

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "New Ground."

Text: "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation."—Romans xv., 20.

After, with the help of others, I had built three churches in the same city, and not feeling called upon to undertake the superhuman toil of building a fourth church, Providence seemed to point to this place as the field in which I could enlarge my work, and I feel a sense of relief amounting to exultation. Whereunto this work will grow I cannot prophesy. It is inviting and promising beyond anything I have ever touched. The churches are the grandest institutions this world ever saw, and their pastors have no superiors this side of heaven, but there is a work which must be done outside of the churches, and to that work I join myself for awhile, "Lest I build on another man's foundation."

The church is a fortress divinely built. Now, a fortress is for defense and for drill, and for storing ammunition, but an army must sometimes be on the march far outside the fortress. In the campaign of conquering this world for Christ the time has come for an advance movement, for a "general engagement," for massing the troops, for an invasion of the enemies' country. Confident that the forts are well manned by the ablest ministry that ever blessed the church, I propose, with others, for awhile, to join the cavalry and move out and on for service in the open field.

In laying out the plan for his missionary tour Paul, with more brain than any of his contemporaries or predecessors or successors, sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and sanhedrin were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has a special work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church, we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sunday-school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this city is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and the whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the general cause of Christ. It is only as in an army, when a regiment is transferred from one division to another, or from the Fourteenth Regiment to the Sixty-ninth Regiment. What strengthens the army is new recruits.

The fact is, this is a big world. When in our schoolboy days we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world. Since 6 o'clock this morning at least 80,000 have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reared of the gospel. In England or in Eastern America, we are being man-crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but out West 500 acres is a small farm, and 20,000 acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation. We need as churches to stop bombarding the old iron clad sinners that have been proof against thirty years of Christian assault, and aim for the salvation of those who have never yet had one warm hearted and point blank invitation. There are churches whose buildings might be worth \$200,000, who are not averaging five new converts a year and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting house with tallow candle stuck in wooden socket and a minister who has never seen a college or known the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken hearted or hardly bested that they will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian: "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles, they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few to-day assembled in the Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside of them?

At least 3,000,000 people in this cluster of seaboard cities, and not more than 200,000 in the churches. Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run arounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of 3000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed

its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small enclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea.

It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major-general comes in and says to the doctors, "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors, standing there and fanning their patients; "we have three important cases here, and we are attending them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically: "No; I cannot go. I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in the accentuation say, "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us cease to have anything to do with Christian association. If it be a reality, then great populations are on their way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to teach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French encyclopedianism and erastianism and complutensianism, we are as impolitic and little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know, and the next ten years to get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end find that neither of us knows anything as we ought to know. Here are thousands of sinners, struggling and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them, and will save them now. But we go into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not outside of the learned professions 5000 people in the United States who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definition:

"Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none, and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of His universal government can best be attained, reckons that which was done by the substitute, and not on account of anything done by them, but purely upon account of this gracious method of reckoning, grants them the full remission of their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is. When a sinner believes, God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door written the words, "No admittance." I entered and saw over the next door, "No admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin factory, and they were making pins, very serviceable, fine and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church, "No admittance." And if the stranger enter he finds practically written over the second door, "No admittance," and if he goes in over all the pew doors seems written, "No admittance," while the minister stands in the pulpit, hammering out his little niceties of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, common sense way, and laying aside the nonessentials and the hard definitions of religion, go out on the "Gospel mission, telling the people what they need and when and how they can get it.

Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called skeptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a great multitude of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we do not know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ, and hear with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment, and the second is like to this—namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than this." And the scribe said to Him, "Well, Master, Thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and to love Him with all the heart, and all the understanding, and all the soul, and all the strength, is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly He said unto him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a skeptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the skeptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love, we are apt to take him with their own pinchers of exiles.

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew by what process he had lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men skeptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day of the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip hammer. They were surfeited with prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were often told they were the worst boys the parents ever knew, because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever father and mother talked of religion, they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes.

If any one thing will seal a boy or girl to ruin sooner than another, that is it. If I had such a father and mother, I fear I should have been an infidel. When I was a boy in Sunday-school, at one time we had a teacher who, when we were not attentive, struck us over the head with a New Testament, and there is a way of using even the Bible so as to make it offensive.

Others were tripped up of skepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first-class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Many years ago they lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did there was no sign of oil produced, but the President of the company was a Presbyterian elder, and the treasurer was an Episcopal vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader, and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were gotten out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said, "I don't know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church."

So they bought the stock and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after awhile they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president and different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or ill health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man looking over his old papers comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the presidents and trustees and directors of that oil company professed. Of course their rejection of religion on such grounds was unphilosophical and unwise. I am told that many of the United States army desert every year, and there are thousands of court martials every year. Is that anything against the United States Government that swore them in? And if a soldier of Jesus Christ deserts, is that anything against the Christianity which he swore to support and defend? How do you judge of the currency of a country? By a counterfeit bill? Oh, you must have patience with those who have been swindled by religious pretenders. Live in the presence of others a frank, honest, earnest Christian life, that they may be attracted to the same Saviour upon whom your hopes depend.

Remember skepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon, Nov. 1, 1775. That 60,000 people should have perished in that earthquake and in the after rising of the Tagus so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Others have gone into skepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbed of the interrogation point. There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand the Trinity or how God can be sovereign and yet a man a free agent. Neither can I. They say: "I don't understand why a good God should have let sin come into the world. Neither do I. You say: 'Way was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?' I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say: 'That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me.' So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have traveled with burning feet that blistered way. The first word which most children learn to utter is: 'Papa,' or 'Mamma,' but I think the first word I ever uttered was: 'Why?' I know what it is to have a hundred midnights pour their darkness into one hour. Such men are not to be scoffed, but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have the rope with which to pull him ashore, and let that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down, rather than turn your back scoffingly on a skeptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones possibly can be. Oh, skepticism is a dark land. There are men in this house who would give a thousand worlds if they possessed them to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their heads, but always through their hearts. These skeptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily effective, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity.

Thomas Chalmers was once a skeptic Robert Hall a skeptic, Robert Newton a skeptic, Christmas Evans a skeptic. But when once with strong hand they took hold of the chariot of the gospel they rolled it on with what momentum! If I address such men and women to-day, I throw out no scoff. I plead them by the memory of the good old days, when at their mother's knee they said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine at just the right time and turning your pillow when it was hot, and with hands that many years ago turned to dust soothed away your pain, and with voices that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that dying couch, where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul—by all that I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good enough

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The friendship between two girls usually ceases as soon as they have told everything they know.

Notice.
I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 381, and one will be sent you free.

Five billion June bugs were destroyed in 519 Austrian communities last year.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

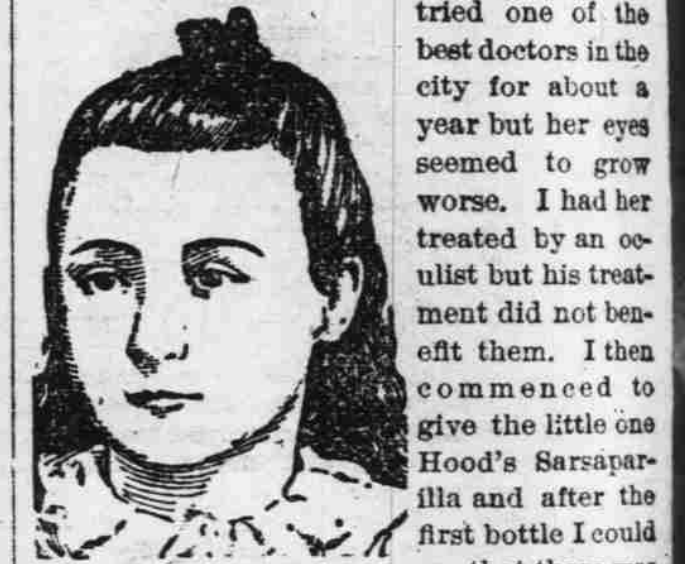
A man can save fuel, light, and his health, by going to bed early.

Weak and Sore Eyes

Eyesight Became Affected— Unable to Go to School

Hood's Sarsaparilla Wrought Cure and Built Up System.

"Two years ago my little daughter Elsie was afflicted with ulcerated sore eyes. I tried one of the best doctors in the city for about a year but her eyes seemed to grow worse. I had her treated by an oculist but his treatment did not benefit them. I then commenced to give the little one Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the first bottle I could see that there was great improvement. Elsie is now nine years old. Besides benefiting the special trouble mentioned Hood's Sarsaparilla has made her a strong and sprightly child. I will always speak highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. H. CANNEDY, 215 North Fifth Street, Janitor Fourth Ward School Building, Arkansas City, Kan.



Elsie Cannedy, Arkansas City, Kan.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Be Sure to get HOOD'S Cures

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.
The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple. Send for Book.

Manistee, Mich., Feb. 14, 1895.
Dr. Kennedy,
Dear Sir:

I am the little boy you sent the Discovery to about six weeks ago. I used two bottles and also the salve. When I began to use the medicine my sores were as large as a quarter of a dollar, and now they are as large as a ten cent piece and I feel much better. Mamma and I feel very thankful to you. I shall write again and tell you how I am getting along.

I remain your little friend,
ANDREW POMEROY,
88 Lake Street.