of their wisdom and foresight.

In God's providence the time had come to make David King. He had waited long. He had been a fugitive, pursued like a partridge on the mountains by King Saul.

The enemy had overthrown the army of Israel, and slain their King.

Then God provided men of understanding to know the times,—the sons of Issachar, who knew "what Israel ought to do," and they made David King.

For want of such men, a generation ago, this country was plunged into a civil war, which cost the nation one million of men and five millions of money. If we had the men of Issachar, who "understood the times," that dreadful war might have been averted.

Now, this is as true in Sacred as in Secular things. There was a time for the creation of the World, and of man, and of the birth of Jesus Christ. Men watched and waited four thousand

years. So we read: "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son."

So God has set a time for the Judgment of the World. With minute particularity He has given the details of the last great day, and the fate of all men.

He tells us there is a time to be Saved. "Behold *now* is the accepted time." If you were to live a million years (as you certainly will) it is still true that *Now* is the time to be saved.

Nobody is saved after death. Dives teaches us that. Nobody is saved in Eternity. Nobody is saved in any time but God's time, and He says, "Now is the day of Salvation."

The man who rejects this Salvation *Now* loses his only chance in Eternity, and can only lament "the harvest is past, the summer is ended and I am not saved."

There is only one *Summer*, only one *harvest* for every soul. It is *Now*.

So He tells us there is a time to Work. "Go work *To-day* in my Vineyard."

If you were to live a million of years (as you certainly will), you will never have another chance to do *to-day's work*. It must be done *now* or *never!*

Men are in reach of you *now* who will never be in reach of you again. Men can be saved *now*, who can never be saved again.

Souls are dying now who will never *live again*.
If Andrew had not brought Peter to Jesus

eighteen hundred years ago, he never could have brought him. If the thief on the cross had not cried to Jesus that day, he never could have cried again. It was his *last chance*. So this is our last chance to *save others*.

The men who hewed down these forests, and opened these roads are gone and their wives and children and neighbors and friends are gone with them. Their last opportunity to do good or evil is gone. Our *last chance* is *going*.

Are we like the men of Issachar? Do we know what ought to be done? Jerusalem did not know and perished. It is the wise man who knows the times and what to do. "The prudent foreseeth the evil and hideth himself."

I am sorry to say that many men totally misapprehend the times; entirely mistake the significance of life. Look around you. How many men are living simply to make money, for pleasure, for office and for reputation. How many are living as if there were no God—no Heaven, no Hell, no Judgment, no Eternity.

There were only two hundred of the men of Issachar, but they were equal to *thousands* of their *brethren*. Asher brought forty thousand men; Ephraim, fifty thousand, but it is said all their brethren were at the command of the two hundred children of Issachar, who were "men of understanding—to know what Israel ought to do."

We are told that the name of Issachar was engraved on the *Sapphire stone* of the breast-

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plate of the high priest, and his banner was sky-blue, with the sun, moon and stars on it. They were men of wisdom, who understood the times, and knew what ought to be done. As Daniel tells us, "They that be wise shall shine."

Are we like the men of Issachar? Do we understand the times in which we live? Do we know what Israel ought to do? Let me ask you:

First. Do we understand that we are all sinners,—criminals before God's bar? That we all need a Savior?

Have we realized the great fact which flashed on the mind of the Philippian Jailer, when he cried, "What must I do to be saved?"

Second. Do we understand that we live in a lost world,—that every man among us is, by nature, a lost man?

That the very world we inhabit is under a curse and doomed to the burning? That the only hope of the world is in the mercy of God, its Maker and Judge!

Third. Do we understand that Jesus Christ—God's only Son—came into this lost world to *save it*? That there is Salvation in no other, and if we reject His Salvation, we are lost forever?

These are tremendous facts.

Fourth. Do we understand what to do with them?

These men of Issachar came to make David

King over Israel—over every house and every heart.

Do we understand that the Church of God is His true Israel—that Jesus Christ is the true King?

Have we made Him King over our hearts, our homes, over our friends and kindred? That is our *great business*.

God wants such men as the men of Issachar. The world needs such men, who understand the times, and know what to do.

Fifth. Do we understand the responsibility eighteen hundred years of Christianity brings? The responsibility of the age of railroads, of telegraphs, of printing presses, of steamships, of wealth and education and refinement?

“We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.”

May God give us the wisdom of the men of Issachar.

X

THE MAN BORN BLIND

He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. John ix, 25.

Many good people look upon Christianity as one of the Speculative Sciences. They put it down in the same category as Mental Philosophy or Political Economy, and so they tolerate and practice a very wide latitude of opinion as to its utterances. It never rises to the dignity, with them, of an exact science, as mechanics or mathematics. And even Christian people are at fault often in failing to appreciate the strength of their position, and so fail to maintain the rights of their just cause.

The object of this discourse will be to establish the claims of the religion of Jesus as a demonstrated fact and a living reality in the world to-day. It is not a theory or a speculation or a hypothesis: not a system of philosophy or a code of morals; but a great living, stubborn and eternal fact.

A great deal has been said and written of late, about the truth of the Bible, and the religion it teaches.

And much has been said against both, to the comfort of some of its enemies, and the confusion of some of its friends.

This ninth chapter of John gives some account of this conflict, which has been going on ever since war was declared between the seed of the woman and the serpent,—6000 years ago in the garden of Eden. It may be some comfort to God's children to know that no fresh accessions have been made to the ranks of the enemy for these six thousand years.

I suppose those Pharisees and scribes, who opposed the religion of Jesus more than eighteen hundred years ago, were, to say the least, the equal of their modern representatives, in ability, learning, zeal and malignity.

And certainly a mighty reinforcement has been added to the testimony of this blind beggar, in these eighteen hundred years, in which the religion of Jesus has gone forth to the ends of the world, and its converts are numbered by the hundreds of millions.

I. Now here is a blind man. That fact admits of no discussion. And he was not only blind now, but had been all his life,—born blind. His own parents stated that he was now of age, so that he had been blind over twenty years.

II. He received his sight: suddenly, miraculously. This fact admits of no discussion. His neighbors testified to the fact: those who had known him for years as the blind beggar. His

own parents testified. "We know this is our son and that he was born blind; but by what means he now seeth, we know not."

He testified himself, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see."

Nobody doubted or could doubt that fact. Even the Pharisees admitted it. He was born blind and now did see.

III. Now third and most important, Jesus opened his eyes. And this fact was never doubted. The Jews, His disciples and the man all testify to this fact. How He did it, they did not know; but that He did it, nobody doubted. All the man knew about it was that He spread clay on his eyes and told him to "go wash in the pool of Siloam," and he went and washed and received sight.

These are the three facts of this brief history: 1st. The man was born blind. 2nd. His eyes were opened by a miracle. 3rd. Jesus Christ did it. These facts were not denied then, have never been denied since, and cannot be denied now. To question them is to stultify ourselves.

The man who, in the face of all these facts, would have stood up that day and denied either or all of these facts would have been deemed insane. His prejudice made him blinder than the one born blind, for "none are so blind as those who will not see."

Now this history has been repeated in the experience of every man ever converted in the world!

What an overwhelming demonstration has the truth of the religion of Jesus received in these eighteen hundred years! Who can count the witnesses?

This blind man is the type of every Christian. If his testimony established the fact of his miraculous cure, who will doubt the united testimony of a multitude of witnesses no man can question! Note the parallel!

I. The sinner is *blind to this Gospel*. That fact admits of no doubt. There is not an unconverted man in Louisville that sees these great truths of this Bible. Not one; ask them. I didn't, I know, for eighteen years. Harry Mc. Kinnevan didn't for sixty-four years; Captain Daniel didn't for eighty-seven years. I was blind; so was Paul. So is every sinner in Louisville. So was every Christian in Louisville.

II. Every Christian has *had his eyes opened*. His language is that of the blind beggar, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

All the philosophy and science and logic in the world could not have persuaded that man that he didn't see. You cannot reason a man out of his senses. Those Pharisees did not try it. They tried to persuade him that Jesus was a sinner; and failing to do that, they put him out of the synagogue.

So these so-called scientists may put us out of their synagogue, but they can never alter the

fact that "whereas we were blind, now we see."

III. These blind eyes were *opened by Jesus*. You will observe that fact. There is not a Christian in the world whose eyes were not opened by Him.

He may be ignorant and unlearned, as this man was, but he knows that it was "a man that is called Jesus" that saved him.

That is the concurrent testimony of the whole Christian world, and "in man speaks God."

Mahomet never opened a man's eyes: nor Joseph Smith, nor Confucius, nor Buddha or Brahma, nor any scientist. "Since the world began, was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind." That is as true to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago. Nobody but Jesus ever did it, or ever seriously pretended to do it.

These are the three irrefutable facts! Now here we rest this case, where the blind man rested his. He was blind, now he saw. All the philosophy and blasphemy on earth could not overthrow that fact to him and all who knew him. He could not account for the fact scientifically, but he knew he had been blind for twenty years, and now he saw, and saw because a "man called Jesus" had opened his eyes.

He had never studied the arguments for the Divinity of Jesus Christ; but here was an argument which even the blind could see—"if this man

were not of God, He could do nothing, but He hath opened my eyes."

That was the only evidence he had of His divinity. It was all the evidence he wanted. And we are not surprised that convinced by such evidence, he believed on Him as the Son of God, and worshiped Him.

Now, my friends and brethren, this is the argument we present to-day,—the internal as well as the external evidence of the truth of the religion of Jesus; the personal, experimental testimony of those who have felt its power.

It is an argument that goes back of all books, and appeals to the primary principles of our natures; to the testimony of our consciousness. All the books in the world could not have persuaded that man that a man's eyes could not be opened or that Jesus could not open them. He knew better!

The books all told Galileo that the world stood still, but he knew it revolved.

The books all told Harvey that the blood stood still, but he knew it circulated.

So all the scientific books might have told this man that miracles were impossible, and that blind eyes could not be opened! But he knew better, for "whereas he was blind, now he did see."

One known, established fact upsets all contrary hypotheses in the Universe. If the thing was done, every contrary hypothesis was vain and delusive.

Now, here is a plain, practical argument for the religion of Jesus, which all the arguments and blasphemy of infidels can never meet. It is the experimental proof of its power in the believer's soul,—corroborated by a corresponding outward change of conduct.

“I can answer any argument in favor of Christianity but that,” said David Hume, the infidel, pointing to a young man, formerly very wicked. “I knew that man,” said he; “he was a bad man, but he professed conversion, as you call it, and joined the Church. I have watched him closely ever since, and have put spies on his track to detect his hypocrisy, but, sir, his life proves his professions good. We have no philosophy that can produce or account for such a change. I cannot answer that.”

That is true. David Hume only forgot that God is above Philosophy, above nature; and that in opening blind eyes and regenerating sinful souls, he is only exercising His prerogative as a God to work miracles.

And every man whose eyes He ever opened, every man whose soul He ever converted, is a living witness to the truth of the religion of Jesus. “Ye are my witnesses,” said He.

And who can number them! What a host—innumerable as the stars of heaven, or the sands by the sea!

Call some of these witnesses to the stand.

I. Here is King David. What does he know

about this religion? Hear his answer: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: When shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?"

That is clear and to the point. It is no hear-say evidence. It is the personal written testimony of one of the greatest and best of men; a testimony which has come down unimpeached these three thousand years.

II. Now call Paul, and a braver or better man never stood before this world's jury. What does he say? "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

III. Let us put John, the beloved disciple, on the stand, and ask him, "What do you know of this religion of Jesus?" Hear his answer: "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." That is his testimony. Who can impeach his character? Who can invalidate his evidence? For more than eighteen hundred years it has stood unimpeached and unimpeachable.

But we need not go to the apostles or prophets for evidence of the truth of this religion. A long line of illustrious witnesses stretches from that day to this. Among them, Polycarp who sealed his testimony with his blood, at Smyrna, and Justin and Clement and Ignatius and Origen and Tertullian and Eusebius and Jerome and Luther and Zwingli and Huss and Beza and Calvin and Knox and Latimer and Ridley and Cranmer and the Wesleys and Martyn and Payson and Brainerd and Edwards and Bunyan, and the Alexanders and Tennants, and a host of the wisest and best men and women this world ever saw.

These all stand up before you to-day testifying, "One thing we know, that wherefore we were blind, now we see."

IV. Call nations upon the stand. Make way for Madagascar, with her five millions, who have come out of the gross darkness of heathenism into the light of Christian day, and stand up now to testify to the power of this religion of Jesus.

V. Then call England, with her twenty-eight millions once Druid worshippers, and the United States, with her forty millions of followers of Christ, to testify as to this religion.

Call up your sainted dead; what is their testimony?

What does your mother say, speaking it may be from the grave? What does she say of the religion of Jesus? "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

"It has kept me alive ninety-five years," said Mrs. Conner.

"I would rather die in this bed with the hope of the Gospel, than get well and live a sinner," said Mary Beckley in the hospital on Thursday.

Then call the living witnesses to the stand and ask them what they know of this religion of Jesus.

Call your ministers, your deacons, your five hundred, five thousand, twenty-five thousand in this city, and ask them what they know of this religion. One now answers for all: "One thing I know, whereas I was blind now I see."

The man who doubts such an array of witnesses, such a weight of testimony, must stultify himself. He can believe nothing he hears; he is either willfully or judicially blind, by doubting the testimony of a world of the best people.

XI

LUKE, THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas, greet you.
Colossians iv, 14.

I consider myself especially fortunate in being permitted to speak to so many of my own profession this evening.

For while a stress of conscientious convictions compelled me to give it up, I still have a warm side for doctors, and never feel more at home than in their company. It is the profession of my fathers, and I was brought up in a doctor's shop, and early taught the secret art of making pills and powders.

And I hope I have a right, as a member of the fraternity, to speak with some freedom and assurance to my brethren.

And especially, as I come to speak for them as well as to them, and have selected a *Doctor* for my text out of all the illustrious characters of Holy writ.

It may not have occurred to you, my friends, that God has greatly honored your profession. I might say, exalted it above all human employments.

Among the almost innumerable professions and

callings of men, He has chosen yours as the one best setting forth His own divine character. He does not call Himself the Great Lawyer, or Great Minister, or Great Statesman, or Great Artist, but the *Great Physician*; and it is in that character especially that He commends Himself to a race of *sick and dying men*.

And even Cicero, writing by the light of nature, nearly two thousand years ago, said that "in nothing do men so much resemble the Gods, as in giving health to their fellow-men." And you will find it to your interest, both here and hereafter, to make that resemblance as perfect as possible.

The subject of our study this evening was a notable Physician, and his mention as an honorable member of your profession is an honor God has seldom conferred upon any human calling.

Your profession justly boasts of many illustrious names, from Hippocrates down, among them Galen and Valsalva and Harvey and Malpighi and Bell and Trousseau and Jenner and Larrey and Syme and Simpson and Hunter and Chomel and Malgaigne and Velpeau; and in your own State and city, Dudley and McDowell and Bell and Bradford and Caldwell and Rogers and Yandell and many other names that will live as long as genius has an admirer or disease a victim.

But I would rather have this eulogium, this short verse, "Luke, the beloved physician," than any or all the just honors ever paid the noblest

of the profession. For all these are human honors. This is *Divine*. All these are paid by men. Luke's is paid by God.

All these earthly honors will tarnish and fade. The memory of Hippocrates will grow dim, and the marble statue of Ephraim McDowell will crumble back to dust, but the name of "Luke, the beloved physician," will live and be loved and honored forever. God has built him a monument which will stand when the solid earth beneath McDowell's monument is removed.

Side by side with John, "the beloved disciple," stands "Luke, the beloved physician," and little as you think of it, my young friends, that name has cast more true glory on your profession than all the names of your illustrious dead.

Let us now briefly recount some of the few facts we know of the personal history of this most illustrious member of your profession.

The name Luke is an abbreviation of either Lukanos or Lucilius. The first historic light that falls upon him is found in Acts xvi, where at Troas he joined Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in his journey to Macedonia, and other provinces of Greece.

From the fourth chapter of Colossians, we learn that he was not born a Jew, but a Gentile.

From his intimate acquaintance with all Jewish customs and his facility in writing Hebraic Greek, we learn that he must have been converted early to the Jewish faith, while his fluency in

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writing classic Greek equally indicates his gentle birth and education.

Eusebius, the first great ecclesiastical historian, tells us that Luke was born at Antioch in Syria, the third greatest and richest city of the ancient Roman empire; a city celebrated for its cultivation of the arts and sciences, as well as for its luxury and licentiousness.

There he had every advantage to cultivate Greek literature and acquire the best medical education. His writings show him to have been a cultivated scholar, and a traveled physician.

Epiphanius enumerates Luke among the seventy disciples whom Jesus first sent out to preach His Gospel, and Theophylat affirms that he was one of the two disciples, to whom Jesus first discovered himself after His resurrection on the road from Jerusalem to Emmaus.

Paul selected him as his companion, chiefly for two reasons, we suppose.

First, because he was a Gentile, thoroughly educated and in sympathy with the Apostle's great mission to the Gentile world.

Second, because Luke was a physician and Paul a delicate man, with many bodily infirmities, and often needing the skill and attention of such a man as Luke.

He was Paul's companion and co-laborer through all his wonderful missionary journeys, and remained with him at Rome, up to the time the great Apostle died a martyr, under Nero.

Afterwards, according to Epiphanius, he preached in Dalmatia and Gallia. His fate is uncertain, many affirming that he died a natural death in Achaia, in his eighty-fourth year. Others, among whom is Gregory Nazianzen, assert that he died a martyr to his faith.

But the honor that renders his name illustrious forever, is the fact that *God selected* this man, this beloved physician to write the history of His own Son, in the third Gospel, and also the "Acts of the Apostles,"—two of the most precious as well as most important books of the Bible.

Such, in brief, is the history of this man, of whom every physician should be proud, and whose illustrious character every physician should emulate.

Now from this brief biography, I want to draw a few practical lessons concerning your chosen profession. For remember, young gentlemen, that yours is not a trade, but a profession, the noblest human profession. And the young doctor who has no higher conception of his calling, than that it is simply a trade, by which he can make money, ought immediately to give it up and seek employment in other pursuits.

There are many noble and legitimate trades, but *medicine* is not one of them. The *highest* motives for its practice are *not mercenary*.

They are found in the exercise of the noblest sentiments of the soul, the relief of suffering, the rescue of the perishing and the comfort of the

dying. And without the genuine satisfaction of duty done in these respects, it becomes a wearisome and laborious calling, whose fees are dearly bought by a life of the greatest self-denial, toil and danger.

If you do not make God and your conscience responsible for a large part of your fees, young gentlemen, you will not find it a lucrative profession. For money can never repay you for much you will have to do, and do daily for your fellowmen. God alone can do that, with the approbation that made Luke *immortal* and *blessed*.

Now, the distinguishing feature of this man's character was that he was a Christian physician. Doubtless there were wiser and abler physicians in Antioch and Athens and Rome than Luke, but their names are forgotten, their memory perished, and their souls lost, so far as we have any knowledge.

But Luke lives in history, in song, in glory, today, simply because he was what others were not—a *Christian physician*.

And my mission to-night is to urge upon you, by every high and holy consideration, the necessity of your being *Christian physicians*. To this end I present you these considerations:

First and most important, for *your own sake!* "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." If God's word is true, you belong to a *race of lost men*; and you need salvation as much as others. You belong to a race of men who are diseased in

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soul, as well as in *body*, and *you must be healed* as well as your *patients*.

You can save *bodies*, but you cannot save *souls*.

You may remove scrofula and scarlet fever, but you *cannot* remove *sin*. That is a disease, of which the *physician cannot heal himself*. And it is one of the saddest spectacles this lost world presents, to see men whose lives are devoted to saving others, neglecting to save themselves! And after a life consecrated to the noblest of callings—to be themselves cast away.

For your own sakes, *if there were not another man in the world*, you *ought to be Christians*. This is the first and highest duty you owe, not only to God, but to your own souls. You can afford to lose anything but *that*.

But not only for your own sakes, but for the *community at large*, you ought to be *Christian physicians*.

More than all other men, you are your "brother's keeper," and if you slay him with your infidelity, God will demand his blood at your hands. No profession has the opportunities and the consequent responsibilities that yours has.

You are trusted, honored and loved as no other profession is. Your influence is potent for good or evil, and you will be fountains of life or of death wherever you may cast your lot.

You owe it to yourselves, to God and the world to be Christian physicians.

Again, you owe it to your *patient*—to the man

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who places his life in your hands—to be Christians.

Remember that a large part, and I may say the best part of your practice, will be among Christian people. A proper regard for their comfort and happiness, if for no other reason, ought to prompt you to be Christians.

I know a most excellent person in this city, who discharged a physician because he was not a Christian. And I assure you that the sacred precincts of a Christian home are not congenial to a man who does not believe and practice the precepts that make such homes sacred and happy.

If you are a true Christian, you will always find a warmer welcome to the hearts and homes of the best people in this city, in this world and in heaven.

But you must stand by the death-bed of men who are not Christians, and who will need and ask your counsel and support, in the most trying hour of life,—when that life is departing. What will you say to the poor soul about to launch into the untried realities of eternity, who asks you to pray for him that God will be merciful to him, when you neither believe nor trust that God, nor ever asked Him to be merciful to you? You would stand dumb in the greatest crisis of human life!

For *his* sake you ought to be a Christian man, for when you surrender your patient, you surrender him into the hand of God,—too late often

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for any other voice to speak a word of comfort to the dying man, with a dying soul going unprepared into the presence of God.

You ought to be Christian men, for at the death bed you are brought into closer contact with God than any other men. You see the impotence of all human power, when the Almighty speaks the word that seals all destinies, and you see the vanity of all human glory, where death disrobes our nature of its gaudy covering, and reveals us in our utter weakness and helplessness!

Standing there in the awful presence of God, you must be made a better or a worse man, either by bowing to His sovereign majesty or hardening your heart against His righteous authority. Every argument in Heaven and earth urges with inexorable logic the necessity of your being Christian men, and I cannot tell how a genuine physician could be anything else.

For in conclusion, I want to impress upon you this great fact, that the very qualities that will make you good and successful physicians, will make you good and faithful Christians.

Galen, one of the fathers of your profession, said, "spes et confidentia plus valent quam medicina."—"Hope and faith are more powerful than medicine.")

And Paracelsus "would allow Hippocrates no other credit for his cures than the fact that the common people had a *strong conceit of his worth*." They had *faith* in him.

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And the measure of your success will depend upon the measure of the *confidence* you inspire.

The practice of medicine is next to religion, the highest exercise of *faith*. The patient and the penitent both "walk by faith."

Whenever your patient loses faith in you, or you lose faith in yourself, then surrender the case to *another Doctor*.

Now, young gentlemen, the whole secret of the Christian life is simply *faith, faith in the Great Physician*. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

We are sick unto death. Sin is destroying our souls, and no hand but His can remove the disease.

Will you trust your case in His hands? That is the only question He asks—"Will you trust Me?" That He is able to save, none can doubt; for He is the Almighty God. That He is willing, none can doubt; for He died to purchase our redemption.

It all depends on *your faith*. He *will not*, cannot heal any soul that *will not* trust Him. "He that believeth not, shall be damned." There is no help for it. If you *will not trust Him*, He *cannot save* you. He comes with the sanction of Infinite Authority, and the attributes of the only Divinity, and challenges your acceptance.

He never lost a case. He never refused a patient. He never charged a cent. He never turned any away.

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If you trust Him *you are saved*. If you refuse to trust Him, *you are lost*.

Oh, my young friends, every heart in the universe that loves you, begs you to trust Him.

Every high and holy consideration that inspires you, urges you to trust Him.

Every evil that threatens, and every fear that haunts you, moves you to trust Him!

Will you turn a deaf ear to every voice, and write your name down among the lost, or have it written yonder on the Lamb's book of life, with "Luke, the beloved physician"?

XII

SAUL VERSUS PAUL

Then Saul, (who also is called Paul) filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes on him. Acts xiii, 9.

Do you see that fiery, furious young Pharisee, burning with zeal for his ancestral faith, pursuing his enemies to Damascus, determined to stamp out the religion of Jesus, if it had to be done in blood?

That is Saul.

Do you hear that song at midnight as it comes up from the deep dungeon of the Philippian jail? It is a prisoner, his feet in the stocks and his back bloody with the stripes he received that day at the hands of heathen rulers for preaching the Gospel of Jesus.

That is Paul.

Do you see that young man in that wild mob of angry Jews, rushing out of the city with a poor prisoner, whom they stoned to death for believing in Jesus?

That is Saul.

Do you see that old man, feeble with age and sickness, led forth from a Roman prison, carried down the Appian way and beheaded for preaching the Gospel of Jesus?

That is Paul.

How very unlike, you would say, these two men were! One exceedingly mad against the Christians, pursuing them to strange cities, and putting men and women to death—the other, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus, a prisoner himself, in a strange city, and scourged and stoned because he was a Christian.

One consenting to the death of Stephen, whose only crime was that he was a Christian. The other dying a martyr himself for the same reason.

Would you believe it if I tell you—it is the *same man*. It is “Saul who is also called Paul?” Yes, Saul, the murderer of Stephen, is called Paul, the martyr under Nero. Saul, the persecutor of Damascus, is Paul, the prisoner of Philippi.

One is Saul the sinner; the other is Paul, the Christian. The life of this one man is an argument for Christianity, which all infidelity can never overthrow.

It transformed an enemy into a friend. It transformed a murderer into a martyr. It changed the life of a wicked, revengeful, imperious man, into an humble, forgiving, loving Christian.

You ask what this religion of Jesus can do? I point you to Saul and Paul.

Now, let us briefly examine the history of this man; and it is a type of the history of every Christian—yours and mine.

First. It was a *Radical Change*. Not simply a change of policy, or of conduct or character in the ordinary sense. It went deeper down than all

these. It was a change in the man's Nature; in the Motives which governed him; the Objects which engaged him; in the end which awaited him.

He was no longer Saul but Paul. He was a new man, a "new creature." That is God's very word: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

Do not fear then to undertake to live for God and follow Christ when you are changed. Saul couldn't be a Christian. But it was no trouble for Paul.

Second. It was a *Divine Change*. It was not produced by man. You would agree that such a change could not be produced by human power. Nothing short of God's power could change that murderous Pharisee into a *loving Christian*. And God did it. Paul tells us how and when and where He did it.

It was a "new creation," and God alone can create. God created in Paul a "new heart." He was "born again," and born of God.

Now what do you think of the religion that leaves out God,—leaves out His work, leaves out this new creation—such as the religion of works, or morality or humanity? They are all a delusion and a snare. Nothing but the light and voice from heaven could ever have arrested this mad Saul, as he went to Damascus. Nothing but the light and voice from heaven will ever change a human heart—yours or mine. Whenever John Bunyan saw a drunken blasphemer pass him, he

said, "There goes John Bunyan, but for the grace of God." So it was the grace of God that made Saul—Paul; that made John Bunyan, the drunken tinker, John Bunyan the immortal preacher and author of "Pilgrims' Progress."

Third. But the change was not only Radical and Divine, but it was *necessary*. Certainly if Saul could have been saved as he was, Jesus would never have come down from heaven to save him. It is because men cannot be saved as they are, in their sins, that Jesus died,—that this Gospel is preached, that God interferes in their behalf.

Saul could never have been saved. He had to become Paul. So God says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Heaven is Visions of Glory. But the sinner is blind; he cannot see. His eyes must be opened.

Heaven is harmonies of angelic music. But the sinner is deaf. He cannot hear. His ears must be opened.

Heaven is holiness, but the sinner is unclean. He cannot enter it. He must be cleansed.

Heaven is Life. But the sinner is dead. He must be raised from the dead.

God says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." So Saul had to become Paul; Jacob had to become Israel; Simon had to become Peter; Therefore, Jesus came down from Heaven and converted Saul to Paul. He opened his eyes, unstopped his ears

and cleansed his sins and made him His son. "You hath He quickened, who was dead."

Now, every form of life is known by its manifestations. We judge a tree by its fruit; a man by his actions. It may not be one action, or a dozen, but the general course of his life will determine what he is.

If he is a Christian man, his fruits will generally be good. Not always, for the best of us "come short," but the general tenor of his life will be towards God and heaven.

So of the sinner. He may do good deeds, be hospitable and charitable; may come to church and support the Gospel, but the general course of his life will be downward; will grow worse and worse,—go further and further from God.

The change may be gradual, almost imperceptible, but nevertheless, certain and irresistible.

The Mississippi at New Orleans seems to go backward,—but only seems,—only a little way, along the muddy bank.

Now let us judge Paul by this rule. I said his conversion made him "a new man," "a new creature."

This is indicated:

First. By a new *Name*. God called him Paul. It is Paul the Apostle.

So God changed Abram's name to Abraham, and Jacob's to Israel, and Simon's to Peter, and I suppose we will all have new names in heaven. We are told as much in Revelation.

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Second. It is indicated by *new Fruits*, new thoughts, new desires, new hopes and joys.

There was never, perhaps, a greater change on earth, in any man's life, than in Saul's. From the foremost persecutor of Christianity, he became its foremost preacher. And instead of persecuting others to death for believing it, he gave his own life as a testimony of his faith in it.

Third. Finally it ends in a *new world*. This old world shall pass away. These very heavens shall be dissolved. But new ones are coming for the new man, a "new heaven and a new earth." No longer Paul walks the bloody streets of old Jerusalem, on Mt. Zion, but he walks the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, built on the Mount of God!

Such is the history of "Saul who is also called Paul." It is the type of the history of every soul ever converted. It must be your history, if you are ever saved.

You cannot go to that New Jerusalem, the new Heaven and the new Earth, as you are. You must be "a new creature." "Verily, Verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Your name must be changed, your nature, your plans, your purposes, your pleasures, your hopes,—all changed.

Saul must become Paul. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature."

So David Mendel, the greatest Historian of the Church, recognized the nature and necessity of this great change, and laying aside his old name, Da-

vid Mendel, ever afterward called himself Neander, a new man, and is known to the world and to fame only by that immortal name, Neander.

Is that your name, your history? Is your name Neander? Are you a new man or are you yet Saul with the old name and old nature, which is opposition to God, and holiness and religion?

Or are you Paul, a servant of God and Jesus Christ!

XIII

THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE

Even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference.

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Romans iii, 22, 23.

There are about sixteen hundred millions of people in the world, and about sixteen hundred millions of different kinds of people; for I suppose no two of them are exactly alike.

But amid this almost infinite diversity of condition, and color and habit and thought, there are points of resemblance in which there is no difference.

But we are so accustomed to look at the differences between men, that we forget the things in which they agree.

Now, I affirm that the most important things of our life are those things in which we are alike.

These distinctions of wealth and birth and color and education are all accidental and transitory. One hundred years hence it will matter very little with you whether you were rich or poor, or great or small, or white or black, in this world. These things will all have passed away—for such distinctions are purely adventitious and temporary

in their character. They have no existence in that world to which we are going.

But there are agreements between us that are fundamental and eternal.

This is the great truth God would teach us in our text.

There is no difference in our *birth*. We are all of one stock; one family; descended from the same parents.

God "hath made of one blood all nations of men."

Paul said that, who was a "Pharisee of the Pharisees," and he said it to the Greeks, who claimed to be of better blood than other people, the Autochthonoi—the race sprung from their own sacred soil.

"All of one blood," said Paul. Not one blood for Greeks and another for Barbarians; not one for the Jew and another for Gentile; not one for the rich and another for the poor, but "all of one blood."

We will not stop to note the fact that there is no difference in our dependency. We boast very much of our independence, and some people claim to be in independent circumstances, but we are all the children of want. No man is above the infirmities of his nature, or of his absolute and daily dependence on God.

And we only notice that there is no difference in our *destiny*. We are all mortal.

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"With equal pace impartial fate
Knocks at the palace and the cottage gate."

Alexander could conquer the world, but he could not conquer death.

Rothschild can buy nations but he cannot buy exemption from death.

"All who live must die
Passing through death to immortality."

But chiefly "there is no difference" in our *nature*. And this is the great truth God would teach us in the text: "There is no difference: for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

This is the humiliating fact that men are so slow to believe.

They readily admit that drunkards are sinners, and gamblers, and profane swearers, but they cannot admit that sober, honest, moral men are sinners.

"Do you mean," said a lady to Mr. Mackay, "that ladies are sinners?" "Most certainly, Madam. That is what God says—'all have sinned,' and that includes ladies." That was news to her, and to many others who take their theology from their neighbors and friends, and not from God.

She had never learned the fundamental fact revealed by these Scriptures—that there is no

difference in this respect between ladies and other people.

Her idea was that reckless young men, debauchees, drunkards, gamblers and heathen were the sinners, but not ladies.

But God says: "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

You say you do not believe that. Well, what difference will that make,—whether you believe it or not?

John Cross did not believe there were enemies on the Reedy Creek road, but they were there, and they killed him, too.

Pharaoh did not believe there was any danger in the Red Sea. But there was, and it drowned him and all his host.

God says "there is no difference," and you can believe or not. There may be differences in rank and wealth and ability and learning, but in one thing there is no difference—"*all have sinned.*"

There may be differences in degrees of sin, but not in its nature.

There are differences in degrees of consumption and leprosy and every disease, but not in its nature.

It is as much leprosy when it begins with a spot, as when it ends in death. So there are stages in sin, as in disease, and even death.

Jarius' daughter was as dead as Lazarus, though the rose had hardly faded from her cheek and the man had been dead four days, and cor-

ruption begun. One was as dead as the other.

During the late epidemic, men did not wait for the black vomit to tell them that they had the yellow fever. They knew it when they began with the chill and the pain and the raging fever.

There was no difference in the nature of the disease, whether you just had the chill or were dying with the black vomit. It began with one and ended with the other.

So God comes and says to you and all men, there are differences in your ages, and rank and wealth and learning and morality, but there is no difference in the great fact that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Not long ago, a great steamer was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland. Many went down to death by the side of the steamer, almost without an effort to save themselves. But some strong swimmers buffeted the billows manfully and almost reached the shore, but the remorseless tide swept them back to a watery grave and all perished alike.

There was no difference when the death roll was called,—whether he died by the foundered ship, or died in reach of the shore. All were drowned. The noblest swimmer came short of the shore.

So the best moralist, the noblest lady, the most self-righteous Pharisee—all "come short of the glory of God." To come short of the shore is to be drowned; to come short of God's glory, is to be lost.

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Now this being so, one is as much in need of salvation as another. If all have sinned,—all need a Savior.

And if there is no difference in our condition, there need be no difference in our remedy.

A cancer is a cancer whether it be a day old or a week old or a year old; and the remedy is the same.

Yellow fever is yellow fever whether it attacks a king or a peasant, a millionaire or a mendicant, a philosopher or a fool.

So of sin. It is the same disease in all, and the same remedy for all.

“Do you mean to say that I must be saved just as my footman?” said a lady to a preacher. “Then I shall not be saved,” she said. “Then you cannot be saved,” says God, “for there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” And more than that, “there is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved” but Jesus.

There is “no royal road to mathematics,” and none to Heaven.

And, like other highways, it is free to all travelers, so that the peasant may go that way, as well as the King; the pauper, as well as the prince.

Yonder stands one “like unto the Son of Man,” and with hands stretched out wide enough to receive a world, He cries: “I am the way, the truth, the life; all that the Father giveth Me, shall come to Me, and him that cometh to Me,

I will in no wise cast out." "I do not care who he is, or where he comes from, if he will only come to Me, he shall never be cast out."

Jerry MacAuley tried that in New York. "Do you see that saloon?" said he to his friend. "Six months ago the barkeeper there kicked me out because I could not pay for my drinks. I determined to try a change of service. I went to Jesus, and He took me in and saved my drunken soul." The barkeeper "cast him out" and God's Son took him into the Kingdom of Heaven.

I remember a rich man who resisted every argument and appeal to become a Christian, urging one after another excuse, until at last I said to him: "My friend, there is but one way to Heaven. It is the way Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob went—the way Paul, Peter and John went; the way the thief and the beggar and the publican went; the way your mother went; the way your wife and children are going. If you are not willing to go that way, you must be left; you cannot go any other way."

He wisely concluded to go that way, and like the Ethiopian Eunuch he is still "going on his way rejoicing."

So I come to say to you to-day—there is only one way: that is Jesus. "I am the Way."

There is only one Door; that is Jesus. "I am the Door."

If you would ever enter heaven, you must go that way,—through that door. There is no other!

For six thousand years men have tried to find other ways,—and failed. There is no other!

Millions have gone that way to glory. Millions are going that way now. Millions have refused to go that way and perished.

We come to ask you to go that way. Come, for “we are journeying unto that place of which the Lord said, ‘I will give it to you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.’”

XIV

KNOWING GOD

For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. I Corinthians ii, 2.

You will remember that the man who used this language was St. Paul, the greatest and most learned of the Apostles.

He had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and was well versed not only in all Jewish but Greek literature. He knew many things, but he determined to make all other knowledge subservient to this one great theme. He did not intend to preach politics or philosophy, or poetry or history, but Jesus Christ.

He determined to know nothing of Homer or Herodotus, Socrates or Plato, but only "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," and this is the secret of his power.

That this is the duty, and *Whole Duty* of the Christian minister, will appear evident, I think, from several considerations.

First, because *he is sent to do that alone*. His commission reads, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." "The Gospel," not yourselves, nor your church, nor your theories or speculations or opinions, but the Gospel—"Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

The preacher is an ambassador with specified duties, and without discretionary powers. "Preach the preaching that *I bid* thee," God said to Jonah, and to us.

The preacher is a "servant" who has no will or pleasure of his own, but owes his Master absolute and perpetual obedience of soul and body.

Everything else is to be made subordinate and subservient to that great Gospel theme. No subject, no sacrifice, no ordinance can take its place. Paul said, "Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel."

So transcendent is this Gospel above everything else, that, like the sun, other lights are obscured in its presence.

Second. *This comprehends our whole duty*, because Jesus Christ comprehends all truth. He is the Universe to us. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made."

He is the "Alpha and Omega," the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last. Yea, He is "all in all."

Without Him there were no men, no angels, no earth, no Heaven, no God! All things were made by Him and for Him.

And He is not only the Corner Stone of the Universe, but the Corner stone of the Church. It is built upon Him, and "other foundation can no man lay."

He is both the Genesis and the Revelation of

Religion. He is the Alpha and Omega of all its wisdom; the Antitype of all its types; the substance of all its shadows; the embodiment of all its prophecies; and the fulfillment of all its promises!

He is the Central Sun that gives light and heat and color to the spiritual as well as the physical world. And not only is He the "true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," but He is the Son of Heaven, the Light of the New Jerusalem, and only in His light will we ever see light.

Then you do not wonder that Paul determined to know nothing but Him.

Again, we preach "Christ and Him crucified" because there is *salvation in no other*. "There is no other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Mahomet cannot save you, nor John Smith, or John Calvin, or Martin Luther or John Wesley.

The Church cannot save you, nor charity, nor repentance, nor baptism, nor the Lord's Supper. There is but One Name, and One Man,—the Man Jesus Christ—who can save you. Therefore, we preach Him and Him alone.

If I preach baptism, it is baptism into Him, the baptism of His Spirit. If I preach faith, it is faith in Him, given by Him, the bond of union with Him. If I preach sanctification, it is only by His Spirit, through His truth, and for His presence. He comprehends it all. He is the

Gospel, the salvation, that is His name. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Therefore Paul determined to know nothing else.

Again, He is all our theme, for *He is all you need to know*. "This is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." If you know Him, you know God. If you have Him, you have God and eternal life.

He is "the way, the truth and the life." If you know Him, you know the way. If you know Him, you know the truth. If you know Him, you have the life. "Ye are complete in Him," says Paul.

Are you condemned? He is both your Advocate and Judge.

Are you lost? He is the Savior of the lost.

Are you blind? He came to "open blind eyes."

Are you defiled with sin? "His blood cleanseth from all sin."

Are you in darkness? He is the Morning Star: and "Sun of Righteousness."

Are you heavy laden? He says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Are you dying of thirst? He says, "Come unto Me and drink."

Are you dead in sin? He says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

These are the words of Jesus. I do not wonder

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that Napoleon said they "pass before us like the battalions of some Celestial army."

They are truth and they are life. Death itself shall die, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but these words shall never pass away."

But it is to know Him *crucified*. Not Him as the Eternal Son of God. Not Him as King of Kings. Not Him as Jehovah, but Him as Jesus; the Man of sorrows; the Man of Gethsemane and Calvary.

It is not a knowledge of Him as the Great First Cause, or the Great Unknown, or even as the Great God,—but to know Him as Jesus of Nazareth, the Savior of sinners, who was born in Bethlehem, who was reared at Nazareth, who died on Calvary, and who went to Heaven from the Mount of Olives.

He is the God-man Paul determined to know, and to know nothing else, and nobody else, and not even to know Him except as "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

With the same determination we preach the Gospel to you, in weakness and fear and much trembling; and we are to preach it whether men believe it or not, whether they like it or not.

We know it is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

But, my friends, it is no less necessary for you to know Him than for me. To both of us it is life. Without Him, *what* are you? Dead men. Without Him, *where* are you? Shut up in the

gates of death. Without Him, where are you going?—To the grave of eternal death!

Therefore, we preach Christ and Him crucified—as your only Savior, your only hope. In Him alone is life. That is the great end of the Gospel—“I am come that they might have life.” That life is in Jesus Christ, whom we preach. “God hath given us eternal life, and that life is in His Son.”

In nobody else, and nowhere else. Him we preach unto you,—this “Christ and Him crucified!”

You do not wonder that Paul determined to know nobody else.

“Never passed before the imagination of man, and never but once alighted on this earth so heavenly a vision.”

Truly did Richter say, “Jesus of Nazareth was the purest among the Mighty, and the Mightiest among the pure. Who with His pierced hand has raised empires from their foundations, and turned the stream of History from its old channels, and still continues to rule and guide the ages.”

Yea, He does more than that. See Him living “the matchless miracle of a sinless life.”

See Him carrying the burdens of a whole world on His heart, and paying the penalty of its sins with His blood.

Then see Him rise up out of the grave and shout victory over your last enemy!

See Him rise up from the earth and shout victory over all its dominions!

See Him rise up over Heaven and sit down upon the throne of God,—victorious over the Universe, “King of Kings and Lord of Lords.”

No wonder the infidel Rousseau could exclaim, “If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage,—the life and death of Jesus were those of a God!”

No wonder that Paul could exclaim, “I determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.”

No wonder Frances Quarles could exclaim,

“In having all things and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish not sea or land, nor would I be
Possessed of Heaven, Heaven unpossessed of Thee!”

My friends, do you know “Jesus Christ and Him crucified”? That is the great question of your life. If you do, you have eternal life. If you do not, you can never see life.

Is it possible you know and love the *mother* who bore you, and not know Him who made you and gave you your mother?

Do you know the *friend* who serves you and not know Him who feeds you and clothes you, and gives you “every good and perfect gift!”

Do you know that faithful wife who gave you her *heart* and her *hand*, and beautifies your life with her devotion, and not know Him, who bought your salvation with the blood of the *noblest heart that ever beat on earth?*

My friend, let me persuade you to "acquaint thyself with God," to "know Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

It is Heaven to know Him, and who knows Him best has most of Heaven.

He will be our study through all the ages of Eternity, and though we will never "find Him out to perfection," we shall forever "grow in grace and knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

XV

GOD'S GREAT WOMAN

And it fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman; and she constrained him to eat bread. And so it was, that as oft as he passed by, he turned in thither to eat bread. II Kings iv, 8.

It is very much the fashion of men to monopolize the word great; so that you often hear of great men and very seldom hear of great women. This might argue either that men were vain or that women were weak.

To settle this question, it will be necessary to determine what is true greatness.

Nothing is more notorious than the total unreliability of merely human standards.

The world is full of bogus "great men"; men great only in their vices, their own estimation or pretensions. So that God makes the sweeping assertion, "Men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie."

Then we must appeal to some other authority than the world's opinion to determine in what true greatness consists.

And you may be surprised when I tell you that many of the pagan nations of antiquity were far in advance of us in the judgment and practice of those virtues which make men truly great.

Socrates placed all the wisdom of mankind in the science of judging things, not by common opinion, but by truth; not by a specious outside, but by real merit.

Euripides once put a high encomium of riches in the mouth of Bellerophon, which concluded with these words: "Riches are the sovereign happiness of mankind."

This sentiment so provoked the whole people of Athens, that they rose with one common voice against the poet, and would have immediately banished him from the city, if he had not besought them to stay till the play was done, and they should see this idolater of riches come to a miserable end!

And according to the judgment of those illustrious nations (Greece and Rome), which we call heathen,—“that which renders a man truly great and worthy of admiration is neither riches, nor magnificent buildings, costly habits or sumptuous furniture; neither a luxurious table, nor great employments or high birth; neither reputation, famous exploits, such as victories and conquests; nor even the most valuable endowments of the mind; but a man owes his real worth to the heart; and that the more truly great and generous he is in that respect, the more he will despise what seems great in the eyes of the rest of mankind.”

That the nations practiced upon this principle is proven in the lives of the most illustrious names in all history.

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But evidently the highest source of authority and only source of true greatness is God. Let us ask Him.

In all this Bible, I find but three of four people called great, and one of them is a woman.

The first is Moses, who was great in the sight of the Egyptians on account of his miracles; the second is Barzillai, the friend of King David, who was called great on account of his beneficence; the third is this Shunammite woman, who is called great, without any qualification of the term.

It is remarkable as the only instance of the kind in the Bible.

It is said that the celebrated Madam DeStael exhausted her ingenuity to obtain this compliment from Napoleon, and failed.

Here is a nameless woman, who received it unsought from God.

Now, by the study of her history, let us try and learn what constitutes greatness in His sight, and then we shall have a true standard of greatness.

First. She was a woman who *loved God*. The whole history proves this.

You must remember that in the sweep of His infinite vision (where "a thousand years is as one day"), God measures men not by what they are here and now, but by what they will be in eternity. Really, we are only in the embryo of our existence, as it were; in the chrysalis state—the infancy of an immortal manhood.

The seed of the California pine, or the Cedar of Lebanon, is not so large as the seed of the scrub oak, but one has vast possibilities, vast powers and resources for life and growth, of which the seed gives no indication.

So Jesus said of the humblest of His followers, "Whoever shall do and teach my commandments, the same shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven."

They may not be called great on earth, where the wicked flourish, and vice is patronized; but in Heaven, amid the splendors of eternal glory and the society of the holy immortals, they shall be called great.

So was this woman truly great, because she was a lover of God, the source of greatness. And nobody—man or woman—is truly great who is not a lover of God.

I care not how splendid her genius, how vast or varied her knowledge, she is little in the sight of God, who alone confers honor and dignity. "Them that honor me, I will honor; but they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." That is God's language and God's law.

Banished forever from the presence of God, and from the glory of His power, cut off from all light and life, the lost soul is consumed with remorse, and its noblest faculties wither like the frosted leaves.

God is the natural element of the soul, so to speak, as light is to the eye. No soul can live

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without Him, any more than the eye can live without light. Fishes in Mammoth Cave are blind.

No matter what may be your endowments, if you do not love God, they will perish. The love of God is the fulfillment of the law, and the foundation of all true greatness. So was this woman great because she loved God.

Second. Again, God's great woman was one who *loved His children and honored His servants*. Such was this Shunammite. She loved and honored this old man, because he was a servant of the Most High God. She showed him especial favor; built him a house, furnished it well,—not with a stool, but a throne, and a candlestick, an unusual piece of furniture in an Eastern house. She thus showed her love to God through His servant. There is nothing on this earth so dear to God as His children; yea, even His poorest and humblest children. He preserves this world for their sake. He puts Himself in their place. He says: "When you strike them, you strike Me, and when you help them, you help Me."

There is no grander or more Godlike quality of human nature than love to our fellowmen. Abou ben Adhem wanted no prouder title than to be set down "a lover of mankind."

That is the fulfilling of the second table of the law, as love to God is of the first. The sum of it all is this: Love God and your neighbors.

God everywhere enjoins it towards all men, but

especially towards His children and strangers. See how often He enjoins hospitality. And the sword of His anger once wiped out, in blood, a whole people who mistreated a stranger in their gates.

Among the greatest words of the great Apostle, we find this command: "Let brotherly love continue."

So it proved with this woman of Shunem. She was great because she was hospitable. She honored God's servants and entertained strangers.

Third. Again, she was a *modest woman*. She came at the call of the old prophet, reverently stood in his presence, and modestly waited at the door.

She was an old woman now, and might have been excused for sitting in his presence.

She was a rich woman, and might have been arrogant and proud. But not so. She never forgot the reverence due to age, nor the modesty becoming a woman. Nothing so unsexes a woman, so robs her of all divinity as a want of modesty. Men instinctively turn from her as from a deformity,—a monstrosity.

And it is delightful to know that God honors the modest and reverent woman and calls her great.

No riches, nor beauty, nor genius, nor accomplishments can atone for the want of it. Indeed, its want is rendered more sadly conspicuous by the possession of the others.

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"The plume," said Junius, "that adorns the royal bird, supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth." So is modesty to a woman; it at once beautifies and sustains her.

So the wise man teaches: "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion." And that means not only without modesty, but without religion. Her beauty may be as a jewel of gold, but it is sadly out of place without the discretion of modesty and piety. This Shunammite was great because she had both.

Fourth. And, moreover, she was a *contented woman*. See how beautifully and wisely she answered the prophet when he asked what service he could render for her kindness. He offered to present her and her husband's claims at the court of the king, where he had great influence, for some high honor or lucrative office, if she wished it. But she simply said: "I dwell among my own people." As much as to say: "I am content with the portion God has given me. I live happily among my kindred and friends, 'my own people'; I do not care for the glitter of the court, or the gifts of kings." She had discovered the secret of true happiness in this life,—contentment. It is an attainment that many great people never reach. Paul was an old man when he wrote this sentence: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

And you will be surprised to learn that he was

then poor, old, and in prison, awaiting the sentence of death. And still he had learned to be content. And he leaves this advice to you and me.

This great woman learned that lesson. She was content to dwell among her people, a plain farmer's wife, and forego the fashion and folly and gilded sin of the king's court and the Capitol.

Fifth. Finally, she was a woman of *faith*. What a remarkable illustration she here gives of the power of faith. Her only child, the son of her old age, the child of prayer and of promise, died sitting in her lap, unexpectedly, of sunstroke.

How many mothers would have been overwhelmed in grief and utterly helpless!

How many lost faith in God, or charged Him foolishly with unkindness, and murmured at His dealings!

But this great woman was wiser and better. Laying her dead boy on the old prophet's bed, she betook herself to God, and God's servant. She had doubtless heard how Elijah had raised the dead son of the widow of Sarepta. She had faith to believe that the same God would raise her dead son. So she went, post-haste, to Carmel and brought the prophet to her stricken home. God heard her prayer; He honored her faith and gave back her child, raised again from the dead. This is the crowning jewel of her character. I do not wonder God calls that woman great. She was greater than all women who lived in her day, and

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maybe in our day. She believed mightily in God, my friends, when her faith raised the dead.

Such, in brief, is the character of this illustrious woman, the only woman whom God calls great.

He passes by queens and empresses and princesses, by prophetess and poetess and historians; by Eve and Sarah and Rachel and Miriam; by Sheba and Deborah and Esther and Rahab and Ruth; by the beautiful and the rich and the noble, and calls that woman great who loves God and His children; who is modest and contented and faithful!

Time forbids me to point out many other virtues in her character. You will discover by reading the history of her life that she was a dutiful woman, and a grateful woman, and a brave woman and a prayerful woman, and a meek woman.

Such is the history of this Shunammite. And it ought to be a source of congratulation to you that you may imitate every virtue that made her great, and so be great yourselves. You may love God and His children, and be modest and contented and faithful and prayerful as this woman. You ought to thank God, that in His sight it does not take genius, nor learning, nor wealth, nor beauty, nor fashion, to make women great.

All these you may have and "be lightly esteemed" by the Great God.

But if you will emulate the virtues of the Shunammite, you will stand forever by this illustrious

woman, as great as she is, with crowns whose luster will eclipse all the diadems that ever glittered on queenly brows below.

XVI

IS THE YOUNG MAN ABSALOM SAFE?

And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the King's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. II Samuel xviii, 29.

When I was a younger man, in pursuit of a professional education in a strange city, surrounded by all the temptations incident to such a life, I heard the amiable and eloquent Dr. Beadle, of Philadelphia, preach a sermon from this text, that left a good and lasting impression on my mind.

Standing to-night, as I do, to speak to many similarly situated, I have thought it well to speak on the same text, and as far as my memory serves me after the lapse of many years, to follow his line of thought.

“Is the young man Absalom safe?”

You all remember the sad story of ill-fated Absalom. His royal birth, and more than royal beauty; his royal training; his father's blind devotion; his murder of his half-brother Amnon; his unholy ambition, and desperate efforts to satisfy it; and last, his open rebellion against his father, and his untimely death and disgraceful burial; its effect upon his old and broken-hearted

father, and his exclamation, "O my son Absalom!"

"Is the young man Absalom safe?" This anxious inquiry that went up from the gates of Mahanaim has been ringing through this world for six thousand years. There is no land nor language where it is not heard.

The young mother kneels by the cradle of her infant child and prays for its safety. It grows to be a boy, and she prays that the lad may be safe; and when he goes forth a man, her prayer still goes up and her heart goes out after him. No one knows the anguish of such a cry but a parent.

Among all the sorrowful expressions of human grief, the saddest I ever remember is this cry of David for his erring son Absalom, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

And probably there never was a more graceless son, upon whom was lavished such a wealth of affection. No son ever had a nobler or more devoted father. The treasures of an empire, and the admiration of a nation were laid at his feet.

And he used the very gifts of God, and the love of his father to dishonor the one and dethrone the other.

And now the unsuspecting and indulgent old father is driven from his home and his kingdom by this ingrate son, who pursued him beyond, Jordan seeking his life.

And still what a spectacle do we behold. When the little army of King David went forth to the battle, he charged every captain, in hearing of the troops to save Absalom, to "deal gently with the young man."

And when the first and second messengers from the bloody battlefield arrived, his first inquiry was not about the issue of the battle, not about the fate of his own kingdom and crown and life, but about that unnatural son—"Is the young man Absalom safe?"

I do not wonder that Robert Hall thus comments on David's affection:—

"What means this ill-placed love? This unjust mercy? Deal gently with a traitor? Of all traitors with a son? Of all sons with an Absalom, that graceless darling of so good a father! And all this, for thy sake, whose crown, whose blood he hunts after. For whose sake must he be pursued, if not for thine? Must the cause of the quarrel be the motive for mercy?"

"Even in the holiest parents, nature may be guilty of an injurious tenderness, of a bloody indulgence."

But was not this done in type of that unmeasurable mercy of the true King and Redeemer of Israel, who prayed for his persecutors, for His murderers: "Father, forgive them. Deal gently with them for my sake."

But however strange it was, it was natural. Every wind that blows, every breath of air that

goes up, bears this fond inquiry and supplication for sons and daughters, aye for many an erring Absalom in this city, not only in rebellion against parents, but in rebellion against God, and whose course is crushing the very life out of the heart of some devoted father or mother.

This chapter perhaps contains as graphic pictures of the nobility and degradation of human nature, as any in all human history.

But we pass them by, and come to speak to-night of the dangers to which young men are exposed.

1. The first danger is from an enemy near at home—in *their own heart*. How few of you ever suspect, young men, that your worst enemy in this world is in your own bosom. It is not the gambler who entices you into his den or to his race course. It is not the dram-seller who waylays you at every corner. It is not the lottery man, whose respectable pretense only beguiles you to your ruin. These are all enemies. But there is an enemy nearer and deadlier than all these, and without whose aid they would be utterly powerless. It is that heart, which you make the man of your counsel, whose advice you ask, and whose inclinations you follow,—a heart which God says is “deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.”

Do you wonder then that God warns all men continually against this enemy; not to follow the evil devices of their own hearts? It is an enemy

in camp, the most deadly and dangerous of all enemies. How many are following its leadings? How many young men here who are listening to their hearts, and stopping their ears to the voice of God?

What a warning does the wise man utter to all such: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

2. Another danger is in *throwing off parental restraint*; "despising the reproof of a father."

"Every passer-by to this day," says Adricomius, "casts a stone at Absalom's pillar, a monument of scorn and infamy to the son who despised and injured his father; slain as a felon, buried like a dog in the woods, saying: 'Cursed be the memory of rebellious Absalom, and cursed forever be all wicked children who rise up in rebellion against their parents.'"

It is one of the saddest evidences of decay in our social order and religious life, that God's rule is reversed, and parents are to obey their children, instead of children obeying their parents.

In fact that our modern hot-house civilization has abolished children and we have instead a puny and precocious class of puerile gentlemen and ladies, who, in their teens, are too wise and too sober for children, and too young and too ignorant to be men and women. We should remember that

no child can outgrow the authority of his parents.

Jacob's twelve sons, old men as they were, with families of their own, were always subject to their father.

And in the oldest Government on Earth, the Chinese,—no child ever reaches a majority, when he ceases to be subject to his parents.

What a warning to disobedient and rebellious children God places here in the fate of Absalom. Here the pride of Israel, the son of a King and heir to the throne, and the glory of his house, is hung up between heaven and earth, as “unworthy of either, and abandoned by both.”

The old Hebrew law was death to the child that cursed its parent. God has everywhere made it a duty to honor them and pronounced immediate and fearful punishment on those who disobey. He incorporates this duty in the eternal table of His moral law, and made it the fifth commandment,—the first of our duties to our fellowmen, and to that commandment He attached the only promise of a present fulfillment.

The family is one of divine appointment. It is the original form of Government, and the father was the first King. It commenced in Paradise, and will continue until the end of time.

Beware, then, my young friends, how you “forsake the law of your mother, or despise the reproof of your father.”

Who could speak Mother lightly! a name hal-

lowed by the lips of the Son of God, embalmed in the love and language of all ages and all peoples; the first we learn in our childhood, and the last but one (our Savior's), that lingers on our dying lips.

"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall devour it."

3. Another great danger is from *wicked companions*. If I were to select the principal cause of the ruin of so many of our young men, I would say the influence of bad company. It makes ninety-nine out of every one hundred of the drunkards and gamblers and thieves. The criminals in yonder jail will testify to that. Their first step in vice was assisted and directed by some vicious companions. "Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good manners," and that includes good morals and everything else good in a man.

The workhouse and house of refuge and jails and prisons are full of arguments to prove that fact.

The boy allowed to run the street in company with the idle, the vicious, the profane and the profligate, is on his way to the penitentiary or the gallows.

And the young man who finds his most congenial companions in such company may read his biography in the life of many a young Kentuck-

ian who fills a dishonored grave or a felon's cell. "The boy is father to the man."

The seed sown in the springtime produces the harvest gathered in the summer and autumn, for "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

And the social instinct is so powerful in all men, and the principle of imitation so strong in the young, that a boy or a man is almost certain to follow the example of his companions.

Show me a man's company, and I will show you his character.

Therefore Solomon says, "The companion of fools shall be destroyed." Why? Not because he is a companion, but because he is a fool (wicked).

Just as "he that walketh with wise men shall be wise," because he walks with wise men.

Error and vice are as infectious as smallpox and scarlet fever, and infinitely more deadly.

The mother had far better expose her son to the dangers of yellow fever than to the greater danger of bad company.

4. Finally, I want to point out to the young man the danger of *yielding* to small temptations.

The dogs of the Nile, fearful of the savage inhabitants of the river, drink as they run. So many young men hope to taste of the dangerous waters. Beware, my young friends, the day will come when you will tarry.

The beginning of the great Niagara Suspension Bridge was a thread carried by a bird, then a

twine, then a cable, then a bridge, carrying the commerce of a continent. So the least follies grow to the greatest vices.

Robespierre resigned his office once rather than condemn an innocent man to death. Afterwards he deluged the streets of Paris with innocent blood.

The gentle Queen Mary could once translate the Bible with a will, and with the same hand afterwards signed the death warrant of the Smithfield martyrs.

So wickedness grows by degrees. The only safe maxim is "withstand the beginnings." Avoid and resist small temptations, and there will be no danger of the larger ones. The first step is always the most difficult in the right direction, and the most dangerous in the wrong. The first glass makes the drunkard.

No man is safe who neglects these duties and disregards these warnings.

A greater and wiser man than any of us, who spoke from the treasures of a sad experience, asked this question: "Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way?" and then answers: "By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word," by directing your steps by the word of God.

And then he draws the picture and gives the character of the blessed man, and hangs it up in the vestibule of this Sacred Gallery of Song. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly."

Young men, if you will take that as the chart of your life and direct your steps by the word of God, no anxious father will inquire of you as he looks toward the bloody battlefield of life, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" and no broken-hearted mother will cry over your untimely and dishonored grave, "O my son Absalom. My son, my son, Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, Absalom, my son, my son!"

XVII

JAMES LEWIS YOUNG

Oration at the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of James Lewis Young, Marshal of Mount Sterling, Kentucky, who was killed while in the discharge of his duty.

My Countrymen:

The partiality of your friendship has placed me in a very difficult as well as honorable position to-day.

But for peculiar relations existing between myself and the brave man whose memory you honor, I should have most gladly transferred this duty to another.

And I consent now with the assurance that what I leave unsaid will be better said by my distinguished friend, Colonel Breckinridge, who will address you, when I am done.

We are met to-day on no ordinary occasion.

For the first time in the history of Montgomery County, her people have met to erect a monument to one of her humblest citizens.

But a cursory glance would convince a stranger that no common cause could have so deeply moved a whole people.

Why this great concourse? Why this spontaneous outpouring of every class of society, as

they lay aside the implements of their toil and come up to-day from the field and the forum, from the workshop and the counting room; from the firesides of the poor and the parlors of the rich?

Who was the man whose death so deeply moves the people? On what historic field did he achieve his renown?

What enduring work of his cunning hand, or philanthropic heart will give his name to immortality?

The wonder is only increased when we know that this man whom a whole people honor to-day, was an humble citizen, "a man to fortune and to fame unknown,"—that he achieved no renown on any historic field; that no work of art or material philanthropy will give his name to immortality.

In short, that he was a plain farmer's son, himself a farmer of gentlest manners and most unpretending character.

A youth reared in the green hills of his native Bath, your sister county, with the frugal learning of a country school, without reputation, without ambition.

Then why this splendid monument to his memory?

Why this ovation worthy of a King? Why this tribute from a brave and generous people?

Well may we ask the question. Its answer is his best eulogium.

1. This monument is a tribute of a brave people

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to a brave man. Beneath it sleeps a man who knew his duty and did it!

“Duty,” said General Lee, “is the sublimest word in our language.”

James Lewis Young, the dead Marshal who sleeps here, was a man who believed that, and sealed his faith with his blood.

What matters it that he was only a citizen?

What matters it that he was the son of a farmer, and “unknown to fame”?

The noblest men who ever graced God’s earth were men who sprang from among the people; men “whose hands were brown with toil”!

Who was Horatius Cocles that saved Rome? A citizen.

Who was William Tell, the Washington of Switzerland? A citizen.

Who was Israel Putman, the hero of the Revolution? A citizen.

Who were nearly all the men whose blood and courage bought this heritage for you and your children? Citizens all.

The only true nobility is of the soul! The stamp of God’s high peerage is not on emblazoned shields or armorial ensigns.

It is on the soul. It is the nobility of courage, of faith, of duty, of sacrifice!

The stamp of that nobility was on the soul of your dead Marshal.

This monument is built by a grateful people to perpetuate the memory of such virtues as his.

2. But there are other reasons which helped to build it.

This monument is a tribute to an officer of the law, whose first care, and whose highest ambition was the public good!

Every other consideration was forgotten. Every other interest ignored when he came to the discharge of a sworn, public trust.

He was an officer in whose courage and fidelity the people reposed every interest with unshaken confidence.

He honored the office more than the office honored him. He betrayed no trust.

He rendered no perfunctory service. It was a willing and cheerful discharge of every duty imposed upon him as a conscientious officer and a patriotic citizen.

If you seek a monument of his fidelity to your interest, and his activity in your service, "look around you."

Every street of your city speaks eulogiums on his name.

They are consecrated to his memory, by his enterprise, his energy, his public spirit and his self-denying labor; and above all, by his heroic blood poured out there in your defense.

Amidst the almost universal corruption in places of public trust, the character of this young officer stands as pure and conspicuous as that marble shaft that rises over his incorruptible bosom.

Montgomery County never had a better officer.

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And this monument proclaims that a brave and generous people know how to honor and reward those who serve them with courage and fidelity.

3. But there is a deeper significance in this demonstration to-day.

This monument is not erected simply to a man, or an officer.

Grand as this man was in his courage, and his devotion to duty, there is something even grander perpetuated by this monument.

It is a *principle*. Something that went before, and something that will live after the memory of all men is forgotten!

This is a monument to a principle, and that principle is Law, law founded in justice and defending the right!

Before the musty tomes of your statutes were written; before Blackstone, and Adam Smith, before Solon and Lycurgus, yea, before Moses and Joshua, this principle was engraven in the hearts of men!

And even beyond that, before the world was made, it was written in the code of heaven, and in the perfect nature of its eternal King!

It is the principle of law, co-eternal with the existence of God himself, and unchangeable as He, that controls and defends all interests and destinies in this vast Universe!

It protects everything in Heaven and Earth, angels and men, beasts and birds, in the enjoyment of those rights which are necessary to its

life and happiness, the inalienable gifts of God!

This man died for that principle. He died defending that law. It is this law that makes him grand. It is this that endears his memory to a brave and generous people, whose life, whose liberty and whose property are all preserved and perpetuated by the law.

He poured out his life-blood as a generous libation to this great principle, which defends you in the possession of everything you hold dear and sacred. You honor him for it, and ought to honor him!

He bared his bosom before the open door of every home in this country, to defend that home with his life!

You love him for it, and ought to love him!

With a courage undaunted in the midst of death, he could stand up and say in the language of Achilles de Harlai,

“I have neither head nor life, which I prefer to the love of God, the service of my people, or to the good of my country.”

In that memory he lives among you to-day!

He is not dead!

“Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory, and his speaking dust,
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.”

4. Finally, this monument is *a protest*; a protest against the spirit of lawlessness!

Whoever looks upon this monument in years to come, will know that the people who built it were opposed to the spirit of violence that defies the law, that destroys our life and property, and dishonors our commonwealth.

The heroic man whose body lies moldering beneath that pale marble to-day, died a martyr to the state, a martyr to the peace and safety of every life and home in this county.

The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the Church, and the blood of martyrs is no less the seed of the State.

From the blood of that brave heart will spring many a nobler aspiration, many a holier ambition to be brave, to be faithful, to be true, not only to ourselves, but to our country and to our kind!

When Hamilcar died, he swore young Hannibal at the altar to wage eternal war on Rome.

Fathers of the Republic! Children of Washington! here you have an altar where you may swear your sons to make eternal war on lawlessness, and violence; on everything that endangers your life, your liberty or your property!

Then will his blood not have been shed in vain!

Then will this monument mark a new era of peace and prosperity in your commonwealth. And it will stand to perpetuate not only the memory of a brave man and faithful officer, but to perpetuate the virtues of yourselves, and in-

spire the valor of your sons and to teach them that it is better to die in a good cause, than to live in a bad one!

To these just and noble ends this monument is dedicated to-day: a monument to the valor of the dead, and the virtue of the living!

Let the first ray of each rising sun greet it with a kiss; and the last ray of every setting sun cover its head with glory.

It stands over the dust of a hero!

Of him, personally, I cannot trust myself to speak.

He was my friend, my schoolmate, my comrade, my brother!

The partiality of a friendship deeper than the fountain of tears, and stronger than the ligaments of life, might bias my judgment in his favor.

But if I were his father, I could stand up before the world, and say with the Duke of Ormond, "I would not give my dead son for any living one in Christendom."

In every relation of life he was faithful; in every trust he was true.

No mother ever bore a better son. No sister ever loved a nobler brother. No man ever wanted a truer friend. No soldier ever fought by a braver comrade. No community ever had a more faithful servant than Jimmie Young.

And though he died in the strength of his young manhood, he lived long enough to illustrate

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every virtue of a true, brave and honest man,
the noblest work of God.

And above all, and beyond all, and more than
all, he died in the faith of Jesus, who crowned
his brow with an immortality which will live when
this beautiful monument has moldered back to
dust!

So lived, and so died James Lewis Young, a
man who loved his friends, his country and his
duty better than his life.

“No country ever had a truer son;
No cause a nobler champion;
No people a braver defender;
No principle a purer victim,
Than the dead hero
Who sleeps here.”

XVIII

THE GREAT READJUSTMENT

And when they found them not, they drew Jason and certain brethren unto the rulers of the city, crying, These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also. Acts xvii, 6.

When I was in Virginia in the summer of 1879, there was great political excitement over the Readjustment of the State debt. But I found very little excitement over a greater Readjustment than the public debt of Virginia, the readjustment of all things in this world on the basis of Eternal Justice.

I am not familiar enough with the politics of Virginia to say whether her debt needed readjustment or not, but it does not take much sagacity to discover that the world at large, stands sadly in need of it.

Now, that is what the religion of Jesus is for, and which it will certainly accomplish in the end.

That is what Paul was doing in Thessalonica, and had been doing in Derbe, Lystra and Philippi. "These men that have turned the world upside down, have come hither also." Paul was only turning it upside down, because it was wrongside up.

The true God was forgotten, and idolatry pre-

vailed everywhere, with all its monstrous and debasing practices and superstitions.

On every side, even in this land of Bibles, we see mournful evidences, that sin has the upper-hand, that iniquity prevails, that the wicked flourish, that holiness is at a discount,—in short, that we are under the power of the evil one, the Prince of Darkness.

That is the reason his emissaries, the unbelieving Jews and the “lewd fellows of the baser sort,” opposed Paul when he tried to turn the world right side up, at Thessalonica. That is the reason his emissaries oppose the progress of religion yet.

Now, my brethren, it is a source of great comfort to me, that this order of things is not to continue. I see Justice slaughtered in her own courts; I see the innocent oppressed and the guilty set free; I see the wicked grow rich on iniquity, and the righteous grow poor by oppression. We hear God’s great name blasphemed and His authority defied. I see the haunts of sin crowded and God’s temples deserted.

Even Christian people sometimes get discouraged. They forget this condition of things is only temporary. The world lives and acts as if it were permanent, eternal. They say, with the blind watchman, “To-morrow shall be as this day and much more abundant,” or as the scoffer of the last days, “since the fathers fell asleep all

things continue as they were from the beginning of creation."

Even David, great and good as he was, acknowledged that he got puzzled by this state of things, and well-nigh lost his faith. He did not understand it until he saw "the end," how that the prosperity of the wicked only preceded their destruction. So we must wait till "the end." We now only see the beginning. God tells us over and over that the present order of things will not continue.

So will He turn this wicked city "upside down" and the honest people and sober people and godly people will be on top, and righteousness shall prevail, and sin be abolished. It will be the Great Readjustment. God hasten the day! It will be a happy day for us, for this sorrowful world. For,

First. The Earth itself, our dwelling place, shall be redeemed. You know it was cursed for man's sin. Now this curse will be removed. The earth, sin-cursed and thorn covered, will be restored to primeval beauty. No longer the grave-yard of a race of sinners,—full of shame and sorrow, but the paradise of a race of saints, full of life and glory. No longer the prolific mother of cyclones and pestilence and famine, but the rejoicing mother of health and life and happiness!

God let John see this renovated earth in apocalyptic vision, and he describes it in the last chapters of the Bible, and the very language

blazes with heavenly glory, as he tells of golden streets and pearly gates and sunless skies and tearless homes and deathless nations! That is the earth restored and righted by God's hand.

But it will be changed *Morally* as well as *Physically*. Righteousness shall prevail instead of iniquity. Satan shall be dethroned, and the powers of darkness banished. They are usurpers, anyhow. This earth is part of God's heritage and it shall be reclaimed from the Dominion of Satan and sin. What a change will it work! What a revolution! What a turning of things upside down! A world without an infidel or a drunkard, or a liar or gambler, or libertine! A City without a jail or a workhouse, or asylum or hospital or brothel or saloon! A world without a drugstore, or a dispensary, or a hearse, or a coffin or a cemetery! A world without a tear or a sigh, or a widow or an orphan! God hasten the coming of that world!

When John beheld it, I do not wonder he cried, "Even so, come Lord Jesus!"

In that *Great Readjustment*, there will be mighty Social changes.

First. You will find many of the poor made rich. Many a pauper will go out of a hovel into a mansion. Many of you will go out of rented houses into palaces and kingdoms. Jesus went from a borrowed grave to the throne of God, in a city of Gold. His children will go with Him.

Lazarus lived on crumbs here. There he feasts at the King's table.

Second. You will find some of the rich made poor. Many a family will go out of a brown-stone mansion into eternal nakedness and poverty. Dives wore purple and fine linen here, and fared sumptuously every day; there he was too poor to buy a drop of water! What a revolution! Why? Because they were not "rich towards God"; because they chose this world for their portion, and sought their happiness here! They took their "good things" here as Dives did, and made no provision for the future. They laid up all their treasures here, and were paupers in the next world. So God said He would "turn the way of the wicked upside down." So He often does here.

Third. The *Humble* shall be exalted. People nobody knows anything about in Louisville, who would be frightened to see their names in the paper, will be famous in heaven. Many whose merits are known only to God, who do not let the left hand know what the right hand doeth, will be owned and crowned in glory before the assembled Universe. To millions, whose names were never heard beyond their humble walks, the King's Son will say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." This very earth, now claimed by the proud, is the heritage of the humble children of God.

The third sentence of Jesus' Inaugural sermon says, "blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." The earth redeemed, renovated and glorified will belong only and eternally to the meek. Not a proud man will walk its broad bosom.

Fourth. For He tells us the proud shall be *humbled*. Alexander the Great has no reputation there; Napoleon's posthumous fame has never crossed the dark river. They are famous no longer. The great Captains have no following there.

And many men whose names linger on the tongue of fame here, will be forever unknown over there. "The memory of the wicked shall rot." So God treats the wicked princes of this world. No wonder those Thessalonians said Paul was "turning the world upside down."

Fifth. The *sinner* will be saved. The man who confesses his sins, who asks forgiveness, who renounces his own righteousness, who denies himself and takes up his cross, who prays "God, be merciful to me a sinner,"—that man will be saved. It makes no difference who he is, or what he has done, if he confesses his sins truly and believes in Jesus with all his heart, he is saved, though he dies like the thief on the cross.

Sixth. The *Moralist* will be lost. The man who rejects Jesus, and relies on his own goodness, who confesses no sin, who asks no pardon, who was better than his neighbor in his own estimation, who prays "God, I thank thee, that I am

not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week. I give tithes of all I possess." This man will be damned. He may think it very strange, very wrong, but that will not alter the fact.

Dives probably thought the same. But Abraham said, "things are changed now. You had your good things in your lifetime, and Lazarus his evil things. Lazarus took up his cross and denied himself and followed Jesus. You did not; now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." God had turned things upside down, because here they had been wrong-side up. So we might go over a great catalogue of the men and things of this earth and see what wondrous changes will be made in the Great Readjustment, when God will overthrow the Kingdom of Satan forever and chain him down in the bottomless pit, and destroy all his followers and every vestige of his empire on this earth, and remove all the sad effects of his dominion.

The blind eyes will all be opened; the deaf ears unstopped; the dumb tongue unloosed; the gray hairs will all be gone; and the black dresses forever changed to white; the unjust judge will himself be judged in the place of the criminal, and the unbelieving doctor will cry for help from a fatal disease of the soul, he had overlooked here.

The heavens will be lighted without a sun and the Universe worship without a temple, for the

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former things are passed away. God has made all things new.

And notice—these will be the *last changes*. Here, *change* is the law. It is written on everything. But over there, there is no change. They are *fixed, eternal, permanent*. “Whatever God doeth, it shall be *forever*; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it that men may fear before Him.”

If a man is poor here, he may change his condition, but not over there. Dives is poor forever; and Lazarus is rich forever.

Then, my brethren, do not let us set too much store by this present world, or the order of things here. It is only temporary. If you are poor or sick or despised, it is only for a “little while.” These “things that are seen are temporal; the things unseen are eternal.” This life is only the scaffolding around our eternal habitation, which will soon be taken down. Death’s fingers are already at work on your bodies, your fame, your fortunes, taking them down. Even Alexander the Great saw this amid heathen darkness, and had a sword painted within the compass of a wheel to show that his achievements by the sword would soon be revolved away by time.

Finally, do not be grieved overmuch at your present trials, at your poverty, your sickness, your mean and low condition. These are only the shadows of night fading before the sunrise of an eternal day. Then dry up your tears: the

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tearless land is almost in sight. Take up your cross: the crown is almost in reach. Be content with your humble homes: already the light is painting the spires of your Father's house beyond the river, where mansions and crowns and kingdoms await your coming.

XIX

THE DYING THIEF

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom. Luke xxiii, 42.

“These verses,” says Dr. Ryle, “ought to be printed in gold.” They have lit the way to glory of a multitude of souls. The salvation of the dying robber was the fitting finale of the death of a King, who, while He was dying, had the power of life, and whose nailed hand still held the keys of Paradise.

As we come to-day to commemorate the dying love of this great Redeemer, it is fitting that we should study that last and grandest evidence of it with which He chose to close His earthly career. And as we come now, after eighteen hundred years, to sit down to this table that commemorates His love, it will be profitable to study the character of that poor sinner who first sat down with the Lord in His Kingdom in Paradise.

I thank God for this wondrous story. I owe a personal debt to this dying thief, whose illustrious faith shows me how to believe in Jesus; whose humble and penitent confession teaches me how to approach Him, and whose heroic courage opened the very gates of Paradise.

This narrative teaches us so many lessons, it will be impossible to learn them all in this hour. We shall therefore study only the most important. And here we see conspicuously taught the sovereign grace of God and the sovereign free agency of man!

Here are two men dying on the cross; one on each side of Jesus. Both are called thieves, robbers, malefactors, and both confess their guilt. Both are equally near to Jesus. Both saw and heard all that occurred during those six mortal hours of His crucifixion. Both were dying men, and suffering the acute and awful pain of the cross,—a death so dreadful that for fifteen hundred years it has been abolished by all people, as inhuman.

Both men were sinners and needed salvation. Yet one died in his sins, hardened, reckless, impenitent, unbelieving, and his soul was lost. The other equally guilty by his own confession, repented of his sins, believed in Jesus, appealed to Him for mercy, and was saved.

How can you account for it? I cannot. Neither can I account for it, that, of the people who sit in these seats from Sabbath to Sabbath, hearing the same Gospel, singing the same songs, some receive it and are saved, and some reject it and are lost.

But this you see every Sabbath. I have seen the wife come and her husband stay away; the mother believe and the children reject this salva-

tion; the sister come and the brother refuse. I cannot explain it. I only know it is so. And I know it is not God's fault, nor Jesus' fault. He says—"Ye will not come unto Me, that ye might have life." "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

I lament it but I cannot help it. I know it is "not the will of our Father in Heaven that one should perish"; that He would have all men come unto Him and live. But if they will not come, their blood will be upon their own head.

Next, we learn *how this* man was saved. I need hardly remark, he was not saved by his own works. He had none. He was a confessed and condemned criminal, dying for his crimes against the laws of men. A thief, a robber, a murderer! What had he to justify him before God? He had no opportunity now, even to receive baptism, or join the church, and the first Communion he ever celebrated was in Paradise. So that it is certain this man was not saved by anything he did. But yet he was saved. We know that, with an assurance that belongs to no other man in this Book.

Jesus never said to any other man, that he should be with Him in Paradise. He said it to him. Now, how was he saved? And we remember, we are all to be saved the same way. There is but one Savior, and one way of Salvation. He

was saved by his faith in Jesus Christ, as the Son of God.

There never was a man who believed under greater difficulties. Even His own disciples forsook Him and fled. Here this poor thief saw the man who called Himself a King, dying like a public felon on a cross; dying apparently helpless to prevent it; dying with the challenge in His teeth that He could not prevent it; dying with the jeers and taunts and insults of an infuriated mob, casting in His teeth, and crying in His ears, that He was an impostor! And the awful silence of the pale sufferer only seemed to confirm the suspicion that He could not answer, nor deliver Himself. The world seemed all against Him, and even God seemed to have deserted Him.

And yet, then, in that dark and awful moment, the darkest in the history of human redemption, when the Devil seemed to have triumphed, this poor thief rose up in the grandeur of a faith as sublime as it was unique, and while they called Him impostor, he called Him Lord.

We do not know that he ever saw Jesus before that day. We cannot believe he had much knowledge of Him. We know he had no such knowledge of Jesus, as the children here to-day.

He had probably heard Him examined before Pilate; had probably seen His matchless compassion to the poor women who wept after Him as He went out to be crucified. He had certainly seen His wonderful patience and gentleness and

fortitude under the fearful ordeal of crucifixion. When assaulted with blows, He was silent. When scourged, He was silent. When nailed to the cross, He was silent; when hung up by bleeding, quivering hands and feet, He was silent. While others were cursing Him, He was blessing them. While others were jeering Him, He was praying for them!

But whatever this poor thief saw of Jesus, how much or little he knew, he saw enough to make him believe that Jesus was the Lord; that He had a Kingdom; that that "Kingdom was not of this world"; that though He was dying on a cross, He had the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and believing this he rolled his soul on this dying Man, and begged Him to save it.

Again the genuineness of his faith was witnessed by his *repentance and confession*. He looked back over his past life, full of deeds of darkness, of robbery and murder; a life of sin and shame; a life of rebellion against the laws of God and men, and amid the awful pain and agony of such a death, he confessed his sentence was just, and confessed that he ought to die; that he was only receiving the just reward of his deeds.

He rebuked his companion for his heartless and reckless conduct in railing at the innocent Sufferer by his side; charged him with being guilty like himself, and pronounced Jesus forever innocent of any crime. "He hath done nothing amiss." "We are guilty, but He is innocent.

We die justly; but He dies for nothing worthy of death!" What a confession in the face of a world of enemies howling down the Son of God, as He hung there, pale, weak, helpless, dying on the cross!

You say it requires courage to be a Christian in Kentucky. Look at this man and be forever silent! You say it takes courage to make that confession here before the church. Look at that man making it before a mob of enemies, and hang your head in shame. You say it takes great faith to believe in this Jesus, now risen from the dead, and ascended to Heaven, with eighteen hundred years of proof. Look at this man who believed in Him in the hour of His apparent defeat, when His disciples forsook Him; when He was dying as a public malefactor!

I know not which to admire most,—his faith or his courage. Both shine illustrious, the only bright spot in the darkest hour of the world's history!

Then notice his *humility*. "Lord, when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom, remember me." "I call you Lord! I believe you have a Kingdom, a Kingdom in Heaven. I believe you will come again in that Kingdom, a conqueror crowned. I am not worthy a place in it. I am a poor dying thief, a guilty sinner in God's sight. I only ask that when you come into your Kingdom, you will not forget the poor wretch who died by your side." "Lord remember me when Thou comest

into Thy Kingdom." What faith, my brethren! "It looks," says Dr. Brown, "as if the brightest crown for the Savior's brow had been reserved for His last and darkest hour."

Then hear the response, and behold the matchless compassion and power of this dying "King of the Jews"—"To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." "I am dying now, but I am going to Paradise. My hand is nailed to this cross, but it still holds the keys of death and hell. You ask me to remember you then. I will reward you now." "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." "You shall not only have a place in my memory, but a place in my heart, and a place in my home, in my Father's house, where there are many mansions. You are willing to wait until I 'come into my Kingdom'; that may be years hence, but to-day you shall go home with me to Paradise, to be with me forever." He is there to-day. He has been there for over eighteen hundred years and he will be there forever.

So Jesus died, Conqueror in the very hour of death; plucking a victim from death and hell in the hour of his dissolution, and going back to Paradise with a thief and murderer washed from his sins in the blood, shed that very day. So that His last conquest on the earth, was His first triumph in Heaven!

Here is your hope, poor sinner! One sinner saved in the hour of death, that none need despair; and Only One in all this record, that none might

presume upon that hope, and delay until the last hour. His companion postponed it and was lost, and thousands have followed in his footsteps!

This is the love, the power, the compassion we come to celebrate to-day. We come to ask Him to remember us while we remember Him. These are the memorials of that day. These are the symbols of the body that was broken and the blood that was shed on Calvary. This is the eternal evidence, repeated through all the ages, of the truth of this Gospel, and the power and preciousness of this faith.

This blood cleansed that poor thief. This hand opened the gates of Paradise for him. It is the same blood and hand to-day; "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." And to-day if you could hear Him, He is saying to every poor penitent believer here, "Thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

Then, let us say with this poor sinner, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom."

XX

THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? I Corinthians iii, 16.

By the courtesy of the Young Men's Christian Association, I have the pleasure of addressing you this evening. That I am chosen to deliver the last of this series of lectures, is, I suppose, upon the principle, that the "good wine is first served," and "when men have well drunk, then that which is worse."

So, presuming that you have been filled with the "feast of reason" and intoxicated with the "flow of soul" of my distinguished predecessors, you will be willing now, at the close of the feast to sit down to a homely meal, on a very unpoetic subject—the human body. But certainly that cannot want interest to us which constitutes so much of our person, and occupies so much of our time.

Really when we look over the world, for the King of its mighty energies and industries, we can hardly overlook the fact that the *human body* wields the scepter over all its rivals. "Cotton is King" in commerce, it is said, but cotton is a *vassal* of the body. Gold is King in finance, but gold is a *servile subject* of the human body.

This King Corpus, lays all lands under tribute to its wants. Every plowshare is driven in its service. Every loom is run to supply its wants or flatter its vanity. Every ship that plows the sea, and every car that crosses the continent, sails or runs at its command.

All agriculture is only to feed this body; all commerce is to clothe it; and all law to protect it; and all medicine is to doctor it. If it were to cease to eat, all the markets would be closed, and half the world would be out of employment—and if it ceased to wear clothes, or get sick or angry—then all the shops would be closed, and officers in court place, and medical men and schools would lose their occupation—and the other half of the world would be idle. So you see how all the world is in the service of this Universal Monarch.

Now the study of such a personage cannot be uninteresting to you all, for its history is your history, a biography of yourselves; for however poor a man may be, he possesses a patent right of nobility, by his relationship to the King of all nations—the human body. For the sake of convenience we will study its history under four heads: its origin, its faculties, its achievements, and its destiny.

You remember that the origin of all other animals was attended by no extraordinary event. “God spake and it was done.” “And God said let the waters bring forth abundantly, etc., and let the Earth bring forth the living creatures after

his kind, cattle and creeping things, and beasts of the earth after his kind, and it was so." But not so, with the creation of man. Unaided and uncounseled, God had spoken the Universe into Existence; had laid the foundations of the earth, and stretched out the curtains of the sky; had gathered the sea into its chambers, and piled up the mountains with His hands; had garnished the earth with its verdure, and peopled the land and the ocean with living creatures. All this He did alone, so to speak, without aid or counsel. But when He came at last to make man, He called a council of the Gods. "Let us make man" said He, and in that august council of the skies, where infinite power was directed by infinite wisdom and inspired by infinite love, this last, highest and greatest work of God was made. Such was his origin—above all created things.

And how was he made. You may remember the description of his creation by that eccentric genius, Dr. Munsey.

After passing in review all the noblest and most beautiful of His creatures as models for man, He rejects them all.

"'Shall we make him,' said God, 'fair as the lily?'

"'Not so, its beauty is evanescent; its life ephemeral.'

"'Shall we make him strong as Leviathan, and fierce as Behemoth?'

"'Not so, there's a glory greater than strength, and a virtue nobler than anger.'

“Shall we make him like the stars, dazzling in their beauty, and eternal in their ages?”

“Not so; they are dumb in their beauty and unconscious of their destiny.”

“Shall we make him like the angels, pure in their essence and glorious in their occupation?”

“Not so; not so! They are but servants in their station and limited in their privileges.”

“Then how shall we make him? If there is no model in earth or sea or sky after which we may make man, in whose likeness shall we make him?”

“Then answers God, ‘Let us make man in our image after our likeness.’ So God created man in His own image; in the image of God, created He him.”

What a thought! In the image and likeness of God! Past all created things, he aspires to the image of the uncreated God! This is his origin, and in this likeness He sits yonder to-day on the throne of the Eternal! We shall have less time to devote to the faculties and achievements of this wonderful body.

There’s not an organ in it that does not bespeak its divine origin. The most perfect world God ever made is this Microcosm—this man-world within us.

Here is the most perfect bridge ever constructed; the human foot. The only perfect telescope, the human eye: the only perfect battery, the brain, with its millions of wires of white nerves to every department of the body—here the great

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red rivers of life—the arteries and veins carry supplies to every province and village and hamlet of this empire of man.

Here is this kaleidoscope face—blushing with shame or pale with fear, or red with anger or clouded with melancholy, or illumined with hope: One complicated organ capable of expressing the most various and adverse sentiments and emotions of the human soul.

This same body will fly with the birds and swim with the fish, and dive with the dolphins, and walk with the mermaids on the floors of the sea. With Rosiers it mounts up with wings as eagles. With Boyton it swims to the sea with the salmon. With Rowell it walks to the goal with the racers.

In every department of exertion, man has met and rivaled if not vanquished, every animal on earth, so that he has rightly won his distinction as “Lord of Creation.” And when we survey this wonderful body as a masterpiece of the Great Architect, we find it worthy its Maker. It is the most perfect in its symmetry, the most noble in its carriage, the most wonderful in its adaptation, and the most splendid in its endowments and achievements of all bodies.

But it is principally of its *destiny*, I would speak to-day. And if in its origin it is divine, and in its faculties and achievements it is godlike, what shall we say of its destiny?

I do not speak extravagantly, when I say that God Himself has honored it beyond the works of

His hands. And this will appear first from the fact that He has made it immortal. "Tho' after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." "Thy dead men shall live."

"Glorious hope!" says Munsey, "a remedy as universal as the disease. Our bodies may be dead for centuries. The erica heather of Scotland, or the cactus of South America may bloom over our graves; the chilly mists of the North may sheet our tomb-stones in eternal ice; or the encroachments of the Southern Desert may bury them in sand; marts of trade may be built over our resting places; and the busy whirl of the world's commerce may ring over our sleeping dust; the plow-boy may sing his merry song, and dance upon our long lost graves; corals may incrust our bones in solid rock and uprear continents over them; or the wings of the tempest may fan our dust all around the world; yet the resurrection trump will find us and we shall live again."

"The trump of God shall sound." Its resonant thunders will roll through all the lengths and breadths of Death's vast empire, and its old walls and arches crammed with buried millions, will fall in crashing ruins. The antiquated dead will start into life from their ashy urns and funeral pyres. Pyramids of granite and crypts of marble will be rent in twain to let the rising bodies come. Mummies will fling off the trappings of centuries and pour from their vaulted chambers. "Inquisitions will rock upon their foundations, and re-

vivified dead will stream from their dungeons. Abbeys, cathedrals, grottoes, and caverns will be vocal with life. Wanderers will shake off their winding sheets of sand and rise from the face of the desert. Human bones will break away from their coral fastenings; and old ocean will heave and swell with teeming millions.

“The battlefields of the world, Troy and Thermopylæ; Talavera and Marengo, Austerlitz and Waterloo, Marathon and Missolonghi, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg; the battlefields of Europe, Asia, Africa and America will reproduce their armies and crowd the world with re-vivified legions. Indian maidens will leap from the dust of our streets, and our houses overturning will let their chiefs to judgment. Abraham will shake off the dust of Machpelah and arise with Sarah by his side. David will come with harp in hand. The Reformer of Geneva and the Apostle of Methodism will come side by side.

Our village church-yards and family burial grounds will all be deserted: “Every grave and vault and urn and crypt in your cemeteries will be empty. All will come, patriarchs, prophets, Jews, Gentiles, Christians, heathen, bond free, rich, poor, fathers, mothers, children, sisters, brothers, husbands, wives, all from Adam down, will come forth.”

So jealous is God of the body that when His servant Moses died alone on Mount Nebo, God himself buried him; and sent the Angel of the

Presence to rescue it from Satan, who robbed the Prophet's grave. So tender is His care for the bodies of His dead that He will send His angels forth to gather the ashes, and the bones and severed members of His martyred children from every urn, arena and battlefield of earth. Their bodies are immortal—yes, immortal as the souls that animate them!

This very body in which we now live will walk over the wreck of worlds, and climb the highways of Eternity. It is true it will rest in the grave before it begins this endless journey, but the bugle call of the archangel will wake the slumbering hosts—and these bodies will come forth from that sleep, clothed with immortal strength and vigor:—and beyond the millions, it will “look back on the Eternities rolling away behind it, as the dust shaken from its feet in its immortal journeyings!”

What a destiny! What a dignity! If God-like in its origin, how more godlike in its destiny! But its dignity is still further enhanced, in that it is not only immortal itself, but it is the dwelling place of an immortal spirit.

“Be not afraid,” said Cæsar to the boatman who rowed him over the stream, “you carry Cæsar and his fortunes.” So every human body carries the fortunes of some immortal spirit, some Cæsar it may be, who has God for its Father, Eternity for its inheritance, and a realm grander than Rome for its birthright. And this dwelling will share in the happiness and partake of the glory

of its inhabitant; for it is a living part of that man, made in the image and likeness of God.

Already three representatives have entered the eternal abodes of the blessed, Enoch, Elijah, and Jesus, and these are but the forerunners of that innumerable host, which will enter there at the Great Resurrection, when they will come up from every hill and valley, from every isle of the sea, from every cave of the ocean, where a living germ is sleeping, and waiting for the morning of the endless day.

But all other dignities conferred by the Creator on this body, are as nothing when compared to the dignity put upon it in Bethlehem of Judea, when God's own eternal Son assumed this body as His own. God himself could exalt it no higher. Here was Divinity veiled in humanity, "God manifest in the flesh:" the King of Kings, a Galilean peasant; the Son of God, the son of a woman and brother of men.

Past all angels and archangels, and cherubim and seraphim, has God exalted this humanity, and clothed it with Divinity.

It is a marvel past all comprehension that God ever condescended to visit this earth, in person, at all, but when He laid aside the glory of the Eternal, His vestments of uncreated light, His crown of universal dominion, and assumed not the form of angel or cherub or seraph, but of a man, became bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, brother of our humanity, eating our fruits, speaking our

language, sleeping on our earth, the wonder passes all imagination!

And the marvel is only increased beyond measure when this body, in the person of Jesus, rises up out of the grave, and shouts victory over the great conqueror:—then rises up from the earth and shouts victory over all its dominions, and then rises up over heaven and sits down on the throne of God himself! And there it sits to-day, in the person of Jesus, and in the hand of a man holds the scepter of God; and with the voice of a man speaks with the authority of God, and on the brow of a man wears the crown of God; and at the footstool of this Man, all heaven bows down and worships to-day, and will bow down and worship forever! What more could ambition ask? What more could God bestow?

Now, need we wonder at the jealous care God cherishes towards these bodies? Need we be surprised to hear Him say, "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Now if God has so highly honored this body, and so jealously guards it, with what care should we preserve it, with what consideration should we treat it? This consideration almost robs of impiety the advertisement of the French Professor of Gymnastics—who styled his business as "Regeneration d' homme."

And while the regeneration of man includes far more than the proper development of the body;

even the reconstruction of his soul; the body is an important factor in his personality, and will certainly share in the glory of that redemption for which we wait, when our bodies shall be fashioned like unto His glorious body. So we are not only forbidden to injure or abuse it, by degrading its members, or taking its life or inflicting on it unnecessary pain; but enjoined to preserve it and honor it with jealous care.

And yet, with every inducement to conserve it; and a fearful threat upon those who defile it, see how thousands are dishonoring and destroying them every day:—defiling them by intemperance; defiling them by gluttony; defiling them by adultery and all manner of sin; degrading the very temple of the great God to the gutter, the brothel and the bagnio: anticipating the judgment of heaven by destroying themselves. If all ages have testified their horror of the crime of the destruction of Solomon's Temple by an infuriated Roman soldiery; if the judgment of the world condemned the incendiary hand of the Commune that set fire to the Tuileries, the palace of the French Kings, what will be the judgment of the universe on that man who destroys by the incendiary hand of the drunkard, or the bestial hand of the glutton, or the lecherous hand of the libertine, a nobler temple than Solomon's, and a grander palace than Napoleon's, the human body, the temple and palace of God! Hear the sentence from the very throne of the Eternal, "Him will

God destroy." Rather than this, my friends, let us rise to some conception of the dignity of this body, so grandly endowed by God himself, with so glorious a destiny awaiting it.

Let us remember the divinity of its origin, the splendor of its achievements, and the sanctity of its person, the glory of its destiny, and when Satan tempts us to defile it, by offering us the delusive pleasures of sin, the gilded bribes of sensual indulgence, let us say to him, as Representative George Reed, of the Continental Congress, said to the Emissary of King George, when he offered to bribe him, "I am not a rich man, but poor as I am, the King of Great Britain has not money enough to buy me."

XXI

COMPEL THEM TO COME IN

And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. Luke xiv, 23.

There are very many remarkable things about this Gospel.

In the first place, it is remarkable there is any Gospel.

It is remarkable that God ever loved this world, and so loved it.

It is remarkable that His Son ever came into it and died for it.

It is remarkable all men do not believe it and be saved.

It is remarkable that the Gospel has been preached eighteen hundred years since His death, and four thousand years before, and apparently made so little headway. Three-fourths of the world have never heard it, and three-fourths of those who have heard it, have not believed it.

All these remarkable things are susceptible of an explanation if we had the time; but it will consume all we can give it to explain the last—why has this Gospel made so little headway?

Now, it is very certain it is not God's fault. God has done all a God could do and more than

any but a God would do, to save the world. He has given it His Son, His Spirit, His Word, His Ministry, His Church, His promises, His Gospel full, free and forever! All this is beautifully set forth in the parable I read you.

There Salvation is set forth under the image of a *great Supper*. Everything that appetite could crave, that wealth could buy, or that love could suggest was provided. It was so ample and so varied that it could satisfy the wants of all and the fancy of each one.

The invitations to the supper were cordial and pressing, "Come, for all things are now ready." Now that is the picture of the Salvation God offers this world. Certainly the most unreasonable person could find no objection to such a Gospel.

But what do we see right here around us? Yesterday this city was one hundred years old. This Gospel has been preached here from the beginning. It came here with the brave men who founded your city. What picture does it present to-day after one hundred years? Out of its one hundred and seventy-five thousand people, not one-half have accepted its free invitation; tens of thousands are indifferent to its claims, and thousands are to-day absolutely arrayed against it, in open and avowed hostility.

Now, this remarkable thing about this Gospel, I propose to discuss to-day. Why have not more people accepted it here and everywhere, when it is able to save all men, was provided for all men,

and is offered to all men? If I am not mistaken this parable explains it all.

You notice when the supper was ready and the first guests invited, they declined to come. They all had excuses. But the Master sent the servant back with different orders, and he succeeded better and filled the house with guests.

Now I never remember a man who did not have some sort of an excuse for not becoming a Christian. These excuses are as numberless and as light as the leaves on the trees. But I have met but few men who when cordially and earnestly and affectionately invited, have refused to come. There are some few, I am sorry to say, who like Ephraim, are so joined to their idols that nothing will ever induce them to accept the Gospel. But most of men will accept it, if properly invited. And this is what Jesus meant when He told the servant to go out and compel them to come in.

If this simple command of the Master were obeyed, we have every reason to believe, and I do believe the great majority of men would be saved. Now let us examine this command and then go and obey it.

I. First, let us inquire to whom it is addressed. "The Lord said unto the servant." Does that mean you or me or both? Is it addressed only to preachers, or to all Christian people? That is an important question. Most people think, who think about it at all, that the preacher is the servant here addressed. Let us ask the Master. "If

any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honor." "His lord said unto him, Well done thou good and faithful servant: thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord." Ask Paul. "Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ." "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are, to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness. But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness."

Ask the Dictionary. "A servant is a sincere follower and worshiper of God or Christ." Does that include only preachers? Certainly not. It includes every member of the church who is a sincere follower of the Lord Jesus. The difference between the preachers and believers, in this service, is not in kind but in degree. I am commanded to give myself wholly to this work; to do nothing else. You are commanded to give it all your time, talents and money, not devoted to other necessary work.

II. The Lord said to His servant—to you and me, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and

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compel them to come in." "Go out,"—do not wait for them to come to you or come to church. They will never come. Go out after them. So do you "go out after them"—not on Fourth Avenue or Broadway alone, but into the streets and lanes of the city, and the highways and hedges of the country; down into these narrow streets and dark alleys, anywhere, everywhere a lost soul has wandered.

God's love, like His air and sunshine, goes everywhere and embraces all men. This is the very genius of the Gospel—"Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It is the Gospel not only for our heathen but for Chinese heathen, and Indian heathen and African heathen, dying along the crowded highways and byways of populous Peking and Canton, and in the deep jungles of India and Africa, "Every creature, in all the world."

Now, suppose this one church obeyed this command. Here are four hundred servants. Suppose they invited one apiece, even, to come to church this week—eight hundred next Sunday. Suppose all His servants in Louisville did the same. Then instead of ten thousand in church, there would be twenty thousand. So on throughout the State, country and world. Suppose, in the course of a year, each servant persuaded one soul to accept Christ: then there would be eight hundred members here; twenty thousand in the city. Soon the world would be conquered to King Jesus.

Heaven would be kept in one continual Jubilee.

But what are the facts just returned from Presbytery. One church reported one addition during the year. There are twenty-three hundred children in the Sabbath Schools. But forty-two of these were brought into the church. What a record!

Have you obeyed this command? How many have you brought to church, to Christ?

III. Then for fear we might overlook some people, He tells us who to invite. We are very particular in our invitations. The President, doubtless, had a very select party at the Galt House,—the great, the rich, the fashionable.

But Jesus is just as particular to invite the poor to His banquet. He said to His servant, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." Here is a lesson to such people as value a man by what he owns. Not so with God. We are all poor in His sight. All pensioners on His bounty.

These distinctions we make here have no existence four feet under the ground, or forty feet above it. As if to rebuke this spirit, God took the beggar Lazarus to Abraham's bosom in Heaven, and Abraham had been very rich on earth; and He sent the rich Dives to hell, where they were too poor to give him a drop of water. In His sight, and in His Church there are no distinctions. He invites and welcomes all alike, rich

and poor. In Heaven they sit side by side. And the nearer we make earth like Heaven, the more heavenly will it be, and will we be. You remember He made this one of the seals of His Divinity. "Go tell John, I am the Christ, because I preach the Gospel to the poor." "The Pharisee does not. My religion is true; theirs is a sham."

God is no respecter of persons. He loves no man because he is rich, and He hates no man because he is poor. Indeed, the terms are only comparative. The richest men here are poor when compared to the Rothschilds, or to David or Solomon. But knowing the weakness of men on this subject the Master sends us particularly to the poor.

That is our commission. He knows the rich will not be neglected. Plenty of people will court them, who will neglect the poor. Therefore, He commands us to go to them. That is your duty and mine, and we will be called to account for the manner in which we have obeyed it. How have you obeyed it? How many of the poor have you visited and invited to the Gospel feast? How many of the blind have you led to Him, who alone can give them sight? How many of the "maimed and halt" have you brought to Him, who alone can make them leap as a hart on the mountains? To these He sends you. If you do not go, He will want to know why!

IV. Again, He tells us not only to invite them, not simply to throw a tract in the door, or send

them word by the children to come, but go after them, bring them in, "compel them to come."

That is a strong word. The Mohammedans and some others have thought it justified force, and so they proceeded to compel with the sword and the torch. I need not say to you, they were wrong. "The weapons of our warfare are spiritual, not carnal." Our sword is the sword of the Spirit and not of steel. This word compel means necessity. It means to show them the necessity of coming: to compel them by argument and not by arms; by entreaty, by persuasion, by tears and prayers. And this necessity arises from the fact that they will not want to come; not on the same account as the first invited guests,—from the love of money, or business or pleasure, but because it will be hard to get them over two difficulties:

(a) "We are homeless wretches, that are fain to creep under a hedge for shelter, what company are we for such a feast?"

(b) "We who are on the dusty 'highway' have no proper dress for such a feast, and are ill in order for such a presence."

But the Master says, "Take no excuse, beat them out of all their difficulties, dispel all their fears; tell them you have orders to bring them just as they are. Make them come without preparation and without delay." These are His orders. This is the way Jesus preached, when the Publicans and sinners drew near to Him to hear Him; when they trod one upon another.

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This is the way Peter preached on the day of Pentecost when three thousand believed. This is the way Paul preached and almost converted the world. This is the way Luther preached, and John Knox preached, and Whitefield preached, and the way Spurgeon preached and Moody preached. This is the way for everybody to preach. Have you done it? He commands it. If you love Him, you will keep His commands.

V. Now, finally, why this urgency? Why "compel" anybody to accept this Gospel? He tell us Himself.

(a) Because "all things are now ready." After millions of years preparation, and millions of dollars expense, and millions of inexpressible suffering, everything is now ready. "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." That was Jesus' text, and John's text. It is here now, to-day, in Louisville, in the world, and men are pressing into it by hundreds and thousands. The Great Supper is ready, and the call is urgent that the guests come, and come at once. There is danger on one hand that the door may be shut if you delay, and there is danger on the other hand, that you may not live to be invited again. Therefore, the invitation is urgent—"Come, for all things are now ready."

(b) Again, it is urgent, because His house must be filled.

Bengel wisely observes that "Grace as well as Nature abhors a vacuum." God will have no empty crowns nor vacant chairs in Heaven. If

you will not go, somebody else will. Somebody must go for the house must be filled. Therefore, He says bring them in, "compel them to come in." He is relying on you to do it. If you do not do it, He will find servants who will. No danger of getting too many. The guests have been gathering there for six thousand years and "yet there is room."

Two hundred and fifty last year and room yet; two hundred and fifty million, and room yet, and there will be room until the last one of His children comes home and takes the last seat at the table: then the door will be closed; the angels strike up the music, and the eternal feast begin, the marriage supper of the Lamb. But that cannot begin until the house is filled. Every chair must be occupied. Every crown worn. Every harp struck. So He urges us to bring in the guests.

He provides robes and crowns. He gives the wedding garment. So no matter who you invite, all will be welcome. Only bring the people, the lost people, the hungry, starving, dying people, whether dying on a bed of down or a pallet of straw. Say, "whosoever will, let him come." That is the invitation to everybody everywhere, and you are commanded to tell them so.

If they will not come for the invitation, bring them in. If they will not come still, "compel them to come" that Heaven may be filled, and Hell may be emptied; that angels may sing and Devils weep.

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If you will do this, God will be glorified; Jesus honored; souls will be saved; the house will be filled; your duty will be done; your brow will be crowned; your diadem jeweled and "you will shine as the stars forever and forever."

XXII

ONLY MEN

Put them in fear, O Lord: that the nations may know themselves to be but men. Psalms ix, 20.

On a visit to Virginia in the Summer of 1879, I stopped a while at the Great Salt Works in Smyth County. Sitting on the platform at the depot, looking over the beautiful valley, this sermon came to me, like an inspiration. Fourteen years before, and that valley was full of armed men in all the "pride and circumstance of war." Now but one was left, I knew, of all those legions. Fourteen years before, and that valley was full of money-changers seeking wealth, and now the money and the changers were all gone, and the very houses they built demolished. God had taught them—they were but men!

That was the prayer of the King. It was the wise prayer of the Scotch girl, "O God, shew me myself." If we could only show men themselves, we would remove one great obstacle to their Salvation. They do not know how poor they are, how weak, how little, how vile. Our natural pride, which is a false estimate of ourselves, has always been a great bar to both our conversion and our sanctification. We forget that we are-but men.

We have a natural tendency to "think too highly of ourselves." Paul had to warn Christians of it. Let us see:

I. What *men think of themselves*.

When Colonel Ingersoll said "an honest God is the noblest work of man," he unconsciously betrayed what was the matter with him. It is a complaint as old as sin, and maybe as Satan. The Scriptures teach us that by this sin our fathers fell. We have reason to believe it was this devilish pride, we inherited from him, that cost Satan his place in Heaven and hurled him down to the deepest hell.

The language of Ingersoll is the language of Pharaoh, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice?" And the end of Pharaoh will be the terrible end of all who think with him. He found at last, but too late, who God was!

David gives a vivid picture of the proud man in the Seventy-third Psalm. I need hardly say that this complaint we call pride, which Butler calls a "tumor and inflammation of self-conceit," Farrar calls "a dropsy of inflated self-satisfaction"—is the result of ignorance. Therefore David prayed God to teach them.

II. What *God thinks of men*; and God's opinion alone is worth considering: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." With what does He compare us—A worm! Humiliating as it is to our pride, that is a flattering comparison to us. God is infinitely greater to us than

we are to a worm. There is some comparison between us and the poor worm that crawls beneath our feet, but none between us and God.

What a spectacle, then, do you suppose a proud man presents to God—a proud worm! cutting its antic capers in the dust and trying to lift its low-born head above its fellows! And such a spectacle high heaven beholds every day in this city. But we are humbler even than worms, if possible; only grasshoppers, that are born with the Spring and perish with the frost.

This is God's opinion of all men: worms, grasshoppers! So small, so ignorant, so ephemeral.

III. What we think of ourselves, *when we know ourselves*. Will a man ever recognize and assume the humble place God gives him? Ask Job; ask David; ask Isaiah. These were great and good men, and rich men too. One was the greatest among Kings, and the other the richest "among all the men of the East." They were not sycophants or beggars: but the best of men.

Even heathen men, from the light of nature have attained some knowledge of themselves. The Roman triumvirs, in the meridian of their splendor, had a servant behind them crying to each, "Memento te esse hominem"—"Remember that you are only a man."

Even infidels have learned this truth. A converted skeptic was once asked how he felt in reference to the resurrection and other truths about

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which he had cavilled. "Oh, sir," he replied, "two words from Paul conquered me—"Thou fool.' Do you see this Bible?" said he, taking up a beautiful copy of the Scriptures fastened with a silver clasp. "Will you read the words upon the clasp that shuts it?" His friend read, engraved on the clasp, "Thou fool." "There," said the skeptic, "are the words which conquered me. It was no argument, no reasoning, no satisfying my objections, but God convincing me that I was a fool; and thenceforward I determined I would have my Bible clasped with these words, 'Thou fool,' and never again come to the consideration of its sacred mysteries, but through their medium. I will remember that I am a fool, and God only is wise." He was no longer a fool, for God had made him wise.

IV. *Knowledge of our place* necessary to cure our pride. I need not tell you that God has deeply impressed on everything in Creation the beauty and propriety and necessity of keeping its own place. It is so everywhere and with everything. Worlds and suns and systems know and keep the places God assigned them. It would be chaos without it.

So in Government: every man and officer must know and keep his place. It is rebellion, anarchy without it.

So in the family: every child and servant must know and keep his place. It is confusion and discord without it.

So in the Church, and so in everything God has made.

Now, all God asks and least He will accept, is for man to know and keep his place, and

First. That place is the place of a *Creature*; just as much a creature as a bird or a beast. God made us and not we ourselves. From the conduct of some men you would suppose they made themselves. God made us; we could not make a fly. We never would have been but for God. Not only the creation, but the conception of man is all of God. Ours is the place of a creature, and it is an humble one. In it there is no place for pride.

Second. Then it is the place of a *subject*. God is not only our Creator but He is our Governor. "His Kingdom ruleth over all." And there can be but one Governor. He must and will and ought to rule. So this Book says, "Every knee shall bow." That includes every knee on earth and in hell, as well as in Heaven. He is Lord of all, of His enemies as well as His friends. How the world has forgotten this.

Third. Then it is the place of a *child*. He is "Our Father." That is a wonderful condescension for a God; an honor He gave no angel. Still, it is an humble place. There is no room in it for pride. You remember that remarkable scene recorded in Matt. xviii. The Disciples were men, with like passions as ourselves, and were proud and ambitious, seeking to be greatest.

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Hear His rebuke: "At the same came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Ours is an humble place; the place of a child; a little child at that. As weak, as helpless, as ignorant and as dependent. Only such humble as children can ever enter His dwelling place.

Fourth. Then ours is the place of *sinner*s. We are apt to forget that. The saintly John Newton had these words painted in very large letters over his desk on the wall of his study at Olney: "Remember, that thou wast bondman in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God redeemed thee." So are we all, by nature, bondmen, and still bound by sin and Satan, unless God has redeemed us from our slavery. God knows such creatures have nothing to be proud of. Think you so?

Such is our place in the sight of God. It is an humble, a very humble place. And no man who is not grossly and sinfully ignorant of his proper place, can be a proud man.

"With the lowly is wisdom." It is wisdom that makes us lowly. Ignorance makes men proud.

Fifth. Effects of Pride.

1. It leads to *shame and sorrow*. Numberless instances are found in every-day life. God has made it a law. "When pride cometh, then cometh

shame." When you see one, look out for the other. It is coming.

In the Pennsylvania Insane Asylum, Superintendent Kirkwood reports three persons deranged from "mortified pride." So Solomon says, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." Every stream of pride flows towards Niagara, and sooner or later the cataract comes. "A man's pride shall bring him low," says God, and God knows.

2. It is *offensive to men*. The wise man says it is like dead flies in the ointment of the apothecary. It makes it stink. The proud are almost universally unpopular. People do not like men or women who think of themselves more highly than they ought to think. I try not to hate anybody, but there are two characters I love very little: a mean man and a proud man. I have much sympathy for a drunkard, or gambler, or prodigal.

3. God says *He hates it*. Among the six things He says He hates, He puts pride first—as the most offensive to Him. "These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, even are an abomination unto Him. A proud look; a lying tongue; and hands that shed innocent blood; an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations; feet that be swift in running to mischief; a false witness that speaketh lies; and he that soweth discord among brethren."

He is a jealous God. That is His name.

The meanest kind of idolatry is the worship of self. Every assumption of authority is an insult

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to His majesty. It is rebellion in essence. God hates it. Two illustrious examples of His hatred of proud men are left on record in this Book for our warning, and both of them were Kings, too; men who had some excuse for being proud. One was Nebuchadnezzar; the other Herod. How more signally and fearfully could God testify His hatred of the sin of human pride—even among Kings! He turned the grandest Monarch of Antiquity out to eat grass with the beasts of the field,—that he might learn humility among his fellow creatures. The other He smote with death, and let worms eat his dying body, that he might learn he was but a poor worm himself—and the food for other worms.

So, everywhere in all history, sacred and profane, is this sentence written: “God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble.”

Now, these are some lessons His word would teach us. Let us remember them. Our place is not a low place, but a lowly one.

“Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go,
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.”

We do not “stoop to conquer,” but we conquer by taking an humble place, because it is our place in the sight of God! As Massillon said to the Grand Monarch, “God only is Great,” and the more we know of Him, the humbler will we be.

It is only a perverted view of themselves that

makes men proud. "We think ourselves something when we are nothing." "Men compare themselves with themselves, which is not wise." But stand them up by God; set the wax-taper by the blazing sun; set a molehill by Mont Blanc, and it learns humility.

The only man who ever talked with God, who looked upon His ineffable glory, became the meekest of all men. And the nearer we get to His throne, the humbler will be our carriage, and when we stand at last in His august presence, it will be with the humility of those mighty spirits who have known and worshiped Him for a thousand ages, who cover their faces and their feet, or fall prostrate before Him in humble and fearful adoration.

XXIII
THE PRODIGAL SON
AN OUTLINE

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. Luke xv, 20.

There are millions of persons in this universe, but only *two* are necessary to your life. You must know *God* and *yourself*; and yet millions are ignorant of both. You must know yourself as a *sinner*, and God as a *Savior*. That was the wise prayer of the old Scotchman, "O God, show me myself and then show me Thyself." Jesus did it here in this wonderful story of the prodigal son. He only could do it, because He only knows both.

First, you notice that He calls this man a "Son." Though he was a prodigal son, a poor sinner, God calls him a "Son." And more amazing, He calls him the "*Younger* Son," the darling of the family, the Benjamin, the David of all His children. What more could even God do to show His love, His compassion for us!

You must be astonished at the folly of this youth, in leaving such a father, so kind and indulgent, and such a home so abundantly provided

with everything to make him happy; and going away into such a country of sorrow and suffering and shame. What stupid folly! But *this is Sin*. *It is going away from God*, the most loving Father, and from Heaven, the most glorious home. What monumental folly! Is there any reason for *Sin*? None. It is suicidal folly.

But it is more. It is *misery*. See this youth in that land of famine, no home, no friend, no money, no food. "Spent all." So the sinner has lost all; no God, no Savior, no hope, no Heaven. Sin is the *famine of the soul*. The pleasures of sin are but "husks" to an immortal soul, and yet men try to appease, with husks, the hunger which only God can satisfy. The world is filled with sorrowful proofs of this fact, from the brothels to the banquet halls.

And it is yet more. *Sin is degradation*. That youth, once a loved son in a happy home, is now a servant to a cruel master. He has descended from a palace to a hog pen. What shame! What degradation! And that is sin. It makes a child of God the child of Satan. It robs him of Heaven, and sinks to hell. The descent may be gradual, but it is none the less inevitable.

Robespierre once shrank from signing a death warrant, and afterwards deluged Paris with innocent blood. Edward Hawkins began his descent by stealing a fishing-pole. He ended it on a gallows, with the blood of four men on his soul. The winebibber began his career in a fashionable

parlor, and ended it in a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell. But sin is more yet. It is *Insanity*. You would suspect that no man "at himself," would choose Satan instead of God, choose misery instead of happiness, choose death instead of life.

But the sinner does that. This young man was not "at himself" when he left such a father and such a home and went into such a country of shame and sorrow and suffering. But when he "came to himself" he arose and went back to his father. He left the swine-pen and husks and started for the loving father and the home where even "the hired servants had plenty and to spare." And so will the Sinner. When he "comes to himself" he will go back to his Father. I did, and millions more. When the poor Gadarene demoniac escaped from the legion of devils that possessed him, he came to Jesus, "in his right mind," and sat at His feet and besought Him to let him go with Him.

Now let us turn from this picture of the poor Sinner and look at God's picture, as painted by His Son, who alone can reveal Him. How will He receive this poor prodigal, who had so disgraced his father and squandered his fortune, in riotous living? We are all profoundly interested in this question! Our conscience makes us all cowards, for that prodigal sat for our picture!

How will God receive us?

Behold that aged father, who saw the poor,

ragged, famine-stricken son a "great way off" and "had compassion on him, and ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him." Surely, God himself could do no more. And that is God's picture! Blessed be His name! He came all the way from Heaven for us. His heart goes out in compassion for us, He smothers us with the kisses of His love, puts the best robe in Heaven on us (His own righteousness)—the ring of betrothal on our finger, and sets us down in the beautiful house of His love in Heaven, and calls the Angels and Archangels, Cherubim and Seraphim to rejoice over "the lost one found, the dead one alive again."

Will you not say with that poor prodigal "I will arise and go to my Father?" and *arise* and *go* to your Father and Home and Heaven.

XXIV

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN

AN OUTLINE

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope, that is in you, with meekness and fear. I Peter iii, 15.

You cannot but notice how Paul emphasizes the reason why he left the ancient faith of his fathers and became a follower of Christ. Here Peter advises all Christians to do the same thing: to be ready always to give a reason for their faith.

Now I propose briefly to tell you why I am a Christian, in the sincere hope that you will be persuaded to become one yourself. Peter tells us to be "ready to give a reason." The ability to reason is man's chief glory,—his supremacy over all creation. God is the Supreme Reason, and man was made in God's image. The man who does not reason is not far removed from the brutes.

Now it will occur to you that if there is a reason why I should be a Christian, there is the same reason why you should be. God made you as well as He made me. He will judge you as he will me. Jesus died for you, as well as He died

for me. You are a sinner as I am, and must answer for your sins like all other men.

First I remark, I was not *born* a Christian, but a sinner, as all other men were. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." That includes you and me. "Death is passed on all men, for all have sinned." That fact has no exception.

Second, I am not a Christian because my *father* and *mother were Christians*. One was dead long before I was a Christian, and the other was then an unbeliever. It was no inheritance from my ancestors, for they were all sinners.

But antecedent to this inquiry, we should ask, *why I am at all?* Who made me? Whence came I? Whither am I going? Socrates could not answer these questions. He did not know. Ask God. He answers in the very first chapter of the Bible. *God* made me. All wise men, all philosophers could not make a fly. Only God can create. So Paul told the proud Athenians that "God made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth." The Greek was no better than the barbarian whom he despised. God made you and me and all men.

Now we may inquire *why* God made me. This is a great and vital question. We must know, or our life is a failure. We are only tramps, without a purpose or destiny worthy of men. Mazzini tells us that "life is a mission." "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." And every man is God-sent, as well as John.

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Now *why* did God make you and me? "I have created him for my glory." That is God's answer. (Isa. xliii, 7.) We are made for the glory of God. If "the heavens declare the glory of God," how much more the only living being made in His image! What higher dignity could God bestow upon us than to show forth the glory of the Great Creator! No angel in heaven has a higher dignity or destiny than that. How it should lift us above the sordid and selfish ends of human ambition!

The man who refuses to glorify God defeats the very purpose of his creation and destroys himself. The watch is made to keep time. If it will not, it is worthless. A horse was made to serve man. If it refuses it is worthless. Man was made for God's glory. If he refuses, he is cast away as worthless; he has defeated the glorious object of his creation and destroys himself, as Judas did, and like Judas, it were "better for him if he had never been born."

I am a Christian for God's glory, because I have no right to be anything else. I will not destroy myself.

Again I am a Christian to *save my soul*. I have a soul, an immortal soul, and a sinful soul—a lost soul, and yet worth all the universe to me. I want to live, and live forever. Who can save my soul? Jesus only. Who can give me eternal life? Jesus only. Therefore I believe in Him, and am a Christian.

Then I want a *home in heaven*. I must leave Kentucky, beautiful blue-grass Kentucky, and the world, "though cursed by sin and doomed to the burning," is yet a glorious world, with many lineaments of its primeval beauty. Where shall I go? I must go somewhere. In the darkness of the future, two points stand out certain and luminous, "death and the judgment." Beyond this death, two places await me—with Dives or Lazarus. Who could hesitate? I choose Heaven and God and my mother, and all the pure and holy spirits of the just made perfect. Therefore I am a Christian.

The war was over. The soldiers were all returning home. One poor boy, emaciated by a long fever, escaped from the hospital. His comrades urged him to go back. His only reply was: "I am going home, or die on the road!"

Yonder is your Home, your Father's house. Make that resolve and you can never die.

XXV

THE USES OF RELIGION IN ADVERSITY

Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help; and stay on horses, and trust in chariots, because they are many; and in horsemen, because they are very strong but they look not unto the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord! Isaiah xxxi, 1.

And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Isaiah xxxii, 2.

I remember a lady once said to me that her brother was oppressed in business, and his troubles had weaned him from the church. If this were an isolated case of a total misapprehension of religion, we might pass it by as a freak of a disordered mind. But I am sorry to say such cases are not uncommon. And this fact has led me, to-day, to speak upon the *uses of religion in adversity*.

My friends, if ever there was a "brother born for adversity," that brother is *Jesus Christ, the Son of God*. If ever a man *needs* religion, it is when other props have failed him and other hopes disappointed.

For a man to forsake his hope in God, and renounce his religion in the day of adversity, is as reckless and unreasonable as for the sailor to

desert his ship in the storm, or the soldier his breastworks in the day of battle.

This is the lesson Isaiah would teach Israel in the text.

There was trouble in Jerusalem. The great King of Assyria, Sennacherib, the son of Sargon, who had carried his victorious armies from the Euphrates to Egypt, was marching against the city with his mailed legions. Before this vast host, the Jews were utterly helpless. In their extremity, they forgot the true source of their help in God, and appealed to Egypt.

So it is yet. Christian men and women hold to their religion well enough in fair weather and on smooth seas, but when the storm comes and the tempest, then they desert their ship, and leap into the sea of doubt and unbelief.

Just like these foolish Jews. When there was no enemy, they pretended to worship God, but when Sennacherib came, they sent to Egypt for help. And Isaiah cried to all such, "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help." And then he gives the best of reasons why such dependence is vain. "The Egyptians are men, and not God; and their horses flesh, and not spirit." "Why do you rely for help on others as weak as yourselves, and who were unable to help themselves before the armies of this very King; how powerless then before a greater King than Sennacherib!"

For "when the Lord shall stretch out His hand,

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both he that helpeth shall fall, and he that is holpen shall fall down, and they shall fall down together." What is the use of appealing to these Egyptians for help, when you remember the host of Pharaoh and the Red Sea, where all their pride and power went down together!

Now, my brethren, whenever a Christian in adversity deserts his God, and forsakes his religion, he is going down to Egypt for help; he is putting his trust in horses and chariots, and not in the living God, who "threw both the horse and his rider into the sea."

And I may remark that every Christian, yea, every man, may expect these Sennacheribs to come against him, and I affirm that there is but one source of help for any man, and it is not in Egypt, but in God! Not in horses and chariots; not in business nor travel, nor dissipation, nor infidelity or suicide, but in Jesus Christ!

And twenty-five hundred years ago, Isaiah stood up before apostate Israel and cried, "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"A man!" "*The Man.*" The tallest man that ever stood under that sun; the noblest that ever lived above it! The God-man! The only Man who answers this description.

Here is your refuge, Christian, from the peltings of every storm; from the burning of every

thirst; from the weariness of every journey! Here is the only *Man* who can meet the hosts of Sennacherib coming against you.

For every man, worthy the name, has some enemy to meet, some battle to fight, and will need help from some source outside of himself.

Let us examine some of these enemies the good man meets in his journey through the wilderness.

First. Is the Sennacherib—*Debt*. This remorseless enemy attacks his outposts and sweeps one after another away. He takes his money, his stocks, his stores, his real estate, his cash notes, his customers, his business, his everything.

Then comes nearer and attacks the very last citadel of a freeman—his home, the house that shelters his family and covers his head. He robs him of its sacred treasures and its ancient heirlooms; the furniture that belonged to his mother; the picture that has hung on the wall from his earliest childhood; the old family carriage and horse; the silver with names of angels on them.

Aye, and this remorseless Sennacherib—*Debt*, robs the children of their shoes, and the wife and mother of her scanty wardrobe; and the rose that blushed on her cheek in her maiden beauty fades away beneath his icy fingers into sepulchral marble!

Now is the time a man needs help. Now is the time he must have it. Shall he go down to Egypt with the men of Hezekiah? Shall he desert God and forsake his religion? Shall he quit

his church and renounce his faith? Alas, how many do! With less reason than the birds, they let the storm drive them away from the covert instead of driving them to it!

Now, I cry to you as Isaiah did to Israel—“Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help.” There is no help in Egypt,—the typical enemy of God. There is no help in infidelity, nor rationalism, nor doubt. These are but grapes of gall, but apples of Sodom!

There is no help anywhere but in that *Man*, whom God has set to be a “hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest.”

Infinite wealth is in His hands, and infinite love in His heart! Flee to Him! Here is the “Rock of Ages,” cleft for you! Hide yourself in Him when your strong enemy comes against you!

Another of these Sennacherib is *Death*. But last summer you saw him deploy his yellow legions along the borders of your Southern land! Slowly and invincibly he drew his cordon around many happy homes. The first to fall was the friend of your youth, cut down in the vigor of his manhood. Coming closer he smote the first-born of a happy household,—the pledge of our earliest love. Then the blue-eyed beauty, whose hair and eyes were painted by the sky and the sun, lay down beneath the conqueror,—pale as the unpainted lily! Surely this is enough. But no! The Yellow Gladiator, more remorseless than debt, lays his hand on the *last treasure*—

the infant in its mother's arms lies down on its dead mother's breast, and all is dark in that deserted home and that desolate heart!

Now, O God, if ever a man needs help, now he must have it, or die a maniac, a suicide! Where shall he go? Shall he go down to Egypt with the idolatrous Jews? Shall he put his trust in Pharaoh and his horses and chariots? Shall he desert God and forsake his religion and renounce his faith and quit his church? Alas, how many do!

Again, you hear the son of Amoz crying to you to-day, "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help, and look not unto the Holy One of Israel." They only flee from poverty here to eternal poverty yonder. They only escape from death here to eternal death yonder! Surely poverty is no escape from poverty, and death is no refuge from death.

No! my brother, my sister, the *only* hiding place from the wind and covert from the storm is *that Man* Isaiah saw twenty-five hundred years ago, whose image fills all the centuries, and beneath whose shadow the Universe may lie down and rest! Every other source of comfort and refuge from trouble has failed, and will forever fail! They are but refuges of lies!

Hear the sad lament of John Stuart Mill. His wife, his idol, his helpmeet in all his labors, died. In this hour of sorest trial, when our blessed religion relieves the gloom and sorrow

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with a hope radiant with immortality—the comfort that blossoms above the grave, he says:

“Since my wife’s death, I have sought for such alleviation as my state admitted of—by the mode of life which enabled me to feel near to her. I bought a cottage as close as possible to the grave where she is buried, and there I live during the greater portion of the year. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation, the standard by which, summing up all worthiness—I endeavor to regulate my life.”

Alas! Alas! No religion but *the* memory of the dead! Is this *all* the consolation Infidelity gives its votaries! A hope that goes out in the grave; a faith that dies and is buried forever! So an Apostle of Infidelity!

How different the hope and faith of God’s children. Hear one of them cry, “I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all them also that love His appearing.” *So dies an Apostle of Faith.* “Choose ye then, this day whom ye will serve!”

But a *fiercer Sennacherib* than Poverty or Death is marching against us. *It is Sin.* He is on our track with the vengeance of a hungry lion.

He has taken every outpost of our defense, and captured and fortified himself in the very citadel of our life. Like some vandal chief, he has run riot through the fairest heritage of the soul and made it a waste howling wilderness.

Did you see the blanched cheek of the murderer as they led him from the cell of his dungeon? Sin touched that cheek, and the very blood fled from the touch.

Did you hear the groans that came up from the sleepless couch of the dying libertine? Sin touched that pillow, and even sleep fled from the touch.

Nothing in Heaven or earth can stand the touch of that Destroyer,—Sin. Its hand is on your body, and it is coming down to the grave. Its hand is on your heart, and it is bowing down with sorrow. Its hand is on your soul, and it is sinking down to destruction. And now is the time a man needs help,—if ever in eternity, when soul and body and spirit are in the hand of a remorseless and invisible enemy.

Where will he go for help now? Down to Egypt with her horses and chariots? Down to Egypt with the dumb idols and dead kings? Down to Egypt in the Red Sea and rivers of blood? Down to Egypt with infidelity and rationalism? What avail are these against *Sin*? against Death? None! None!

For four thousand years these twin conquerors have stood on their pyramids over the dust of

their buried kings, and they will stand there forever! Then "woe to them that go down to Egypt for help, and look not unto the Holy One of Israel!" "I am dying, Egypt, dying," is the sad wail of thousands more than Marc Anthony, who have been beguiled with its seductive Cleopatras!

No, my friends, there is no help for the sinner in Egypt. It can be found only in this Man, Christ Jesus. His blood alone cleanseth from all sin. "There is no other name under heaven, given among men whereby men must be saved." There is but One hiding-place from the wind, and One covert from the storm, and that is *this Man!*

I come to hold Him up before you to-day, as Isaiah did before his countrymen.

These Sennacheribs are on your track. The mailed warriors—Disease and Poverty and Sin are camping at Lachish. Already their couriers, Tartan and Rabshakeh, are demanding your surrender! It is a "bruised reed" and will pierce your soul, if you lean upon it. "They are but men down there, and not God! Their horses are flesh and not spirit." Every such hope shall perish and perish forever!

I point you to the only arm that can bring you deliverance. "Behold the Man." See Him yonder smiting Egypt in her glory, and drowning her hosts in the sea, through which He led His people dry shod!

See Him breathe on the host of Sennacherib at Lachish, and one hundred and eighty-five thou-

sand of his warriors are dead corpses! See Him rise up out of the grave and shout victory over your last enemy!

See Him rise up over the earth and shout victory over all its dominions, and then see Him rise up over heaven and sit down on the throne of God—victorious over the Universe, King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

“Behold the Man” who went up from a pauper’s grave to the golden throne of the eternal, and tell me, cannot He save you from poverty?

“Behold the Man” who went up from the bloodiest death on earth to eternal life in heaven, and tell me, cannot He save you from death?

“Behold the Man” who bore the sins of a world in His own body, and cast them into oblivion, and tell me, if He is not your surest refuge from sin?

Who, then, need fear any Sennacherib? Who need go down to Egypt for help, when God has laid help upon One that is mighty? Yea, *Almighty! A man too! Blessed Man! God-Man!*

He shall be my hiding-place from the wind, and my covert from the tempest; my river of water in a desert place, and my shadow of a great rock in a weary land!

“Behold the Man.”

Every eye in the Universe shall see Him one day!

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**Those who put their trust in Him shall live!
Those who put their trust in Egypt shall
perish!**