

REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Christ the Conqueror."

Text: "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah..."

Edom and Bozrah, having been the scene of fierce battle, when those words are used here or in any other part of the Bible they are figures of speech setting forth scenes of severe conflict.

When a general is about to go out to war, a flag and a sword are publicly presented to him, and the maidens bring flowers, and the young men load the cannon, and the train starts amid a huzza that drowns the thunder of the wheels and the shriek of the whistle.

On that Friday which the Episcopal church rightly celebrates, calling it "Good Friday," your soul and mine were contended for. On that day Jesus proved himself mightier than earth and hell, and when the lance struck Him He gathered them up into a sheaf as a reaper gathers the grain, and He stacked them.

As Jesus stepped on the stage of this world it was amid angry shouts in the galleries and amid the hissing of the malcontents.

Jesus, now seeing the battle gathering, lifted His own standard. But who gathered about it? How feeble the recruits! A few shaven men, a blind beggar, a woman with an alabaster box, another woman with two mites and a group of friendless, moneyless and positionless disciples.

But He could not surrender. He could not apologize. He could not take any back steps. He had come to strike for the deliverance of an enslaved race, and He must do the work.

But at last the battle came. It was to be more fierce than Bozrah, more bloody than Gettysburg, involving more than Austriacs, more combatants employed than at Chancellorsville, more than the armies of the earth put together, the millions of the earth of thirty-five million of the burke is accurate.

The hour came. Oh, what a time it was! I think that day will be remembered by the spirits that could be spared from the heavenly temple and could get conveyance of wing or chariot came down from above, and spirits getting furlough from beneath came up and they listened, and they looked, and they watched. Oh, what an uneven battle! Two worlds' armies on one side; an unarmed man on the other.

The weapons begin to tell on Christ. See how faint He looks! There the blood starts, and there, and there, and there, if He is to die, He must do this work alone. He is dying. Feel for yourself of the wrist; the pulse is feeble. Feel under the arm, the warmth is less. He is dying. Aye, they pronounce Him dead. And just at that moment they pronounce Him dead He rallied, and from His wounds He unsheathed a weapon which staggered the Roman legions down the hill and buried the satanic legions into the pit.

The tide of battle turns. Jesus hath overcome. Let the people stand up, let them make a line that He may pass down from Calvary to Jerusalem, and thence on and out all around the world. The battle is fought. The victory is achieved. The triumphal march is begun. The attack is made. The warrior's steel and the tramping of a great multitude, for He has many friends now! The hero of heaven and earth advances. Cheer, cheer! "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

We behold here a new revelation of a blessed and a startling fact. People talk of Christ as though He were going to do something grand for us after awhile. He has done it. People talk as though ten or twenty years from now, in the closing hours of our life or in some terrible pass of life, Jesus will help us. He has done the work already. He did it 1863 years ago. You might as well be of Washington as though he were going to achieve our national independence in 1900 as to speak of Christ as though He were going to achieve our salvation in the future—He did it in the year of our Lord 33—1861 years ago—on the field of Bozrah, the Captain of our salvation fighting unto death for you and my emancipation.

All we have to do is to accept that fact in our hearts, and we are free for this world, and we are free for the world to come. But, lest we might not accept, Christ comes through here to-day "traveling in the greatness of His strength," not to tell you that He is going to fight for you some time in the future, but to tell you that the battle is already fought and the victory already won.

You have noticed that when soldiers come home from the wars they carry on their flags the names of the battlefields where they were distinguished. The Englishman coming back has on his banner Inkermann and Balaklava, the Frenchman Jena and Eylau; the German, Versailles and Sedan. And Christ has on

the banner He carries as conqueror the names of 10,000 battlefields He won for you and for me. He rides past all our homes of bereavement—by the door bell swathed in sorrow, by the warlike black with woe, by the dismantled fortress of our stricken and orphaned children.

Come out and greet Him to-day, O ye people! See the names of all the battle passes on His flag. Ye who are poor, read on this ensign the story of Christ's hard cruelties and pitilessness. Ye who are persecuted, read here of the ruffians who chased Him from His first breath to His last. Mighty to soothe your troubles, mighty to balm your calamities, mighty to tread down your foes, "traveling in the greatness of His strength."

You know that when Augustus and Constantine and Trajan and Titus came back from the wars what a time there was! You know they came on horseback or in chariots, and there were trophies before, and there were captives behind, and there were people shouting on all sides, and there were garlands of flowers and wreaths of olive, and the highway a triumphal arch was sprung. The solid masonry to-day at Benevento, Rimini and Rome still tell their admiration for those heroes. And shall we let our conqueror go without lifting any acclaim? How we must not flowers red enough to depict the carnage, white enough to celebrate the victory, fragrant enough to breathe the joy?

Those men of whom I just spoke dragged their victims at the chariot wheels, but Christ, our Lord, takes those who once were captives and invites them into His chariot to ride, while He puts around them the arm of strength, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the water shall not drown it, and the fire shall not burn it, and eternity shall not exhaust it."

If this be true, I cannot see how any man can carry his sorrows a great while. If this conqueror from Bozrah is going to be back all our griefs, why not trust Him? Oh, but you do not feel under this gospel your griefs falling back and your tears drying up as you hear the tramp of a thousand illustrious promises led on by the conqueror from Bozrah "traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

On that Friday which the Episcopal church rightly celebrates, calling it "Good Friday," your soul and mine were contended for. On that day Jesus proved himself mightier than earth and hell, and when the lance struck Him He gathered them up into a sheaf as a reaper gathers the grain, and He stacked them. Mounting the horse of the Apocalypse, He rode down through the gates of hell, and there, in that crimson tide wash our souls! We accept Thy sacrifice, Conqueror of Bozrah, have mercy upon us! We throw our garments in the way. We fall into line. Ride on, Jesus, ride on! "Traveling in the greatness of His strength."

There may be some one here who may say: "Don't like the color of this conqueror's garments. You tell me that His garments were not only splattered with the blood of conflict, but also they were soaked; that they were saturated; that they were dyed in blood." I admit it. You say you do not accept of Scripture: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." "In the blood is the atonement." But it was not your blood. It was His own. Not only enough to reddens and positionless disciples.

At 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men whose looks show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business and they are reeling on their feet. They are pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. They are wearying at business engagements late. For fun? No! It would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases, no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants.

The simple fact is the man is enduring a life of fatigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, down to the bank, from that shop, down to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a household, for which he wins the money to pay the rent and the taxes and the bills, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At 1 o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, he has put his wings over the city. Beyond is a clear light burning, and outside on the window easement a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child—the food set in the fresh air.

At the sixth night that mother has sauntered with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious that she has buried these children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss on the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die, and fade away. So we call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial disposition, but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after the health of her children, and she is brought home, worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again and hopes and expects and prays and counsels and suffers until her strength gives out and she falls. She is going, and attendants bending over her pillow ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of incoherent utterance they can catch but three words, "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution.

About thirty-three years ago there went forth from our homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud. They slept in snowbanks. They marched till their feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations and lived on meat not fit for dogs. They had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them, at the water as they lay dying on the field, the night after the battle and got it not. They were homeless and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in

ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God, who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length and breadth and depth and the magnitude of the northern and southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the conditions of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail trains, regular and extra, taking the flying start out into the conditions of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Some of our modern theologians go to the front and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in the three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said, "I was sick and ye visited Me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

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SABBATH SCHOOL INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MARCH 18.

Lesson Text: "Wine a Mocker," Prov. xx., 1-7—Golden Text: Prov. xxi.—Commentary.

Wine is a mocker because it allures the weak. It makes great promises. In sickness it promises renewed strength. In sorrow and affliction it offers consolation. In festive seasons it pretends to heighten the joy and to take its place as a cheering friend.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Propinquity—Overlooked—Following Up the Resemblance—The Point of View—Lucky, Etc., Etc.

"The poor are always with us," "It is so the saying goes; But wealthy people, also, Are often pretty close."—Willeton Fish, in Puck.

THE POINT OF VIEW. Haverly—"Do you consider horse-back riding good exercise?" Austen—"Most decidedly—for the horse."—Life.

FOLLOWING UP THE RESEMBLANCE. Hojack—"Mrs. Glanders can read her husband like a book." Tomdiddle—"Yes; and she can shut him up like one, too."—Puck.

OVERLOOKED. Lady (to tramp)—"Here is food enough for two men." Tramp (piteously)—"And what will I do for the other one?"—Truth.

LUCKY. Raggedy—"What's the troublin' yer, Sloppy?" Sloppy—"Indigestion." Raggedy—"Yer lucky dog!"—Judge.

NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT. Bingo—"Do you do much talking at the woman's guild you've joined?" Mrs. Bingo (sadly)—"No. All the women in the neighborhood belong to it."—Judge.

A PRIVATE MEASURE. Yeast—"Have you heard of our Congressman fighting any bill in Washington?" Crimsonbeak—"Oh, yes; his hotel bill."—Statesman.

A LACK OF COINCIDENCE. Downer—"I am glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit." Upper—"Why?" Downer—"Because I never have my watch and my dress suit at the same time."—Life.

IMPOSSIBLE. Spatte—"I'm very sorry for that boy. Your scolding cut him to the quick." Bloombumper—"That's impossible. He has no quick. He's a messenger boy."—Truth.

THE VENDETTA RABBIT. First Rabbit—"There comes that city sportsman again." Second Rabbit—"Well, if he doesn't let us alone, I'll run in front of his prize-medal dogs, and let him shoot at me."—Good News.

ANTI-TORRACO. Folger—"Who planned Morgan's house?" Mason—"His wife. You can't come from the smoking-room into the rest of the house without going in the open air and passing through the conservatory."—Life.

CONVINCING. Mrs. Cobwigger—"So the doctor no longer laughs at the idea that your daughter has the whooping-cough. What brought him around to your way of thinking?" Mrs. Pentwazel—"He caught it from her himself."—Judge.

HIGH-PRICED ART. Friend—"See here, George! what does this bill of twenty dollars mean?" Amateur Photographer—"You told me that if I'd take half-a-dozen pictures of your house, you'd gladly stand the expense. That's the expense."—New York Weekly.

THE ENIGMA OF LIFE. Confucius—"Well, I've solved a good many problems; but the one I'm at now knots me out." The Disciple—"What is it, oh, my Master?" Confucius—"I'm trying to think how I caught this cold."—Puck.

AN AVERAGE PARENT. Fond Father—"My boy doesn't seem to be learning anything." Long-Suffering Teacher—"No; I am afraid he is not improving very rapidly." Fond Father—"Huh! Just as I thought. I'll send him to a better school."—Good News.

UNNECESSARY. Customer—"Waiter, where are my knife and fork?" Waiter—"Didn't you ask for a tender steak, sir?" Customer—"Well, of course I did." Waiter—"Yes, sir, the steaks in this place are so tender you eat 'em with a spoon."—Judge.

EVERYBODY HAPPY. A funeral director was heard to express his gratification over a recent piece of work in his line in this manner: "Yes, the corpse was laid out lovely, the pall-bearers' gloves were a perfect fit, the hearse was tip-top in style, the carriages were new and clean, the horses were well groomed, the drivers were as neat as could be, and I tell you the mourners were mightily pleased."—Judge.

HE AIMED HIGHER. Housekeeper—"Did you ever do an honest day's work in your life?" Tramp—"Yes, Mum; I was a rail-road brakeman for two days and three nights." "Then why didn't you stick to that honorable occupation? You might

THE ELECTRIC HEADLIGHT.

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A RING'S OWN STORY.

Picking up from the sidewalk the other morning what happened to be a gold ring, with empty claws showing the removal of a stone, the finder took it to a jeweler in Eleventh street for inspection.

He examined it for a few minutes under a magnifying glass and said: "Yes, this is a gold ring of fourteen carats. The stone it contained was a three-carat diamond. It was worn a number of years on a slender woman's third finger. Then it changed hands and was enlarged by the insertion of a piece of gold of inferior alloy, and may have been worn on the third finger of a stout woman or the little finger of a man. The diamond was removed by a clumsy hand, probably by a thief, who either accidentally dropped the ring or threw it away where you found it. I never saw the ring before, but plainly read its history by the same process of observation, analysis and deduction that an Indian unconsciously employs in detecting the testimony of a forest trail."—Philadelphia Record.

Fads of Naval Officers. Naval officers have little fads of their own to help while away time on board ship. Some are experts in photography. Other make a specialty of something immediately in the line of their profession. Many collect bric-a-brac and curios. These amusements are for the most part inexpensive, and sometimes they are profitable. One officer usually picks up enough foreign postage stamps and strange coins on a long cruise to bring in a neat little sum when he gets to some port where such things can be sold.—Chicago Herald.

A \$100,000 Funeral in Japan. The steamship Oceanic, from Hong Kong and Yokohama, brought advices concerning the burial of Otani Koshio, ex-Chief of the Hong Wan Temple at Kyoto, Japan. Elaborate preparations had been made for the funeral at great expense, and the funeral cortege was reviewed by 150,000 people. Among those present were members of the imperial family, peers, representatives of various Buddhist temples and leading officials of the locality. The procession consisted of about 2100 priests, with nearly 300 acolytes and 1000 attendants. Besides these there were lay mourners, so that there were more than ten thousand persons in the cortege.

Because of the weight of the great crowd, three girders of a temporary bridge at Gojo fell and more than twenty persons were thrown into the river, but no one was seriously injured. On the bridge at the crossing of the Kanogawa the crush was so terrific that many persons, in order to escape death, leaped into the glood and broke their legs. The remains of the dead priest were carried to the crematory in a golden hearse and incinerated. The cost of the funeral was about \$100,000. This was nearly all paid by subscriptions.

Has Done Good Service. Secretary Morton has been calling the attention of the public to the valuable services lately rendered by the weather bureau. It has predicted the storms of the past month with great accuracy, and has saved the country generally has saved more to commerce, agriculture and shipping in the past few weeks than the entire appropriation for the year.

The Snow Storm of 1836. If any one imagines that he would have preferred a mount on the box seat of a coach to a first-class railway carriage, let him turn to the account of the great snow storm of 1836, which was worse in the south of London than anywhere else. Christmas Day fell that year on Sunday, and when the morning broke such a scene presented itself as had never been witnessed within the memory of man. High ridges ran across the streets up to the first-floor windows, and for three days not a shop was opened. The Brighton mail leaving London on Christmas Day carried one passenger, and when it stuck fast at 4 a. m., upon Clayton Hill, on Monday, he and the coachman got inside and made themselves comfortable as they could. Meanwhile the guard mounted one of the horses and tried to get to Brighton. Blinded by the falling snow, he soon lost himself on the Downs, and it was 1 o'clock on Monday afternoon before he reached his destination, in a state of utter exhaustion. All intercourse between London and the south coast was cut off for three days and the mail bags were brought in by men on horseback, some of whom never forgot the storm of 1836 until their dying day.—Aston (England) Reporter.