

TALMAGE IN LONDON.

WHAT IT COST TO GIVE HUMANITY THE CHANCE OF SALVATION.

The Lewly Birth of Christ—The Temptation in the Wilderness—Christ Before Pilate—How Nature Groaned and Shuddered at the Crucifixion.

LONDON, June 26.—An enormous audience greeted Dr. Talmage in this city today, composed of people who had come from all parts of the British metropolis to hear the famous American preacher. His reception in England has been most enthusiastic. Many letters were awaiting him from different cities eagerly pleading for a visit. The doctor will have to preach five or six times a week if he accepts even a small percentage of the urgent invitations already sent to him. He is very much gratified by the extreme cordiality of his reception. Dr. Talmage outlines his sermon "The Immense Cost," from the text, "Ye are bought with a price," I Cor. vi, 20. "Ye are bought with a price," your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grassplots, the fishponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself or you say aloud, "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an earring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing room, or you see a high mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says, "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grounds, and I am glad to know how much it is all worth, and what has actually been paid for it. I can not complete in a month nor a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through today I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went to your Tower to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and being in the procession were compelled to pass on. I wish that I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength that you might walk around just once, at least, and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price."

Now if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by installments—so much the first of January, so much the first of April, so much the first of July, so much the first of October, until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that "you have been bought with a price," and that that price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born.

In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people many thousands were crowded, and amid yelling and multitudes and camel drivers hollering at stupid beasts of burden the Messiah appeared. No silence, no privacy. A better adapted place than the manger in the stable, the whole in the lion's lair. The exile of heaven lieth down upon straw. The first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse! One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half way world of great magnificence, then to Caesar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut, and last of all to a stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

THE MANGER AT BETHLEHEM. Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary! no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary! no food? "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day—monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna!

Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger, that he might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door of heaven, now once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of heaven lay hold the rope and ring out the news, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for today is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

The second installment paid for our souls' clearance was the scene in Quarantaria, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where there are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must now go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and to pray, and it was there that this monster of hell—more sly, more terrific than anything that prowled in that country—satan himself, met Christ.

The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentulus, in his letter to the Roman senate, ascribed to Jesus—that rose had scattered its petals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emaciation. A long absence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew of the ship Juno; for twenty-three days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fiber of the body and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was a hungered, and if they had strength, with one yell they would devour you as a lion a kid.

It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and satan said, "Now change

these stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you and me under these circumstances, we would have cried, "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastication. But Christ with one hand beat back the hunger, and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. Oh, ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted. We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made, but he was not quite certain that it was impervious, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail, "Put it on now yourself, and let us try it," and with shot after shot from his own pistol the emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be—a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward.

THE GUARD AGAINST TEMPTATION. That struck back the weapons of temptation from the head of Christ we may now all wear. For Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this as that defended me, and wear it for your selves. I shall see through all trials and I shall see you through all temptations."

"But," says satan still further to Jesus, "Come and I will show you something worth looking at; and after a half day's journey they came to Jerusalem, and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look upon Belgium, so satan brought Christ to the top of the temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy, and a strange disposition to jump; so satan comes to Christ in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple they looked off. A magnificent reach of country. Grain fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills, and villages and cities and realms.

"Now," says satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the Temple to the valley, but if you are divine you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your Father will hold you. Besides, I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you China, I'll give you Et. Iopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation it must have been!

Go tomorrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin cellar in the lowest part of your city. "No," you say, "I would not demean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think of what the king of heaven and earth endured when he came down and fought the great wretch of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on top of the temple. But I bless God that in the triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having himself been tempted, he is able to succor all those who are tempted.

In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled in the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck said, "Don't send that boy up; he will be dashed to death." The mate said, "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order, and then ran hand over hand and went to work; and as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done he came down in safety, and a Christian man said to him, "Why did you go down into the forecastle before you went up?" "Ah!" said the boy: "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me before I undertook anything great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" said the man. "Oh! that is the New Testament, he said; 'I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard.'" How well the boy was protected!

I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us and Christ beneath us and Christ above us and Christ all around us nothing can befall us in the way of harm. Christ himself having been in the tempest will deliver all those who put their trust in him. Blessed be his glorious name forever.

HOW CHRIST WAS MOCKED. The third installment paid for our redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in any criminal court as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled him into the courtroom at 2 o'clock in the morning. They gave him no time for counsel. They gave him no opportunity for subpoenaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight of course they saw that Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the courtroom with the ruffians.

Oh, look at him! No one to speak a word for him. I lift the lantern until I can look into his face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the courtroom comes up and smites him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from gum and lip. Oh! it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sentence. Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence, but what cares the judge for the law? "The man has no friends—let him die," says the judge; and the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what we want. Pass him out here to us! Away with him! Away with him!"

Oh! I bless God that amid all the injustices that may have been inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did Christ, and Jesus stands today in every courtroom, in every house, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse, I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that two o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then he will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted upon us.

Further, I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank, but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

CRUELTY OF THE JEWS. It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As

when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn out the gas, as God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that everything should be somber that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the king.

A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying, silence puts its hand for the man, and you would have a longing for the man who could stand by a deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in his last hour cannot be left alone. What! pursuing him yet after so long a pursuit! You have been drinking his tears. Do you want to drink his blood? They come up closely, so that notwithstanding the darkness they can glut their revenge with the contortions of his countenance. They examine his feet. They want to feel for themselves whether these feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes, and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments. Women stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for the tender hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has hurried into granite.

The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for his holy heart. Had he not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn him down and trampled him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and charged their bits, and reared and snuffed at the blood! Had a Roman officer called out to a light his voice would not have been heard in the tumult; but louder than the clash of spears, and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, and the bellowing of the crucifiers there comes a voice crashing through—loud, clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the greeting of the dying son of God! Look! what a scene! Look, world, at what you have done!

CALL TO THE UNCONVERTED. I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh, when the nails went through Christ's right hand and through Christ's left hand, that bought both your hands with all their power to work and lift and write! When the nails went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that bought your feet, with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love and repent and pray.

Oh, sinner, come, come back! If a man is in no pain, if he is prospered, if he is well, and he asks you to come, you take your time and you say: "I can't come now. I'll come after awhile. There is no haste. But if he is in want and trouble you say, 'I must take this right away. I must go now.'" Today, Jesus stretched out before you: wounded hands and he begs you to come. Go and you live. Stay away and you die. Oh, that to him who bought us we might give all our time, and all our prayers, and all our successes. I would we could think of nothing else, but come to Christ. He is so fair. He is so loving. He is so sympathizing. He is so good. I wish we could put our arms around his neck and say, "Thine, Lord, will be forever." Oh, that you would begin to love him. Would that you could take this audience and breathe it around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ.

When the Atlantic cable was laid, in 1858, do you remember that the Great Eastern, and the Midway, and the Albany went out to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapple two and a half miles deep in water. After awhile they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they slipped the grapple and the grapple told me the other night that there is a moon in Boston, and North America is in the same place.

"Fool!" exclaimed Number One. "North America is in England, the country where the gringos live that tried to take Buenos Ayres."—Youth's Companion.

Miscellaneous. The Boston Globe prints a story which reminds one of the old saying about the shoemaker and his last: A Yarmouth captain had a small coasting schooner lying in port, and decided to give a lesson to painters in general by himself painting the vessel's name on her bows. He could not reach high enough from the float and did not care to put out a swinging stage, so he reached down over the side to do the lettering.

After finishing the job on one bow he went ashore to view his handiwork, and this is what met his gaze—"E I D V K" "The other of the old saying about the shoemaker and his last: "That cannot be. France is a great way off and has not got any moons, and the gringo told me the other night that there is a moon in Boston, and North America is in the same place."

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Then he considered the theatrical style: "I have long loved you in secret, girl, and though I am not rich, I can offer you the true and unselfish devotion of me whole ha-a-r-r-r!"

He thought perhaps the easy conversational style might do: "Well, Alicia—I may call you 'Alicia,' mayn't I?—every one thinks we are going to be married. Ha, ha! Suppose we do get married just to please 'em."

NO HARM DONE.

How a Would Be Purchaser Got a Ride and a V.

A Chicago millionaire, who had been exercising his team of bays on Michigan boulevard yesterday morning, was on his way back to his downtown office. He was compelled to wait at Fortieth street a few moments on account of a Lake Shore passenger train that blocked the highway. A plainly dressed but businesslike man, who had been standing on the sidewalk, came out to the middle of the road, examined the horses with a somewhat critical eye and said respectfully:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask if this team and buggy are for sale?"

"I have not thought of selling the outfit," answered the man in the buggy, with an amused smile, "but I might, perhaps, if anybody should offer me enough money."

"May I ask your price for the horse, harness and buggy, just as they are?"

"Cash down?"

"Certainly."

"Why—I hardly—what do you say to \$5,000?"

The man examined the horses critically again.

"I'll take them at that figure," he said, "but I shall have to go to the First National bank to get the money."

"All right. Climb in. I am going in that direction."

The train had pulled out of the way by this time, and the next moment the team was flying down the boulevard at its best gait, as if bent on showing that it was a rare bargain, even at \$5,000.

On arriving at the bank, less than half an hour later, the businesslike man got out of the buggy, went inside the building and came out again in about fifteen seconds.

"I am sorry to say," he observed, with much chagrin, "that the cashier says I haven't a cent in this bank."

"Have you a cent in any other bank?"

"No, sir. I am obliged to confess that the only hope I had of getting the money was here. That has failed me. I had set my heart on those horses, but I shall have to give them up. I am grateful to you, sir, for having brought me into the city, and I beg your pardon for the trouble and delay I have caused you. Good morning!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the millionaire. "Did you put up this little job on me to save care down town?"

"I hope you will not think too hard of me for confessing that I did, but—"

"Then you have saved five cents by the transaction?"

"Yes, sir. That is what it would have cost me, if I had had it, to come in on the elevated."

"Yes, I see. You haven't really beat me out of any money, my friend, but you have come out ahead of me, and you're the first man that has done that within fifteen years, even in the time of Jay Gump. Here's a five-dollar gold piece for you, and if you will hunt Potter Palmer up, some day when he's out driving and work this small little game on him I'll give you a twenty."

He tossed the coin out on the sidewalk, gave his bays a light touch with the whip and his buggy was soon lost to sight in the throng of vehicles going north on Dearborn.—Chicago Tribune.

Geography in South America. Boston is a noble and famous city, but there are millions of people in the world who have never heard of it. Mr. N. H. Bishop, a boy of seventeen or eighteen years, was traveling across the pampas of South America in company with some natives of the Argentine Republic.

Having said, perhaps a little proudly, that he was from Boston, he afterward overheard this conversation between two of his fellow travelers:

"Where is Boston?" asked one.

"Boston is in France, to be sure," replied the other.

"That cannot be. France is a great way off and has not got any moons, and the gringo told me the other night that there is a moon in Boston, and North America is in the same place."

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Its Origin.

Any one who thinks that the English language is musical and easy to be pronounced because it is the one to which his ear and tongue are most accustomed, and who hears, when German is pronounced, only its harshness and its gutturals, will appreciate the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's account of the origin of German.

"Do you know," asked he of a friend one day, "how the German language originated?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well," said the preacher, "I do. There were two workmen at the Tower of Babel, one standing above the other. The uppermost one accidentally threw some mortar from his trowel into the mouth of the lower one, and he began to sputter with the mortar in his mouth. The sound is now known as German"—Youth's Companion.

Hot Weather Item.

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