BELIEVE AND BE SAVED.

SUBJECT OF SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE, SUNDAY, JULY 28.

The Noted Brooklyn Divine Preaches in St. Paul, Minn., Before an Immense and Appreciative Congregation—Full Text of a Memorable and Interesting Discourse.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 28.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached in this city today. His subject was "The Earthquake," and he took for his text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi, 31. The sermon was as follows:

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine today we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

THE SONG OF PAUL AND SILAS.

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caraccas; but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbances are rare. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1837 or in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed, the curtains dropped, the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out, as he did, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

YOU CAN TRUST HIM.

Now, who is this Being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable today when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me" was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom. John could not help but put his head there. I suppose to look at Christ was to love him. Oh, how attractive his manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could and brought them out that he might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Do not bring me these sores, do not trouble me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale! Here is a plain man, with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ! But it was not effeminacy or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and a hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; he was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In an European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say, "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, nor for his father, but for his sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self sacrificing—can you not trust him? I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands is, "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or again, you go home expecting there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe I take away your sins and they are all taken away." "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? before I read my Bible any more? before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserve very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

YOU ARE SAVED.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope! no hope! We are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump, and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Capt. Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations; with grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge; you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it, and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point: "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. He has sworn He will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death, unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

DO NOT FEAR DEATH.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation today are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then amid the heavenly daybreak? O Death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly! thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: 'O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house in heaven how great shall be our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity.

JESUS IS HEAVEN'S BLOOM.

Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness.

THEN YOU WILL KNOW.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with me in heaven." Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you today to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows, and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! Aged men and women, fed by his love and warmed by his grace for threescore years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon him whom having not seen you love? That will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm, while he looks down into her face and says, "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

Penny-a-Drink Fountains.

Today a thirsty million passing through the squares will be startled by the sight of large, bright automatic tanks labeled, "Drop a penny in the slot and get a cup of pure water."

This invasion of the squares in the rush for the mighty dollar is the first for many years, and the permission to establish the penny fountains was granted a private company by Director Stokley. Years ago old cake and candy women and fruit peddlers were driven from the squares by the police, and since that time the city's resting places have been free of anything of the kind. The penny fountain privilege raises the question, however, if they haven't the right to return.—Philadelphia Press.

A Heavyweight Battle.

The strife between "Classics" and "Moderns" has assumed great proportions in Holland. Professor Naber of the University of Amsterdam has made the proposal that Greek should be removed from the curriculum of the gymnasia, and should only be compulsory for those who wish to study philology. It is to be noted that Herr Naber is a professor of classical philology. At present every Dutch student, to obtain a certificate of maturity, must show proficiency in German, French and English, as well as in Greek and Latin.—Science.

ODDS AND ENDS.

An international congress of agriculture and forestry will be held in Vienna during the summer of 1890.

Topeka is going to try vitrified brick on one of its streets.

The introduction of the electric light has caused a marked diminution of crime in Pittsburg, Pa.

At the recent sale of the Secretan collection of pictures in Paris, Millet's "Angelus" brought upwards of $110,000.

Professor E. M. Shelton, of the Kansas Agricultural college, has produced a variety of wheat which yields forty-seven bushels to the acre.

Fireworks are said to have been made by the Chinese in remote ages. They were invented in Europe at Florence about 1300.

A large cave has been discovered near Las Cruces, N. M., the interior of which is said to be lined with veins of almost pure silver.

It is stated that since the introduction of natural gas 500 shade trees have been killed by natural gas leaks in the parks of Allegheny City.

England will adopt the German method of having the price of the journey printed on every railway ticket. It is a convenient facility for traveling.

In Breslau a factory chimney fifty-four feet high has just been erected of blocks of papers held together by special cement. The chimney is fire and lightning proof.

Stow says that Richard Mathews, on the Fleet bridge, London, was the first Englishman who made fine knives, etc., and that he obtained a prohibition of foreign ones in 1563.

A surveyor who was employed in one of the oldest counties of Connecticut put in three weeks on different farms before he found one single line fence on the right line. Every farmer was a gainer or loser by the survey.

There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness shall receive a far more blessed reward than 3,000 volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit.—Hooker.

Professor William Saunders, horticulturist of the agricultural department at Washington, declares that the golden rod is his first choice for a national flower, the sunflower his second, adding that both are characteristic American plants.

The saddest summer resort in Maine just now is Higgins' beach, where a dead whale came without any invitation and occupies altogether too much of the air to suit other summer visitors.

That time honored institution, the greased pole, has not yet been remanded to oblivion in Maine. West Bethel had one on the Glorious Fourth, and a patriotic citizen climbed it and picked the flag off the top.

La Nature describes and illustrates a remarkable form of earthworm which is found in Australia. They are an inch and a quarter in diameter and six feet in length, and exhale a strong odor analogous to that of creosote.

The Greeks ascribed the discovery of iron to themselves, and the discovery of glass to the Phœnicians. Moses relates that iron was wrought by Tubal Cain.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.—Cecil.

The price of emeralds and rubies is increasing from year to year. Diamonds and white pearls are not getting dearer. Black pearls have been increasing steadily in price for the last four or five years—in fact, it is almost impossible to supply the demand for them.

Liberia, the republic of freed and indigenous negroes on the coast of Upper Guinea, West Africa, was founded in 1822, by the American Colonization society, founded by Henry Clay in 1816. The independence of Liberia was proclaimed in 1847, and recognized by Europe the following year.

Every grimy Italian at work on the Maine railroads is a lover of music. They twang and blow at every interval in their shoveling. At Dexter the other day a lady was startled by the appearance at her window of a bronzed son of Italy, who in broken speech implored permission to hear the music of her piano.

Latin ceased to be spoken as the language of the people in Italy, about 581; it was first taught in England in the Seventh century, and speedily became the learned language of that kingdom, and the one in which English literature and law was expressed. Its use in law gave way to the common tongue about the year 1000, was revived by Henry II, and again replaced by English by Henry III.

Carpenters and other tool users who keep up with the times now use a mixture of glycerine, instead of oil, for sharpening their edge tools. Oil, as is well known, thickens and smears the stone. The glycerine may be mixed with spirits in greater or less proportion, according as the tools to be sharpened are fine or coarse. For the average blade, two parts of glycerine to one of spirits will suffice.

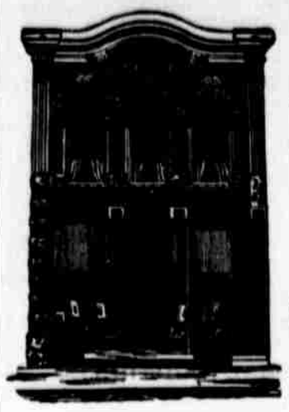
The invention and development of electric welding of solid bodies by Professor Elihu Thomson has been followed by a method of making endless pipes by the adaptation of the discovery to that purpose. This has apparently been done by Mr. Elias E. Ries, of Baltimore. The smooth interior of the pipe is secured by the use of a removable refractory core, made of some insulating material, or the same object is attained by subjecting the interior of the pipe while being welded to compressed air or fluid pressure.

King Dinah Salifou and His Band.

So far, the monarchs who have visited the Paris exhibition are "gentlemen of color." Thus his majesty King Dinah Salifou, who has just put in an appearance with a suite of seven followers, is the king of Nalou, a not very large district on the banks of the river Senegal. The "Black Chief," of herculean proportions, who is being so lionized just now by the French ladies of fashion, is not really a reigning chief at all, but is the son of the chief of a country known as the Mellacorea, which is under French protection. Like a victorious general who used to be attended by his flute player, or a Scotch laird who is followed about by his piper, this Senegalian visitor is attended in Paris wherever he goes by two griots, as they are called—that is to say, two native musicians—who play upon mysterious instruments combining the monotony of the tomtom with the shrillness of the untuned violin.—London Figaro.

Trusts.

The son of a very eminent lawyer while awaiting sentence in the felon's dock was asked by the judge: "So you remember your father?" "Perfectly," said the youth. "Whenever I entered his presence he said, 'Run away, my lad, and don't trouble me.'" The great lawyer was thus enabled to complete his famous work on the "Law of Trusts," and his son in due time furnished a practical commentary on the way in which his father had discharged that most sacred of trusts committed to him in the person of his child.—Indianapolis Sentinel.



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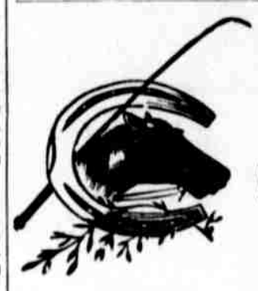

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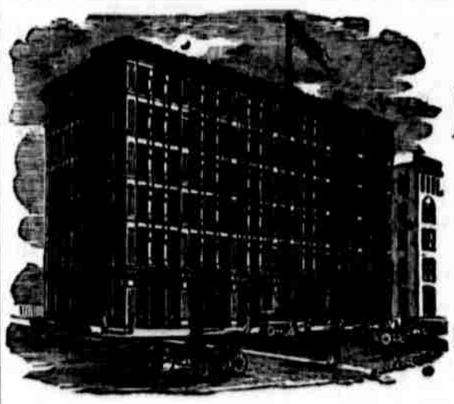

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