

SACRIFICES BY CHRIST.

Dr. Talmage Tells What the Saving of the Nations Cost the Messiah.

Paying for the Clearance of Our Souls—Save that Light Which Comes in Through the Door.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows the Messianic sacrifices for the saving of all nations and speaks of Gethsemane as it appeared to Him; text, I Corinthians vi, 20, "Ye are bought with a price."

Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the glass plots, the fish ponds, the conservatories, the park, the deer, and you say within yourself or you say aloud, "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an earring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing room, or you see a high mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says, "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month or a year the magnificent calculations, but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went to the Tower of London to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and, being in the procession, were compelled to pass out. I wish that I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength, that you might walk around just once at least and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price."

Now, if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by installments—so much the first of January, so much the first of April, so much the first of July, so much the first of October—until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that "you have been bought with a price" and that that price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after in heaven, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very beam of upstart when Jesus was born. In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people many thousand people were crowded, and amid hostlers and managers and camel drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden the Messiah appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted place had the eagle in the eyrie, had the whelp in the lions' lair, had the angel of heaven lie down upon straw. The first night out of the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse! One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half-way world of great magnitude, then to Caesarea, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut and last of all to a stable. No! it was one leap from the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravanary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary! No light! "No light," she says, "save that which comes in through the door." What, Mary, no food? "None," she says, "only that which was brought to the stable on the journey. At the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the Babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Under your head, let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day! Monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence shined in that Babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory be to God, that Jesus came from throne to manger, that we might rise from manger to throne and that all the gates are open and that the door of heaven, that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of heaven lay hold the rope and ring out the news: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For to-day is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

"Come, and I will show you something worth looking at, and after a half day's journey they came to Jerusalem and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so Satan brought Christ to the top of the temple. Some people said to him, "He will die down a strange disposition to jump." Satan comes to Christ in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple, they look off. A magnificent reach of country. Gravelled vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills and villages and cities and realms. Now, says Satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the temple to the valley, but if you are divine you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your Father will hold you. Besides, I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you China, I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation it must have been!

Blessed God that in the triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having Himself been tempted, He is able to succor all those who are tempted. In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled in the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck said: "Don't send that boy up. He will be dashed to death." The mate said, "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order and then rose hand over hand and went to work. And as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done, he came down in safety, and a Christian man said to him, "Why did you go down in the forecastle before you went up?" "Ah!" said the boy, "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me, before I undertook anything great to pray."

"What is that you have on your vest?" "Oh, that is the New Testament," he said. "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well the boy was protected!

I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us and Christ about us, nothing can befall us in the way of harm. Christ Himself having been in the tempest will deliver all those who put their trust in Him. Blessed be His glorious name forever!

Whether I remark the last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noon went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague visited it, and the streets were filled with uncovered faces were taken in open cars and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank, but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters, or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that the curtain should be drawn away as the great hearse of the earth rolled on bearing the corpse of the King. A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear him dying silence puts its hand on your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by a deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ's last hour cannot be left alone. What Pursuing Him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking His tears. Do you want to drink His blood? They come up closely, so that notwithstanding the darkness they can glut their revenge with the contortions of His countenance. They examine His feet; they want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked; they put out their hands and touch the spikes and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments.

Women stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for the tender-hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite. The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for His holy heart. Had He not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn Him down and trampled Him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and clamped their bits and reared and snorted at the blood. Had a Roman officer called out for a light his voice would not have been heard in the tumult, but louder than the clash of spears, and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, and the howling of the crucifiers there came a voice crashing through—loud, clear, overwhelming, terrible. It is the groaning of the dying Son of God! Look! What a scene! Look, what, at what you have done!

I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh, when the nails were through Christ's right hand, and through Christ's left hand, that bought both your hands with all their power to work and lift and write. When the nails were through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that bought your feet, with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love and repent and pray.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

News Happenings of Interest Gathered From All Sources.

\$50,000 DAMAGE BY FIRE AT BEDFORD

Two Men Killed and One Injured While Robbing Pillars in the Keystone Mine—Mixer House of the Cambria Powder Works, at Ninevah, Went Up in an Explosion—Steady Work Assured for 20,000 Miners.

At 3 o'clock in the morning fire was discovered in the photograph gallery of W. A. Morehouse, in the Blymyer Building, Bedford, and before it was gotten under control \$50,000 worth of property was in ruins, covering a half block of buildings, from Hartley's Bank to Moses Lippe's clothing store. A very high wind was blowing and the entire business portion of the town was in danger. Only prompt work on the part of the local fire department saved it. The Hartley Bank building, Cortes' novelty store, the Carn building, Rideour's old jewelry store, Jordan's drug store, Durb Harry's cigar store and Statler's store were also damaged. The heaviest losses are Cortes' novelty store, \$7,000; Blymyer, hardware, \$11,000, on building and stock. Cortes' insurance is \$7,100; Blymyer's, \$850. The total insurance is \$4,250.

With a report that was heard for ten miles around the mixer house of the Cambria Powder Works, at Ninevah, went up in an explosion only a few minutes after the workmen had left their employment for the noonday meal. James Keil, the mixer man, and Charles Funk, the engineer of the establishment, had just left the mixer house and were hardly 100 feet away when the building was shattered to atoms high in the air by the explosion of 400 kegs of the powder. Three other buildings nearest to the explosion were demolished, such valuable machinery was damaged and many windows in the houses a considerable distance away were shattered.

The loss is placed at \$15,000. The mill is owned by Johnstown people, of whom there are about seventy in the company. Two men lost their lives and one man's life was saved by his heels, so to speak, by a fall of rock in the Keystone mine. Pittston, Morgan Davis, a miner, and Scott Venetis, his laborer, were both killed, while David Williams was slightly injured. The three men were sitting in a chamber where they had been robbing pillars when they heard the rumbling that precedes a fall and started to run. Williams was caught by his heels by the edge of the fall and to that fact owes his life, while the other two were crushed to death. The fall was 20 feet square and 14 feet thick.

George Hoover, aged 10 years, was seized with hydrophobia at the home of his parents in Shamokin and has frothed at the mouth and imitates the barking of a dog almost continually. Dr. M. H. Harpel, who was called as soon as the boy showed symptoms of rabies, says there is no hope of his recovery. It requires four men to guard him. He is very savage and frequently tries to bury his teeth in the hands of his attendants.

A case stated has filed at Lancaster to determine the ownership of the farm in Manheim Township devised by the late Miss Catherine H. Long, to the city as a public park. This is an amicable action upon the result of which depends whether or not the city becomes possessed of property valued at \$300,000.

Revenue Collector H. L. Hershey, of Lancaster, announced the appointment of G. W. Lemaster to succeed Cashier A. R. Hawk, of the Ninth District, the latter having been recently appointed postmaster of Lebanon. Ex-Representative Q. O. Reitzel, of Salunga, succeeds Lemaster as a clerk in the local office.

Ursinus College has won its contention that the House of President Henry T. Spangler should be exempt from taxation. Equity proceedings were commenced by the college to restrain the borough of Collegeville from levying county, borough and school taxes upon the property. Judge Swartz rendered a decision against the borough.

The stockholders of the newly organized Second National Bank of Meyersdale elected the following officers: President, C. W. Truxal; vice-president, N. E. Miller; cashier, E. M. Beachly. The capital stock is \$500,000. The bank will open its doors for business about April 20.

Harris C. Fahnestock, of the First National Bank, New York, a native of Harrisburg, has offered the Harrisburg Young Men's Christian Association \$25,000 for the erection of a new building. The association has accepted and will begin the work when \$30,000 is pledged, having \$45,000 already on hand.

The Schuylkill County Homeopathic Medical Society held a convention in Pottsville which was attended by doctors from all parts of the region. Papers were read by Drs. J. S. Kistler, of Shenandoah, and E. L. Straub, of Minersville.

The first Town Council of the new borough of Northampton Heights has been organized by the election of William P. Baker as president; J. Davis Brodhead, solicitor; engineer, R. E. Neumeyer, and Harvey Frederick, town clerk.

Nine weeks ago the boy was playing with his 8-year-old sister, Jennie, over their home, when a mad dog bit him on his nose and also bit the girl's left hand. She is being closely watched to fear she too will fall a victim to the disease.

The old oil plant at Front and Fulton streets, Chester, was destroyed by fire. Three hundred bales of rags stored in the building by J. J. Hayes were also consumed. The loss is estimated at \$400.

The iron and steel works at Crum Lynne, operated by the J. J. Hudson Company, were destroyed by fire. The loss is \$50,000, and 300 men will be idle for some time.

A mortgage for the sum of \$500,000 was filed at Media by the Suburban Gas Company in favor of the Real Estate Trust Company of Philadelphia.

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