



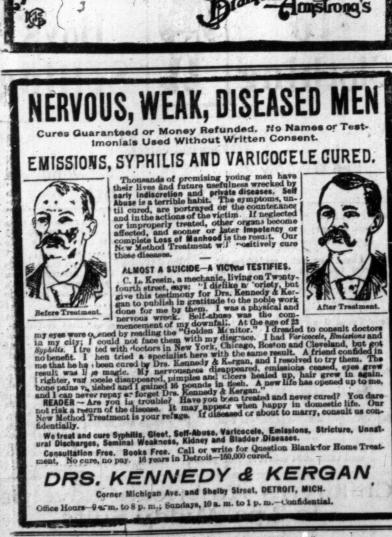
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## CHRIST'S SACRIFICES

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"YE ARE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE"

Birth-The Temptations of Jesus-The Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane-The Sham Trial-Christ on the Cross.

Bringing the Glad Tidings of the Saviour's

Washington, March 31 .- In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows the Messianic sacrifices for the saving of all it appeared to him; text, I. Corinthians vi, 20, "Ye are bought with a price."

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Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grass plots, the fish ponds, 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 har-nessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says, "I will estimate so puch 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 grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month nor a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a

With some friends I went to Tower of London to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them and, being in the procession, were com-pelled to pass out. 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 liance and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price.'

Now, if you have a large amount f money to pay you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by statements-so much the 1st of January, so much the 1st of April, much the 1st of July, so much the 1st 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 the price was paid in different install-

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the igno-minious birth of Christ in Bethle-Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul inte the world. Even the roughest of men know enought 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 thousand people were crowded, and amid hostlers and muleteers and camel drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden the Messiah appeared. No silence. No A better adapted privacy. A better adapted place hath the eaglet in the eyrie, hath the

place whelp in the lions' 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 coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have had a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half way world of great magnitude, then to Caesar's then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in was one leap from the top to the

Let us open the door of the vansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Pass 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 formal of the sake of the formal of the sake o on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly intentions 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. Ho-sanna! Hosanna! Glory to God sanna! Hosanna! Glory to Jou-that Jesus came from throne to man-ger that we might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door of heaven that once swung this way to let Jesus out now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of to let us in. Let all the bellmen of heaven lay hold of the rope and ring out the news, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for to-day is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The second installment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where are to-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 heli-

Women are vastly more patient than men. It is scarcely believable that a woman, suffering past all telling, can attend to business, and bend and stoop with a back whose ache is agony. And beyond all this she smiles as she bends and stoops about her customer. A man might swallow down an oath or keep back a groan, but his face would be like a thundercloud, and his voice scarcely disguise his irritation.

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nore sly, more terrible, than any-

thing that prowled in that country—satan himself, met Christ. The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentullus, 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 abstinence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew the ship Juno. For 23 days they had nothing to eat. But this suf-fering had lasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fibre 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 Turr with something like ferocity. 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 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. O 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 impenetra ble, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail, "Put it on now yourself and let us try it." with shot after shot from his 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. I bless God that the same coat of

mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the head 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 robe that defended me and wear it for yourselves, I shall see you through all trials, and I shall see you through all temptation."

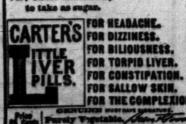
"But," says satan still further to Jesus, "come, and I will show you something worth looking at." And after a half day's journey they came to Jerusalem and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look of Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut upon Belgium, so satan brought and last of all to a stable. No! It christ to the top of the temple.

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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. Grainfields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills and villages and cities and realms. "Now villages and cities and realms. "Now," says satan, "Till 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 Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you many, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation it must have been!

Go to-morrow 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 bemean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think of what the King of heaven and earth endured when he down and fought the great wretch of hell and fought him in the wilderness and on top of the temple. But bless God that in the triumph ever temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having himself been tempted, he is able to succor all those who are The third installment paid for our redemption was the agonizing prayer in Gethsemaner As I sat in that gar-

den at the foot of an old gnarled and twisted olive tree the historic scene came upon me overwhelmingly. These old olive trees are the lineal descendants of those under which Christ stood and wept and knelt. Have the leaves of the whole botanical generations told the story of our Lord's agony to their successors? Next to Calvary the solemnest place in Palestine is Gethsame. While sitting there it seemed as if I could hear our Lord's prayer, laden with sobs and graons. Can this be the Jesus who gathered fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle and from the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons and from the box of alabaster that broke at his feet? Is this Jesus the comforthis feet? Is this Jesus the resurrector at er of Bethany, the ressurector at er Bethsaida? Is this the Christ whose frown is the storm, whose smile is the sunlight, the spring morning his breath, thunder is voice, the ocean a drop on the cip of his finger, heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love, the universe the dust of his chariot Is this the Christ who wheel? able to heal a heartbreak or hush a tempest or drown a world or flood immensity with his glory? Behold him in prayer, the globules of blood by sorrow pressed through the skin of his forehead! What an install-

est price that was ever paid! The fourth installment paid for our edemption was the Saviour's sham 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 coun-They gave him no opportunity for subpoenaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the courtroom. But 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 ruf-

ment in part payment of the great-

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 l 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 ruffights 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 injustice 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 to-day 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 on." And when Christ forgets that 2 o'clock morning scene and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth And when Christ forgets that 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 seen many dark days. Many 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 open-ed and Lisbon sank, but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

It was about noon when the cur tain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on 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 the lattice, so 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 secret. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying silence puts its hands on your lips, and you would hands on your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by the deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in his last hour cannot be left alone. What, pursuing him yet after so long a pur suit? You have been drinking his Do you want to drink blood? They came 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 those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes and bring them back wet with blood and wipe on their garments. Wor stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for the tende hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned inthat crime has turned in-to granite. The waves f man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the man feet, and the hands of sin and and torture clutch for his holy heart. Had he not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and champed their bits and reared and snuffed at the blood! Had a Roamn voice would not have been heard in the tumult, but louder than the clash of spears, and the wailing womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, there comes a voice crashing through-loud, clear, overwhelm

have done! 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 your hands, with 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. thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with 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 My friends, Sabbath after Sabbath gospel messengers have come search ing down for your souls. To-day we come with the gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done, and the angels of God bend down and witness, and, oh, if now we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee because communication that has been sunken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy o

ing, terrific. It is the groaning of

the dying son of God! Look, what a scene! Look, world, at what you

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Black-Well, he's safe enough; he can't get far. THE ADVERTISER.

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With ne'er a customer a day.

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But never there— They do not know.
There's such a shep beneath the skies, Because he does not advertise;

While I with pleasure contemplate That I'm an advertiser great! The secret of my fortune lies In one small fact , which I may

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If I have goods I advertise.

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And proudly I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great.

Eugene Field.

WHEN LOVE SHALL DIE. Ch, not till love shall listless die Will joy depart,
Stilling the song that seeks the sky
Straight from the heart;
Or rapture come to be unknown.
Or hopeless cry
Sound but over souls' despair alone,
Till love shall die.

Oh, not till love's sweet life shall

Will gladness go, And not till Time hath run its lease Shall love die so; And even then—dear beart, of this Rest sure in peace; That heaven may nothing know of Bliss, -Ripley D. Saunders.

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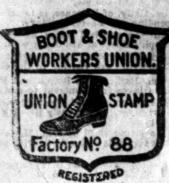
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