

THE SAVIOUR IS WITH US

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE CONTINUED MISSION OF CHRIST.

The scene in the Caravansary—The Questioning of the Doctors in the Temple. The Temptation, Betrayal, Crucifixion and Mission of Today.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 27.—This is Sacrament Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The services as usual on these occasions were very solemn and impressive.

May your ears be alert and your thoughts concentrated and all the powers of your soul aroused while I speak to you of "the march of Christ through the centuries."

A cow's stall, a winter month, an atmosphere in which are the moan of camels, and the baying of sheep, and the barking of dogs, and the rough banter of hostellers.

Winter before last I walked up and down the gray hills of Jura limestone on which the village now rests. The fact that King David had been born there, had not during ages elevated the village into any special attention.

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THE WITNESS OF HEAVEN'S HOST. I do not wonder that the commotions in the heavens excited the wise men on the night our Chieftain was born.

In watching this march of Christ through the centuries, we must not walk before him or beside him, for that would not be reverential or worshipful.

Out of this building we follow him into the Quarantania, the mountain of temptation, its side to this day black with robbers' dens.

Christ our leader is on the top of the tossing waves, and it is about half past three in the morning, and it is the darkest time just before daybreak.

think a ghost is striding the tempest, but he cheers them into placidity, showing himself to be a great Christ for sailors.

We continue to follow our Chieftain, and here is a blind man by the wayside. It is not from cataract of the eye or from ophthalmia, the eye extinguisher of the east; but he was born blind.

And here around him gather the deaf, and the dumb, and the sick, and at his word they turn on their couches and blush from awful pallor of helpless illness.

Still we follow our Chieftain until the government that gave him no protection insists that he pay tax, and too poor to raise the requisite two dollars and seventy-five cents, he orders Peter to catch a fish that has in its mouth a Roman stater.

Now we follow our Chieftain until for the paltry sum of fifteen dollars Judas sells him to his pursuers. Tell it to all the betrayed! If for ten thousand dollars, or for five hundred dollars, or for one hundred dollars your interests were sold out, consider for how much cheaper a sum the Lord of earth and heaven was surrendered to humiliation and death.

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"Kiss the Son, lest he be angry and ye perish from the way" that most sacred demonstration of reunion and affection was decreed as the filial duty of Judas.

As in December, 1889, I walked on the way from Bethany, and at the foot of Mount Olivet, a half mile from the wall of Jerusalem, through the Garden of Gethsemane and under the eight venerable olive trees now standing, their pomological ancestors having been witnesses of the scenes spoken of, the scene of horror and of crime came back to me, until I shuddered with the historical reminiscence.

In further following our great Chieftain's march through the centuries, I find myself in a crowd in front of Herod's palace in Jerusalem, and on a movable platform placed upon a tasseled pavement, Pontius Pilate sits. And as once a year a condemned criminal is pardoned, Pilate lets the people choose whether it shall be an assassin or our Chieftain, and they all cry out for the liberation of the assassin, thus declaring they prefer a murderer to the salvation of the world.

It took our party in 1889 only fifteen minutes to climb to the top of the hill and reach that limestone rock in yonder wall, which I rolled down from the apex of Mount Calvary. But I think our Chieftain must have taken a long time for the ascent, for he had all earth and all heaven and all hell on his back as he climbed from base to summit and there endured what William Cowper and John Milton and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and James Montgomery and all the other sacred poets have attempted to put in verse, and Angelo and Raphael and Titian and Leonardo da Vinci and all the great Italian and German and Spanish and French artists have attempted to paint, and Bossuet and Massillon and George Whitefield and Thomas Chalmers have attempted to preach.

Something of its overwhelming awfulness you may estimate from the fact that the sun which shines in the heavens could not endure it; the sun which unflinchingly looked upon the deluge that drowned the world, which without blinking looked upon the ruins of earthquakes which swallowed Lisbon and Caraccas, and has looked unblanched on the battlefields of Arbia, Blenheim, Megiddo and Edræelon, and all the scenes of carnage that have ever scalded and drenched the earth with human gore—that sun could not look upon the scene.

for that reason I commit to thee this tragedy." Then the night hawk and the bat flew by, and the jackal howled in the ravines.

Now we follow our Chieftain as they carry his limp and lacerated form amid the flowers and trees of a garden, the gladioluses, the oleanders, the lilies, the geraniums, the mandrakes, down five or six steps to a little white he sleeps there, for there is an earthquake in all that region, leaving the rocks to this day in their aslant and ruptured state, declarative of the fact that something extraordinary there happened.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings he rises, the disciples clutching by his robes too late to reach them, and across the great gulfs of space with one bound he gains that world which for thirty-three years had been denied his own citizenship, and all heaven lifted a shout of welcome as he entered, and of coronation as up the mediatorial throne he mounted.

But still we follow our Chieftain in his march through the centuries, for invisibly he still walks the earth, and by the eye of faith we still follow him. You can tell where he walks by the churches, and hospitals, and reformatory institutions, and houses of mercy that spring up along the way.

The Bible talks about "the ends of the earth" and the "utmost part of the world" as being saved, but not until now have the "ends of the earth" been discovered, and not until now have the "utmost parts of the world" been revealed.

One by one governments will fall into line, and constitutions and literatures will adore his name. More honored and worshiped he is in this year of 1891 than at any time since the year one, and the day hastens when all nations will join our procession "following the Lamb whither soever he goeth."

This dear old world whose back has been scourged, whose eyes have been blinded, whose heart has been wrung, will yet rival heaven in its glory. This planet of pain and crime and dementia will come off and the white and spotted and glittering robe of holiness and happiness will come on.

Then this world's joy will be so great that other worlds besides heaven may be glad to rejoice with us. By the aid of powerful telescopes, year by year becoming more powerful, mountains in other stars have been discovered and chasms and volcanoes and canals, and the style of atmosphere, and this will go on, and mightier and mightier telescopes will be invented until I should not wonder if we will be able to exchange signals with other planets.

All earth and all heaven knows that evangelization is not finished, but there will come a day in heaven's most rapturous. It may be after our world, which is thought to have about fifteen hundred million people, shall have on its decks twice its present population, namely three thousand million souls and all redeemed, and it will be after this world shall be so damaged by conflagration that no human foot can tread its surface and no human being can breathe its air, but most certainly the day will come when heaven will be finished and the last of the twelve gates of the eternal city shall have clanged shut, never to open except for the admission of some celestial embassy returning from some other world, and Christ may strike his scathed but bearded head in emphasis on the arm of the amethystine throne and say in substance, "All my ransomed ones are gathered; the work is done; I have finished my march through the centuries."

When in 1813, after the battle of Leipzig, which decided the fate of the Nineteenth century, in some respects the most tremendous battle ever fought, the bridge down, the river incarnadined, the street choked with the wounded, the fields for miles around strewn with a dead soldiery from whom all traces of humanity had been dashed out, there met in the public square of that city of Leipzig the allied conquerors and kings who had gained the victory—the king of Prussia, the emperor of Russia, the crown prince of Sweden—followed by the chiefs of their armies. With drawn swords these monarchs saluted each other and observed for the continental vic-

tory they had together gained. History has made the scene memorable.

Greater and more thrilling will be the spectacle when the world is all conquered for the truth, and in front of the palace of heaven the kings and conquerors of all the allied powers of Christian usefulness shall salute each other and recount the struggles by which they gained the triumph, and then hand over their swords to him who is the chief of the conquerors, crying, "Thine, oh, Christ, is the kingdom. Tak the crown of victory, the crown of dominion, the crown of grace, the crown of glory." "On his head were many crowns."

Living on the Roof. "You will find Mr. S. on the roof," replied the man who led me to our interrogatory. "He told me to tell you to walk right up stairs."

Slightly wondering, we mounted one flight, then another, still a third, and, tired at the knees and half out of breath, we climbed the steep pair of stairs that led to the roof.

Once on the roof we had come upon a scene of domestic felicity. There sat our genial host, lounging in negligé attire in a big armchair. Smoking the pipe of peace, he looked the picture of comfort. By his side, swinging to and fro with the breeze, his mate reclined in a hammock. Near at hand two children were playing and enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. After the first greetings were exchanged the host said: "This is our summer tea room. What do you think of it?"

Then we took in the situation. The room was the kitchen, dining and drawing room. It was also a blooming flower garden. All along the edges of the roof was a double row of boxes, each one filled with plants of different colors. The air was heavily laden with a pleasant perfume. The nostrils were tickled by a steaming odor of geranium and by the delicate heliotrope. Altogether it was a desirable change and relief from the smells that rise from the dusty streets below.

The corner of the roof seemed to be regular hower of vines and climbing plants. Morning glories, scarlet beans and asters overran an arbor made of heavy wire. Beneath all this mass of green and color a rustic chair was almost hid from view.

The other corner of the house top had been arranged for solid comfort. The roof was covered with Spanish matting, and in convenient places lay several fine rugs. A pretty Japanese screen shuts off the entrance to a tent, the inside of which contained a kitchen utensils. There presided the mistress of the household brewed tea on an alcohol stove. Two or three low sized tables were decorated with bouquets and dainty bits of china and cut glass.—New York Cos. Louisville Courier-Journal.

Woman Swallowed by a Snake. The steamship Oceanic, which has arrived in San Francisco from Hong Kong and Yokohama, brings copies of a native paper called Kokkai, which publishes a remarkable story of a monster serpent.

It says that a man called Neozara Tahich, twenty-five years of age, went out with his wife, Otoro, who was forty-eight, to pursue his usual avocation of tree cutting in Kuchitamura, province of Bamba. The husband and wife separated at a place called Mastu Yama.

Shortly afterward, while engaged felling a tree, Tahichi thought he heard his wife cry out. Running to the place, he was horrified to find that a huge snake, described as being three feet in circumference, had Otoro's head in his mouth and was engaged in swallowing her, despite her struggles. Tahichi ran off to the hamlet and summoned seven or eight of his neighbors, who, when they reached the scene of the catastrophe, found that the snake had swallowed the woman as far as her feet, and was slowly making its way to its home. They were too much terrified to touch it, and it finally effected its escape unharmed.

Death of the Infantile Harvester. "The hot weather, so terrible in its effects on infant children, reminds me of a sad incident in my own experience several years ago," said a well known physician recently. "The afternoon during a spell of blazing heat, I noticed that my baby boy seemed ailing. He was so much worse at night that I told my wife to take him to Cape May the first thing in the morning, and that in the meantime I would carry him out to Gray's Ferry bridge and keep him there all night to get as much fresh air as possible. I thought I would be alone on the bridge, but when I got there I found it so crowded with mothers and fathers who had come there with their sick little ones that I could scarcely find room for my baby carriage.

"It was an awful torrid night. I know that a number of babies died on the bridge before morning, and that many a mother carried away her little one either to have it die on the way home or soon after reaching there. Never before did I realize the sufferings of the poor in the crowded city during a hot summer. When the morning light came at last we hastened away with the little fellow to the seashore, but it was too late. The city heat had done its work, and the next day he died."—Philadelphia Record.

Bad Luck in the Spot. There seems to be a singular fatality resting on the locality where young Will Ross was killed by the explosion of his gun on Okobojo creek, Sully county. Near this same spot in the summer of 1885 two young ladies, the Misses Walter and Kenney, were drowned while bathing. Within a few rods stood the house of William McCune, which was destroyed by fire in the summer of 1887 during the absence of both parents, and three young children were cremated. Later, one Dr. Venzie attempted suicide in this same spot. He afterward died from the effects of poison. Within a short distance a man named Porter was killed by lightning. In the same locality George Henderson was frozen to death. A school teacher, Miss Yates, was thrown from her pony and dragged to death over the prairie, and a German herder was killed by a bucking bronco.—South Dakota Cor. St. Paul Globe.

Big Lee's Auriferous Duck. Big Lee, of Chinatown, found a gold nugget worth seventy-five cents in the crop of a duck yesterday. The find created great excitement in Celestial minds, and the killing of fowls proceeded with dispatch. Up to date no other poultry has been sacrificed to feed all Chinatown, but it is panned out no more gold. The one wealthy fowl hailed from Alpine, where the people feed out nuggets when the corn runs low.—San Diego Sun.

The Best Place to Hunt. "Well, Nimrod, how is sport?" "Lovely." "Where are the fattest birds to be found now?" "In the markets—as usual"—Harper's Bazar.

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