

SIN TREATS US LIKE A DOG

THE STORY OF THE SYROPHOENICIAN WOMAN.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches a Timely and Instructive Sermon—The Land is Filled With Mean Cars in the Shape of Sin—Things Which are Impossible for Christ—More Perseverance Exerted in Wordly Affairs Than Would Have Made You a Christian.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"But He answered and said, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to the dogs.' And she said, 'Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.' Then Jesus answered and said unto her, 'O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour.'—Matt. xv. 26-28.

It was a Sabbath afternoon in the Belleville parsonage. I had been trying for years to preach, but to me the Christian life had been nothing but a struggle. I sat down at the table, took up my Bible, and asked for Divine illumination, and it poured like sunlight upon my soul through the story of the Syrophenician woman.

This woman was a mother, and she had an afflicted daughter. The child had a virulent, exasperating convulsive disease, called the possession of the devil. The mother was just like other mothers; she had, no peace as long as her child was sick. She was a Gentile, and the Jews had such perfect contempt for the Gentiles that they called them dogs. Nevertheless, she comes to Christ and asks His help in her family troubles. Christ makes no answer. The people are afraid there is going to be a "scene" there, and they try to get the woman out of Christ's presence, but He forbids her expulsion. Then she falls down and repeats her request. Christ, to rally her earnestness and to make His mercy finally more conspicuous, addresses her, saying, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, that is, the salvation appointed for the Jews, and cast it to dogs, the Gentiles. Christ did not mean to characterize that woman as a dog. That would have been most unlike Him who from the cross said, 'Behold thy mother.' His whole life so gentle and so loving. He could not have given it out as His opinion that that was what she ought to be called; but he was only employing the ordinary parlance of the Jews in regard to the Gentiles. Yet that mother was not to be put off, pleading as she was for the life of her daughter; she was not to be rebuffed, she was not to be discouraged. She says, 'Yea, Lord, I acknowledge I am a Gentile dog, but I remember that even the dogs have some privileges, and when the door is open they sink in and they crawl under the table, and when the bread of the meat falls through the cracks of the table, or falls off the edge of it, they pick it up, and the master of the house is not angry with them. I don't ask for a big loaf; I don't ask even for a big slice; I only ask that which drops down through the chinks of the table—the dog's portion. It is the crumbs I am after.' Christ felt the wit and the earnestness and the straightforwardness and the faith of that woman. He turns upon her and says:—"You have conquered me; your daughter is well now. Go home, mother, but before you get there she will come down, skipping out to meet you."

There I see the mother going. She feels twenty years younger—getting on in life, but she goes with a half run. Amid an outburst of hysterical laughter and tears they meet. The mother breaks down every time she tries to tell it; the daughter with cheeks as rosy as before she fell in the first fit; the doctors of the village prophesying that

THE CURE WILL NOT LAST, because it was not according to their prescription. But I read in the oldest medical journal of the world, "the daughter was made whole from that very hour."

In the first place, I learn from my subject, that sin treats us like a dog,—not as dogs are now treated. Land-sewer, in his pictures, makes pictures of all the canine family. You sometimes find the kennel lined and cushioned. The St. Bernard dogs are admired all the world over. There is one of them with a collar on his neck inscribed with the names of twenty-five persons whose lives he saved from the snow. The sagacity and faithfulness and kindness of the dog have conquered the respect of the world. It dashes from the ship's deck to save the life of the man overboard. He rushes into the wild surf and brings ashore the exhausted bather. With its warm tongue it licks to life the freezing wayfarer. From the Liffy Bridge a child fell into the water. A dog stood on the bridge and saw it fall, and leaped after the child as it came to the surface, and seizing it gently, but firmly, brought it ashore. A gentleman stood on the bridge, looking down at it, and said, "How very sagacious that dog is—how very kind and faithful!" But he was thrilled through when he saw it was his own child that had been saved. There is no way in which you can so deeply offend a hunter as by mistreating his hounds. The finest picture in the room of Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, the celebrated author, is a picture of "Rab," the dog immortal. Walter Scott sang his praises. The mastiff, lying, toothless and blind and lame, on the door mat, is the pet of the whole household.

But it was not so in the time of Christ, nor is it so in the East to-day. The whole land is filled with mean

cars; they are foul and vermin-covered, and snarl, and the most significant thing that a Jew could say about a Gentile in the way of depicting his hatred, was to call him a dog. It seems as if the sagacity of the dog was not discovered in those days. Job gives him a kick in his thirtieth chapter. Abishai said, in regard to David: "Shall this dead dog curse the king?" Goliath said to David: "Am I dog, that thou comest out against me with stones?" Hazael, wishing to depict his hatred for some kind of sin, said: "Is thy servant a dog, that I should do this thing?" Paul, writing to the Philippians, tried to set forth the danger of consorting with certain persons, and said: "Beware of dogs." John, in Revelation, describing the face that the abandoned and the dissolute and the sinful shall finally be thrust out of heaven, says: "Without are dogs." This I say to show you what intense hatred the Jew of olden time had against the Gentile. You must all admit that it must have been a positively sinful hatred, and so through my subject, the first lesson I learn is that

SIN TREATS US LIKE A DOG.

It may flatter you for a while; it may caress you for a while; but no Eastern traveller ever more mercilessly beat a whelp in the streets of Beirut or Damascus than sin will beat you and me if it gets a chance. "The way of the transgressors is hard."

Sin is a scoundrel of the soul. Sin comes to the young man. It says: "Take a game of cards—it won't hurt you. Besides that, it is the way men make their fortune." It is only a small stake. See how easy it is. The young man plays and wins a horse and carriage and a house—wins a fortune. "See how easy it is," says sin; "it doesn't cost you anything. Look at those young men who stick to their salaries, away down at the foot of the ladder, while you are in great prosperity." The young man is encouraged. He goes on and plays larger and larger; the tide turns against him; he loses the horse, loses the carriage, loses the house, loses the fortune. Crack! goes the sheriff's mallet on the last household valuable. Down lower and lower the man falls, until he pitches pennies for a drink, or clutches for devils that trample him in wild delirium. "The way of the transgressors is hard."

Sin comes to a young man and says: "Take this glass—it won't hurt you. It has a very fine flavour. Take a glass in the morning; it will be an appetizer. Take a glass at noon; it will aid digestion. Take a glass at night; it will make you sleep well." You are in a glow, while others are chilly. How bright it makes the eye—how elastic it makes the step! One day you meet him, and you say: "Why are you doing here at noon?" "I thought you were at business?" "Oh! I lost my place." "Lost your place?" God have mercy upon the young man when, through misadventure, he loses his place. Every temptation in hell takes after him. Hopped and handicapped at thirty years of age by evil habit! Save that young man; he is on the express-train that stops not until it tumbles over the embankment of perdition. "The way of the transgressors is hard."

Sin comes to a young man, and says: "Take a dollar out of your employer's drawer; he won't miss it; you can put it back after a while. Take another! Take another! Don't you see how easy it is? Hundreds of dollars ride to your salary in a year!" One day, the police knock at the door, and say: "I want you." "What?" "I want you." "Prisonment, loss of the soul." "The way of the transgressors is hard."

But you need not look through the wicket of the prison to learn this, and to find the frozen feet, and the bruised brow, and to hear the coughing lungs resulting from crime. Every man has found out in his own experience that "The way of transgressors is hard."

SIN DEMEANS US.

Sin is cruel, sin is desperate—it lacerates, it mauls the soul, it chains you like a dog, it drives you out like a dog, it throws refuse to you like a dog, it whips you with innumerable stripes like a dog. There is a legend abroad of some one of whom it was foretold that she would die of a serpent's bite. The father to keep her away from that, built a castle far out in the sea. He said no serpent could crawl there; but one day a boat came under the castle, and the daughter saw grapes in it, and, letting down a rope, she got the grapes, and was eating them, when she found a serpent entwined in the clusters. It stung her, and she died. Sin may seem luxurious and ripe, and to have all the wealth of the vineyard, but at the last "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Oh! have nothing to do with its approaches. It promises you a robe; it will cover you with rags. It offers you a crown; it will fill you with wormwood. It promises you a throne; it will drive you into a kennel.

Again, my subject shows you Jesus with His back turned. That woman went to Him, and said: "I beseech thee, have mercy on my daughter." He has turned away from God for mercy, and he has been in as much anxiety about his soul as that Syrophenician woman was about her daughter. He has come to Christ, and said: "Lord, look this way." No answer. He said: "Lord Jesus Christ, look this way. I come with a soul sin-sick. Look this way." What did Christ say? "You are a sinner—you are a vile sinner—you are a condemned sinner—you are a dying sinner. Do you expect all the glories of heaven to be given to one as wayward as you have been?" But do not be discouraged. O seeking soul! Put down the pack of thy sins at Jesus' feet anyhow. If His face is

turned away from thee, then put down thy pack of sins at His feet. Then, if perchance He step backward, He will fall over it, into thine outstretched arms. O wailing sinner. Jesus will turn His face at the right time. Remember that mercy postponed is mercy augmented. If the waters of thy soul come to flood-tide, they will break away the dam. If the arrow-head be drawn clear back to the bow, it is only that it may be projected farther. If Christ turn His back to thee, it is only that the dawn on His face may be more effulgent. Oh, what are the few days or hours of darkness and struggle compared with the eternal illumination? What were the few minutes in which this Syrophenician woman stood in bitterness behind Jesus, compared with the eighteen hundred years in which she has rejoiced before Him? Courage, O sorrowing soul. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Many a man has put his hand over his shoulder to find the cross, and lo! it was gone; but in bringing his hand back again, he has struck the crown on his head, radiant with power and glory. I see horses dashing down the street. They draw a chariot. Who is in it? A man with a bandage over his mouth, and his head wrapped in folds. Who is it?

NAAMAN, THE LEPER.

He drives up in front of the place where the prophet lived. The horse tees him: "Whoa! Whoa!" They stop there. They wait for the prophet to come out. He does not come. He merely sends word: "Go wash in the Jordan, and thou shalt be healed." And so we come for Christ's mercy, and mercy may not have appeared as we expected, but let us be willing to take it at any time and in any way it shall come. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.

Again, I say in my subject, Jesus conquered by a human soul. That woman said: "Take this disease away from my daughter." Christ responded to her: "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to the dogs." Then she roused her soul into an activeness of expression seldom equalled by poet, or painter, or orator, or satirist, when she said: "Yea, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table." Then he turned and flung pardon, and healing, and help into her soul with the words: "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." Have talked to you sometimes of Jesus the conqueror. Listen, now, about Jesus the conquered. You have seen Him on the white horse of victory, all heaven following Him on white horses. In His right hand the drawn sword of universal dominion; the moon under His feet, the stars His tiara; the sun only the rocket shot up in the signal service of His great host; burning worlds only the bonfires of His victory. But now see Him surrender—faith, humility, and prayer triumphant.

There are some things which are impossible for Christ; He cannot break His oath; He cannot despise the humble; He cannot resist the cry of faith. Heaven sheathes its sword. It seems as if the prayer of the Syrophenician woman had conquered omnipotence. The cavalry troop that John saw coming down the hills of heaven fall back. Behold the victor take prayer! History tells us of Queen Caroline, who in 1820, tried to get into Westminster Abbey at the coronation of George IV., her offended husband. With six shining stars on her coronet, and with a sword rode up to the door. She tried this door; no admittance. She tried another door; they demanded tickets. She came to another door and said, "surely, you will not keep out your Queen?" but they said, "We have no orders for your admittance." So she mounted her carriage and rode away in derision. Let me say that the attempt to get into the temple of Christ's mercy will be fruitless if we come with pride and come in pomp. We cannot ride through the gates in state—we cannot come with plumes or pretension. Richly robed Queen Caroline failed at Westminster Abbey with George IV.; but the Syrophenician woman of the text, at the door of Christ's mercy, succeeded with the Lord of earth and heaven. She wanted only the crumbs—she is invited to SET UP AS A BANQUETTER.

The kingdom of heaven is large enough for you to get into it, but the gate is so low that you cannot come in save on your knees. O man! O woman! O child of Christ! push your way this day into that kingdom. With earnest, importunate, confident, persistent prayer, conquer all the obstacles in your way. I suppose that the people who were standing around about the woman and around about Christ, said, "Don't bother Jesus with that thing. You are only making an impression on him. He has no medicine. If the doctors of your village can't cure your daughter, Christ can't do it; besides that, He doesn't care anything for you." I see that one-knee better. With prayer, he seized Christ, and with omnipotent cure Christ seized the invalid, and "she was made whole from that very hour." Oh! bring the diseases of your body, bring the diseases of your soul to Christ; if His face be turned away from you, keep on until He shall turn His face to you. Persevere, implore, beseech, agonize and conquer.

Why, my friends, you talk as though there were a greater amount of perseverance to be used in the matter of becoming a Christian than in anything else. Let me say, you have five hundred times in your life exerted more perseverance and put forth more determination than would have made you a Christian. You put it out in worldly directions. If you had taken a thousandth part of your worldly earnestness, and with it gone toward Christ, you would have found Him. How men seek for the wealth of this world! Is any man utterly discouraged if he does not make a fortune this year? Does he not keep on trying and trying? Who here, especially among the young, has given up the idea at least of getting a competency? Let me tell you that you of us have sought with one-half of the earnestness after Christ and eternal treasures which characterized your search for earthly perishes. You would long ago have had the joy and peace of the Gospel. So it is with the honours of the world. How men push out their energies in that direction, and toil and drudge, and yet how little they are worth after they are gotten! How mightily it was illustrated in the history of William the Conqueror. The world bowed down before him, and yet when he came to die, the rabble rushed into the room and stole the pictures, and actually stole the last shred of anything of the corpse of William the Conqueror. And then, when they came to bury him in the chancel of the church, a man stood up with a strong protest that actually staggered back the pallbearers and procession, and inquired why such a miserable carcass as that should be let down into the church chancel? All the world honouring him a little while before—now all the glory departed! The world which on any day cries to you: "Hosanna! Hosanna!" will soon cry: "Crucify him! Crucify him!" And yet, my dear brethren, though you are aware of this, you have been pushing on after the honour of this world, when I see that one-half of that energy put but in the direction of the Lord Jesus Christ would have brought you into peace and the life of the Gospel. I do not ask you to they stole any more energy in the direction than you do in the worldly direction, but just as much. Strive to enter the kingdom of heaven by violence. Come up to Christ as this Syrophenician woman did, and

REFUSED TO BE PUT OFF.

and pray, and pray and pray again, until He shall turn His face of benediction and mercy upon you. Are you sitting here this morning unmoved while your last opportunity of salvation is going away from you? Are there any signs that the winter is breaking up in your soul? Is the only sound there that of the bittern, and the owl of the night, and the petrel? When I think of the perils that hang around those who have not secured the pardon of the Gospel, I feel that I must leave the platform and take you by the shoulder, and cry out in your ear, as the angel did to Lot: "Escape for thy life, and look not behind thee, neither tarry thou in all the plain. Escape for thy life, lest thou be consumed." I know that the critics sometimes say I am too importunate in pleading with men about their souls; but how can I observe formalities and oratorical proprieties when I see sitting before me thousands within a short time of hell and heaven?

Will you be like the Syrophenician woman upon whom Christ turned His back? Oh! He will not turn it for five minutes; but from those who finally reject him, Christ will turn away, and

Cure Constipation

and you cure its Consequences.

These are some of the

Consequences of Constipation:

biliousness	dizziness	headache
loss of appetite	weakness	vomiting
pimples	backache	torpid liver
sour stomach	vomiting	heartburn
depression	jaundice	foul breath
coated tongue	piles	sleeplessness
nightmare	pallor	drowsiness
palpitation	stitch	hot skin
cold feet	irritability	cramps
debility	nervousness	throbbing head

AYER'S Pills

are a Sure Cure for Constipation.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills are a specific for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels. These testimonials are from the thousands received:—

The
Pill
That
Will

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. After vainly trying various remedies, I began to take Ayer's Pills. Two boxes effected a complete cure."

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action."

"Ayer's Pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with constipation until I began using them; now I have no trouble of that kind any more, and I attribute my recovery to the use of your valuable Cathartic Pills."

WM. H. DELAUCETT, Dorset, Ont.
H. FLOWMAN, Portland, Oreg.

The
Pill
That
Will

For refuge fly: The Spirit calls to-day, Yield to His power; Oh, grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

EUROPEAN ARMED CAMP. Number of Men in the Armies of the Different Countries. Russia possesses the largest standing army on earth, and each year it grows in size. Every year some 280,000 conscripts join the Russian forces, which, in time of peace, number 1,000,000 men. On a war footing this rises to 2,500,000 and calling out the reserves would increase it to 6,947,000 well-trained soldiers. Should necessity arise, the militia would be called out, bringing the czar's forces up to 9,000,000 men. France comes next, with a standing army of 589,000 men, rising to 2,500,000 in time of war; while the her country's calling out of reserves would bring it to 4,370,000. Despite this, the regular army is increasing yearly. The German army numbers 585,000 in times of peace. War would bring it to 2,230,000 and the reserves added make the number of men 4,300,000. The peace army of Austria-Hungary numbers 365,000; in war it would be 2,500,000 and with the reserves 4,000,000. Forces are being reduced in Italy, because the people are too poor to pay the necessary taxes. The standing army, therefore, is but 174,000, bringing it up to 1,478,000; the reserves making the force 12,200,000. Great Britain has a standing army of 220,000 but calling out the reserve forces puts 720,000 men under command. Every ninth person in France is a trained soldier; in Germany there is a soldier to every twelve persons and every six males. Russia has such a population that, in spite of her big army, only one man out of fourteen is a fighter. Every five families in France contribute three soldiers, every other Austrian household has one member in the army, and the same state exists in Germany. Every third Italian family has some one in the army.

Do you dread this day, possibly? Perhaps you are so exhausted that things are suffering from lack of feeding. SCOTT'S

of Cod-liver phosphates contains just the things needed to strengthen the liver and feed the popophosph and vigor SCOTT'S

All drugs SCOTT & BROS.