

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 shrill 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 maligners' ministrations. But soon hostile forces began to gather. They deployed from the sanhedrin. They were detailed from the standing army.

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. Then they sent out their pickets to watch Him.

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 eyes and hands show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease.

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.

The weapons begin to tell on Christ. See how faint He looks! There the blood starts, and there, and there, if He is to let a people stand, let Him make them up now. No! 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 at that moment they who 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 battalions into the pit.

The tide of battle turns. Jesus hath overcome. Let the people stand, let Him 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 of 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 Iakerna and Balakava, 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 desolate homes.

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. He went into it—coming up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of His strength."

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."

But after while the returning conqueror will reach the gate, and all the armies of the saved will be with Him. I hope you will be there and I will be there. At that moment the gate and around about the throne for the review, "a great multitude that no man can number"—all heaven can tell without asking right away—who are in Jesus, not only because of the great gates open, but because while all the other inhabitants in glory are robed in white—saints in white, cherubim in white, seraphim in white—His robes shall be scarlet, even the dyed garments of Bozrah. I catch a glimpse of that triumphal joy, but the gate opens and shuts so quickly I can hear only half a sentence, and it is this: "Unto Him who hath washed us in His blood!"

Popular Stones for Jewelry. Through all changes, when every stone seems to have its day, the diamond stands alone, incomparable. In these days stones are brought into prominence to meet the demand for variety, and such stones as the amethyst, the aquamarine, the chrysoberyl, the golden carnelian and many other stones known as semi-precious are so wonderfully cut and set as to greatly increase their intrinsic value.

These stones are very fashionable just at present, set in the form of collar and girdle. The turquoise has been more universally adopted in recent years than any other stone. The great number, and some of the most beautiful, have of late years been found in our own country. During the last three years \$400,000 worth of American turquoises have been used. And the opal—that exquisite stone with its fairy light dancing over its delicate surface—just now it is finding its reward after many years of prejudice. Indeed, so far has the old superstition regarding this stone been removed that it has become, when set in diamonds, one of the chosen stones for the engagement ring, and the woman who can claim among her associates the most beautiful opal is to be envied, not pitied.—Jewelers' Circular.

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.

diffuses, 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 who want to give God lessons about the best way to save the world tell us they do not want any blood in their redemption. They want to take this horse by the bit and hurl him back on his haunches, and to this rider from Bozrah to go around some other way. Look out lest ye fall under the flying hoofs of this horse, lest ye fall under the sword of this conqueror from Bozrah! What means the blood of the pigeons in the old dispensation, the blood of the bullock; the blood of the heifer; the blood of the lamb? It meant to prophesy the cleansing blood, the pardoning blood, the healing blood of this conqueror who rode up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of His strength."

I catch a handful of the red torrent that rushes out from the heart of the Lord, and I throw it over this audience, hoping that one drop of its cleansing power may come upon your soul. O Jesus, 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 is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

There are some here who may say: "Don't like the color of this conqueror's garments. You tell me that His garments were not only spattered 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 believe in the quote from the passages 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. Not only enough to wash away the sins of the world. Oh, the blood on His brow, the blood on His hands, the blood on His feet, the blood on His side! It seems as if an artery must have been cut.

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SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MARCH 18.

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

have been a railroad president by this time." "Yes, Mum; but railroad presidents has got mighty unartin' jobs nowadays, Mum. I'm layin' low for a receiver-ship."—Puck.

THE FIN DE SIECLE WAY. Gallant Man (aside)—"At last I have her all to myself. Now I can tell her how I love her, and ask her to be mine. How shall I do it, I wonder?" Gentle Maid (behind her fan)—"It is surely coming, I am so nervous and frightened! I know he is going to be terribly dramatic. I do hope I shan't have to help him up off my knees. Goodness! Why doesn't he say something? I must break this horrible silence." (Aloud, recklessly)—"Have you ever been abroad?" Gallant Man (smilingly)—"No; I'm saving it for a wedding-trip." Gentle Maid (demurely)—"Why, how funny! So am I?" Gallant Man (meaningly)—"Then why shouldn't we take it together?" Gentle Maid (innocently)—"Possibly your wife and my husband might object to going in such a crowd." Gallant Man (brilliantly)—"The crowd wouldn't be objectionably large if your husband and my wife were husband and wife." (Further conversation disjointed and indistinct.)—Puck.

The Electric Headlight. The electric headlight is now used on many railroads, and W. B. Sparks, who is interested in a Southern road, says that his company has found it a very profitable investment. The lights cost about \$375 each, fixed on the locomotive, and they cost no more than the oil light to maintain. The old headlight would not throw its light on a very dark night more than 150 feet, and it is impossible for an engineer to slow up his train in that distance, even with the emergency brake. Quite an item in the expense of the road used to be claims for cattle killed. During the rainy season the lands along the line of the road become very wet. In places they are entirely covered with water and the cattle come upon the track seeking some dry spot on which to sleep. When the old headlight was in use as many as thirteen cows have been killed at one time, and the damage claims have sometimes amounted to over \$1000 per month. Now the electric light throws its rays from half to three-quarters of a mile in front of the engine; obstructions can be easily seen at that distance, and some of the engineers insist that a switch disk can be more easily made out by it at night than in the daytime. The lights, moreover, do away with switch lights, which is quite a saving to roads that use them to any great extent. Mr. Sparks says that the engines using the electric headlights on his road have never killed a cow, and he is confident that the saving in stock claims alone will more than pay for all the headlights on the road within two years.—Chicago Record.

A Victim of the Vinegar Habit. "I once had a patient," said Lawrence Newcomb, of Rochester, N. Y., who formerly practiced as a physician, but who is now an angel of commerce, with temporary headquarters at the Lindell, "who poisoned herself with vinegar. I was never a burning or shining light in the medical profession, and hence it is not surprising that the case baffled my investigation for a year, though I have the consolation of knowing that four eminent physicians who were called in for consultation attributed the lady's evident breaking-up to four different causes, none of them remotely connected with the real one. The chief symptom was lassitude and deathly whiteness, and the lady, who had no other companion but an ignorant, though faithful, colored attendant, finally died before reaching her thirtieth year. Subsequent investigation proved that she was a vinegar fiend, and that, while refusing food of all description, she was drinking large quantities of vinegar. As the habit grew upon her she secured stronger grades, until finally she was drinking acetic acid but very slightly diluted. There are cases on record of persons who have been poisoned by overdoses of vinegar, taken to improve the complexion, but this is the only case I ever heard of any one acquiring a vinegar habit and pursuing it steadily until it caused death."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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.