

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Healing Touch."

Text: "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 the synagogue to complete the healing of 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 lay in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha; others say it 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 ignorant than now. She had been in the hospital, and had had the best of the word physician or surgeon stands for potent and educated skill. Professor Lightfoot gives a list of what he supposes may have been the remedies she has applied. I suppose she had been blistered from head to foot and had tried the compress and had used all styles of astringent herbs, and she had been mauled and laced and cut and incised until she was a plague. Beside that the Bible indicates her doctors had run up frantically, and she had paid money for medicines and for surgical attendance and for hygienic apparatus 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! Wantard and faint, she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and over and anon touching her lip with some acute pain and sobbing until her tears fell 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! Stand back! 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. He looks at her, 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, she is afraid, but for that might be irreparable. She will not touch Him on the hand, for that might seem too familiar.

She says: "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 am sure He will have me. I have heard so much about Him. Besides that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last hope. And she presses through the crowd still farther and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch Him. She pushes still farther 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 flash there thrilled back into her shattered nerves, and shrunken veins, and exhausted arteries, and panting lungs, and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, returned. She was on her feet, and the 12 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 starts 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 cannot answer." But then the rescued and rejoicing woman came up, and knelt in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith has made thee whole. Go in peace, and be whole of all thy ailments." So that man gives us a dramatization 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 to ourselves. The content 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 Christ. Did you ever get tired of others? Have you never risked your health for others? Have you never preached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or offered a prayer, or then felt afterward that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never imitated Christ?

Are you curious to know how that garment of Christ would be affected by this touching? This touching invalid? I suppose that Christ was surcharged with vitality. You know that diseases may be conveyed from city to city by garments as in case of epidemic, and so I suppose that garment was surcharged with health. I suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that it permeated all His robe down to the last thread on the border of the blue fringe. In addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics, without which this 12 years' invalid would not have been instantly restored.

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 conduct or profession overworks that he may educate his children, a man who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrong out by active services in church, or Sabbath-school, or city evangelization, has imitated Christ, and the strength has gone out of him. A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick cradle, a wife who bears up cheerfully under domestic wrongs, and 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 under heaven, and has nothing to show for it but premature gray 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 barefooted destitute, that strength may go out through the mantle hung up in some closet after you are dead. So a crippled 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. Aye, have we not in all our dwellings garments of the departed, a touch of which will carry us 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 subtraction of strength from ourselves. He felt that strength had gone out of Him.

Notice also in this subject a Christ sensitive to human touch. The knuckles, and the hands, 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 mutilate; He did not scorchify. He touched him, and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever—brain fever, typhoid fever, or what, I do not know. Christ was the physician. He offered no lebrifuge; He prescribed no drops; He did not put her on pins and needles. He touched her, and she was perfectly well. Two blind men come stumbling into a room where Christ is. They are entirely sightless. Christ did not lift the eyelid to see whether it was cataract or opthalmia. He did not put the man into a dark room for three or four

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 proceper Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron 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 line 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 until she 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.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ and a current of consolation rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, way do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch Him? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid of the text. Have you had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than 12 years. In your case hand of prayer was made, if connecting line between Him and ourselves complete. "Oh," 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 I guess you can press through.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows Himself especially sympathetic with questions of domesticity, as when at the wedding in Cana He alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken dome of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start would 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 early triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering dromedaries obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in His eyes and on His cheeks, 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," says some one, "Christ doesn't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of His kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many more cases of trouble than mine He doesn't care about me, and His face is turned the other way." So His back was turned to this invalid of the text. He was on His way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide-reaching. But the content says, "He turned Him about." If He was facing to the north, He turned to the south; if He was facing to the east, He turned to the west. Why did He turn Him about? The Bible says He has no shadow of turning; He rides on His chariot through the eternities. He marches on, crushing scorpions as though they were serpents, and he goes on brook's bank, and treading thrones on either side of Him without looking which way the fall. From everlasting to everlasting. He turned Him about." He was on the allied armies of hell could not stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for those who are called nervous. Of course it is a misapprehension in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After 12 years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had! You all know that a good deal of medicine taken if it does not cure leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was all about insomnia, and about the awful apprehension of something going to happen, and irritability about little things that in health would not have perturbed her. I want you it was not a straight stroke she gave to the garment of Christ, but a trembling fore-arm, and an uncertain motion of the hand, and a quivering finger with which she was cracking almonds on brook's bank, and treading thrones on either side of Him without looking which way the fall. From everlasting to everlasting. He turned Him about." He was on the allied armies of hell could not stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turned clear about.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the mistake of all nervous people. Of course she does 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 what I call now speaking they say: "Oh, that's nothing, she's a little nervous, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I do not ask you to discard human medicines. I believe in them. When the slightest thing occurs in the way of sickness in my household, we always run for the doctor. I do not want to despise medicine. If you cannot sleep nights, do not despise bromide or potassium. If you have nervous paroxysms, do not despise morphine. If you want to strengthen up your system, do not despise quinine as a tonic. Use all right and proper medicines. But 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 center of all His sympathies. Oh, yes, Paul preterit when he said, "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched."

The fact is Christ Himself is nervous. All those nights out of doors in malarial districts, where an Englishman or an American dies if he goes at certain seasons. Sleeping out doors so many nights, as Christ did, and so hungry, and His feet wet with the wash of the sea, and the wilderness tramp, and the broken His nervous system; a fact 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 died in pain, in hours, 48 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, "Oh, 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's omnipotence in the touch.

Oh, I am so glad that when we touch Christ Christ touches us. The knuckles, and the hands, 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 mutilate; He did not scorchify. He touched him, and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever—brain fever, typhoid fever, or what, I do not know. Christ was the physician. He offered no lebrifuge; He prescribed no drops; He did not put her on pins and needles. He touched her, and she was perfectly well. Two blind men come stumbling into a room where Christ is. They are entirely sightless. Christ did not lift the eyelid to see whether it was cataract or opthalmia. He did not put the man into a dark room for three or four

wools. He touched them, and they saw every thing. 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 hearing, 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 awakens 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 in 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." This 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 tired and all the perplexed. Oh, why do you not go and touch Him?

You utter your voice in a mountain pass, and there come back 10 echoes, 20 echoes, 30 echoes perhaps—wild echoes. Every voice of prayer, every aspiration of praise, every groan of distress has divine response and celestial reverberation, and all the galleries of heaven are filled with sympathetic echoes and throngs of ministering angels echo, and the angels of heaven are making, and the hearts of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost echo and re-echo.

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 electric chain, and with the other hand he may take hold of the other end of the chain. Then 100 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 heavenly and saintly and cherubic and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep His hand over your audience and say, "Who touched Me?" there would be hundreds and thousands of voices responding: "I! I! I!"

### The Magnetic Water of Pueblo.

A feature of remarkable interest at Pueblo, Colorado, is that of the peculiar magnetic mineral water found there. This has converted the whole town to a belief in its wonderful efficacy and attracted a great deal of interest throughout the State. Everybody seems to be drinking it, and bathing in it for a week or two with the water at a temperature of about 105 degrees Fahrenheit is considered a panacea for the most obstinate cases of inflammatory rheumatism and derangement of the kidneys and liver, also dyspepsia and various other troubles, including nervous complaints. This water seems to be generally distributed beneath the city of Pueblo at a depth of from 1200 to 1700 feet, and has been reached by seven or eight wells scattered over an area of several miles, which were all sunk in search for petroleum and coal, and in no case has a well which has been sunk to a proper depth failed to reach the water, which is found in a lamination of white sandstone. So strong is the force upon the water below that it equals a pressure at the surface of the wells equal to that of from fifty to sixty pounds to the inch, and rises when confined by an upright pipe to a height of 120 feet, and the flow from one of the wells, which is four or five inches in diameter, and which is the only one which has been properly cased, is estimated at 3000 barrels per diem.

The water is considered most agreeable for drinking, and contains an appreciable proportion of iron, lithia and sodas. The particular feature, however, is its strong magnetic character, as it impregnates knife-blades and steel substances held beneath its flow for a few minutes so strongly that they become magnets by which tacks, needles and other small iron and steel objects are readily lifted. This imparting of magnetism by water is, I believe, disputed and scouted by scientists whose theories are quite clear, but the fact nevertheless exists, and incontestably, that the water does, with celebrity, highly magnetize steel substances held beneath its flow. It may not perhaps do this by the accepted axioms of science, but that it has a way of doing it is highly satisfactory to the boys as well as the adults of Pueblo. This magnetic quality is accounted the prime factor in rheumatic cases, and it would be difficult to find in the whole of Pueblo any one who knows anything about the water who is not a convert to its supposed almost miraculous qualities. In fact a continuous pilgrimage from the mines and different parts of the State to the water for drinking and bathing is going on, and it is generally believed that no case exists so obstinate that it will not be relieved by bathing and drinking freely of the water.—Boston Transcript.

### The Best Dishes for Dyspeptics.

Violent cases of dyspepsia are often cured by refraining from liquids entirely. Never drink at meals, and if thirsty between times sip a little hot water slowly. Little by little, as the person grows better, he or she can take coffee, even tea, at their meals. Where chronic dyspepsia exists, generally the person must be guided by what is found by experience to agree. Simplicity in cooking and a plain diet is necessary. Pastry, fried articles, meats cooked a second time, and nearly all sweets are to be avoided. The following are some of the foods easy of digestion. Mutton, sweetbreads, chicken, partridge, beef tenn, mutton broth, milk, fish, oysters, stale bread, rice, tapioca, asparagus, French beans, baked apples, oranges, strawberries and peaches.—St. Louis Star-Bayings.

## MANY IN ONE.

Small Towns United Have Made a Great City of Brooklyn.

Before the building of the great bridge the city of Brooklyn was a string of villages. The Heights, overlooking New York, where a row of houses gardens has been built on the roofs of the river-side storehouses, was settled by the Dutch in the old days. They used to pull away from the bustle of town in row-boats after business hours. They called the place variously—Brecklen, Broucklyn, Breuckelen, and Brucklyn. Such shipping firms as the Lows and others followed the Dutch to the tree-clad Long Island shore from time to time. In 1790 there was talk of building the National Capitol there, and very much later Plymouth Church and Henry Ward Beecher made the Heights world-famous. The Hill district, northeast and far back of the original ferry, grew up on its own account; and so did Williamsburg, which was incorporated as a village in 1827, and swallowed up by Brooklyn in 1855. Greenpoint, beyond later Plymouth Church and Henry Ward Beecher made the Heights world-famous. The Hill district, northeast and far back of the original ferry, grew up on its own account; and so did Williamsburg, which was incorporated as a village in 1827, and swallowed up by Brooklyn in 1855. Greenpoint, beyond later Plymouth Church and Henry Ward Beecher made the Heights world-famous. The Hill district, northeast and far back of the original ferry, grew up on its own account; and so did Williamsburg, which was incorporated as a village in 1827, and swallowed up by Brooklyn in 1855. Greenpoint, beyond later Plymouth Church and Henry Ward Beecher made the Heights world-famous. The Hill district, northeast and far back of the original ferry, grew up on its own account; and so did Williamsburg, which was incorporated as a village in 1827, and swallowed up by Brooklyn in 1855. Greenpoint, beyond later Plymouth Church and Henry Ward Beecher made the Heights world-famous. 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