

THE OLIVE BRANCHES

A Discourse Full of the Breath of the Hills and the Fields.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PALM.

The Only Way to End the War Between God and Man is to Get Up on the Mount of God's blessing and Pluck the Olive Branches and Wave Them Before the Throne.

Washington, Sept. 1.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of the breath of the hills and fields and is a summer sermon; text, Nehemiah viii, 15, "Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees to make booths."

It seems as if Mount Olivet were unmoored. The people have gone into the mountain and have cut off tree branches and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem and on the house tops, and they twist these tree branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes and dwell for seven days in these booths or arbors. Why do they do that? Well, it is a great festival time. It is the feast of tabernacles, and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers, traveling in the desert, they lived in booths on their way to the land of Canaan. And so these booths also became highly suggestive—I will not say they are necessarily typical, but highly suggestive of our march toward heaven and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were, in booths or arbors, on our way to the Canaan of eternal rest. And what was said to the Jews literally may be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth unto the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees to make booths.

Yes, we are only here in a temporary residence. We are marching on. There is no use in our driving our stakes too deep into the earth; we are on the march. The generations that have preceded us have gone so far on that we cannot even hear the sound of their footsteps. They have gone over the hills, and we are to follow them. But, blessed be God, we are not in this world left out of doors and unprotected. There are gospel booths or gospel arbors in which our souls are to be comforted. Go forth unto the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees to make booths.

Now, if we are to-day going to succeed in building this gospel arbor, we must go into the mount of God's blessing and fetch the olive branches, and whatever else we must have, we must have at least two olive branches, peace with God and peace with man. When I say peace with God, I do not mean to represent God as an angry chieftain, having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm that there is no more antagonism between a hound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and ewe, than there is hostility between holiness and sin. And if God is all holiness and we are all sinners, there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching forth of olive branches.

There is a great lawsuit going on now, and it is a lawsuit which man is bringing against his Maker. That lawsuit is now on the calendar. It is the human versus the divine, it is the iniquity versus the immaculate, it is weakness versus omnipotence. Man began it. We assaulted our Maker, and the sooner we end this part of the struggle, in which the finite attempts to overthrow the infinite and omnipotent—the sooner we end it the better. Travelers tell us there is no such place as Mount Calvary, that it is only a hill, only an insignificant hill, but I persist in calling it the mount of God's divine mercy and love far grander than any other place on earth, grander than the Alps or the Himalayas, and there are no other hills as compared with it, and I have noticed in every sect where the cross of Christ is set forth it is planted with olive branches. And all we have to do is to get rid of this lawsuit between God and ourselves, of which we are all tired. We want to back out of the war, we want to get rid of this hostility. All we have to do is just to get up on the mount of God's blessing and pluck these olive branches and wave them before the throne. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Oh, it does not make much difference what the world thinks of you, but come into the warm, intimate, glowing and everlasting relationship with the God of the whole universe! That is the joy that makes a halcyon seem so peaceful. Why do we want to have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ? Why, if we had gone on in 10,000 years of war against God we could not have captured so much as a word of a heavenly stirrup or twisted off one of the wheels of the chariot of his omnipotence. But the moment we bring this olive branch God and all heaven come on our side. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, and no other kind of peace is worth anything.

But then we must have that other olive branch, peace with man. Now, it is very easy to get up a quarrel. There are gunpowdery Christians all around us, and one match or provocation will set them off. It is easy enough to get up a quarrel. But, my brother, do you not think you had better have your horns saw-

Pleasant Dreams

Cries the young maid to her mother, as she retires to rest. The mother smiles, and sighs. She knows that the pains that rack her will not stop for darkness, and that if she sleeps her dreams will only be echoes of the sufferings of the day.

Why not sleep soundly and be refreshed at morning, with strength and courage for the day's duties? West, weary women, sufferers from backache, bearing-down pains, and other womanly ailments, have found a perfect cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals the womanly diseases which cause the pains and nervousness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

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ed off? Had not you better make an apology? Had not you better submit to a little humiliation? "Oh," you say, "until that man takes the first step I will never be at peace with him. Nothing will be done until he is ready to take the first step!" You are a pretty Christian. When would this world be saved if Christ had not taken the first step? We were in the wrong, Christ was in the right, all right and forever right. And yet he took the first step. And instead of going and getting a knotty scourge with which to whip your antagonist, your enemy, you have better get up on the radiant mount where Christ suffered for his enemies and just take an olive branch, not stripping off the soft, cool, fragrant leaves, leaving them all on, and then try on them that gospel switch. It will not hurt them, and it will save you. Peace with God, peace with man. If you cannot take those two doctrines, you are no Christian.

But my text goes further. It says, "Go up into the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches." Now, what is suggested by the pine branch? The pine tree is healthy, it is aromatic; it is evergreen. How often the physician says to his invalid patients: "Go and have a breath of the pine." Why do such thousands of people go south every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get the influence of the pine branch. There is health in it, and this branch of the text suggests the helpfulness of our holy religion. It is full of health—health for all, health for the mind, health for the soul. I knew an aged man who had no capital of physical health. He had had all the diseases you could imagine. He did not eat enough to keep a child alive. He lived on a beverage of hosiannas. He lived high, for he dined every day with the King. He kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It is a healthy religion; healthy for the eye, healthy for the hand, healthy for the feet, healthy for the heart, healthy for the liver, healthy for the spleen, healthy for the whole man. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstances, such holy equanimity; Oh, that we all possessed it, that we possessed it now! I mean it is healthy if a man gets enough of it. Now, there are some people who get just enough religion to bother them, just enough religion to make them sick, but if a man take a full, deep, round inhalation of these pine branches of the gospel arbor he will find it buoyant.

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PURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE CHATHAM DAILY PLANET, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901

superstition, unbelief, immortality, heaven. But the evergreen of my text also suggests the simple fact that religion is evergreen. What does the pine branch care for the snow on its boughs? It is only a sign of glory. The winter of misfortune and disaster is as good a religion as it is in the bright summer sunshine. Well, now, that is a practical truth. For suppose I should go up and then these aisles I would find in this house 50 people who had had no trouble. But there are some of you who have special trouble. God only knows what you go through with. Oh, how many bereavements, how many poverty, how many persecutions, how many misrepresentations! And now, my brother, you have tried everything else, why do you not try this evergreen of my text? It is good for you now as it was in the day of prosperity. It is better for you. Perhaps some of you feel almost like Muckle Backie, the fisherman, who was afflicted with a fever of the head. "An' the fisherman looked at you and said: 'Sir, it is very easy for you gentlemen to stay in the house with your handkerchief to your eyes in grief, but, sir, ought I to let the other five children starve because one of them is downed?' No, sir. We must work, we must work, though our hearts beat like this hammer."

You may have had a remuneration of sorrow and misfortune. They come in flocks, they come in herds, upon your soul, and yet I have to tell you that this religion can console you, that it can help you, that it can deliver you from all your troubles. Do you tell me that the riches and the gain of this world can console you? How was it with the ecclesiastic, who had such a fondness for money, that when he was sick he ordered a basin of gold pieces to be brought to him, and he put his gouty hands down among the gold pieces, cooling his hands off in them, and the rattling rattling of the gold pieces was his amusement and entertainment. Ah, the gold and silver, the honors, the emoluments of this world, are a poor solace for a persecuted spirit. You want something better than this world can give. A young prince, when the children came around to play with him, refused to play. He said, "I will play only with kings." And it would be supposed that you would throw away all other solace before this regal satisfaction, this imperial joy.

But my text takes a step further, and it says, Go into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and palm branches. Now, the palm tree was very much honored by the ancients. It had 300 different uses. The fruit was consumed, the sap was used for food, the stems were ground up for food for camels. The base of the leaves was turned into hats and mats and baskets, and from the root to the top of the highest leaf there were medicines. The tree grew 85 feet in height, sometimes, and it spread leaves four and five feet long. It meant usefulness, and it meant victory. It was a symbol for what is produced of victory because it was brought into celebration of triumph. And oh, how much we want the palm branches in the churches of Jesus Christ. It is a great mistake to think that Christians do not amount to anything. You have to shove them off the track to let the Lord's chariots come along.

Usefulness is typified by the palm tree. Ah, we do not want in the church any more people that are merely weeping wailing and gnashing their teeth, standing and admiring their long lashes, in the glassy springer. No wild cherry, dropping bitter fruit. We want palm trees, holding for God, some of the things for angels, something for man. I am tired and sick of this flat, tame, insipid, satin slippered, namby-pamby, lighty-tighty religion! It is worth nothing more of this world, it is destruction for eternity. Give me 500 men and women fully consecrated to Christ, and we will take this city for God in three years. Give me 10,000 men and women fully consecrated to Christ, and we will take the world in three years. Give me 10,000 of them would take the whole earth for God. But when are we going to begin? We all want to be useful. There is not a man in the pews that does not want to be useful. When are we going to begin? Ledyard, the great traveler, was brought before the Geographical Society of Great Britain, and they wanted him to make some explorations in Africa, and they showed him all the perils, and all the hard work, and all the exposure, and after they had told him what they wanted him to do in Africa they said to him, "Now, Ledyard, when are you ready to start?" He said, "To-morrow morning." The learned men were astonished. They thought he would take weeks or months to get ready. Well, now, you tell me you want to be useful in Christian service. When are you going to begin? Oh, that you had the decision to say, "Now, now!" Oh, go into the mountain and gather the palm branches! But the palm branch also meant victory. You all know that. In all ages, in all lands, the palm branch means victory. Well, now, we are by nature the servants of Satan. He stole us, he has his eye on us, he wants to keep us. But word comes from our Father that if we will try to break loose from this doing of wrong our Father will help us, and some day we rouse up, and we look the black tyrant in the face, and we fly at him, and we wrestle him down, and we put our heel on his neck, and we grind him in the dust, and we say, "Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Oh, what a grand thing it is to have sin under foot and a wasted life behind our backs! "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven and whose sin is covered."

It Will Give Tea-Pot Results

equalled by no Japan in the World.

Some one says, "How about the future?" What, says the man, I feel so sick and worn out with the ailments of life. You are going to be more than conqueror. But, says the man, I am so tempted, I am so persecuted in life. Well, you are going to be more than conqueror. I, who have so many ailments and heartaches, going to be more than conqueror? Yes, unless you are so self-conceited that you want to manage all the affairs of your life yourself instead of letting God manage them. Do you want to drive and have God take a back seat? "Oh, no," you say, "I want God to be my leader." Well, then, you will be more than conqueror. Your last sickness will come, and the physicians in the next room will be talking about what they will do for you. What difference will it make what they do for you? You are going to be well, everlastingly well. And when the spirit has led the body, your friends will be talking as to where they shall bury you. What difference does it make to you where they bury you? The angel of the resurrection can pick you out of the dust anywhere, and all the cemeteries of the earth are in God's care. Oh, you are going to be more than conqueror.

My text brings us one step further. It says, "Go forth into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches, and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees." Now, you know very well—I make this remark under the head of branches of thick trees—that the other five children starve because one of them is downed. The first blast of the tempest would prostrate it. So then the booth or arbor must have four stout poles to hold up the arbor or booth, and it must be a sturdy structure. For this world we must have stout branches of thick trees. And so it is in the gospel arbor. Blessed be God that we have a brawny Christianity, not a feeble superstition. These storms of life will come upon us, and we want strong doctrine, not only love, but justice; not only invitation, but warning. It is a mighty gospel, it is an omnipotent gospel. These are the stout branches of thick trees.

Well, my friends, you see I have omitted one or two points not because I forgot to present them, but because I have not time to present them. I have shown you here is the olive branch of peace, here is the pine branch of evergreen gospel consolation, here the palm tree branch of usefulness and of victory, and here are the stout branches of thick trees. The gospel arbor is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. Come into the booth. I went out at different times with a fowler to the mountains to catch pigeons, and we made our booth, and we sat in that booth and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky, and after awhile they dropped into the net, and we were successful. So I come now to the door of this gospel booth. I look out, and I see flocks of souls flying hither and flying thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window. Come into the booth. Come into the booth.

Measuring Speed of Insects. The speed of an insect can be measured by the humming produced by the rapidly moving wings. The note produced was according to the number of the vibrations per second. When the honey bee hums the note A, his wings are moving 440 times a second, and his speed is several miles a minute.

TELEGRAPH

John Lattimore, of Stratford, was run over by a wagon and killed.

Mr. Yerkes is reported to be interested in another London tube railroad, the Brompton & Piccadilly.

The Engineering Congress, meeting at Glasgow, is discussing a tunnel between Scotland and Ireland.

At Norwood, Thomas Chatten was shot and fatally wounded by a boy companion, playing with a gun.

Six lady teachers have been recommended for appointment in Hamilton to take the place of six recently married.

The Bolivia, belonging to the Ancho Line, struck a flour-saden lighter in the Clyde, and two of the crew were drowned.

At Dulton, a gravel train on the L. & D. R. derailed by a stone, ran into the station and damaged the building considerably.

The Militia House is considering the suggestion to charge an admission fee for seats on the grand stand at Exhibition Park, for the royal review.

The English lady who was killed on the Schloesberg Glacier, in Switzerland, has been identified as Miss Margaret Crawford, daughter of a British India official.

A DINNER TRAGEDY.

New York, Sept. 5.—The climax to a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Peters at their home on 11th street in this city, came last night when Mrs. Peters deliberately walked to the sideboard, filled a liquor glass with carbolic acid, and, feeling her guests, drained the glass to the bottom. It was then brought about by a reproach from her husband before the rest of the party. After she had drunk the poison and physicians were called, Mrs. Peters, who was only twenty-six years of age, begged the doctors to save her life. Everything possible was done, but she died some hours afterwards.

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