

ALL HAVE SINNED.

Jesus Christ Offers Us a Full Pardon.

We Will Bear All Our Burdens and Save Us From the Penalty of Our Transgressions if We Ask Him.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached a comforting sermon to an immense audience in Washington on Sunday morning from the text: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—Isaiah 53:6.

Once more I ring the old gospel bell. The first half of my next text is an indictment. All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? that is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray."

Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room and comes back to the point where it started, when it says: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray. I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out: 'Oh! my sins, my sins!' and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the east when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry, and he smote upon his breast, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray."

Sheep get astray in two ways—either by trying to get into other pastures, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us get astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ put us on short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of a distant stream, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God, through Jesus Christ, gave our soul, and we wandered on, and we wandered on, and we found garbage. The farther we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the club house when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associates? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you—perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life.

There is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints immortal reign, Bright bright as day. Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any special condolence? Business over-ruled you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him! The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried: "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in a life has been more prevailing to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success. Poor pasturage for your soul you find in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say: "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battleground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze at the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say: "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow On nature's barren soil; All we can boast till Christ we know, Is vanity and toil. Some of you get astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873 when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of

the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. Oh! man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the foundering of your earthly failures, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!"

Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder: "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and have come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all Heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melodies possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, Him of the bloody sweat, Him of the resurrection throne, Him of the crucifixion agony. "Oh! Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." "Oh," says some man, "that isn't generous, that isn't fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and have the means to meet it and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say: "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street—both hale, hearty, and well—I ask you to carry me, you say rightly: "Walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle and fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades, saying, "Come and help; this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen, and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital, and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything bemeaning in me in accepting that kindness? Oh, no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts, then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, is my obligation; there are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt, cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God. Christ comes down to us and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tip of His fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon His knee, and then with a dead lift He raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Why then will a man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Appennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other. How much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime? Christ comes and looks down in your face, and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights; I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts; put them on my shoulder, put them on my heart." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamery and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They write under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experience we should hear on all sides! There is a man who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings; I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self-righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am, all right before man, but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said: 'You are a sinner!' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits, the driving back of the Son of God from my heart, affections, and I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say is true."

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There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position—a good commercial position—but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals, and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean that if you will come to the meeting to-night, I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.' I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest, and I went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in, and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around so kind and so sympathetic, that I just there gave up my heart to God, and I know that what you say is true; I know it in my own experience." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Oh, my brother, without stopping to look whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand and let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins, carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation to all who are bound, pardon for all sin and eternal life for all the dead.

To-day the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off—he jumps off. It is suicide—suicide—suicide—if the man perishes, for his invitation is, "Whosoever will, let him come;" whosoever, whosoever, whosoever! While God invites, how blest the day, How sweet the gospel's charming sound; Come, sinner, haste, Oh! haste away While yet a pardoning God is found.

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BIG FIRES!

Great Fires Are Constantly Burning.

Still They Will Go Out in Time if Not Replenished—Food is Fuel for the Body.

History records the occurrence of most disastrous fires. A few times our own country has been visited in this way with tremendous force. Yet how insignificant they seem when compared to the raging fires of the sun. A recent writer in one of our monthly journals, illustrates the enormous heat which the sun gives out, as follows: he says that if all the coal which exists on this globe could be placed in one mass, and then immediately burned up, it would not produce as much heat as the sun throws off into space in one-tenth of a second. Of course, we cannot comprehend what this means. But there is another fire constantly burning, of which many of us are not aware, although we live very close to it.

We all know that the human body is warmer than the surrounding atmosphere; while during cold weather the difference is very marked. What keeps the body warm? Because it is constantly burning up.

We replenish the fire in the stove by adding more coal or wood. The oxygen of the air unites with this fuel and heat is produced. The fuel for the body is our food; and the oxygen obtained from the air we breathe combines with it and heat is produced. This heat is constantly escaping from the skin. During summer we dress lightly to aid its escape. During winter we put on flannels, because wool is not a good conductor of heat, and will not allow it to escape so freely from the surface of the body.

If a person is plump in flesh, that is, if he has a layer of fat just beneath the skin, he has a medium which holds in the heat of the body, as a layer of wool does when placed on the outside of the skin. Persons who are plump in flesh do not shiver with every cool, invigorating breeze. Neither do they require so much food, for as the heat cannot escape so readily, so it is not necessary to add as much fuel. Plumpness means protection; defense against coughs and colds; shelter for an escape from neuralgia and sciatica; a shield to throw off nervous prostration; better security from the germs of consumption; an escape from a thousand aches and pains which cling to a body that is poorly nourished. Plumpness is prosperity, thrift, good nature, happiness.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will not make you over-fat, simply plump, just about right. It puts that coat of fat over the body, pushes up the skin, and removes wrinkles and angles. Scott's Emulsion contains more pure Norwegian Cod-liver Oil than any other emulsion in the world, that will stand the test of time as being a perfect inseparable emulsion. Ask your doctor.

Announcement. I am with great sorrow compelled to make this public announcement, that by the advice of the best oculist in this country it becomes necessary for me, owing to increasing difficulty with my eye sight, to give up the teaching of music entirely. After carefully reviewing the situation, I have decided to devote all my time to the sale of musical instruments of any description, particularly Pianos and Organs, of the best make procurable. Any one wishing to purchase an instrument will save money by calling on me at room 28, Crider block, and learning particulars.

3-12x MISS S. OHNSMACHT. \$200.00 in Gold Given. For selling a book of great interest and popularity, "Story of Turkey and Armenia" with a full and graphic account of the massacres. R. H. Woodward Company, Baltimore, Md., are offering \$200.00 to anyone selling 200 copies of their new book, "Story of Turkey and Armenia." This is a work of great interest and popularity. Many agents sell 15 copies a day. A graphic and thrilling account is given of the massacres of the Armenians which have aroused the civilized world. Agents are offering the most liberal terms and premiums. Freight paid and credit given. Write them immediately. 3-20x

\$1,000 IN PRIZES TO BE DISTRIBUTED ABSOLUTELY FREE. Use the letters contained in the text: "MONON SEEDS GROW," and form as many words as you can, using letters either backward or forward, but don't use any letter in same word more times than it appears in "Monon Seeds Grow." For example the words: see, on, none, weeds, etc. The person forming the greatest number of words, using the letters in the text, will receive One Hundred Dollars in cash. For the next largest list we will give \$75 in cash, for the next largest list \$50 in cash, for the next \$25 cash, and for each of the next ten largest lists we will give \$10 in gold. If you are good at word making you can secure a valuable prize as the Monon Seed Co. intend giving many hundred special prizes to persons sending them lists containing over twenty-five words. Write your name on list of words (numbered) and enclose the same postpaid with six two-cent stamps for a large combination package of Monon Seeds that Grow, which includes the latest and most popular flowers of endless varieties, also particulars and rules of distribution of prizes. The word contest will be carefully and conscientiously conducted, and is solely for the purpose of further introducing our seeds in new localities. You will receive the biggest value in flowers seeds ever offered, and besides if you are able to make a good list of words and answer promptly you will stand an equal opportunity to secure a valuable prize. We intend spending a large amount of money in the distribution of prizes in this contest. We assure you that your trial order with us will be most gratifying. Write your name plainly and send list as early as possible. Address,

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