

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

GLAD CHRIST DIED.

eminent Brooklyn Divine Preaches Characteristic Sermon Full of Thought for the Masses.

Who is he that comes to the grave? It is that dead, you, rather than to rise again, even at the right hand of God, who is the intervention for us."—Romans

is the last sermon I shall ever said Christmas Evans on the 13th of 1838. The days afterward he ex-

do not know what his text was, but know that no man could choose a bet-

ter—though he knew it was the last he should ever preach—than the subject in this text.

ing this challenge of the text to the all ecclesiastical and all authorities, and neither swords or lions, earth nor Diocletian slew uncounted thousands his administration, and the world has

of the world could not fright Paul, because he was physically strong? I suppose you were very much weary exposure and maltreatment. Was

was he lacking in sensitiveness? You find the most delicate shades of playing in and out his letters and

Some of his communications into tears. What was it that Paul is triumphant mood? The thought of our dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour

a Saviour interceding. The world has sang the praise of Prince. One child having died of a con-

dition, she was in the room where he was dying, and the court physician

her, "You must not breathe the breath of child, or you yourself will die." But

the child mourning because of the of her brother, the mother stooped

and in sympathy kissed the little one, and the child perished. All that she sang the herodian and the self-sacrifice

ness Alice, but I have to tell you that our race was dying the Lord Jesus

and gave us the kiss of His loving love and perished that we might

of Christ that died for us. You tell me how tender hearted Paul

find anything to rejoice in the hard death scene of Calvary? We weep at

his; we are sympathetic when we see a sufferer die, when a murderer steps upon

the scaffold we pray for his departing spirit. I said to Paul, "I have a receipt for

anything to be pleased with at the grave of Christ? Besides that Christ had

recently died, and the sorrow was fresh memory of the world, and how in the

memory of a Saviour's death could Paul

rejoice because Paul saw in that death his deliverance and the deliverance of a race

still worse disaster. He saw the gap which the race must plunge, and he saw

feeding hands of Christ close it. The spring shed on the top of the execution-

er in his light kindled in heavenward. The persecutors saw the cross five words written in Hebrew,

and Latin, but Paul saw over the cross

Christ only one word—"expiation." He

is in the dying word of Christ his own

of eternal torture taken by another.

said to himself, "I do not know that I

volunteered in my behalf, those would

been my mangled hands and feet, my

side, my crimson temples."

of great physical endurance have

times carried very heavy burdens—300

pounds—and they have still

"My strength is not in my arms, but in

my weight. But after awhile they

compelled to cry out: "Stop! I can

no more." But the burden of Christ

illimitable. First, there was His own

of hunger and thirst and bereave-

ment of parental embraces that have

heaped upon Him, and the sorrows of His

poor old

an on the top of those burdens the

of the ruffians who were executing

Christ

no cry—"It is enough. Christ

no more." He has a receipt for

more burdens; roll on Me the sins of this

nation, and after that roll on Me the

of the inhabited earth, and then roll

on the sins of the 4000 years past, so far as

sins have been forgiven. And the

of God, seeing the awful pressure,

said, "Stop! He can bear a receipt for

blood rushing to the nostril and lip seems

to say: "Enough! He can endure no

more." But Christ says, "Roll on greater

burden, roll on the sins of the next 1900

years, roll on Me the sins of the succeeding

ages, roll on Me the sins of hell, ages on

the furnaces and the prisons and the

tortures." That is what the Bible

says when it says, "He bore our sins and

did our sorrows."

Now, says Paul, "I am free. That suffering

purchase my deliverance. God never

sent a debt to me. I have a receipt for

it. If God is satisfied with me, then what

all the threats of earth and hell amount

to? Bring on all your witnesses," says

Paul. "Show all your force. Do your worst

against my soul. I defy you. I dare you.

Bring on your witnesses. I have a receipt

for it. It is Christ that died." Oh, what a

strong argument that puts in the hand of

Christian man! Some day all the past

of his life come down on him in a fiery

judgment, and they would say, "You

have come for us. We have come for

you. We are 10,000 strong. Surrender."

You open the door, and single handed

alone you contend against that troop,

fling this divine weapon into their midst.

Scatter those sins as quic! as you can

hit them.

It is Christ that died. Why, then, bring

to us the sins of our past life? We have

to do with those obsolete things? You

know hard it is for a wrecker to bring

anything that is lost near the shore of the

sea, but suppose something be lost half way

between Liverpool and New York. It can

be recovered. Who can bring a receipt for

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