

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## EXPATRIATION THE SUBJECT OF LAST SUNDAY'S TALK.

Golden Text: "And the Kings Went Forth and Tarried in a Place Which Was Far Off"—Second Book of Samuel xv. 17.



AR up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world has ever hailed heaven, and heaven has never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pebbly beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the ocean beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down he sped, until one night, with only one to greet him, when he arrived, his disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet, that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation to the Bethlehem rustics that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did he sail? Why was this the place of his destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Haran; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewells and came into such chilling reception—for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to light him in—that he is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated exile of earth or heaven.

First, I remark that Christ was an imperial exile. He got down off a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind him. His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throne-room by Ahasuerus. David was dethroned by Absalom's infamy. The five kings were hurled into a cavern by Joshua's courage. Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louises of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored, or more popular, or more loved than the day he left heaven. Exiles have suffered severely, but Christ turned himself out from throne-room into sheep-pen, and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off. He was not manacled for foreign transportation. He was not put out because they no more wanted him in celestial domain, but by choice departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St. Helena, and a thousand times worse; the one exile suffering for that he had destroyed nations, the other exile suffering because he came to save a world. An imperial exile. King eternal. "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne."

But I go further, and tell you that he was an exile on a barren island. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean of immensity. Other stellar kingdoms are many thousand times larger than this. Christ came to this small Patmos of a world. When exiles are sent out they are generally sent to regions that are sandy or cold, or hot—some Dry Tortugas of disagreeableness. Christ came as an exile to a world scorched with heat and bitten with cold, to deserts simoon-swept, to a howling wilderness. It was the backdoor yard, seemingly, of the universe. Yea, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren island of a world—Asia Minor, with its intense summers, unfit for the residence of a foreigner, and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a native. Christ came not to such a land as America, or England, or France, or Germany, but to a land one-third of the year drowned, another third of the year burned up, and only one-third of the year just tolerable. Oh! it was the barren island of a world. Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship and such inadequate affection, and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren island of a world.

I go further, and tell you that he was an exile in a hostile country. Turkey was never so much against Russia, France was never so much against Germany, as this earth was against Christ. It took him in through the door of a stable. It thrust him out at the point of a spear. The Roman government against him with every weapon of its army, and every decision of its courts, and every beak of its war eagles. For years after his arrival, the only question was how best to put him out. Herod hated him, the high-priests hated him, the Pharisees hated him, Judas Iscariot hated him; Gestas, the dying thief, hated him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch his steps. And yet he faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulders, but most of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when he expired. Face to face with the world's ferocity. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's woe. His eye on the raging countenances of his foaming antagon-

ists when he expired. When the cavalry officer roweled his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the tortured visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the spear was thrust at his side, and when the hammer was lifted for his feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure. When his hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, his head was not fastened; he could look to the right and he could look to the left, and he could look up and he could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home, and the hard, round, iron heads were in the palms of his hands; he saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anesthetic to dull or stupefy, but, wide-awake, he saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the exclamation diabolic. Oh! it was the hostile as well as the barren island of a world.

Homesteadness will make a week seem as long as a month, and it seems to me that the three decades of Christ's residence on earth must have seemed to him almost interminable. You have often tried to measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have never tried to measure the magnitude and ponderosity of a Saviour's homesteadness.

I take a step further and tell you that Christ was in an exile which he knew would end in assassination. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter-shop. Around him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ, as rising from the carpenter's working-bench and wearily stretching out his arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture is so arranged that the arms of Christ, wearily stretched forth, together with his body, throw on the wall the shadow of the cross. Oh! my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christ's life-time. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes. Shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugitives fled into Egypt. Shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal. Shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus. Shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and on the temple, and on the side of Olivet. Shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine, marching with his army, saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

On a rough journey we cheer ourselves with the fact that it will end in warm hospitality; but Christ knew that his rough path would end at a defoliated tree without one leaf and with only two branches, bearing fruit of such bitterness as no human lips had ever tasted. Oh what an exile—starting in an infancy without any cradle, and ending in assassination. Thirst without any water. Day without any sunlight. The doom of a desperado for more than angelic excellence. For what that expatriation and that exile? Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a razor-grinder's wheel put out the eye of Gambetta and excited sympathies which gained him an education and started him on a career that made his name more majestic among Frenchmen than any other name in the last twenty years. Hawthorne, turned out of the office of collector, at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book" and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence. Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then is the time to write your book" and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence. Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then is the time to write your book" and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence.

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service of all English exiles. Yes, some of you came from the island of distress over which Hunger, on a throne of human skeletons, sat queen. All efforts at amelioration halted by massacre. Procession of famines, procession of martyrdoms marching from Northern Channel to Cape Clear and from the Irish Sea across to the Atlantic. An island not bounded as geographers tell us, but as every philanthropist knows—bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by woe which no human politics can alleviate, and only almighty God can assuage. Land of Goldsmith's rhythm, and Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloquence, and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, and O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos with its apocalypse of blood. Yet you cannot think of it today without having your eyes blinded with emotion, for there your ancestors sleep in graves, some of which they entered for lack of bread. For this royal exile of my sermon I bespeak the love and the service of all Irish exiles. Yes, some of you are from Germany, the land of Luther, and some of you are from Italy, the land of Garibaldi, and some of you are from France, the land of John Calvin, one of the three mighties of the glorious Reformation. Some of you are descendants of the Puritans, and they were exiles; and some of you are descendants of the Huguenots, and they were exiles; and some of you are descendants of the Holland refugees, and they were exiles. Some of you were born on the banks of the Yazoo or the Savannah, and you are now living in this latitude. Some of you on the banks of the Kennebec, or at the foot of the Green Mountains, and you are here now. Some of you on the prairies of the West, or the tablelands, and you are here now. Oh! how many of us far away from home. All of us exiles. This is not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh! I am glad when the royal exile went back he left the gate ajar, or left it wide open. "Going home!" That is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them in the last moment say, "Going home." Going home out of banishment and sin and sorrow and sadness. Going home to join in the hilarities of our parents and our dear children who have already departed. Going home to Christ. Going home to God. Going home to stay. Where are your loved ones that died in Christ? You pity them. Ah! they ought to pity you. You are an exile far from home. They are home! Oh! what a time it will be for you when the gatekeeper of heaven shall say: "Take off that rough sandal; the journey's ended. Put down that sabre; the battle's won. Put off that iron coat of mail and put on the robe of conqueror." At that gate of triumph I leave you today, only reading three tender cantos translated from the Italian. If you ever heard anything sweeter I never did, although I cannot adopt all its theology:

"Twas whispered one morning in heaven How the little child-angel May In the shade of the great white portal Sat sorrowing night and day; How she said to the stately warden— 'He of the key and bar— Set the beautiful gates ajar, I pray you Only a little, I pray you, Set the beautiful gates ajar.'"

"I can hear my mother weeping, She is lonely, she cannot see A glimmer of light in the darkness, When the gates shut after me; Oh, turn me the key, sweet angel, The splendor will shine so far!" But the warden answered, "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar." Spoke low and answered, "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary, the blessed, Placed in the hand of Christ; Her hand on the hand of the angel She laid, and her touch sufficed. Turned was the key in the portal, Fell ringing the golden bar; And lo! in the little child's fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar, In the little child's angel fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

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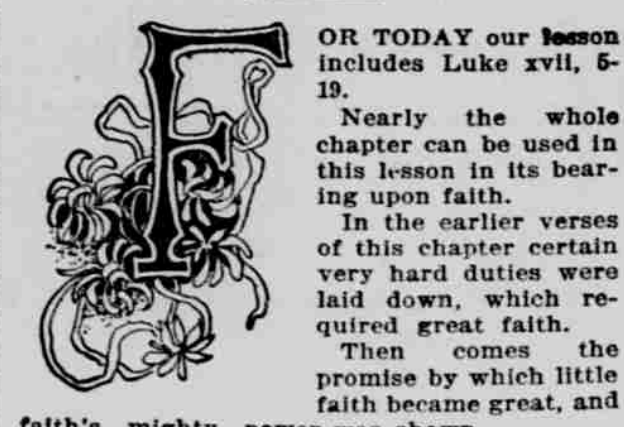
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# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## LESSON V, SUNDAY, MAY 2—THE POWER OF FAITH.

Golden Text: "Lord, Increase Our Faith," Luke xvii. 5—The Humility of Faith—Earthly Blessings Thereof—Present and Everlasting.



OR TODAY our lesson includes Luke xvii, 5-14. Nearly the whole chapter can be used in this lesson in its bearing upon faith. In the earlier verses of this chapter certain very hard duties were laid down, which required great faith. Then comes the promise by which little faith became great, and faith's mighty power was shown. We turn to the parallel Scriptures and see how this promise is repeated four times with the same or similar illustrations. We turn to the story of Lazarus raised from the dead. In John xi, which belongs between verses 10 and 11 of this chapter, and behold a wonderful illustration of the power of faith. In the ten lepers we have another example of the power of faith, not only to cure the incurable leprosy, but also to save the soul of at least one leper. In the remaining verses we see the dangers to which the disciples would be exposed, and in the long journey for the coming of the invisible kingdom. In the patient faithfulness required, strong reasons for praying, "Lord, increase our faith."

1. The deep impression may be made as to the need of faith, the power of faith, and how to obtain this larger faith. Time—Verses 5-10, December, A. D. 29, or January, A. D. 30. 2. Shortly before the crucifixion. Place—On the border line between Samaria and Galilee, on the way from Ephraim across the Jordan, and down through Perea to Bethany. The full text of today's lesson is as follows: 5. And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith. 6. And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you. 7. But which of you, having a servant ploughing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he come from the field, Go and sit down to meat? 8. And will not rather say unto him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, until I have eaten and drunken; and afterward thou shalt eat and drink? 9. Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not. 10. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do. 11. And it came to pass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee. 12. And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off: 13. And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. 14. And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go, show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed. 15. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and said, praising him: and he fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks; and he was a Samaritan. 16. And he fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks; and he was a Samaritan. 17. And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? 18. And he returned, and said, I have seen and drunk; and afterward thou shalt eat and drink? 19. Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not. 20. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do. 21. And it came to pass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee. 22. And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off: 23. And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. 24. And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go, show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed. 25. 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