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"MINISTRY OF TEARS."

An Inspiring Discourse by Rev.

dience crowded the Academy of Mu-sic in this city to-day to hear Dr. Talmage. Discoursing on "The Ministry of Tears," he put the misfortunes of life in a cheerful light, showing that if they were borne in the right spirit they might prove to be advantages. His text was Rev. gists. vii, 17, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

What a spectacle a few weeks ago

when the nations were in tears! Queen Victoria ascended from the highest throne on earth to a throne in heaven. The prayer more often offered than any prayer for the last 64 years had been answered, and God did save the Queen. All round the world the bells were tolling, and the minute guns were booming at the obsequies of the most honored woman of many centuries. As near four years ago the English and American nations shook hands in con-gratulation at the Queen's jubilee so in these times two nations shook hands in mournful sympathy at the Queen's departure. No people outside Great Britain so deeply felt that mighty grief as our people. The cradles of many of our ancestors were rocked in Great Britain. Those many of our ancestors ancestors played in childhood on the banks of the Tweed or the Thames or the Shannon. Take from our veins the English blood or the Welsh blood or the Irish blood or the Scotch blood and the stream of our life would be a mere shallow. They are over there bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is our Wilber-force, our Coleridge, our De Quincey, our Robert Burns, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chambers, our Walter Scott, our Bishor Charnock, our Latimer, our Ridley our Robert Emmet, our Daniel O'Co our Robert Emmet, our Daniel O'Connell, our Havelock, our Ruskin, our Gladstone, our good and great and glorious Victoria.

The language in which we offered the English nation our condolence is the same language in which John Bunyan dreamed and Milton sang Shakespeare dramatized and Richard Baxter prayed and George Whitefield thundered. The Prince of Wales, now King, paid reverential visit to Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon, and Longfellow's statue adorns Westminster Abbey, and Abraham Lincoln in bronze looks down upon Scotland's capital. It was natural that these two nations be in tears. But I am not going to speak of national tears, but of individual tears and Bible tears,

Riding across a western prairie wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and, while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought, What a beautiful spectacle is this! of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which

David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears and Paul's tears and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them; God rounds them; God shows them where to fall: God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is record as to the moment when they were born and as to the place their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sor row had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time.

Tears, tears! What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or, if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution, Hear, then, while I discourse of the ministry of tears or the practical

uses of sorrow.

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for us, You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth, cush-

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foned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered at such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? Florence. There are Rembrandts and Rubenses and Titians here that I have not looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world or out of any house until he has a better house. It is trouble, my friends, that

makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own God. weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us that only when there is nothing else to take hold of we catch hold of God. Why, do you know who the Lord is? He is not an autocrat, seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. He is a father willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a good deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house. After awhile he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help. Well, having faited everywhere, completely failed, he "Oh, Lord, I have tried everybody and everything; now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the

first resort. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you do not pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital," The young man sends to comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital Getting here, he is frenzied grief, and he borrows a sheet of pa per and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying "Dear mother, I am sick unto death Come." It is 20 minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why the train that can go 10 miles an hour cannot go 80 miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital, "My son, this mean? says: what does all Why you not send for me? sent to everybody but me, knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God inst

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as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on creditors, you call or yo lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon everybolty, and when you can not get any help then you go to God. You say: "Oh, Lord come to thee. Help me now cut of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother. comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon that we have this ministry of tears, Again, it is the use of trouble to

capacitate us for the office of sym-

pathy. The priests, under the dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet and head, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity, we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when laugh, and we romp when but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. They know how to talk. Take at aged mother, 75 years of age, she is almost omnipotent in com-fort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young Grandmother knows all about that You might as well go to a trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that.

She has been walking in that dark valley 20 years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severe ly sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her tife, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appe-Drs. Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great docbut the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it! And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead so she could look closer at the wound it was fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home, although you may have been men and women 30, 40, 50 years of age, you lay on the coffir lid and sobbed as though you were only 5 or 10 years of age.

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epis tles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeor and imprisonments, he is qualified

for the work of sympathy.

I am an herb doctor I put into the caldron the root out of dry ound, without form or comeliness en I put in the rose of sharon and the lily of the valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha. Then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shail receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe away all tears from their eyes. Jesus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells th story, "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of his either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief! Gentle! Why, his step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you hush your crying. It will be a father who will take you on his left arm, his face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

Methinks it will take us some time to get used to heaven, the fruits of God without one speck, the fresh pastures without one nettle, the orchestra without one snapped string. the river of gladness without joine torn bank, the solferino and the saffron of the sunrise of the eternal day that beams from God's face.

Friends, if we could get any appre ciation of what God has in reserve for us it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our everyday work. Professor Leonard, formerl of Iowa university, put in my hands a meteoric stone—a stone thrown off some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitude of the redemed. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from w hat it is here! It is the difference between em-barkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and jubilee in heaven-between requiem here and triumph there; parting here

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Jacksonville, life. For three years is suffered. I sought velief among the medical profession and found some, until induced by kind friends to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I began taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. After taking 'Pavorite Prescription' I was built up until now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing-down pains in the lower part of my bowels, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain—do all my own work, and am a strong and healthy woman. Thanks to your medicine. I consider myself a living testimonial of the benefits of your 'Pavorite Prescription.'

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and reunion there! Together! Have thought of? together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together! Take this good cheer home with

you.\ These tears of bereavement that course your cheek and of persecution and of trial are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation-what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city , of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be basy in the days that

remain for us! I put this balsars on the wound of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Jullien gave a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily pressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot, beating time with the one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with him, and with his wounded hand and wounded foot will conduct that harmony, "Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."



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