

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Fairest of the Fair."

Text: "He is altogether lovely."—Solomon's Song v. 16.

The human race has during centuries been improving. For awhile it degenerated and degenerated, and from all I can read for ages the whole tendency was toward barbarism, but under the ever widening and deepening influence of Christianity the tendency is now in the upward direction. The physical appearance of the human race is seventy-five per cent more attractive than in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

From the pictures on canvas and the faces and forms in sculpture it seems to me that the grand looking men and the attractive women of 200 years ago I conclude the superiority of the men and women of our time. Such looking people of the past centuries as painted and sculptured were presented as the specimens of beauty and dignity would be in our time considered deformed and repulsive.

But in no climate and in no age did there ever appear any one who in physical attractiveness could be compared to Him whom my text celebrates thousands of years before He put His infinite foot on the hill back of Bethelham.

The physical appearance of Christ is, for the most part, an artistic guess. Some writers declare Him to have been a brunette or dark complexioned. St. John, of Damascus, writing 100 years ago, and so much nearer than ourselves to the time of Christ, and hence with more likelihood of accurate tradition, represents Him with beard black, and curly eyebrows joined together, and a yellow complexion, and long fingers like His mother's.

How He employed his hands, and how He looked, represents Christ as a blond: "His hair is the color of wine and golden at the root, straight and without luster, but from the level of the ears, curling and glossy, and divided down the center of the forehead of the Nazarenes. His forehead is even and smooth, His face without blemish and enhanced by a tempered bloom, His countenance ingenuous and kind. Nose and mouth agree in no way with those of any other man of the same color as His hair and forked in form; His eyes blue and extremely brilliant."

My opinion is, it is a Jewish face. His mother was Jewish, and he was no manhood on earth more beautiful than Jewish womanhood. Alas that He lived so long before the daguerrotype and photographic arts were born, or we might have known His exact features. I know that sculpture and painting were born long before Christ, and they might have transferred from olden times to our times the forehead, the nostrils, the eye, the lips of our Lord.

Phidias, the sculptor, put down his chisel of enchantment 500 years before Christ came. Why did not some one take up that chisel and give us the side face or full face of our Lord? Polygnote, the painter, put down his pencil 400 years before Christ. Why did not some one take it up and give us at least the eye of our Lord—the eye, that sovereign of the face? Dionysius, the literary artist who saw at Heliopolis, Egypt, the strange darkening of the heavens at the time of Christ's crucifixion near Jerusalem, and not knowing what it was, but describing it as a peculiar eclipse of the sun, and saying, "Either the Deity suffers or sympathizes with some sufferer," that Dionysius might have put his pen to work and drawn the portrait of our Lord. But, no; the fine arts were busy perpetuating the form and appearance of the world's favorites only, and not the form and appearance of the peasant, among whom Christ appeared.

It was not until the fifteenth century, or until more than 1400 years after Christ, that talented painters attempted by pencil to give us the idea of Christ's face. The pictures before that time were so offensive that the council at Constantinople forbade their exhibition. But Leonardo da Vinci, in the fifteenth century, presented Christ's face on two canvases, yet the one was a repulsive face and the other an effeminate face. Raphael's face of Christ is a weak face. Albert Durer's face of Christ was a savage face. Titian's face of Christ is an expressionless face. The mightiest artists, either with pencil or chisel, have made a failure in attempting to give the forehead, the cheek, the eyes, the nostrils, the mouth of our blessed Lord.

But about His face I can tell you something positive and beyond controversy. I am sure it was a soulful face. The face is only the curtain of the soul. It was impossible that a disposition like Christ's should not have demonstrated itself in His physiognomy. Kindness as an attribute of Christ's face, no illumination to the features, but kindness as the lifelong, dominant habit will produce attractiveness of countenance as certainly as the shining of the sun produces flowers. Children are afraid of a forbidding appearance. But no child is afraid of Christ. He is the domestic group than there was an infantile excitement and the youngsters began to struggle to get out of their mothers' arms. They could not hold the children back. "Woman's form," I heard a child say, "some of the disciples. Perhaps the little ones may have been playing in the dirt, and their faces may not have been clean, or they may have thought Christ's religion was a religion chiefly for big folks. But Christ made the infantile excitement still livelier by His saying that He liked children better than grown people, declaring, 'Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God.'"

Alas for those people who do not like children! They had better stay out of heaven, for the place is full of them. That, I think, is one reason why the great majority of the human race die infants. Christ is the friend of children that He takes them to Himself before the world has time to despise and harden them, and so they are now at the windows of the palace and on the doorsteps and playing on the green. Sometimes Matthew or Mark or Luke tells a story of Christ, and only one tells it, but Matthew, Mark and Luke all join in that picture of Christ, and I know by what occurred at that time that Christ had a face full of gentleness.

Not only was Christ altogether lovely in His countenance, but lovely in His habits. I know, without being told, that the Lord who made the rivers and lakes and oceans clearly in His appearance. He disliked the disease of leprosy not only because it was distressing, but because it was not clean, and His curative words were: "I will, be thou clean." He declared Himself in favor of thoroughly washing and opposed to superficial washing when He denounced the hypocrites for making clean only "the outside of the plate," and He applauds His disciples by saying, "Now are ye clean, and giving directions to those who fasted, and other things. He says, 'Wash thy face,' and to a blind man whom He was curing, 'Go, wash in the pool of Siloam,' and He Himself actually washed His disciples' feet, I suppose not only to demonstrate His own humility, but probably their feet needed to be washed. The fact is, the Lord was a great friend of water. I know that from the fact that most of the world is water. But when I find Christ in such a constant use of water, and water I know He personally used, although He mingled much among very rough populations and took such long journeys on dusty highways. He wore His hair long, according to the custom of His land and time, but neither trouble nor old

age had thinned or injured. His locks, which were never worn shaggy or unkempt. Yes, all His habits of personal appearance were lovely. Sobriety was also an established habit of His life. In addition to the water, He drank the juice of the grape. When at a wedding party this beverage gave out. He made gallons on gallons of grape juice, but it was as unalike what the world makes in our time as health is different from disease and as calm pulses are different from the paroxysms of delirium tremens. There was no strychnine in that beverage or logwood or nuxvomica, the tippings and the sots who now quote the wine-making in Cana of Galilee as an excuse for the fiery and damning beverages of the nineteenth century forgot that the wine at the New Testament wedding had two characteristics—the one that the Lord made it and the other that it was made out of water. Buy all you can of that kind and drink it at least three times a day and send a barrel of it round to my cellar.

Domesticity was also His habit. Though too poor to have a home of His own, He went out to spend the night at Bethany, two or three miles' walk from Jerusalem, and in a rough home, so dilly road that made it equal to six or seven ordinary miles, every morning and night going to and fro, I would rather walk from here to Central Park, or walk from Edinburgh to Arthur's Seat, or in London clear across to Elysian Park, than to walk that road that Christ walked twice a day from Jerusalem to Bethany. But He liked the quietude of home life, and He was lovely in His domesticity.

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If distributed, would make a path of moldering life all around the earth. The loveliness of the Saviour's sacrifice has inspired all the hearts and all the martyrs of a constant center. Christ has had more men and women die for Him than all the other inhabitants of all the ages have had die for Him.

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sermons. He knew when to begin, when to stop and just what to say. The longest sermon He ever preached, so far as the Bible reports Him—namely, the sermon on the mount was about sixteen minutes in delivery—at the ordinary rate of speech. His longest prayer reported, commonly called "The Lord's Prayer," was about half a minute. Time then by your watch, and you will find my estimate accurate, by which I do not mean to say that sermons ought to be only sixteen minutes long and prayers only half a minute long. Christ had such infinite power of compression that He could put enough into His fifteen minute sermon and His half minute prayer to keep all the following ages busy in thought and action. No one but a Christ could afford to pray or preach as short as that, but He meant to teach us compression.

At Bethelham, the other day I was shown a cotton press by which cotton was put in such shape that it occupied in transportation only one car where three cars were formerly necessary, and one ship where three ships had been required. How unwisely constructed! No tonnage, no splitting of hairs between north and northwest side, no dogmatism, but a great Christy throbb of helpfulness. I do not wonder at the record which says, "When He was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed Him." They had but one fault to find with His sermon. It was too short. God help all of us in Christian work to get down our stiffs and straighten our crooked things. We have to do there is the great world of the world's sin and sorrow, and there is the great healing plaster of the gospel. What you and I want to do is to put the plaster on the wound. A minister preaching to an audience of sailors concerning the ruin by sin and the rescue by the gospel accommodated himself to sailors' vernacular and said, "This plank bears. Many years after this preacher was called to see a dying sailor and asked him about his hope and got the suggestive reply, 'This plank bears.'"

Yes, Christ was lovely in His chief life's work. There were a thousand things for Him to do, but His great work was to get our shipwrecked world out of the breakers. That He came to do, and that He did, and He did it in three years. He took thirty years to prepare for that three years' activity. From twelve to thirty years of age we hear nothing about Him. That intervening eighteen years I think he was in India. But He came back to Palestine and crowded everything into three years—three winters, three springs, three summers, three autumns. Our life is short, but would God we might see how much we could do in three years. Concentration! Intensification! Three years of kind activity, three years of living for others! Three years of self-sacrifice! Let us try it.

Aye, Christ was lovely in His demise. He had a right that last hour to deal in anathematism. Never say any more, but he was really tested. Cradle of straw among goats and camels—that was the world's reception of Him! Rocky cliff, with hammers pounding spikes through tortured nerves—that was the world's farewell torture! The assassin's sword hid the love of living for others! Three years of self-sacrifice! Let us try it.

What a marvel it is that all the nations of earth do not rise up in raptures of affection for Him! I must say it here and now. I lift my right hand in solemn attestation. I love Him, and the grief of my life is that I do not love Him more. I am an imperfect man, but I am a man of few words. "I am a man of few words." Why, your dear soul, words are not necessary. Imitate your Lord and go to those afflicted homes and cry with them.

John Murphy! Well, you did not know him. Once, when I was in great bereavement, he came to my house. Kind ministers of the gospel had come and talked beautifully and prayed with us and did all they could to console. But John Murphy, one of the great men I ever had, a big, soulful, glorious Irishman, came in and looked into my face, put out his hand, strong hand and said not a word, but sat down and cried with me. I am not enough of a philosopher to say that I was why it was, but somehow from door to door and from floor to ceiling the room was filled with an all pervading comfort. "Jesus wept."

I think that is what makes Christ such a popular Christ. There are so many who would sympathize. Miss Fiske, the famous woman of the missionary, was in the chapel one day talking to the heathen, and she was in very poor health and so weak she sat upon a mat while she talked and felt the need of something to lean against, when she felt a woman's form at her back and heard a woman's voice saying, "Lean on me." She leaned a little, but did not want to be too cumbersome, when the woman's voice said, "Lean hard; if you love me, lean hard." And that makes Christ so lovely. He wants all the sick and troubled and weary to lean against Him, and He says, "Lean hard; if you love Me, lean hard." Aye, He is close by with His sympathetic help. Hod-kinson, the famous soldier and Christian, was the Crutcher was died because when he was wounded his regiment was too far off from the tent of supplies. He was not mortally wounded, and if the surgeons could have got at the bandages and the medicine he would have recovered. So much of human sympathy and helpfulness comes too late. But Christ is always close by if we want Him, and has all the medicines ready, and has eternal life for all who ask for it.

Aye, He was lovely in His doctrines. Self sacrifice or the relief of the suffering of others by our own suffering. He was the only physician that ever proposed to cure His patients by taking their diseases. Self sacrifice! And what did He not give up for others! The best climate in the universe, the air of heaven, for the wintry weather of Palestine, a seigneur of unlimited dominion for a prisoner's box in an early court-room, a flaming harp for a crown of stinging brambles, a palace for a cattle pen, a throne for a cross. Self sacrifice! What is more lovely? Mothers dying for their children down in the front line, railroad engineers giving down through the open drawbridge to save the train, firemen scorched to death trying to help some one down the ladder from the fourth story of the consuming house. All these put together only faint and insubstantial similes by which to illustrate the grander, mightier, farther reaching self sacrifice of the "altogether lovely."

Do you wonder that the story of His self sacrifice has led hundreds of thousands to die for Him? In one series of persecutions over 200,000 were put to death for Christ's sake. For Him Blandina was tied to a post and wild beasts were let out upon her, and when life continued after the attack of tooth and claw she was put in a net, and that net containing her was thrown to a wild bull that tossed her with its horns till life was extinct. All for Christ! Huguenots dying for Christ! Abolitionists dying for Christ! The martyrdom of the "altogether lovely" endured for Christ! The bones of martyrs,

Well, the delightful morn will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blissful story I'll spin, 'Trough the streets of the street.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MAY 6.

Lesson Text: "Joseph's Last Days," Genesis 1, 14-26 — Golden Text: Prov. iv., 18 — Commentary.

14. "And Joseph returned into Egypt, he and his brethren and all that went up with him to bury his father, after he had buried his father." For seventeen years all Jacob enjoy Joseph's presence and care in Egypt (chapter xvii., 28) and died at the age of 147, having first blessed all his sons and charged them to bury him beside Leah in the cave of Machpelah, with Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, had already been laid. When Jacob was dying he, with confidence in the promises of God, blessed the sons of Joseph, and assured Joseph that God would bring the brethren out of Egypt (Hob. xi., 21; Gen. xlviii., 21).

15. "And when Joseph's brethren saw that their father was dead they said, Joseph will peradventure hate us and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him." That looks like a very mean estimate of the brother, who had so freely and fully forgiven them and had so abundantly cared for them for so many years. One cannot read chapter xlv., 1-15, without seeing that it was pure unbelief and actually made Joseph a liar. But it is just the way that many Christians treat the Lord. They cannot believe that He has nothing against them and that He will never mention their sins, and so they unbelieve and actually make Joseph a liar. But it is just the way that many Christians treat the Lord. They cannot believe that He has nothing against them and that He will never mention their sins, and so they unbelieve and actually make Joseph a liar.

16. "And they sent a messenger unto Joseph, saying, Thy father did command he died, saying, 'A messenger's only responsibility is to receive and deliver his message correctly and without change.' Hagar was the Lord's messenger with the Lord's message (Hag. i., 13), and the message accomplished the work. It is a pleasure to be the Lord's messenger and is the highest reward that any man can have. But this messenger was in poor employ and on a very poor errand.

17. "So shall ye say unto Joseph, 'Forgive, I pray thee, now the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin, and thou shalt be forgiven them; for they were asking forgiveness for, but the old wrong of thirty-seven years before which had been fully forgiven for over seventeen years. We have no record that Jacob ever forgave them, but he said, 'As thou art a Christian who, being assured of forgiveness (Eph. i., 7; I John ii., 12), are all the time asking forgiveness for the same old sin. No wonder Joseph wept. It is enough to make's brethren to be so unbelievably regarded.

18. "And his brethren also went and fell down before his face, and they said, Behold, we be thy servants." It was in fear they were kneeling, and they were not given them. This is not the kind of servant Jesus expects to find in those who have been made high by His precious blood (Eph. i., 13). Not serving to obtain forgiveness, but serving because forgiveness is the right way. Serve the Lord with gladness. 19. "And Joseph said unto them, Fear not, for am I in the place of God?" It was against God they had sinned, and from Him first they should have sought forgiveness. David recognized this when he said, "Against thee have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight (Ps. li., 4). We must seek forgiveness from God, for all sin is against Him (I Cor. viii., 12), and then from those against whom we have offended. 20. "But as for you, ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good to bring it to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive. In almost the very same words had he spoken to the faithful confidence of his brethren. He reminds us of Jesus, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever (Heb. xiii., 8), of Jehovah, who says, "I am the Lord, I change not" (Mal. iii., 6). 21. "Now therefore fear ye not, I will nourish you and your little ones. As he comforted them and spoke kindly unto them." 22. "And Joseph dwelt in Egypt, he and his father's household, and Joseph lived in Egypt seven years. He was thirty when he first stood before Pharaoh (xii., 46), so that he had eighty years of prosperity and honor in Egypt. He would be about fifty-six when he first died; therefore he lived to make good his word to his brethren for at least fifty years.

23. "And Joseph saw Ephraim's children of the third generation. The children also of Manasse whom he brought up with him upon Joseph's knees." After Joseph's affliction he saw his son's sons, even four generations (Job xiii., 16). It is one of the blessings of the righteous to see their children's children (Ps. cxxviii., 6). 24. "And Joseph said unto his brethren, Die, and God will surely visit you and bring you out of this land unto the land which He swore to Abraham, to Isaac and to Jacob. This was confidence in God. By faith Joseph was confident in God's promise of the departing of the children of Israel and gave commandment concerning his bones (Heb. xi., 22).

25. "And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, 'God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence.' So when Moses led Israel out of Egypt he took the bones of Joseph, and when their wanderings all had ceased they were buried in Shechem (Ex. xiii., 19; Joshua xxiv., 22). Joseph might have desired such a funeral as he gave his father and had his body at once buried in the land of promise, but he was so sure of their going up in due time that he was content to wait until his body returned among them as a token of their coming deliverance.

26. "So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old, and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." Gathered here, and he was buried in the land of promise, but he was so sure of their going up in due time that he was content to wait until his body returned among them as a token of their coming deliverance.

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Why not, indeed? When the Royal Baking Powder makes finer and more wholesome food at a less cost, which every housekeeper familiar with it will affirm, why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use it exclusively? ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Too Heavy for the Eagle. A monster eagle made an attack on Harry Graham, an eight-year-old boy, at Millersburg, Ind., last night, and attempted to carry him off. The eagle buried its claws in the child's clothing and succeeded in carrying him a short distance. The boy was heavy and struggled desperately, and the eagle was forced to the ground with its burden, not, however, releasing its hold. The boy then succeeded in seizing a stone with which he dealt the eagle a blow on the head. The bird was dazed for a moment, and was secured by several railroad employes who had come to the boy's assistance.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Teacher.—"Now, in parsing this sentence, 'The poem was long, what do you do with poem?' Johnnie—"Put it in the waste basket."—Chicago Record.



If the following letters had been written by your best friends and most esteemed neighbors they could be no more worthy of your confidence than they now are, coming, as they do, from well known, intelligent, and trustworthy citizens, who, in their several neighborhoods, enjoy the fullest confidence and respect of all who know them. The subject of the above portrait is a well known and much respected lady, Mrs. John G. Foster, residing at No. 23 Chapin Street, Canandaigua, N. Y. She writes to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y., as follows: 'I was troubled with eczema, or salt-rheum, several years. I doctored with a number of our home physicians and received no benefit whatever. I also took treatment from physicians in Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Buffalo, and received no benefit from them. In fact I have paid out hundreds of dollars to the doctors without benefit. My brother came to visit us from the West and he told me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He had taken ten of it and had cured him. I have taken ten bottles of the 'Discovery,' and an entirely cured, and if there should be any one wishing any information I would gladly correspond with them, if they enclose return stamped envelope.'

Not less remarkable is the following from Mr. J. A. Buxton, a prominent merchant of Jackson, N. C., who says: 'I had been troubled with skin disease all my life. As I grew older the disease seemed to be taking a stronger hold upon me. I tried many advertised remedies with no benefit, until I was led to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When I began taking it my health was very poor; in fact, several persons have since told me that they thought I had the consumption. I weighed only about 125 pounds. The eruption on my skin was accompanied by severe itching. It was first confined to my face, but afterwards spread over the neck and head, and the itching became simply unbearable. This was my condition when I began taking the 'Discovery,' and when I would rub the parts affected a kind of branny scale would fall off.

SAPOLIO Is Like a Good Temper, "It Sheds a Brightness Everywhere." N.Y.C. - 18. PATENTED BY THOMAS P. SIMPSON, U.S. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C. No other size small Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's address.

\$12,000,000 Due God for Taxes.

The result of the investigation of Comptroller Fitch as to how much is owed the city for taxes, shows that property owners are indebted to the city of New York for back taxes \$12,000,000. He was also surprised to find that the city of New York owes to the county of New York \$2,000,000 taxes which have never been paid. Comptroller Fitch will now have this money collected and also will order the property sold which owes the city taxes.

A World's Fair Building Bought.

A party of New Haven men has bought the Connecticut State Building at the World's Fair, Chicago. It will be transferred to the shores of the Sound near Tyler City, and erected at the place where the British troops landed in 1779 for their raid against New Haven. It will be kept as a museum and for meetings of State societies.

A "Blowing Cave" in Pennsylvania.

In Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, on a hilltop a short distance from York Furnace Bridge, is located the famous natural "blow hole." It is not a cave, but a series of fissures in the rocks, from which a cold draft of air continually issues.—St. Louis Republic.

Bethany Sunday-school in Philadelphia.

Bethany, of which John Wanamaker is Superintendent, has a membership of more than 5000, and Mr. Wanamaker's class numbers over 1200.