REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Four Full Regiments."

TEXT: *And four thousand praised the Lord.*—I. Chronicles, xxiii., 5; *This day shall be unto you for a memorial.*—Exodus, xii., 14.

When week before last the communicant membership of this church passed into the four thousand, now reaching four thousand and forty-five, the first part of my text came to my mind, and I bethought myself what a grand thing it would be if the four thousand of our communicant membership would, like the four thousand of the ancient Temple, make it their lifetime business, to praise the Lord. Let them all take harp and timbrel and anthem and doxology!

The allusion of my second text is to the Passover, which commemorated the deliverance of the Children of Israel on the night when the destroying angel sped through the land of Egypt, destroying the enemy but saving the Israelites, because on the door-posts of their dwellings was sprinkled the blood of a lamb. To-day we come to celebrate a grander Passover, all peril going away from our soul at the sight of the sprinkled blood of the Lamb of God on the door-posts of our hearts. Christ, our Passover, sacrificed for us. "This day shall be unto you for a memorial."

The Sacramental Sabbath, whether it comes in an American church or an English chapel or a Scotch kirk, is more impressive than any other Sabbath. Its light is holier, calmer, sweeter; its voices more tender; its touch is softer; its memories are more chastened. The fruits of the Christian life suddenly ripen, like orchards on the hill fronting the South. The wine of the Holy Sacrament seems pressed from the grapes of Celestial vineyards, and the bread broken seems to drop from the hand of Him who parted the loaves for the five thousand. We walk to the church of God with more thoughtful face and with quieter step. The jubilant songs of other Sundays are struck through with pensiveness and are all a tremble with tears; and when, at the close of the service, at the door we shake hands, it is with a more cordial grasp, because we feel thrilling through our body, and mind, and soul the great doctrines of Christian brotherhood; and our minds go back to our forefathers celebrating the Sacrament in times of persecution in Scotland among the Highlands; commemorating the dying love of Christ, while they were pursued of their enemies, pouring the wine into rough wooden cups, dipping the waters of baptism from the mountain rock, until one day they heard the voices of their enemies coming up the hill, and the pastor cried out: "Oh Lord, the Shepherd, have mercy on the sheep!" and instantly there was a roaring heard as of great floods and sure enough a cloud had burst and there were great torrents running down the mountain side that whelmed their foes with sudden wrath. What a deliverance it was for them on that Sacramental day! Oh, that on this Sacramental day the cloud of God's mercy might burst and our sins be whelmed and our souls be saved! This is the amethyst of days. This is the pearl of days. This is the diamond of days. This is the day of days. Among the ten thousand million ages of eternity the first Sabbath of March, 1887, will be to you significant and memorable, for "this day shall be unto you" for ever and for ever "a memorial."

There is much in the scene of to-day to impress us because it is a time of reinforcement. I used to remark that if I ever lived to see our membership four thousand I thought I would be willing to say with one of old: "Now, Lord, lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." But I have changed my mind, and I never so much wanted to stay as now, so as to see them all enlisted for God and to watch their victories. What might they not accomplish in the way of making the world better if they were all baptized with a double portion of the Holy Ghost! Four thousand! That is four full regiments, as military men count a thousand to a regiment. I think not one hypocrite amongst them. Taken into the church sometimes in large numbers, but each one as carefully examined as to change of heart and evidence of regeneration as though he or she were the only one presenting himself or herself. Many of our former members have passed away into the skies, and have joined the church triumphant, but we have four thousand and more left for the church militant. To arms! Quit you like men! We want no reserve corps among them. Go into action all of you. Some will be officers and command. Some will make cavalry charge. Some will be sharpshooters. Some will stand guard. Some will be on picket duty. Many of you will belong to the rank and file. Let there be no stragglers, none off on furlough, not one deserter. With Christ for Commander-in-chief, and the one-starred, blood-striped banner of manger and cross to lead the way, I give the order that the General in the war gave when, rising in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he cried out till all the host heard him: "Forward! the whole line!"

There is also something in such a scene to deeply impress one, because it rehearses a death scene. Now, you know, there is something very touching in such an incident. Though you are in a hotel and it is a stranger that is dying, how softly you move about the place, and if you come up to his couch it is with uncovered head. Even the voice of the jester is stopped, and when the eyes of that stranger are closed it is with emotion. But I am to tell you this morning of a death such as has never before or since occurred. When we die, we die for ourselves and the crisis is alleviated by all beneficent ministries. Bathings for the hands; bathings for the head; bathings for the feet; the light turned down low or set in just the right place: all the offices of affection about us when we come to die. But not so with Jesus. He died not for Himself, but He died in torment and He died for others. He might have moved around in gardens made by His own hand, an earthly potentate amid vineyards and olive groves sloping to the sea. Instead of being tossed in the fishing boat on Tiberius, He might have chosen a sunshiny day and a pleasant wave for the lake crossing. Instead of being followed by an unwashed rabble He might have charmed sanhedrims and universities with His eloquence. Instead of a cross and a bunch of twisted brambles on His brow he might have died in the castle of a Roman merchant, the air bland with lilies and frankincense. But no; He died in torture; the good for the bad; the kind for the cruel; the wise for the ignorant; the divine for the human. Oh how tenderly we feel toward any one who has done a great kindness and perhaps at the imperiling of his own life! How we ought to feel toward Christ, the Captain of our salvation, on the white horse riding down our foes; but in the moment He made the victorious charge, the lances of death struck Him!

There was a very touching scene among an Indian tribe in the last century. It seemed that one of the chieftains had slain a man belonging to an opposite tribe, and that tribe came up and said: "We will exterminate you unless you surrender the man who committed that crime." The chieftain who did the crime stepped out from the ranks and said: "I am not afraid to die, but I have a wife and four children, and I have a father aged and a mother aged, whom I support by hunting, and I sorrow to leave them helpless." Just as he said that his old father from behind stepped out and said: "He shall not die. I take his place. I am old and well-stricken in years. I can do no good. I might as well die. My days are almost over. He cannot be spared. Take me." And they accepted the sacrifice. Wonderful sacrifice! you say, but not so wonderful as that found in the Gospel, for we deserved to die, aye, we were sentenced when Christ, not worn out with years but in the flush of His youth, said: "Save that man from going down to the pit; I am the ransom. Put his burdens on my shoulders. Let His stripes fall on my back. Take my heart for His heart. Let me die that He may live." Shall it be told to-day in heaven that notwithstanding all those wounds, and all that blood, and all those tears, and all that agony, you would not accept Him?

"Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree."

There is no woe amid the surroundings of that scene that impresses me more than that of His own mother. You need not point her out to me. I can see by the sorrow, the anguish, the woe, by the upthrown hands. That all means mother. "Oh," you say, "why didn't she go down to the foot of the hill and sit with her back to the scene? It was too horrible for her to look upon." Do you not know when a child is in anguish or trouble it always makes a heroine of a mother? Take her away, you say, from the cross. You cannot drag her away. She will keep on looking; as long as her son breathes she will stand there looking. Oh, what a scene it was for a tender-hearted mother to look upon! How gladly she would have sprung to His relief. It was her son. Her son! How gladly she would have clambered up on the cross and hung there herself if her son could have been relieved. How strengthening she would have been to Christ if she might have come close by Him, and soothed Him! Oh, there was a good deal in what the little sick child said upon whom a surgical operation of a painful nature must be performed! The doctor said: "That child won't live through this operation unless you encourage him. Yo go in and get his consent." The father told him all the doctor said, and added: "Now, John, will you go through with it? Will you consent to it?" He looked very pale, and he thought a minute and said: "Yes, father, if you will hold my hand I will!" So the father held his hand, and led him straight through the peril. Oh, woman, in your hour of anguish whom do you want with you? Mother. Young man, in your hour of trouble, who do you want to csnsole you? Mother. If the mother of Jesus could only have taken those bleeding feet into her lap! If she might have taken the dying head on her bosom! If she might have said to Him: "It will soon be over, Jesus; it will soon be over, and we will meet again and it will all be well." But no, she dared not come up so close. They would have struck her back with their hammers. They would have kicked her down the hill.

There can be no alleviation. Jesus must suffer and Mary must look. I suppose she thought of the birth-hour in Bethlehem. I suppose she thought of the time when, with her boy in her bosom, she hastened on in the darkness in the flight toward Egypt. I suppose she thought of His boyhood, when he was the joy of her heart. I suppose she thought of the thousand kindnesses He had done her, not forsaking her or forgetting her, even in his last moment, but turning to John and saying "There is mother; take her with you. She is old now. She cannot help herself. Do for her just as I would have done for her if I had lived. Be very tender and gentle with her. Behold thy mother!" She thought it all over, and there is no memory like a mother's memory, and there is no woe like a mother's woe.

I remark again: This is a tender scene because it is a Christian reunion. Why was it that, in the sessional meeting, when I asked a woman if it were her son who sat next to her, making profession of his faith, she made no answer; but after a moment, trying to control her emotion, she burst into tears. I said within myself, she need not tell me the story. It is the old story of a prodigal got back. "The dead is alive again, and the lost is found." Oh, how many families there are that rejoice together to-day!

These Christians during the rest of the year, perhaps, will not know much about each other. You go in one circle of society, and this one travels in that path, and this one the other path; but to-day we all come on one platform, and we make one confession, and we cling to one cross, and we gaze upon one death anguish. It seems to me this morning not like a church but like a great family circle, and we join hands around the cross of Christ, and we say: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one cross, one Christ, one doxology, one heaven!" While I stand here it seems to me as if this communion table, which is only seven or eight feet long and three or feet wide, widens until all the Christians of our own denomination can sit at it; and still the table widens until all the Christians in this land of all names and denominations come and sit at it; and still the table widens until it bridges the sea, and Christians on the other side of the Atlantic come and sit at it; and still that table widens, until the redeemed of heaven mingle in the communion: Church militant; church triumphant.

"One army of the living God
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

Again, my friends, this is an absorbing scene because it arouses so many precious memories. We look back and remember the days of our childhood when, long before we knew the meaning of the bread and the wine, we sat in the side pews on Sacramental days, or in the galleries, and looked as our fathers, mothers, and older brothers and sisters sat at the communion. Or, if we sat with them, we pulled at mother's dress and said: "What does that mean? What is that in the cup? What is that on the plate?" O, yes; we remember those Sacramental days of our boyhood. We remember how much more tender father was on that day than on any other day. We remember how mother stood, and without saying one word looked at us, and her eyes full of tears. Oh, the dear old souls! They have gone! But until the day of our death we will associate this holy ordinance with their memory. And when our work on earth is done we will just go up and sit down beside them in the heavenly church, as we used to sit beside them in the earthly church, and then we will drink new wine in our Father's kingdom.

"Behold the saints, beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
Brighter than angels, lo, they shine;
Their glories splendid and sublime."

I remark again: This scene is tender to-day because it is a confessional. You and I remember the time when if a man had charged us with anything like imperfection or wrong doing, we would have thrown ourselves back on our honor, and said: "You don't know who you are talking to. I shall resent such an insult to my honor and integrity." We do not feel that way to-day. As we gaze upon the sacrifice of Christ, and think of what we have been and what we have done, our hearts melt within us. We see one dying accursed for our sin, and we hear Him in his dying words, begging for our service, and yet how little service we have rendered. Of this short life we have begrudged God even a fragment. Alas! Alas! Some of us have lived out the most of our days, and yet we have rendered to God no earnest service. Sad, that we could have so maltreated Him on whom all our hopes depend. Oh, my brethren and sisters in Christ, to-day join hands with me in a confession before Christ! If there be any place more humble than another, let us take it. If there be any prayer more importunate than another, let us breath it. If there be any confession more bitter than another, let us now weep it out.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin."

Once more: This is a tender and absorbing scene because it is anticipative. My brethren, we are not always going to stay here. This is not our home. This is only the vestibule of the church in which, at last, we expect to enter. After awhile our names will be taken off the church books, or there will be a mark in the margin to indicate that we have gone to a better church and to a higher communion. Our Father is not going to let His children remain in the dust. The grave is no place for us to stay in. "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel, and we shall rise. The white robe in which they put us to our last slumber here must get whiter. Oh, the reunion of patriarchs, and apostles, and prophets, and of all our glorified kindred, and of that "great multitude that no man can number!" Our sorrows over. Our journey ended. It will be as when kings banquet. And, just as the snow of winter melts, and the fields will brighten in the glorious springtime, so it will be with all these cold sorrows of earth; they shall be melted away at last before the warm sunshine of heaven.

While I present these thoughts this morning does it not seem that heaven comes very near to us, as though our friends, whom we thought a great way off, are not in the distance but close by? You have sometimes come down to a river at nightfall, and you have been surprised how easily you could hear voices across that river. You shouted over to the other side of the river, and they shouted back. It is said that, when George Whitefield preached in Third street, Philadelphia, one evening time, his voice was heard clear across to the New Jersey shore. When I was a little while chaplain in the army, I remember how at eventide we could easily hear the voices of the pickets across the Potomac, just when they were using ordinary tones. And as we come to-day and stand by the river of Jordan that divides us from our friends who are gone, it seems to me we stand on one bank, and they stand on the other; and it is only a narrow stream, and our voices go and their voices come. Hark! Hush! I hear distinctly what they say: "These are they who come out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Still the voice comes across the waters, and I hear: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on us, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leads us to living fountains of water, and God wipeth away all tears from our eyes."

The brightness of this festal hour is shadowed with the sorrow of a sister church whose pastor is dying, or dead. Though your politics and your religion may have been different, I think you will all agree in saying that when Henay Ward Beecher goes out of this life it will leave a vast vacuum in this city and in the land. For eighteen years we have been friendly neighbors. Six weeks after my arrival in this city as a pastor, in giving out a notice in his own church, he went clear out of his way to give me a most kindly welcome and to prophesy the happiness of my ministry in this city. On the day in which the church was dedicated to the service of Almighty God he hastened from his own church doors to join in the dedicatory service, and you remember what words of hope He uttered on that occasion. Autumn before last, you remember, he presided at the reception given me on my return from Europe, and you remember what generous words he uttered then. Only two or three weeks ago he was present on a festal occasion at my house, and his departure from life is to me a personal bereavement. He was the friend of the slave, the friend of the outcast, the friend of the laboring man, the friend of the capitalist, the friend of the friendless, the friend of all. It would be hardly merciful for us to pray too ardently for his detention here, since physicians say that if he remains on earth it will be with destroyed intellect, and Henry Ward Beecher without genius, without wit, without brilliancy, without geniality, and without eloquence would be a stranger to us all. So I have two wishes: The one that he may have a peaceful departure into the good land which God has provided for all who love Him, where there are no tears, and there shall be no partings, and there can be no death. And my other wish is that upon his family and upon his church there may come the comforting, almighty grace of God. So grand march and dirge mingle to-day, gladness and grief, congratulation and deep sympathy.

"In this dark world of sin and pain,
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore
We there shall meet to part no more.
The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away."

Pulverizing Stones by Air.

A new discovery in mechanics was investigated recently at Montreal by Erastus Wiman and a party of New Yorkers, who came there for this special object. The result accomplished by the discovery is the pulverization or grinding of the hardest substances by the action of air set in motion resembling that of a cyclone. The air is confined in an iron chamber not larger than an ordinary house furnace.

At a test given in the paint factory of McDougall, Logie & Co., where the machine has been in operation for six months past, nails, iron, slag, and flint rock were reduced to a powder, while the operation was equally effective with phosphates, mica, asbestos, rice hulls, and other pulpy and soft substances.

The device is very inexpensive, and, so far as the investigation showed, accomplishes results so important as to point to a revolution in pulverizing and grinding operations in numerous departments of the trade.—*New York Sun.*

George Bertram, a Philadelphia grocer, was at the dinner Feb. 23, 1827, at which Sir Walter Scott formally acknowledged the authorship of the Waverley novels. Bertram was present as a newspaper man.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

November, 1880, Thomas Tormey, Scott Depot, Putnam Co. W. Va., wrote: "In bed with sciatica; am using St. Jacobs Oil." Oct. 25th, 1886, he writes: "Three rubbings with it, got me out and cured me. No return.

To cure the toothache. try a bit of soda in the cavity.

"We have used Red Star Cough Cure," write the sisters of the Notre Dame, Govanstown Md., for the cure of coughs, oppression of the chest and sore throat." Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

An authority gives the consumption of corn as follows: 130,000,000 bushels are used for human food, 624,000,000 for working animals, 20,000,000 for seed, 100,000,000 for the production of spirits and glucose, 65,000,000 for export, and 900,000 000 for the food of meat-producing animals.

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in which you are wallowing, on account of some of those diseases peculiar to you, madame, and which have robbed you of the rosy hue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will free you from all such troubles, and soon recall the rose-tint of health to your cheek, and the elasticity to your step. It is a most perfect specific for all the weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to your sex. It cures ulceration, displacements, "internal fever," bearing down sensations, removes the tendency to cancerous affections, and corrects all unnatural discharges. All druggists.

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SELECT SIFTINGS.

The French and Indian War cost the colonies in the neighborhood of $20,000,000.

The name Saxon, as applied to the people, comes from Sachs, meaning knifemen.

The name Canada is supposed to have been derived from the Huron word *Kana-ta*, signifying a collection of cabins.

The defence of Thermopylæ, which has made immortal the name of Leonidas and his Spartans, took place in August, 480 B. C.

The establishment of common schools in New England dates dack to 1649, when a provision was made in the Massachusetts code for that purpose.

An engine in use in the zinc mines near Freidensville, Pa., is fed by sixteen boilers, and is of 5,000 horse power. It is said to be the largest one in the world.

Rev. Robert Cushman preached at Plymouth, November 9, 1621, what was the first sermon ever delivered in New England by a regularly-ordained minister.

Among the many curious and interesting works of the largest library in the world, at Paris, is a Chinese chart of the heavens, made about 600 years B. C. In this chart 1,460 stars are correctly inserted, as corroborated by the observations of modern astronomers.—*Boston Budget.*

The Teuton or Germanic race does not begin to affect history until the coming of the events attendant on the downfull of Rome. The Celts figure much earlier, those of Cisalpine Gaul had received the Roman franchise at the hands of Julius Cæsar, and Roman citizenship was also made to embrace the people of Transalpine Gaul, Spain and the British Islands.

Most of the superstitions about the moon come to us directly from old English, Scottish and Irish sources. In Devonshire, England, it is lucky to see the new moon over the right shoulder, but unlucky over the left; but to see it straight before is good fortune to the end of the month. In Renfrewshire, if a man's house be burnt during the wane of the moon it is unlucky, but if the moon is waxing it is lucky. To have money, particularly gold or silver, in your pocket at that time is a token of good fortune, but to be without it is a very bad omen. In Orkney it is considered very unlucky to flit or move from one place to another during the waning of the moon. Old people in some parts of Argyllshire are wont to invoke the divine blessing on the moon after the monthly change. The Gaelic word for fortune is derived from that denoting full moon, and a marriage or birth occurring at that period is believed to augur prosperity.

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Mr. Editor: I was induced by reading your good paper to try Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic for debility, liver disorder and scrofula, and three bottles have cured me. Accept my thanks, Jos. C. Boggs.—*Ex.*

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