

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Over All Forever."

Text: "Christ came, who is over all."—Romans ix., 5.

For 4000 years the world had been waiting for a deliverer—waiting while empires rose and fell. Conquerors came and made the world worse instead of making it better—the centuries watched and waited. They looked for Him on thrones, looked for Him in palaces, looked for Him in imperial robes, looked for Him at the head of armies. At last they found Him in a barn. The cattle stood nearer to Him than the angels, for the former were in the adjoining stall, while the latter were in the clouds. A percentage of peasantry! No room for Him in the inn because there was no one to pay the hotel expense. Yet the poor man and the angelic cantata showed that heaven made up in appreciation of His worth what the world lacked. "Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen."

But who is this Christ who came? As to the difference between different denominations of evangelical Christians I have no concern. If I could by the turning over of my hand decide whether all the world shall at last be Baptist or Methodist or Congregational or Episcopal or Presbyterian, I would not turn my hand. But there are things which are vital to the soul. If Christ be not a God, we are idolaters. To this Christological question I devote myself this morning and pray God that we may think right and do aright in regard to a question in which mistake is infinite.

I suppose that the majority of those here to-day assembled believe the Bible. It requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It is faith in a different direction. The Christian has faith in the teachings of Matthew, Luke, John, Paul, Isaiah, Moses. The infidel has faith in the free thinkers. We have faith in one class of men. They have faith in another class of men. But as the majority of those, perhaps all of those here assembled, are willing to take the Bible for a standard in morals and in faith, I make this book my starting point.

I suppose you are aware that the two generals who have marshaled the great armies against the deity of Jesus Christ are Strauss and Renan. The number of their slain will not be counted until the trumpet of the archangel sounds the roll call of the resurrection. Those men and their sympathizers saw that if they could destroy the fortress of miracles they could destroy Christianity, and they were right. Surrender the miracles and you surrender Christianity. The great German exegete says that all the miracles were myths. The great French exegete says that all the miracles were legends. They propose to take everything supernatural out of the life of Christ and everything supernatural from the Bible. They try to explain the miracles of human nonsense to the glorious miracles of Jesus Christ.

They say there was no miraculous birth in Bethlehem, but that it is all a fanciful story, just like the story of Romulus said to have been born of Rhea Silvia and the god Mars. They say no star pointed to the manger; it was only the flash of a passing lantern. They say that the virgin Mary was not a virgin, but that it is a corruption of the story that Elisha gave 20 loaves of bread to a hundred men. They say the water was never turned into wine, but that it is a corruption of the story that the Egyptian plague turned the water into blood. They say it is not wonderful that Christ sweat great drops of blood; he had been out in the night air and was taken suddenly ill. They say that there were no tongues of fire on the heads of the disciples at the Pentecost; that there was only a great thunder storm, and the air was full of electricity, which snapped and flew all around about the heads of the disciples.

They say that Mary and Martha and Christ felt it important to get up an excitement for the forwarding of their religion, and so they dramatized a funeral and Lazarus played the corpse, and Mary and Martha played the weepers, and Christ was the tragedian. I put it in my own words, but this is the exact meaning of their statements. They say the Bible is a spurious book, written by superstitious or lying men, backed up by men who died for that which they did not believe.

Now, I take back the limited statement which I made a few moments ago, when I said it requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It is not a matter of a thousandfold more faith to be an infidel than to be a Christian, for if Christianity demand that the whole world be converted, the skeptic demands that Jonah swallowed the whale! I can prove to you that Christ was God, not only by His supernatural appearances on that Christmas night, but by what inspired men said of Him, by what He says of Himself and by His wonderful achievements. "Christ came, who is over all." Ah, does not that prove it enough? Not over the Caesars, not over Frederick, not over Alexander the Great, not over the Henrys, not over the Louises? Yes. Pile all the thrones of all the ages together, and my text overshadows them as easily as a rainbow overshadows a mountain. "Christ came, who is over all." Then He must be God.

The Bible says that all things were made by Him. Does not that prove too much? Could it be that He made the Mediterranean, that He made the Black sea, that He made the Atlantic, the Pacific, that He made Mount Lebanon, that He made the Alps, the Sierra Nevada, that He made the Himalayas, that He made the universe? Yes. The Bible says so, and let me be too stupid to understand John winds up with a magnificent reiteration and says, "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Then He was a God. The Bible says at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow. All heaven must come down on its knees. Martyrs on their knees, apostles on their knees, confessors on their knees, the archangel on his knees. Before whom? A man? No. He is a God. The Bible says every tongue shall confess—Bornean, Malayan, Mexican, Italian, Spanish, Persian, English. Every tongue shall confess. To whom? God. The Bible says Christ the same yesterday, today and forever. Is that characteristic of humanity? Does He not change? Does not the body entirely change in seven years? Does not the mind change? Does not the heart change? Christ the same yesterday, today and forever. He must be a God.

Philosophers say that the law of gravitation decides everything and that the centrifugal and centripetal forces keep the world from clashing and from demolition. But Paul says that Christ's arm is the axle on which everything turns, and that Christ's hand is the socket in which everything is set. Mar the words, "Upholding—upholding all things by the word of His power." Then He must be a God.

Then look at what Christ says of Himself. Now, certainly, every man must understand himself better than any other man can understand him. If I ask you where you were born and you tell me, "I was born in Chester, England," or "I was born in Glasgow, Scotland," or "I was born in Dublin, Ireland," or "I was born in New Orleans, Louisiana," or "I was born in the United States," you being a man of integrity, I should believe you. If I asked you how many pounds you could lift and you should say you could lift 100 pounds or 200 pounds or 300 pounds, I should believe you. It is a matter personal to yourself. You know better than any one else can tell you.

If I ask how much estate you are worth, and you say \$10,000 or \$100,000 or \$500,000, I believe what you say. You know better than any one else. Now, Christ must know better than any one else who He is and what He is. When I ask Him how old He is, He says, "Before Abraham was, I am." Abraham had been dead 2029 years. Was Christ 2029 years old? Yes, He says He is older than that. "Before Abraham was, I am." Then Christ says, "I am the Alpha." Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and Christ in that utterance declared, "I am the A of the alphabet of the centuries." Then He must be a God.

Can a man be in a thousand places at once? Christ says He is in a thousand places at

once. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Is this everywhere-ness, is it characteristic of a man or of a God? And would we think this everywhere-ness would cease, He goes on, and He intimates that He will be in all the cities of the earth—Asia, Africa, Asia, Africa, North and South America the day before the world burns up. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Why, then, He must be a God.

Who does that, He takes divine honors. He declares Himself Lord of men, angels and devils. Is He? If He is, He is a God. If He is not, He is an impostor. A man comes into your store to-morrow morning. He says: "I am the great shipbuilder of Liverpool. I have built hundreds of ships." He goes on to give his experience. You defer to him as a man of large experience and great possessions. But the next day you find out that he is not the great shipbuilder of Liverpool, that he never built a ship; that he never did anything. What is he then? An impostor. Christ says He built this world. He built all things. Did He build them? If He did, He is a God. If He did not, He is an impostor. A man comes into your place of business with Jewish countenance and a German accent and says: "I am Rothschild, the banker, of London. I have the wealth of Nations in my pocket. I loaned that large amount to Italy and Austria in their perplexity." But after a while you find that he has never loaned any money to Italy or Austria, that he never had a large estate; that he is no banker at all; that he owns nothing. What is he? An impostor. Christ says He owns the cattle on a thousand hills; He owns this world; He owns the next world; He owns the universe. He is the banker of all Nations. If He is, He is a God. If He is not, He is an impostor.

A man enters the White House at Washington. He says: "I am Emperor William, of Germany. I am traveling incognito. I have come over here for recreation and pleasure. I own castles in Dresden and Berlin." But the president finds out the next day that he is not Emperor William; that he owns no castles at Berlin and Dresden; that he has no authority. What is he? An impostor. Christ says He is the king over all—the king immortal, invisible. If He is, He is a God. If He is not, He is an impostor.

Strauss saw that alternative, and he tries to get out of it by saying that Christ was sincere in accepting adoration and worship. Renan tries to get out of it by saying that Christ—not through any fault of His own, but through the fault of others—lost His purity of conscience, and he slyly intimates that dishonorable woman had tampered with His purity. Anything but believe that Christ is God. Now you believe the Bible to be true. If you do not, you would hardly have appeared in this church. You would have gone over and joined the Broadway Infidel club, or you would go to Boston and kiss the feet of the statue of Thomas Paine. You would hardly come into this church, where the most of us are the deluded souls who believe in a whole Bible and take it all down as easily as you swallow a ripe strawberry.

I have shown you what inspired men said of Christ; I have shown you what Christ said of Himself; now, if you believe the Bible, let us go out and see His wonderful achievements—surgical, alimentary, marine, mortuary, surgical, alimentary, marine, mortuary, surgical, alimentary, marine, mortuary.

Alimentary achievements! He found a lad who had come out of the wilderness with five loaves of bread for a speculation. Perhaps the lad had paid five pennies for the five loaves and expected to sell them for ten pennies, and so he would double his money. Christ took those loaves of bread and performed a miracle by which He fed 7000 famishing people, and I warrant you the lad lost nothing; there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up, and if the boy had five loaves at the start I warrant you he had at least ten at the close.

The Saviour's mother goes into a neighbor's house to help get up a wedding party. By mistake she finds out that the amount of wine is not sufficient for the guests. She calls in Christ for help, and Christ, not by the slow decay of fermentation, but by a word, makes 120 gallons of pure wine.

Marine achievements! He turns a whole school of fish into the net of men, who were mourning over their poor luck, until the boat is so full they have to halloo to other boats, and the other boats come up, and they are laden to the water's edge with the game, so that the sailors have to be cautious in going from larboard to starboard lest they upset the ship.

Then there comes a squall down through the mountain gorge, and Genesaret, with long locks of white foam, rises up to battle it, and the boat drops into a trough and ships a sea, and the loosened sails crack in the tornado, and Christ rises from the back part of the boat and comes walking across the staggering ship until He comes to the prow, and there He wipes the spray from His brow and hushes the crying storm on the knee of His omnipotence. Who wrestled down that euroclydon? Whose feet trampled the rough Galilee into a smooth floor?

Let philosophers and anatomists go to Westminster Abbey and try to wake up Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII. No man can ever wake the dead. There is a dead girl in Capernaum. What does Christ do? Alas that she should have died so young and the world so fair! Only twelve years of age. Feel her cold brow and cold hands. Dead, dead! The house is full of weeping. Christ comes, and He takes hold of the hand of the dead girl, and instantly her eyes open, her heart starts. The white lily of death blushes into the rose of life and health. She rushes into the arms of her rejoicing kindred. Who woke up that dead girl who restored her to life? A man? Tell that to the lunatics in Bloomingdale asylum. It was Christ the God.

But there comes a test which more than anything else will show whether He is God or man. You remember that great passage where we all agreed before the judgment seat of Christ. "The earth will be stunned by a blow that will make it stagger in midheaven; the stars will circle like dry leaves in an equinox; the earth will unroll the curtains of the sky and will unroll the spirits and soul and flesh will come into inconspicuous conjunction. Day of smoke and fire and darkness and triumph. On one side, piled up in galleries of light, the one hundred and forty and four thousand—yes, the quinquaginta—of the saved. On the other side, piled up in galleries of darkness, the frowning, the glaring multitude of those who rejected God.

Between those two piled up galleries a throne, a high throne, a throne standing on two burnished pillars—justice, mercy—your throne so bright you had better hide your eyes lest it be extinguished with excess of vision. But it is an empty throne. Who will come up and take it? Will you?

"Ah, no," you say; "I am but a child of clay. I would not dare to climb that throne. Would Gabriel climb it? He dare not. Who will ascend it? Here comes one. His back is to us. He goes up step above step, light above light until He reaches the apex. Then He turns around and faces all the Nations, and we all see who He is. It is Christ, the God, and all earth, and all heaven, and all hell kneel, crying: 'It is a God! It is a God! It is a God! It is a God!'"

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

Oh, I am so glad that it is a Divine being

who comes to pardon all our sins, to comfort all our sorrows. Sometimes our griefs are so great they are beyond any human sympathy, and we want Almighty sympathy. Oh, ye who cried all last night because of bereavement or loneliness, I want to tell you it is an omnipotent Christ who is come. When the children are in the house and the mother is dead, the father has to be more gentle in the home, and he has to take the office of father and mother, and it seems to him and He proposes to be father and mother to your soul. He comes in the strength of one, in the tenderness of the other. He says with one breath, "As a father pitied his children, then with the next breath He says, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' Do you not feel the hush of the divine lullaby?"

Oh, put your tired head down on the heavy bosom of divine compassion, while He puts His arms around you and says: "O widowed soul, I will be thy God. O orphaned soul, I will be thy protector. Do not cry." Then He touches your eyelids with His fingers and sweeps His fingers down your cheek and wipes away all the tears of loneliness and bereavement. Oh, what a tender and sympathetic God has come for us! I do not ask you to lay hold of Him. Perhaps you are not strong enough for that. I do not ask you to pray. Perhaps you are too bewildered for that. I only ask you to let go and fall back into the arms of everlasting love.

Soon you and I will hear the click of the latch of the door of the sepulcher. Strong men will take us in their arms and carry us down and lay us in the dust, and they will not let us rise again. I should be seared with infinite fright if I thought I must stay in the grave, if even the body were to stay in the grave. But Christ will come with glorious lionclash and spit and grind up the rocks and let us all come forth. The Christ of the manger is the Christ of the throne.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There is no cure for color blindness.

The curvature of the earth is eight inches per mile.

Only one death occurs in 2600 cases where ether is administered.

The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches.

A municipal plant gives Allegheny, Penn., electric light for one and a half cents per hour per lamp.

Scales are now made that will weigh the flame of a candle or the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow.

Professor Ball, Royal Astronomer of Ireland, claims that once the moon was nearer the earth than now, that the day and the month were equal, each three hours long. At 40,000 miles distance the moon was a greater tide producer by 216 times. As the moon receded from the earth both revolved more slowly. At the present time twenty-seven earth rotations equal one moon rotation.

Suppose a human being migrated from globe to globe and spending fifty years on each, he would require 100,955,000,000 years for the round. If he stayed only one hour, he would save much time, but still need 230,400,000 years for the task. Yet these nebulae are only a part of the universe! Outside the nebulae limits we know of other nebulae not resolvable into stars. They appear to be primitive nebulae, pure unused world-stuff—matter for new creations.

A Dentist's Hint.

One of the best dentists in this city advises all his patients to use what is called "dental floss," and which is simply a heavy waxed silk thread, regularly every evening to remove particles of food from between the teeth. He favors the use of the tooth brush, but says if he were to be deprived of either his "floss" or his tooth brush he would sacrifice the latter. The judgment of particles of food between the teeth is generally the cause of decay and cavities, and where the "floss" is used regularly every evening before retiring there is little opportunity for food to lodge, ferment and destroy the tissues.

A young lady whose chief charm in society is the whiteness of her teeth told me in great confidence that the use of "dental floss" was the secret of the beauty of her teeth, and she added that it cut down her dentist's bills ninety-five per cent. This secret is too good to keep, so I give it to the public.—New York Mail and Express.

Fighting Cholera With Oranges.

It seems that we can successfully fight cholera with oranges and lemons. The Imperial health office, of Berlin, has issued an announcement to the effect that oranges and lemons are both fatal to the cholera bacillus. Placed in contact with the cut surface of the fruit the bacteria survive but a few hours. They remain active for some time longer on the uninjured rind of the fruit, but even then they die within twenty-four hours. The destructive property as regards the cholera bacteria is supposed to be due to the large amount of acid contained in those fruits. In consequence of this quality the health officer considers it unnecessary to place any restriction on the transit and sale of these fruits, even if it should be ascertained that they come from places where cholera is prevalent at the time. Not a single instance was noted in which cholera was disseminated by either oranges or lemons.—New Orleans Picayune.

How to Stretch a Small Fortune.

"One of the easiest ways to get a fortune out of \$10,000 in United States currency is this," remarked a great admirer of French finance yesterday. "Move over to France and turn it into francs. Ten thousand dollars makes a fortune of fifty thousand francs, and a man with that sum in France is rich. There can be no question of it—a man with 50,000 francs in France is a thousand times better off than a man with \$10,000 in America.

"The two principal reasons for this are, the actual cost of living in France is far cheaper than over here; and all of the luxuries, amusements and enjoyments of life are lower priced."—New York Journal.



CORSE HAIRED HOGS.

Western farmers generally want hogs that have considerably coarse hair. This indicates that they are hardy, not merely because the hair protects skin from cold and scalding sun, but also because the coarse haired hog has probably been inured to hardship from pigothod. When a pig is half starved or suffering from cold it will make growth of hair, though otherwise not increasing in size.—Boston Cultivator.

WHAT HENS SHOULD PAY.

Your hens under proper management should pay you \$1 per head profit per annum; this will mean something when keeping several hundred or even thousand fowls. You make her pay her board and this profit besides for your share of the fun of caring for her; certainly this is paying better than many investments one could make, with health and pleasure added. There is always sure returns in eggs; but the time, of course, to make good profits is in winter when "hen's fruit" is quoted high.—New York Independent.

FERTILIZING ORCHARDS.

Professor I. P. Roberts sent to the Western New York Horticultural Society an interesting paper on this subject, in which he said that the particular advantage of forest soils is the great amount of humus they contain. The roots in the soil serve as drainage tubes, and as they rot away the soil becomes hard and compact.

In many orchards the cheapest way to get plant food is by the intelligent use of the drain tile. In those that are naturally underdrained this would not pay. Where an additional fertilizer is wanted stable manure is the most available and cheapest form, but it contains too much nitrogen in proportion to its mineral elements, and is apt to force the growth of wood too much. It should, therefore, be well rotted before being applied.

Where nitrogen is wanted it can be obtained cheaper by the use of vetches and other leguminous plants. The vetch is the most suitable plant for covering the land late in the season. The seed can be sown in June or July, and plants will cover the ground completely by winter.—Farmers' Home Journal.

BEST FARM FENCE.

In our section of country the osage orange hedge, which seemed to promise durability as well as protection, has been tried, writes a Southwestern Ohio farmer. Experience, however, developed so many objections that it is now rarely planted as a farm fence. Many are using wire fences, which have their advantages and defects, also board fences and post and rail fences are used. I have had a long and varied experience in fences, and have come to the conclusion that where a fence is to remain along a public road or for a permanent division between fields that preference should be given to the ordinary board fence on account of its durability and comparative cheapness. Were it not for the early rotting of the posts when made of timber other than locust there would be no question as to the wisdom of this preference.

BEST FOOD FOR MILCH COWS.

The food of a cow has very little influence upon the butter globules in the milk, these being individual or breed characteristics. You can readily increase or decrease the quantity of milk given by a cow, or even flavor it with turpentine or onions mixed with the food, but the butter globules in it will remain about the same, whether the quantity given is much or little. The Jersey cow is noted for giving very rich milk, but not so large a quantity as some other breeds. Well-cured clover hay is the best fodder for milch cows in winter, and good corn fodder comes next; after these hay of various grades. But dry fodder is not sufficient to keep up a good flow of milk, and a ration of bran, corn and cottonseed meal should be added. If only wheat bran and cottonseed meal is given, then an ordinary sized cow should have ten pounds of bran and two pounds of the cottonseed meal as a daily ration, but a better one would be five of corn meal, five of bran and two of the cottonseed meal. These may be divided into three rations and given morning, noon and night, with all the good hay or other kind of fodder the cow will eat. Hay and oats ought not to decrease the flow of milk unless they are musty and otherwise poor in quality.—New York Sun.

GROWING BUSH FRUITS.

Professor S. B. Atwood, of the Virginia Station, says in bulletin 11: The ordinary method of growing bush fruits in the farmer's garden, along the fence rows or in situations where culture is quite impossible, is doubtless the worst sort of system ever devised, and the common prevalence of this no system is probably largely responsible for the

The "Innocence of the Eye."

Painters cultivate what is called the "innocence of the eye" trying to see nature simply as forms and colors as a child sees it, without reference to what reason and experience may teach them. No two of them see exactly the same way. One painter in New York says that he is astonished to find how gray everything is—even sky and foliage. Another finds the streets full of reds and purples. A younger artist says: "When I began to paint everything seemed to me dark. The longer I look at nature the more light I find in it. My great trouble now is to get my pictures as light as nature seems to my eye. I find more yellow in the landscape than I used to. But, after all, these things are subjective, and a man paints what is inside of his head, not what he sees outside of it."—Chicago Herald.

The favorite flower of the Princess of Wales is the lily of the valley.

The Testimonials

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N. Y. N. U.—19

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