

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: **Children of a King—The Royal House of Jesus, and the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, and the Nations, Are Its Heritage—Cross Its Heraldic Sign.**

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage who, during his journey homeward has seen much of royal and imperial splendors, in passing through the capitals of Europe, shows that there is no higher dignity nor more illustrious station than those which the Christian has as a child of God; text, Judges viii, 18: "Each one resembled the children of a king." Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance; "each one resembled the children of a king." That description of people is not exact. There are still many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall open their hands, and there are there are family names that stand for wealth, or patriotism, or intelligence. The name of Washington among us will always represent patriotism. The family of the Medicis stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of \$40,000,000 in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience, and within a few years they have loaned Russia \$12,000,000; Naples, \$25,000,000; Austria, \$40,000,000; and England, \$200,000,000, and the stroke of their pen on the counting room desk shakes everything from the Irish Sea to the Danube. They open their hands, and there is war; they shut it and there is peace. The Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Bourbons of France, the Stuarts and Guelfs of Great Britain are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial authority.

But I preach of a family more potential, more rich and more extensive—the royal house of Jesus, of which the sun, the moon, the stars, and the nations are named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross; all of us are the children of the King.

Next, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line gives lustre to the family name. In our line was a King and Conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at His birth. From thence He started forth to lead the nations, and by trampling them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw Him on a white horse. When He returns He will wheel the nations chained to His wheel or in iron cages, but I hear the tramp of the hoofs of the snow-white cavalcade that brings them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes lustre from the star that heralded Him, and the spear that pierced Him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to His cradle, and the lilies that hung their sweetness into His sermons, and the box of sweetbalm that broke at His feet. The Comforter, at Bethany. The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Oculist at Bethesda. The Saviour of one world, and the chief joy of another. The stormer of His crown. The light His smile. The spring morning His breath. The earthquake the stamp of His foot. The thunder the whisper of His voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of His finger. Heaven a speck on the bosom of His love. Eternity the crown of His eye. The universe the flying dust of His chariot wheels. Able to lead a heart-break or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immortality with His glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth, swing out the coat of arms! Great families wear their coat of arms on the door, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion, or a dragon, or an eagle. Our coat of arms worn right over the heart, shall be a cross, a lamb standing under it, and a dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag; in every cross, the lamb, and when I fall, wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit, and clung to the Cross, and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Thou, Jesus, that dear friend, On whom my hopes of life depend, No! When I blush, be this my shame— That I no more revere His name.

Next, I speak of the family sorrow. If trouble come to one member of the family all feel it. It is the custom, after the body is lowered into the grave, for the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First those nearest the departed come, then those next in line, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when a trouble comes down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around a central battery; the two persons at the ends of the line touch the battery and all the circle feels the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble distresses its battery, all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family the sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

Their streaming eyes together flow For hyman grief and mortal woe. If you voice at another's misfortune, you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats, and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul, and at the Dove of the Spirit.

Next, I notice the family property. After a man of large estate dies the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons, and so much to his daughters, and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled to-day to hear the will read. He says, "My peace I give unto you." Through His apostle He says, "All things are yours." What, everything? Yes, everything! This world and the next! In distinguished families there are old pictures hanging on the wall. They are called the "heirlooms" of the estate. They are very old, and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heirlooms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up, hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky and land are full of chirp, and buzz, and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey-makers in the log, and beak against the bark, and squirrels chattering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky make you feel glad.

The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of cloud and sets minaret and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks at night! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for each

ing eyes and burning brain and wasted childhood and for that dim vision of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet and for sewing girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture and hung it on the wall in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family. And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors, and the ocean under her glance comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window pane into his cabin, and to the sick it is a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly gurgled the sickle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly gurgled the sickle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly gurgled the sickle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly gurgled the sickle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over this great deep of human pain and woe.

You cannot see a large estate in one morning and night. You must take several around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around the feet of the alpine mountains, the harvests that wave in them, and the cattle that pasture there—all these mountains, and the precious things hidden beneath them, and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the alpine mountains, all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven, and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine, for us they sang at a Saviour's nativity. For us they will wheel into line, and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk, go around the eternal city. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck 12. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we are no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." At these times of glory rise we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness and thanksgiving and triumph.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorkill. You heard the footsteps of the rain on the roof. You swung on the gate post. You ransacked the barn. You cut the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring woods for nuts, and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you the homestead of eternity. My Father's house are many mansions. When we talk of mansions we think of Chatsworth and its park, nine miles in length, and its conservatory that astonishes the world; its galleries of art that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen; of the king and the queens who have walked its state and its private apartments; of the hunters, the grouse, but all the dearest places of dukes and princes and queens are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand swung the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars and swung the doors, and planned the plan of the house, and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowest a king, and the shortest life he speaks is an anthem, and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful forest Victoria regia, five feet in diameter. But the hills of the valley shall need no shelter from the sun, and in the open garden of God shall put forth its full bloom, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim and seraphim had not seen it yet. I stand in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from them, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, or whether I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion, which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are covered with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gateway are a bloom with the century plants of eternity. The Queen of Sheba hath walked its hall, and Esther, and Marie Antoinette and Lady Huntingdon and Cecil, and Jeremy Taylor, and Samuel Rutherford and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor men from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

What clasp of hands! What embraces! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say, "I thought there were no tears in heaven." There must be, for the Bible says that "God will wipe them away," and if there were no tears there, how could He wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and much for thee? Do thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? That I will help thee. And, with His arm around us and the other arm around our eternal jubilee.

While I speak some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "Oh, blessed day! speed on. Toward thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come, and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh day of retribution! I have kissed Thy blessed feet, I turn around to gather up the long lost treasures of my heart. Oh! be not angry with me. One look at Thee were heaven. But all these heavens are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon, and went into the dining room in which our first President entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But, oh, the banquet hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide; for the great multitude are to sit at it. From the tree by the river gather the twelve manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards, and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry the bread of life, if a man eat, he shall never hunger. Take all the shot-torn flags of earthly conquest and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the timbrel, for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine!

## CHINESE POLICEMEN.

Curious Regulations of the Force of 20,000 on Duty at Peking.

In costume a Chinese policeman is something between a circus clown and a football player. His breeches are always baggy, and very well wadded—so clumsy you wonder how he gets around in them, particularly when, as is often the case, he wears a coat, also thick and clumsy, coming well below the knees. Dark blue is the prevailing color, set off with bands and facings of lighter blue, red, green, maroon and brown, but never yellow. That is the sacred or royal hue, permitted to nobody below the rank of a Viceroy.

In the treaty ports, that is to say those open to foreign influence and commerce, the police force is largely made up of Sikhs from northern India. The reason, perhaps is that the Chinese themselves are essentially unwelcome, they have a proverb to the effect that "no good man is ever a soldier." As men in the pay of the Chinese Government, whether natives or not, they have taken an active part in the present trouble in China.

The police rank officially as gendarmes. In Peking the head of them is always a Manchu. Policemen must be plentier than blackberries in the Chinese capital. The sacred or imperial walled city keeps between fifteen and twenty thousand of them. This walled city is two miles square, with two great gates in each wall-face, half a mile from the corners, and a mile from each other. Broad streets stretch straight from one to another, thus cutting the space inside into a big nine-block. Police stations are scattered all along the nine squares, especially around their outer edges, which face upon the passway inside the wall. The head of the police has charge of all the city gates. They are nine in number—since the side next the palace proper has an extra gate in the exact middle of the two-mile wall. Policemen in this the Tartar city belong to what is known as the Eight Banner Corps. They do not carry arms, not even so much as the baton of a civilized officer, but keep swords, spears, guns and cutlasses in racks at the stations, and make a rush for them when they hear the signal gun. This is fired by an officer whose special charge it is, either upon orders or if in his own judgment it is necessary. The penalty for firing it at the wrong time is severe—it may be degradation and banishment or strangulation.

Upon parades and reviews the policemen are always armed, especially if foreign devils are to witness the review or the parade. The weapons are curious-looking, but wicked in the extreme—the three-hooked spears they all carry in particular make jagged and ghastly wounds. Besides the 20,000 within the wall, Peking maintains a force of 14,000 with which to regulate affairs in the outer city. They are under command of the same general officer and governed by the same regulations, though there are variations arising from the differences of situation. Men and officers alike furnish their own uniforms, but are armed by the State, and receive a monthly rice allowance in addition to their pay. The chief gets a fair salary, but the men and subordinate officers are meagerly paid. Notwithstanding, they make and save money enough to retire after moderate terms of service.

"Influence" in the shape of cold cash stands the prisoners friend in China even more than anywhere else in the world. In fact, but for the "presents" the force is allowed to squeeze out of natives and foreigners alike, there might be difficulty in getting men for the service, even though humanity is cheaper than dirt—cheap all over the Celestial empire.—New York Sun.

## Volcanoes Made by Man.

At Brule, near Saint Etienne, in France, is one of the most remarkable burning mountains in the world. Originally it was a mass of coal, weighing probably hundreds of millions of tons, and elevated well above the surrounding country.

Dense forests covered it, and its peculiar formation was unbroken and unsuspected, save by the local peasantry. These mined the precious mineral, each in his own way and for his own profit; and, as the deposits were of varying richness, frequent jealousies and bickerings were the result. One of the favorite plans for keeping rivals at a distance was to throw pieces of old leather on a burning brazier, causing an intolerable stench. One day, more than a century ago, the fire extended to the coal, and it has never ceased burning. The summit of the smouldering mass is occupied by a genuine crater, where the imprisoned gases generated by the conflagration forced their way out, and round the lips and within the throat of this funnel-shaped orifice have formed vast deposits of citron-yellow-colored sulphur.

Another similar manmade volcano, on a smaller scale, exists in Belgium, between Namur and Charleroy. It has been burning continuously for nearly ninety years, and emits vast columns of black, mephitic smoke, rendering the neighboring country barren, baked and utterly unprofitable.—Answers.

## A Bad Snake Electionist.

Like a cock's crow is the cry uttered by a poisonous South American snake. The unwary traveller thinks nothing of the familiar noise until he finds himself suddenly stricken by the hidden reptile. Unless the venom is removed at once the victim dies.

## From Across the Continent.

"I received the Tetterine couple of days ago. The few applications I've made convince me that I have at last found in this fine remedy a cure for Eczema. I can sell a few boxes to my friends. What discount on one dozen? Let me know at once. R. C. Bingley, 707 Market street, San Francisco, Cal." At druggists or by mail for 50 cents by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

## Poker Defied.

Judge Finn of the First Municipal court, New York, is one of the coolest poker players on Manhattan island. A case was before him the other day in which the defendant refused to pay a poker debt of \$92. The judge asked what poker was, and five lawyers, with all of whom he has often played, dimly opined that it was played with cards. "Is it a game of chance?" inquired the court. "That depends altogether on how good a player the other fellow is," answered one of the lawyers mildly.

## Indian Relics on Golf Course.

An Indian ax and several stone arrowheads were unearthed today on the Jersey City Golf club grounds by Dr. William Pyle and other players; they were so near the surface, said some who did not find any relics, that a "schlafed" stroke was all that was needed to unearth them. The links is located on low land in the western section of Jersey City and is believed to have been the "stamping ground" for the Hackensack Indians.

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