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VOL. XXVII.

ELIZABETH CITY, N.C., FRIDAY. APRIL 15,1898.

Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment .-- Hamlet

CHRIST'S SACRIFICE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S EASTER SUNDAY

The Law of Self Sacrifice the Theme or thing Else.

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Washington, April 10.—The radical theory of Christianity is set forth by Dr. Talmage in this discourse, and remarkable instances of self sacrifice are brought out for illustration. The text is Heb. ix, 22, "Without shedding of blood is no remission."

John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of this century brilliant, asked me in the White mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "the fountain filled with blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians and all physiologists and all scientists in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter house religion," only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that on the darkest Friday the world ever saw oozed or trickled or poured from the brow, and the side, and sufferer back of Jerusalem in a few hours coagulated and dried up and forpended on the application of the literal blood of Christ there would not have been a soul saved for the last 18 cen-

In order to understand this red word of my text we only have to exercise as hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal. something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in Royal Arcanum: Tiber Creek Coun- the world's history, when I could take cil No. 1209; H. O Hill Regent; D. A. you out into this city and before sundown point you to 500 cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematoward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be man; Register of Deeds, M. B. Cr pep- difficult to extract any amusement out per; Treasurer, John S. Morris C inty of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No: a few hundred dollars would meet | blood! Substitution! all their wants. The simple fact is the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that | Van Nest family. The foaming wrath scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life! Blood for blood! Substitution! At 1 o'clock tomorrow morning, the

hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued | condemned me for pleading in his belight burning, but most of the houses half. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, from base to top are as dark as though | without intellect, sense or emotion. My uninhabited. A merciful God has sent | child with an affectionate smile disarms forth the archangel of sleep, and he my careworn face of its frown whenever puts his wings over the city. But yon- I cross my threshold. The beggar in the der is a clear light burning, and outside street obliges me to give because he on a window casement a glass or pitcher | says 'God | bless you' as I pass. My dog containing food for a sick child. The caresses me with fondness if I will but food is set in the fresh air. This is the smile on him. My horse recognizes me sixth night that mother has sat up with | when I fill his manger. What reward, that sufferer. She has to the last point | what gratitude, what sympathy and obeyed the physician's prescription, not affection can I expect here? There the giving a drop too much or too little or | prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the a moment too soon or too late. She is assemblage around you. Listen to their very anxious, for she has buried three | ill suppressed censures and excited fears children with the same disease, and she and tell me where among my neighbors prays and weeps, each prayer and sob or my fellow men, where, even in his much for a pauper client, or physician til brow and cheek and shoulder and ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. heart, I can expect to find a sentiment, for the patient in the lazaretto, or hand and foot were incarnadined with that it is awful big. Write just as I By dint of kindness she gets the little a thought, not to say of reward or of mother for the child in membranous cozing life, but he fought on until he tell you, do you hear, or I won't pay one through the ordeal. After it is all acknowledgment or even of recognition. eroup, as Christ for us, and Christ for gave a final stroke with sword from your the mother is taken down. Brain Gentlemen, you may think of this evior nervous fever sets in, and one day dence what you please, bring in what or woman or child in this audience who in chief of hell and all his forces fell she leaves the convalescent child with verdict you can, but I asseverate before has ever suffered for another find it back in everlasting ruin, and the vica mother's blessing and goes up to join heaven and you that to the best of my hard to understand this Christly sufferthe three departed ones in the kingdom knowledge and belief the prisoner at ing for us? Shall those whose sympa- celebrates the triumph we plant this it here—and it runs without horses. of heaven. Life for life! Substitution! the bar does not at this moment know thies have been wrung in behalf of the day two figures, not in bronze or iron May I sink into the earth if there is The fact is that there are an uncounted why it is that my shadow falls on you unfortunate have no appreciation of or sculptured marble, but two figures of as much as the tail of a horse to number of mothers who, after they instead of his own." have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy post mortem examination of the poor spicuous, when Christ gathered up all and got them fairly started up the flow- creature showed to all the surgeons and the sins of those to be redeemed under

road, and his former kindness becomes standing between the furious populace rough reply when she expresses anxiety and the loathsome imbecile. Substituabout him. But she goes right on, look- tion! ing carefully after his apparel, remem- In the realm of the fine arts there bering his every birthday with some was as remarkable an instance. A memento, and when he is brought brilliant but hypercriticised painter, home worn out with dissipation nurses Joseph William Turner, was met by a him till he gets well and starts him volley of abuse from all the art galleries an Elequent Discourse-Common Sense again and hopes and expects and prays of Europe. His paintings, which have Must Prevail In Beligion as In Every. and counsels and suffers until her since won the applause of all civilized strength gives out and she fails. She is nations, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," going, and attendants, bending over her "Fishermen on a Lee Shore In Squally pillow, ask her if she has any message Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun to leave, and she makes great effort to Rising Through Mist" and "Dido say something, but out of three or four Building Carthage," were then targets minutes of indistinct utterance they can for critics to shoot at. In defense of this

> Life for life! Substitution! of the northern and southern battle chivalric and Christian defense of a fields. Why did these fathers leave poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for their children and go to the front, and William Turner! Blood for blood! Subwhy did these young men, postponing stitution! the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For a principle they died. Life for life! Blood for blood! Substitution!

Principle of Self Sacrifice. But we need not go so far. What is that monument in the cemetery? It is to the doctors who fell in the southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self sacrifice. In 1846 William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful

Substitution.

The gallows got its victim, but the of all the ages of eternity as most con- and the Lamb that was slain. ering slope of boyhood and girlhood, to all the world that the public were his one arm, and all their sorrows unhave only strength enough left to die. | wrong and William H. Seward was der his other arm, and said: "I will They fade away. Some call it consump- right, and that hard, stony step of stone for these under my right arm and tion, some call it nervous prostration, obloquy in the Auburn courtroom was will heal all those under my left arm. some call it intermittent or malarial in- the first step of the stairs of fame up Strike me with all thy glittering shafts, disposition, but I call it martyrdom of which he went to the top, or to within oh, eternal justice! Roll over me with the domestic circle. Life for life! Blood one step of the top, that last denied all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow?" him through the treachery of American And the thunderbolts struck him from News. politics. Nothing sublimer was ever above, and the seas of trouble rolled up

then and there in presence of beaven and earth and hell-yea, all worlds witnessing, the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the

eternal price, was paid that sets us free. what I mean, that is what all those who have ever had their heart changed mean by "blood." I glory in this religion of blood! I am thrilled as I see the suggestive color in sacramental cup, whether it be of burnished silver set on cloth discovery of a reliable and absolute immaculately white or rough hewn from cure for Consumption (Pulmonary wood set on table in log hut meeting Tuberculosis) and all bronchial, throat, house of the wilderness. Now I am lung and chest diseases, stubborn thrilled as I see the altars of ancient coughs, catarrhal affections, general sacrifice crimson with the blood of the decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and sacrifice crimson with the blood of the slain lamb, and Leviticus is to me not so much the Old Testament as the New.

Now I see why the destroying angel passing over Egypt in the night spared all those houses that had blood sprinkled all those houses that had blood sprinkled on their deeprests. Now I know what on their doorposts. Now I know what cured thousands permanently by its Isaiah means when he speaks of "one in timely use, and he considers it a simple red apparel coming with dyed garments professional duty to suffering humanfrom Bozrah," and whom the Apoca- ity to donate a trial of his infallible lypse means when it describes a heav- cure. enly chieftain whose "vesture was dip-and this great chemist, patiently exped in blood," and what John, the perimenting for years, has produced apostle, means when he speaks of the results as beneficial to humanity ped in blood," and what John, the precious blood that cleanseth from all as can be claimed by any modern sin," and what the old, wornout, de- genius. His assertion that lung crepit missionary Paul means when, in troubles and consumption are my text, he cries, "Without shedding curable in any climate is provof blood is no remission." By that blood en by "heartfelt letters of grati-you and I will be saved—or never saved tude," filed in his American and Euroat all. In all the ages of the world God bean laboratories in thousands from has not once pardoned a single sin except through the Saviour's expiation, and he never will. Glory be to God that Consumption, which, uninterrupted, the hill back of Jerusalem was the bat- means speedy and certain death. tlefield on which Christ achieved our liberty !

Palestine's Waterloo.

the battlefield of Waterloo. Starting ferers should take instant advantage out with the morning train from Brussels, we arrived in about an his offer in the Economist. hour on that famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited accompanied us REDUCED RATES IN MAY over the field. There stood the old Hougomont chateau, the walls dented | The Seaboard Air Line announces and scratched and broken and shattered by grapeshot and cannon ball. There is the well in which 800 dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which, for many hours. English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the 160 guns of the English and the 250 guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian hussars fled for

the woods. Yonder was the ravine of Chain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled ove. and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one awful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly groan kept up until the day after all was shoveled under because of the malodor arising in that hot month of

"There," said our guide, "the highland regiments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard 2,500 men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knoll rode dence. Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed of a sword, and his hat off, and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried, 'Come and see how a marshal of French dies on the battlefield.' From yonder direction Grouchy was expected for the French re-enforcement, but he came not. Around those woods Blucher was looked for to re-enforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arms through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back." Scene of a battle that went on from 25 minutes to 12 o'clock on the 18th of June until 4 o'clock, when the English seemed defeated, and their commander cried out: "Boys, you can't think of giving way? Remember old England!" and the tides turned, and at 8 o'clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart. And the fate of centuries was

reared there, hundreds of feet high-a mound at the expense of millions of dollars and many years in rising, and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is. But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Apollyon, and the Captain of our salvation confronted them alone, "and what else shall I say ?" Eternal d stinics were being decided.

He-I don't believe in a higher education for girls. The one I marry will know nothing of Latin and such non-

must be very ignorant indeed. -Ghicago and, oh, I do wish I could go home."

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Perhaps you have had the grippe or a hard cold. You

Are you recovering as fast as you should? Has not your old trouble left your blood full of impurities? And isn't this the reason you keep so poorly? Don't delay recovery longer but

cur book on Diet in Consti-

for blood! Substitution! Blood For Blood. enough to see a son get on the wrong William H. Seward, without reward, and cyclone after cyclone, and bleazars or lazars.

enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians and takes the rail train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling the pulse and studying symptoms and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow physician says, "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he turely old. They are hastening rapidly falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice-his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the farthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him who said, "I was sick and ye visited me." Life for life! Blood for

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged prisoner and

Or perhaps a mother lingers long seen in an American courtroom than from beneath, hurricane after hurri-

catch but three words, "My poor boy!" outrageously abused man, a young au-The simple fact is she died for him. thor of 24 years, just one year out of college, came forth with his pen and About 38 years ago there went forth wrote the ablest and most famous essay from our northern and southern homes on art that the world ever saw or ever hundreds of thousand of men to do bat- will see-John Ruskin's "Modern Painttle. All the poetry of war soon vanish- ers." For 17 years this author fought ed, and left them nothing but the terri- the battles of the maltreated artist and ble prose. They waded knee deep in after, in poverty and broken heartedmud. They slept in snow banks. They ness, the painter had died and the pubmarched till their cut feet tracked the lie tried to undo their cruelties toward earth. They were swindled out of their him by giving him a big funeral and honest rations and lived on meat not fit burial in St. Paul's cathedral, his old for a dog. They had jaws fractured, and time friend took out of a tin box 19,000 eyes extinguished and limbs shot away. pieces of paper containing drawings by Thousands of them cried for water as the old painter, and through many they lay on the field the night after the | weary and uncompensated months asbattle and got it not. They were home- sorted and arranged them for public obsick and received no message from their servation. People say John Ruskin in loved ones. They died in barns, in his old day is cross, misanthropic and bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the morbid. Whatever he may do that he summer heat the only attendants on ought not to do and whatever he may their obsequies. No one but the infinite say that he ought not to say between God, who knows everything, knows the now and his death, he will leave this ten thousandth part of the length and world insolvent as far as it has any cabreadth and depth and height of anguish pacity to pay this author's pen for its

Suffering For Another

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic canto, or moves nations. The principle is the dominant one in our religion-Christ the martyr, Christ the celestial hero, Christ the defender, Christ the substitute. No new principle, for it was old as human nature, but now on a grander, wider, higher, deeper and more world resounding scale. The shepherd boy as a champion for Israel with a sling toppled the giant of Philistine braggadocic in the dust, but here is another David, who for all the armies of churches militant and triumphant hurls the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same God just in time had provided a ram of the thicket as a substitute, but there is another Isaac bound to the altar, and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the universe shivers, and quakes, and recoils, and groans at the horror.

All good men have for centuries been trying to tell whom this substitute was like, and every comparison, inspired and uninspired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic and human, falls short, for Christ was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ, because he came directly from God; Noah a type of Christ, because he delivered his own family from deluge; Melchisedec a type of Christ, because he had no predecessor or successor; Joseph a type of Christ, because he was cast out by his brethren; Moses a type of Christ, because he was a deliverer from bondage; Joshua a type of Christ, because he was a conqueror; Samson a type of Christ, because of his strength to slay the lions and carry off the iron gates of impossibility; Solomon a type of Christ, in the affluence of his dominion; Jonah a type of Christ, because of the stormy sea in which he threw himself for the rescue of others, but put together Adam, and Noah, and Melchisedec, and Joseph, and Moses, and Joshua, and Samson, and Solomon, and Jonah, and they would not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, the half of Christ, or the millionth part of a Christ.

He forsook a throne and sat down on his own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation and changed a circumference seraphic for a circumference diabolic. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at by brigands. From afar and high np he came down; past meteors swifter than they; by starry thrones, himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to smaller worlds; down stairs of firmaments, and from cloud to cloud, and through tree tops and into the camel's stall, to thrust his shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through his vitals, and wrapped himself in all the agonies which we deserve for our misdoings, and stood on the splitting decks of a foundering vessel, amid the drenching surf of the sea, and passed midnights on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey, and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on him at once with their keen sabers-our Substitute!

The Price of Freedom. that one moment which was lifted out living light, the lion of Judah's tribe pull it, and it runs awful fast, so I

No wonder a great mound has been

the Rider on the white horse of the Apocalype going out against the black A letter writer, and yet he does not horse casely of death and the bat- know what else to say! Who else talions of the demoniac and the myrmi- shall say? Who else shall know? In dons of carriness. From 12 o'clock at Am I'a writer?" noon to? o'clock in the afternoon the greatest bat le of the universe went on. All the arrows of hell pierced our Chief- try than Hungary." When did attorney ever endure so tain and the battleaxes struck him un-

She-Perhaps not. I can readily understand that the girl who marries you body else, and I feel so lonesome,

Servian kings were formerly all called | tiser.

