# THE ASSASSINATION.

## SACRAMENTAL DAY SERVICES IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

**Rev. Dr. Talmage Gives a Graphic Description of the Scourging and Crucifixion of Our Saviour--The Terrible Crown of Thorns.**

BROOKLYN, June 3.—The congregation at the Tabernacle sang, this morning:

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt.

This is Sacramental day, and a large number of persons joined the church, making the communicant membership 4,194. But this is only a part of the great attendance that, Sunday mornings and evenings, overflow the immense audience room. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his text the passage: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."—Luke xiv, 27. He preached the following sermon:

The cross was a gibbet on which criminals were put to death. It was sometimes made in the shape of the letter T, sometimes in the shape of the letter X, sometimes in the shape of the letter I—a simple upright: sometimes two cross pieces against the perpendicular bar, so that upon the lower cross piece the criminal partially sat. But whatever the style of the cross, it was always disgraceful and always agonizing.

When Darius conquered Babylon he put 200 captives to death on the cross. When Alexander conquered Tyre, he put 2,000 captives to death on the cross. So it was just an ordinary mode of punishment. But in all the forest of crosses on the hills and in the valleys of the earth, there is one cross that attracts more attention than any other. It is not higher than the others, it is not made out of different wood, there is nothing peculiar in the notch at which the two pieces are joined, and as to the scene, they witnessed crucifixions every few weeks; so that I see a reckless man walking about the hill and kicking carelessly aside a skull, and wondering who the villain was that had so flat and misshapen a head; and here is another skull, and there on the hillside is another skull. Indeed, the Bible says it was "a place of skulls." But about the victim on one of these crosses all ages are crying: "Who is he? was he a man? was he a God? was he man and God?"

Through the darkness of that gloomy day I come close up enough to the cross to see who it is. It is Jesus. How did he come there? Had he come up on the top of the hill to look off upon the beautiful landscape or upon a brilliant sunset? No. He came there ill and exhausted. People sometimes wonder why Christ expired so quickly on the cross, in six or seven hours, while other victims have been on the cross for forty-eight hours before life was extinct. I will tell you the reason. He was exhausted when he came there. He had been scourged. We are horrified at the cruelties of the whipping post, but those cruelties were mercy compared with the scourging of Jesus Christ.

I saw at Antwerp a picture made by Rubens—Rubens' picture of the scourging of Jesus Christ. It was the most overmastering picture I ever looked at, or ever expect to see. As the long frocked official opened the door that hid the picture, there he was—Christ with back bent and bared. The flagellator stood with the upper teeth clenched over the lower lip, as though to give violence to the blows. There were the swollen shoulders of Christ. There were the black and blue ridges, denied even the relief of bleeding. There was the flesh adhering to the whips as they were lifted. There were the marks where the knots in the whips gouged out the flesh. There stood the persecutor, with his foot on the calf of the leg of the Saviour, balancing himself. O! the furious and hellish look on those faces, grinning vengeance against the Son of God. The picture seized me, it overwhelmed me; it seemed as if it would kill me. I do not think I could have looked at it five minutes and have lived.

But that, my friends, was before Christ had started for Calvary. That was only the whipping. Are you ready for your journey to the cross?

The carpenters have split the timber into two pieces. They are heavy and they are long pieces, for one of them must be fastened deep down in the earth, lest the struggling of the victim upset the structure. They put this timber upon the shoulder of Christ very gradually first, to see whether he can stand it, and after they find he can stand it they put the whole weight upon him. Forward now, to Calvary! The hooting and the yelling mob follow on. Under the weight of the cross, Christ being weary and sick, he stumbles and falls, and they jerk at his robe indignant that he should have stumbled and fallen, and they cry: "Get up, get up!" Christ, putting one hand on the ground and the other hand on the cross, rises, looking into the face of Mary, his mother, for sympathy; but they tell her to stand back, it is no place for a woman. "Stand back and stop this crying."

Christ moves on with his burden upon his shoulders, and there is a boy that passes along with him, a boy holding a mallet and a few nails. I wonder what they are for? Christ moves on until the burden is so great he staggers and falls flat into the dust and faints dead away, and a ruffian puts his foot on him and shakes him as he would a dead dog, while another ruffian looks down at him wondering whether he has fainted away, or whether he is only pretending to faint away, and with jeer and contempt indescribable, says: "Fainted, have you? Fainted? Get up! get on!"

Now they have arrived at the foot of the hill. Off with his clothes! Shall that loathsome mob look upon the unrobed body of Christ? Yes. The commanding officers say: "Unfasten the girdle, take off the coat; strip him!" The work is done. But bring back the coat, for here are the gamblers tossing up coin on the ground, saying: "I have it, I have it; it is mine!" He rolls it up and puts it under his arm, or he examines it to see what fabric it is made of. Then they put the cross upon the ground and they stretch Christ upon it, and four or five men hold him down while they drive the spikes home. At every thump a groan—a groan. Alas! alas! The hour passes on and the time comes when they must crucify him.

Christ has only one garment left now, a cap, a cap of thorns. No danger that it will fall off, for the sharp edges have punctured the temples and it is sure and fast. One ruffian takes hold of one end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian takes hold of the other end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian puts his arms around the waist of Christ, and another ruffian takes hold of the end of the long beam of the cross, and altogether they move on until they come to the hole digged in the earth, and with awful plunge it jars down with its burden of woe. It is not the picture of a Christ, it is not the statue of Christ, as you sometimes see in a cathedral; but it is the body of a bleeding, living, dying Christ.

They sometimes say he had five wounds, but they have counted wrong. Two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the feet, one wound for the side, they say; five wounds. No; they have missed the worst and they have missed the most. Did you ever see the [illegible] out of which that crown of thorns [illegible]? I saw one on a Brooklyn ferry-[illegible] in the hands of a gentleman who had [illegible] returned from Palestine, a bramble just [illegible] that out of which the crown of thorns [illegible] made. O! how cruel and how stubborn [illegible] the thorns! And when that cap of [illegible] was put upon Christ, and it was [illegible] down upon him, not five wounds, but [illegible], twenty, thirty—I cannot count them.

There were three or four absences that made that scene worse. First, there was the absence of water. The climate was hot; the fever, the inflammation, the nervous prostration, the gangrene had seized upon him, and he terribly wanted water. His wounds were worse than gunshot fractures, and yet no water. A Turk in the Thirteenth century was crucified on the banks of a river, so that the sight of the water might tantalize him. And O! how the thirst of Christ must have tantalized as he thought of the Euphrates and the Jordan and the Amazon and all the fountains of earth and heaven poured out of his own hand. They offered him an intoxicating draught made out of wine and myrrh, but he declined it. He wanted to die sober. No water.

Then, my friends, there was the absence of light. Darkness always exasperates trouble. I never shall forget the night in the summer of 1873, in the steamer Greece, mid-Atlantic, every moment expecting the steamer to go down. All the lights in the cabin were blown out. The captain came crawling on his hands and knees, for he could not stand upright, so violently was the vessel pitching, and he cried: "Light up, light up!" The steward said: "We can't light up; the candles are gone and the holders are gone." The captain said: "I can't help that; light up!" The storm was awful when the lights were burning; worse when the lights went out.

Then there was the absence of faithful nurses. When you are ill, it is pleasant to have the head bathed and the hands and feet rubbed. Look at the hands and feet of Christ, look at the face of Christ. There were women there who had cared for the sick, but none of them might come up near enough to help. There was Christ's mother, but she might not come up near enough to help. They said: "Stand back, stand back; this is no place for you." The high priests and the soldiers wanted it their own way; they had it their own way.

The hours pass on and it is 12 o'clock of the Saviour's suffering, and it is 1 o'clock, and it is 2 o'clock, and it is almost 3 o'clock. Take the last look at that suffering face; wan and pinched, the purple lips drawn back against the teeth, the eyes red with weeping and sunken as through grief had pushed them back, blackness under the lower lid, the whole body adroop and shivering with the last chill, the breath growing feebler and feebler and feebler and feebler until he gives one long, deep, last sigh. He is dead!

O! my soul, he is dead. Can you tell why? Was he a fanatic dying for a principle that did not amount to anything? Was he a man infatuated? No; to save your soul from sin, and mine, and make eternal life possible he died. There had to be a substitute for sin. Who shall it be? "Let it be me," said Christ, "let it be me." You understand the meaning of that word substitution. You were drafted for the last war; some one took your place, marched your march, suffered your wounds and died at Gettysburg. Christ comes to us while we are fighting our battle with sin and death and hell, and he is our substitute. He marches our march, fights our battle, suffers our wounds and dies our death. Substitution! substitution!

How do you feel in regard to that scene described in the text, and in the region around about the text? Are your sympathies aroused? Or are you so dead in sin, and so abandoned by reason of your transgressions that you can look upon all that tearless and unmoved? No, no; there are thousands of people here this morning who can say in the depths of their soul: "No, no, no; if Jesus endured that, and all that for me, I ought to love him. I must love him, I will love him, I do love him. Here, Lord, I give myself to thee; 'tis all that I can do."

But how are you going to test your love, and test your earnestness? My text gives a test. It says that while Christ carried a cross for you, you must be willing to carry a cross for Christ. "Well," you say, "I never could understand that. There are no crosses to be carried in this land; those persecutions have passed, and in all the land there is no one to be crucified, and yet in the pulpit and in the prayer meetings you all keep talking about carrying a cross. What do you mean, sir?" I mean this: That this is a cross which Christ calls you to do, which is unpleasant and hard. "O!" you say, "after hearing the story of this Christ and all that he has endured for me, I am ready to do anything for him. Just tell me what I have to do and I'll do it. I am ready to carry any cross."

Suppose I should ask you at the close of a religious service to rise up, announcing yourself on the Lord's side—could you do it? "O! no," you say, "I have a shrinking and a sensitive nature, and it would be impossible for me to rise before a large assemblage, announcing myself on the Lord's side." Just as I feared. You cannot stand that cross. The first one that is offered you, you reject. Christ carried a mountain, Christ carried a Himalaya, Christ carried a world for you, and you cannot lift an ounce for him.

But here is a man whose cross will be to announce among his business associates tomorrow morning on exchange that he has begun a new life; that while he wants to be faithful in his worldly duties, he is living for another world, and he ought to advise all those who are his associates, so far as he can influence them, to begin with him the Christian life. Could you do that, my brother? "Oh, no," you say, "not just that. I think religion is religion and business is business, and it would be impossible for me to recommend the Christian religion in places of worldly business." Just as I feared. There is a second cross offered you, and you cannot carry it. Christ lifted a mountain for you; you cannot lift an ounce for him.

There is some one whose cross will be to present religion in the home circle. Would you dare to kneel down and pray, if your brother and sister were looking at you? Could you ask a blessing at the tea table? Could you take the Bible and gather your family around you, and read of Christ and heaven and your immortal soul? Could you then kneel and pray for a blessing on your household? "Oh!" you say, "not exactly that; I couldn't quite do that, because I have a very quick temper, and if I professed religion and tried to talk religion in my household, and then after that I should lose my temper, they would scoff at me and say: 'You are a pretty Christian!'" So you are cowed down, and their sarcasm keeps you out of heaven and away from Christ, when, under God, you ought to take your whole family into the kingdom. Christ lifted a mountain, lifted a world for you; you cannot lift an ounce for him. I see how it is; you want to be favorable to religion, you want to support Christian institutions, you like to be associated with those who love Jesus Christ; but as to taking a positive step on this subject, you cannot—you cannot; and my text, like a gate of a hundred bolts, bars you away from peace on earth and glory in heaven.

There are hundreds of men and women here brave enough in other things in life who simply, for the lack of manliness and womanliness, stay away from God. They dare not say: "Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take thee. Thou hast redeemed me by thy blood, here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends. Listen, all the world." They are lurking around about the kingdom of God—they are lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of my text: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

An officer of a neighboring church told me that he was in a store in New York—just happened in—where there were many clerks, and a gentleman came in and said to a young man standing behind the counter: "Are you the young man that arose the other night in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and asked for prayers?" Without any flush of cheek he replied: "I am. I haven't always done right, and I have been quite bad; but since I arose for prayers I think I am better than I was." It was only his way of announcing that he had started for the higher life. God will not cast out a man who is brave enough to take a step ahead like that.

I tell you these things this morning because, my dear friends, I want to show you how light the cross is that we have to carry compared with that which Christ carried for us. You have not had the flesh torn off for Christ's sake in carrying your cross. He fainted dead away under his cross. You have not carried the cross until it fetched the blood. Under his there was a pool of carnage that plashed the horses' fetlocks. You have friends to sympathize with you in carrying the cross: Christ trod the winepress of God's wrath alone, alone! The cross that you and I ought to carry represents only a few days or a few years of trial. The cross that Christ carried for us had compressed into it the agonies of eternity.

There has some one come here today whom you have not observed. He did not come through the front door; he did not come down any of these aisles; yet I know he is here. He is from the east, the far east. He comes with blistered foot, and with broken heart, and cheeks red not with health but with blood from the temples. I take hold of his coat and I say: "It does not seem to fit thee." "No," he says, "it is not mine; it is borrowed; it does not belong to me now. For my vesture did they cast lots." And I say to him: "Thine eyes are red as though from loss of sleep." He says: "Yes, the Son of man had not where to lay his head." And I touch the log on his back and I say: "Why carriest thou this?" "Ah!" he says, "that is a cross I carry for thee and for the sins of the whole world. That is a cross. Fall into line, march on with me in this procession, take your smaller crosses and your lighter burdens, and join me in this march to heaven." And we join that procession with our smaller crosses and our lighter burdens, and Christ looks back and he sees some are halting because they cannot endure the shame, or bear the burden, and with a voice which has in it majesty and omnipotence, he cries until all the earth trembles: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

O! my brethren, my sisters—for I do not speak professionally, I speak as a brother would speak to a brother or sister—my brother, can you not bear a cross if at last you can wear a crown? Come, now, let us divide off. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is ready to turn his back upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world?

A Roman emperor said to a Greek architect: "You build me a coliseum, a grand coliseum, and if it suits me I will crown you in the presence of all the people, and I will make a great day of festival on your account." The Greek architect did his work, did it magnificently, planned the building, looked after its construction. The building was done. The day for opening arrived. In the coliseum were the emperor and the great architect. The emperor arose amid the plaudits of a vast assembly and said: "We have gathered here today to open this coliseum and to honor the Greek architect. It is a great day for the Roman empire. Let this building be prosperous, and let honor be put upon the Greek architect. O! we must have a festival today. Bring out those Christians and let us have them put to death at the mouth of the lions." The Christians were put into the center of the amphitheatre. It was to be a great celebration in their destruction. Then the lions, hungry and three-fourths starved, were let out from their dens in the side of the amphitheatre, and they came forth with mighty spring to destroy and rend the Christians, and all the galleries shouted: "Huzza, huzza! Long live the emperor!" Then the Greek architect arose in one of the galleries, and shouted until in the vast assemblage all heard him: "I, too, am a Christian!" and they seized him in their fury and flung him to the wild beasts, until his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled over and over again in the dust of the amphitheatre.

Could you have done that for Christ? Could you, in a vast assemblage, all of whom hated Christ, have said: "I am a Christian," or "I want to be a Christian?" Would you have had the ten thousandth part of the enthusiasm and the courage of the Greek architect? Nay, I ask you another question, Would you in an assemblage where they are nearly all Christians—in an assemblage, a vast multitude of whom love Christ and are willing to live, and if need be to die for him—would you dare to say: "I am a Christian," or "I want to be a Christian?" Would you say in the presence of the friends of Christ as much as the Greek architect said in the presence of the enemies of Christ? Oh, are there not multitudes here this morning who are ready to say: "Let the world look on, let all the galleries of earth and heaven and hell look on, I take Christ this day. Come applause or abuse, come sickness or health, come life or death, Christ now, Christ forever."

Are you for Christ? Are you against him? The destinies of eternity tremble in the balance. It seems as if the last day had come, and we were gathered for the reckoning. "Behold! he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." What I say to one I say to all. What are you doing for Christ? What are you bearing for Christ?

O! Christian man, O! Christian woman! Have you any scars to show in this conflict? When a war is over the heroes have scars to show. One hero rolls back his sleeve and shows a gunshot fracture, or he pulls down the collar and shows where he was wounded in the neck. Another man says: "I have never had the use of my limb since I was wounded at that great battle." When the last day comes, when all our battles are over, will we have any wounds for Christ? Some have wounds for sin, wounds for the devil, wounds gotten in fighting on the wrong side. Have we wounds that we can show—wounds gotten in the battle for Christ and for the truth? On that resurrection day Christ will have plenty of scars to show. Christ will stand there and show the scars on his brow, the scars on his hands, and the scars on his feet, and he will put aside the robe of his royalty and show the scar on his side, and all heaven will break down with emotion and gratitude in one great sob, and then in one great hosanna. Will you and I have any scars to show?

There will be Ignatius on that day showing the mark of the paw and teeth of the lion that struck him down in the coliseum. There will be glorious John Huss showing just where on his foot the flames began on that day when his soul took wing of flame and soared up from Constance. There will be Hugh McKail ready to point to the mark on his neck where the ax struck him. There will be McMillan and Campbell and Freeman, the American missionaries, who with their wives and children were put to death in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, showing the place where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. There will be the Waldenses showing where their limbs were broken on the day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. Will you and I have any wounds to show? Have we fought any battles for Christ? Oh, that we might all be enlisted for Christ, that we might all be willing to suffer for Christ, that we might all bear a cross for Christ.

When the Scottish chieftains wanted to raise an army they would make a wooden cross, and then set it on fire and carry it with other crosses they had through the mountains, through the highlands and among the people, and as they waved the cross the people would gather to the standard and fight for Scotland. Today I come out with the cross of the Son of God. It is a flaming cross—flaming with suffering, flaming with triumph, flaming with glory. I carry it out among all the people. Who will be on the Lord's side? Who will gather to the standard of Emmanuel? A cross, a cross, a cross! "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

## GLEANINGS FROM THE EXCHANGES.

Brooklyn has an Anti-Dyspeptic Cooking club.

The Eiffel Tower is rising steadily, and is becoming one of the wonders of the world.

A reproduction of the Bastile is about to be opened as a show in Paris.

It is proposed to erect in the Boston Public library a statue of the illustrious Sir Harry Vane.

A horticultural novelty is a peony which has caught the hue, shape and perfume from a rose that overshadows it.

Strawberries in England have been costing sixpence apiece, peaches half a guinea and cherries have sold at about their weight in gold.

Ed Snyder, of Dayton, O., has a dog that eats onions. The curious canine will dig up an onion bed to get at the bulbous vegetable.

A man in Washington territory has patented an ingenious telephone whereby it is possible, with the aid of electricity, to detect the presence of metal in rocks.

For the past ten months the railroad accidents in this country have averaged one for every five days, and two-thirds of them have been the result of carelessness.

Men employed in the Idaho mine, at Grass Valley, Cal., report that the recent earthquake in that vicinity was felt below the 1,600-foot level.

At Juju, Africa, the converts have erected a house of worship for themselves, and the two leading heathen priests have thrown aside their idols and left the idol house to decay.

A monumental statue of Lord Beaconsfield is to be erected at Maidstone, which place he represented in parliament more than fifty years ago.

An odd relic possessed by a southern woman is a pair of scissors that her father used in cutting a suit of clothes for President Washington as he was entering upon his first presidential term.

Chinese pheasants are so thick in the Waldo hills, Colorado, that they have to be shooed out of the furrows by the plowmen, so greedy are they in gobbling up the angleworms. They are becoming a nuisance.

A Boston man who was in an Indiana town to build a big factory and lay out $1,000,000, found cows and hogs monopolizing the sidewalks, and he left the town in disgust without investing a nickel.

A monster sturgeon that measured more than eleven feet in length and weighed 360 pounds, was caught in a salmon net at Sauvie's island, Ore., recently. It was the largest fish ever seen in the state.

Mount Athos, which for a long time has been occupied by a so-called republic of Greek monks, composed of a great number of monasteries, has been transformed by Russia into a complete fortress, fully equipped and garrisoned.

Some ladies in Germantown have adopted an ingenious plan for raising money for the building fund of a church. They get together every Saturday and make a lot of fresh candies, which they readily sell, and the proceeds go to the fund.

The Turkish government has a suspicion that Russian pilgrims, who are just now arriving in great numbers at the monasteries at Galata and Mount Athos, are really come to spy out the country, and have given orders that the pilgrims be closely watched and hustled along as rapidly as possible.

A monument to those German soldiers who fought and fell for the Confederacy has just been begun at Charleston, S. C. It will be erected mainly by the survivors of the four German companies that fought under Gen. Lee, many of whom are among the solidest men of that city today.

The latest medical theory is that there should be only two really substantial meals a day, breakfast and dinner. A solid and highly nutritious meal ought to begin the day's work, and an equally nutritious meal should end it. The people who take a rapidly eaten lunch are apparently excused for their supposed unhygienic proceeding.

The anti-German crusade is being carried on within Russia with great vigor. Officials who are Lutherans, and not of the Russian faith, are being removed. In the Baltic provinces, German, which was authorized by Peter the Great, is to be replaced by Russian. Criminals of German nationality are being discriminated against by the courts.

The Roman Catholic priests of the Argentine republic are said to be on strike. The government issued an order lowering the rates for masses, marriages, burials and other ecclesiastical functions, and the priests determined to resist this encroachment upon their income and prerogatives, so the churches all through the republic are closed, and even the ringing of the bells is stopped.

### As Cute as the Yankees.

The Canadians have appropriated solid chunks of cuteness from the Yankees in the matter of contracts and contracting. A short time since the Dominion of Canada awarded a contract for the building of a bridge over the Fraser river, on the Canada Pacific road, to a Canadian contractor at $1,500,000. He sublet the work to a Philadelphia contractor for $400,000, who in turn let the job to another contractor for $100,000, and he let it to another contractor for $75,000, at which figures the bridge was built.—Chicago Herald.

### Garbage Burning in Chicago.

Garbage burning in the city of Chicago is quite successful save in the point of economy. There are two furnaces so construced that teams are driven directly on the flat roof, whence the garbage is dumped through chutes running to the floor below. These furnaces are burning about fifty tons per day.—Boston Budget.


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