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"THE CEDARS OF LEBANON."

Another Chaper from Talmage's Travels in Palestine.

Divine Favorite—A Type of Christian Staunchness of Character.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 14.—To-day Dr. Talmage preached another sermon of his series on Palestine and adjoining countries from Psalms, civ., 16: "The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted."

In our journey we change stirrup for wheel. It is 4 o'clock in the morning at Damascus, Syria. We are rolling on and out and up the mountains of Lebanon, their forehead under a crown of snow, which coronet the fingers of the hottest summer cannot cast down. We are ascending heights around which is garlanded much of the finest poesy of the Scriptures, and are rising toward the mightiest dominion that botany every recognized, reigned over by the most imperial tree that ever swayed a leafy scepter—the Lebanon cedar; a tree eulogized in my text as having grown from a nut put into the ground by God himself, and no human hand had anything to do with its planting. "The trees of Lebanon which he hath planted." The average height of this mountain is 7,000 feet, but in one place it lifts its head to an altitude of 10,000. No higher than 6,000 feet can vegetation exist, but below that line, at the right season, are vineyards and orchards, and olive groves, and flowers that dash the mountain side with a very carnage of color, and fill the air with aromatics that Hosea, the prophet, and Solomon, the king, celebrated as the "smell of Lebanon." At a height of 6,000 feet is a grove of cedars, the only descendants of those vast forests from which Solomon cuts his timber for the temple at Jerusalem, and where at one time there were 100,000 axemen hewing out the beams from which great cities were constructed. But this nation of trees has by human iconoclasm been massacred until only a small group is left. This race of giants is nearly extinct, but I have no doubt that some of these were here when Hiram, King of Tyre, ordered the assassination of those cedars of Lebanon which the Lord planted. From the multitude of uses to which it may be put and the employment of it in the Scriptures, the cedar is the divine favorite. As we ride along on these mountains of Lebanon, we bethink how its cedars spread their branches, and breathed their aroma, and cast their shadows all through the Bible. Solomon discoursed about them in his botanical works, when he spoke of trees "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

One of the Lebanon cedars was examined by a scientist, and from its concentric circles it was found to be 3,500 years old and still standing, and there is such a thing as everlasting strength, and such a stanchness of Christian character that all time and all eternity instead of being its demolition shall be its opportunity. Not such are those vacillating Christians who are so pious on Sunday that they have no religion left for the week day. As the anaconda gorges itself with food, and then seems for a long while to lie thoroughly insensible, so there are men who will on Sunday get such a religious surfeit that the rest of the week they seem thoroughly dead to all religious emotion. They weep in church under a charity sermon, but if on Monday a subject of want presents itself at the door, the beggar's safety will depend entirely on quick limbs and an unobstructed stairway. It takes all the grace they can get to keep them from committing assault and battery on those intruders, who come with pale faces and stories of distress and subscription papers. The reason that God planted these cedars in the Bible was to suggest to us that we ought, in our religious character, to be deep like the cedar, high like the cedar, broad branched as the cedar. A traveler measured the spread of the boughs of one of these trees and found it 111 feet from branch tip to branch tip, and I have seen cedars of Christian character that through their prayers and charities put out one branch to the uttermost parts of America, and another branch to the uttermost parts of Asia, and these wide-branched Christians will keep on multiplying until all the earth is overshadowed with mercy. But what has been the history of most of the great cedars in merchandise, in art, in law, in medicine, in statesmanship, in Christian usefulness? John Milton, on his way up to the throne of the world's sacred poesy, must sell his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for $72 in three payments. And William Shakespeare, on his way up to be acknowledged the greatest dramatist of all ages, must hold horses at the door of the London theater for a sixpence; and Homer must struggle through total blindness to immortality, and John Bunyan must cheer himself on the way up by making a flute out of his prison stool, and Canova, the sculptor, must toil on through orphanage, modeling a lion in butter before he could cut his statues in marble; and the great Stephenson must watch cows in the field for a few pennies and then become a stoker, and afterwards mend clocks, before he puts the locomotive on its track and calls forth plaudits from parliaments and medals from kings. Oh, it a tough old world, and it will keep you back and keep you down, and keep you under as long as it can. Thirty years from now the foremost men in all occupations and professions will be those who are this hour in awful struggle of early life, many of them without $5 to their name. So in spiritual life, it takes a course of bereavements, persecutions, sickness, and losses to develop stalwart Christian character. America would be insignificant compared While crossing over these mountains of Lebanon I bethink myself of what an exciting scene it must be when one of the cedars does fall. It does not go down like other trees with a slight crackle that hardly makes the woodsman look up, or a hawk flutter from a neighboring bough. When a cedar falls it is the great event in the calendar of the mountains. The axemen fly. The wild beasts slink to their dens. The partridges swoop to the valley for escape. The neighboring trees go down under the awful weight of the descending monarch. The rocks are moved out of their places, and the earth trembles as from miles around all ravines send back their sympathetic echoes. Crash! Crash! Crash! So when the great cedars of worldly or Christian influence fall it is something terrific. Within the past few years how many mighty and overtopping men have gone down. There seems now to be an epidemic of moral disaster. The moral world, the religious world, the political world, the commercial world are quaking with the fall of Lebanon cedars. It is awful. We are compelled to cry out with Zachariah, the prophet, "Howl, fir trees, for the cedar is fallen!" Some of the smaller trees are glad of it. When some great dealer in stocks goes down, the smaller dealers clap their hands and say, "Good for him!" When a great political leader goes down, the small politicians clap their hands and say, "Just as I expected!" When a great minister of religion falls many little ministers laugh up their sleeves and think themselves somehow advantaged. Ah, beloved brethren, no one makes anything out of moral shipwreck. Not a willow by the rivers of Damascus, not a sycamore on the plains of Jericho, not an olive tree in all Palestine is helped by the fall of a Lebanon cedar. Better weep and pray and tremble and listen to Paul's advice to the Galatians when he says, "Consider thyself lest thou also be tempted." No man is safe until he is dead unless he be divinely protected.

Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. Not congratulation, but tears when a cedar is fallen!

In my journey up and down Palestine and Syria nothing more impressed me than the trees—the terebinths, the sycamores, the tamarisks, the oleanders, the mulberries, the olives, the myrtles, the palms, the cedars—all of them explanatory of so much of the Scriptures. And the time is coming when, through an improved arboriculture, the round world shall be circumferenced, engirdled, embossed, emparadised in shade trees, and fruit trees, and flower trees. Isaiah declares in one place, "The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it," and is another place, "All the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree. Instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree." Oh, grandest arborescence of all time. Begin! begin!

Good News For Those Afflicted With Rheumatism.

Rev. Jacob Iler, of Cottam, Essex county, writes: "J. W. Kern: Dear sir,—For several months I was severely afflicted with sciatica rheumatism. In December last inflammatory rheumatism set in. My family doctor failed to cure me. I tried various remedies, also Celery Compound and Pride of the Valley, with no benefit. I sent to Essex Center for another highly advertised medicine, also to Kingsville, but could get none. My friend, Mr. James Doan, druggist, of Kingsville, sent me a bottle of Kern's Rheumatic Cure, which vexed me, and caused me to say to my family this preparation is from some irresponsible person of whom we have no knowledge, and if his cure is good why is it not extensively known. I did believe it to be one of those many hundreds of worthless preparations that flood the market these days. After some days I concluded to try the stuff. It can't prove more worthless than the drugs I have been taking. But, sir, I had not taken more than half a dozen doses of it before the pain was entirely removed. That was several months ago, and I have felt nothing of them since. I must pronounce your preparation—Kern's Invaluable Rheumatic Cure. In conclusion, I will say I think it is your duty, as well as your interest, to make yourself and your cure more extensively known. I am a Baptist minister of Cottam, Essex county, Ont."

P. S. The reverend gentleman was so elated over his complete cure after a long period of intense suffering that he put an advertisement in the Essex Center paper recommending Kern's Rheumatic Cure at his own expense. He is upwards of 70 years of age.

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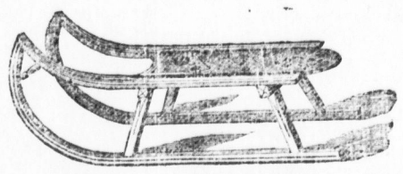

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