BEARING THE CROSS.

Dr. Talmage Retells the Terrible Story of the Tragedy on Calvary.

The Awful Sufferings of the Saviour for Sinful Humanity's Sake.

Why There Are Not More Cross Bearers—A Powerful Sermon.

BROOKLYN, June 3.—The congregation at the Tabernacle sang this morning:—

"I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt".

This is sacramental day, and a large number of persons joined the church, making the communicant membership 4,194. But this is only a part of the great attendance that Sunday mornings and evenings overflow the immense audience-room. The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his text the passage: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." Luke, chapter xiv, verse 27. He preached the following sermon:—

The cross was a gibbet on which criminals were put to death. It was sometimes made in the shape of the letter T, sometimes in the shape of the letter X, sometimes in the shape of the letter I—a simple upright; sometimes two cross pieces against the perpendicular bar, so that upon the lower cross piece the criminal partially sat. But whatever the style of cross, it was always disgraceful and always agonizing.

When Darius conquered Babylon, he put two hundred captives to death on the cross. When Alexander conquered Tyre, he put two thousand captives to death on the cross. So it was just an ordinary mode of punishment. But in all the forest of crosses on the hills and in the valleys of the earth, there is one cross that attracts more attention than any other. It is not higher than the others, it is not made out of different wood, there is nothing peculiar in the notch at which the two pieces are joined, and as to the scene, they witnessed crucifixions every few weeks, so that I see a reckless man walking about the hill and kicking carelessly aside a skull, and wondering who the villain was that had so flat and misshapen a head; and here is both a skull, and there on the hillside is another skull. Indeed, the Bible says it was a "place of skulls." But about the victim on one of these crosses all ages are crying: "Who is he? was he a man? was he a God? was he a man and God?"

Through the darkness of that gloomy day I come close up enough to the cross to see who it is. It is Jesus. How did he come there? Had he come up on the top of the hill to look off upon the beautiful landscape or upon a brilliant sunset? No. He came there ill and exhausted. People sometimes wonder why Christ expired so quickly on the cross, in six or seven hours, while other victims have been on the cross for forty-eight hours before life was extinct. I will tell you the reason. He was exhausted when he came there. He had been scourged. We are horrified at the cruelties of the whipping post, but those cruelties were mercy as compared with the scourging of Jesus Christ.

I saw at Antwerp a picture made by Rubens. Rubens' picture of the scourging of Jesus Christ. It was the most overmastering picture I ever looked at, or ever expect to see. As the long-trocked official opened the door that hid the picture, there was Christ with back bent and bared. The executioner stood with the upper teeth clenched over the lower lip, as tho to give violence to the blows. There were the swollen shoulders of Christ. There were the black and blue ridges, denied even the relief of bleeding. There was the flesh adhering to the whips as the whips were lifted. There were the marks where the knots in the whips gouged out the flesh. There stood the persecutor, with his foot on the calf of the leg of the Saviour, leaning his self on the furious and hellish look on those faces, grinning vengeance against the Son of God. The picture seized me, it overwhelmed me; it seemed as if it would kill me. I don't think I could have looked at it five minutes and have lived.

But that, my friends, was before Christ had started for Calvary. That was only the whipping. Are you ready for your journey to the Cross?

The carpenters have split the timber into two pieces. They are heavy and they are long pieces, for one of them must be fastened deep down in the earth lest the struggling of the victim upset the structure. They put this timber upon the shoulder of Christ, very gradually, first, to see whether He can stand it, and after they find he can stand it, they put the whole weight upon him. Forward now, to Calvary. The hooting and the yelling mob follow on. Under the weight of the cross, Christ, being weary and sick, he stumbles and falls and they jerk at his robe indignant that he should have stumbled and fallen, and they cry: "Get up, get up." Christ putting one hand on the ground and the other hand on the cross, rises, looking into the face of Mary, his mother, for sympathy; but they tell her to stand back, it is no place for a woman—"stand back and stop this crying."

Christ moves on with His burden upon His shoulders, and there is a boy that passes along with Him, a boy holding a mallet and a few nails. I wonder what they are for. Christ moves on until the burden is so great He staggers and falls at last to the dust and fainting away, and a ruffian puts his foot on Him and shoves Him as he would a dead dog, while another ruffian looks down at him wondering whether he has fainted away, or whether he is only pretending to faint away, and with jeer and contempt indescribable says: "Fainted, have you? fainted! get up, get on!"

Now, they have arrived at the foot of the hill. Off with his clothes. Shall that loathsome mob look upon the unrobed body of Christ? Yes. The commanding officers say: "Unfasten the girdle, take off the coat, strip him!" The work is done. But bring back the coat, for here are the gamblers tossing up coin on the ground, saying: "Who shall have the coat?" One ruffian says: "I have it, it is mine!" He rolls it up and puts it under his arm, or he examines it to see what fabric it is made of. Then they put the cross upon the ground, and they stretch Christ upon it, and four or five men hold him down while they drive the spikes home, at every thump a groan, a groan! Alas! Alas! the hour passes on and the time comes when they must crucify him.

Christ has only one garment left now, a cap, a cap of thorns. No danger that it will fall off, for the sharp edges have punctured the temples, and it is sure and fast. One ruffian takes hold of one end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian takes hold of the other end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian puts his arms around the waist of Christ, and another ruffian takes hold of the end of the long beam of the cross, and altogether they move on until they come to the hole digged in the earth, and with awful plunge it jars down with its burden of woe. It is not the picture of a Christ, it is not the statue of Christ, as you sometimes see in a cathedral; but it is the body of a bleeding, living, dying Christ.

They sometimes say he had five wounds, but they have counted wrong. Two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the feet, one wound for the side, they say, five wounds. No, they have missed the worst and they have missed the most. Did you ever see the bramble out of which that crown of thorns was made? I saw one on a Brooklyn ferryboat, in the hands of a gentleman who had just returned from Palestine, a bramble just like that out of which the crown of thorns was made. O! how cruel and how stubborn were the thorns. And when that cap of thorns was put upon Christ, and it was pressed down upon Him, not five wounds, but ten, twenty, thirty — I cannot count them.

There were three or four absences that made that scene worse. First, there was the absence of water. The climate was hot, the fever, the inflammation, the nervous prostration, the gangrene had seized upon Him, and He terribly wanted water. His wounds were worse than gunshot fractures, and yet no water. A Turk in the thirteenth century was crucified on the banks of a river so that the sight of the water might tantalize him. And O! how the thirst of Christ must have tantalized as he thought of the Euphrates and the Jordan and the Amazon and all the fountains of earth and heaven poured out of his own heart. They offered him an intoxicating draught made out of wine and myrrh, but he declined it. He wanted to die sober. No water.

Then, my friends, there was the absence of light. Darkness always exasperates troubles. I never shall forget the night in the summer of 1863, in the steamer Greece, mid-Atlantic, every moment expecting the steamer to go down. All the lights in the cabin were blown out. The captain came crawling in on his hands and knees, for he could not stand upright, so violently was the vessel pitching, and he cried out: "Light up, light up!" The steward said: "We can't light up; the candles are gone and the holders are gone." The captain said: "I can't help that, light up." The storm was awful when the lights were burning, worse when the lights went out.

Then there was the absence of faithful nurses. When you are ill, it is pleasing to have the head bathed and the hands and feet rubbed. Look at the hands and feet of Christ, look at the face of Christ. There were women there who had cared for the sick, but none of them might come up near enough to help. There was Christ's mother, but she might not come up near enough to help. They said: "Stand back, stand back; this is no place for you." The high priests and the soldiers wanted it their own way, they had it their own way.

The hours pass on and it is 12 o'clock of the day of sufferings, and it is 1 o'clock and it is 2 o'clock, and it is almost 3 o'clock. Take the last look at that suffering face; wan and pinched, the purple lips drawn back against the teeth, the eyes red with weeping and sunken as though grief had pushed them back, blackness under the lower lid, the whole body adroop and shivering with the last chill, the breath growing feeble and feebler and feebler until he gives one long, deep, last sigh. He is dead.

O! my soul, he is dead. Can you tell why? Was he a fanatic dying for a principle that did not amount to anything? Was he a man infatuated? No, to save your soul from sin, and mine, and make eternal life possible he died. There had to be a substitute for sin. Who shall it be? "Let it be me," said Christ, "let it be me." You understand the meaning of that word substitution. You were drafted for the last war; some one took your place, marched your march, suffered your wounds, and died at Gettysburg. Christ comes to us while we are fighting our battle with sin and death and hell, and he is our substitute. He marches our march, fights our battle, suffers our wounds, and dies our death. Substitution! Substitution!

How do you feel in regard to that scene described in the text, and in the region around about the text? Are your sympathies aroused, or are you so dead in sin and so abandoned by reasons of your transgressions that you can look upon all that fearless and unmoved? No, no; there are those here of people here this morning who can say in the depths of their soul: "No, no, not if Jesus endured that, and all that for me, I ought to love him. I must love, I will love him, I do love him. Here Lord, I give myself to thee; 'tis all that I can do."

But how are you going to test your love, and test your earnestness? My text gives a test. It says that while Christ carried a cross for you, you must be willing to carry a cross for Christ. "Well," you say, "I never could understand that. There are no crosses to be carried in this land; those persecutions have passed, and in all the land there is no one to be crucified, and yet in the pulpit and in the prayer meeting you all keep talking about carrying a cross. What do you mean, sir?" I mean just that is a cross which Christ calls you to do, which is unpleasant and hard. "," you say, "after hearing the story of this Christ and all that he has endured for me I am ready to do anything for him. Just tell me what I have to do and I'll do it. I am ready to carry the cross."

Suppose I should look you at this close of [illegible] up and announcing your [illegible] Christ's side—could you do it? "Oh, no," you say, "I have a sensitive nature, and it [illegible] before [illegible] days ago I feared. You [illegible] that cross. The first [illegible] you reflect. Christ [illegible] a world for [illegible] you cannot lift an ounce for [illegible]

But here is a man whose cross will be to announce among his business associates tomorrow morning on Exchange that he has begun a new life, and while he wants to be faithful in his worldly duties, he is living for another world, and he ought to advise all those who are his associates, so far as he can influence them, to begin with him the Christian life. [illegible] brother? [illegible] that. I think religion [illegible] but it is not [illegible] for me to recommend the Christian religion in places of worldly business." Just as I feared. There is a second cross offered you, and you cannot carry it. Christ lifted a mountain for you; you cannot lift an ounce for Him.

There is someone whose cross will be to present religion in the home circle. Would you dare to kneel down and pray if your brother and sister were looking at you? Could you ask a blessing at the tea table? Could you take the Bible and gather your family around you, and read of Christ and heaven and your immortal soul? Could you then kneel and pray for a blessing on your household? "Oh!" you say "not exactly that. I couldn't quite do that, because I have a very quick temper, and if I professed religion and tried to talk religion in my household, and then after that I should lose my temper, they would scoff at me and say: "You are a pretty Christian!" So you are cowed down, and their sarcasm keeps you out of heaven and away from Christ when under God you ought to take your whole family into the kingdom. Christ lifted a mountain, lifted a world for you; you cannot lift an ounce for [illegible] You see it is, you want to be [illegible] religion, you want to [illegible] difficulties, you like [illegible] those who love Jesus Christ, but as to taking a positive [illegible] upon this subject you cannot—you [illegible] from peace on earth and glory in heaven.

[illegible] men and women [illegible] brave enough in other things in life who stand by or the lack of manlin ss and womanliness stay away from God. [illegible] ever, Lord Jesus, I take thee. Thou [illegible] Thy blood, here is [illegible] and my [illegible] Thy." They [illegible] of God—they are turning around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of my text: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

[illegible] New York [illegible] where there were [illegible] gentleman came in [illegible] standing be- [illegible] you the young [illegible] Christ in the [illegible] and asked for [illegible] Without any flush of cheek, [illegible] always [illegible] I have been quite bad; [illegible] for prayers, I think I am [illegible] way [illegible] to take a step [illegible] Sunday morning be- [illegible] I want to show [illegible] we have [illegible] Christ [illegible] You have not had the [illegible] sion carrying [illegible] cross. You have not carried the [illegible] Under [illegible] was a pool of carnage that [illegible] in his sandals. You have [illegible] some trouble there with you in carrying the cross. Christ trod the winepress of God's wrath alone, and [illegible] The cross [illegible] only a few days or a few years of trial, [illegible] for us had [illegible] it the agonies of eternity.

There is some one present here today who is [illegible] not [illegible] He did not come through the front door, he did not [illegible] one of the aisles; yet I know he is here. He is from the East, the far East. He comes with blistered feet and with broken heart, and cheeks red not with health, but with blood from the [illegible] I take hold of his coat, and I say: "It does not seem to fit thee." "No," he says, "it is not mine; it is borrowed; it does not belong to me now. For my vesture did they cast lots." And I say to him: "Thine eyes are red as though from loss of sleep." He says: "Yes the Son of Man had not where to lay his head." And I touch the log on his back and I say: "Why carriest thou this?" "Ah!" he says, "that is a cross I carry for thee and for the sins of the whole world. That is a cross. Fall into line, march on with me in this procession take your smaller crosses and your lighter burdens, and join me in this march to heaven." And we join that procession with our smaller crosses and our lighter burdens, and Christ looks back and he sees some are halting because they cannot endure the shame or bear the burden, and with a voice which has in it majesty and omnipotence, he cries until all the earth trembles: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

O! my brethren, my sisters—for I do not speak professionally, I speak as a brother would speak to a brother or sister—my brother, can you not bear a cross if at last you can wear a crown? Come now, let us divide off. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is ready to turn his back upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world?

A Roman Emperor said to a Greek architect: "You build me a coliseum, a grand coliseum, and if it suits me I will crown you in the presence of all the people, and I will make a great day of festival on your account." The Greek architect did his work, did it magnificently, planned the building, looked after its construction. The building was done. The day for opening arrived. In the coliseum were the Emperor and the Greek architect. The Emperor crossed amid the plaudits of a vast assembly and said: "We have gathered here today to open this coliseum and to honor the Greek architect. It is a great day for the Roman Empire. Let this building be prosperous, and let honor be put upon the Greek architect. O! we must have a festival today. Bring out those Christians and let us have them put to death at the mouth of the lions." The Christians were put into the center of the amphitheater. It was to be a great celebration in their destruction. Then the lions, hungry and three-fourths starved, were let out from their dens in the side of the amphitheater, and they came forth with mighty spring to destroy and rend the Christians, and all the galleries shouted, "Huzza, huzza! Long live the Emperor! Then the Greek architect arose in one of the galleries and shouted until in the vast assemblage all heard him, "I, too, am a Christian!" and they seized him in their fury and flung him to the wild beasts until his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled over and over again in the dust of the ampitheater.

Could you have done that for Christ? Could you, in a vast assemblage, all of whom hated Christ, have said: "I am a Christian" or, "I want to be a Christian"? Would you have had the ten thousandth part of the enthusiasm and the courage of the Greek architect? Nay, I ask you another question: would you in an assemblage where they are nearly all Christians—in an assemblage a vast multitude of whom love Christ, and are willing to live, and, if need be, to die for him—would you dare to say: "I am a Christian," or, "I want to be a Christian?" Would you say in the presence of the friends of Christ as much as the Greek architect said in the presence of the enemies of Christ? O! are there not multitudes here this morning who are ready to say: "Let the world look on, let all the galleries of earth and heaven and hell look on, I take Christ this day. Come applause or abuse, come sickness or health, come life or death, Christ now, Christ forever."

Are you for Christ; are you against him? The destinies of eternity tremble in the balance. It seems as if the last day had come and we were gathered for the reckoning. "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." What I say to one I say to all. What are you doing for Christ? What are you bearing for Christ?

O! Christian man! O! Christian woman! Have you any scars to show in this conflict? When a war is over the heroes have scars to show. One hero rolls back his sleeve and shows a gunshot fracture, or he pulls down the collar and shows where he was wounded in the neck. Another man says: "I have never had the use of my limb since I was wounded at that great battle." When the last day comes, when all our battles are over, will we have any wounds for Christ? Some have wounds for sin, wounds for the devil, wounds gotten in fighting on the wrong side. Have we wounds that we can show—wounds gotten in the battle for Christ and for the truth? On that resurrection day Christ will have plenty of scars to show. Christ will stand there and show the scars on his brow, the scars on his hands, and the scars on his feet, and he will put aside the robe of his royalty and show the scar on his side, and all the saved will break down with emotion and grab title in one great sob, and then in one great hosanna. Will you and I have any scars to show?

There will be Ignatius, on that day showing the mark of the paw and teeth of the lion that struck him down in the coliseum. There will be glorious John Huss showing just where on his foot the flames began that day when his soul took wing of flame and soared up from the scene. There will be Hugh McKail ready to point to the mark on his neck where the ax struck him. There will be McMillan and Campbell and Freeman, the American missionaries who, with their wives and children, were put to death in the awful [illegible] at Cawnpore, showing where the digging of the Sepoys struck them. There will be the Waldenses showing where their limbs were frozen on the day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. Will you and I have any wounds to show? Have we fought any battles for Christ? O! that we might all be enlisted for Christ, that we might all be willing to suffer for Christ, that we might all bear a cross for Christ.

When the Scottish chieftains wanted to raise an army, they would make a wooden cross and then set it on fire, and carry it with other crosses they had through the mountains, through the highlands, and among the people, and as they waved the cross the people would gather to the standard and fight for Scotland. So to-day I come out with the cross of the Son of God. It is a flaming cross—flaming with suffering, flaming with triumph, flaming with glory. I carry it out among all the people. Who will be on the Lord's side? Who will gather to the standard of Emmanuel? A cross, a cross, a cross! "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot, cannot be my disciple."

A VETERAN BIGAMIST.

The Career of William Harvey Brought to a Sudden Close.

William Harvey, who has earned a widespread reputation as an enterprising bigamist, had a hearing before the United States Commissioner in Scranton, Pa. Detective Joseph Carter of Washington city was on hand to take him into custody, but the marshal there claimed that the Washington officials had no authority to take him until he had first been delivered to the United States authorities at Pittsburg. The commissioner took the information given by Mr. Carter and issued a warrant on the charge of bigamy, and one for arrest as a fugitive from justice, bail being fixed at $2,000. He could furnish bond, and was taken into the charge of the marshal. He was removed to Pittsburg and they were to have a hearing before the United States judge to get a warrant for his removal from that jurisdiction.

On November 15, 1880, Harvey was married to Martha Travis, at Kansas City, Mo. He left her and went to Washington and boarded with his aunt, Mrs. Barnard, who knew nothing of his previous alliance. He next married his cousin, Minnie L. Barnard, the ceremony being performed June 28, 1882, by the Rev. Dr. Naylor at the Foundry M. E. Church. They removed to Rochester, N. Y., where Miss Barnard learned of his previous marriage. She returned at once to Washington. Miss Barnard is not yet 20 years old.

The Darned Man.

The old Connecticut pilgrim known as "the darned man" is dead. In young manhood his mind was unhinged by the sudden death of his affianced bride, and for the rest of his long life he tramped through the State, always wearing his wedding suit. The great desire of his life was to preserve that suit. And the only articles he ever solicited were needles and thread or yarn to mend it. As years passed on the repairs to which the suit was subjected were so numerous that but little of the original cloth remained. But in the eyes of the poor old pilgrim it was always the same.

Doing the Square Thing.

He was a rising young lawyer and had been given the authority to perform the marriage ceremony.

The first couple that came to be married arrived after he had left his office for the evening. Nothing deterred, the would-be bridegroom hunted him out and brought him back, and the ceremony was performed.

The young couple expressed the desire for a nice marriage certificate. Feeling confident that the newly made bridegroom would be delighted to squander his last farthing on so propitious an occasion the young disciple of Blackstone sallied forth to a book store and there bought a gilt-edged certificate, paying $1 therefor.

The bridegroom beamed with gratitude and remarked as he drew forth his pocketbook and handed him $1:

"I'll do the square thing by ye, boss."

Blonde and Brunette.

What is a blonde and what is a brunette, and what is she who is neither of these? Definitions of the words I can find in a dictionary—they do not cover the ground.

A woman with black or dark brown hair and eyes and a dark complexion is a brunette. But here is one with those eyes and hair and a very light complexion, she is not a pure brunette—what is she? A girl with light hair and eyes and a dark complexion is not a blonde—what is the name for her? What is she whose hair is almost black, complexion dark, but light gray eyes?

(By "complexion" is meant the color of the skin of the face.)—Correspondent of Science.

How the Economists Live.

In the quaint Pennsylvania community of Economy every inhabitant is compelled to rigidly conform to somewhat exacting rules.

Every one is required to attend church twice every Sunday and hear two sermons from Father Henrici.

Any one found out of bed after 9 o'clock at night is immediately banished from the town, and all are required to rise at that poetic and lyric hour, "5 o'clock in the morning."

In addition to three of the squarest possible of square meals daily, a free lunch is served to the whole community at 9 o'clock every morning and at 2 o'clock every afternoon, and at each of those hours a pint of wine is meted out to every man, woman and child.—Boston Journal.

Almost Too Cautious.

"Dot vos no right to trifle mit people's lives," he said to the elevator boy, "vat if dot rope should break?"

"There is a safety rope," politely explained the boy, "in case one should break."

"Ya, but vat if dot safety rope should break?"

"Well, even then the elevator wouldn't fall. There is a break that holds it."

"Ya, dot vas trifling mit people's lives. Vat if dot brake should give way?"

The boy eyed him with disfavor.

"Dutchy," he said, "you make me tired."