

not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one corn mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares where that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water-lilies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

A hallowed spot. Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said: "There is my brother with no family; he must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the night-time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." The other brother said: "My brother has a large family, and it is very difficult for him to support them and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my farm in the night-time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it."

So the work of transference went on night after night, and night after night; but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for though sheaves had been subtracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were perplexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded,

it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed, that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but I speak to you now about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. *We want practical religion* to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labelling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that a watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. Practical religion will walk along by the store-shelves, and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee when dandelion-root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world, it will go down the street, and it will come to that shoe-shop and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine-looking pair of shoes, and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery-shop, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash-barrel, in front of the shop, the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon, and the brickdust that is sold for cayenne pepper; and it will shake out the Prussian blue from the tea-leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bonedust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of Ridgewood water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put

into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter and into the apothecary-drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The Board of Health in Massachusetts analysed a great amount of what was called pure coffee, and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread, and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended by the conscientious physician.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after awhile, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to settle the matter with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift He would forget the swindle.

Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "O Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of millions of money, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with Thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent. of the profits, and with that one per cent. you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, for ever and ever. Amen!"

Ah! my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully, and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After awhile, this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall Street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. *Eternal defalcation.*

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise, it will also rectify all mechanism, and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightly done, "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a cabman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Overseers to watch the journeymen. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the overseer. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch-bell to prove his honesty. All things must be watched and inspected.

Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos, pinchbeck, diamonds for half a sovereign. Bookbindery that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spavined horses by skilful dose of jockies, for several days made to look spray. Waggon-tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car-wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell

you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all-pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the New York market veal that is too young to kill, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbour's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old church elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him.. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. *The lawyer* will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenceless. Yes, this practical religion will come into *the physician's* life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honoured by the fact that Christ Himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug-store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent.

And this practical religion will come to *the school-teacher* making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honour, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he cannot help, and sending discouragement all through the after-years of a lifetime. This practical

religion will also come to the *newspaper men*, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements, and it will keep them from misrepresenting interviews with public men, and from starting suspicions that can never be allayed, and will make them friends of the oppressed instead of the oppressor.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired," or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated conviviality, and it will by frank manners and Christian sentiment drive out *that creature with sharp-toed shoe* and tightly bandaged limb, and elbows drawn back, and idiotic talk, and infinitesimal cane and sickening swagger, born in America, but a poor copy of a foppish Englishman, the *nux vomica* of modern society, commonly called the "*Masher*" or the "*Dude!*"

Yea, there is great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. It is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street, or the rail-carriage, or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wine-room, and now her eye is glassy, and after awhile her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage gets to her home it takes the husband and the coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is, She was taken suddenly ill at a friend's house.

Ah! no. She took too much champagne, and mixed liquors, and got intoxicated. That was all.

Yea, this practical religion will come in and settle *the marriage relation* in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated and washed and fumigated and Christianised. We have missionary societies to reform the Five Points in New York, and Bedford Street, Philadelphia, and Shoreditch, London, and the Brooklyn docks; but there is need of an organisation to reform much that is going on in Beacon Street, Madison Square, and Rittenhouse Square, and West End, and Brooklyn Heights, and Brooklyn Hill. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn-book and prayer-book and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead *the horns of a beast*.

There has got to be "a new departure" in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but *the old religion brought to new appliances*. In our time we have had the daguerreotype and the ambrotype and the photograph, but it is the same old sun, and these are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention and the telephonic invention and the electric light invention; but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of men, and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the

Eastern and Western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and business of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into every-day life: *Dr. John Abercrombie*, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord" no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. *Dr. John Brown*, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying recently under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh; myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ, and his hope of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Brooklyn just as good as they were.

Lawyers who carried their religion into their profession: *Lord Cairns*, the Queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain — Lord Cairns, every summer in his vacation *preaching as an evangelist* among the poor of his country. *John McLean*, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and President of the American Sunday School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than in the former. And scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the Church of God as at the bar.

Merchants who took their religion into every-day life: *Arthur Tappan*, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character A 1. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking

them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any especial troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan. I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good. *William E. Dodge* in the iron business, *Moses H. Grinnell* in the shipping business, *Peter Cooper* in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation : Why, this minute their horses and waggons stand around all the meeting-houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and this summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshipping God to-day away up among the Berkshire Hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Passaic and the Raritan, where I knew them better because I went to school with them.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupation : *James Brindley*, the famous millwright, *Nathaniel Bowditch*, the famous ship Chandler, *Elihu Burritt*, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer and the saw and the adze and the drill and the axe sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to Him your warehouse, your shop, your banking house, your factory, and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of any one else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo ; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry and the Ryland regiments, and Kempt's infantry, and the Scots Greys, and the Life Guards. Who cares, if only the day was won ?

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen-maid in a farm-house. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious, they saved money enough after awhile to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife arose at four o'clock, entered the front door-yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if Thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share in it."

Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent; one a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door-yard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling-houses for labourers at cheap rents, and where they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing.

One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the town of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and *the good works of the Crossleys*. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." "Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead." Faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ is the first step towards salvation and glory; and faith will one day receive eternal coronation.

GNATS AND CAMELS.

"Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."—MATT. xxiii. 24.

A PROVERB is compact wisdom, *knowledge in lumps*, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt, a river put through a mill race. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text, He means to set forth the ludicrous behaviour of those who make a great bluster about small sins, and have no appreciation of great ones.

In my text a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparison—a gnat and a camel. You have in museum or on the desert seen the latter, a great awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high, and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel, an animal forbidden to the Jews as food, and in many literatures entitled "the ship of the desert." The gnat spoken of in the text is in the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, and after a few weeks becomes a chrysalis, and then after a few days becomes the gnat as we recognize it. But the insect spoken of in the text is in its very smallest shape, and it yet inhabits the water—for my text is a misprint and ought to read "strain *out* the gnat," as in the Revised Version.

My text shows you the prince of inconsistencies. A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink, there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says, "I would rather do anything almost than drink this water until this larva be extirpated." This water is brought under inquisition. The experiment is successful. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or gnat. Then the man carefully removes the insect and

drinks the water in placidity. But going out hungry one day, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gourmand has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's forefoot, and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back, and gives one swallow and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat, he swallowed a camel.

While Christ's audience were yet smiling at the appositeness and wit of His illustration—for smile they did unless they were too stupid to understand the hyperbole—Christ practically said to them, "That is you." Punctilious about small things; reckless about affairs of great magnitude. No subject ever withered under a surgeon's knife more bitterly than did the Pharisees under Christ's scalpel of truth. As an anatomist will take a human body to pieces and put them under a microscope for examination, so Christ finds His way to the heart of the dead Pharisee and cuts it out and puts it under the glass of inspection for all generations to examine. Those Pharisees thought that Christ would flatter them and compliment them, and how they must have writhed under the red-hot words as He said: "Ye fools, ye whited sepulchres, ye blind guides which strain out the gnat and swallow the camel."

There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this sermon to sketch a few persons who are extensively engaged in that business.

I. The Pharisee in the pulpit. First, I remark, that all those ministers of the Gospel are photographed in the text who are very scrupulous about the conventionalities of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance. Church services ought to be grave and solemn. There is no room for frivolity in religious convocation. But there are illustrations, and there are hyperboles like that of Christ in the text that will irradiate with smiles any intelligent auditory. There are men like those

blind guides of the text who advocate only those things in religious service which draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up, and these men will go to installations and to presbyteries and to conferences and to associations, their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home every Sunday there are fifty people sound asleep. They make their *churches a great dormitory*, and their somniferous sermons are a cradle, and the drawled-out hymns a lullaby, while some wakeful soul in a pew with her fan keeps the flies off unconscious persons approximate. Now it is worse to sleep in church than to smile in church, for the latter implies at least attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker.

In old age, or from physical infirmity, or from long watching with the sick, drowsiness will sometimes overpower one; but when a minister of the Gospel looks off upon an audience and finds healthy and intelligent people struggling with drowsiness, it is time for him to give out the doxology or pronounce the benediction. The great fault of church services to-day is not too much vivacity, but too much somnolence. The one is an irritating gnat that may be easily strained out; the other is a great sprawling, and sleepy-eyed camel of the dry desert. In all our Sabbath-schools, in all our Bible-classes, in all our pulpits we need to brighten up our religious message with such Christ-like vivacity as we find in the text.

I take down from my library the biographies of ministers and writers of past ages, inspired and uninspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and I find that without a single exception they consecrated their wit and their humour to Christ. Elijah used it when he advised the Baalities, as they could not make their God respond, telling them to call louder as their god might be sound asleep or gone a-hunting. Job used it when he said to his self-conceited comforters, "Wisdom will die

with you." Christ not only used it in the text, but when He ironically complimented the putrefied Pharisees, saying, "The whole need not a physician," and when by one word He described the cunning of Herod, saying: "Go ye, and tell that fox." Matthew Henry's commentaries from the first page to the last coruscated with humour as summer clouds with heat lightning.

John Bunyan's writings are as full of humour as they are of saving truth, and there is not an aged man here who has ever read "Pilgrim's Progress" who does not remember that while reading it he smiled as often as he wept. Chrysostom, George Herbert, Robert South, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Rowland Hill, Nettleton, George G. Finney and all the men of the past who greatly advanced the kingdom of God consecrated their wit and their humour to the cause of Christ. So it has been in all the ages, and I say to these young theological students who cluster in these services Sabbath by Sabbath, sharpen your wits as keen as scimitars, and then take them into this holy war.

It is a very short bridge between a smile and a tear, a suspension bridge from eye to lip, and it is soon crossed over, and a smile is sometimes just as sacred as a tear. There is as much religion, and I think a little more, in a spring morning as in a starless midnight. Religious work without any humour or wit in it is a banquet with a side of beef, and that raw, and no condiments, and no dessert succeeding. People will not sit down at such a banquet. By all means remove all frivolity and all pathos and lightness and vulgarity—strain them out through the sieve of holy discrimination; but on the other hand, beware of that monster which overshadows the Christian Church to-day, conventionality, coming up from the Great Sahara Desert of Ecclesiasticism, having on its back a hump of sanctimonious gloom, and vehemently refuse to swallow that camel.

Oh, how particular a great many people are about the Infinitesimals while they are quite reckless about the

Magnitudes. What did Christ say? Did He not excoriate the people in His time who were so careful to wash their hands before a meal but did not wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many people there are in our time who are very anxious that after their death they shall be buried with their face towards the east, and not at all anxious that during their whole life they should face in the right direction so that they shall come up in the resurrection of the just whichever way they are buried. How many there are chiefly anxious that a minister of the Gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat until it is larger than a camel.

II. The Pharisee on the market. Again: My subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant who while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a roll of bills five dollars too much would despatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company in which after awhile he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock and makes £20,000 appear like £40,000. He only stole £20,000 by the operation! Many men of fortune made their wealth in that way.

One of those men, engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening, the evening of the very day when he watered the stock, will find a wharf-rat stealing a Brooklyn *Eagle* from the basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar, and twist the collar so tightly the poor fellow cannot say that it was thirst for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act, but grip the collar tighter and tighter, saying, "I have been looking for you a long while; you stole my paper four or five times. haven't

you? you miserable wretch." And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three streets off, will cry out: "Police, police!" That same man, the evening of the day in which he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayers and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good-night with an air which seems to say, "I hope you will all grow up to be as good as your father!"

Prisons for sins insectile in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins animalcule in proportion, but great leniency for *mastodon iniquity*. A poor boy slyly takes from the basket of a market woman a pear—saving some one else from the cholera—and you smother him in the horrible atmosphere of Raymond Street Jail or New York Tombs, while his cousin, who has been skilful enough to steal £10,000 from the city, you will make him a candidate for the New York Legislature!

There is a great deal of uneasiness and nervousness now among some people in our time who have gotten unrighteous fortunes, a great deal of nervousness about dynamite.

I tell them that God will put under their unrighteous fortunes something more *explosive than dynamite*, the earthquake of His omnipotent indignation. It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is riding to perdition postillion ahead and lackey behind. To steal one copy of a newspaper is a gnat; to steal thousands of pounds is a camel.

There is many a fruit dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbour's stall, but who would not scruple to depress the fruit market; and as long as I can remember we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in, the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of money. A man who would not steal one peach basket steals fifty thousand peach baskets.

Go down into the Mercantile Library, in the reading-rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all

parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crops from year to year and for a score of years. After awhile there will be a "*corner*" in the wheat market, and men who had a contempt for a petty theft will burglarise the wheat-bin of a nation and commit larceny upon the American corn-crib. And in this hot weather some of the men will sit in churches and in reformatory institutions trying to strain out the small gnats of scoundrelism, while in their grain elevators and in their storehouses they are fattening huge camels which they expect after awhile to swallow.

Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great. I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say, "Oh, what a class of frauds you have in the Church of God in this day;" and when an elder of a church, or a deacon, or a minister of the Gospel, or the superintendent of a Sabbath-school turns out a defaulter, what display-heads there are in many of the newspapers. Great primer type. Five-line pica. "Another Saint Absconded," "Clerical Scoundrelism," "Religion at a Discount," "Shame on the Churches," while there are a thousand scoundrels outside the Church to where there is one inside the Church, and the misbehaviour of those who never see the inside of a church is so great it is enough to tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company. But in all circles, religious and irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth. Even John Milton, in his "*Paradise Lost*," while he condemns Satan, gives such a grand description of him you have hard work to suppress your admiration. Oh, this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great iniquities like camels.

Frauds on government. This subject does not give the picture of one or two persons, but it is a gallery in which *thousands of people may see their likenesses*. For instance,

all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbour of a farthing, appropriate the money and the treasure of the public. A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer it is worth £4,000. Next day the assessor comes, and the owner says it is worth £3,000. The Government of the United States took off the tax from personal income among other reasons because so few people would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the overseer of the poor. Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunk ten silk dresses from Paris and a half-dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the Custom House officer on the wharf, "There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel," and putting a gold coin in his hand to punctuate the statement.

III. The Pharisee in conversation. Described in the text are all those who are particular never to break *the law of grammar*, and who want all their language an elegant specimen of syntax, straining out all the inaccuracies of speech with a fine sieve of literary criticism, while through their conversation go slander and innuendo and profanity and falsehood larger than a whole caravan of camels, when they might better fracture every law of the language and shock their intellectual taste, and better let every verb seek in vain for its nominative, and every noun for its government, and every preposition lose its way in the sentence, and adjectives and participles and pronouns get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth Ward on election day, than to commit a moral inaccuracy. Better swallow a thousand gnats than one camel.

IV. Pharisees in the Church. Such persons are also described in the text who are very much alarmed about the small faults of others, and have no alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and in every church watch-dogs who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of sus-

picians. They wonder if that man is not dishonest, if that man is not unclean, if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are always the first to hear of anything wrong. They remind one of the saying that vultures are always the first to smell carrion. They are self-appointed detectives. I lay this down as a rule without any exception, that those people who have the most faults themselves are most merciless in their watching of others. From scalp of head to sole of foot they are full of jealousies and hypercriticisms. They spend their life in hunting for musk rats and mud turtles instead of hunting for Rocy Mountain eagles, always for something mean instead of something grand. They look at their neighbours' imperfections through a microscope, and look at their own imperfections through a telescope upside down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt them so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbours' imperfections are like gnats, and they strain them out; their own imperfections are like camels, and they swallow them.

But lest more might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we *all* come under the Divine satire *when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity*. Come now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question, where shall I live now? greater than the question, where shall I live for ever? how shall I get more money here? greater than the question, how shall I lay up treasure in heaven? the question, how shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question, how shall I meet my obligations to God? the question, how shall I gain the world? greater than the question, what if I lose my soul? the question, why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question, how shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question, what shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublunar existence? greater than the question, what shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post terrestrial existence in the incomprehensible Eternity?

Time, how small it is ! Eternity, how vast it is ! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away. But let us all surrender to the charge. What an ado about things here ! What poor preparation for a great eternity ! As though a minnow were larger than a behemoth, as though a swallow took wider circuit than an albatross, as though a nettle were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as though a gnat were greater than a camel, as though a minute were longer than a century, as though time were higher, deeper, broader than eternity. So the text which flashed with lightning of wit as Christ uttered it is followed by the crashing thunders of awful catastrophe to those who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, overshadowing future. Oh, eternity ! eternity !! eternity !!!

THE ANTHEM OF THE BIRDS.

"The time of the singing of birds is come."—SOLOMON'S SONG, ii. 12.

AS the artist draws a curtain over the studio that he may better present his picture, so the dark clouds of a stormy morning will help us to bring out the vernal scene of the text. This morning coming by the park I noticed that all the tree-tops were filled with music. It is only the voice of man that halts in the storm. "The time of the singing of birds is come."

Christ was in full sympathy with the natural world. He pressed a lily in one of His sermons. You hear the echo of a bird's voice in one of His paragraphs. After a hot

day in Jerusalem He went out to spend the evening at a merchant's country-seat that he might be surrounded by beautiful natural objects. The book of nature is as *certainly inspired* as the book of Revelation.

For years I have wanted to preach a sermon on the spring-time, but it is so difficult to tell just when the spring begins and when the spring closes, and sometimes when I have desired to speak upon this subject I have awakened on Sabbath morning and found the ground covered with the frosts, and then I have adjourned the theme. This spring-time I have seen Louisiana and Canada—the one covered with roses, and in the other I was struck with the hailstorm. But the almanack says that two-thirds of the season have already gone. And when shall we celebrate the fact that “the time of the singing of birds is come?”

The wise men of the East brought to the feet of Christ frankincense and cassia, and shall we not throw down at His feet all the bloom and the redolence of orchard and garden? In New Testament times Christ is represented as stooping down and with His finger writing on the ground and they marvelled at it. Christ is still doing that very thing, and in the verdure of the mountain and the valley, and the spring-time flowers, and the sweet shrubs, Christ the Lord is still stooping down, and with His finger *writing on the ground*. When it thunders a mother is apt to say to her child, “That is God’s voice.” Why not when there comes some bright, radiant spring-time have the mother say to her child, “This is *God’s smile?*” When the odours of the fruit-blossoms laden the air would it not be well for us to say to our children, “This is God’s breath?”

Again and again has the season been defeated. Marching up the mountain-side, ever and anon hurled back and driven down the rocks, but climbing up again, until it will plant its green standards on the topmost cliff led on by bands of music in the treetops, for “the time of the singing of birds is come.” Now, let the ploughmen sharpen their coulters and charge on the tough glebe, and the harrows

with iron teeth chew up the clods, and the waters clap their hands with gladness, and the trees put bridal blossoms in their hair, and the ponds with multitudinous life make the bogs quake, for "the time of the singing of birds is come."

1. Learn first from this season described in the text, by the bird anthem, *the goodness of your God*. Do you realize the mercy of the Lord in the dominant colour of the spring-time? He might have covered the earth with a dull brown, depressing all nations into melancholy, or He might have covered the earth with a crimson, wearying the eye with its strong blaze. But no. He touches the eye with the colour most appropriate for a long while—the colour half-way between the blue and the red, the green in which is so kindly and lovingly mingled the mercy, the goodness of our God.

As sea monsters struck by harpoon shove quickly away at sea, so the winter storm-cloud struck by lances of light swims off the sky. The trees at this moment are pulling on their sleeves of foliage, and the roots their boots of sod. Buds burst like harmless bomb-shells scattering aroma on the fields. Joy of fishes in the water, joy of insects in the air, joy of cattle in the fields, joy of wings in the sky, for "the time of the singing of birds is come." Gracious God, all the sunshine Thou hast shaken from Thy robe, all the verdure is only the track of Thy feet, all the music is struck from Thy harp.

At early sunrise nature goes to morning prayers, reading the 148th Psalm: "Praise the Lord! Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars." Fowl in the yard. Flocks on the hill. Insects drinking dew from cups of hyacinth. Jasmine climbing over the stone wall. Martins come back to build their nest in the rafters of the barn, or becoming harmless eavesdroppers at our roof. All the natural world accordant and filled with the praises of God. Have you praised Him? The winds thank Him, humming amid the tree branches. The birds thank Him, and for the drop they dip from the brook fill all the sky with

roundelay. The honeysuckles praise Him, burning incense of fragrance before the throne. The oceans praise him with open diapason of tempest. Is our voice silent? Is this *the snapped harp-string*? Is the human heart the only broken instrument in the orchestration of earth, and sky, and sea? Are we the only discord in the grand oratorio of the eternities?

2. Again, the season of bird anthem in the text suggests to me *the wisdom of our God*. Dr. Paley, the Christian philosopher, wrote a very brilliant chapter about the wonders of a bird's wing. Musicians have listened in the woods, and they have written down in their portfolios in musical score the songs of the birds—the libretto of the forests. Oh, the wisdom of God in the structure of a bird's wing. Oh, the wisdom of God in the structure of a bird's voice. Could all the artists and artisans and philosophers of the earth make one dandelion? In one cup of China-aster enough wine of wisdom for all nations to drink. Where is the architect that could plan the pillar of one pond lily? Break off this morning the branch of a tree, and see in the flowing sap the divine chemistry of the alum, the sugar, the tannin, the potash, the carbonate of lime. Let them try to explain the wonders of an artichoke or radish. Let them look at a vegetable and tell the story how it has lungs, and how it has feet, and how it has an ancestry as old as the ages, and how it will have descendants as long as time, and how that in one square inch it has three hundred thousand cells, each one of which requiring the omnipotence of a God.

Galileo in prison for his advanced notions of things was asked why he persisted in believing in God, and he pointed down to a broken straw on the floor of his dungeon, and said, "Sirs, if I had no other reason to believe the wisdom and the goodness of God, I would argue them from that straw on the floor of this dungeon." Behold the wisdom of God in the construction of the seeds from which all the growths of this spring-time come forth—seeds so wonderfully constructed that they keep their vitality for hundreds

and thousands of years. Grains of corn found in the cerements of the Egyptian mummies buried thousands of years ago, planted now come up as luxuriantly and easily as grains of corn that grew last year planted this spring-time.

After the fire in London in 1666, the *Sisimbrium Iris*, seeds of which must have been planted hundreds and hundreds of years before that, grew all over the ruins of the fire. Could the universities of the earth explain the mysteries of one *ruta-baga* seed. Could they girdle the mysteries of one grain of corn? Oh, the shining firmament in one drop of dew! Oh, the untravelled continents of mystery in a crystal of snow! Oh, the gorgeous upholstery in one tuft of mountain moss! Oh, the triumphal arch in one tree-branch! Oh, the God, mighty and magnificent in an atom!

Where is the loom in which He wove the curtains of the morning? Where is *the vat of beauty* out of which He dipped the crimson and the gold and the saffron and the blue and the green and the red? Where are the moulds in which He ran out the Alps and the Pyrenees? Where is the harp that gave the warble to the lark and the sweet call to the robin, and carol to the canary, and chirp to the grasshopper?

It is the same God who has all your affairs and mine under His care and guidance. The same God who pairs the birds in this spring-time gave us our companions. The same God who shows the chaffinch how to take care of her brood will protect our children. * The same God who shows the sparrow in the spring-time how to build its nest will give us a habitation. The same God who gathers the down for the pheasant's breast will give us apparel. The same God who this day feeds the squirrels in the wood will feed us. The same God who swung a bridge of gossamer for the insect to walk over has marked out all our pathway. Praise His name! None of us so insignificant as to miss His care.

Oh, ye who are worried about your health, and worried

about your reputation, and worried about your children, and worried about your property, and worried about everything, in these spring-time days go out and listen to the song of the English sparrow, one of the richest possessions of Brooklyn. Are ye not of more value than many sparrows? Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them, oh, ye of little faith.

3. Again, the season of the text suggests the wisdom of *right building of the home nest*. I have noticed that birds build always with reference to safety. Safety against the elements, safety against intruders. But the trouble with us is that we are not so wise, and some of us build too high, and some of us build too low. God says in Obadiah, "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord." The eagle constructs its nest at an inaccessible height from rough materials and large sticks by strong claws gathered from great distances. The eider-duck takes its own feathers to help make up the nest. The magpie surrounds its nest with briars to keep off invaders. The blackbird covers its nest with loam.

I have hour after hour studied the structure of a bird's nest—a structure having more than mathematical accuracy and more than human ingenuity. Sometimes built in trees, sometimes built in rocks, sometimes built at the eaves of dwellings, but always in reference to safety; safety for themselves and safety for their young, safety from the elements and safety from intruders. Wiser than some of us, for we are apt to build too high, or build too low. He who tries to find his satisfactions in the pleasures of this world, the applause of this world, will come to disturbance and will come to destruction. There are weasels, there are foxes, there are *hawks of temptation* ever hunting for prey, and the only safe place in which to build a nest is the tree of the cross, and

the only safe rock on which to build a nest is the Rock of Ages.

I saw a man gather around him all the luxuries of life. His house was fine, his family were affectionate, his property was great, his horses were of the highest mettle, and his cattle of purest blood pastured in the meadows. His emoluments increased, his investments gathered great treasures into his lap. There was hardly room in front of his house for the gay turnouts that rolled up to the dwelling. His library and his art gallery were a miracle of opulence, and I heard him say, "Now I have all I need; my soul, eat, drink, and be merry." But the tide turned. His property went, his cattle went, his horses went, his estate went, and I saw him coming down in poverty and utterly penniless down the hill. He built his nest too high, and God shoved him out of it.

I saw a man finding his chief delight in sensualities. He drank the cup of iniquity to the dregs. He defied God and the retributions of the Judgment Day. But after awhile sorrow came, and sickness came, and exposure came, and death came down to *the ditch of sin* in which he was hiding himself, and the drunken orgie and bestial carousal ended in darkness infinite. What was the matter? He built his nest too low, and God dragged him out of it. Napoleon built his nest too high. Drunken and licentious Tom Paine, the pride of modern infidels, built his nest too low. They only are safe who build their home in God.

4. This season of the text, the season of the bird anthem, suggests to me *the superlative glories of heaven*. If this world, blasted with sin and swept with storms, is still so beautiful, what must be the attraction of the sinless world toward which we travel? This spring-time I had an opportunity of seeing almost all the phases of the spring as I went southward, from the opening buds of the northern orchards down to the blush of the gardens reaching across many States.

But, my friends, the magnificence of nature, after all,

is only the corpse of a dead Paradise, it is only the charred hulk of a giant vessel which six thousand years ago foundered, and has ever since been beating on the rocks. It is only the ruins of a temple in which lambs of innocence were to be offered, but on whose altars swine and vultures of sin have been sacrificed. Now, I say, if this world, notwithstanding all the curse of thousands of years, is so beautiful, what must be that land toward which we go? that land from which all sorrow and sighing and sin and curse is banished, and even sun and moon as too common because the Lamb is the light thereof?

I would not want to take the responsibility of saying that in addition to the spiritual excellence of heaven there shall not be also a physical and a material beauty. The Rose of Sharon, once trampled down by the horse-hoofs of crucifying soldiers, there blooming in heaven. The humble lily transplanted from the valleys of earth to the heights of Lebanon. The hawthorn, white and scarlet, reminding the beholder of his innocence and the blood which made him so. The passion flower blooming in this cold world a day, there in the more temperate zone blooming through the long years of God's life-time. A river flowing over beds of precious stones and riches, not such as go down with wrecked argosies, but such as He alone could strew who hath sown the mountains with diamond and the sea with pearl. Birds with wing never torn of sportsman or tempest, dipping the surface as you wander to its source and catch the crystal stream where it drips fresh from the everlasting rock. Such luxuriance shall kiss the pleased vision and fill the air with winged aroma, and the saints of God wandering among them may look up through the branches of the tree of life and listen and find that "the time of the singing of birds is come."

How it adds to our joy when we have friends with us while we are listening to some sweet sound, or gazing upon some beautiful object, and how our rapture will be enkindled as with our hand in Christ's we shall walk up and down amid the things which eye hath not seen nor

ear heard. The tameness of earth exchanged for the yellow of jasper, the blue of sapphire, the green of emerald, the fire of jacinth.

5. Once more, this scene of the text, this season of the bird anthem suggests to me the *importance of learning how to sing*. In a little while there will be no pause in the melody of the woods, for "the time of the singing of birds is come." Whether it be a warble, or a carol, or a chirp, or a croak, God will be praised by it as the songsters of the forest, clutching a leaf as though the notes were on it, send forth their joy, answered by a score of applauding echoes. Shall not we, more intelligent appreciators, sing?

I tell you, my friends, it is as much our duty to sing as it is to pray. Let parents educate their children in this art, this holy science. Let Sabbath-schools resound with it. Let the churches of Jesus Christ be faithful in this department of worship, and let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your heart unto the Lord. Why, my brethren, we have so much to sing about, how can we be silent?

I have noticed that sailors going out of port have a sadness in their song. I have noticed that sailors mid-Atlantic have a weariness in their song; but I have noticed that when sailors are coming into port they have an ecstasy in their song. So many of us coming nearer and nearer to the haven of everlasting rest, shall we not be jubilant in our music?

Oh, the importance of this exercise! If this part of the service in church be dull, everything runs down to the same temperature. Dull songs and dull sermons are twin brothers. In this part of the services, do not act as though you were mumbling a mass. Take the minstrelsy of the woods and sing out. All the young whose pulses bound with health—let the house of God be filled with your praise. All these business men—let them drown

their cares and the chink of money-getting in a song of praise. Ye aged ones, so near the song of Moses and the Lamb—better be getting ready for the music.

“Oh,” says some one, “there is no music in my ear, there is no music in my voice, and therefore I am silent.” Did you ever hear a quail after putting head under wing say, “I can’t sing because I am not a lark, and I am not a nightingale; at the best I can only whistle?” Ah, my friend, the world may laugh at you, but God will not laugh at you, and the most tremulous tone of the humblest Christian will be more musical as it reaches heaven than the most artistic display of elaborated opera.

Come now, each one for himself, and each one for all, one heart and one voice, let our songs on the Sabbath day be like an acclamation of victory. Our songs on earth are only Saturday night rehearsals for the songs of the Sabbath morning which shall dawn on the hills and the crystals of heaven. And, mark you, if the song here is so sweet what will be the anthem of heaven, when all the redeemed break forth into music? In this world it is sometimes very difficult to sing; the voice is muffled with the cold, or the heart is depressed with sorrow, and it is hard to sing; but when we are all free, what an anthem!

Who are these singing ones before the throne? Well, there are many little children. They came up from homes of earth, from the Sabbath-schools of earth. They came up, some from the banks of the Ganges, where they were offered in sacrifice. Now, let them sing, ten thousand times ten thousand children before the throne of God, let them sing. And there are some very aged. They struggled all through a long life, but they have got through the wilderness and got to the Promised Land. Why not let them sing now before the throne? And there is another group of those who had great heart-break. They had privations and sorrows and agonies untold; but they have fought their last battle, they have wept their last tear, they

have conquered their last enemy, they have broken their last shackle.

Now let the Martyrs sing. Oh, what a doxology. Every hand on a harp. Every foot on a throne. Every voice taking the key of rapture. Songs soft as slumbers, but loud as storm. Chorus of elders. Chorus of saints. Chorus of martyrs. Chorus of cherubim. Chorus of seraphim. Chorus of morning stars. Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God—unto Him be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end. Amen, and amen.

THE DOXOLOGIES.

*“After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.”—*REV. vii. 9, 10.

IT is impossible to come into contact with anything grand or beautiful, whether in art, or nature, or religion, without being profited and elevated. We go into an art gallery and our soul comes into communion with the soul of the painter, and we hear the hum of his forests, and the clash of his contests, and see the cloud blossoming of the sky and the foam blossoming of the deep. Much of my mental life is dated from the hour in which I first saw one of the works of the old masters in Edinburgh, Scotland. We go into a concert and we are lifted into enchantment, and for days after our soul keeps rocking with emotion as the sea after great stress of weather for

many days keeps rocking and surging before it comes to a calm.

On this same principle, it is profitable to look off upon the landscapes which John describes—the rivers of gladness, the trees of life, the thrones of power, and the comminglings of everlasting love. I wish that to-day I could take heaven out of the list of the intangibles and make it appear to you, as it really is, the great fact of history, the goal of the ages, *the grand parlour of all God's universe*. The Greek orators used sometimes with one word to arouse the utmost enthusiasm of their audiences. That word was "Marathon!" To-day I would stir your deepest, highest emotion with that imperial word, "Heaven!"

My text seems to be descriptive of heaven on a great holiday. If a man had seen New York on the day when Louis Kossuth came from Hungary and passed under the triumphal arches, and the flowers were flung into the street, and he had heard the great booming of the guns, and had come to the conclusion that that was the ordinary condition of the city, he would have been very foolish. Now while heaven is always a grand and glorious place, it seems to me that my text is descriptive of a glorious holiday, celebrative of some great event like the birth of a Christ, or His resurrection, or the overthrow of a despotism, or the rushing in of a millennium. "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

Speaking of the inhabitants of heaven, I mention their number, antecedents, their dress, the symbols they carry, and their song.

But how shall I tell you *the number of the glorified* in heaven? I have no idea, as some people seem to believe, that the chief population of heaven come from this world, but from all worlds into that great capital of the universe.

I have no idea that from this one edge of God's domain all the glory and the grandeur that shall enter heaven are to come, but from the most distant spheres of God's creation a vast multitude. A writer with very great ingenuity goes on and makes calculation of how long he thinks the world will stand, and how many people there will be in each generation, and then winds up with the mathematical calculation that there will be at last in heaven twenty-seven trillions of souls. But I have no faith in that estimate. I rather take the plain statement of my text: "A multitude that no man *can* number."

Every few years we have the census taken, and it is quite easy to understand how many people there are in a city. how many people there are in a state, or in a nation, Who could take the census of the Nations of the glorified? It is quite easy to tell how many members there are in the different denominations of Christians—the Baptists, the Methodist, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian churches, and all the churches of Jesus Christ. If they were all gathered in an audience-room what an assemblage? But it would give no idea of the great throng that shall come up at last before the throne of God from all sects, from all denominations, from all ages. These worshipped God in splendid liturgy and those in broken sentences breathed the sorrow of a broken heart. These came up from St. Paul's Cathedral, and those from a sailors' bethel. These worshipped God under shapeless rafters, and those under high sprung arch. "A great multitude that no man *can* number."

There is nothing more impressive than an army. You stand on a hill-side and see 30,000 or 40,000 men marching on—the scene is overwhelming. But take all the legions of Sennecharib, and of Xerxes, and of Cryus, and of Alexander, and of Napoleon, and all the armies of our own centuries, and then mount a fleet steed and ride along the line and review the troops, and that great host will seem only like a half-formed regiment as compared with the armies of the redeemed. I stood at Williamsport during

the war, and I saw a large part of the army march down toward the banks of the Potomac, and it seemed as if the line were interminable. But to-day I take the field glass of St. John, and look off upon the multitude, the great host, the armies of light, and beyond are thousands, and beyond are millions of souls, and I try to count the companies, and the regiments, and the battalions, but I fail, I fail. I close the portfolio, I put aside the pen, I cannot make the calculation. I have only to cry out in the words of my text: "A great multitude that no man *can* number."

Tax your imagination, torture your ingenuity, break down all your powers of calculation in trying to tell of hundreds of hundreds of hundreds, and thousands of thousands of thousands, and millions of millions of millions, and quadrillions of quadrillions of quadrillions, and quintillions of quintillions of quintillions, and then when the head aches and the heart faints, cry out in your exhaustion, "A great multitude that no man *can* number."

But my subject advances, and it tells you of *their antecedents*. "Of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues." Some of them spoke Scotch, English, Irish, Swiss, Spanish, Italian, Choctow, Iamo, Burmese. As in a city now you can tell by the accentuation from what part of the earth the people have come, so of those in *that great city of the sun* we will be able to find out from what part of this earth and from what part of other worlds they have come.

These reaped Sicilian wheat fields and those picked cotton from the pods. These under tropical skies gathered tamarinds and yams. These crossed the desert on camels, and these shot over the snow drawn by Siberian dogs. These were plunged into Austrian dungeons. These were confined in London Tower. These walked through the unnamed terrors of the Spanish Inquisition. These fought with wild beasts in the amphitheatre. These hunted the walrus and the white bear in regions of everlasting snow, and these heard the sound of fiery-winged birds in African thicket. They were white, they were black, they were red,

they were copper coloured, they were Moravian, they were Waldenses, they were Albigenses, they were Sandwich Islanders. "From all nations and all tongues."

On earth different nations prefer *different kinds of government*. We Americans prefer a republic, in England they prefer a limited monarchy, in Austria, they prefer an absolutism, but in that great land to which we go they all prefer a monarchy with Christ at the head of it; and if that monarchy should be disbanded, and it should be left to the votes of all the nations of the universe who should reign, by overwhelming and unanimous suffrage Christ would be made the President of the universe. *Magna Charta*s, bills of right, Houses of Burgers, triumvirates, congresses, parliaments dissolved at the touch of Jesus' sceptre. All antecedents, all nationalities, or to come back to the words of my text, "of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues."

But my subject advances, and it describes *the dress of the glorified*. The object of dress in this world is not only to veil the body but to adorn it. The God who twisted for the brow of the morning the blue ribbons of the sky, and hung the ear jewels of the dewdrops to the tree branch, and flung the crimson mantle of the cloud over the shoulder, and slippered with violeted green grass the feet of the spring morning—surely, that God does not despise ornate apparel.

My text says they are *in white*. In this world often we wear working apparel. It is always a sign of great weakness on the part of a man if he is ashamed to be found in his working apparel. Bright or glistening dress would be all out of place in the banking-house, or in the factory, or delving in the mine, or sweltering at the forge, or binding the books. In this world we must have on working-day apparel. But when our work is all done, and these hands are folded from earthly toil, and the chariots are all fashioned, and the temples are all finished, and the mansions are all done, no more use for working-day apparel.

In this world we often have to wear garments of mourn-

ing. Black scarf for the arm, black gloves for the hands, black veil for the face, black band for the hat. Abraham mourning for Sarah. Isaac mourning for Rebecca. Rachel mourning for her children. David mourning for Absalom. Mary mourning for Lazarus. Every second of every minute of every hour of every day a heart breaks. From zone to zone, and from pole to pole, the earth is cleft with sepulchral rent; and it is no wonder that the earth can so easily bloom and blossom, for it is so rich with mouldering life. Graves, graves, graves! But our beavements all over, our partings ended, we, standing in reunion with our loved ones, what more need of the black? what more need of mourning weeds? It will be white.

But my subject advances, and it tells you *the symbols they carry*. If my text had said they carried branches of cypress—that would have meant sorrow. If the text had said that they carried nightshade—that would have meant sin. If it had said they carried weeping willows—that would have meant mourning. But no. *Palm branch!* “I beheld a great multitude clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.”

In olden times when a conqueror came home from victorious battle, he rode at the head of the army and under the triumphal arch, and the people would come out with branches of the palm tree and wave them in the line of the returning home, and that meant greeting, and it meant victory. What *a suggestive symbol* to our souls! The glorified look back and they remember the long journey they travelled. They look back and they remember the burden they carried. They look back and they remember the glorious rescue God wrought out in their behalf, and they are exultant before the throne, waving their palms.

They kneel at the feet of Christ and then think of His wounds and His sufferings in their behalf, and they say: “This is the Christ who wept my griefs, this is the Christ who bound my wounds, this is the Christ who died my death,” and they will rise and stand waving their palms. That Christ on earth had a long and weary way. He

crunched the hard crust. Infernal spite spat on both cheeks. He was despised and rejected of men, but now the redeemed stand around about Him. They behold Him enthroned and crowned. Standing there exultant in that glorious Presence they are waving their palms. Christ remembers the story and He recites the victory. He tells of victories for the Church, victories for the truth, everlasting victory—victory of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. And as He announces these victories all the glorified, host beyond host, rank above rank, gallery above gallery, stand waving their palms.

Henry V. after a great battle called his troops to halt, and before they yet left the field, he asked the chaplain to read one of the Psalms of David that they might celebrate the victory and give God the glory. The chaplain opened at the Psalms, and when in the midst of that great army he came to the words, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name give glory," the King dismounted, and the troops all got off their horses, and the army knelt, and some upon their faces echoed the verse: "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but to Thy name give glory." But what a scene it will be when all the victorious troops of God on high, having fought their last battle, and gained their last victory, shall celebrate the joy on their knees, on their thrones, waving their palms!

My text advances one step more and speaks of *their song*. Dr. Dick declares in one of his learned works that he thinks the inhabitants of heaven will spend much of their time in the study of arithmetic and the higher branches of mathematics. I hope we shall not all have to go into that study. There is no charm in such a thought as that to me. I prefer the statement of my text that it is to be eternal psalmody. "Crying with a loud voice, Salvation to our God and unto the Lamb."

In this world we have secular songs, and nursery songs, and harvest songs, and boatmen's songs, and sentimental songs; but the greatest song of heaven, according to my text, will be salvation from death and hell unto eternal life

through the blood of the Lamb. "They cried with a loud voice, Salvation unto our God and unto the Lamb."

I see a soul entering heaven, and the loved ones who preceded it gather around and hail the newly-arrived, and they say, "What shall we sing?" and the newly-arrived says, "Sing Salvation." And after awhile there is a chain of oppression snapped, there is a throne of despotism destroyed, or the Church of Jesus Christ on earth gains some great victory, and the angels before the throne cry: "What shall we sing?" and the multitudes around about the throne will answer, "Sing Salvation." And after awhile the church militant will rush up into the arms of the church triumphant, and while the righteous are ascending, and the world is burning, and all things are being wound up, the cry will be lifted, "What shall we sing?" and there will come up a response like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of mighty thunderings, "Sing Salvation; sing Salvation for ever!"

In this world there are songs plaintive with sorrow, and there are songs dirgeful for the dead; but *no weeping symphony there*, no wailing anguish.

The dullest song will be triumphal march. Joy of cherubim. Joy of seraphim. Joy of the ransomed. Joy for ever. On earth churches sometimes sang very poorly. They sang sometimes out of accord. Some would not sing, some could not sing, some sang too high, some sang too low, some sang by fits and starts; but in that great audience of the redeemed all the voices will be in accord, and they who on earth know no difference between a plantation melody and the "Dead March in Saul," will lift an anthem which the Mendelssohns and the Beethovens and the Schumanns never imagined, and through all eternity you might listen and not hear one discord—all the heights and depths and lengths and breadths and immensities of heaven filled with hosanna.

When people entered the Temple of Diana in olden times, sometimes their eyesight was extinguished by the brilliancy of the room, the gold and the glitter of the

precious stones, and therefore the janitor when he introduced strangers always said to them, "take heed to your eyes."

The stranger entered the room with shaded vision. But, O my friend, when the song of the redeemed from every kindred, nation, tribe, and tongue rises about the throne, many voiced and multitudinous, you take heed of your ears—the song so loud and so stupendous.

They sing *a rock song*, saying: "Who is He that sheltered us in the wilderness, and was the shadow of a great rock in a weary land?" and the chorus comes in: "Christ, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." They sing *a star song*, saying: "Who is He that guided us through the night, and when all other lights went out, shone on us the morning star for the world's darkness?" and the chorus will come in: "Christ the morning star for the world's darkness." They sing *a flower song*, saying: "Who is He that brightened the way for us, and breathed perfume into our soul, and bloomed on through frost and tempest?" and the response, the chorus will come in: "Christ, the Lily of the Valley, blooming through frost and tempest." Yea, they sing *a water song*, saying: "Who is He that gleamed upon us through the top of the rock, and brightened all the ravines of earthly trouble, and was a fountain in the midst of the wilderness?" and the chorus will come in: "Christ, the fountain in the midst of the wilderness." Will we join that song? Are we to-day rehearsing for it?

A good Christian woman dying in a house near the village church where every Saturday night the choir met for rehearsal, thought she heard them singing in the last moment; but it was Wednesday night, and they were not at rehearsal. In her dying moment she said, "How sweetly they rehearse to-night; I never heard them sing so sweetly in the old church before." "Why," they said, "it isn't Saturday night; they are not rehearsing; it is Wednesday night." "Oh," she replied, "you are mistaken, it is Saturday night, and they are rehearsing now

the song." It *was* the rehearsal of a song, but not the song of earth. It was the song of heaven.

Will our closing to-day be in rehearsal for that great anthem? My friend, if we do not sing it here we will never sing it there. You want to sing it there, for this day while I speak you are thinking of loved ones who have gone over—father, mother, loved ones there. You want to know what they are doing now? I will tell you what they are doing. They are singing. You want to know what they wear? I will tell you what they wear. They wear white. Oh, if you only started this day for heaven! Angels of God, poising mid air, cry up the news: they are coming! Gate-keeper of heaven, forward the tidings. Watchman on the battlements, throw the signal. Let there be joy in heaven over sinners penitent and forgiven. They are coming! They are coming!

Oh, if we miss heaven, it will not be because we do not want to get there; but if we lose it, it will be in the same way that Louis Philippe lost his empire.

The palace was besieged, the national guards were in defence, and the general of the army said to the king: "Shall we fire?" "No," he replied, "not yet, not yet." After awhile, when the soldiers began to exchange arms with the citizens, and it was found that the castle was about to be surrendered, then the king Louis Philippe said: "Fire!" "No," said the general, "it is too late, we have surrendered." Down went Louis Phillippe, and from the face of the earth the house of Orleans, just because he said: "Not yet, not yet." God forbid that we should postpone the assault of our spiritual foes until the castle surrendered, and we have lost heaven the way Louis Philippe lost his empire. Oh, let not our great enemy ruin our souls for ever. Heaven may be won, nay, it has been already won for us by Christ, and through faith in Him we may become inheritors of present salvation and eternal glory.

HELPLESSNESS.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—GAL vi. 2.

EVERY man for himself! If there be room for only one more passenger in the life boat, get in yourself. If there be a burden to lift, you supervise while others shoulder it. You be the digit while others are the ciphers on the right-hand side—nothing in themselves, but augmenting you. In opposition to that theory of selfishness, Paul advances in my text the Gospel theory, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Everybody has burdens. Sometimes they come down upon the shoulders, sometimes they come down upon the head, sometimes they come down upon the heart. Looking over this assembly, you all seem well and bright and easy; but each one has a burden to lift, and some of you have more than you can lift. Paul proposes to split up these burdens into fragments. You take part of mine and I must take part of yours, and each one will take part of the other's, and so we will fulfil the law of Christ.

Mrs. Appleton, of Boston, the daughter of Daniel Webster, was dying after long illness. The great lawyer after pleading an important case in the court-room, on his way home stopped at the house of his daughter and went into her sick-room. She said to him, "Father, why are you out to-day in this cold weather without an overcoat?" The great lawyer went into the next room and was in a flood of tears, saying, "Dying herself, yet thinking only of me!" Oh! how much more beautiful is care for others than this everlasting taking care of ourselves. High up in the wall of the temple of Balbec there are three stones, each weighing eleven hundred tons. They were lifted up by a style of machinery that is now among the lost arts. But in my text is *the Gospel machinery*, by which the vaster

and the heavier tonnage of the world's burden is to be lifted from the crushed heart of the human race. What you and I most need to learn is the spirit of helpfulness. *Encourage the merchant.* If he have a superior style of goods, tell him so. If he have with his clerks adorned the show-windows and the shelves, compliment his taste. If he have a good business locality, if he have had great success, if he have brilliant prospects for the future, recognize all this. Be not afraid that he will become arrogant and puffed-up by your approval.

Before night some shop-going person will come in and tell him that his prices are exorbitant, and that his goods are of an inferior quality, and that his show-window gave promise of far better things than he found inside. Before the night of the day in which you say encouraging words to that merchant there will be some who will come into the store and depreciate everything, and haul down enough goods from the shelves to fit out a family for a whole winter without buying a cent's worth.

If the merchant be a grocer, there will be some one before night who will come into his establishment, and taste of this and taste of that and taste of something else, in that way stealing all the profits of anything that he may purchase—buying three apples while he is eating one orange ! Before the night of the day when you approve that merchant, he will have a bad debt which he will have to erase, a bad debt made by some one who has moved away from the neighbourhood without giving any hint of the place of destination. Before the night of the day when you have uttered encouraging words to the merchant, there will be some woman who will return to his store and say she had lost her purse, she left it there in the store, she brought it there, she did not take it away, she knows it is there, leaving you to make the delicate and complimentary inference that you prefer to make. Before night that merchant will hear that some style of goods of which he has a large supply is going out of fashion, and there will be some one who will come into the store and pay a bill under protest, saying

he has paid it before, but the receipt has been lost. Now, encourage that merchant, not fearing that he will become arrogant or puffed-up, for there will be before night enough unpleasant things said to him to keep him from becoming apoplectic with plethora of praise.

Encourage newspaper men. If you knew how many annoyances they have, if you understood that their most elaborate article is sometimes flung out because there is such great pressure on the columns, and that an accurate report of a speech is expected although the utterance be so indistinct the discourse is one long stenographic guess, and that the midnight which finds you asleep demands that they be awake, and that they are sometimes ground between the wheels of our *great brain manufactories*; shifted from place to place by sudden revolution which is liable to take place any day in our great journalistic establishments; precarious life, becoming more and more precarious—if you understood it, you would be more sympathetic. Be affable when you have not an axe to be sharpened on their grindstone. Discuss in your mind what the nineteenth century would be without the newspaper, and give encouraging words to all who are engaged in this interest, from the chief of editorial department down to the boy that throws the morning or evening newspaper into your basement-window.

Encourage mechanics. They will plumb the pipes, or they will kalsomine the ceilings, or they will put down the carpets, or they will grain the doors, or they will fashion the wardrobe. Be not among those who never say anything to a mechanic except to find fault. If he has done a job well, tell him it is splendidly done. The book is well bound, the door is well grained, the chandelier is well swung, the work is grandly accomplished.

Be not you among those employers who never say anything to their employés except to swear at them. Do not be afraid that you will make that mechanic so puffed-up and arrogant he will never again want to be seen with working apron or in shirt-sleeves, for before the night

comes of that day when you praise him there will be a lawsuit brought against him because he did not finish his work as soon as he promised it, forgetful of the fact that his wife has been sick and two of his children have died of scarlet fever, and he has had a felon on a finger of the right-hand. Denounced perhaps because the paint is so very faint in colour, not recognizing the fact that the mechanic himself has been cheated out of the right ingredients, and that he did not find out the trouble in time; or scolded at because he seems to have lamed a horse by unskilful shoeing, when the horse has for months become spavined, or ringbone, or springhalt. You feel you have the right to find fault with a mechanic when he does ill. Do you ever praise a mechanic when he does well?

Encourage the farmers. They come into your stores, you meet them in the city markets, you often associate with them in the summer months. Office-seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? *I was brought up on a farm*, I worked on a farm, I know all about it. I hardly saw a city until I was grown, and I tell you that there are no class of people in this country who have it harder and who more need your sympathy than farmers.

Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot-rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers round his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of

the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy-farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out into the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace, but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children, and pay their taxes and meet the interest on mortgaged farms—such men find a terrific struggle.

I demand that office-seekers and politicians fold up their gaseous and imbecile speeches about the independent life of a farmer, and substitute some word of comfort drawn from the fact that they are free from city conventionalities and city epidemics and city temptations. My most vivid remembrance of boyhood is of my father coming in on a very hot day from the harvest-field, and seating himself on the door-sill because he was too faint to get into the house, the perspiration streaming from forehead and from chin, and my mother trying to resuscitate him with a cup of cold water which he was too faint to hold to his own lips, while saying to us, "Don't be frightened; there's nothing the matter; a little tired, that's all, a little tired." Ever since that day, when I hear people talking about the independent life of a farmer, I see through the sham. Farmers want not your flatteries, but your sympathies.

Encourage the doctors. You praise the doctor when he brings you up from an awful crisis of disease, but do you praise the doctor when through skilful treatment of the incipient stages of disease, he keeps you from sinking down to the awful crisis? There is a great deal of cheap and heartless wit about doctors, but I notice that the people who get off that wit are the first to send for a doctor when there is anything the matter. There are those who undertake to say in our day that doctors are useless. One man has written a book entitled "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more book entitled, "Every Man His Own Undertaker."

"Oh," says some one, "physicians in constant presence

of pain get hard-hearted!" Do they? The most celebrated surgeon of the last generation stood in a clinical department of one of the New York medical colleges, the students gathered in the amphitheatre to see a very painful operation on a little child. The old surgeon said: "Gentlemen, excuse me if I retire; these surgeons can do this as well as I can, for as I get older it gives me more and more distress to see pain."

Physicians have so many hardships, so many interruptions, so many annoyances, I am glad they have so many encouragements. All doors open to them. They are welcome to mansion and to cot. Little children shout when they see them coming down the road, and the aged, recognising the step, look up and say, "Doctor, is that you?" They stand between our families and the grave, fighting back the troops of disorder that come up from their encampment by the cold river. No one hears such thanks as the doctor hears. They are eyes to the blind, they are feet to the lame, their path is strewn with the benedictions of those whom they have befriended.

One day there was a *dreadful foreboding* in our house. All hope was gone. The doctor came four times that day. The children put away their toys, and all walked on tip-toe, and at the least sound said, "Hush!" How loudly the clock did tick, and how the banister creaked though we tried to keep it so still. That night the doctor stayed all night. He concentrated all his skill upon the sufferer. At last the restlessness of the sufferer subsided into a calm, sweet slumber, and the doctor looked up and smiled, and said, "The crisis is past." When propped up with pillows, in the easy-chair, she sat, and the south wind tried to blow a rose-leaf into the faded cheek, and the children brought flowers—the one, a red clover-top; the other, a violet from the lawn—to the lap of the convalescent, and Bertha stood on a high chair with a brush smoothing her mother's hair, and we were told in a day or two she might ride out, joy came back to our house. And as we helped the old country doctor into his gig

we noticed not that the step was broken, or the horse stiff in the knees, and we all realised for the first time in our life what doctors were worth. Encourage them.

Encourage the lawyers. They are often cheated out of their fees, and so often have to breathe the villainous air of court-rooms, and they so often have to bear ponderous responsibility, and they have to maintain against the sharks in their profession the dignity of that calling which was honoured by the fact that the only man allowed to stand on Mount Sinai beside the Lord was Moses, the lawyer, and that the Bible speaks of Christ as the advocate. Encourage lawyers in their profession of transcendent importance—a profession honoured by having on the bench a Chief Justice Story and at the bar a Rufus Choate.

Encourage the teachers in our public schools—occupation arduous and poorly compensated. In all the cities when there comes a fit of economy on the part of officials, the first thing to do is always to cut down teachers' salaries. To take forty or fifty boys whose parents suppose them precocious, and keep the parents from finding out their mistake; to take an empty head and fill it; to meet the expectation of parents who think their children at fifteen years of age ought to be mathematicians and metaphysicians and rhetoricians; to work successfully that great stuffing machine, the modern school system, is a very arduous work. Encourage them by the usefulness and the everlastingness and the magnitude of their occupation, and when your children do well, compliment the instructor, praise the teacher, thank the educator.

Encourage all invalids by telling them how many you have known with the same ailments who got well, and not by telling them of their sunken eye, or asking them whether the colour of their cheek is really hectic, or mentioning cases in which that style of disease ended fatally, or telling them how badly they look. Cheerful words are more soothing than chloral, more stimulating than cognac,

more tonic than bitters. Many an invalid has recovered through the influence of cheerful surroundings.

Encourage all starting in life by yourself becoming reminiscent. Established merchants, by telling those young merchants when you got your first customer, and how you sat behind the counter eating your luncheon with one eye on the door. Established lawyers, encourage young lawyers by telling of the time when you broke-down in your first speech. Established ministers of the Gospel, encourage young ministers by merciful examination of theological candidates, not walking around with a profundity and overwhelmingness of manner as though you were one of the eternal decrees. Doctors established, by telling young doctors how you yourself once mistook the measles for scarlatina. And if you have nothing to say that is encouraging, O man! put your teeth tightly together and cover them with the curtain of your lip; compress your lips and put your hand over your mouth and keep still.

A gentleman was passing along, crossing a bridge in Germany, and a lad came along with a cage of birds for sale.

The stranger said, "How much for those birds and the cage?" The price was announced, the purchase was made, and the first thing the stranger did was to open the door of the cage, and the birds flew out into the sunlight and the forest. Some one who saw the purchase and the liberation said, "What did you do that for?" "Ah!" said the stranger, "*I was a captive myself once*, and I know how good it is to be free" Oh, ye who remember hardships in early life but have come beyond those hardships, sympathise with those who are in the struggle! Free yourself, help others to get free. Governor Alexander Stephens dying a few weeks ago persisted in having business matters brought to his bedside. There was on the table a petition for the pardon of a distinguished criminal, the petition signed by distinguished men. There was also on that table a letter from a poor

woman in the penitentiary, written and signed by herself alone.

Dying Alexander Stephens said, "You think that because I have been ill so many times and got well, I shall get well now, but you are mistaken; I will not recover. Where is that letter by that woman in the penitentiary? I think she has suffered enough. As near as I can tell she has no friends. Bring me that paper that *I may sign her pardon.*" A gentleman standing by, thinking this too great a responsibility for the sick man, said, "Governor, you are very ill now; perhaps you had better wait till to-morrow; you may feel stronger and you may feel better." Then the eye of the old Governor flashed, and he said: "I know what I am about." Putting his signature to that pardon, he wrote the last word he ever wrote, for then the pen fell from his pale and rheumatic and dying hand for ever. Oh, my soul, how beautiful that the closing hours of life should be spent in helping one who had no helper!

Encourage the troubled by thoughts of release and re-association. Encourage the aged by thoughts of eternal juvenescence. Encourage the herdsman amid the troughs of sin to go back to the banquet at the father's homestead. Give us tunes in the major key instead of the minor. Give us "Coronation" instead of "Naomi." You have seen cars so arranged that one car going down the hill rolled another car up the hill. They nearly balanced each other. And every man that finds life uphill ought to be helped by those who have passed the heights and are descending to the vale. Oh, let us bear each other's burdens!

A gentleman in England died leaving his fortune by will to two sons. The son that stayed at home destroyed the father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother after awhile returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were to be bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all, but only an

impostor. The trial came on. Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English court-room and for twenty years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that that injustice was about to be practised. He put off his official robe. He put on the garb of a miller. He went to the village where that trial was to take place. He entered the court-room. He somehow got empanelled as one of the jurors. *The bribes came around*, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller the briber gave to him only five pieces of gold. A verdict was brought in rejecting the rights of this returned brother. He was to have no share in the inheritance. "Hold ! my lord," said the miller. "Hold ! we are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery and I have received only five." "Who are you ? Where do you come from ?" said the judge on the bench. The response was : "I am from Westminster Hall ; my name is Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Off of that place, thou villain !" And so the injustice was balked, and so the young man got his inheritance.

It was all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off His robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise He won our eternal portion. Now are we the sons of God ? Joint heirs ! We went off from home sure enough, but we got back in time to receive our eternal inheritance. And if Christ bore our burden, surely we can afford to bear each other's burdens.



EVOLUTION.

"O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding oppositions of science falsely so called."—1 TIM. vi. 20.

THERE is no contest between genuine science and revelation. The same God who by the hand of prophet wrote on parchment, by the hand of the storm wrote on the rock. The best telescopes and microscopes and electric batteries and philosophical apparatus belong to Christian universities. Who gave us magnetic telegraphy? *Professor Morse*, a Christian. Who swung the lightnings under the sea, cabling the continents together? *Cyrus W. Field*, the Christian. Who discovered the anæsthetical properties of chloroform, doing more for the relief of human pain than any man that ever lived, driving back nine-tenths of the horrors of surgery? *James Y. Simpson*, of Edinburgh, as eminent for piety as for science—on week days in the university lecturing on profoundest scientific subjects, and on Sabbaths preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the masses of Edinburgh. I saw the universities of that city draped in mourning for his death, and I heard his eulogy pronounced by the destitute populations of the Cowgate. Science and revelation are *the bass and the soprano of the same tune*. The whole world will yet acknowledge the complete harmony.* But between science falsely so called and revelation there is an uncompromising war, and one or the other must go under.

At the present time the air is filled with social and platform and pulpit talk about evolution, and it is high time that the people who have not time to make investigation for themselves, understand that evolution in the first place is up and down, out and out *infidelity*; in the second place it is *contrary to the facts of science*, and in the third place, it is *brutalising in its tendencies*. I do not argue that this is a genuine book, I do not this morning say that the Bible

is worthy of any kind of credence—those are subjects for other Sabbaths—but I want you to understand that Paine and Hume and Voltaire no more thoroughly disbelieved the Holy Scriptures than do all the leading scientists who believe in evolution. And when I say scientists, of course, I do not mean literary men or theologians who in essay or in sermon, and without giving their life to scientific investigation, look at the subject on this side or that. By scientists, I mean those who have a specialty in that direction, and who through zoological garden and aquarium and astronomical observatory give their life to the study of the earth, its plants and animals and the regions beyond, so far as optical instruments have explored them.

I call into the witness-box living and dead the leading evolutionists—Ernst Hæckel, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer. On the other witness-stand, ye men of science, living and dead, answer these questions: Do you believe the Holy Scriptures? No. And so they say all. Do you believe the Bible story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? No. And so they say all. Do you believe the miracles of the Old and New Testament! No. And so they say all. Do you believe that Jesus Christ died to save the nations? No. And so they say all. Do you believe in the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost? No. And so they say all. Do you believe that human supplication directed heavenward ever makes any difference? No.

Herbert Spencer, in the only address he made in this country, in his recent visit, in his very first sentence ascribes his physical ailments to fate, and the authorised report of that address begins the word fate with a big "F." Professor Hæckel, in the very first page of his two great volumes, sneers at the Bible as a so-called revelation. Tyndall, in his famous prayer test, defied the whole of Christendom to show that human supplication made any difference in the result of things. John Stuart Mill wrote elaborately against Christianity, and to show that his rejection of it was complete, ordered this epitaph for his

tombstone: "Most unhappy." Huxley said that at the first reading of Darwin's book he was convinced of the fact that teleology, by which he means Christianity, had received its death-blow at the hand of Mr. Darwin. All the leading scientists who believe in evolution, without one exception the world over, are infidel. I say nothing against infidelity, mind you, this morning. I only wish to define the belief and the meaning of the rejection.

Now, I put opposite to each other, to show that Evolution is Infidelity, the Bible account of how the human race started and the evolutionist account as to how the human race started. Bible account: "God said, let Us make man in Our image. God created man in His own image; male and female created He them." He breathed into him the breath of life, the whole story setting forth the idea that it was not a perfect kangaroo, or a perfect orang outang, but a perfect man. That is the Bible account. The evolutionist account: Away back in the ages there were four or five primal germs, or seminal spores from which all the living creatures have been evolved. Go away back, and there you will find a vegetable stuff that might be called a mushroom. This mushroom by innate force develops a tadpole, the tadpole by innate force develops a polywog, the polywog develops a fish, the fish by natural force develops into a reptile, the reptile develops into a quadruped, the quadruped in course of time, develops into a baboon, the baboon develops into a man.

Darwin says that the human hand is only a fish's fin developed. He says that the human lungs are only a swim bladder, showing that we once floated or were amphibious. He says the human ear could once have been moved by force of will just as a horse lifts its ear at a frightful object. He says the human race were originally web-footed. From primal germ to tadpole, from tadpole to fish, from fish to reptile, from reptile to wolf, from wolf to chimpanzee, and from chimpanzee to man. Now, if anybody says that the Bible account of the starting of the

human race and the evolutionist account of the starting of the human race are the same accounts, he makes an appalling misrepresentation.

Prefer, if you will, Darwin's "Origin of the Species" to the Book of Genesis, but know *you are an infidel*. As for myself, as Herbert Spencer *was not* present at the creation and the Lord Almighty *was* present, I prefer to take the Divine account as to what really occurred on that occasion. To show that this evolution is only an attempt to eject God and to postpone Him and to put Him clear out of reach, I ask a question or two. The baboon made the man, and the wolf made the baboon, and the reptile made the quadruped, and the fish made the reptile, and the tadpole made the fish, and the primal germ made the tadpole.

Who made the primal germ? Most of the evolutionists say, "We don't know." Others say it made itself. Others say it was spontaneous generation. There is not one of them who will fairly and openly and frankly and emphatically say, "God made it."

The nearest to a direct answer is that made by Herbert Spencer, in which he says it was made by the great "unknowable mystery." But here comes Huxley with a pail of protoplasm to explain the thing. This *protoplasm*, he says, is primal life giving quality with which the race away back in the ages was started. With protoplasm he proposes to explain everything, Dear Mr. Huxley, who made the protoplasm?

To show you that evolution is infidel, I place the Bible account of how the brute creation was started opposite to the evolutionist's account of the way the brute creation was started. Bible account: You know the Bible tells how that the birds were made at one time, and the cattle made at another time, and the fish made at another time, and that each brought forth after its kind. Evolutionist's account: From four or five primal germs or seminal spores all the living creatures evolved. Hundreds of thousands of species of insects, of reptiles, of beasts, of

fish, from four germs—a statement utterly opposed to and flatly contradicting not only the Bible, but the very A B C of science.

A species never develops into anything but its own species. In all the ages and in all the world there has never been an exception to it. The shark never comes of a whale, nor the pigeon of a vulture, nor the butterfly of a wasp. Species never cross over. If there be an attempt at it, it is hybrid and hybrid, and is always sterile, and has no descendants.

Agassiz says that he found in a reef of Florida the remains of insects thirty thousand years old—not three, but thirty thousand years old—and they were just like the insects now. There has been no change. All the facts of ornithology and zoology and ichthyology and conchology, but an echo of Genesis, chapter i. verse 21: “every winged fowl after his kind.” Every creature after its kind. When common observation and science corroborate the Bible I will not stultify myself by surrendering to the elaborated and high-sounding guesses of evolutionists.

To show that evolution is infidel I place also the Bible account of how worlds were made opposite the evolutionist's account of how worlds were made. Bible account: God made two great lights—the one to rule the day, the other to rule the night; He made the stars also. Evolutionist's account: Away back in the ages there was a fire mist or star dust, and this fire mist cooled off into granite, and then this granite by earthquake and by storm and by light was shaped into mountains and valleys and seas, and so what was originally fire mist became what we call the earth.

Who made the fire mist? Who set the fire mist to world-making? Who cooled off the fire mist into granite? You have pushed God some sixty or seventy million miles from the earth, but He is too near yet for the health of evolution. For a great while the evolutionists boasted that they had found the very stuff out of which this world and all the other worlds were made. They lifted the telescope

and they saw it, the very material out of which worlds made themselves!

Nebula of simple gas. They laughed in triumph because they had found *the factory where the worlds were manufactured*, and there was no God anywhere about the factory! But in an unlucky hour for infidel evolutionists the spectroscopes of Fraunhofer and Kirchoff were invented, by which they saw into that nebula and found it was not a simple gas, but it was a compound, and hence had to be supplied from some other source, and that implied a God, "who alone doeth wondrous things," away went their theory. Shattered into everlasting demolition.

So these infidel evolutionists go wandering up and down guessing through the universe. Anything to push back the Jehovah from His empire and make the one book which is His great communication to the soul of the human race appear obsolete and a derision. But I am glad to know that while some of these scientists have gone into evolution, there are more that do not believe it. Among them, the man who by most is considered the greatest scientist we ever had this side the water—Agassiz. A name that makes every intelligent man the earth over uncover.

Agassiz says: "The manner in which the evolution theory in zoology is treated would lead those who are not special zoologists to suppose that observations have been made by which it can be inferred that there is in nature such a thing as change among organised beings actually taking place. There is no such thing on record. It is shifting the ground of observation from one field of observation to another to make this statement, and when the assertions go so far as to exclude from the domain of science those who will not be dragged into this mire of mere assertion, then it is time to protest."

With equal vehemence against this doctrine of evolution Hugh Miller, Michael Faraday, Brewster, Dana, Dawson, and hundreds of scientists in this country and other countries have made protest. I know that the few men who

have adopted this theory make more noise than the thousands who have rejected it. The Bothnia of the Cunard Line took five hundred passengers safely from New York to Liverpool. Not one of the five hundred made any excitement. But after we had been four days out, one morning we found on deck a man's hat and coat and vest and boots, implying that some one had jumped overboard. Forthwith we all began to talk about that one man. There was more talk about him than all the five hundred passengers that rode on in safety.

"Why did he jump overboard?" "I wonder when he jumped overboard?" "I wonder if when he jumped overboard he would like to have jumped back again?" "I wonder if a fish caught him, or whether he went clear down to the bottom of the sea?" And for three or four days afterward we talked about that poor man.

Here is the glorious and magnificent theory that God by His omnipotent power made man, and by His omnipotent power made the brute creation, and by His omnipotent power made all worlds, and five thousand scientists have taken passage on board that magnificent theory, but ten or fifteen have jumped overboard. They make more talk than all the five thousand that did not jump. I am politely asked to jump with them. Thank you, gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you. I think I shall stick to the old ship. If you want to jump overboard, jump, and test for yourselves whether your hand was really a fish's fin, and whether you were web-footed originally, and whether your lungs are a swim bladder. And as in every experiment there must be a division of labour, some who experiment and some who observe, you make the experiment and I will observe!

I tell you, my friends, that natural evolution is not upward, but it is always downward. Hear Christ's account of it. Fifteenth Matthew and nineteenth verse: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." That is *what Christ said of evolution*. Give natural evolution full swing

in our world and it would evolve into two hemispheres of crime, two hemispheres of penitentiary, two hemispheres of lazaretto, two hemispheres of brothel. New York Tombs, Moyamensing Prison, Philadelphia, Seven Dials, London, and Cowgate, Edinburgh, only festering carbuncles on the face and neck of natural evolution. See what the Bible says about the heart and then what evolution says about the heart. Evolution says, "Better and better and better gets the heart by natural improvement." The Bible says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Who can know it? When you can evolve fragrance from malodour, and can evolve an oratorio from a buzz-saw, and can evolve autumn pippins from a basket of decayed crab-apples, then you can by natural evolution from the human heart develop goodness. Ah! my friends, evolution is always downward! never upward.

What is remarkable about this thing is, it is all the time developing its dishonesty. In our day it is ascribing this evolution to Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin. It is a dishonesty. Evolution was known and advocated hundreds of years before these gentlemen began to be evolved. The Phœnicians thousands of years ago declared that the human race wobbled out of the mud. *Democritus*, who lived 460 years before Christ—remember that—knew this doctrine of evolution when he said: "Everything is composed of atoms, or infinitely small elements, each with a definite quality, form and movement, whose inevitable union and separation shape all different things and form laws and efforts and dissolve them again for new combinations. The gods themselves in the human mind originated from such atoms. Everything is necessary and determined by the nature of the atoms which have certain mutual affinities, attractions, and repulsions." *Anaximander* centuries ago declared that the human race started at the place where the sea saturated the earth. *Lucretius* develops centuries ago, in his poems, the doctrine of evolution.

It is an old heathen corpse set up in a morgue. Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer are trying to galvanise it. They drag this old putrefaction of three thousand years around the earth, boasting that it is their originality, and so wonderful is the infatuation that at the Delmonico dinner given in honour of Herbert Spencer a few weeks ago there were those who ascribed to him this great originality of evolution. There the philosophical banqueters sat around the table in honour of Herbert Spencer, vigorously chewing beef and turkey and roast pig, which according to their doctrine of evolution made them eating their own relations !

There is only one thing *worse than English snobbery*, and that is American snobbery. I like democracy and I like aristocracy ; but there is one kind of ocracy in this country that excites my contempt, and that is what Charles Kingsley, after he had witnessed it himself, called snobocracy. Now I say it is a gigantic dishonesty when they ascribe this old heathen doctrine of evolution to any modern man.

When I come to speak of the dishonesties and deceptions of evolution, I find I shall have to adjourn much of my subject until next Sabbath morning, and then go on perhaps on the following Sabbath morning, answering still further this evolution doctrine as it is advocated. I shall notice among others a sermon in an Episcopal church in New York by an eminent divine who demands the Expurgation of the Bible. We have evolved into such a condition now-a-days, that the grand old Bible is not good enough for us. We have got to evolve another kind of Scripture.

We must discuss all these points, but enough for me this morning to say in closing, I am not a pessimist but an optimist. I do not believe everything is going to destruction ; I believe everything is going on to redemption. But it will not be through the infidel doctrine of evolution, but through our glorious Christianity, which has effected all the good that has ever been wrought and which is yet to

reconstruct all the nations on the face of a sin-blighted earth.

What is that in the offing? A ship gone on the rocks at Cape Hatteras. The hulk is breaking up, crew and passengers are drowning. The storm is in full blast and the barometer is still sinking. What does that ship want? Development. Develop her broken masts. Develop her broken rudder. Develop her drowning crew. Develop her freezing passengers. Develop the whole ship. That is all it wants. Development. Oh, I make a mistake. What that ship wants is a lifeboat from the shore. Leap into it, you men of the life station. Pull away to the wreck. Steady there! Bring the women and children first to the shore. Now the stout men. Wrap them up in flannels, kindle a crackling and roaring fire until the frozen limbs are thawed out, and the blood circulates, and between their chattering teeth you can pour restoration.

Our world is on the rocks. God launched it well enough, but through mispilotage and the storms for six thousand years it has gone into the breakers. What does this old ship of a world want? Development. There is enough old evolution in the hulk to evolve another mast and another rudder and to evolve all the passengers and evolve the ship out of the breakers. Development. Ah! no, my friends, what this old shipwreck of a world wants is *a lifeboat from the shore*. And it is coming. Cheer my lads, cheer. It is coming from the shining shores of heaven, taking the crests of ten waves with one sweep of the shining paddles. *Christ is in the lifeboat*. Many wounds on hands and feet and side and brow, showing He has been long engaged in the work of rescue, but yet mighty to save. —to save one, to save all, to save for ever. My lord and my God, get us into the lifeboat! Away with your rotten, deceptive, infidel, and blasphemous evolution, and give us the Bible, salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord.

“Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
Till all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.”

ADVANTAGES OF SHORT LIFE.

"*The righteous is taken away from the evil to come.*"
ISAIAH lvii. 1.

WE all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth, we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenberg in old age said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand no more expressed his sentiment when it said:—

"I would not live alway."

If one be pleasantly circumstanced he never wants to go. *William Cullen Bryant*, the great poet, at eighty-two years of age, standing in my house in a festal group, reading "*Thanatopsis*" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at eighteen years of age he wrote that immortal threnody. *Cato* feared at eighty years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. *Monaldesco* at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. *Theophrastus* writing a book at ninety years of age was anxious to live to complete it. *Thurlow Weed* at about eighty-six years of age found life as great a desirability as when he snuffed out his first politician. *Albert Barnes*, so well prepared for the next world, at seventy said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time that Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet lest it should shorten his days.

Indeed, some time ago I preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but in this, the last day of 1882, and when many are filled with sadness at the thought that another chapter of their life is closing, and that they have 365 days less to live, I propose to preach to you about *the blessings of an abbreviated earthly existence.*

1. Compact life-work. But, my friends, you are not agnostics. You believe in immortality and the eternal residence of the righteous in heaven, and therefore I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is a blessing because *it makes one's life-work very compact.*

Some men go to business at seven o'clock in the morning and return at seven in the evening. Others go at eight o'clock and return at twelve. Others go at ten and return at four. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business, others who are five hours, others who are one hour. They all do their work well; they do their entire work and then they return. Which position do you think the more desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business and who can return home the quickest is the most blessed.

Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at nine o'clock in the morning. If he die at forty-five years of age, he gets through his work at twelve o'clock at noon. If he die at seventy years of age, he gets through his work at five o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at ninety, he has to toil all the way on up to eleven o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. All we want is to get our work *well done*, and the quicker the better.

2. It often averts disaster. Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that *moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer.* Last week a man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to State prison for fifteen years. Twenty years ago there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If

they had died thirty years before, it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a *wrong theory* abroad that if one's youth be right his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic Ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were school mates or college mates of some great defaulter, "What kind of a boy was he? What kind of a young man was he?" and they have said, "Why, he was a splendid fellow; I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in mid life, or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean it was as smooth as a mill-pond, and I thought the sea captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "*The Smile of the Sea,*" but I never afterwards could have written that thing, for before we got home we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth; the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in prosperity do not end it in prosperity.

The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction, at about forty-five years of age a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself up, until the stimulants keep him down; or a man has been going along for thirty or forty years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonourable action he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm and he falls into it.

Do you know the reason why the vast majority of people die before thirty? It is because they have not the moral endurance for that which is beyond the thirty, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

3. Relief from the defensive. Again: There is a

blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that *one is the sooner taken off the defensive*. As soon as one is old enough to take care of himself he is put on his guard. Bolts on the doors to keep out the robbers. Fire-proof safes to keep off the flames. Life insurance and fire insurance against accident. Receipts lest you have to pay a debt twice. Lifeboat against shipwreck. Westinghouse air-brake against railroad collision, and hundreds of hands ready to overreach you and take all you have. Defence against cold, defence against heat, defence against sickness, defence against the world's abuse, defence all the way down to the grave, and even a tombstone sometimes is not a sufficient barricade.

If a soldier who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defence and go into the king's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard for twelve hours, or the man who has to stand six hours? We have common-sense about everything but religion, common-sense about everything but transference from this world.

4. Bereavements escaped. Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that *one escapes so many bereavements*. The longer we live the more attachments and the more kindred, the more chords to be wounded or rasped or sundered. If a man live on to seventy or eighty years of age, how many graves are cleft at his feet! In that long reach of time father and mother go, brothers and sisters go, children go, personal friends outside the family circle whom they had loved with a love like that of David and Jonathan.

Besides that, some men have a natural trepidation about dissolution, and ever and anon during forty or fifty or sixty years, this horror of their dissolution shudders through soul and body. Now, suppose the lad goes at sixteen years of age? He escapes fifty funerals, fifty coffins, fifty

obsequities, fifty awful wrenchings of the heart. It is hard enough for us to bear their departure, but is it not easier for us to bear their departure than for them to stay and bear fifty departures? Shall we not by the grace of God rouse ourselves into the generosity of bereavement which will practically say, "It is hard for me to go through this bereavement, but how glad I am that he will never have to go through it."

So I reason with myself, and so you will find it helpful to reason with yourselves. David lost his son. Though David was king, he lay on the earth mourning and inconsolable for some time. At this distance of time, which do you really think was the one to be congratulated, the short-lived child or the long-lived father? Had David died as early as that child died, he would, in the first place, have escaped that particular bereavement, then he would have escaped the worse bereavement of Absalom, his recreant son, and the pursuit of the Philistines, and the fatigues of his military campaign, and the jealousy of Saul, and the perfidy of Ahithophel, and the curse of Shimei, and the destruction of his family at Zizlag, and above all, he would have escaped the two great calamities of his life, the great sins of uncleanness and murder. David lived to be of vast use to the Church and the world, but so far as his own happiness was concerned, does it not seem to you that it would have been better for him to have gone early?

5. Hastens arrival at the metropolis. Again, my friends, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that it puts one sooner in the centre of things. All astronomers, infidel as well as Christian, agree in believing that the universe swings around some great centre. Any one who has studied the earth and studied the heavens knows that God's favourite figure in geometry is a circle. When God put forth His hand to create the universe, He did not strike that hand at right angles, but he waved it in a circle and kept on waving it in a circle until systems and constellations and galaxies

and all worlds took that motion. Our planet swinging around the sun, other planets swinging around other suns, but *somehow a great centre* around which the great wheel of the universe turns. The centre is heaven. That is the capital of the universe. That is—the great metropolis of immensity.

Does not our common-sense teach us that in matters of study it is better for us to move out from the centre towards the circumference, rather than to be on the circumference where our world now is? We are like those who study the American continent while standing on the Atlantic beach. The way to study the continent is to cross it, or go to the heart of it. Our standpoint in this world is defective. We are at *the wrong end of the telescope*. The best way to study a piece of machinery is not to stand on the doorstep and try to look in, but to go in with the engineer and take our place right amid the saws and cylinders. We are down in the cellar trying to study the palace of the universe, while our departed Christian friends have gone upstairs amid the skylights to study.

Now, when one can sooner get to the centre of things, is he not to be congratulated? Who wants to be always in the elementary class? We study God in this world by the Biblical photograph of Him; but we all know we can in five minutes of interview with a friend get a more accurate idea of him than we can by studying him fifty years through pictures or words. The little child that dies at six months of age, to-day knows more of God than all the theological institutions in Christendom. Is it not better to go up to the headquarters of knowledge?

Does not our common-sense teach us that it is better to be at the centre than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cracks and the keyholes of heaven—afraid that both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our entranced vision—rushing about among the apothecary-shops

of this world, wondering if this is good for rheumatism, and that is good for neuralgia, and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick."

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the centre. What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the Maytime orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains, and paths up and down which angels of God walk two and two.

We are like persons standing on the *cold steps of the national picture gallery* in London, under umbrella in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners and the Titians, and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in." I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say, "but we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so attached to them we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is so much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its water stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river ploughed with graves with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation and I want to break up your infatuation with this world. I tell you, if we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if there are blessings in longevity I

want you to know right well there are also blessings in an abbreviated earthly existence.

If the spirit of this sermon is true, how consoled you ought to feel about members of your family that went early. "Taken from the evil to come."

What a fortunate escape they had! How glad we ought to feel that they will never have to go through the struggles which we have had to go through! They had just time enough to get out of the cradle and run up on the springtime hills of this world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping-place. They were like ships that put in at St. Helena, staying there long enough to let passengers go up and see the barracks of Napoleon's captivity, and then hoist sail for the port of their own native land. They only took this world in passing. It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning because another year has gone; but we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are 365 miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood, that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live for ever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you have to move out of a shanty into a palace.

Last Christmas Day I witnessed something very thrilling. We had just distributed the family presents on Christmas morning, when I heard a great cry of distress in the lobby. A child from a neighbour's house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors off, and I think in two minutes we were there. There lay *the old Christian sea-captain*, his face upturned towards the window as though he had suddenly seen the headlands, and with an illuminated countenance as though he were just going into harbour. In the adjoining room were the Christmas

presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbour and a better man than Captain Pendleton you would not find this side of Heaven. Without a moment's warning, the pilot of the Heavenly harbour met him just off the lightship.

He had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to go in New York harbour with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into the harbour that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and Captain Penleton said to his mate, "You call me at ten o'clock at night." At twelve o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said, "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at ten o'clock, and here it is twelve." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at ten o'clock, and you got up, looked around and told me to keep right on this same course for two hours, and then to call you at twelve o'clock." Said the Captain, "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that."

At twelve o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of the cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or any later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything; all I have on board is yours; I feel too greatly honoured of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him. He never got any pay except that of his own applauding conscience.

Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours. Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into harbour with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had through faith in the finished atoning work of Christ's eternal redemption.

LOST SHEEP.

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—ISAIAH liii. 6.

WITHIN ninety years at the very longest this entire audience will be in eternity. During the next fifty years you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swathe among the people. The year 1882 will to some be the finality. This may be *the last sermon* that some one will hear. Under these circumstances, while I have a somewhat poetic nature, and might indulge in trope and figure and simile, I dare not do so. God never gave to any man a greater fondness for mirth than I naturally have, and yet under this solemnity I would not dare to indulge it. This service, this hour in spiritual things, will be to some in this assemblage a life-struggle or a death-grapple.

I. The first half of my text is an indictment.

"All we like sheep have gone astray." Some one says, "Can't you drop that first word? that is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience, and he looks over on the opposite side of the house and says, "There is a *blasphemer*, and I understand how *he* has gone astray. And in another part of the house is a *defaulter*, and *he* has gone astray. And there is an *im-*

pure person, and *he* has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, "*All we like sheep have gone astray.*"

I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible, and cried out, "Oh, my sins, my sins," and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

I was brought up in the country, like many of you, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says, "*All we like sheep have gone astray.*" *Sheep get astray in two ways*: either by trying to get into other pastures, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us get astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of distant streams, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God through Jesus Christ gave our soul, and we wandered on, and we wandered on, and we were lost. *We wanted bread and we found garbage.* The further we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles but no pasture.

How was it in *the club-house* when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associations? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you, perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life?

“There is a happy land, far, far, away,
Where saints immortal reign, bright, bright as day.”

Did your *business associates* in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got money, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him! The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage.

A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried, “Wake up, wake up!” So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success.

Poor pasturage for your soul you found in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. O! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought and immortal. .

What is a soul? It has a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, “It is only a man.” It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle ground of *three worlds*, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on, he will watch the procession. A man!

The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

"Substantial comfort will not grow
On nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil."

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared by the dogs.

The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor sheep fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn in the hedges and they are plashed in the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep.

It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873 when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged by creditors, you were dogged by the banks, you were dogged by worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. Oh man! that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you!

You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God to-day your soul would burst into an agony of tears, and you would address the heavens with the cry, "God have

mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder, "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

When Sebastopol was being bombarded in 1855, *two Russian frigates* burned all night in the harbour, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble; the cannonade and the conflagration and the multiplication and the multitude of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

II. But the last part of my text opens a divine door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the tunes astring. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth, and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "Him." Him of the manger, Him of the bloody sweat, Him of the resurrection throne, Him of the crucifixion agony. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

"Oh!" says some man, "that isn't generous, that isn't fair; let every man carry his own burden, and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I are walking down the street both hale, hearty, and well, and I ask you to carry me, you say and say rightly "walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment and I was wounded in the battle and fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades saying, "Come

and help; this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital;" and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen and put me in the ambulance, and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything mean in your doing that? Would there be anything bemeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh! no. You would be mean not to do it.

That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts then it would be better to go and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt; cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle. We have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabres of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell—the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God. Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of His fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon His knee and then with a dead lift He raises us to honour and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Then will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Appennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other—how much less can you carry all the sins of your life-time? Christ comes and looks down in your face and says, "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights; I have come to bear your burdens and to pardon your sins and to pay your debts. Put them on My shoulder—put them on My heart." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At

times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamery and volatile the world, while as they look forward to it eternity is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here, and no rest hereafter, and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds, and of men who never found any hope. They went out of life just as they are now. They sat in the same place where you sit, then they heard the Gospel call, they rejected it, they passed out of life, and their voice comes to us from the eternal world this morning, saying, "Take the Gospel; this is your chance; my day is gone; I am undone! who will push back this bolt? Who will put down this sorrow?" And the caverns forlornly echo, "Who, who?"

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self-righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say this morning is true. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Yonder is a man who would say: "I was the worst drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I

destroyed myself, I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the mal-treatment, I treated her with cruelty and unkindness. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until one day I got a letter saying: 'MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have tried every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken-hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that He has said: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." From your loving wife, MARY.'

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting-house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing:

'All may come, whoever will,
This Man receives poor sinners still.'

"And I dropped right there where I was and I said, 'God have mercy,' and He had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all

this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim : 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a woman who would say : "I wandered off from my father's house ; I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul ; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and He said, 'Poor thing, go home ! your father is waiting for you ; your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing !' and, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out, I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of Him of whom it is said : 'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is here a young man who would say : "I had a Christian parentage and bringing up : I came from the country to city life ; I started well ; I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night *at the theatre* I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals, and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said : 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said : 'What do you mean, sir ?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting to-night, I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come ?' I said 'I will,' and went.

"I went to the place where I was lodging. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in ; and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father, I sobbed right out, and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just there gave my heart to God ; and I know this morning, that what you say is truth ; I believe it in my own experience. 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Oh! my brother, without stopping to look as to whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your face is bloated with sin or not, let me give you one warm, brotherly Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of Him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation this morning to all who are bound, pardon for all sin, and eternal life for all the dead.

Some one comes here this morning, and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place He spreads abroad His hands, and they were nailed. You see His feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you His wounded heart. I say, "Art Thou weary?" "Yes," He says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence camest Thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with Thee?" He says, "No one; I have trodden the winepress alone." I say, "Why comest Thou here?" "Oh!" He says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people." And He kneels and he says: "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And conscious of my own sins, first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God.

I say: "Canst thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the Church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst Thou bear any more?" He says: "Yea, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst Thou bear more?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God and I say: "Canst Thou bear them?" "Yea," He says, "more."

But *He is departing*. Clear the way for him, the Son of God. Open the door and let him pass out. He is carry-

ing our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abyss, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take your sins to-day? or do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" O! brother, then you will perish. I know not how near some of you have come to crossing the line.

A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath: "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night, I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said: "Perhaps it will be yourself." "O! no," the other replied, "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

To-day, the Saviour calls. All may come. *God never pushes a man off.* God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off, he jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "Whosoever will let him come." Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever!

There may be in this audience just one man who will reject the Gospel. It seems to me that the vast multitude will see that the Gospel is reasonable and they will surrender themselves to God; but there may be in this house just one who will refuse the Gospel, and pass out and pass down. Let me take solemn leave of such an one. Watch cautiously your health, for when your life ceases here, all pleasant experiences cease. Walk not near the scaffolding lest a brick or a stone should fall and you should be ushered into a world for which you have no preparation. To-morrow morning you will go over to the shop, or the bank, or the factory, and they will say: "Where were you on the Sabbath?" You will say, "I was at the Tabernacle and I heard the Gospel preached; there were some things in the sermon I didn't believe, I could not receive, I could not

accept." And so the days will go by, and the hours and the moments until after a while eternity will rush upon you. I am speaking to just that one soul. Farewell, thou doomed spirit! As thou shovest off from hope I waive thee this salutation. O! it is hard to part for ever. I bid thee a long, a last, a bitter, an eternal adieu!

"While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinner, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found."

In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession Heavenward.

Seated here during the last service we had was a man who came in and said: "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said: "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found Him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel Him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterwards in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said: "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved, not now; the door is shut." And another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out of the front door of the Tabernacle, saying: "I am a lost man."

"Behold! the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that—the judgment!"

THE SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—PSALMS xxiii. 1.

WHAT with post and-rail fence, and our pride in South-down and Astrakhan and Flemish varieties of sheep, there is not much use for the old time shepherd. He could catch all the poetry there was abroad, standing twelve hours, perhaps, watching the sheep by day, and then waking at night, looking up at the stars. If the stars, or the flowers, or the torrents had anything to say, the shepherd was very apt to hear it. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who afterwards took his position in the brilliant circle of Christopher North and Lockhart, says he got his inspiration while watching the sheep of his employer, Mr. Laidlaw. There was a quaint poetry in the heart of the old time shepherd. One of them having lost his only son, was overheard making this prayer: "O, Lord, it hath seemed fit to Thee to take the staff out of my right hand, at the time when to us sand-blind mortals I most needed it, and how I am to climb up the hill of sorrow and auld age without it, Thou mayst ken but I dinna."

David, the shepherd boy, was watching his father's sheep, watching them on the very hills where a Lamb was born afterward, of which you have heard much—"the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." He was beautiful, he was musical, he was poetic. He struck a harpstring which was vibrated through all the ages. David the shepherd boy, getting ready to become David the poet, David the king, David the warrior. Like other boys, I suppose he sometimes cut the sapling with his knife, and in after days he came to say, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." He remembered how, in those early times, the juice exuded from the tree branch.

One night, lying on his back looking up at the stars, it seemed to him as if the sky was *a piece of Divine embroi-*

dery, the threads of light and beads of stars worked into it, and in after time he said, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained." When he became an old man, talking about the goodness of God, the bleating of his father's sheep seemed to come across the years, and he remembered the time when he watched those sheep on the hills of Bethlehem, and he cried out: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." 1. First, I propose to speak to you this morning of the shepherd's plaid.

It would be an absurd thing for a man to go forth for rough work in very exquisite apparel. The potter does not toil at the wheel in velvet, nor does the waiting maid come to her duty in satin, nor does the shepherd clothe himself in soft apparel when he goes forth among the storms, and among the rocks, and among the wildernesses to look after the lost sheep.

Christ, *our Heavenly Shepherd*, put aside the girdle of light and the robes of power, and the sandals of beauty, and wrapped Himself in the torn, and tattered, and be-soiled garments of our humanity, coming forth on the mountains to look after the lost sheep, wrapped in the shepherd's plaid. I know that nearly all the old painters represent a halo around the babe Christ; but I do not suppose that there was any more halo around that child's head than there was around the head of any other child born that night—that Christmas eve in the land of Judea.

We often hear of the robe that Christ wore in after time of *the seamless robe*, and people speak of it as something very costly and very beautiful because it was a seamless robe. Why, my friends, there was no beauty about it at all. The scissors, and the needle had done nothing to make it graceful. It was just a rough sack with three holes in it, one for the neck and two for the arms. You tell me that the soldiers gambled for that seamless robe at Christ's crucifixion. That is no proof that it was a valuable garment. It was not a costly garment, it was not

a remarkable garment. It was an old and homely garb that Christ wore.

O! it was humiliating work on which Christ came, it was *rough work*, it was rugged work on which Christ came. The storms were to beat Him, the mobs were to pursue Him, the crowds to jostle Him, the dust was to besprinkle Him. O! Heavenly Shepherd, well didst Thou leave behind Thee Thy imperial robe. Come forth, O Heavenly Shepherd, wrapped in the plaid of our humanity, our poor humanity, our sinful humanity, our lost humanity!

“Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer.”

2. I come in the next place to speak of the shepherd's crook. This is a rod with a curve at the end which has to be dropped on the neck of a sheep when it goes astray, and with that crook it is pulled back. When not employed in that way, the shepherd would often use it as *a crutch to lean upon*. I have a shepherd's crook in my house full of suggestiveness to me. When I parted in 1879 from *the Earl of Kintore* in London, he said to me—“Mr. Talmage when you get to America, send me a stick”—by which the Englishman or the Scotchman means a cane—“and then I will send you a stick. I despatched the cane from New York for Aberdeen, Scotland, but before it got there the good Scotch earl had entered upon higher honours than Great Britain could ever give him—even the honours that are before the throne of God. After a time came, in a very careful package, a shepherd's crook beautifully engraved and prepared, but still a shepherd's crook—the first one I ever saw, meaning more to me as it stands in my house than any other shepherd's crook possibly could mean. It was sent to me, I suppose, as suggestive of my work as an under shepherd, the office that every sincere minister of Jesus Christ holds.

Well, now, the shepherd's crook was an absolute necessity in olden times—bringing back the lost sheep, finding

one wandering out in this direction, pulling him back. And finding a sheep wandering out in another direction, pulling him back. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray," and if the Lord had not dropped His crook upon our back long ago, we would have fallen over the precipices into ruin.

There is a man who is making too much money. He has got proud, vain, his heart is puffed up, and he says: "I am independent of everything. My soul, eat, drink, and be merry; you are provided for." Disaster comes, commercial misfortune. His estates fly. He gets down on his knees and says: "O! Lord, art Thou against me, that all my estate is swept away?" O! no, my brother, the Lord has not any grudge against you; He has only dropped on you the shepherd's crook, not in wrath, but in mercy, pulling you back out of your worldliness.

O! the mercies of our troubles! When I was crossing the ocean, I got *a cinder in my eye*, that was very painful, and I went to many friends to have them remove it. They only irritated it and made it worse. I was told that the engineer down among the furnaces had particular skill in removing a cinder from the eye, so I went down to him. . He was a swarthy man. . He seemed too stout for so delicate a work. He put his sooty hand upon me, and then he took out his knife and he turned the lid of the eye over the knife, and I was affrighted, I can assure you, but without any hurt, and in an instant, the trouble was all gone. He was as gentle as he was strong. We have something that is going to destroy our spiritual eyesight. Giant trouble comes along, and black-handed, he lays hold of us, and he removes that which would have ruined our spiritual eyesight for ever.

You find apples and plums in the shade of the tree, and the richest Christian fruits are to be found in the deep shadow of trouble. During the last war the question was often asked, "Will the coloured soldiers fight well if they are put in the army?" The question was asked in the North and in the South, and the coloured troops were

tried on both sides, and they were heroic. And I tell you, my friends, it is not the white regiment of joy, not the white regiment of gladness, that wins the greatest victory for your soul, the black regiment of trial, the black regiment of temptation and want and woe that is going to get for you the greatest victory. I take all the gladnesses of your life and I put them in one regiment of ten companies under *Colonel Joy*, and then I gather all the sorrows of your life and I put them in one regiment of ten companies under *Colonel Breakheart*. Which gets the greater triumph? The regiment under *Colonel Breakheart*.

There is one passage I am afraid you misinterpret: "*The bruised reed* He will not break." I have heard that explained hundreds of times, but it seemed to me it is explained in the wrong way. "The bruised reed He will not break." The shepherd used to play on these reeds, and the least bruise would spoil them, and when one of these reeds of the shepherd got bruised the shepherd never mended it. He snapped it in twain and threw it away, and then made another instrument of music—prepared another reed. It was very easily prepared. Now, says Isaiah, that is not the way God does with His children. When all music is gone out of their souls, He does not snap them in twain and throw them away; He mends them. He thinks they are worth restoring. "The bruised reed He will not break."

3. I come in the next place to speak briefly of the shepherd's dogs. You know they go after those which are astray and bring them back into the fold. Every shepherd has dogs—every shepherd, from the nomads of Bible times down to the Scotch herdsman watching his flocks on the Grampian Hills. And our Heavenly Shepherd has His dogs. They are the persecutions and the trials of this life which hound us back to the fold; and you know there are those who spend their whole life in barking at Christians. Let a Christian go astray, or let him show any imperfection of character, how many of these dogs there

are that will hound him, and bark at him, and bite at him; and they howl, and they howl, and the Lord just allows them to drive the lost sheep back to the fold. Your persecutions and your trials are not to make you mad, they are to save you. They are the shepherd's dogs gone out to drive you in.

Almost everybody has the hounds after him sometimes. Occasionally it is *an ecclesiastical dog*, sometimes it is a *political dog*, sometimes it is a *social dog*; but do not blame him. They are the dogs of the Good Shepherd, not to devour you, not to tear you to pieces, but to drive you in nearer the heart of the Great Shepherd, and there they can do you no harm.

The more dogs there are after you, the quicker you will get to the gate. Do you not know that the bloody muzzles of persecution in the days gone by have hounded millions of souls into glory? They are only shepherd's dogs—shepherd's dogs that persecuted God's people. They have their work, they have their mission. Only come up nearer the heart of the Great Shepherd.

Every shepherd has *a mark for his sheep*. I was in Canada last summer, in a region where there were innumerable sheep, and I said to the farmers: "It seems to me your flocks would get inextricably mixed." "Oh," said one of the farmers, "don't you see the mark on each one?" On one you would find the red mark, on another a blue mark, on another a yellow mark, on another a black mark, on another a crooked mark, on another a straight mark, so that every shepherd coming forth, every farmer coming forth, may pick out his sheep. So the Lord knoweth them that are His. How? By a mark He has put upon them, a red mark—*the mark of the cross*. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

4. The shepherd's pasture ground. The shepherd drives his sheep to the mountains in summer, down into the valleys in winter. He has wells prepared, and they are covered up with large stones so that the elements will not destroy the

wells; and then he whistles up the dogs, and calls to the sheep, and he leads them this way and that way, and yonder, finding for them the very best pasture. So the Lord leads His flock; in the summer, to the mountains; in the winter, to the valleys. By which I mean that in warm days of prosperity He leads us up on sun-gilt Sabbath tops and on hills of transfiguration, and we are so high up we can almost see the gates of the great city. Then there come wintry blasts and storms of trouble, and He drives us down into the valley, and we say, "Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? Are His mercies clean gone for ever?"

But blessed be God, His sheep can find pasture anywhere; between two sharp rocks the succulent promises, green pastures by still waters, long, sweet grass between bitter graves. O! yes. I suppose you have noticed *the structure of the sheep's mouth*. It is so made that it can pick up the blade of grass, or the head of clover from the very narrowest place; and God's children can get instruction anywhere if they seek for it. Where others can find none, they can find plenty. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the Heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

5. The shepherd's fold. At sheep-shearing time there was great rejoicing in olden times and in lands where they had shepherds. Wine was poured, and there was dancing and great glee. There was a wall enclosing the sheep, so that the shepherds could go out and count the sheep easily, and see if any had been carried off by the jackals, or any had been wounded. That was called the sheep-fold. And the Lord, the Divine Shepherd, has His sheep-fold. I speak now of the place He has provided for His loved ones in the better country.

How the old sheep will be glad when they see *the lost*

lambs. The walls of that sheepfold so high that no sorrow can climb in—so high that no joy can break out. Millions of children in heaven! O! how they will catch up the song. If they danced and clapped their hands on earth, what will they do when to the gladness of childhood on earth, is added the gladness of childhood in heaven? O! this thought ought to take all the morbidity out of our religion, and all the morbidity out of our thoughts about dying. Religion too often seems to be planing a coffin, or driving a hearse, or to smell of the varnish of the funeral casket. Come out into the sunlight of Gospel provision and Gospel instruction, and understand that he who goes out of this world pardoned by the grace of God and washed in the cleansing blood of Christ, goes into the heavenly sheepfold.

When Moscow was burning, there was *a party dancing* in the palace right over a gunpowder magazine. They did not know the flame was approaching, so the leader of the festivity shouted: "One dance more!" and the voice was taken up through the palace, and the cry was "One dance more!" and the music played and the feet bounded and the laughter rang out; but suddenly through the fire and the smoke and the thunder of the explosion eternity broke. Alas! that some will dance on in their sins and their frivolities, and their worldliness, until in an hour that they know not eternity breaks in and they are destroyed, and that without remedy.

Come into the sheepfold. The gate is wide open. I invite one, I invite all. Do not let any one sitting or standing in all the house think that he is not invited. I swing open the door this morning so wide all the world may come in fourteen hundred million abreast. O! the generosity of Christ the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep, and who takes lost sheep back, accepting the worst man and lifting him to a throne in Heaven. Do you not hear the bars falling, the bars of the sheepfold so that you can all come in? Now is the time for your salvation.

Sometimes a shepherd will play so sweetly upon the reed or upon the pipe that the sheep will gather round and listen. Although they are dumb and unintelligent animals, still they seem charmed by the shepherd's music. And will not the voice of my Heavenly Shepherd this day sweetly call you as by divine and celestial music to come away from your sin and to enter into the secure and glorious sheepfold of the Gospel? Would that all this flock might this morning hear the piping of the Good Shepherd.

CELESTIAL SYMPATHY.

"Likewise joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety-and-nine just persons who need no repentance"—LUKE xv. 7.

A LOST sheep! Nothing can be more thoroughly lost. I look through the window of a shepherd's house at night. The candles are lighted. The shepherd has just placed his staff against the mantel-piece. He has taken off his coat, shaken out of it the dust and hung it up. I see by the candle light that there are neighbours who have come in. The shepherd, fagged out with the long tramp, sits down on a bench, and the wife and the children say to him, "Come now, tell us, how you found the poor thing?"

"Well," he says, "this morning I went out to the yard to look at the flock. No sooner had I looked over the fence than I saw something wrong. The fact was they did not count right. Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. M'Donald, you know we had a hundred. And I wondered which one was gone, and where it was gone, and I began again, and I counted ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. Well, I whistled up the dogs, and I started on the

fields and across the bridges, and I tracked the moors, and I leaped the gullies, but no bleating of the poor thing did I hear.

"I said to myself, 'The lamb must have fallen into a ditch and broken its neck, or a pack of hungry wolves from the mountain seeking their evening prey must have torn it to pieces and sucked its life out.' But I could not give it up. You see it was a *pet lamb*. It was that one with the black spot on the right shoulder, that used to come and lick my hand as I crossed the field, and somehow I could not give it up. So I went on and on and on until after a while I heard the dogs bark, and I said, 'What's that?' Then I hastened to the top of the hill, and I looked down, and there I saw the poor lamb. It had fallen into the ditch, and as I came where it was and bent over the ditch, and stooped down to lift the poor thing out, I wish you could have seen the loving, and imploring, and tender way it looked at me. I lifted it out, and it was all covered with the slush and the mud. It was an awful thing to do, but I lifted it out, and it was so lame and so weak it could not walk alone, so I threw it on my shoulders, and I started homeward; and the condition of that lamb you may judge of from the coat which I have just hung up. But I tramped on and on until it is *safe in the yard*, poor thing; Thank God!"

Then the shepherd's wife spread the table and brought out the best fare that the cabin could afford, and they sat up very late that night, and they talked, and they laughed, and they sang, and they ate, and they drank, and they danced, and told over and over again the story of the lost sheep that was found.

With such tenderness and rusticity of illustration does Christ represent the sinner's going off and the sinner's coming back, when He says, "Likewise there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." To repent is to feel that you are bad, and to be sorry about it, and to turn over a new leaf,

and to pray for forgiveness and help. Just as soon as a man does that, they hear of it in Heaven, and it fills them with joy. There are no gossips in glory going around to chatter and laugh when a man falls; but there are many souls in glory who are glad to run about and tell it when a man is saved. The news goes very quick from gate to gate, and from north wall to south wall, and from east wall to west wall, and soon every citizen of Heaven has heard it: for "there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

I can very easily understand how there should be joy in Heaven over a Pentecost with *three thousand souls* saved in one day—no mystery about that; I can understand how there should be joy in Heaven over the Scotch parish of Shotts, when four hundred souls were saved under one sermon of Mr. Livingstone; I can understand how there should be joy in Heaven over the great awakening in the time of Harland Page, when in one year *four hundred and seventy-three thousand* souls were brought to God in the United States; I can understand very easily how there should be joy in Heaven over *five hundred thousand souls converted* in 1857, in this country; but mark you, my text announces there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over *one*, just one sinner that repenteth.

Some cathedrals have one tower; some cathedrals have two, three, four towers. Did you ever hear their bells all ring at once? I am told that the great bell in the cathedral of St. Paul rings only on rare occasions, for instance, at the death or the birth of a king. Have you seen a cathedral with four towers; and have you heard them all and altogether strike into one great chime of musical and far-resounding gladness?

Here is a man who is *moral*. He is an example to a great many professors of religion in some things; he never did a mean thing in his life; he pays all his debts, and is a good citizen and a good neighbour, but he says he is not a Christian. Some days the Holy Spirit comes into his heart and he sees that he cannot depend on his morality

for salvation. He says: "O Lord God, I have been depending upon my good works, I find I am a sinner, and I want Thy salvation. Lord, for Jesus' sake, have mercy on me." And God pardons him, and immediately one of the towers of Heaven strikes a silvery chime, for there are *four towers to the Heavenly temple*.

Here is a man who is *bad*; he knows he is bad, and everybody else knows he is bad, but he is not an outcast, far from being an outcast. He moves in respectable circles. But one day, by the power of the Holy Ghost, he rouses up to see his sinfulness, and he says: "O Lord, have mercy, I am a wanderer, and without Thee I perish. Have mercy." God hears him, and immediately two of the lofty towers of Heaven strike the silvery chime. But here is an outcast. He was picked up last night out of the gutter and carried to the police station. He has been in the penitentiary three times. He is covered and soaked with loathsomeness and abomination. Arousing from his debauch, he cries out: "O God have mercy upon me. Thou who didst pardon the penitent thief, hear my cry for mercy." And the Lord listens and pardons, and no sooner is the poor wretch pardoned than three of the great towers of Heaven strike up a silvery chime, and pour forth melodious music.

But here is *a waif of the street*. She passes under the gaslight, and your soul shudders with a great horror. No pity for her. No commiseration for her. As she passes down the street, she hears a song in a midnight mission, and as she tremblingly listens she hears:

"All may come, whoever will,
This Man receives poor sinners still."

She puts into that harbour, she kneels by the rough bench near the door, she says, "O, Lord! Thou who didst have mercy on Mary Magdalene, take my blistered feet off the red hot pavement of hell." God says, "My daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Now, *all the four*

towers of Heaven strike a silvery chime, and they who pass through the celestial streets cry, "What's that: why the worst sinner must have been saved. Hear all the four towers ring, and ring, and ring." And the glad response is given: "There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

1. My subject impresses you, I think, with the inspiring thought that it is possible for us to augment the happiness of heaven. People think that souls before the throne are as happy as they can be. I deny it. Look at that *mother* before the throne of God. When she died she left her son in this world a vagabond. That son repented of his iniquities and came to God. The report of that salvation has reached Heaven. Do you tell me that mother before the throne of God has not *her* joy richly augmented? There is many a man in this house to-day who could go out with a torch and kindle a new bonfire of victory on the hills of Heaven. If you would this day repent and come to God, the news of your salvation would reach Heaven, and then, hark! to the shout of the ransomed.

Your little child went away from you into the good land. While she was here you brought her all kinds of beautiful presents. Sometimes you came home at nightfall with your pockets full of gifts for her, and no sooner did you put the door-key into the latch than she laughingly began to ask you, "Father, what have you brought me?" She is now before the throne of God. *Can you bring her a gift to-day?* You may. Coming to Christ, and repenting of your sin, the happy tidings will go up to the throne of God, and your child will hear of it. Oh, what a gift for her soul to day!

I was at Sharpsburg during the war, and one day I saw a *sergeant* dash past on a lathered horse, the blood dripping from the spurs. I said, "That sergeant must be going on a very important message, he must be carrying a very important dispatch, or he wouldn't ride like that." Here are two angels of God flitting through the house, flitting towards the throne on quick dispatch. What is

the news? Carrying up the story of souls repentant and forgiven, carrying the news to the throne of God, carrying the news to your kindred who are for ever saved. O, "there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Yes; Heaven's happiness may be augmented.

And suppose this whole audience should turn to the Lord this morning? Heaven would be filled with doxologies. O, Heaven, beat with all thy hammers that the rock may break! O, Heaven, strike with all thy gleaming swords that our souls may be free!

I was reading of a *king* who, after gaining a great victory, said to his army, "No; no shouting, let everything be quiet; no shouting." But if this morning your soul should come to God, nothing could stop the armies of God before the throne; for "there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth." In some families where tenderest affection rules, they keep a vacant chair and a vacant plate for the departed; but if in some of your households you kept a vacant chair and a vacant plate for those who have gone away from you into the next world, the vacant chairs and the vacant plates would outnumber those which are occupied. I once said to you there are no vacant chairs in Heaven; but I recall that. Right beside your loved one in that good land there is a vacant chair, not made vacant by death, for death never enters there; it is a vacant chair for you. Will you take it?

2. I am also impressed with the idea that Heaven and earth are in close sympathy.

People talk of Heaven as though it were a great way off. They say it is hundreds of thousands of miles before you reach the first star, and then you go hundreds of thousands of miles before you get to the second star, and then it is millions of miles before you reach Heaven. They say Heaven is the centre of the universe, and we are on *the rim of the universe*. That is very manifestly not the idea of my text.

I think the heart of Heaven beats very close to our world. We *measure distances by the time* taken to traverse those distances. It used to be a long distance to San Francisco. Many weeks and months were passed before you could reach that city. Now it takes seven days. It used to be six weeks before you could voyage from here to Liverpool. Now you can go that distance in eight or nine days. And so I measure the distance between earth and Heaven, and I find it is *only a flash*. It is one instant here, and another instant there. It is very near to-day. Do you not feel the breath of Heaven on your face? Christ says in one place it is not twenty-four hours' distance, when He says to the penitent thief, "This day, this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It is not a day, it is not an hour, it is not a minute, it is not a second. O! how near Heaven is to earth!

By oceanic cable you send a message. As it is expensive to send a message, you compress a great deal of meaning in a few words. Sometimes in two words you can put vast meaning. And it seems to me that the angels of God who carry news from earth to Heaven, need to take up this morning, in regard to your soul, only two words in order to kindle with gladness all the redeemed before the throne, "Father saved," "mother saved," "son saved," "daughter saved." And "there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

3. My subject impresses me with the fact that the soul's salvation is of vast importance.

If you should make £20,000 this year, do you suppose that news should be carried to Heaven? It would not be of enough importance or significance to be carried heavenward. If at the next quadrennial election you are made President of the United States, do you suppose that news would be carried to Heaven? do you suppose that the news of a revolution in France or Spain would be carried by angels to Heaven?

These things are not of enough importance, but there is *one item that is sure to be carried*. It is the salvation of

your soul, it is your repentance before God. The flying hoofs of God's couriers clash through the gates, and the news goes from gate to mansion, and from mansion to temple, and from temple to throne, and "there is joy in Heaven" among the angels of God over one sinner forgiven. It must be of vast importance to be of any moment in Heaven, your salvation, in that land where gladnesses are the everyday occurrence, and where the common stones of the field are jasper, and emerald, and chrysoprasus, and carbuncle, and sardonyx. And yet, the news of your salvation makes joy before the throne of God.

You remember four or five years ago, a *stage-driver in the White Mountains* became very reckless. He had a large number of passengers on the stage, and the stage was drawn by six horses, wild and ungovernable, and he drove near the precipice, and he drove off, the stage with its precious freight rolling down the embankment, and many were slain, but few only were saved. I suppose when they wrote home, they wrote with sincere congratulation at their rescue.

The angels of God look down and they see men driving on the edge of great precipices of ruin and danger, drawn by wild, leaping, foaming, and ungovernable perils in this life, and if any shall escape before they capsize do you not suppose the angels of God rejoice, crying: "Good, good! Saved from sin, saved from sin, saved from death, saved from hell, saved for ever? Glory to God in the highest."

Will there be news this day in Heaven of your salvation? I stand here and plead for your immortal soul, the soul for which Jesus died. What a vast work is this soul-saving, if really the redemption of one immortal spirit makes joy before the throne!

The Supreme Court of the United States does not adjourn for anything trifling. It must be the death of a cabinet minister, or the death of a President, or some matter of great moment. When I find all Heaven adjourning its other joys for this one joy, I make up my mind it is of

very great importance if Heaven can afford to adjourn all other festivities to celebrate and magnify this one triumph.

Do you wonder that so many of these Christian people have toiled night and day in this work of soul saving, if it is of such vast importance? Do you wonder that Nettleton and Finley, and Bishop Asbury, and John Wesley, and George Whitfield, and Paul, and angels, and Christ, and God gave themselves to the work? Around that one soul circles the mist, the fire, the darkness, the joy, the anthem, the wailing, the hallelujah, and the woe of God's universe. If the soul perish, then all hell beats its gongs of terror and despair. If the soul is saved, then lip comes to trumpet and fingers to harp and hammer to bell and "there is joy among the angels of God over that one soul forgiven." For such a soul I plead this morning.

Having found in all the varying phases of my own experience that this religion is a comfort and a joy, I stand here to commend it to you. In the days of my infancy I was carried by Christian parents to the house of God, and consecrated in baptism to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but that did not save me. In after time I was taught to kneel at the Christian family altar with father and mother and brothers and sisters, the most of them now in glory; but that did not save me. In after time I read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and all the religious books around my father's household; but that did not save me.

But one day the voice of Christ came into my heart saying, "Repent, repent, believe, believe," and I accepted the offer of mercy, and though no doubt there was more joy in Heaven over the conversion of other souls because of their far-reaching influence, I verily believe when I gave my heart to God there were some spirits in Heaven the gladder for the deed. "There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Turn this day to the Lord who bought you. Let this whole audience surrender themselves to Jesus Christ. If

for ten, twenty, fifty years you have not prayed, begin now to pray. "Oh!" you say, "I can't pray." Can you not say, "God be merciful to me a sinner?" "No," you answer, "I can't say that." Then can you not look to the throne of mercy? "No," you reply, "I can't look up." Can you not then give some signal, like that which was given by the lad in the hospital? He was sick and suffering and dying, and wanted speedily to go away from all suffering and pain, and he said to his comrades in the hospital, "It is strange to me that Jesus doesn't see me when he goes through here and takes others to Himself; He goes through here and He doesn't see me. I must be asleep and He doesn't know I want to go. Now I tell you how I'll arrange it. I'll go to sleep with my hand up, and then when Jesus comes through the hospital to-night He will see my hand lifted, and He will know by that I want to go with Him."

So it was done. For that night Jesus went through the hospital and took the suffering lad, and the next morning the nurse passing through the wards of the hospital saw the dead hand lifted, braced on one side against the pillow, and the left hand holding the elbow of the right arm. *Jesus had seen the signal* and answered it and taken home the suffering lad.

O! sick soul, wounded soul, dying soul, canst thou not give some signal? Wilt thou not lift one hand or one prayer? If thou lookest thou shalt live. God grant that this day there may be joy in Heaven among the angels of God over your soul forgiven!

THRESHED OUT.

"For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised: because he will not ever be threshing it."—ISAIAH xxviii. 27, 28.

THE heat has been almost insufferable; in the furnace much human life has been consumed; many families have been broken; misfortunes of various kinds have come upon various people; and, I suppose, standing in any congregation to-day, in this country, the great need of ninety-nine out of a hundred is solace. Look, then, to this much-neglected allegory of my text.

There are *three kinds of seed* mentioned, fitches, cummin, and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds, like the carraway or the chick-pea. When these grains or herbs were to be threshed they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff, or rod, or flail, and beat them until the seed would be separated; but when the corn was to be threshed that was thrown on the floor, the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron-dented wheels; that cart would be drawn around the threshing-floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of threshing for different products. "The fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon a cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised, because he will not ever be threshing it."

The great thought in the text is that we all go through a threshing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honourable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "*Doctor Cantwell*." Thomas Babing-

ton Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "*Babbetongue* Macaulay." Norman Macleod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligned in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood, and looked at the funeral procession, and said: "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he should shine as the stars for ever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the honoured father of Methodism.

If such men could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulum. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." Besides that there are the sicknesses, and the bankruptcies, and the irritations, and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lip. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics, which if deciphered, would make out *a thrilling story of trouble*. The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

Even amid the joys and hilarities of life, trouble will sometimes break in. As when the people were assembled in the Charlestown theatre, during the Revolutionary war, and while they were witnessing a farce, and the audience was in great gratulation, the guns of an advancing army were heard, and the audience broke up in wild panic and ran for their lives, so oftentimes while you are seated amid the joys and festivities of this world, you hear *the cannonade of some great disaster*. All the fitches, and the cummin, and the corn must be pounded on the threshing-floor.

1. My subject teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on one threshing-floor might look over to the corn on another threshing-floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn. We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had

lips, would answer and say : " Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have ? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am ; if you were you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favourites simply because their barns are full, and their bank account is flush, and there are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin ; while down at the end of the lane *the poor widow may be the Lord's corn*. You are but little pounded because you are but little worth, and she bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest.

The weight of the threshing-machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much threshed in life, perhaps there is not much to thresh ! If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries the gatherers go out with large baskets ; but when the draught has almost consumed the fruit, then a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand at Melita, and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian vociferation, and the skinned ankles of the painful stocks at Philippi, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn-ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff, to bring Paul to his proper development.

It was not because Robert Moffat, and Lady Rachel Russell, and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer ; it was because they were better, and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the threshing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

2. Next, my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear. The staff for the fitches. The rod for the cummin. The iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say ; "*Oh, I can't bear it!*" But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if He had not known that you could bear it. You trembled

and you swooned ; but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many, nor from your lungs one sigh too deep, nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate. All is proportioned.

You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphazard. Oh, no ; *they are threshing instruments* that God just suits to your case. There is not a solitary bad debt on your ledger, or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up, but that have gone down, or a dishonesty of your business partner, or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of business that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help and profit. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me—I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn-thresher ; but after it has been threshed and winnowed it has a better opinion of winnowing mills and corn-threshers than before.

"Well," you say, with much honest simplicity, "if I could choose my troubles, I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurt it does not get sanctified. Your trial, perhaps, may be *childlessness*. You are fond of children. You say : "Why does God send children to that other household, where they are unwelcome, and are beaten and thrust about, when I would have taken them in my arms of affection?" You say, "*Any other trial but this.*" Your trial, perhaps, may be a disfigured countenance, or a face that is easily caricatured, and you say : "Oh, I could endure anything *if only I was good looking.*" And your trial, perhaps, is a *violent temper*, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you. Your trial is the *asthma*. You say, "Oh, if it were rheumatism, or neuralgia, or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such a difficult and exhausting thing to breathe."

Everybody has some vexation, or annoyance, or trial,

and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say; "anything but this." Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world, anyhow? It is the most merciful and glorious wise Being in all the universe. You cannot teach Omnipotence anything.

You have fretted and worried almost enough. Do you not think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels. Here is a naval architect, and he draws out the plan of a ship of many thousand tons. Many workmen are engaged on it for a long while. The ship is done; and some day, with the flags up and the air gorgeous with bunting, that vessel is launched for Southampton. At that time, a lad six years of age comes running down the dock with a toyboat which he has made with his own pocket-knife, and he says: "Here, my boat is better than yours. Just look at this jibboom and these weather cross-jack braces;" and he drops his little boat beside the great ship, and there is a roar of laughter on the docks!

Ah! my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—vast, million-tonned, ocean-destined, eternity-bound. That little boat is your life as you were trying to hew it out, and fashion it, and launch it. Ah! do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the bankruptcies, just the cross that it is best for you to have. He knows *what kind of grain you are*, and he sends the right kind of threshing-machine. It will be the rod, or staff, or iron wheel, just according as you are fitches, or cummin, or corn.

3. My subject teaches that God keeps trial on us until we let go. The farmer shouts "Whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grains is dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw, and he sees that the straw has let go the grain, and the grain is

thoroughly threshed. So God. Smiting rod and turning wheel both cease as soon as we let go.

We hold on to this world, with its pleasures, and riches, and emoluments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on for ever. God comes along with some threshing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter and so many miles in circumference, and we said, "Oh, what a huge world!" Trouble came in after life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world, and, in some estimations, a very insignificant world; and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent off, fifty per cent off, and there are those who would not give sixpence for this world—the entire world—as a soul possession.

We thought that *friendship* was a grand thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship; and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh! it was a charmed thing: but does it mean as much to you as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you *merely another axe to grind!* Friendship is not what it seemed.

So with *money*. We thought if a man had a competency he was safe for all the future; but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous encumbrance; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death-warrant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow. And God, by all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen our grip; but still we hold on. God smites us with a staff; but we hold on. And He strikes us with a rod; but we hold on. And he sends over us the iron wheel of misfortune; but most tenaciously we hold on.

There are men who keep their grip on this world until the last moment, who suggest to me the condition and conduct of *the poor Indian in the boat in the Niagara rapids*, coming on towards the Fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge, he lifted a wine bottle and drank it off, and then tossed the bottle into the air. So there are men who clutch the world, and they go down through the rapids of temptation and sin, and they hold on to the last moment of life, drinking to their eternal damnation as they go over and go down.

Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes are in heaven. There are no absconding cashiers from that bank, no failing in promises to pay. "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep upon you the staff, or the rod, or the iron wheel until you do let go.

4. Another thing my text teaches us is that Christian sorrow is very shortly going to have a sure terminus. My text says: "Bread corn is bruised, because he will not be ever threshing it." Blessed be God for that! Pound away, O flail. Turn on, O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever threshing it." Now the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the stop tremulant as he has for the trumpet. But after a while he will put the last dirge into the portfolio for ever. So much of us as is wheat will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no more need of pounding.

They never cry in heaven, because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all round about you. There are no tears of poverty, because each one sits at the King's table, and has his own chariot of salvation, and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias in the air, and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life, and no crutch for the lame limb, and no splint for the broken arm; but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God, in a

climate like our June before the blossoms fall, or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

In that land the souls will talk over the different modes of threshing. Oh ! the story of the staff that struck the fitches, and the rod that beat the cummin, and the iron wheel that went over the corn. Daniel will describe the lions, and Jonah leviathan, and Paul the elmwood whips with which he was scourged, and Eve will tell how aromatic Eden was the day she left it, and John Rogers will tell of the smart of the flame, and Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled him up to the sky-steeps, and Christ of the numbness and the paroxysm and hemorrhages of the awful crucifixion. There they are before the throne of God. On one elevation all those who were struck by the staff. On a higher elevation all those who were struck by the rod. On a higher elevation, and amid the highest altitudes of heaven, all those who were under the wheel. "He will not ever be threshing it."

Oh ! my hearers, is there not enough salve in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds ? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it, "Now, it will soon feel better." And that is what God says when He unbosoms all the trouble in the hush of this great promise, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You may leave your pocket handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They whom you leave behind will wear black, you will wear dazzling white. Cypressess for them : palms for you.

You will say : "Is it possible that I am here ? *Is this heaven ?* Am I so pure now that I will never do anything wrong ? Am I so well that I will never again be sick ? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken ? Is that Mary ? Is that John ? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness ? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room that awful night dying ! Oh,

how radiant they are ! Look at them ! How radiant they are !

Then the gates of heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vision, will look ten thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession — a river of shimmering splendour — and will cry out, "Who are they?" And the angel of God, standing close by, will say, "Don't you know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who came out of great tribulation, or threshing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Oh ! that I could administer some of these *drops of celestial anodyne* to these nervous and excited souls. If you would take enough of it it would cure all your pangs. The thought that you are going to get through with this after a while, all this sorrow and all this trouble. We shall have a great many grand days in heaven, but I will tell you which will be the grandest day of all the million ages of heaven. You say, "Are you sure you can tell?" Yes, I can. It will be the day we get there. Some say heaven is growing more glorious. I suppose it is ; but I do not care much about that. Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more exciting or gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before, a massacre had occurred at Cawnpore, and two hundred and sixty women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpore they went into the room ; and, oh, what a horrid scene ! Sword-strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died ; and they saw also that the floor was ankle-deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it, lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on

that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death; waiting amid anguish untold; waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically—when, one day, Havelock, and Outram, and Norman, and Sir David Baird, and Peel, the heroes of the English army—huzza for them!—broke in on that horrible scene, and while yet the guns were sounding, and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side, and from the travel-worn and powder-blackened soldiers on the other—right there in front of the royal palace there was such a scene of hand-shaking, and embracing, and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emaciated women who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarcerations, one wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and wounds, and leaned against the wall, and threw his cap up and shouted, 'Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!'

Oh! that was *an exciting scene*. But a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into heaven from the conflicts and incarcerations of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle, and wan with hunger, and while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna, you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window—oh, no; I forget; I forget; they will have no need of the candle or of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever. Hail! hail! sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty!

Thanks be unto God who here *first* gives us the forgiveness of our sins, and *then* the victory over all temptation and trial, through Jesus Christ, His Son. He is the way

to triumph and the eternal crown. He suffered in His own body on the tree, that He might secure for us all an abiding and all-glorious salvation. Without His friendship, life is a failure, and will end in rayless gloom. Faith in Him is the password into the presence of His reconciled Father. Oh, believe, trust in Him; love the Son of God's mighty love, and, when the shadows of the night have fled away, they shall be succeeded by the sunshine of the morning.

THE GO-BETWEEN.

"For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."—1 TIM. ii. 5.

WORDS of an old minister to a young theological student. Paul to Timothy. The old man was afflicted with diseased eyes. The pain was so sharp and stinging that he describes it as "a thorn in the flesh," and he so excites the sympathy of his friends that he says on one occasion that they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him in substitute for his poor eyes. But though the apostle's physical eyesight was so poor, he had grand spiritual vision, and he saw Jesus Christ as no man on earth ever saw him. Christ was to him the ark of all perfection. Alegone is the name of the brightest star of the Pleiades, and it is supposed to be at the centre of the great arc in which our sun and the planets move. Jesus Christ to Paul was the brightest star and the centre star, the Alegone of his spiritual astronomy.

In my text Paul calls Christ *an arbitrator*. For some reason heaven and earth swung apart. They were once fully accordant. Paradise was only a colonization of the celestial. The trees on the banks of the river Hiddekel were a transplantation from a higher garden. Earth was a

long sweet echo of heaven, but in the evilest hour of eternity our progenitor reached up his hand and unhooked the chain that Bound the celestial and terrestrial, and forthwith we are all adrift. From this high treason of our progenitor, a high treason in which at some time we all sympathized, there must come severe punishment unless there be some plan projected different from anything that human brain ever dreamed of.

How is it possible for a God who hates sin with such withering, all-consuming and everlasting fury, to be brought into amity with our recreant and sinful world? It will never be done except through negotiation. You and I have known persons who had a difference seemingly irreconcilable, yet after a while they shook hands.

We have read in history of nations that were in divergence, seemingly beyond all adjustment, and yet they signed a compact. And I wonder if there is not something that can bridge over the difference between the Creator and the created, between the immaculate and the sinful, between eternity and time, between earth and heaven? Hear, all ye spaces of earth and all ye armies of heaven. Where is the one who will step forth able and willing to effect this negotiation? In vain we look among the heroic and the gallant of earth. They have sturdy hearts, but are not brave enough for this. In vain we look among all the thrones of the angels. Not one of the angels is willing to be dethroned for this negotiation. Where is the relief to come from?

We want a champion, Heaven and earth both want champions if this matter is to settled. But who shall be our champion in this great difference between heaven and earth? Jesus Christ steps forth, and He says: "I will undertake that work at which all the universe is silent and abashed." And He lays one hand on the earth and He lays the other hand on heaven, and He swings them together. Strophe and antistrophe of music celestial. "For there is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." So our text declares.

It is my delightful work now to show how Christ is qualified for this work of arbitrament. You know very well that if two be at variance, the third party coming in must be *on good terms with both* the parties. If you and I are at variance, and a third party comes in to settle the difficulty, and he is my antagonist, I will reject him. If he be your antagonist, you will reject him. The third party coming in for the work of mediation must be on good terms with both of us.

Behold Christ's qualifications! God looks at Him and says, "My Son!" We look at Him and say, "Elder Brother!" He will look after God's rights, for He has filial affection. He will be sympathetic with us, for He is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Heaven can trust Him with its holiness, its justice, its attributes, and knows that He will bring all the armies of the universe for help if it be necessary to keep its glory unsullied; while, on the other hand, we know that between manger and cross He will never forget our interests, and, if need be, to stop the swift rolling car of destruction will throw His own life on the bloody track.

The crossbeam of the tree of crucifixion was nailed to the upright beam at the centre. God's justice starts at one end of that crossbeam and advances towards the centre. Our necessity starts from the other end of that crossbeam and advances towards the centre; and they both meet in the heart of the Son of God. He has in His nature the God side, the man side. Oh wonderful conjunction! Oh wondrous condescension!

Historians scoff at Louis Philippe because he was so merciful, but it was the grand characteristic of his nature, and he is to me one of the most lovable characters of history. He always felt, when for some reason he could consistently pardon a man, he had gained a victory, and one morning he said: "I gained seven men last night." In other words, he had found it possible to pardon seven men for their crimes. How many our Lord has gained I am not enough mathematician to calculate. You had

better ask the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand. Perhaps they can tell. So wonderfully qualified for this diplomacy between God and man is Christ Jesus. On good terms with both parties.

But you know also, my friends, that in order to successful intervention between two estranged parties, the mediator *must be characterized by integrity*. Most of us remember when Napoleon called a congress of nations, and some of the monarchs came to the congress, other governments sent their prime ministers, and other governments flatly refused to come. Why? Because they looked upon Napoleon as an imperial villain. Integrity is absolutely necessary for arbitrators. And here is Christ's qualification of integrity. All heaven cried three times, "Holy, holy, holy!" Opulence spoils men, great authority sometimes makes them cruel, but all the wealth and all the power of heaven did not spoil Christ. "He is the altogether lovely." On the other hand, all human hatred put Him under the microscope of hypercriticism.

There was not a minute of His life that the detectives were not after Him. They saw where He went and when He went. It was the business of hundreds of men to find out something bad in Christ. Not one evil word, not one evil action could they report. All the charges were unsubstantiated. False witnesses blushed and staggered and fell under the weight of their lies. Purer than the lilies which illustrated His sermon. Cleaner than the Galilean wave which laved His feet. Brighter than the star that pointed down to His manger. Fairer than the heavens from which He came. He had an integrity which particularly qualified Him for the work of a negotiator.

You also recognize the fact that in order to successful diplomacy between alienated parties, the go-between must be characterized by *wisdom, tact, and delicacy*. You sometimes have seen a very good man go in and try to settle a dispute, and he has blundered in the matter, he has made a dreadful failure, and if there were ten degrees

of violence before, after his work there were a hundred degrees of violence between the parties. There must be wisdom, tact, and delicacy for a mediator.

Wisdom! why, He knew all of God, and He knew all of men. From the highest summit of the Divine attributes, clear down to the lowest depths of human depravity, He had explored everything. He knew what God would have. He knew what men wanted. From the presence of the throne, He knew its glory. Coming into the presence of our shipwreck, He knew its ghastliness. Face to face with Jehovah, He was not withered with the glance, and plunged into the depth of our woe, He was not corrupted with the abomination. Solomon was wise in settling the controversy between the two women about the child; but here is a wiser than Solomon, who makes a warring earth and heaven embrace each other. Moses was wise in giving the law; but here is a greater than Moses, who by one act fulfils all its requirements. No demand is left unmet. Oh, the wisdom of this Arbitrator!

Has He the tact necessary? Ask the fishermen to whom He preached about the Gospel net, ask the farmer to whom He talked about the sower who went forth to sow, ask the womanly housekeeper to whom He talked about the yeast that leavened the whole lump. And had He *the delicacy*? Ask the sicknesses on which He put His healing hand, ask the fair-browed child whom He kissed on the forehead, ask the man who hastily unwrapped the shroud from his resuscitated daughter. Never before was there, never since has there been, such wisdom, such tact, such scrupulous delicacy for the glorious work of negotiation.

You recognize also the fact that in order to successful diplomacy there must be *perseverance and determination* amid all obstacles. If you have ever tried it you have found out that the toughest thing to do is to settle a dispute. You go to one of the parties and you make a proposition. He says, "Never, never!" You go to the other party and you propose a reconciliation. He says, "I will die first." You give up the attempt. But a man

with Christian perseverance and determination comes and he keeps at it day after day, week after week and month after month until he effects it. Oh, how much determination more than human was necessary, and how much perseverance to bridge over the difference between the two parties, God and man!

On one side of this controversy between God and man was everything that was right: on the other side, everything that was wrong. Now, do you think that a few tears, a few drops of blood will put out this conflagration which sin has kindled? Is there some Grace Darling with a boat strong enough to stand this storm and save a drowning race? Is there enough timber in the two pieces of the cross to make a bridge for this awful gulf between God and man? Christ stopped not at the difficulty. All others had declined the service, and He was not the one to see the race which He had made, plunged into the vortices and make no effort for the rescue. He looked into the face of heaven, and He says: "Let the terror fly." All the thunderbolts of omnipotent wrath struck Him. He faced the human race, and said: "I am now ready to receive the shock of all earthly hatred," and all the rough hands of earthly brigandage smote Him on the heart. The Lamb of heaven clutched by the catamount of hell. Oh, he stopped for nothing. He persevered to the end. "One mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

You also recognize that in order to successful diplomacy it is necessary that the party coming in as an arbitrator *feels the importance of the work*. You go to a man and you ask that he be reconciled to an antagonist. He says "No." You go to the other man in the controversy. He says "No." You give it up and say, "Well, it doesn't make much difference, anyhow." But suppose thousands of pounds are involved in the controversy, suppose the peace of the whole neighbourhood, suppose the happiness of one of the parties involved, then you feel the importance of such a work of negotiation. Christ felt the importance

of this arbitrament. He was in dead earnest. He saw it would be an awful thing to have the human race perish.

To show that He appreciated the importance of the work, you have but to see Him push through storm and darkness and mobocracy and mountain desolation and imperial anathema, contending with the human race, all armed against Him, not to destroy it, but to save it. To be buffeted for five or ten years—perhaps some of you know what that is. But Christ's whole life on earth was one of being buffeted. The first chapter of His life, Herod's scouting party trying to murder the babe. The last chapter of His life, the Roman hammer striking the nail through the palm. Oh, what a journey of mediation, beginning with a manger and ending with a cross. Was there ever such a self-sacrificing arbitrator?

Some men have gone in humiliation and shame that they might afterwards come to elevation; but here is Christ coming down that others might rise; here is the gathering up the thorns into the brow that others may wear a flowering amaranth; here is the drinking of gall that others may take the elixir. Oh, what a mediator! The star of olden times ran across the heavens at the nativity, and hung above the Saviour's head, but our world will, after a while, be the star that will run across the heavens and hang beneath the Saviour's feet. Christ came in the world's back door that we might enter heaven's front gate. Now, you see there is a tremendous question coming out of this, and that is are you willing to accept the arbitration? You have seen many a mediation fail because while the mediator in the case was faithful, and one party accepted the mediation, the other was stubborn and declined. Christ comes in to mediate. God to-day declares Himself willing to accept the mediation. You are the other party. Will you accept or will you decline? If you decline, then the war will go on and the weaker will go under. You all realize, my friends, that this adjustment is reasonable and right, and all that is asked of you is that in the depths of your soul you accept the arbitration. If you

decline it, then all the thrones of heaven will cry out for your condemnation. Then you decree hostility against the God that made you. There is no alternative.

Then the question is, who is the stronger, you or the Lord Almighty. After a while the armistice will cease, and then eternal ages will jar with the conflict. Choose your own weapons. Wrap yourself in what armour you will, throw up what fortresses you will; but woe unto him that striveth with his Maker.

I am thrilled this morning through and through, body, mind, and soul, more than I can tell, at the riches offered you in this arbitration. If I owned a bank and threw you a bunch of keys and told you to go and help yourself, it would be called a beneficence, a generosity positively reckless. But a grander offering is made to you. A whole cluster of the keys of God's mercy and of God's storehouse I throw you. Do you want pardon? Here is a key to unlock the door. Do you want consolation in your trouble? Here is a key to unlock the door. Do you want all the treasures of heaven? Here is a key to unlock the door. O my Lord Jesus, what an offer for my soul and for the souls of all these people!

A jeweller in France resolved that he would make the richest necklace that the world had ever seen, and he sent forth his agents into all the earth, and they came back with all the most precious gems they could find. He put eight hundred diamonds in one necklace set in nine rows, the diamonds in crowns and crosses and lilies. One bright day Louis XVI. flung this brilliant article around the neck of Marie Antoinette. But that diamond necklace was stolen; it was taken apart, it is lost for ever.

Babbington Macaulay writes of it, Thomas Carlyle writes of it. It has been the wonderment of history that diamond necklace. But I have to tell you to-day that the necklace which this Gospel proposes to throw over you to-day can never be taken apart, can never be stolen, can never be lost.

Wear it once and you wear it for ever. The diamonds

of it are the frozen tears of the Son of God, The deep red cornelian is the congealed sweat of Gethsemane. The woman who wears it is a queen. The man who wears it is an emperor. Brighter and brighter will the gems grow and flash until the day when Christ shall make up His jewels. When all nations are strung together in love and brightness, that will be the diamond necklace of the world.

THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

"She supposing Him to be the gardener."—JOHN xx. 15.

HERE are Mary Magdalene and Christ just after His resurrection. For four thousand years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his cold palace. He had a passion for human skulls. For forty centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors, and those without fame. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalices at the table were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel he had added the skeletons of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one Good Friday, about eighteen hundred and fifty-one years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful palace, rolled back the door, and went in, and seizing the tyrant, threw him to the pavement, and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place, and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery, and tarrying under a roof, the ribs of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the

nights very dark and the day very dismal, he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace, and rocked them until it began to fall, and then, laying hold of the ponderous front gate, hoisted it from its hinges, and marched forth, crying, "I am the Resurrection!"

There are some things which the Church has not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ.

I. Our Lord in gardener's attire. Mary Magdalen, grief struck, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers, or uproot the weeds from the garden, or set to reclimbing the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and the dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalene, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman, and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when lo! the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor she was talking with Him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations, the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower, the chief of all, the morning sky and midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazing like a summer wall with coronation roses, and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalene. "She supposing him to be the gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have an every-day Christ, for every-day work, in every-day apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our every-day work dress, managing our merchandise, smiting our anvil, ploughing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families, or toiling with

weary pen, or weary pencil, or weary chisel. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel for us in our every-day toil. Put it into the highest strain of every Easter anthem, "Supposing Him to be the gardener."

If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon His head that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold, and with robe diamonded, that would have seemed to be especial sympathy for the affluent; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at His side, that would have seemed to imply especial sympathy for warriors; but when I find Christ in gardener's habit, with perhaps the flakes of the earth and of the upturned soil upon His garments, then I spell it out that He has hearty and pathetic understanding with every day work, and every day anxiety and every day fatigue.

Roll it down in comfort all through these aisles; roll it in comfort to all these galleries. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in Western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle, which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing girl. Away with your talk about the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world; but pass along this gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem of it and feel the thrill of the Christly brotherhood. Not supposing the man to be Cæsar, not supposing him to be Socrates, but "supposing him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That was what helped James

Watt, scoffed at and caricatured, until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and by night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of civilisation. This is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromartie, until every rock came to him as a volume of the world's biography, and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking-house, a Christ for the field, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory. Oh, of course, we want to see Christ at last in royal robe and bediamonded, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse but we most need to see Christ as Mary saw Him at day-break, "supposing Him to be the gardener."

2. Another thing which has not been noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that He made His first post-mortem appearance to one who was the seven-deviled Mary Magdalen. One would have supposed He would have made His first posthumous appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was saintly Aunt Phœbe; in yours, saintly Aunt Martha, or saintly Aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not so was the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repentant courtesan who made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's footwashing, you are not to forget that she was *exorcised of seven devils*. What a capital of demonology she must have been. What a chorus of all diabolism. Seven devils — two for the eyes, and two for the hands, and two for the feet, and one for the tongue. Yet all these are extirpated, and now she is as good as once she was bad, and Christ honours her with the first posthumous appearance.

What does that mean? Why, it means *for the worst*

sinner greatest grace; it means those lowest down shall come, perhaps, highest up; it means that the clock that strikes twelve at midnight may strike twelve at mid-noon; it means that the grace of God is seven times stronger than sin. Mary Magdalen, the seven-deviled, became Mary Magdalen, the seven-angeled.

It means that when the Lord meets us at last He will not remind and torture us by telling us what we have been. All He said to her was "Mary!" Many people, having met her under such circumstances, would have said, "Let me see, how many devils did you have? one, two, four, six, seven. What a terrible piece you were when I first met you."

Most of the Christian women in our day would have nothing to do with Mary Magdalen, even after her conversion, lest, somehow, they should be compromised. The only thing I have to say against women is that they have *not enough mercy for Mary Magdalen*. Christ put all pathos, and all reminiscence, and all anticipation, and all pardon, and all comfort, and all heaven, into one word of four letters, "Mary!" Mark you, Christ did not appear to some Bible Elizabeth, or Bible Hannah, or Bible Esther, or Bible Deborah, or Bible Vashti, but to Mary; not to a Mary against whom nothing was said, not to Mary the mother of Jesus, nor to Mary, the mother of James, not to Mary, the sister of Lazarus, but to a seven-deviled Mary.

3. There is another thing that the world and the Church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight.

If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past five o'clock A. M. Matthew says it was in the dawn; Mark says it was at the sun-rising; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the hour at which Mary Magdalen mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means, there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows

of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave an hysteric outcry. She could not see to the other end of the crypt. Neither can you see the other end of the grave of your dead. Neither can we see to the other end of our own grave. Oh, if there were shadows over the family grave belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family grave? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Shadow of unanswered question! Why were they taken away from us? why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? why could they not have uttered some farewell words? why? A short question, but a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on all the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadow on all the graves of children because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft launched at all if was to be wrecked one mile outside the harbour? But what did Mary Magdalen have to do in order to get more light on that grave? She had only to wait. After a while the Easter sun rolled up, and the whole place was flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves and light upon the graves of our dear loved ones? Only patiently to wait.

Charles Fifth of Spain, with his servants and torches, went down into the vault of the necropolis where his ancestors were buried, and went deeper, further on until he came to a cross around which were arranged the caskets of his ancestors. He also found a casket containing the body of one of his own family. He had that casket opened, and there by the embalmer's art he found that the body was as perfect as eighteen years before when it was entombed. But under the exploration his own body and mind perished. Oh, my friends, do not let us morbidly struggle with the shadows of the sepulchre.

What are we to do? Wait. It is not the evening twilight that gets darker and darker. It is the morning twilight

that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. I preach it to-day. Sunrise over *Pere la Chaise*, sunrise over Greyfriars Churchyard, sunrise over Greenwood, over Woodlawn, over Laurel Hill, over Mount Auburn, sunrise over every country graveyard, sunrise over the catacombs, sunrise over the sarcophagi where the ships lie buried. Half past five o'clock among the tombs now, but soon to be the noonday of explanation and beatitude. It was in the morning twilight that Mary Magdalen mistook the Lord Christ for a gardener.

4. Another thing the world and the Church have not observed; that is, Christ's pathetic credentials.

How do you know it was not a gardener? His garments said He was a gardener. The flakes of the upturned earth scattered upon His garments said He was a gardener. How do you know He was not a gardener? Before Easter had gone by He gave to some of His disciples His three credentials. He showed them His hands and His side. Three paragraphs written in rigid or depressed article. A scar in the right palm, a scar in the left palm, a scar amid the ribs—scars, scars. That is the way they knew Him. That is the way we shall know Him.

Ay, am I saying this morning too much when I say that will be one of the ways in which you and I will know each other—by the scars of earth: scars of accident, scars of sickness, scars of persecution, scars of hard work, scars of battle, scars of old age. When I see Christ's resurrected body having scars, it makes me think that our remodelled and resurrected bodies will have scars. Why, before we get out of this world some of us will be covered with scars all over. Heaven will not be a bay into which float summer yachts after a pleasuring, with the gay bunting and with the embroidered sails as fair as when they were first unfurled. Heaven will be more like a navy yard where men-of-war come in from Trafalgar and Lepanto, men-of-war with masts twisted by a cyclone, men-of-war struck on all sides by seventy-four pounders, men-of-war with decks scorched of the shell, discharged from service to rest for

ever. In the resurrection Christ credentialed by scars. You and I will be credentialed, and will recognize each other by scars. Do you think them now a disfigurement? Do you think them now a badge of endurance? I tell you the glorious thought this morning, they are going to be the means of heavenly recognition.

5. There is one more thing that the world and the Church have not noticed in this resurrection of Christ, and that is that Christ from Friday to Sabbath was lifeless in a hot climate where sanitary prudence demanded that burial take place the same day as death, and where there was no ice to retard dissolution. Yet, after three days He comes up so healthful, so robust, and so rubicund Mary Magdalen takes Him for a gardener. Not supposing Him to be an invalid from an hospital, not supposing Him to be a corpse from the tomb, but supposing Him to be the gardener, healthful by the breath of the upturned sod, and by a perpetual life in the sunshine.

After Christ's interment every cellular tissue broke down, and nerve, and artery, and brain, were a physiological wreck, and yet He comes up swarthy, rubicund, and well. When I see after such mortuary silence such radiant appearance, that settles it that whatever should become of the dead bodies of our Christian dead, they are going to come up, the nerves restrung, the optic nerve reilluminated, the ear drum avibrate, the whole body lifted up, without its weaknesses and worldly uses for which there is no resurrection. Come, is it not almost time for us to meet our reanimated dead? Can you not hear the lifting of the rusted latch?

Oh, the glorious thought, the glorious consolation of this subject when I find Christ coming up without any of the lacerations, for you must remember He was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion—coming up without one. What does that make me think? That the grave will get nothing of us except our wounds and our imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloodless. All the currents of His life had poured out from His

wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow, and privation, and then He died a lingering death. His entire body hung on four spikes. No invalid of twenty years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and broken down as Christ, and yet here He comes up so rubicund and robust that Mary supposed Him to be a gardener.

Ah! all the side-aches, and the head-aches, and the back-aches, and the leg-aches, and the heart-aches, we will leave where Christ left His. The ear will come up without its heaviness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what circuits we will take when all earthly imperfections subtracted, and all celestial velocities added, we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than all the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

Standing this morning round the shattered masonry of our Lord's tomb, I point you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumulus, without coffin or catafalque, and without a tear. Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed no longer the Dead March in Saul, but whole libretti of Hallelujah Chorus. Oh, put trumpet to lip and finger to key, and loving forehead against the bosom of a risen Christ. Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah!

FULL CHALICES.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—LUKE xiv. 17.

HOLY festivities to-day. We gather other sheaves into the spiritual garner. The decorations on platform and galleries with which we celebrated the coming in of the temporal harvests, when we were gathered last Thursday, are still kept in their places as symbols of a more glorious spiritual harvest—the coming in of great church triumphs.

ties. Another large group added to this membership—on the church-roll now of about 2,800 souls. Our joy is like the joy of heaven. Spread the banquet, fill all the chalices. We are not to-day at the funeral of a dead Christ: we are celebrating the marriage of the King's Son. It was an exciting time in English history when *Queen Elizabeth* visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The clocks in all the towers and throughout the Castle were stopped at the moment of her arrival, so continuing to point to that moment as the one surpassing all others in interest. The doors of a great banqueting hall were opened. The queen marched in to the sound of the trumpeters. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests. It was a scene that astonished all nations when they heard of it. One thousand pounds a day did the banquet cost as it went on day after day. She was greeted to the palace gates with floating islands, and torches and the thunders of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a burst of music that lifted the whole scene into enchantment. Beginning in that way, it went on from joy to joy, and from excitement to excitement, and from rapture to rapture.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors in Hampton Court. The best cooks of all the land provided for the table. The guests were kept hunting in the parks all the day so that their appetite might be keen, and then in the evening hour they were shown into the banqueting hall, the table aglitter with imperial plate and ablush with the very costliest wines, and the second course of that feast was made of food in all shapes, of men, and birds, and beasts, and dancing groups, and jousting parties riding upon each other with uplifted lances. Lords, and princes, and ambassadors, their cups gleaming to the brim, drank first to the health of the King of England, and then to the health of the Emperor of France. That was the banquet that Wolsey spread in Hampton Court.

But to-day, my brothers and sisters, I invite you to a grander entertainment.

My Lord, the King, is *the banqueter*, Angels of God are the *cupbearers*, all the redeemed are the *guests*; the halls of eternal love frescoed with light, and paved with joy, and curtained with unfading beauty are *the banqueting place*, the harmonies of eternity are *the music*, the chalices of God are *the plate*, and I am one of the servants come out with invitations to all the people, and oh, that you might break the seal of the invitation and read written in ink of blood and with the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Sometimes there have been great disappointments at a banquet. The wine has given out, or the servants have been rebellious, or the lights have failed; but I walk all around the banqueting table of my Lord to-day and I find everything complete, and I swing open the door of this banqueting house and I say: "All things are ready, now ready."

1. Illustrating my text, I go on and in the first place say that the Lord Jesus Christ is ready. Cardinal Wolsey did not come into the banqueting hall until the second course of the feast, and when he entered booted and spurred, all the guests arose and cheered him; but I have to tell you that our banqueter, the Lord Jesus Christ, comes in at the beginning of the feast. Ay, He has been *waiting for His guests*, waiting for some of them 1882 years, waiting with mangled feet, waiting with hand on the punctured side, waiting with hand on the lacerated temples.

Waiting, waiting! Wonder it is that the banqueter did not get weary and say: "Shut the door, and let the laggards stay out." No, He has been waiting. How much He is in earnest. Shall I show you? I gather up all the tears that flooded His cheek in sympathy, all the blood that channelled His brow and back and hand and foot to purchase our redemption. I gather up all the groans coming from midnight chill and mountain hunger and desert loneliness, and I put them into one bitter cry, and I gather up all the pangs that shot from cross and spike and spear, into one groan—I take one drop of sweat on His

brow and I put it under the glass of the Gospel, and it enlarges to lakes of sorrow, to *oceans of agony*. That Christ to-day, emaciated and worn and weary, comes here, and with a pathos in which every word is a heartbreak and every sentence a martyrdom, He says to you and He says to me: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Ahasuerus made a feast that lasted 180 days. This lasts for ever. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and I are invited to this. Yes, He has been waiting; He is waiting now. Other kings wrap themselves in robes of beauty and power before they come into a banquet. So does Christ. Oh, He is the fairest of the fair. In His hand is the omnipotent surgery that opened blind eyes and straightened crooked limbs and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls.

Oh, what a Christ—a Christ of beauty, a Christ of power. There are not enough cups on earth to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders to scale these heights of love. Oh, Thou flower of eternity. Thy breath is the perfume of heaven. Oh, Thou daybreak of the soul, let all nations clap their hands in Thy radiance. Chorus! Come men and angels and cherubim and seraphim and archangel, all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll on through the heavens in chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosanna, under arches of coronation, by the towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests under God, to Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Ah! there is amongst the heavenly literature one word of five letters that I would like to write; but I have no sheet fair enough to write it on, and there is no pencil good enough to inscribe it. Give me *a sheet from the heavenly records*, and some pencil used by angel in describing a victory, and then with hand struck by supernatural energy, and pencil dipped in the everlasting morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: J-E-S-U-S—

Jesus! It is this One that is waiting for you and for me, for we are on the same platform before God.

It is this One that is waiting for you and waiting for me! How long He waited for me! How long He has waited for you! Waiting as a banqueter waits for his delayed guests, the meat smoking, and beakers brimming, and the minstrel with his finger on the stiff string ready to strike at the first clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting as a mother waits for her boy that ten years ago went off dragging her bleeding heart after him. Waiting. Oh, can you not give me some comparison intense enough, importunate enough, high as heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity? Not expecting that you can help me with such a comparison, I simply say He is waiting as only an all-sympathetic Christ knows how to wait for a wandering soul.

“Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.”

2. But again, not only Christ is waiting, but the Holy Spirit is waiting: Why are some sermons a dead failure? why are there songs that do not get their wing under the people? why are there prayers that go no higher up than hunter's halloo? Because there is a *missing link* that only the Holy Spirit can make. If that spirit should come through this assemblage this morning, there would be a power felt like that when Saul was unhorsed on the road to Damascus, like as when Lydia's heart was broken in her fine story, like as when three thousand souls were lifted out of midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost.

Do you notice that sometimes that Spirit takes an *insignificant agency* to save a soul? I think it is very often that at just one passage of Scripture, just one word of Scripture, a soul is saved because the Holy Spirit gives it supernatural power. Do you know what it was that saved the great reformer, Martin Luther? It was that one verse: “The just shall live by faith.” Do you know what it was that brought *Augustine* from his horrible dissipations? It

was that one verse: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." Do you know what it was that saved *Hedley Vicars*, the celebrated soldier? It was the one passage: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do you know what it was that brought *Jonathan Edwards* to Christ? It was the one passage: "Now unto Him be glory for ever and ever."

One thanksgiving morning in this church I read my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good," and a young man stood in the gallery and said to himself: "I have never rendered one acceptable offering of gratitude to God in all my life. Here, Lord, I am thine for ever." By that one passage of Scripture he was brought into the kingdom, and if I might tell *my own experience* I might tell how one Sabbath afternoon I was brought to the peace of the Gospel by reading of the Syro-phœnician's cry to Christ where she said: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." Philosophic sermons or metaphysical sermons never saved anybody. An earnest plea going right out of the heart blessed of the Holy Ghost, that is what saves, that is what brings people into the kingdom of Christ.

I suppose the worldly thought that *Thomas Chalmers* preached great sermons in his early ministry, but Thomas Chalmers says he never preached at all until he came out of his sick room, and weak and emaciated, he stood and told the story of Christ to the people, and in the great day of eternity it will be found that not so much the eloquent sermons brought men to Christ as the story told, perhaps, by those who were unknown on earth, the simple story of the Saviour's love and mercy, sent by the power of the Holy Ghost straight to the heart. Come, Holy Ghost. He fills all the place. Did I say Christ was ready? I tell you the Holy Ghost is ready.

3. Then I go on and gladly tell you that the Church is ready. There are those here who say: "No one cares for my soul." We *do* care for it. You see a man bowing his

head in prayer, and you say: "That man is indifferent." That man bows his head in prayer that the truth may go to every heart. *The air is full of prayers.* They are going up this morning from this assembly. Hundreds of prayers straight to the throne of a listening God. The air is full of prayers—prayers ascending noon by noon from Fulton Street prayer-meeting, Friday night by Friday night all over this land, going up from praying circles. Yea, there is not a minute of an hour of any day that there are not supplications ascending to the throne of mercy.

And if you should this morning start for your Father's house, there would be hundreds and thousands in this assemblage who would say if they knew it: "Make room for that man, make room for him at the holy sacrament; give him full right to all the privileges of the church of Jesus Christ."

Oh, I know there are those who say the church is a mass of hypocrites, but they do not really think so. It is a glorious church. Christ built it. Christ swung all its gates. Christ curtained it with upholstery crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it. Come into it. I do not pick out this man or that man and say: "You may come." I say all may come—whosoever will. "Come with us and we will do you good. The Lord hath promised good concerning Israel."

"We are a garden walled around
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little plot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wild wilderness."

Do not say you have never been invited. I invite you now to the King's feast. One and all. All! All! Whosoever will may come.

4. But I go further and tell you that the angels are ready. Some people think when we speak about angels we are getting into the region of fancy. They say it is very well for a man when he has just entered the ministry

to preach about the angels of heaven, but after he has gone on further it is hardly worth while. My friends, there is not any more evidence in the Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Did they not swarm around Jacob's ladder? When Lazarus' soul went up did they not escort it? Did not David say: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels?" Are they not represented in the grand Book of Inspiration as the chief harvesters of the judgment day? Did not one angel in one night slay 180,000 of Sennacherib's troops?

Oh, yes, our world is in communication with two other worlds: heaven and hell. All that communication is by angels. When a bad man is to die, a man who has despised God and rejected the Gospel, the bad spirits come upon sulphurous wing and they shackle him and try to pull him off the precipices into the ruin, and they lift a guffaw of diabolical exultation. But there is a line of angels, bright and beautiful and loving angels, mighty angels, reaching all the way from earth to heaven, and when others gather, like them I suppose the air is full of them. They hover. They flit about. They push down iniquity from your heart. They are ready to rejoice. Look! there is an angel from the throne of God. One moment ago, it stood before Christ and heard the doxology of the redeemed. It is here now. Bright immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest. The answer comes melting on the air: "Come, come, for all things are now ready." Angels ready to bear the tidings. Angels ready to drop the benediction. Angels ready to kindle the joy. All ready. Ready cherubim, and seraphim. Ready, thrones and principalities and powers. Ready, Michael the archangel.

5. Yes, I go further and say that your glorified kindred are ready. I have not any sympathy with modern spiritualism. I believe it is born in perdition. When I see the ravages it makes with human intellects, when I see the homes that it has devastated, when I see the bad morals that very often follow in its wake, I have *no faith in*

modern spiritualism. I think if John Milton and George Whitfield have not anything better to do than to crawl under Rochester tables and rattle the leaves they had better stay home in glory.

But the Bible distinctly teaches that the glorified in heaven are in sympathy with our redemption. "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," and if the angels hear it, do not our departed kindred there hear it? There are those there who toiled for your salvation, and when they bade you good-bye in the last hour, and they said, "Meet me in heaven," there was hovering over the pillow the awful possibility that you might not meet. But oh, the pathos when that hand was thrust out from under the bed-cover, and they said good-bye.

For how long good-bye was it? Now, suppose you should pass into the kingdom of God this morning, suppose you should say: "I've done with the sins of this world. Fie upon all these follies. O Christ! I take thee now, I take Thy service, I respond to Thy love, Thine am I for ever." Why, before the tear of repentance had dried on your cheek, before your first prayer had closed, the angel standing with message for thy soul would cry upward, "He is coming!" and angels poising mid-air would cry upward: "He is coming!" and all along the line of light from doorway to doorway, from wing-tip to wing-tip, the news would go upward until it reached the gate, and then it would flash to the house of many mansions, and find your kindred out, and those before the throne would say: "Rejoice with me, my prayers are answered. Give me another harp with which to strike the joy. Saved, saved, saved!"

6. Now, my friends, if Christ is ready, and the Holy Ghost is ready, and the Church is ready, and the angels of God are ready, and your glorified kindred are ready, surely it is time to ask—Are you ready? I give with all the emphasis of my soul the question: "Are *you* ready?" If you do not get into the King's feast it will be because you

do not accept the invitation—earnest invitation. Arm stretched out soaked with blood from elbow to finger-tips, lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming everlasting love while He says: “Come, for all things are now ready.”

At Kenilworth Castle, I told you, they stopped the clocks when Queen Elizabeth arrived, that the hand of time might point to that moment as the one most insignificant and tremendous; but if now the King should enter the castle of your soul, well might you stop all the clocks, and have the finger of time pointing to this moment as the one stupendous in all your life. Would that I could come all through these aisles and all through these galleries, not addressing you perfunctorily, but taking you by the hand as a brother takes brother by the hand, and saying to one and all, to each: “Come, come, the door is open, enter now and sit down at the feast.”

Old man, God has been waiting for thee long years. Would that some tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek. Has not Christ done enough in feeding thee and clothing thee all these years to win from thee one word of gratitude? *Come all the young*. Christ is the fairest of the fair. Wait not until thy heart gets hard. Come, the furthest away from Christ.

Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of that thirst. He can restore thy broken home. He can break that shackle. Come now, to-day, and get His pardon and its strength. *Libertine*, Christ knew where you were last night. He knows all the story of thy sin. Come to Him this day. He will wash away thy sin, and He will throw around thee the robe of His pardon. *Harlot*, thy feet foul with hell, thy laughter the horror of the street—O, Magdalen! Christ waits for thee.

And *the one farthest off*, further than any I have mentioned, a case not so hopeful as any I have named: self-righteous man, feeling thyself all right, having no need of Christ, no need of help—O, self-righteous man! dost thou think in those rags thou canst enter the feast? Thou

canst not. God's servant at the gate would tear off thy robe, and leave the naked at the gate. O, self-righteous man ! the last to come. Come to the feast. Come, repent thy sin. Come, take Christ for thy portion.

Day of grace going away. Shadows on the cliff reaching further and further over the plain. The banquet has already begun. Christ has entered into that banquet to which you are invited. The guests are taking their places. The servant of the King has his hand on the door of the banqueting-room, and he begins to swing it shut. Now is your time to go in. Now is my time to enter. I must go in. You must go in. He is swinging the door shut. Now it is half shut. Now it is three-fourths shut. Now it is just ajar. After a while, it will be for ever shut !

“Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While in the endless round of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?”

SOLICITUDE.

“A wise son maketh a glad father : but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.”—PROV. x. 1.

IN this graphic way Solomon sets forth the idea that the good or evil behaviour of children blesses or blights the parental heart. I know there are persons who seem to have no especial interest in the welfare of their children. The father says : “My boy must take the risks I took in life. If he turns out well, all right ; if he turns out ill, he will have to bear the consequences. He has the same chance that I had. He must take care of himself.” A shepherd might just as well thrust a lamb into a den of lions, and say, “Little lamb, take care of yourself.”

Nearly all the brute creation are kind enough to look

after their young. I was going through a wood, and I heard a shrill cry in a nest. I climbed up to the birds' nest, and I found that the old bird had left the blood to starve. But that is a very rare occurrence. Generally a bird will pick your eyes out, rather than surrender her young to your keeping or your touch. A lion will rend you if you come too near the whelps; even the barnyard fowl, with its clumsy foot and heavy wing, will come at you, if you approach its young too nearly, and God certainly intended to have father and mother not less kind than the brutes.

Christ comes through all our households to-day, and He says: "You take care of the bodies of your children and the minds of your children; what are you doing for their immortal souls?" I read of a ship that foundered. A lifeboat was launched. Many of the passengers were in the water. A mother, with one hand beating the wave and the other hand holding her little child out towards the lifeboat, cried out, "Save my child!" And that impassioned cry is the one that finds an echo in every parental heart in this house to-day. "Save my child!" That man, out there says: "I have fought my own way through life; I have got along tolerably well; the world has buffeted me and I have had many a struggle. It does not make much difference what happens *to me*, but save *my child*." You see I have a subject of stupendous import, and I am going, as God may help me, to show the causes of parental solicitude, and then the alleviations of that solicitude.

1. The first cause of parental solicitude, I think, arises from *the imperfection of parents* on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellencies, they will copy them; but the probability is they will copy our faults, and omit our excellencies. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. There is not one of us to-day who would like to have our children copy all our example. And that is the cause of solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereo-

typed in the lives and characters of those who come after us.

Out of twenty parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skilfully *to discipline*; perhaps not more than one out of twenty. We, nearly all of us, are on one side or are on the other.

Here is a father who says: "I am going to bring up my children right; my sons shall know nothing but religion, shall see nothing but religion, and hear nothing but religion." They are routed at six o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. They are wakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of Scripture, and when the boy looks for the day of the month he looks for it in a religious almanack. If a minister comes to the house he is requested to take the boy aside, and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion, presented repellently, morning, noon, and night.

Time passes on, and the parents are waiting for the return of the son at night. It is nine o'clock; it is ten o'clock; it is eleven o'clock; it is twelve o'clock; it is half-past twelve o'clock. Then they hear a rattling of the latch-key, and George comes in and hastens upstairs lest he should be accosted. His father says, "George, where have you been?" He says, "I have been out." Yes, he has been out, and *he has been down*, and he has started on the broad road to ruin for this life and ruin for the life to come, and the father says to his wife: "Mother, the Ten Commandments are a failure. I have done my very best for that boy; just see how he has turned out." Ah! my friend, you stuffed that boy with religion. You had no sympathy with innocent hilarities; you had no common-sense.

A man at mid-life said to me: "I haven't much desire for religion. My father was as good a man as ever lived, but he jammed religion down my throat when I was a boy

until I got disgusted with it, and I haven't wanted any of it since." That father erred on one side.

Then the discipline is an entire failure in many households because *the father pulls one way, and the mother pulls the other way*. The father says, "My son, I told you if I ever found you guilty of falsehood again I would chastise you, and I am going to keep my promise." The mother says: "Don't; let him off this time." A father says: "I have seen so many that make mistake by too great severity in the rearing of their children; now I will let my boy do as he pleases. He shall have full swing. Here, my son, are tickets to the theatre and opera; if you want to play cards, do; if you don't want to play cards, you need not play them. Go when you want to and come back when you want to; have a good time; go it!" Plenty of money for the most part, and give a boy plenty of money, and ask him not what he does with it, and you pay his way straight to perdition. But after a while the lad thinks he ought to have a still larger supply. He has been treated, and he must treat. He must have wine suppers. There are larger and larger expenses.

After awhile, one day a messenger from the bank over the way calls in, and says to the father of the household of which I am speaking, "The officers of the bank would like to have you step over a minute." The father steps over, and a bank officer says, "Is that your cheque?" "No," he says, "that is not my cheque; I never make an 'H' in that way; I never put a curl to the 'Y' in that way. That is not my writing; that is not my signature; that is a counterfeit. Send for the police." "Stop," says the officer; "your son wrote that!"

Now, the father and mother are waiting for the son to come home at night. It is twelve o'clock; it is half-past twelve o'clock; it is one o'clock. The son comes through the hallway. The father says: "My son, what does all this mean? I gave you every opportunity. I gave you all the money you wanted, and here in my old days I find you have become a spendthrift, a libertine, and a sot." The

son says: "Now, father, what is the use of your talking that way? You told me to go it, and I just took your suggestion." And so to strike the medium between severity and too great leniency, to strike the happy medium between the two, and to train our children for God is the anxiety of every intelligent parent.

Another great anxiety, great solicitude, is in the fact that so early is developed childish sinfulness. Morning-glories put out their bloom in the early part of the day, but as the hot sun comes on they close up. While there are other flowers that blaze their beauty along the Amazon for a week at a time without closing, yet the morning-glory does its work as certainly as *Victoria regia*; so there are some children that just put forth the bloom and they close, and they are gone. There is something supernatural about them while they tarry, and there is an ethereal appearance about them. There is a wonderful depth to their eye and they are gone. They are too delicate a plant for this world. The Heavenly Gardener sees them, and He takes them in.

But for the most part the children that live sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, or are disposed to quarrel with brother or sister, and show that they are wicked. You see them in the Sabbath-school class. They are so sunshiny and bright you would think they were always so; but the mother looking over at them remembers what an awful time she had to get them ready. Time passes on. They get considerably older, and the son comes in from the street from a pugilistic encounter, bearing on his appearance the marks of defeat; or the daughter practises some little deception in the household. The mother says, "I can't always be scolding and fretting and finding fault, but this must be stopped." So in many a household there is the sign of sin, the sign of the heart's being wrong, the sign of the truthfulness of what the Bible says when it declares, "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies."

Some go to work and try to correct all this, and the boy

is picked at, and picked at, and picked at. That always is ruinous. There is more help in one good thunderstorm than in five days of cold drizzle. Better the old-fashioned style of a downright thoroughly good chastisement, if necessary, than the fretting and scolding which have destroyed so many.

There is also the cause of great solicitude sometimes because our young people are surrounded by so many temptations. A castle may not be taken by a straightforward siege, but suppose there be inside the castle an enemy, an in the night he pushes back the bolt and swings open the door? Our young folks have foes without, and they have foes within. Who does not understand it? Who is the man here who is not aware that the young people of this day have tremendous temptations?

Some man will come to the young people and try to persuade them that purity and honesty and uprightness are a sign of weakness. Some man will take a dramatic attitude, and he will talk to the young man, and he will say: "You must break away from your mother's apron-strings; you must get out of that Puritanical strait-jacket; it is time you were your own master; you are verdant; you are green; you are unsophisticated; come with me, I'll show you the world; I'll show you life; come with me, you need to see the world; it won't hurt you." After awhile the young man says, "Well, I can't afford to be odd, I can't afford to be peculiar, I can't afford to sacrifice all my friends; I'll just go and see for myself." Farewell to innocence, which once gone never fully comes back. Do not be under the delusion that because you repent of sin you get rid for ever of its consequences. I say farewell to innocence, which once gone never fully comes back. Oh, how many traps set for the young? Styles of temptation just suited to them. Do you suppose that a man who went clear to the depths of dissipation went down in one great plunge? Oh, no. At first it was a fashionable hotel. But the fashionable and the elegant hotel is not always close by,

and now the young man is *on the down grade*. Further and further down until he has about struck the bottom of the depths of ruin. Now he is in the low restaurant. The cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. Gambling for drinks. Shuffle away, shuffle away. The landlord stands in his shirt sleeves, with his hands on his hips, waiting for an order to fill up the glasses.

The clock strikes twelve—the tolling of *the funeral bell of a soul*. The breath of eternal woe flushes in that young man's cheeks. In the jets of the gaslight the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. Two o'clock in the morning, and now they are sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord comes around and says, "Wake up, wake up! time to shut up!" "What!" says the young man. "Time to shut up." Push them all out into the night air. Now they are going home. Going home! Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What was the history of that young man? He began his dissipations in the bar-room of a first-class hotel, and completed his damnation in the lowest public-house in the city.

Sometimes sin does not halt in that way. Sometimes sin even comes to *the drawing-room*. There are leprous hearts sometimes admitted in the highest circles of society. He is so bewitching in his manner, he is so refined, he is so educated, no one suspects the sinful design; but after awhile *the talons of death* come forth. What is the matter with that house? The front windows have not been open for six months or a year. A shadow has come down on that domestic hearth, a shadow thicker than one woven of midnight and hurricane. The agony of that parent makes him say: "Oh, I wish I had buried my children when they were small!" Loss of property? No. Death in the family? No. Madness? No. Some villain, kid-gloved and diamonded, lifted that cup of domestic bliss until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows played around the rim, and then dashed it into desolation and woe, until the harpies of darkness clapped their hands,

and all the voices of the pit uttered aloud, "Ha! ha!" Our great cities are full of temptations, and to multitudes of parents these temptations become a matter of great solicitude.

2. The alleviations. First of all, you save yourself a great deal of trouble. Oh, parent, if you can *early watch the children* and educate them for God and heaven! "The first five years of my life made me an infidel," said the notorious Tom Paine.

A vessel put out to sea, and after it has been five days out there comes a cyclone. The vessel springs a leak. The helm will not work. What is the matter? It is not seaworthy. It never was seaworthy. Can you mend it now? It is too late. Down she goes with her passengers into a wafery grave. What was the time to equip that vessel? What was the time to prepare it for the storm? In the dry dock. Ah, my friends, do not wait until your children get out into the world, beyond the Narrows, and out on the voyage of life! It is too late then to mend their morals and their manners. The dry dock of the Christian home is the place. Correct the sin now, correct the evil now.

Just look at the character of your children now, and get an intimation of what they are going to be. You can tell by the way that boy divides the apple what his proclivity is and what his sin will be, and what style of discipline you ought to bring upon him. You let that disposition go. You see how he divides that apple? He takes nine-tenths of it for himself, and he gives one-tenth to his sister. Well, let *that* go, and all his life he will want the best part of everything, and he will be grinding and grasping to the day of his death.

People hurl their scorn at the life of Lord Byron. Lord Byron was not half so much to blame as his mother. The historian, Thomas Moore, tells us that when her child was limping across the floor with his unsound foot, that instead of acting like any other mother, she said, "Get out of my way, you lame brat!" Do not denounce Lord Byron half

as much as you denounce his mother. All the scenes in Venice, all the scenes in Greece, all the scenes of outrage wherever he went, an echo of that bad mother's heart and that bad mother's life.

Two young men came to a door of wickedness. The one entered. The other turned back. Why? Difference of resolution, you say. No. The one had a Christian influence, the other had no pious training. The one man went on his evil way. He entered, and went on. No early voice accosted him, but the other heard a voice whose tones may have died from the ear twenty years before, saying, "Don't go there, don't go there!" I think it was almost the first time I ever made a religious address—it was in Dr. Bethune's church—it was an anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association—I came in from my village home, and I remember nothing of that anniversary except that one of the speakers that night said: "Many years ago two young men stood at the door of the Park Theatre, New York. They were discussing whether they had better go in or not. There was an immoral play to be enacted that night. One of them said, 'I will not go in.' The other said, 'Don't be afraid, let us go in; who cares?' The one who entered went from sin to sin, the terminus of his life *delirium tremens*, with which he died in a hospital. The other man turned back, came to Christ as his Saviour, entered the gospel ministry, and he stands before you to-night. What was it that stopped me at the door of the Park Theatre, New York, so many years ago. It was a pressure of a hand on my shoulder—the pressure of my mother's hand."

Begin early with your children. You stand on the banks of a river and you try to change its course. It has been rolling now for a hundred miles. You cannot change it. But just go to the source of that river, go to where the water just drips down on the rocks. Then with your knife make a channel this way and a channel that way, and it will take it. Come out and stand on the banks of your child's life when it is thirty or forty years of age, or even

twenty, and try to change the course of that life. It is too late! It is too late! Go further up at the source of life and nearest to the mother's heart where the character starts, and try to take it in the right direction.

But oh, my friend, *be careful* to make a line, a distinct line between innocent hilarity on the one hand and vicious proclivity on the other. Do not think your children are going to ruin because they make a racket. All healthy children make a racket. But do not laugh at your child's sin because it is smart. If you do, you will cry after awhile because it is malicious. Rebuke the very first appearance of sin. Now is your time. Do not begin too late.

It is what you do more than what you say that is going to affect your children. Do you suppose Noah would have got his family to go into the ark if he stayed out? No. His sons would have said: "I am not going into the boat; there's something wrong; father won't go in; if father stays out, I'll stay out." An officer may stand in a castle and look off upon an army fighting; but he cannot be much of an officer, he cannot excite much enthusiasm on the part of his troops, standing in a castle or on a hill-top looking off upon the fight. It is a Garibaldi or a Napoleon I. who leaps into the stirrups and dashes ahead. And you stand outside the Christian life and tell your children to go in. They will not go in. But you enter the kingdom of God, and they themselves will become good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Are all your children safe? A mother when the house was on fire got out the household goods, many articles of beautiful furniture, but forgot to ask until too late, "Are the children safe?" When the elements are melting with fervent heat, and God shall burn the world up, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" shall resound amid the mountains and the valleys, will your children be safe? will they?

I wonder if the subject this morning strikes a chord in the heart of any man who had Christian parentage, but has not lived as he ought? God brought you here this morning to have your memory revived. Did you have a Chris-

tian ancestry? "Oh, yes!" says some man; "if there ever was a good woman my mother was good." This morning she bids you to a better life. She says: "Forget not all the counsel I gave you, my wandering boy; turn into paths of righteousness; I am waiting for you at the gate." Oh, yes, God brought you here this morning to have that memory revived, and I shout upward the tidings. Christ stands waiting to accept and bless you. Angels of God, send forward the news. Ring! Ring! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found!

THE GREAT FLOODS.

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice."—PSALM xciii. 3.

A CRY of anguish has rung across the land, and pulpits that are not icebergs of abstraction must sympathise with the national calamity. The rivers of America are its pride and wealth. The glory of New York is its Hudson, of New England is its Connecticut, of Canada is its St. Lawrence, of Virginia is its James, of Pennsylvania is its Susquehanna, of the continent its Ohio and Mississippi.

Far back in the geological ages the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers were married. What shaggy old prophet of the mountain proclaimed the banns and from what clusters of wild grape and bushes of whortleberry the vines were pressed for the nuptial festival we know not, but all the world knows they were married. Their one child was the Ohio, which soon outgrew its parentage and marched across the vast reach of this continent, and had supreme mastery of much of its fertility and wealth. The rivers have paid it obeisance and poured their waters into its lap. The area of the drainage of the Ohio and its branches 214,000 square miles.

Grand and majestic and stupendous Ohio! Farms and vineyards on this bank, coal and iron mines on the other bank. Vast commerce of many States floating this way and that on its surface. Great cities standing on its mighty terraces. Its topography bewildering for beauty and magnificence.

Yet ordinarily one of the gentlest of rivers, excepting only about three miles of its long way, without rapids or precipice or sudden break. By day and night it pronounces its almost silent benediction upon the whole continent. But some demon of devastation now, as last year seems to have possessed it. The luxuriant farm that is invited to look down into its mirror it seems determined to obliterate. With hands besoiled and wrathful it clutches for the vineyards. "Come with me," it cries to the mills, and the homes, and the churches, and the villages, and the cities, "come with me in my midnight revels and dance with death and darkness and woe!" The voices of lullaby and the voices of good cheer of other days have been turned into voices of terror, voices of destruction, voices of fury, voices diabolic, till the whole land hears the wailing and the shriek, and with all the emphasis of the psalmist in the text we can appropriately cry, "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice."

My first lesson is *the mercilessness of natural forces* and the dead failure of natural religion. Men in our times say nature is enough. The sunshine and the refreshing flower and the beautiful flora of garden and field, they affirm, are all they want for a religion. They learn from the natural world God is love. The volume of nature is all they need for Divine revelation. But what of the Ohio floods? How can the naturalist find any mercy in them? They overwhelm a human life with no more commiseration than they feel when they float the log of a saw-mill. They have no more pity for a drowned man or woman or child than for a muskrat. They look at the bereavement of a household with no more emotion than they would at seeing two planks parted. According to my text the floods have voices, but no one of

the drops of the overflowing torrents has a tear in it save the tear of human anguish.

Poetically we speak of the rain as the weeping of the clouds and the wind among the tree-branches as a sigh of sympathy and the heavens as veiled in mourning at some great disaster, but it is only a poetical figure. The clouds thunder and strike, but they never weep. The winds howl, but they never give sympathetic sigh. The sun will shine as brightly along the Ohio on the wrecked homesteads and the graves of this terrible casualty as though there had been no dirge and no heartbreak along all the swollen waters. Nature can smite as with lightning, can rend apart as by earthquake, can eat up as by locusts, can prostrate as by malarial sickness, can blind the eye as by explosion, can cripple the limb as by falling rock, can dethrone the reason as by a blow on the brain; but it cannot pity. It can blast, it can cut, it can scorch, it can grind, it can lacerate, it can consume, it can drown, but it cannot pity.

If all those sufferers on the banks of the Ohio had knelt in the mud and slush, and prayed, saying, "O ye clouds, stop raining! O ye February floods, hush your voices! Stand back from my homestead! Spare my hard-earned fortune! Save my drowning wife and child!" the only answer would have been continued plash of rain, continued gurgle of waters, continued crash of falling farm-houses, continued bleat and bellowing of perishing flocks and herds. O my hearer, the world wants more than a religion of flowers, a religion of sunshine, a religion of art, for such religions fail when the floods of disaster lift up their voices.

Natural religion is a good foundation on which to build revealed religion, but it is only a bare foundation. When the floods come, what a poor shelter is a mere foundation! You want then a home such as God builds in the Gospel, its corner-stone the Rock of Ages, its chief pillar made out of the Calvarean cross, its altar of one great sacrifice, its dome catching and pouring down illumination celestial. What I say through these words to the penniless and bereft

thousands of the West I say to you who, not suffering from the floods of breaking-up winter, nevertheless have been swept again and again by floods of sorrow and calamity.

Take for yourselves that religion which has its mightiest triumphs when your earthly prospects are inundated. It did most for David when his son went into wickedness and rebellion, most for Mrs. Sigourney when her home was desolated, most for John Bunyan when the prison doors shut against him, most for the martyrs when the fires were kindled around them or the horses were fastened to draw their limbs apart or the hot lead was poured down their throat, and most for those children of God who in these dreadful days have been turned out from their homesteads under the dashing clouds and bounded on north and south and east and west, by the floods that have lifted up their voices.

Take your religion of sunshine, but give me a religion for all weathers. You can have your religion of daisies and buttercups and daffodils and morning larks and robin red-breasts, but give me a religion that, while fully appreciative of the brightness of this world, shows its mightiest power when the lights of Cincinnati have gone out by the submergence of the gas-houses and whole villages are inundated, and that can plant its foot on an all-sweeping inundation, crying, "The Lord sitteth upon the flood, the Lord is mightier than many waters, an ever-present help, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake by the swelling thereof." Hear it, brothers and sisters! Paul's religion of the dungeon, John's religion of tempest-lashed Patmos, Daniel's religion of the lockjawed lions.

Another lesson of the Ohio overflow is that our advantages may turn out to be our disaster. Lands are more valuable near the rivers. There is nothing in fertility like the alluvium. Transportation is easier. The prospect is finer. How many retired merchants select building sites in landscapes irradiated by rivers. Nothing can take the place of water scenery. How often we see it advertised as

a special advantage that the property has a river front. Many of the highest cultured farms and many of the wealthiest agriculturists are on the banks of the Ohio, but reports say that some of these farms are thirty feet under water, and in many places only the chimneys of the farm-houses are visible. So our advantages may become our disaster. There are great rivers of prosperity on the banks of which men build expecting to stay for ever. But some day the overflow comes in dissipated habits, which sweep to ruin a whole family. The land is strewn with the wrecks of men whose overflowing success swamped them for ever. As long as the Ohio and Mississippi stay within their banks they are the highways of national blessing. When they overleap their usual channels they whelm the land with destruction. As long as our worldly successes are kept within bounds they are of advantage to us and to the world; but half the United States to-day is inundated with monopolistic flood. When small brooks get out of their usual bed they may damage a mill-pond or destroy a few haystacks or gully a road, but when these vast rivers of worldly gain break their embankments a nation suffers.

Another lesson of this hour is that great calamities are in our time no sign of divine displeasure.

There are no more moral people on earth than many of those put out of fortune or life by this Ohioan submergence. Cattletsburg and Maysville, Kentucky, Huntington, West Virginia, Manchester and Gallipolis, Ohio, partly or entirely gone under this flood, are as moral villages as can be found on the continent. Moreover, the churches went under as well as the warehouses, the homes of Christian people as well as the homes of un-Christian. It is no evidence of Divine displeasure with any locality that it suffers. There are men very liberal with Divine judgments, and when tongues of fire lick up a large part of Boston, some say it is because Boston is so conceited. And now some might call this affliction of the south-west a Divine judgment. No! no!

States and nations, as well as individuals, may be

scourged in mercy. Who knows but that God means for these afflicted regions in time to come harvests that shall more than make up for the present despoliation? Who knows but there shall come to them moral and religious advantages that shall turn this awful ravage of the elements into highest blessing? God is rich, and He can pour into these valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi a tide of mercy deeper, broader, mightier than these awful surges of doom. Because as individuals, or as neighbourhoods, or as a nation you are called to suffer, do not conclude that you are under the Divine displeasure. Reaching under all those raging Ohios of grief there are alluviums for whole gardens of grace. Every river of suffering has on both sides foliated terraces reaching on up to the hanging gardens of the heavenly paradise.

Behold Job. First came the destruction of his servants and of his oxen. Next came the destruction of his sheep. Next came the destruction of his camels. Next came the death of his children. Next came the cluster of carbuncles. Next came the impertinent philosophising of Zophar and Bildad and Eliphaz. Next came the clatter of his termagant spouse. Trouble after trouble. Flood of 1884 annex to 1883. Joel in his prophecy describes what figuratively has come to some of you, when he says, "That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten, and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten, and that which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten."

Blessed be God, great and repetitious, misfortune has great and repetitious mercy. The floods that rise over the top of the highest mountains have on the top of them an ark. The blackest storm-clouds are after all only buttresses for the brightest bridge of rainbow. But do not let us be unsympathetic with repetitious misfortune. Through all the channels that open before you, by the mayor of this city and other cities, and through committees of relief, and by direct telegram to western cities, show your generosity. Do not say, "God bless them." Let us bless them

ourselves before we say "God bless them." The meanest people I have ever known are full of "God bless you's." They never *do* anything, however.

Surely no man who has a full loaf of bread in his house will consent to eat it till he has done something to appease this woe. Some thoughtless people say, "Why don't those inhabitants get out of those places and prepare farms and homes elsewhere?" To this suggestion I oppose the remark that a calamity may not come there again in ten generations. Because two years have been scourged, it is no reason to believe that any other will be scourged. Beside that, it is impossible for vast multitudes of them to remove to other places. Besides that, all rivers are liable to overflow. Do you say, "Go, then, away from all the rivers and seek the uplands?" I reply then the farm may be scourged with drought or eaten up of grasshoppers. Better not built a barn anywhere, because it might be struck with lightning. Better not build a house anywhere lest it be unroofed of a hurricane. There is no better or safer place on earth to live than on the banks of the Ohio. Let the people stay there, and let us by outrushing charities from all parts of the land make it possible for them to stay there. "But," you say, "I helped them last year, and I can't always be helping them." So God fed you last year, and the year before that, and if the Lord should drop you next year because He helped you this year, your earthly residence would be very much abbreviated.

Beside that, it would be well to get a Divine insurance for ourselves. You know the Tontine plan in many of the insurance companies by which, in consideration of the payment of a certain amount of premium annually, at the end of ten, fifteen, or twenty years the amount of the policy is paid back to the man himself, and so it differs from ordinary insurance, which pays the amount after death to one's survivors. But I have a divine insurance policy on an improved Tontine plan, which makes that which you pay in charity a premium to be returned to you at any time you

need it. Psalm xli. 1. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him."

How soon we may need that Tontine policy paid to us I know not. People who have lived in larger houses than we live in have through the misfortunes of life, come to be homeless, and I have known men who were puzzled about what investments they should make after a while not able to get fifteen cents for a dinner in a cheap restaurant. All other insurance companies, with their millions of capital, might give way, but God will never become poor, and the banks of heaven will never suspend payment, and an insurance backed up by all the resources of the universe and all infinity will never fail to meet its obligations, however great they may be.

The floods may overwhelm thousands of millions of property, the farms and the cities, but concerning the love of God we are assured, "Many waters cannot quench, many floods cannot drown it." And the tides of destruction shall stand back at the promise, "Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him." All the forces of nature shall become our coadjutors, and the wild waters instead of crying out against us will, at God's behest, help celebrate our victory as He commands: "Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof, and let the floods clap their hands."

MORMONISM.

"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven."—GENESIS xix. 24.

SODOM and Salt Lake City are synonymous. You can hardly think of the one without thinking of the other. Both in fertile valleys—valley of Siddim, valley of Utah. Both near a salt, offensive, fishless dead sea; for *Doctor*

Robinson says there must have been a lake near by while yet ancient Sodom stood. Both the famous capitals of most accursed impurity, *both doomed*.

In 1857 a company of emigrants started from Arkansas and Missouri for California. They were good, respectable, well-to-do people; but they had an idea that they might have larger comforts for their families on the other side the mountains; so they undertook what always seems to me a *terrible thing*—travelling in the waggon emigrant train. They suffered everything on the way. By night the fires kept off the wolves, and by day there was fatigue, and hunger, and heat, and gentle womanhood fainting with the long journey, and children crying for rest.

There were one hundred and seventy in that company. They must needs cross Utah Territory, and in Utah nearly all the emigrant trains were accustomed to take in new supplies of provisions; but *Brigham Young* heard that this emigrant train was coming, and he forbade, under pain of death, any Mormon in Utah giving any clothing, or food, or medicine, or kindness of any sort to these emigrants. *It was a revenge* for the fact that a man in Arkansas had slain Elder Pratt, of the Mormon Church, because he (Elder Pratt) had stolen the wife of the man in Arkansas, and taken her to Utah and into Mormonism.

On and on went this emigrant train, suffering all indignity, until they came to a plain called mountain meadow. The Red Indians dashed down upon the emigrants, but the emigrants threw up a barricade, and in this temporary fortress drove back the red men most successfully. Then the Mormon militia dashed down upon these emigrants; but you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children, and so the Mormon militia were driven back. Still it was only with great peril that any one could leave the temporary fortress even for water from the spring hard by.

There was great suffering from thirst, so one day they dispatched *two little girls* clad in white to bring water from the spring. They said, "Most certainly the Mormon

militia will not disturb them;" but no sooner had they appeared outside the barricade than they were shot dead by the stream. Petitions for relief were signed by all the emigrants, and by Odd Fellows and Freemasons who made appeals to members of their particular order. Three brave men volunteered to carry that petition for relief to California. An aged Methodist minister of the group in prayer commended these three men to God, and the emigrants all knelt in supplication; but hardly had these three brave men started on their journey than they were butchered.

Time passed on, and one day waggons were seen coming. "Now," thought the poor emigrants, "we shall have relief;" and they could not restrain their glee at the thought of liberation. The waggons came up, and from them came a flag of truce, saying, "If you emigrants will surrender and put down your arms you may walk out into perfect liberty, and you shall not be harmed." Thinking the proposition a fair proposition it was accepted, and they put down their arms according to the arrangement, and then the men marched out first, then came the women, then came the children.

After they were outside the barricade, the Mormon militia, with guns and knives and daggers, massacred all save a few little children, whom they thought to be too young to tell the story. Aged and young, husbands and wives, parents and children, left dead on the plain. Women belonging to the emigrant train, who were sick and unable to walk, were then taken out by the Mormons into the presence of their murdered families, stripped of their clothing, shot dead, and hurled upon the heap of corpses. The waggons, the stock of the train, the dresses of the women and their jewellery, amounting in all to a property of £60,000, taken possession of by the Mormon government. Years after, a Mormon woman showing a silk dress that had been captured from the train—showing one of these silk dresses in Salt Lake City—one of the little girls that had been saved from the massacre recognized it.

She said, "Oh, that's my mother's. Where's mamma? Why don't mamma come? Mamma used to wear that!" and she burst into tears.

John D. Lee, the Mormon Bishop, was the *presiding spirit in person of that massacre*, and when, fifteen or eighteen years after, in the court-room, he gave testimony, he said he had orders to do that from head-quarters; and it appeared on the evidence that *Brigham Young* had given orders as to the disposition of the property of these murdered people, and had told the witnesses to hush it up, and all Christendom to-day holds that man responsible for the tragedy. No wonder when years after he visited the scene, and found that the bones of the emigrants had been decently buried by the officers of the United States Government, and *General Carlton* had put up a head-board by the grave, with the epitaph, the inscription, "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord"—no wonder that *Brigham Young*, seeing that inscription, ordered it to be torn down.

It is the presiding spirit of the Mountain Meadow massacre that I arraign to-day for trial before you, the jury of Americans. It still lives. It has its throne in Salt Lake City, and its foot on the heart of dishonoured woman, and its breath is the pestilence of the nation. Gory, ghastly, hideous, infernal Mormonism, stand up, and look into the faces of the American jury that is to try you!

This summer, as well as on a previous occasion, I had the opportunity of inspecting this iniquity, and of asking many questions, and having them answered by Mormons and anti-Mormons. Many of the prominent Gentiles of Salt Lake City called on me, and asked me that when I got home I should present the case before the people on this coast. I solemnly promised them, and this morning I fulfil my promise.

In regard to the alleged subsidence of Mormonism, I have to tell you that seven hundred and fifty Mormons had arrived in Salt Lake City, or in Utah, just before we went to Utah, and that there was another company still larger ap-

proaching the city, and that there were ten thousand added this year. Three hundred missionaries sent out to gather up victims all over this land, and in Sweden and Norway, and Russia and Germany, and England and Ireland and Scotland. Many Scotch Presbyterians have been recently brought here.

These Mormon missionaries are compelled to go out, although their families may suffer the greatest penury ; for this whole system is cruel and Herodic. These missionaries go to those who are in the struggle of life, and they hide all the hideous deformities of Mormonism, and tell these people, "Now, if you cross the ocean, and go to Utah, you will have your expenses paid, and you will have gardens and farms of your own, and your hardships will be ended for ever." No wonder that some incautious people accept the invitation, and flee from poverty to get into a most stupendous swindle.

Oh, you ought to see the poor creatures carrying the tenth of their small income and the tenth of the small produce of their farm or garden to the tithing-house of this insatiate institution. They are taxed until the blood comes. No escape but the grave. The co-operative societies and the co-operative stores of Utah are so many mills to grind out more money from the poor people to support a depraved priesthood. I charge Mormonism with being *one great and prolonged cruelty*.

Nobody denies the work of the destroying angels called *Danites*, whose chief business it was to hunt up antagonism to the Mormon government and put it to death. It was for years the land of assassination and the field of blood. No one doubts the *Hickman* butcheries under Brigham Young. I saw a cellar where a mother and two sons had been put to death ; the mother slain in the presence of the two sons, and the two sons butchered, because they had revealed the secrets of the Mormon government.

The whole world has heard the story of the destruction of the *Aiken* party. And those Mormons have *a delicious vernacular* by which they describe this putting to death.

They say all these things with a smile and a jeer. "Oh, they were put out of the way;" or "They met with a bad accident;" or "They were used up;" or "They were cut off just under their ears!" Why have these atrocities stopped? Because a regiment of United States soldiers are on the hill overlooking the city, and with iron rake of destruction may rake that city if it attempts to repeat such atrocity. It is not because Mormonism is more merciful, but because it has not the courage.

I charge Mormonism with being *a great blasphemy*. Brigham Young, in one of his sermons, declared that Christ Himself was a polygamist, and uttered other equally profane falsehoods about our Saviour. The whole tendency of the system is towards blasphemy. I was told over and over again that Brigham Young, with slight provocation, would swear like a fishwoman at Billingsgate!

I charge upon Mormonism that it is *a disloyalty* to the United States Government. There is an oath taken in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City which subverts all other oaths. Perjury is no crime when enacted in behalf of Mormonism. Mormonism hates the Government of the United States with a perfect hatred. Fourth of July occasions and all patriotic demonstrations are utter abhorrence to the Mormons, and the Gentile celebrators of the Fourth of July suffer every indignity. Mormonism would like to have the United States Government perish.

I charge upon Mormonism that it is *an organized profligacy* built on polygamy. There is a man in Salt Lake City who has three wives, and they are the *mother, the grandmother, and the granddaughter*. I observed that there were additions built on the houses, and it was explained to me that when a new wife is taken then the house is enlarged, forgetting the fact that no house was ever large enough to hold two women married to the same man.

Think of a system which applauds a man for such things. Think of a system which teaches that the more wives a man lives with at the same time on earth, the higher his honour

in heaven. Think of a system which commends a man for living in marriage at the same time with three sisters. Think of a system which wrecks the happiness of every woman that touches it; for I do not care what they say, God never made a woman who can cheerfully divide her husband's love with another. Every honest woman knows, every honest wife knows, she has a right to the entire throne of her husband's affection. They may smile to keep up appearances, but they endure an agony of death; and *the most pitiable thing in all the earth* is an aged woman in Mormonism.

The aged woman in other parts of the land we bow before; we take off our hat to her, we do her reverence. The softest chair in the house is grandmother's chair. She is the queen on Christmas and Thanksgiving Day. The older she gets, and the more wrinkles on her face, and the more stooped her shoulders, the more we think of her; and when God takes her away to the eternal rest, it seems as if three-fourths of the house were torn down. But a woman getting aged in Mormonism, she is shoved back, and is paid less and less attention, and is of less and less account. Why? Another has taken the throne, and after a while she will be dethroned, and another will come up, and another.

I tell you Mormonism is one great surge of licentiousness; it is the seraglio of the republic; it is the concentrated corruption of this land; it is hell enthroned. This miserable corpse of Mormonism has been rotting in the sun, for forty years, and the United States Government has not had the courage to bury it.

Moreover, it is all the time gaining in influence. Mormonism once meant Utah; now to a certain extent it means Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, Wyoming, New Mexico. Wider and wider and wider, and greater and greater and greater! It is going forth to debauch this nation. You have no idea of the influence it is having in American politics, or what it has already done at Washington. Mormonism receives £250,000 every year though the tith-

ing system, and has plenty of money with which to affect legislation.

The subject was brought before Congress, and the matter was referred to a committee, and one of the members of the committee said in derision: "What do you make all this fuss about polygamy for? Those Mormons out there make a religion of having four or five wives, while some of us members of Congress practice the iniquity without any religion." A stout effort is being made to introduce Utah as a state of the Union, and if it be accomplished the United States Government puts its broad seal of approbation upon this stupendous indecency. You say "What is best to be done?" Execute the law against polygamy. What right has the law to punish a man for bigamy, if one foot this side of Utah he have two wives, when one foot the other side the law lets him have twenty? What right has the law to smite libertinism in other parts of this country, when there it licenses it?

"What!" you say, "would you interfere with a man's religion?" Oh, no! If these Mormons want to believe that *Joseph Smith*, or that *Brigham Young* is the deity, the law cannot interfere with them; but Mormonism not only antagonises Christianity, it antagonises good morals, and the infidel and the Christian stand side by side in denouncing Mormonism as a foe to free institutions. Then, I say, away with it! Moral persuasion first, if possible: but moral persuasion, I tell you, will not accomplish it. They have declared over and over again they will let their city go down under the bombshell before they will surrender polygamy; and I tell you that *Mormonism will never be destroyed* until it is destroyed by the United States Government.

It would not be war. I hate war. It would be *national police duly* executing the law against polygamy. Why did they not let *General Johnson*, in 1857, with his 2,500 troops sent out under the order of *President Buchanan*, march right on until they did their work? President Buchanan never was charged with excessive courage, but

he sent out *Governor Powell*, of Kentucky, and *Major McCollough*, of Tennessee, to offer pardon to all the Mormons who would put down their arms, and there has not been a President of the United States with enough moral courage since to clean out that national stable.

We all go to look at it. *President Grant* went to look at it. *Schurz*, the secretary, went to look at it. *Secretary Thompson* went to look at it. *President Hayes* went to look at it. Everybody goes to look at it. We cross the Continent, and it is one of the arts of Mormonism to be very gracious to public men. The Mormons struggle as to who shall have the privilege of entertainment. I never addressed a more genial audience in my life than last August, in the Mormon Opera House, a great many Mormons present. They bow you into the city, and they bow you out of the city, and none of us dare touch them. We all want to be Congressmen, or President of the United States, or Minister to England, and if we oppose Mormonism it will oppose our political interests. And so, if I were an aspirant for any political office, this sermon might, perhaps, be very impolitic.

If there be any truth in transmigration of souls, I hope that the soul of *Andrew Jackson* will get into the body of some of our Presidents, and make proclamation that within thirty days all these Mormons must decide upon one wife, or go to jail, or quit the country.

Arbitration, by all means, but, if that will not do, then peaceful proclamation. If that will not do, then sterner measures and resolute coercion. If a gang of thieves should squat on a territory, and make thievery a religion, how long would the United States Government stand that? Yet a community founded on theft would not be so bad as a community founded on the grave of desolated, destroyed, embruted womanhood.

I call the attention of the American Congress to this evil. The hour has come. Let some Senator of the United States at the next meeting of Congress, or some member of the House of Representatives, with eloquent tongue and

persistent purpose, and good morals of his own, lift the Anti-Mormon standard, and then unroll the tragedy and outrages of that appalling system before the Government and before the people, and that man will gather around him all the sympathies of all the families and all the churches and all the reformers and all the high-toned men and women of America.

Come, now, instead of exhuming the wrapped-up and entombed mummy of negro slavery, and tossing it about in these Presidential elections, have *one live question*—Mormonism, the white slavery of to-day—and have it decided at the ballot-box whether that institution shall go forth with its pestiferous influence, or whether under the law of our civilization and the stroke of the law it shall perish.

Now, as I have empanelled you as a jury to sit in trial of this giant of lust and disloyalty, and the evidence has been presented before you, are you ready for the verdict before you leave the jury-box? Guilty, or not guilty? "Guilty," says one. "Guilty," say all. Then what shall the sentence be? It must not be a small incarceration, it must not be a slight censure. While we have only pity for the victims of this abomination, and we pray God he will speedily deliver them, we must decree for this institution of Mormonism, only extinction and death. But where shall the execution and when shall the execution take place? What scaffolding will be strong enough to hold such a monster of iniquity. One end of the scaffolding must be planted on the Rocky Mountains, and the other on the Sierra Nevadas.

But what Friday of what gloomy week of what gloomy month of what gloomy year would be gloomy enough for the execution of this inhuman outlaw? What grave deep enough for this stout thousand-armed, thousand-footed, thousand-headed, thousand-horned, thousand-fanged corpse? What epitaph for that grave, unless it be this: "Here lies Mormonism, the outlaw, the libertine, and the murderer, the hero of Mountain Meadow massacre. Born February 22nd, 1827; died 1882, at the hand of the law

and under the indignation of the Almighty"? "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom brimstone and fire from heaven."

Oh, good people of the United States, whether I address you face to face, or through the printing-press which every Monday morning in most of our cities gives me an audience—for which I am very thankful—whatever way I reach your ear or eye, I have to tell you that, unless we destroy Mormonism, Mormonism will destroy us. If God be good and pure and just, He will not let this nation go unwhipped much longer if we allow that iniquity to go unchallenged.

Every day that as a nation we consent to Mormonism we are defying the hail and the lightning and the tempest, and the drought and the mildew, and the epidemic, and the plague, and the hurricane, and the earthquake of an incensed God. My plea this morning is in behalf of fifteen thousand Gentiles who in Utah are suffering persecution for their principle, or speechless because they do not want their commercial interests sacrificed. I plead for thousands of foreigners who, deceived and betrayed from their own country, have been introduced into Mormonism, and thousands of miles away from their native country can make no resistance, but must live and die in dumb despair.

I plead for womanhood in Utah—womanhood under foot, womanhood in the sewer, womanhood crushed until it cannot weep, womanhood looking out of the barred windows of a perdition of anguish towards what seems an unpitying heaven, crying, "O Lord, how long, O Lord!" womanhood in the pandemonium of a polygamous home; womanhood with garlands of hope and affection and honour torn with the swine's snout of incestuous desolation; womanhood that, if it had a chance, or had a chance in the past, would have been as pure and good as that which presides at your table to-day, or which long ago bent in benediction over your peaceful cradle, before you began the struggle with the world.

O men with wives, and daughters, and mothers! O brothers with sisters! do not your ears tingle and does not your blood run cold at this story of Mormonism? And are you not determined, at the ballot-box, and with pen and tongue, and in every possible way, to war against it? O you wives who will to-night kneel before God, thanking Him for the home in which you are undisputed queen! O mothers with daughters coming up honoured and defended, no rough hand to touch them from cradle to grave! will you not in your prayers to-day sympathize with your sisters who are dying the slow death of Mormonism?

O ye aged couples! who have been in each other's company for thirty or forty or fifty years, climbing the hill of life together, and now going down on the other side the hill in the light of the setting sun, but all the way up and all the way down supreme in each other's affection—united in holy marriage so long ago that all the witnesses but God are dead; your sympathies strengthened by the birth hour, when one life was spared and another added, and by the grave over which both your hearts bled at once; her face, with all the wrinkles, more attractive now to you than when rosy with youth, because it is written all over with precious memories; side by side so long, so long, so long, that when God takes one of you He will soon take the other—O ye aged couple! remember this day in prayer before God those to whom old age brings neglect and dethronement of affection. And may the God who setteth the solitary in families bless all our homes. The best corner-stone for the Republic is the hearthstone sanctified by the benediction of the Almighty. May God keep it inviolate, and make all the inhabitants of this nation of Sabbaths, and Sanctuaries and Bibles to be among those of whom His Word declares, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

SENSITIVENESS OF CHRIST.

"Who touched Me?"—MARK v. 31.

A GREAT crowd of excited people elbowing each other this way and that, and Christ in the midst of the commotion. They were on the way to see Him restore to health a dying person. Some thought He could effect the cure, others that He could not. At any rate, it would be an interesting experiment.

A very sick woman of twelve years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha, others say her name was Veronica. I do not know what her name was; but this is certain: she had tried all styles of cure. Every shelf of her humble home had medicines on it. She had employed many of the doctors of that time when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine in this time, when the word physician or surgeon stands for potent and educated skill. The Bible indicates her doctors' bills had run up frightfully, and she had paid money for medicines and for surgical attendance until her purse was as exhausted as her body.

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorders. No! Wan and wasted and faint she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain, and sobbing until her tears fall from the hollow eye upon the faded dress; only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her, pushing her this way and that. Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a dying woman?

But just at that time the crowd parts and this invalid comes almost up to Christ; but she is behind Him and His human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about His kindness to the sick, and she does feel so

wretched, she thinks if she can only just touch Him once it will do her good. She will not touch Him on the sacred head, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch Him on the hand, for that might seem too familiar. She says: "I will, I think, touch Him on His coat, not on the top of it, or on the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long threads of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think He will hurt me, I have heard so much about Him. Beside that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last chance."

And she presses through the crowd still further and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch Him. She pushes still further through the crowd and kneels and puts her finger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric shock there thrilled back into her shattered nerves and shrunken veins and exhausted arteries and panting lungs and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, rubicund health. God-given and complete health. The twelve years' march of pain and pang and suffering over suspension-bridge of nerve and through tunnel of bone instantly halted.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of His garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd, and startles them with the interrogatory of my text: "Who touched Me?" The insolent crowd in substance replied, "How do we know? You get in a crowd like this and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer." But the roseate and rejuvenated woman came and knelt in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace."

So Mark gives us a dramatisation of the Gospel. Oh what a doctor Christ is! In every one of our households may He be the family physician. Notice that there is *no addition of help to others without subtraction of power*

from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed, Jesus felt that virtue or strength had gone out of Him. No addition of help to others without subtraction of strength from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never risked your health for others? Have you never preached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or offered a burning prayer, and then felt afterwards that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never imitated Christ.

Now, if Omnipotence cannot help others without depletion, how can we ever expect to bless the world without self-sacrifice? A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession over-works that he may educate his children, a man who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrung out by active service in church, or Sabbath-school, or city evangelisation, has imitated Christ, and the strength has gone out of him.

A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick child, a wife who bears up cheerfully under misfortune that she may encourage her husband in the combat against disaster, a woman who by hard saving and earnest prayer and good counsel, wisely given, and many years devoted to rearing her family for God and usefulness and heaven, and who has nothing to show for it but premature grey hairs and a profusion of deep wrinkles, is like Christ, and strength has gone out of her. That strength or virtue may have gone out through a garment she has made for the home, that strength may have gone out through the sock you knit for the barefoot destitute, or through the mantle hung up in some closet after you are dead.

A crippled little child sat every morning on her father's front step, so that when the kind Christian teacher passed by to school she might take hold of her dress and let the dress slide through her pale fingers. She said it helped her pain so much and made her so happy all the day. Ay, have we not in all our dwellings garments of the departed, a touch of which thrills us through and through? the life

of those who are gone thrilling through the life of those who stay. But mark you the principle I evolve from this subject. No addition of health to others unless there be a subtraction of strength from ourselves.

Notice also in this subject a Christ *sensitive to human touch*. We talk about God on a vast scale so much we hardly appreciate His accessibility. God in magnitude rather than God in minutia, God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal; but here in my text we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the sham trial of Christ they struck Him on the cheek, we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how He must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nerveless finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of His coat, and He looks around, and says, "Who touched Me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the impersonation of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability makes all the nerves of His head and heart and hand and feet vibrate.

It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a preoccupied Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron-cased Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch Him, if by the hand of prayer we make *the connecting link* between Him and ourselves complete. Mark you, this invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched Him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive nature.

Are you sick? Have you had a long struggle? Is your case hopeless? "Oh," do you say, "there are so many things between me and God?" There was a whole mob between this invalid and Christ. She pressed through and you can press through. Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows Himself especially sympathetic with questions

of domesticity, as when at the wedding at Cana He alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start will conceal them. They think it unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the Evangelist: "Jesus wept!" Behold Christ on the only day of His earthly triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in His eyes and on His cheek; for when He beheld the city He wept over it. O man of the many trials, O woman of the heart-break, why do you not touch Him?

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous. Of course, it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After twelve years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had! When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm, everybody is sorry, and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by accident, they say: "That's a dreadful thing." Everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under the ailment of which I am now speaking, they say: "Oh, that's nothing; she's a little nervous, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonising of suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I want you to bring your insomnia, and bring your irritability, and bring all your weaknesses, and with them touch Christ. Touch Him not only on the hem of His garments, but touch Him on the shoulder, where He carries our burden; touch Him on the head, where He remembers all our sorrows; touch Him on the heart, the centre of all His

sympathies. Oh yes, Paul was right when he said, "We have not a High Priest who cannot be touched."

The fact is Christ Himself was nervous, which is proved by the statement that He lived so short a time on the cross. That is a lingering death ordinarily, and many a sufferer on the cross has writhed in pain twenty-four hours, forty-eight hours. Christ lived only six. Why? He was exhausted before He mounted the bloody tree. Oh, it is a worn-out Christ, sympathetic with all people worn out.

A Christian woman went to the tract house in New York, and asked for tracts for distribution. The first day she was out on her Christian errand she saw a policeman taking an intoxicated woman to the station house. After the woman was discharged from custody, this Christian tract distributor saw her coming away all unkempt and unlovely. The tract distributor went up, threw her arms around her neck, and kissed her. The woman said, "O my God, why do you kiss me?" "Well," replied the other, "I think Jesus Christ told me to." "Oh, no," the woman said, "don't you kiss me; it breaks my heart; nobody has kissed me since my mother died." But that sisterly kiss brought her to Christ, started her on the road to heaven.

The world wants sympathy; it is dying for sympathy, large-hearted, Christian sympathy. There is omnipotence in the touch. Oh, I am so glad that when we touch Christ, Christ touches us. The knuckles and the limbs and the joints all falling apart with that living death called the *leprosy*, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred doctors could not cure him. The wisest surgery would stand appalled before that loathsome patient. What did Christ do? He did not amputate, He did not poultice, He did not scarify. He touched him and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever. Christ was the Physician. He offered no febrifuge, He prescribed no drops, He did not put her on plain diet. He touched her and she was well.

Two blind men come stumbling into a room where Christ

is. They are entirely sightless. He touched them and they saw everything. A man came to Christ. The *drum of his ear had ceased to vibrate* and he had a *stuttering tongue*. Christ touched the ear and he heard, touched his tongue and he articulated. There is a *funeral* coming out of that gate, a widow following her only boy to the grave. Christ cannot stand it, and He puts His hand on the hearse and the obsequies turn into a resurrection day.

O my brother, I am so glad when we touch Christ with our sorrows He touches us. When out of your grief and vexation you put your hand on Christ, it wakens all human reminiscence. Are we tempted? He was tempted. Are we sick? He was sick. Are we persecuted? He was persecuted. Are we bereft? He was bereft.

St. Yoo of Kermartin one morning went out and saw a beggar asleep on his doorstep. The beggar had been all night in the cold. The next night St. Yoo compelled this beggar to come up into the house and sleep in the saint's bed, while St. Yoo passed the night on the doorstep in the cold. Somebody asked him why that eccentricity. He replied, "It isn't an eccentricity; I want to know how the poor suffer, I want to know their agonies that I may sympathize with them, and therefore I slept on this cold step last night." That is the way Christ knows so much about our sorrows. He slept on the cold doorstep of an inhospitable world that would not let Him in. He is sympathetic now with all the suffering and all the tried and all the perplexed. Oh, why do you not go and touch Him?

I preach a Christ so near you can touch Him—touch Him with your guilt and get pardon—touch Him with your trouble and get comfort—touch Him with your bondage and get manumission. You have seen a man take hold of an electric chain. A man can with one hand take one end of the chain and with the other hand take hold of the other end of the chain. Then a hundred persons taking hold of that chain will altogether feel the electric power. You have seen that experiment. Well, Christ with one wounded hand takes hold of one end of the electric chain of love

and with the other wounded hand takes hold of the other end of the electric chain of love, and all earthly and angelic beings may lay hold of that chain, and around and around in sublime and everlasting circuit runs the thrill of terrestrial and celestial and brotherly and saintly and cherubic and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep His hand over this audience and say, "Who touched Me?" there would be hundreds and thousands of voices responding: "I! I! I!"

RELIGION AN ANTISEPTIC.

"Every sacrifice shall be salted with salt. Salt is good: but if the salt have lost his saltness, wherewith will ye season it?"—MARK ix. 49, 50.

THE Bible is a dictionary of the finest similes. Among trees it employs the terebinth, the sycamore, the cedar, the apple. Among living creatures the stork, the eagle, the unicorn, and all sheep and cattle. Among jewels the jacinth and the emerald and the sapphire and chrysoprasus. Christ used no stale illustrations. The lilies in His sermon were not pressed flowers, but dewy fresh plucked up from the grass. The ravens in His sermon were not stuffed specimens of birds, but warm with life from wing-tip to wing-tip. Christ, in the text, lifts a crystal of salt before His audience, and says, "The Divine grace is like this salt," saying what you and I know by experience, "salt is good."

1. I shall try to carry out the Saviour's idea, while in the first place I say that, grace is like salt in *its beauty*. In Galicia, among the mines of salt, there are 280 miles of underground passages. Down in those salt mines there are chapels and cathedrals and theatres and halls of

reception, and the altars are of crystal, and the columns are of crystal, and the ceiling crystal. When the emperor comes and the princes, all this is lighted up with torches, and the scene is indescribable for beauty, as the emperor and the mighty men of his realm walk through, and some of them worship in the chancels, and others are entertained in the theatres; and all the floor, all the pillars, all the ceilings are of crystal. But why should I go so far as to tell you of the beauty of salt when you can take a morning train and go to the salt mines in a few hours? You have it three times a day upon your table.

It is beautiful to the naked eye, but put under the microscope you see the stars and the splinters and the shafts and the bridges of fire glint of the sun. Salt has all the beauty of water foam and snow flake with durability added. No human skill hath ever put in Alhambra or St. Peter's such marvellous beauty as God hath put in one crystal of salt. An angel would need to take all of time with an infringement upon eternity to sketch the beauty of that which you cast aside as of no importance.

So I have to tell you that the grace of God is beautiful and beautifying. Have you never seen a life illumined by it? Have you never seen a soul comforted by it? Have you never seen a character grandly constructed through it? I have seen it smooth the wrinkles of care from the brow. I have seen it seemingly change the aged into the young. I have seen it lift the stooped shoulder and put sparkle into the dull eye. It is beautifying in its results. It is grand and glorious in its influence. Solomon described its anatomical effect when he said, "It is marrow to the bones."

When I was living in Philadelphia there was an aged bank president; he was somewhere in the nineties. At the close of the business of one day, he came home, lay down on the sofa, and said to his daughter, "My time has come, and I must go away from you." "Why," she said, "father, are you ill? shall I send for a doctor?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I am not ill, but the time has come for me to go. You have it put in the morning papers about

my death, so that they will not expect me in business circles." And instantly he ceased to breathe. That was beautiful—that was a glorious transition from the world to heaven. And the time will come when men will leave the world without a pang.

The grace of God is going to do just as much for *the bodies* of men as it does for the souls of men. But I think the power of religion is chiefly seen in the soul. It takes that which is hard and cold and repulsive and casts it out. It makes a man all over again. It takes his pride and his selfishness and his worldliness and chains them—chains them fast so that they can move around with very small sweep, for they are chained. Oh, what glorious things it did for the three Johns. *John Bunyan*, the foul-mouthed—it made John Bunyan the immortal dreamer. *John Newton*, cursing on the ship's deck when the storm came on, denouncing God and the tempest—before the cyclone had passed, kneeling in prayer, saying: "O God of my mother, have mercy on me." It led *John Summerfield* out out of a life of sin, and by the hand of a Christian edge-tool maker he was led into the pulpit, which has been burished with his eloquence for Christ—that Christ whom he once despised.

Show me anything so beautiful, so grandly beautiful as this eternal crysal. It throws a beauty over the heart and a beauty over the life. Christ comes into the soul and casts on it the glow of a summer garden, as He says, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." And then He comes and throws all over the life and the heart, the beauty of a spring morning, as He cries out, "I am the light of the world." Oh, is there in all the earth, is there in all the heavens anything so beautiful as the grace of God?

2. Grace is like salt in the fact that it is a necessity of life. Beasts and men die without it. What are those paths across the Western prairie? They have been made by the deer and buffalo coming to and going from the salt licks. All chemists, all physiologists, all physicians will

tell you that salt is an absolute necessity for physical health and life. Without it we soon die. And I came to understand also that this grace of God *is an absolute necessity*. I hear people talk of it as though this religion were a mere adornment, a shoulder-strap decorating a soldier, a frothy, light dessert after the chief banquet has passed, something to be tried after calomels and mustard plasters have failed, but in ordinary circumstances of no especial importance—only the jingling of the bells on the horse's neck while he draws the load, but in no way helping him to draw it. Now I denounce that style of religion. Religion, while it is an adornment, is the first and the last necessity of an immortal nature. We must have it or we cannot live.

You know how a man would soon perish if he took no salt with his food. The energies would flag, the lungs would struggle with the air, slow fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, and the life would be gone. And that is what is the matter with a great many people, who are *dying in their souls*. They take none of this salt of Divine grace. They have never tried it. They do not want it. Weaker and weaker will they get in the spiritual life, until after awhile they will be stretched out on the bier of death. Oh, that it might thunder in our ears to-day, "Except ye be born again, ye cannot, ye cannot see the kingdom of God."

3. I remark again, that grace, like salt, is in abundance.

Russia stands on a great salt cellar, ninety thousand tons of it annually coming from there. Norway and Sweden white with snow above, white with salt beneath. England and Italy have large resources in this respect. Austria turns out nine hundred thousand tons annually. Oh, what vast abundance! That is *just like this grace of God*. Enough for all lands, for all people, for all conditions. Pardon for the worst sin, comfort for the darkest trouble, peace for the most perturbed spirit, in vast abundance.

I am told that ten thousand men work day and night

around about the salt lakes of Saratoy, and yet they never exhaust—they never will exhaust—the saline waters. And I have to tell you that if the fourteen hundred millions of the race should this moment cry out for God's mercy they would get it. Enough for one, enough for all. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and all the islands of the sea might wade down into this ocean of God's mercy, and there would be room enough to wash and come up clean.

Demetrius, the king, wore a robe so incrustated with jewels that after his death nobody dared to put it on. But I have to tell you that Christ, our King, takes off His robe of righteousness, blood-dyed, and heaven-impearled, and holds it forth to the worst sinner on earth, saying, "Take it, put it on, wear it now, wear it for ever. Oh, the abundance of this grace!

Some years ago, a city pastor in New York was called to a city prison to attend the obsequies. He came there. A woman had been incarcerated for some great crime, a young woman. Her mother had come to visit her, and had died while there, and as the mother had no home the obsequies were from the city prison. After a while the young woman, who had been imprisoned, said to the minister of religion, "Wouldn't you like to see my mother?" So the face was uncovered. Standing there the minister of religion said, "Don't you feel to-day, in the presence of your dead mother, like resolving upon something better? Don't you feel in this presence as if you would like to start for God and heaven?" Then she pulled from her hand a worn-out glove, which she had on in honour of the obsequies. It was the best she had. She pulled off that worn-out glove, and the hand made bare, she put it upon the cold brow of the dead mother, and said, "In the help of God I vow that I will do differently, and I will begin now." Years afterwards she was telling the story. She said, "When that minister of Jesus Christ said to me, 'God help you in your vow,' I thought to myself, 'Why, that is the first prayer I have heard in ten years,' and that

prayer saved me. Ever since I have tried to live a Christian life." Oh, the power of this grace! Oh, the strength of the Almighty arms able to save all, however high, however low! "Whosoever!" "Whosoever!"

I have read that Aristotle said that there was a field of flowers in Sicily so sweet that hounds in search of game, and on the track, would come up to that field, and so great were the perfumes they bewildered them and threw them off the track. Oh, that our souls might be the field that the Lord hath blessed, and that they might exhale so much sweetness of Divine grace that *the hounds of trouble* and death coming on the track might lose it and go howling back in disappointment.

"Oh," says some one out there, "if I am to be saved I will be saved, and if I am to be lost I will be lost." You misrepresent the Gospel, my brother. Do not say that. There is something for you to do. Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Take the kingdom of heaven by violence.

4. This grace is also like salt in its preservative quality.

You know that salt absorbs the moisture of food, and so food is preserved. Salt is the great *anti-putrefactive* of the world. Everybody knows that. Experimenters in the preservation of food have tried sugar and smoke and airtight jars and everything; but as long as the world stands, Christ's remark will be suggestive: "Salt is good." And this grace of God is to be *the preservative of laws*, of constitutions, of Government. Why is it that the United States Government and the British Government have stood so long? While there has been corruption often in high places, *there have been good men always in the front*. Take the grace of God away from a nation and you work its destruction. It cannot live without it.

So a great deal of *modern philosophy*. What is the matter with it? The grace of God has gone out of it, and it putrefies and rots. What is most wanted is the grace of God—to teach our men of learning that the God of the universe is the God of the Bible. Is it not strange that with all their magnificent sweep of telescopes they have never

seen the morning star of Jesus? or having been so long studying about light and heat they have never seen and felt the light and heat of the Sun of Righteousness that has risen on the world with healing in His wings? O my friends, the Gospel of the grace of God is the only antiputrefactive among the nations. Take that away, you take their life away. Everything on earth is quickly tending to decay and death. This is the only preserving quality. "Salt is good."

Are there not those here to-day who need that preventive grace, this preservative quality! There are some of you already gone wrong. They know a great deal better than I can tell them how they need this preserving quality of Divine grace. I have wondered sometimes if other pastors have had come under their observation so many sad cases as I have seen since I have lived here in Brooklyn, so many illustrations of the fact that men need in city life, in this great sea-board life, the preserving grace of God. Right at this point in the aisle (pointing to the front of the platform) at the close of a service a man said to me in great agitation, "When can I see you alone?" I said, "Now," and we stepped aside. I said, "What is the matter?" He replied, "I have taken £5,000 in small sums—but amounting to £5,000—from my business firm, of which I am the confidential clerk. "What shall I do?" I said, "Pay it back." He said, "I can't pay it back." "Well," I said, "get some of your friends to help you to pay it back." He said, "My friends can't pay it. What shall I do? I'm a ruined man."

"Well," I said, "my advice to you is very distinct, my brother. I give you two prescriptions. The first is: Go home and kneel down before God and ask His forgiveness. Then to-morrow morning you go over to the store and invite the head men of the firm into the private office, telling them you have something of great importance to reveal to them, and have the door locked, and then you confess the whole thing, and if they are decent men—to say nothing of whether they are Christians or not—if

they are decent men they will not be hard on you." "But," said he, "suppose they won't do that?" "Then," I said, "you have the Almighty God to fall back upon, and He never forsook a man who put his trust in Him, and God will see you through." Standing there it seemed as if my heart would break for that man in such awful predicament of sin. He did not have the preservative quality of Divine grace in his soul to keep him from the temptations of Brooklyn and New York life. Oh, young men, you need Christ. You need Him now. Is it not a matter of congratulation to all of you who have this antiseptic in your heart? God is going to preserve you all through the sorrows of this life, and He is going to preserve you to eternity. I do not promise you will have no trouble because you are a Christian. On the contrary, I promise you if you do your duty you will have a great deal of trouble, but God, I think, will see you through. I think He will. But why should I talk like an atheist when I *know* He will? "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." I know He will. Come, then, with your wounds to Christ.

I would like to be the Lord's surgeon a little while. Fetch all your wounds of soul. Just fetch them now to Christ, and I will be the Lord's surgeon. I have been told there is nothing to stop the bleeding of a wound like salt if it be well applied. Just fetch up the wounds of your soul now, and I will put this salt of Divine grace on the lacerations. It smarts a little at the first, it smarts very much at the first. But see, the bleeding of the wound is stopped, and the flesh is coming together as the flesh of a little child. "Salt is good!"

TRAGEDY OF TAGEDIES.

"And sitting down, they watched him there."—MATT. xxvii. 36.

THERE is nothing more wild or ungovernable than a mob. Some of the older people in the audience may remember the excitement in New York during the riot, when the people went howling through the streets at the time Macready stood on the stage of the Astor Place Opera House. Those of you who have read history may remember the excitement in Paris during the time of Louis XVI., and how the mob rushed up and down frantically.

There is a wild mob going through the streets of Jerusalem. As it passes along it is augmented by the multitudes that come out from the lanes and the alleys, to join the shouts and the laughter and the lamentation of the rioters, who become more and more ungovernable as they get towards the gates of the city. Fishermen, vagabonds, rude women, grave officials, merchant princes, beggars, mingle in that crowd. They are passing out now through the gates of the city. They come to a hill white with the bleached skulls of victims—a hill that was itself the shape of a skull, covered with skulls, and called Golgotha—the place of a skull.

Three men are to be executed—two for theft, one for treason, having claimed to be King of the Jews. Each one carries his own cross, but one of them is so exhausted from previous hardship that He faints under the burden, and they compel Simon of Cyrene, who is supposed to be in sympathy with the condemned men, to take hold of one end of the cross, and help Him to carry it. ¶ They reach the hill. The three men are lifted in horrid crucifixion. While the mob are howling and mocking, and hurling scorn at the chief object of their hate, the darkness hovers and scowls and swoops upon the scene, and the

rocks rend with terrific clang, and the choking wind, and moaning cavern, and dropping sky, and shuddering earthquake, declare in whisper, in groan, in shriek, "This is the Son of God."

I propose to speak of the two kinds of spectators around the cross—*antagonists* and *adherents*. Among the antagonists were the Roman soldiers. Now, it is a grand thing to serve one's country. There is not an Englishman's heart but thrills at the name of Havelock, brave for Christ and brave for the British Government. When there was a difficult point to take, the officers would say, "Bring out the saints of old Havelock." I think if Paul had gone into military service he would have eclipsed the heroism of the Cæsars and the Alexanders and the Napoleons of the world by his bravery and enthusiasm.

There is a time to be at peace, and there is a time when a Christian has to fight. I do not know of a graver or braver thing than for a young man, when it is demanded of him, to turn his back upon home, and quiet, and luxury, and, in the service of his country, go forth to camp and field, and carnage and martyrdom. It was no mean thing to be a Roman soldier, it was no idle thing. You know what revolutions dashed up against the walls of that empire. You know to what conquest she devoted herself, flinging her war-eagles against the proudest ensigns. But the noblest army has in it sneaks, and these were the men who were detailed from that army to attend to the execution of Christ. Their dastardly behaviour puts out the gleam of their spears and covers their banner with obloquy. They were ruffians. They were gamblers. No noble soldier would treat a fallen foe as they treated the captured Christ.

Generally there is respect paid to the garments of the departed. It may be only a hat or a coat or a shoe, but it goes down in the family wardrobe from generation to generation. Now that Christ is to be disrobed, who shall have His coat? Joseph of Arimathea would like to have had it. Mary, the mother of Jesus, would have liked to

have had it. How fondly she would have hovered over it, and when she must leave it with what tenderness she would have bequeathed it to her best friend! It was the only covering of Christ in darkness and storm. That was the very coat that the woman touched when from it there went out virtue for her healing. That was the only wedding garment He had in the marriage at Cana, and the storms that swept Galilee had drenched it again and again. And what did they do with it? They raffled for it. We have heard of men who gambled away their own garments, who gambled away their children's shoes, who gambled away the family Bible, who gambled away their wife's last dress; but it adds to the ghastliness of a Saviour's humiliation and the horror of the crime when I hear Jesus in His last moments declaring, "They parted My garments among them, and for My vesture did they cast lots."

In this antagonistic group around the cross also were the rulers, and the scribes, and the chief priests. Lawyers, and judges, and ministers of religion in this day are expected to have some respect for their offices. It is an unheard-of thing that a judge comes down from the bench and strikes a prisoner in the face. No minister of religion would scoff at or mock a condemned criminal. And yet the great men of that land seemed to be equal to any ruffianism. They were vying with each other as to how much scorn they could cast into the teeth of the dying Christ. The worst felon, when his enemy has fallen, refuses to strike him. But these were not ashamed to strike Jesus when He was down.

So it has been in all ages of the world, that there have been men in high positions who despise Christ and His Gospel. What tyrants have issued their anathemas! What judgment seats have kindled their fires! What Inquisitions have sharpened their swords! "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." Innumerable pens have stabbed the religion of Christ, and innumerable books have cursed it, and that mob that hounded Christ from Jerusalem to "the place of a skull"

has never been dispersed, but is augmenting yet, as many of the learned men of the world and great men of the world come out of their studios and their laboratories and their palaces and cry, "Away with this man! Away with him!" The most bitter hostility which many of the learned men of this day exercise in any direction they exercise against Jesus, the Saviour of the world, without whom we will die for ever.

In these enemies surrounding the cross I also find the railing thief. It seems that he twisted himself on the spikes; he forgot his own pain in his complete antipathy to Jesus. I do not know what kind of a thief he was. I do not know whether he had been a burglar, or a pick-pocket, or a highwayman; but our idea of his crimes is aggravated when we hear him blaspheming the Redeemer. Oh, shame indescribable! Oh, ignominy insupportable! Hissed at by a thief!

In that ridicule I find the fact that there is a hostility between sin and holiness. There cannot be, there never has been, any sympathy between honesty and theft, between purity and lasciviousness, between zeal and indolence, between faith and unbelief, between light and darkness, between heaven and hell. And when I see a good man going out to discharge his duty, and he is so enthusiastic for Christ, and I see persecution after him, and scorn after him, and contempt after him, I say, "Hark! another hiss of the dying thief!" And when I see Holiness going forth in her white robes, and Charity with great heart and open hand, to take care of the sick and help the needy and restore the lost, and I find her lashed with hypercriticism and jostled of the world and pursued from point to point and caricatured with low witticisms, I say, "Aha! another hiss of the dying thief!"

It is a sad thing to know that this malefactor died just as he had lived. People nearly always do. Have you never remarked that? There is but *one* instance mentioned in all the Bible of a man repenting in the last hour. All the other men who lived lives of iniquity, as far as we can

understand from the Bible, died deaths of iniquity. If you live a drunkard's live you will die a drunkard; the defaulter dies a defaulter; the idler dies an idler; the blasphemer dies a blasphemer; the slanderer dies a slanderer; the debauchee dies a debauchee. As you live you will die, in all probability. Do not, therefore, make your soul believe that you can go on in a course of sin and then in the last moment repent. There is such a thing doubtless as death-bed repentance, but *I never saw one*, I never saw one. The Bible presents us only one case of that kind, and it is not safe to risk it, lest our case should happen not to be the one amid ten thousand.

But there were rays of light that streamed into the crucifixion. As Christ was on the cross and looked down on the crowd of people He saw some very warm friends there. And that brings me to the remarking of the group of adherents that were around the cross. The first in all that crowd was His mother.

You need not point her out to me. I can see by the sorrow, the anguish, the woe, by the up-thrown hands! That all means mother! "Oh," you say, "why didn't she go down to the foot of the hill, and sit with her back to the scene? It was too horrible for her to look upon." Do you not know when a child is in anguish or trouble it always makes a heroine of a mother? Take her away, you say, from the cross. You cannot drag her away. She will keep on looking; as long as her Son breathes, she will stand there looking. What a scene it is for a tender-hearted mother to look upon! How gladly she would have sprung to His relief! It was her Son! How gladly she would have clambered up on the cross, and hung there herself, if her Son could have been relieved! How strengthening she would have been to Christ if she might have come close by Him and soothed Him!

There was a good deal in what *the little sick child* said, upon whom a surgical operation must be performed! The doctor said, "That child won't live through this operation unless you encourage him. You go in and get his con

sent." The father told him all the doctor said, and added, "Now, John, will you go through it? Will you consent to it?" He looked very pale, and he thought a minute, and said, "Yes, father, if you will hold my hand, I will!" So the father held his hand and led him straight through the peril.

O woman, in your hour of anguish, whom do you want with you? Mother. Young man, in your hour of trouble, whom do you want to console you? Mother. If the mother of Jesus could have only taken those bleeding feet into her lap! If she might have taken the dying head on her bosom! If she might have said to Him, "It will soon be over, Jesus, it will soon be over, and we will meet again, and it will be all well." But no; she dared not come up so close. There can be no alleviation at all. Jesus must suffer and Mary must look.

I suppose she thought of the birth-hour in Bethlehem. I suppose she thought of that time when, with her Boy in her bosom, she hastened on in the darkness in the flight towards Egypt. I suppose she thought of His boyhood when He was the joy of her heart. I suppose she thought of the thousand kindnesses He had done her, not forsaking her or forgetting her even in His last moments; but turning to John, and saying, "There is mother, take her with you. Do for her just as I would have done for her if I had lived. Be very tender and gentle with her. Behold thy mother!" She thought it all over, and there is no memory like a mother's memory, and there is no woe like a mother's woe.

There was another friend in that group, named Simon the Cyrenian. He was a stranger in the land, but had been long enough there to show his favouritism for Christ. I suppose he was one of those men who never can see anybody imposed upon but he wants to help him. "Well, Simon," they cried out, "you are such a friend to Jesus, help Him to carry the cross. You see Him fainting under it." So he did. A scene for all the ages of time and all the cycles of eternity; a cross with Jesus at one end of it

and Simon at the other, suggesting the idea to you, O troubled soul, that *no one need ever carry a whole cross*. You have only half a cross to carry.

If you are in poverty, Jesus was poor and He comes and takes the other end of the cross. If you are in persecution, Jesus was persecuted and He comes and takes the other end of the cross. If you are in any kind of trouble, you have a sympathizing Redeemer.

When I see Christ and Simon going up the hill together, I say we ought to help each other to carry our burdens. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." If you find a man in persecution or sickness or in business trouble, go right to him, and say, "My brother, I have come to help you. You take hold of one end of the cross and I will take hold of the other end, and Jesus Christ will come in and take hold of the middle of the cross; and after awhile there will be no cross at all."

But there was another marked personage in that friendly group. That was the penitent malefactor. He was a thief, or had been—no disguising that fact. What was he to do? "Oh!" he says, "what shall I do with my sins upon me?" and he looks around and sees Jesus, and sees compassion in His face, and he says, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." What did Jesus do? Did He turn and say, "You thief! I have seen all your crimes, and you have jeered and scoffed at Me; now die for ever"—did He say that? Oh no; Jesus could not say that. He says, "This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." I sing the song of mercy for the chief of sinners. Murderers have come and plunged their red hands in this fountain and they have been made white as snow. The prodigal that was off for twenty years has come back and sat at his father's table. The ship that has been tossed in a thousand storms floats into this harbour. The parched and sun-struck soul comes under the shadow of this rock. Tens of thousands who were as bad as you and I have ever been have put down their burdens and their sins at the feet of this blessed Jesus.

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.”

But there was another group of adherents. I do not know their names—we are not told; but we are simply told there were many around the cross who sympathized with the dying sufferer. Oh, the wail of woe that went through that crowd when they saw Jesus die! I see those who received kindnesses from Him standing beneath the cross, and one says, “Why, that is Jesus that bound my broken heart!” And another, standing beneath the cross, says, “That is the Jesus that restored my daughter to life.” Another looks up and says, “Why, that is the Jesus who gave me my eyesight.” And another looks up and says, “That is the Jesus who lifted me up when I was sick; oh, I can’t bear to see Him die!” Every pelt of the hammer drove a spike through their hearts. Every groan of Jesus Christ opens a new fountain of sorrow.

They had better get on with that crucifixion quickly, or it will never take place. These disciples will seize Christ and snatch Him from the grasp of those bad men, and take those ringleaders of the persecution and put them up in the very place. Be quick with those nails! Be quick with that gall! Be quick with those spikes, for I see in the sorrow and the wrath of these disciples a storm brewing that will burst on the heads of those persecutors.

To-day we willingly, yea, gladly, come and join the crowd of adherents. Who wants to be on the wrong side? I cannot bear to be among the antagonists. I want to join the other group. We come while they are bewailing, and join their lamentations. We see that brow bruised; we hear that dying groan; and while the priests scoff and the devils rave, and the lightnings of God’s wrath are twisted into a wreath for that bloody mount, you and I will join the cry, the supplication of the penitent malefactor, “Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy king-

dom." Oh, the pain, the ignominy, the ghastliness, the agony, and yet the joy, the thrilling, bounding, glorious hope! Son of Mary! Son of God! Is there one here who will reject this Divine and all-sufficient atonement made for the people—not for one man here and one man there, but for all who will accept it?

There was a very touching scene among *an Indian tribe* in the last century. It seemed that one of the chieftains had slain a man belonging to an opposite tribe, and that tribe came up and said, "We will exterminate you, unless you surrender the man who committed that crime." The chieftain who did the crime stepped out from the ranks and said, "I am not afraid to die; but I have a wife and four children, and I have a father aged and a mother aged whom I support by hunting, and I sorrow to leave them helpless." Just as he said that his old father from behind stepped out and said, "He shall not die. I take his place. I am old and well stricken in years. I can do no good. I might as well die. My days are almost over. He cannot be spared. Take me." And they accepted the sacrifice. Wonderful sacrifice, you say. But not so wonderful as that found in the Gospel; for we deserved to die, ay, we were sentenced, when Christ, not worn out with years, but in the flush of His youth, said: "Save that man from going down to the pit. I am the ransom! Put his burdens on My shoulders. Let his stripes fall on My back. Take My heart for his heart. Let Me die that he may live." Shall it be told to-day in heaven that, notwithstanding all these wounds and all that blood and all those tears and all that agony, you would not accept Him? O Lord Jesus, we accept Thee! We accept Thee now. There is no hand in all this audience lifted to smite Thee on the cheek now. No one will spear Thee now. No one will strike Thee now. Only blessings await Thee! Come in, Lord Jesus! Come quickly!

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

"Wherefore doth a living man complain?" — LAM. iii. 39.

IF we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says in my text life is worth living.

In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. He cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair, and blue eyes, and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life.

Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blows from the north-west and you ask him, he will say, "Yes;" and if it blows from the north-east and you ask him, he will say, "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on Eastern or Western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye" and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me as the right answer.

If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, *It all depends upon the life you live.*

1. In the first place, I remark, that a life of mere *money-getting is always a failure*, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires, and next to them those who have half-a-million. There is not a scissors grinder in the streets of New York or Brooklyn that is so anxious to make money

as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in store-houses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring! Their nerves tremble like harp-strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall-street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money-market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analysed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths, he would find he is made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon *prima donnas*, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come.

They send footmaned and postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money-getting *fall far short of affluence*. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

2.—Social position is also delusive. Tens of thousands of people are trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrible tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. *Good morals* and *intelligence* are not necessary, but wealth, or the show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness, who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices, and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of American society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russia. Their ignorance is positively sublime. Making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlours open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. Perhaps you got it by failing four or five times. It is the most rapid way of accumulation in this country—that is, the quickest way to get into good social position. Those who fail only once are not very well off, but by the time a man has failed the second time he is comfortable, and by the time he has failed the third time he is affluent.

What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can, by two or three bright strokes, make a great fortune. Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour, which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out. The battle is now going on, pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium, and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh, and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

3.—A life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here and I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome, or resist, or bless—hands.

Here is a world, which after six thousand years of battling with tempest and accident, is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I

have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantle of the day, silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice, or to suffer, to love, or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal.

An old book among the family relics—a book with leathern cover almost worn out, and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins to the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty years I have already lived, that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief fleeting preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

“If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want Him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of His Son, one Jesus, He will give help to a man. To Him I appeal. God help me! Here, I have sixty years yet to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept, and garnished, and illumined, and glorified by all that I can do for it, and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of fine harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!”

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried,

he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavours, and at the close of it God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words, "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. The mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantua-maker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down, and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife:—"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two eldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential, and preaches righteousness, judgment, and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education went into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and

after a while he commands listening senates as he makes a plea for the down-trodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Munroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away. So that every time Christ thought of her He said, as of old, "The same is My sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and every afternoon she goes forth to seek out the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there unexpectedly start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start, they receive another telegram, saying: "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbours gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters, stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question: "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of usefulness, a useful life, a Christian life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, *Peter Cooper*, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of *Susannah*

Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of *Frances Leere* was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed towards the door, and said: "Let me go, let me go to my *liebe mutter*;" major-generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that *Grace Darling* lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her, and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre in London offered her £20 a night to sit in the lifeboat while a shipwreck scene was being enacted.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds here to-day. You say: "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you have a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but *according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed*. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to the people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despises the door of a Madeleine

because there are grander glories within? Your life if rightly lived is the first bar of an eternal oratorio; and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity!"

A TRAGEDY AVERTED.

"Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb?"
—GENESIS xxii. 7.

HERE are Abraham and Isaac: the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father; the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. He is twenty, or twenty-five, or, as some suppose, thirty-three years of age; nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times, and the fact that a son never is anything but a boy to a father. I remember that my father used to come into the house when the children were home on some festal occasion, and say: "Where are the boys?" although "the boys" were twenty-five, and thirty, and thirty-five years of age. So this Isaac is only a boy to Abraham, and a real father's heart is in him. It is Isaac here and Isaac there. If there is any festivity around the father's tent, Isaac must enjoy it. It is Isaac's walk, and Isaac's apparel, and Isaac's manners, and Isaac's prospects, and Isaac's prosperity. The father's heart-strings are all wrapped around that boy, and wrapped again, until nine-tenths of the old man's life is in Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and proudly he looked at his only son.

Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of

trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest for ever. If the old man shall get decrepit, Isaac is strong enough to wait on him. If the father get dim of eye-sight, Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute, Isaac will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea is coming at last into the harbour. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No! no!

A thunderbolt from that clear Eastern sky there drops into that father's tent—a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white, and to stun the patriarch into instant annihilation. God said, "Abraham!" The old man answered: "Here I am." God said to him: "Take thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt-offering." In other words, slay him; cut his body into fragments; put the fragments on the wood; set fire to the wood, and let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes.

"Cannibalism! Murder!" says some one. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him soliloquise. "Here is the boy on whom I have depended—oh, how I loved him! He was given in answer to prayer, and now must I surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with you? But then it is always safer to do as God asks me to; I have been in dark places before, and God got me out. I will implicitly do as God has told me, although it is very dark. I can't see my way, but I know God makes no mistakes, and to Him I commit myself and my son."

Early in the morning there is a stir around Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed and saddled. Abraham makes no disclosure of the awful secret.

At the break of day he says: "Come, come, Isaac, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey." I hear the axe hewing and splitting amid the wood until the sticks are made the right length and the right thick-

ness, and then they are fastened on the beast of burden. They pass on—there are four of them—Abraham, the father; Isaac, the son; and two servants. Going along the road, I see Isaac looking up into his father's face, and saying, "Father, what is the matter? Are you not well? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turning around to the servants, the son says, "Ah! father is getting old, and he has had trouble enough in other days to kill him."

The third morning has come, and it is the day of tragedy.

The two servants are left with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back, and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp, and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here are all the appliances for sacrifice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting; there is no victim, no pigeon, no heifer, or lamb. Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into his father's face, and asks a question which must have cut the old man to the bone, "My father!" The father said, "My son, Isaac, here I am." The son said, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The father's lips quivered, and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind, and soul shivered in sickening anguish as he struggles to gain equipoise; for he does not want to break down. And then he looks into his son's face, with a thousand rushing tendernesses, and says, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb."

The twain are now at the foot of the hill, the place which is to be famous for a most transcendent occurrence. They gather some stones out of the field, and build an altar of three or four feet high. Then they take this wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it over the stones, so as to help and invite the flame. The altar is done—it is all done. Isaac has helped to build it. With his father he

has discussed whether the top of the table is even, and whether the wood is properly prepared. Then there is a pause. The son looks around to see if there is not some living animal that can be caught and butchered for the offering. Abraham tries to choke down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief, in order that he may break to his son the terrific news that *he* is to be the victim.

Ah ! Isaac never looked more beautiful than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciated fingers through his son's hair, he said to himself: "How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back without my boy? I thought he would have been the comfort of my declining days. I thought he would have been the hope of ages to come. Beautiful and loving, and yet to die under my own hand. O God ! is there not some other sacrifice that will do ? Take my life, and spare his ! Pour out my blood, and save Isaac for his mother and the world !" But this was an *inward* struggle. The father controls his feelings, and looks into his son's face, and says, "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son said, "Yes, father. I thought you had something on your mind ; tell it." The father said, "My son, Isaac, thou art the lamb !" "Oh," you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was twenty or thirty years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." Ah ! Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's neck, and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness ! The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry, "My son ! my son !" The answer, "My father ! my father !"

There is nothing comparable to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifice were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlings, the martyr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith, who held the manacles, "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle mightily." So Isaac's arms are fastened, his feet are tied.

The old man, rallying all his strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fastens the thong at the other side of the altar, and another thong, and another thong. There is the lamp flickering in the wind, ready to be put under the brushwood of the altar. There is the knife, sharp and keen. Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side, and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, come up to the side of the altar, puts a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then, lifting the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death-stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the hand begins to descend. It falls! Not on the heart of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry, “Abraham! Abraham! lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do him any harm!”

What is this sound back in the woods? It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram that, going through the woods, had its crooked horns fastened and entangled in the brushwood, and could not get loose: and Abraham seizes it gladly, and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on in his place, sets the lamp under the brushwood of the altar, and as the dense smoke of the sacrifice begins to rise, the blood rolls down the sides of the altar, and drops hissing into the fire, and I hear the words, “Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world.”

Well, what are you going to get out of this? There is an aged minister of the Gospel. He says, “I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether it seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it.” Out yonder is an aged woman; the light of heaven in her face; she is half-way through the door; she has her hand on the latch of the gate. Mother, what would you get out

of this subject? "Oh," she says, "I would learn that it is *in the last pinch* that God comes to the relief. You see the altar was ready, and Isaac was fastened on it, and the knife was lifted; and just at the last moment, God broke in and stopped proceedings. So it has been in my life of seventy years. Why, sir, there was a time when the flour was all out of the house; and I set the table at noon and I had nothing to put on it; but five minutes to one o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide.

"My son was very sick, and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don't mean to take him away from me, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him away. Why, there are neighbours who have three and four sons; this is my only son; this is my Isaac. Lord, you won't take him away from me, will you?' But I saw he was getting worse and worse all the time; and I turned round and prayed, until after awhile I felt submissive, and I could say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' The doctors gave him up, and we all gave him up. And, as was the custom in those times, we had made the grave clothes, and we were whispering about the last exercises, when I looked, and I saw some perspiration on his brow, showing that the fever had broken, and he spoke to us so naturally, that I knew he was going to get well. He did get well, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of disease, was loosened from that altar."

I was once going up a long flight of stairs, and I saw an aged woman, very decrepit, and with a cane, creeping on up. She made but very little progress, and I felt very exuberant; and I said to her: "Why, mother, that's no way to get upstairs;" and I threw my arms around her and I carried her up and put her down on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said: "Thank you, thank you: I am very thankful." O mother, when you get through this life's work and you want to go upstairs and rest in the good place that God has provided for you, you will not have to climb up—you will not have to crawl up painfully. The two arms that were stretched on the cross

will be flung around you, and you will be hoisted with a glorious lift beyond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and Isaac be with you until you see the Lamb on the hill-tops !

Now, that aged minister has made a suggestion, and this aged woman has made a suggestion, I will make a suggestion : Isaac going up the hill makes me think of *the great sacrifice*. Isaac, the only son of Abraham. Jesus, the only Son of God. On those two "onlys" I build a tearful emphasis. O Isaac ! O Jesus ! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one. When the knife was lifted over Calvary, there was no voice that cried "Stop !" and no hand arrested it. Sharp, keen, and tremendous it cut down through nerve and artery until the blood sprayed the faces of the executioners, and the mid-day sun dropped a veil of cloud over its face, because it could not endure the spectacle. O, Isaac, of Mount Moriah ! O, Jesus, of Mount Calvary ! Better could God have thrown away into annihilation a thousand worlds than to have sacrificed His only Son. It was none one of ten sons—it was His *only* Son. If He had not given up Him, you and I would have perished. "God so loved the world that He gave His only—" I stop there, not because I have forgotten the quotation, but because I want to think. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Great God ! break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac the *only*, typical of Jesus the *only*.

You see Isaac going up the hill and carrying the wood. O, Abraham, why not take the load off the boy ? If he is going to die so soon, why not make his last hours easy ? Abraham knew that in carrying that wood up Mount Moriah, Isaac was to be a symbol of Christ carrying His own cross up to Calvary. I do not know how heavy that cross was—whether it was made of oak, or acacia, or Lebanon cedar. I suppose it may have weighed one, or two, or three hundred pounds. That was the lightest

part of the burden. All the sins and sorrows of the world were wound around that cross. The heft of one, the heft of two worlds; earth and hell were on His shoulders. O Isaac, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Moriah. O Jesus, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Calvary, the agonies of earth and hell wrapped around that cross. One would think that this audience would shriek out in sympathy. I shall never see the heavy load on Isaac's back, that I shall not think of the crushing load on Christ's back. For whom that load? For you. For you. For me. For me. Would that all the tears that we have ever wept over our sorrows had been saved until this morning, and that we might now pour them out on the lacerated back and feet and heart of the Son of God.

The cathedral of St. Mark's, Venice, stands in a square in the centre of the city, and I have heard that when the clock strikes twelve at noon, all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came in this wise: a large-hearted woman passed one noonday across the square, saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day, at the same hour, she scattered more crumbs of bread among them, and so on from year to year until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon, the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck twelve, the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive. Christ comes out to feed thy soul to-day. The more hungry you feel yourselves to be, the better it is. It is noon and the Gospel clock strikes twelve. Come in flocks! Come as doves to the window! All the air is filled with the liquid chime, Come! Come! Come!

While I pause, this audience seems to swim from my vision, and I see the congregations of the last day gathering in the air. Oh, what a retinue of flaming cloud and falling star. Behold! He cometh. "Behold! He cometh

with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." On that day it will be found out whether I preached the whole truth. On that day it will be found out whether any of you squarely refused the offer of eternal life. You will on that day think of this occasion, of where you sat or stood, of the text that was preached from, and your decision. This hour takes hold on that. Come! let us look each other in the face, that I may know you when I see you again in the judgment.

THE COLD.

"Who can stand before His cold?"—PSA. cxlvii. 17.

THIS whole land has recently been afflicted with depressed temperature. In Dakota, the thermometer forty degrees below zero. Window glass in Chicago cracked under the cold. A sea captain coming last night into port tells me that in Charleston, South Carolina, it has been colder than in one hundred and thirty years with one exception. Flocks of sheep, herds of cattle have perished on the mountains. *One of the severest winters* this land has ever experienced, these severities finding their echo in the text: "Who can stand before His cold?"

The Psalmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been cut of the sharp weather. In this chapter he speaks of the snow like wool, the frost like ashes, the hailstones like morsels, and describes the congelment of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost. "Who can stand before His cold?"

This challenge of the text has many times been accepted. October 19th, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand

men, fifty thousand horses, six hundred pieces of cannon, forty thousand stragglers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wrathier than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks.

An army of Arctic blast, with icicles for bayonets and hailstones for shot, and commanded by voice of tempest, marched after them. The flying artillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles, and huddle themselves together for warmth; but when the day broke they rose not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of corpses.

An invisible power seized one hundred thousand men and hurled them dead into the snowdrifts, and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers, and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. That freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of my text, "Who can stand before His cold?"

In the middle of December 1777, at Valley Forge, eleven thousand troops were with frosted ears and frosted hands and frosted feet, without shoes, without blankets, lying on the white pillow of the snow-bank. As during our late war, the cry was, "On to Richmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the Revolutionary War there was a demand for wintry campaign until Washington lost his equilibrium and wrote impatiently: "I assure these gentlemen it is easy enough seated by a good fireside and in comfortable home to draw out campaigns for the American army; but it is not so easy to lie on a bleak hill-side without blankets and without shoes." Oh, the frigid horrors that gathered around the American army in the winter of 1777! Valley Forge was one of the tragedies of the century.

"Who can stand before His cold?" "Not we," say the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his crew falling back from the fortresses of ice which

they had tried in vain to capture. "Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the *Intrepid*, the *Resistance* and the *Jeannette*. "Not we," say the procession of Arctic martyrs this moment on their way home for American sepulchre, De Long and his men.

The highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice. Mont Blanc, Yungfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers of this continent are at this moment lying in captivity of ice. The greatest sculptors of the ages are the glaciers, with arm and hand and chisel and hammer of ice. The cold is imperial, and has a crown of glittering crystal, and is seated on a throne of ice, with footstool of ice and sceptre of ice. Who can tell the sufferings of the winter of 1433 when all the birds in Germany perished? or the winter of 1658 in England, when the stages rolled on the Thames, and temporary houses of merchandise were built on the ice? or the winter of 1821 in America, when New York Harbour was frozen over, and heavy teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island? Then come down to our own winter, when there have been so many wrapping themselves in furs, or gathering themselves around fires, or threshing their arms about them to revive circulation—the millions of the temperate and the Arctic zones who are compelled to say, "None of us can stand before His cold."

One half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the North, the cotton of the South, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests—all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every January with blue lips and chattering teeth answers, "None of us can stand before His cold."

Now, this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frosts is the God of the heat, that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms, that the God of January

is the God of June. The question as to *how we shall warm this world up* is a question of immediate and all-encompassing practicability. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless hearths, so many broken window-panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm.

Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaziers at broken window sashes, hundreds of whole-souled men and women are necessary to warm this bitterly cold weather.

What are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not, my friends, there are hundreds and thousands of people who cannot stand before His cold? It is useless to do nothing but preach to bare feet and empty stomachs, and to gaunt visage. Christ gave the world a lesson in common-sense when, before preaching the Gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, He gave them a good dinner.

But, my friends, there is *more than one way* of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here this morning to consult with you as to the best way of warming up the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches, and all your homes, and throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat, and it has a door into which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced, and it will turn the Arctic zone into the temperate, and the temperate into the tropics. It is the powerful heater, it is the glorious furnace of Christian sympathy.

There are men that go through the world just like *floating icebergs*. They freeze everything with their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting the temperature drops from eighty above to ten degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their

eyebrows. They float into a religious meeting, and they chill everything with their jeremiads. Cold prayers, cold songs, cold greetings, cold sermons. *Christianity on ice!* The Church a great refrigerator! Christians gone into winter quarters! Hibernation! On the other hand, there are people who go through the world like the breath of a spring morning. Warm greetings, warm prayers, warm smiles, warm Christian influence. There are such persons. We bless God for them.

A general in the English army, the army having halted for the night, having lost his baggage, lay down tired and sick without any blanket. An officer came up and said, "Why, you have no blanket, I'll go and get you a blanket." He departed for a few moments, and then came back and covered the general up with a very warm blanket. The general said, "Whose blanket is this?" The officer replied, "I got that from a private soldier in the Scotch regiment, Ralph McDonald." "Now," said the general, "you take this blanket right back to that soldier. He can no more do without it than I can do without it. Never bring to me the blanket of a private soldier." How many men like that general would it take to warm the world up? Most of us are anxious to get more blankets whether anybody else is blanketed or not.

Look at the fellow-feeling displayed in the rocky defile between Jerusalem and Jericho in Scripture times. Here is a man, who has been set upon by the bandits, and in the struggle to keep his property he has got wounded and mauled and stabbed, and he lies there half dead. A priest rides along. He sees him, and says: "Why, what's the matter with that man? why, he must be hurt, lying on the flat of his back. Isn't it strange that he should lie there? But I can't stop. I am on my way to temple services. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties." After a while a Levite comes up. He looks over and says, "Why, that man must be very much hurt. Stabbed under his arm. What a pity! Tut! tut! what a pity! Why, they have taken his clothes nearly all

away from him. But I haven't time to stop. I lead the choir up in the temple service. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties."

After a while a Samaritan comes along, one who you might suppose through a national grudge might have rejected this poor wounded Jew. Coming along he sees this man and he says: "Why, that man must be terribly hurt. I see by his features he is a Jew, but he is a man and a brother. Whoa!" says the Samaritan, and he gets down off the beast and comes up by this wounded Jew, gets down on one knee, listens to see whether the unfortunate heart is still beating, makes up his mind there is some chance for resuscitation, goes to work at him, takes out of his sack a bottle of oil and a bottle of wine, cleanses the wound with some of the wine, then pours some of the restorative into the wounded man's lips, then takes some of the oil, and with it soothes the wound. After a while he takes off a part of his own garments for bandage, for the bandits have nearly stripped the man. Now, the sick and wounded man sits up, pale and exhausted, but very thankfully. Now, the good Samaritan says, "You must get on my saddle, and I will walk." The Samaritan helps and tenderly steadies this wounded Jew until he gets him on the beast.

They pass on towards the tavern, the wounded man holding on with the little strength he has left, ever and anon looking down at the good Samaritan and saying: "You are very kind; I had no right to expect this thing of a Samaritan, when I am a Jew; you are very kind to walk and let me ride." Now they come to the tavern. The Samaritan, with the help of the landlord, assists the wounded man to dismount, and puts him to bed. The Bible says the Samaritan stayed all night. In the morning, I suppose, the Samaritan went in to look how his patient was and ask him how he had passed the night. Then he comes out—the Samaritan comes out and says to the landlord, "Here is money to pay that man's board, and if his convalescence is not as rapid as I hope for,

charge the whole thing to me. Good-morning, all." He gets on the beast and says, "Go along, you beast, but go slowly, for those bandits sweeping through the land may have left somebody else wounded and half dead." Sympathy! Christian sympathy! How many such men as that would it take to warm the cold world up?

An engineer in the south-west, on a locomotive, recently saw a train coming with which he must collide. He resolved to stand at his post and slow up the train until the last minute, for there were passengers behind. The engineer said to the fireman, "Jump! one man is enough on this engine. Jump!" The fireman jumped and was saved. The crash came. The engineer died at his post. How many men like that engineer would it take to warm this cold world up?

A vessel struck on a rocky island. The passengers and the crew were without food, and a sailor had a shell-fish under his coat. He was saving it for his last morsel. He heard a little child cry to her mother: "O mother, I am so hungry; give me something to eat, mother, I am so hungry." The sailor, took the shell-fish from under his coat, and said: "Here, take that." How many men like that sailor would it take to warm the cold world up?

Xerxes fleeing from his enemy got on board a boat. A great many Persians leaped into the same boat, and the boat was sinking. Some one said, "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" and the majority of those who were in the boat leaped overboard and drowned to save their king. How many men like that would it take to warm up this cold world?

It was His strong sympathy that brought Christ from a warm heaven to a cold world. The land where He dwelt had serene sky, balsamic atmosphere tropical luxuriance. No storm blasts in heaven. No chill fountains. On a cold December night Christ stepped out of that warm heaven into the world's frigidity. The thermometer in Palestine never drops below zero, but December is a cheer-

less month, and the pasturage is very poor on the hill-tops. Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into this cold world that cold December night. The world's reception was cold. The surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepulchre was cold. Christ came, the great warmer, to warm the earth, and all Christendom to-day feels the glow. He will keep on warming the earth until the tropic will drive away the Arctic and the Antarctic.

He gave an intimation of what He was going to do when He broke up the funeral at the gate of Nain and turned it into a reunion festival, and when with His warm lips He melted the Galilean hurricane and stood on the deck and stamped His foot, crying "Silence!" and the waves crouched and the tempests folded their wings. Oh, it was this Christ who warmed the chilled disciples when they had no food by giving them plenty to eat, and who in the tomb of Lazarus shattered the shackles until the broken links of the chain of death rattled into the darkest crypt of the mausoleum.

FOOLS IN RELIGION.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."—LUKE xvi. 8.

THAT is another way of saying that Christian people are not as skilful in the management of spiritualities as worldlings are in the management of temporalities. I see all around about me people who in monetary affairs are alert, industrious, concentrated, enthusiastic, successful, who in religious matters are dead failures. If one-half the courage, the pluck, the perseverance, the skill used in the affairs of the world were applied to the Christian religion and to the church, the last Juggernaut would speedily fall, the last throne of oppression upset, the last iniquity tumble, and the anthem that unrolled above Bethlehem on that famous Christmas night would be echoed back from all nations and people: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

In a car going to New Orleans some years ago the porter of the sleeping car, as evening was coming on, began to prepare the berths for the passengers, and I noticed a man rise and kneel in prayer, and after lingering a long time in supplication he arose, took his seat, had no idea he was being observed, and cared not. The worldings who saw that, I suppose, said within themselves, "What does all this mean?" I think the majority of us said, "That man is either insane or a fanatic." But in conversation with him afterwards I found he had made his fortune for this world and his fortune for the next, was a member of a Christian church in this city, and was on his way to New Orleans to take command of a vessel. He interfered with no one's rights when he knelt; he interfered with no one's rights when he rose. I said to myself, as I say now, that ten men with that courage, that persistence, that enthusiasm in religion, that independence of all worldly criticism, would bring a whole city to God; ten thousand such men would save the whole world in ten years.

If you had been on the ferryboat between Brooklyn and New York late last night you would have found gentlemen of business coming home at ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock who ordinarily return at four or five in the afternoon. "What is the matter," you ask them. O! they are taking account of stock. There are hundreds of young men here this morning who are unusually weary because for the last six or seven days they have been kept unusually busy, and far into the night it was before you returned. You have been taking account of stock. A man who does not take account of stock is on the way to bankruptcy. Every intelligent man must at the close of the year, and at the beginning of another, say: "There are my liabilities and there are my assets; will the assets meet the liabilities?" Are we as wise as that in matters of religion? We know how we stand for this world. How do we stand for eternity? It is true now as it was in Christ's time, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

1. In the first place, we want very much more common sense in the structure of churches. If a company of bankers meet together and they are going to erect a building for a larger enterprise, the one idea of that structure is the banking project. If manufacturers are about to put up a great structure they have dominant the manufacturing idea; but there are scores and hundreds of church buildings that have no adaptiveness to Christian service.

God's favourite figure in the natural world is a circle. The world in a circle, the stars sweeping in a circle, the sun moving in a circle, the whole heavens in a circle. Ought not we to take the hint and make our churches circular? No excuse for lack of fresh air when the world swims in it. No excuse for lack of light when the heavens are full of it. It ought to be an expression on the Sabbaths not only of our spiritual delight, but of our physical comfort. "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O! Lord of hosts; a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."

2. I notice, further, that we also want more common sense in our religious hope.

Men do not expect to succeed in the world unless they concentrate. You think on one item of business until your mind takes fire with the velocity of your own thoughts. You know that men succeed in worldly things in proportion as they concentrate. In all departments the mightiest men have been the men who most concentrate. A man who will concentrate his energies of body, mind, and soul in one direction is a tremendous man. Do we concentrate in matters of religion? We have an idea there is some blessing floating somewhere around; and after awhile, peradventure, it may alight on us.

A miller in California picks up a sparkle of gold from the bed of a stream which turns his mill. He holds up that sparkle of gold until nations are bewitched by it. Tens of thousands of men leave their homes, and they take blankets, and pickaxe, and pistols, and they start for the wilds of California. The whole talk is about gold. Gold in the eyes, gold in the ears, gold in the wake of ships, gold in the streets, gold, gold, gold!

But word comes to us that the mountain of God's love is full of gold. It is not a bogus company that proposes to develop it; it is not an undeveloped territory. Tens of thousands of men have brought from that mountain gold and jasper, and amethyst and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus and emerald, and all the precious stones out of which the walls of heaven are built. One man in one hour brought out from that more treasures than can be represented by all the stars that keep vigil over our sick and dying world. How do people act in regard to it? One would suppose they would rush up and down the street wanting to get these treasures, that they would knock at your door asking how they might come into possession of these eternal riches. No, we put our hands behind our backs and walk up and down in front of the mountain of

gold, and we say, "If I am to be saved I will be saved, and if I am to be lost I will be lost. I have no responsibility in the matter."

Is that the way, my brother, you do in wordly business? Why do you not go to your warehouse to-morrow morning and say, as you sit down and fold your arms, "Now, if these goods are to be sold they will be sold, and if they are not to be sold they won't be sold?" No, you start at your *employés*, you adorn your show-window, you print your advertisements, you push those goods and keep pushing them until you have made the sale. Oh! for such wisdom and enthusiasm and concentration in religious things.

3. We also want more common sense in the building of Christian character. Some of you started the Christian race thirty years ago and you have not run a mile! A man in worldly affairs expects his investments to be accumulative. You invest one dollar, you expect that dollar to come home carrying another dollar. You would hardly understand a man who would put 10,000 dollars in a monetary institution, then go off for five or ten years, make no inquiry in regard to interest or dividends, come back at the end of five years and go up to the cashier of the institution and say: "Where's my 10,000 dollars?" saying nothing about interest, nothing about dividends. That is the way we do in religious things. We invest something more valuable than any earthly resource can represent.

We have invested our soul. Is it accumulative? Are we getting better or are we getting worse? Does the last Sabbath in 1884 find us any further on than the last Sabbath in 1883 found us? Christ has been declaring dividends all these years—dividends of pardon, dividends of joy, dividends of peace. Have we collected them? Is our religion accumulative? Are we as wise in the matters of the soul as men are in the matters of the world?

4. In the reading of the Scriptures also we want more wisdom. We take up any other book and we say: "Now, this is a book on astronomy, and it means to teach me astronomy. This is a book on political economy, and it means to teach me political economy." We take up the Bible, asking no questions as to what it means to do, when it is the meaning of this Book to get us all converted and get us to heaven. No; we go into the Bible as we go into a military armoury to get muskets, or we go as a botanist goes into a garden to pick flowers, or we go as logicians wanting our mental faculties sharpened up for better argument, when we ought to take

up our Bible, feeling, "Now, this is an interview with God. O! Lord, speak to me now from Thy throne of mercy and of grace." There is a man lost among the mountains, and he sees a light in a mountain cabin. He goes up and knocks at the door of the cabin. The mountainer says, "Who is there?" The man says, "I am lost: I want a lantern if you can spare one." The mountaineer opens the door, takes down an old lantern, puts a candle in it, closes the door of the lantern, and hands it in the most kindly manner to the wayfarer. The wayfarer says, "I don't like the looks of this lantern; I don't like the handle of it; I don't like those punctures in the side of it; I don't like the size of it; there are a hundred things about it I don't like; if I can't get a better one I don't want any." The mountaineer in disgust slams the door in the man's face.

That is the way we do in regard to the Holy Book. We do not like this about it, and we do not like that about it, and we do not like the other thing about it, when God intended it as a lamp to our feet and a lantern to our path, and we ought to be using it to guide our souls to heaven. We do not use any common sense in regard to it. Then, when we read the Bible, it is perhaps five or ten minutes only just before we go to sleep, and we can hardly keep our eyes open. We are so somnolent we hardly know which end of the book is up, and our eyes fall perhaps on the story of Samson and the fox, or the genealogical table, which though of importance in its place, stirs no emotion.

An old sea captain sits Christmas night in his warm room. He is a retired sea captain. His little grandchild is playing on the carpet, playing with a mariner's compass, and has a great deal of sport with it, rolls it over and laughs about it. While his grandchild is playing with that mariner's compass, and having such sport with it, the old sea captain thinks of a scene in which that mariner's compass was a participant off Newfoundland. Midnight cyclone. Heavens full of darkness. Sea raging. Which way across the sea? And that compass pointed. "That compass saved me, saved my ship, saved my passengers." O! how differently that compass appears to the little child playing with it, from the way it appears to the old sea captain. O! is this Book a toy compass—only for our mirth and criticism? Or is it our guide to harbour? Does it mean plaything or immortal rescue?

5. More common sense in prayer. We say, "O! Lord, give me this," and "O! Lord, give me that," and "O! Lord, give

me something else." We do not know whether we get it or not. We do not examine to see whether we have got it. You want a bill of goods from some other city. You telegraph for them, or write for them. You say, "Send those goods by express, or send by steamer, or send by rail train." The day for the arrival of the goods comes. You send a waggon to the office, or you send a waggon to the station, or you send a waggon to the wharf. The goods have not come. You telegraph: "What is the matter with those goods? I want them now. I have already sold them on the expectation of having them here. If you can't send them immediately don't send them at all." The next day you make the same inquiry. No goods yet. The following day you telegraph, and keep on telegraphing until you get the goods.

Are we as wise in matters of religion? Are we wise in prayer? We say, "O! Lord, send me this." We do not know whether we get it or not. We do not rise at seven o'clock in the morning and say, "Did I get that blessing?" We do not at twelve o'clock say, "Have I got that blessing?" We do not say at seven o'clock at night, "Why don't I get that blessing?" when we ought to send and send and send, and implore and implore, and beg and beg, and agonise and agonise until we get what we sent for. O! my soul, wake up to this duty of prayer, this joy of prayer, this common sense of prayer. God has promised, swearing by His eternal throne that He will give what we ask for if it is the best for us. Have we not the right to expect it?

6. More common sense in doing good. I know men who are very efficient in everything but religion. I know men who can stand behind a counter and sell goods in the most finished style, and sell when no one else perhaps can sell them, and in the most cheerful style they present the goods. You hear those men in prayer-meeting, and it is *doleful*. They could not commend anything. Then there are those in Christian work who are *arrogant*, and they patronize, their manner seeming to say, "Don't you wish you were as good as I am? Why, I have to look clear away down to see where you are, you are so far beneath me."

I do not suppose that Mary lost any of her simplicity when she was talking with Christ. I do not suppose that Paul thundering from Mars Hill took a pulpit tone. Oh for some of the adaptiveness of Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem out of the grass, and talked to the farmer about the man that went forth to sow, and talked to the vinedresser about the idlers in the vineyard, and

talked to the fishermen about the net that brought some of all sorts, and talked to the man cramped in money matters about the two debtors, and talked to those who were newly affianced about the marriage supper, and talked to the womanly housekeeper about the yeast that leavened the whole lump, and talked to the shepherd about the lost sheep. We must bring everything to Him—the tenderness of sentiment, the wealth of language, the delicacy of morning dew, the saffron of floating cloud, the tangled surf of tossing sea, the bursting thunder guns of the storm's bombardment. Every star must point up to Him, every heliotrope must breathe His praise, every drop of the morning shower must flash His glory, all the tree branches in their music must thrum the grand march of a world redeemed.

Have you any idea these are the bodies which were originally intended for the human race? Weary of lifting two or three hundred pounds, we ought to lift fifteen hundred. Weary of walking ten miles, we ought to walk fifty without fatigue. Have you any idea that your eyesight or hearing is what was originally intended? No. Sin has blasted us. Anybody that knows anything about anatomy or physiology knows sin has blasted us.

And the mind—is that all right? Do you not sometimes forget when you think you ought to remember? Does not your judgment sometimes fail you? Does not your reason tell you to do certain things and you find it is a mistake? Is your mind all right? Is it a complete and perfect mind? And your soul! Have you never had any evil thoughts? Would you like this moment to have come out before the world—to say nothing of coming before God—would you like to have come out before the world all your thoughts for the past ten years? Not one of us—not one of us. Ruined body, mind, and soul. But our Gospel tells that Christ came to restore and to redeem us.

There is in Venice a Raphael which is nearly faded out. History says that it is a wonderful picture. Indeed there are marks of wonder-power in it yet, but the most of it is faded out. There comes a man who is a blunderer as an artist. He says, "I would like to touch up that picture." You say, "You can't touch it; you will make it worse instead of making it better; you have no power of restoration." After awhile there comes a man who is the equal of Raphael, and you know him to be the equal. He says: "I will restore that picture; I have as much power as the one who made the picture." You are glad to let him work on it, and he

restores this feature, and he restores that feature, and this imperfection is gone and that is gone, and soon the picture stands out in its original power. Now, here is *the soul*. God's image was impressed upon it, but it has been fading out, and fading out, and fading out. If the image of God is in your soul this morning, O man, do you not feel that the picture has faded out? Here comes the world, and it says: "I can restore it, I can educate it, I can bring out those lost features." You say, "Stand back, I have no confidence in you; you are a blunderer." But here comes the Lord Jesus Christ, a divine Raphael. He says, "I have power to make that restoration; I am the equal of the One who made the original picture. I can restore it, I will restore it." And He takes hold of that soul, and He touches this sin and it is gone, and that sin and it is gone, and He brings out this feature of God, and that feature of God, until the image is restored. That is the work that you have to look upon this morning, and you have to make selection.

"Mamma," said a little girl to her mother, "what makes your hand so scarred and twisted? Why don't it look like other people's hands?" The mother was putting the little child to bed when the question was asked her. She said; "My darling, when you were a good deal smaller than you are now, after I had put you to bed one night and I was down-stairs, I heard a cry. I heard a shrill shriek. I ran upstairs, and the bed was on fire and you were on fire, and I rushed to you, and I tore off the garments, and I lifted you out of the bed, and snatched you away from the fire; but I hurt my hand very much. You see it has been scarred and twisted ever since, my child. It doesn't look much like a hand now, does it? But I got all that in trying to save you, my dear."

O! if you could only see the burned hand of Christ—burned to snatch you out of the flame—burned to take you away from the eternal burnings. O! if you could see that burned hand of Jesus, aye, the burned foot, the burned brow, the burned heart! All burned for you! "By His stripes ye are healed."



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