

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Standing on the Plain with Christ."

TEXT: "And He came down with them and stood in the plain." - Luke vi, 17.

Christ on the mountains is frequent study. We have seen Him on the Mount of Olives, Mount of Beatitudes, Mount Moriah, Mount Calvary, Mount of Ascension, and it is glorious to study Him on these great natural elevations. But how it that never before we have noticed Him on the plain? Amd the rocks, high up on the mountain, Christ had passed the night, but now, at early dawn, He is come down to the plain. And special friends, stepping from shelving to shelving, here and there a loosened stone rolling down the steep sides ahead of Him, until He gets in a level place, so that He can be approached with the precision of an engineer. He is on the level. My text says, "He came down with them and stood in the plain."

Now that is what the world wants to-day more than anything else—a Christ on the level, easy to get at, not ascending, not descending, approachable from all sides—Christ on the plain. The question among all consecrated people to-day is, "What is the matter with the ministers?" Many of them are engaged in picking holes in the Bible and apologizing for this and apologizing for that. In an age when the world expects to be apologetic to the Bible, they are fighting against the Bible, or too much reverence for the Bible. They are building a fence on the wrong side of the road; not on the side where the precipice is and off which multitudes are falling, but on the upper side of the road, so that people will not fall up hill, of which there is no danger. There is no more danger of Bibliolatry, or too much reverence for the Scriptures, than there is that astrology will take the place of astronomy, or alchemy the place of chemistry, or the canal boat the place of the limited express rail train. What a theological farce it is; ministers fighting against too much reverence for the Scriptures; ministers making apology for the Scriptures; ministers pretending to friends of the Bible, yet doing the Book wrong. What a spectacle is that! What a spectacle have we in our denomination to-day—committees trying to patch up an old creed three or four hundred years ago, so that it will fit the nineteenth century. Why do not our millinery establishments take out of the garrets the coal scuttle hats which your great-grandmothers wore and try to fit them on the head of the modern maiden? You cannot fix up a three-hundred-year-old creed so as to fit our time. Princeton will sew on a little piece, and Union Seminary will sew on a little piece, and Alleghany Seminary will sew on a little piece, and the time the creed is done it is as variegated as Joseph's coat of many colors.

I think of having to change an old creed to make it clear that infants drink no tea to heaven! I am so glad that the committee are going to let the babies in. Thank you, so many of them are already in that all the hills of heaven are ringing with their anniversary. Now what is the use of fixing up a creed which left any doubt on that subject? No man ever doubted that all infants dying go to heaven, unless he is a Herod or a Charles Guiteau. I do not remember of hauling the old creed at all, but now that it has been lifted up and its imperfections set up in the sight of the world, I say, Overboard with it, make a new creed.

There are to-day in our denomination five hundred men who could make a better one. I could make a better one myself. As we are now in process of changing the creed, and no one knows whether it will be believed, or will be two or three years hence expected to believe, I could not wait, and so I have made a creed of my own which I intend to observe the rest of my life. I wrote it down in my memorandum book a few months ago, and it reads as follows: "My creed: The glorious Lord. To trust Him, love Him, obey Him, all that is required. To that creed I invite all mankind." De Witt Talmage.

The reason Christianity has not made more rapid advance is because the people are asked to believe too many things. There are, I believe, today millions of men and women who have never joined the church and are not counted among the Lord's friends because they cannot believe all the things that they are required to believe. One-half the things a man is expected to believe in order to enter the church and reach heaven have no more to do with his salvation than the question, How many volcanoes are there in the moon? or, How is apricot jam made? or, How many teeth were in the jawbone with which Sampson smote the Philistines? I believe ten thousand things, but none of them have anything to do with my salvation except these two—I am a sinner and Christ came to save me.

On Sunday morning, averaging one person to a pew or one person to a half dozen pews, and leaving the minister at night to sweat through a sermon with here and there a lone straggler, unless, by a Sunday evening sacred concert, he can get out an audience of respectable size.

The vast majority of the church membership around the world put forth no direct effort for the salvation of man. Did I say there would have to be a change? I correct that and say, there will be a change. If there be fifteen million persons added every year to the world's population, then there will be thirty million added to the church, and forty million and fifty million and sixty million. How will it be done? It will be done when the church will meet Christ on the plain. Come down out of the mountain of exclusiveness. Come down out of the mountain of pride. Come down out of the mountain of formalism. Come down out of the mountain of freezing and indifference.

Did I say, "Come down out of the mountain of exclusiveness. Come down out of the mountain of pride. Come down out of the mountain of formalism. Come down out of the mountain of freezing and indifference." My text says, "He came down with them and stood in the plain." I am in favor of a change. I do not know what is the best way of doing things in the churches, but I know the way we are doing now is not the best way, or the world would be nearer its salvation than it seems to be. So I feel; so we all feel, that there needs to be a change. The point at which we all come is presenting Christ on the plain, Christ on the level with all the world's woes and wants and necessities.

The fall change will have to come from the existing ministry. We now in the field are too set in our ways. We are lumbered up with technicalities. We have too many concordances and dictionaries and encyclopedias and systems of theology on our head to get down on the plain. Our vocabulary is too frosted. We are too much under the domination of customs regnant for many centuries. Come on, young men of the ministry, take this pulpit, take this parsonage, and in the street, and in the marketplace, and in the family circle preach Christ on the plain.

As soon as the church says by its attitude, not only by its words, "My mission is to help for this life and help for the life to come all the people," and it proves its earnestness in the matter, people on foot and on horseback, in wagons and in carriages will come to the churches in thousands. Numbers that they will have to meet at the door by us, saying, "You were here last Sunday; you cannot come to-day." Gentlemen and ladies, you must take your turn.

And it will be as in the Johnston disaster, when a government station was opened for the supply of bread, and it took the officers of the law to keep the refugees in line because of the great number of food. When this famine struck world real is that the church is a government station set up by the government of the universe to provide the bread of eternal life for all the people; the rest will be unprecedented and unobtainable.

Astronomers have been busy measuring worlds, and they have told us how great is the circumference of this world and how great is its diameter, yet, they have kept on until they have weighed our planet and found its weight to be six sextillion tons. But by no science has the weight of this world's troubles been weighed. Now Christ stands on the level of our humanity stands in sympathy with every trouble. There are so many aching hearts; His ached in the thorn. There are so many weary feet; His were worn with the long journey. He went down the land that received him not. There are so many persecuted souls. Every hour of His life was under human outrage. He had no better place to rest his head than a cattle pen, and his farewell was a slap on His cheek and a spear in His side. So intensely human was He that there has not since that all our race a grief or infirmity or exhaustion or pain that did not touch Him once and that does not touch Him now.

The lepers, the paralytics, the imbeciles, the maimed, the courtesans, the repentant sinners, which one did He turn off when one did He not pity, which one did He not help? The universal trouble of the world is bereavement. One may escape all the other troubles, but that no soul escapes. One of that bitter cup every one must take a share. For instance, in order that all might know how He sympathizes with those who have lost a daughter, Christ comes to the house of Jairus. There is such a big crowd around the door. He and His disciples have to go their way in. From the throng of people I conclude that this girl must have been very popular. She was one of those children who were every body's likes.

After Christ got in the house there was such a loud weeping that the ordinary tones of voice could not be heard. I do not wonder. The dead daughter was twelve years of age, and it is about the happiest time in most lives. Very little children suffer many injustices because they are children, and childhood is not a desirable part of human existence—they get abandoned or set on. At twelve years of age the child has come to self assertion and is apt to make her rights known. And then, twelve years of age is too early for the cares and anxieties of life. So this girl, I think, the merriest of the household. She furnished for them the merriment and the harmless mischief, and roused the guffaw that often rang through the happy home. But now she is dead, and the grief at her departure is as violent as the presence had been vivacious and inspiring. Oh, the bereavement was so sharp, so overwhelming! How could they give her up? I suspect that they blamed themselves for this or for that. Oh, if they had had some other doctor, or taken some other medicine, or had been more careful of her health, or if they had not given her that proof some time when she had not really deserved it, if they had been more patient with her hilarities and, instead of hushing her play, had participated in it! You know there are so many things that parents always blame themselves for at such times. Only twelve years of age! So fair, so promising, so full of life a few days ago, and now so dead! Oh, want it is to have a daughter die! The room is full of folk, but yonder is the room where the young sleeper is. The crowd cannot go in there. Only six persons enter, five besides Christ—three friends, and, of course, the father and mother. They have the first right to go in. The heaviest part of the grief was theirs. All eyes in that room are on the face of this girl.

That Christ is in sympathy with those who stammer, or have slurred ears, notice how promptly He came to that man with impediment of speech and gave him command of the tongue so that he could speak with ease, and, putting His fingers into the ears, returned the tympanum. Is there a lack of circulation in your arm, think of Him who cured the defective circulation and the inactive muscles of a paralytic who had lost the use of hand and arm, by saying, "Stretch forth thy hand" and the veins and nerves and muscles resumed their office, and though in doing so, the joints may have cracked from long disuse, and there may have been a strange sensation from elbow to finger tip, he stretched it forth! And nothing is the matter with you, but you may appeal to sympathy with Christ. And if you feel yourself to be a great sinner, hear what He said to that repenting Magdalen, while with a scalding sarcasm He dashed her hypocritical passions.

And see how He made an immortal liturgy out of the publican's cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," a prayer so short that the most overburdened offender can utter it, and yet long enough to win celestial dominion. It was well put by a man who had been converted, and who remembered that in his dissolute days he found it hard to get occupation, because he could not present a certificate for good character.

In commending Christ to the people he said, "Bless God, I have found out that Jesus will take a man without a character!" Christ on a level with suffering humanity. My text says, "He came down with them and stood in the plain." No climbing up through attributes you cannot understand. No ascending of the heights of beautiful rhetoric of prayer. No straining after a God that you cannot find. But going right straight to Him and looking into His face and taking His hand and asking for His pardon, His love, His grace, His heaven.

Christ on the level. When during the siege of Sebastopol an officer had commanded a private soldier to stand on the walls exposed to the enemy and receive the ammunition as it was handed up, while he, the officer, stood in a place sheltered from the enemy's guns, General Gordon leaped upon the wall to help and commanded the soldier to follow him, as then closed with the words, "Sever order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself." Glory be to God, the Captain of our salvation has Himself gone through all the exposures in which He commands us to be courageous. He has been through it all, and now offers his sympathy in similar struggle.

One of the kings of England one night in disguise visited a poor man in a prison, not giving account of himself, was arrested and put in a miserable prison. When released and getting back to the palace, he ordered thirty tons of coal and a large supply of fire for the night prisoners of London. Out of his own experience that night he did this. And our Lord the King of righteousness and of peace, and of hunger and persecution and shame, out of His own experience is ready to help, and pardon all, and comfort all, and rescue all.

Oh, join Him in the plain. As long as you stay up in the mountains of your pride you will never better place to rest your head than a cattle pen, and his farewell was a slap on His cheek and a spear in His side. So intensely human was He that there has not since that all our race a grief or infirmity or exhaustion or pain that did not touch Him once and that does not touch Him now.

A Big Sea Bass. A large crowd on the noon ferry-boat collected about one of the trunk carts the other day, attracted by a huge and queer fish that was extended along the frame of the truck. To every appearance the fish belonged to the trout family and was judged to be a freak in size. One of the curious lookers-on measured the length of the monster and found it to be nearly seven feet, while the greatest breadth about the body was three and a half feet. The scales appeared very much like pieces of abalone shell, but were ductile and semi-transparent.

By-and-by the inevitable know-all came along and he explained the wonder to the crowd. The sea leviathan, was a species of the black seabass, and by all odds the largest of its kind ever captured on this coast. Its weight was about 400 pounds. It was captured off the Cataline Islands, and the powerful rope fastened through its enormous mouth attested its prodigious strength.

It was learned that smaller specimens of this fish are brought up from the Santa Barbara and sold to wholesale dealers, who in turn retail them to restaurants. The restaurants, by a process of seasoning and hammering out the flesh, are enabled to serve the fish to their patrons under a dozen different names.—San Francisco Chronicle.



Arrested—the progress of Consumption. In all its earlier stages, it can be cured. It's a scrofulous affection of the lungs—a blood taint—and, as in every other form of scrofula, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a certain remedy. But it must be taken in time—and now is the time to take it.

It purifies the blood—that's the secret. Nothing else acts like it. It's the most potent strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-builder known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all lingering Coughs, it's a remedy that's guaranteed, in every case, to benefit or cure.

If it doesn't, the money is returned. In other words, it's sold on trial. No other medicine of its kind is. And that proves that nothing else is "just as good" as the "Discovery." The dealer is thinking of his profit, not of yours, when he urges something else.

Every lover and breeder of Game Fowls should subscribe for "The Game Bird," a monthly Journal of state, published by A. P. Mott, Publisher, York, Pa.

Routs Rheumatism.

Mr. CHARLES LAWRENCE, of Ashland, Neb., says that Swift's Specific cured him of SEVERE RHEUMATISM of which he had suffered for over six months, with vain efforts for relief. He recommends it to all sufferers from Rheumatism.

After suffering untold agonies three years from Rheumatism, having had much treatment without relief, I decided to take Swift's Specific. Eight bottles cured me ENTIRELY.

W.L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best Shoe in the World for the Price.



W. L. DOUGLAS FINE CALF HAND-SEWED \$4.00 and \$5.00 SHOES for Gentlemen are very stylish and durable. Those who buy this grade get a bargain, as shoes of this quality are sold every day from \$6.00 to \$9.00.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$8.50 POLICE CALF SHOE is made with three heavy soles, Extension Edge; it gives excellent satisfaction to those who want to keep their feet dry and warm. If you want to walk with ease, buy this shoe. One pair will do for a year.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50, \$2.25 and \$2.00 SHOES are excellent shoes for every day. Workmen all wear them.

It is a duty you owe to yourself and your family during these hard times to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your foot-wear if you purchase W. L. Douglas Shoes, which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other shoe in the world, as thousands who have worn them will testify.

Youthful Replies. One of our school commissioners inspected a down-town public school the other day and examined several girls. Commissioner—Now, I will ask you to tell me the parts of speech of some words you have just read. What part of speech is "Mary Ann?" Little Girl—Noun, sir.

The Commissioner smiled and observed to the teacher that the answer ought to pass. On another occasion the Commissioner inquired: "You say that all the rivers flow into the sea. Why, then, does not the sea become too full and overflow with all the waters from all the rivers?" The youth addressed eagerly replied: "Because the fishes drink the water, sir." "The Comic.

Curative Power of Water. The hypodermic injection of pure water can exert an anesthetic local effect sufficient for preventing pain of minor operations, and Bartholow says: "So decided is this effect that there are physicians who hold that the curative effect of the hypodermic injection of morphine is due, not to the morphine, but to the water." One point more for the hydropaths—Foot's Health Monthly.

A Kingly Stagger. In the household book of the reign of Edward II., it is stated that he ordered to be paid to Sir Nicholas de Beck, Sir Humphrey de Littlebury, and Sir Thomas de Latimer, the sum of twenty pounds (then a very large sum indeed), for dragging the King out of bed on Easter morning.

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Beauty often depends on plumpness; so does comfort; so does health. If you get thin, there is something wrong, though you may feel no sign of it.

Thinness itself is a sign; sometimes the first sign; sometimes not.

The way to get back plumpness is by CAREFUL LIVING, which sometimes includes the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

Let us send you—free—a little book which throws much light on all these subjects.

Scott & Bowman, Chemists, 133 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—will druggists everywhere do so.

"August Flower"

My wife suffered with indigestion and dyspepsia for years. Life became a burden to her. Physicians failed to give relief. After reading one of your books, I purchased a bottle of August Flower. It worked like a charm. My wife received immediate relief after taking the first dose. She was completely cured—now weighs 165 pounds, and can eat anything she desires without any deleterious results as was formerly the case. C. H. Dear, Prop'r Washington House, Washington Va. @

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Advertisement for GARFIELD TEA, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its health benefits.

Advertisement for WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its uses for skin care.

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