

NONE LIKE JESUS.

Why the Saviour is the Truest Friend That Mankind Has Ever Known.

A Friend in Business Troubles, a Friend of the Family, and the Believer's Friend.

What the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, Preached About Sunday Morning.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his subject "None Like Jesus." His text was: "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." I. Peter ii. 7. Following is the sermon:—

We had for many years in this country commercial depression. What was the matter with the stores? With the harvests? With the people? Lack of faith. Money enough, goods enough, skillful brains enough, industrious hands enough, but no faith. Now what damages the commercial world, damages the spiritual, our great lack is faith. That is the thing on which eternity turns. The Bible says we are saved by faith. "Oh," says some one in the audience, "I have faith. I believe that Christ came down to save the world." I reply that in worldly matters when you have faith you always act upon it. For instance, if I could show you a business operation by which you could make five thousand dollars, you would immediately go into it. You would prove your faith in what I tell you by your prompt and immediate action. Now, if what you call faith in Christ has led you to surrender your entire nature to Jesus and to corresponding action in your life, it is genuine faith, and if it has not, it is not faith at all.

There are some things which I believe with the head. Then there are other things which I believe with the heart. And then there are other things which I believe both with the head and heart. I believe, for instance, that Cromwell lived. That is a matter of the head. Then there are other things which I believe with the heart and not with the head. That is, I have no special reason for believing them, and yet I want to believe them, and the wish is the father to the expectation. But there is a very great difference between that which we believe about ourselves, and that which we believe about others. For instance you remember not a great while ago there was a disaster in Pennsylvania, and the mines; there was an explosion amid the damps, and many lives were lost. In the morning you picked up your newspaper, and saw that there had been a great disaster in Pennsylvania. You said: "Ah, what a sad thing this; how many lives lost? O, what sorrow!" Then you read a little further on. There had been an almost miraculous effort to get those men out, and a few had been saved. "O," you said, "what a brave thing, what a grand thing that was!" How well it was done! Then you folded the paper up, and sat down to your morning repast. Your appetite had not been injured with the disaster, and perhaps you thought on two or three times of the disaster. But suppose you and I had been in the mine, and the dying had been all around us, and we had heard the pickaxes rustle above us as they were trying to work their way down, and after a while we saw the light, and then there were buckets let down through the shaft, and so on, and half dead, we had just strength enough to throw ourselves over into it, and had been hauled out into the light. Then what an appreciation we would have had of the agony and the darkness beneath, and the joy of deliverance. That is the difference between believing a thing about others and believing it ourselves.

We take up the Bible and read that Christ came to save the world. "That was beautiful," you say, "a fine specimen of self-denial. That was very grand, indeed." But suppose it is found that we ourselves were down in the mine of sin and in the darkness, and Christ stretched down his arm of mercy through the gloom, and lifted us out of the pit, and set our feet on the Rock of Ages, and put a new song into our mouths; O, then it is a matter of handicapping; it is a matter of comparison; it is a matter of deep emotions. Which kind of faith have you, my brother?

It is faith that makes a Christian, and it is the proportion of faith that makes the difference between Christians. What was it that lifted Paul, and Luther, and Payson, and Doddridge above the ordinary level of Christian character? It was the simplicity, the brilliancy, the power, and the splendor of their faith. O, that we had more of it! God give us more faith to preach and more faith to hear. "Lord, I believe, help thou our unbelief!" "To you which believe he is precious."

First—I remark Christ is precious to the believer, as a Saviour from sin. A man says: "To whom are you talking? I am one of the most respectable men in this neighborhood; do you call me a sinner?" Yes. "The heart is a central abode of all things and desperately wicked." You say: "How do you know anything about my heart?" I know that a sinner, for God announces it in his word; and what God says is always right. When a man becomes a Christian, people say: "That man sets himself at a distance, and

no; instead of setting himself up, he throws himself down. He cries out: "I was lost once, but now I am found. I was blind once, but now I see. I prostrate myself at the foot of the cross of the Saviour's mercy."

What a grand thing it is to feel that all the bad words I have ever uttered, and all the bad deeds I have ever done, and all the bad thoughts that have ever gone through my mind, are as though they had never been, for the sake of what Christ has done. You know there is a difference in stains. Some can be washed out by water, but others require a chemical preparation. The sin of the heart is so black and indelible a mark that no human application can cleanse it, while the blood of Jesus Christ can wash it out for ever. O, the infinite, the omnipotent chemistry of the gospel! Some men say: "I believe all that. I believe God has forgiven the most of my sins, but there is one sin I cannot forgive." What is it? I do not want to know what it is, but I take the responsibility of saying that God will forgive it as willingly as any other sin.

"O'er sins like mountains for their size, The seas of sovereign grace expand, The seas of sovereign grace arise."

There was a very good man, about seventy-five years of age, that once said: "I believe God has forgiven me, but there is one sin which I committed when I was about twenty years of age that I never forgive myself for, and I can't feel happy when I think of it." He said that one sin sometimes came over his heart, and blotted out all his hope of heaven. Why he lacked in faith. The grace that can forgive a small sin can forgive a large sin. Mighty to save. Mighty to save. Who is the God like unto our God, that pardoneth iniquity? O, what Jesus is to the soul that believes in him! The soul looks up into Christ's face, and says: "To what extent will thou forgive me?" And Jesus looks back into his face and says: "To the uttermost." The soul says: "Will it never be brought up again?" "Never," says Christ. "Wont it be brought up again in judgment day?" "No," says Christ. "never in the judgment day." What from is the luxury, what harbor is to the best man, what light is to the blind, what liberty is to the captive, that, and more than that, is Christ to the man who trusts him.

Just try to get Christ away from that Christian. Put on that man the thimble, and twist it until the bones crack. Put that foot into the iron foot of persecution until it is mashed to a pulp. Stretch that man on the rack of the Inquisition, and louder than all the uproar of the persecutors, you will hear his voice, like the voice of Alexander the Great, above the crackling jaggets as he cried out: "O, Jesus? O, my blessed Jesus! O, my Jesus! who would I not die for thee?"

Again, I remark that Christ is precious to the believer, as a friend. You have commercial friends and you have family friends. To the commercial friend you go when you have business troubles. You can look back to some day it may have been ten or twelve years ago—when, if you had not had that friend, you would have been entirely overthrown in business. But I want to tell you this morning of Jesus, the best business friend a man ever had. He can pull you out of the worst perplexities. There are people in this audience who have got in the habit of putting down all their worst troubles at the feet of Jesus. Why? Christ meets the business man on the street, and says: "My business man, I know all thy troubles. I will be with thee. I will see thee through." Look out how you try to corner or trap on a man who is backed up by the Lord God Almighty. Look out how you trample on him. O, there is a financier that many of our business men have not found out. Christ owns all the boards of trade, all the insurance companies, and all the banking houses. They say that the Van derbilts own the railroads; but Christ owns the Van derbilts and the railroads, and all the plottings of stock gamblers shall be put to confusion, and God with his little finger shall wipe out their infamous projects. How often it has been that we have seen men gather up riches by fraud, in a pyramid of strength and beauty, and the

Lord came and blew on it and it was gone; while there are those here to-day who, if they could speak out in this assembly, or dared to speak out, would say: "The best friend I had in 1877; the best friend I had in 1877; the best friend I had at the opening of the war; the best friend I ever had has been the Lord Jesus Christ. I would rather give up all other friends than this one."

But we have also family friends. They come in when we have sickness in the household. Perhaps they say nothing, but they sit down and they weep as the light goes out from the bright eyes, and the white petals of the lily are scattered in the dust of death. They watch through the long night by the dying couch, and then, when the spirit has gone, soothe you with great comfort. They say: "Don't cry. Jesus pities you. All is well. You will meet the lost one again." Then, when your son went off, breaking your heart, did they not come and put the story in the very best shape, and prophesy the return of the prodigal? Were they not in your house when the birth angel blipped its wings over your dwelling? And they have been there at the baptism and at the wedding. I say, friends! But I have to tell you that Christ is the best family friend. O, blessed is that cradle over which Jesus bends. Blessed is that nursery where Jesus walks. Blessed is that sick room from which Jesus wipes the dampness. Blessed is that table where Jesus or asks the bread. Blessed is that grave where Jesus stands with his sword of life in the upturned soil, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live." Have you a babe in the house? Put it into the arms of the great child-lover. Is there a sick one in the house? Think of him who said: "I am sick, and I am dying." Are you afraid you will come to grief? Think of him who led the five thousand. Is there a little one in your house that you are afraid will be killed or dead, or lame? Think of him who touched the dumb, and he snatched back the

boy from epileptic convulsion. Oh, he is the best friend. I look over your family friends to-day, and find another that can be compared to him. When we want our friends they are sometimes out of town. Christ is always in town. We find that some will stick to us in prosperity who will not in adversity. But Christ comes through darkest night, and amidst ghastliest sorrow, and across roughest sea to comfort you. There are men and women here who would have been dead twenty years ago but for Jesus. They have gone through trial enough to exhaust ten times their physical strength. Their property went, their health went, their families were scattered. God only knows what they suffered. They are an amazement to them; lives that they have been able to stand it. They look at their once happy home, surrounded by all comfort, gone. They think of the time when they used to rise strong in the morning and walk vigorously down the street, and had experienced a health they thought inexhaustible. Gone! Everything gone but Jesus. He has died them. His eye has watched them. Yes, He has been with them. They have gone through disaster, and he was a pillar of fire by night. They have gone across stormy oceans, but Christ had his foot on the neck of the storm. They felt the waves of trouble coming up around them gradually, and they began to limp into the strong rock of God's defense, and then they sang as they looked out on the waters: "God is our refuge and strength, an ever present help in time of trouble; therefore we will not fear though the sea be removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah." The other day there was a sailor who came into the Bethel in New York, and said: "My father was standing among sailors. I don't know what the matter with me. I used to hear a good deal about religion and about Jesus Christ. I don't know that I have any religion or that I know any thing much about Christ, but when I was in mid-Atlantic I looked up one day through the rigging and there seemed to come light through my soul. I have felt different ever since, and I love those that I once hated, and I feel a joy I can't tell you. I really don't know what is the matter of me." A rough sailor got up and said: "My lad, I know what's the matter of you. You have found Jesus. It is enough to make any man happy."

"His worth, if all the nations knew, Shall the whole earth would love him too."

I remark again: Christ is precious to the believer as a final deliverer. You and I must, after a while, get out of this world. Here and there, one, perhaps, may come on to eighty, or ninety years of age, but your common sense tells you that the next twenty-five years will find the majority of this audience in eternity. The next ten years will find out a great many of these family circles. This day may do the work for some of us. Now, why do I say this? To scare you? No; but just as I would stand in your office, if I were a business man and you were a business man, and talk over risks. You do not consider it cowardly to talk in your store over temporal risks. Is it base in us this morning to talk a little while over the risks of the soul, that are for eternity? In every congregation death has the last year been doing a great deal of work. Where is your father? Where is your mother? Your child? Your brother? Your sister? Oh, how cruel does death seem to be! Will he pluck every flower? Will he poison every fountain? Will he put black on every door knob? Will he snap every heart-string? Can I keep nothing? Are there no charmed weapons with which to go out and fight against him? Give me some keen sword, sharp-edged in God's army, with which I may stab him through. Give me some battle-axe, that I may clutch it, and hew him from helmet to sunhelmet. Thank God, thank God, that he that rideth on the pale horse hath more than a match in him who rideth on the white horse. St. John heard the contest, the paving of the steeds, the rush—the battle-cry, the onset, until the pale horse came down on his haunches, and his rider bid the dust; while Christ, the conqueror, with uplifted voice declared it: "O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction!"

The sepulcher is a lighted castle on the shore of heavy seas, and sentinel angels walk up and down at the door to guard it. The dust and the dampness of the grave are only the spray of the white surf of celestial seas, and the long breathing of the dying Christian, that you call his gasping, is only the long intonation of the air of heaven. Oh, bless God for what Christ is to the Christian soul, here and hereafter!

I heard a man say some time ago, that they never laughed in heaven. I do not know where he got his authority for that. I think they do laugh in heaven. When victors come home do we not laugh? When fortunes are won in a day, do we not laugh? After we have been ten or fifteen years away from our friends, and we greet them again, do we not laugh? Yes, we will laugh in heaven. Not loud laughter, not meaningless laughter, but a full, round, clear, deep-sounding outburst of eternal gladness. Oh, the gle of that moment when we first see Jesus! I think we will take the first two or three years in heaven to look at Jesus, and if I ten thousand years there should be a moment when the loquacious part of ten thousand souls would cry out: "Sing, sing!" and when the cry was: "What shall we sing?" the answer would be: "Praise Jesus!" Oh, you may have all the crowns in heaven; I do not care so much about them. You may have all the robes in heaven; I do not care so much about them. You may have all the scepters in heaven; I do not care so much about them. But give me Jesus—that rough heaven or me. Oh, Jesus! I long to see thee. Thou shalt among ten thousand, I mean a goodly company. There may be some here who have come hardly knowing why they came. Perhaps it was as in Paul's time—you have come to hear what this teacher saith, but I am glad to meet you face

to face, and to strike hands with you in one earnest talk about your deathless spirit. I do you know, my friend, that this world is not good enough for you; it cheats. It deceives. It dies. You are immortal. I see it in the deathless spirit looking out from your eye. It is a mighty spirit. It is an immortal spirit. It beats against the window of the cage. I come out to feel it. During the past week the world has been trying to feed it with husks. I come out this morning to feed it with that bread of which if a man eat he will never hunger. What has the world for you? Has it not bruised you? Has it not betrayed you? Has it not maltreated you? Look me in the eye, immortal man, and tell me if that is not so. And yet, will you trust it? Oh, I wish that you could forget me, the weak and sinful man—that I might vanish from your sight this morning, and that Jesus might come in. Aye, he comes here this morning to plead for your soul—comes in all covered with the wounds of Calvary. He says: "O, immortal man! I died for thee. I come to save thee. I pity thee. With these hands, torn and crushed, I will lift thee up into pleasures that never die." Who will reject—who will drive him back? When Christ was slain on the cross, they had a cross, and they had nails, and they had hammers. You crucify by your sin, O impatient soul! The Lord Jesus Christ. Here is a cross; but where are nails? Where are the hammers? "Ah," says some one rejecting Christ, "some one standing a long way off." I will furnish the nails. I don't believe in that Jesus. I will furnish the nails. Now we have the nails; who will furnish the hammers? "Ah," says some hard heart, "I will furnish the hammers." Now we have the nails and the hammers. We have no spears—who will furnish the spears? "Ah," says some one long in the habit of sin and rejection of Christ's mercy, "I will furnish them." Now we have all the instruments—the cross, the nails, the hammers, the spears, and the confusion goes on. O, the darkness! O, the pang! O, the tears! O, the death! "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

Lord Jesus, help that man. He sits far back to-day. He does not like to come forward. He feels strange in a religious assemblage. He thinks perhaps

we do not want him. O, Jesus, take that trembling hand. Put thine ear to that agitated heart, and hear how it beats. O, lift the iron gate of that prison house, and let that man go free.

Lord Jesus, help that woman. She is a wanderer. No tears can she weep. See, Lord Jesus, that polluted soul, see that blasted lot. No church for her. No good cheer for her. No hope for her. Lord Jesus, go to that soul. Thou wilt not stone her. Let the red-hot chain, that burns to the bone, till the bloody ichor hisses in the heat, snap at thy touch. O, have mercy on Mary Magdalene.

Lord Jesus, help that young man. He took money out of his employer's till. Didst thou see it? The clerks were all gone. The lights were down. The shutters were up. Didst thou see it? O, let him not fall into the pit. Rememberest thou not his mother's prayers? She can pray for him no more. Lord Jesus, touch him on the shoulder. Touch him on the heart. Lord, save that young man. There are many young men here. I got a letter from one of them, who is probably here to-day, and I shall have no other opportunity of answering that letter. You say you believe in me. Oh, do you believe in Jesus? I cannot save you, my dear brother. Christ can. He wants and waits to save you, and he comes to-day to save you. Will you have Him? I do not know what our young men do without Christ—how they get on amid all the temptations and trials to which they are subjected. O, young man, come to Christ to-day, and put your soul and your interest for this life and for the next into his keeping. In olden times, you know, a cup bearer would bring wine or water to the king, who would drink it, first tasting it himself, showing there was no poison in it, then passing it to the king, who would drink it. The highest honor I ask is that I may be cup bearer to-day to your soul. I bring you this water of everlasting life. I have been drinking of it. There is no poison in it. It is never done me any harm. It will do you no harm. O, drink it, and live for ever. And let that aged man put his head down on the staff, and let that poor widowed soul bury her worried face in her handkerchief, and these little children fold their hands in prayer, while we commend you to Him who will be wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, for to you which believe He is precious.

Breaking the Mold.

The great United States Mint, in Philadelphia, makes all the dies used in the other mints, as well as for its own use, and at the end of the year it destroys them all. This is the only sure way of preventing the counterfeit from making spurious coin, and so, within a week after the close of each calendar year every die bearing the date of the year is collected at the Philadelphia mint and given over to four brassy mackintoshes, who act as executioners. This includes every stamp, from double eagles to dollars in gold; from dollars to ten-cent pieces in silver; and down to the humble nickel and still more humble cent.

A half die is a little round chunk of the finest steel, about three inches long, shaped at the top, so that it is like a workman's can in miniature, but without handles. On the top of it is cut the date of the coin it manufactures, with the date of the year. In this connection it is something to know that the one of the hundred-cent coins the government just issued, as much as the die which makes the forty-two-cent dollar piece.

The chief coiners at the mint receive the coin when it dies, and the superintendent looks on at the execution. The chief's fire is made roaring hot, and the gold-piece dies are flung into the flames. There they lie until the steel grows red, and then they are taken out

with the tongs, placed right end up on an anvil, and struck a terrific blow with a sledge-hammer. Two blows do the business and the die is a shapeless mass of good-for-nothing metal, instead of a costly and artistic die. The silver dies then follow, and so on until all are smashed. It is slow work, and the dies are many, but the blacksmiths are strong and the superintendent is patient. By midnight the last of the dies has disappeared forever, and the dies of the new year are alone in their glory.—*Golden Days.*

Large Things.

The largest volcano in the world is the Mauna Loa. Its base is 90 miles in circumference, its cone, 11,000 feet high. Its first eruption occurred 474 B. C.

The largest ship in the world is the Great Eastern. She is 695 feet long, 83 feet broad, and 60 feet deep, being 24,927 tons. She was launched January 1st, 1871.

The largest park in the United States is Fairmount, at Philadelphia, and contains 2740 acres.

The largest tree in the world, as yet discovered, is in Tulare county, California. It is 275 feet high and 105 feet in circumference at its base.

The largest stationary engine in the world is at the zinc mines at Friedensville. The number of gallons of water raised every minute is 17,500. The driving wheels are 35 feet in diameter and weigh forty tons each. The cylinder is 110 inches in diameter.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior: 400 miles long, and 160 miles wide. Its greatest depth is 200 fathoms. Its surface is 6.5 feet above the level of the sea.

The largest circulation of paper money is that of the United States, being 730 millions, while Russia has 6.0 millions.

The largest university is Oxford, in England. It consists of twenty-one colleges and five halls.

The largest desert is Sahara, in Northern Africa. Its length is 3,000 miles, and breadth, 900 miles; having an area of 2,700,000 square miles.

What Napoleon Said.

Napoleon, being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed some time in silence, and said to him, "That is a noble picture, Denon."

"Immortal" was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, "will this picture last?"

Denon answered that "with care, and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years."

"And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?"

"Perhaps," said Denon, "five thousand years."

"And this," returned Napoleon sharply, "this you call immortality!"

Can we not hear a gentle voice saying, "He that liveth and believeth on me shall never die!"

Don't Choke the Churn.

A contemporary avers that no churn should ever be more than half-full of cream to give the best satisfaction. Churns without floats or dash will not work if too full, and others cannot make the best butter or the most possible from the cream if they are much more than half full. This seems sensible, and we know from boyhood's experience, that it is unwholesome and tedious work to "make butter come" with a full or nearly full churn.

Salt for Swine.

Practical and successful Western men claim that a constant supply of salt for swine is a safe preventive of diseases, one that can be counted on with a degree of certainty; that by the constant use the system is made strong to ward off disease; that cholera does not start in herds receiving this care, and that these herds often escape when all others around them are destroyed.

Keep Sheep From Burs.

A great deal of wool is injured or spoiled by burs in the Fall. Do not permit your sheep to run from autumn until Winter sets in among weeds that produce burs. If the pest once gets in it will remain all Winter. It is not only a discomfort to the sheep, but it decreases the value of the wool.

Taming a Bull.

A correspondent says: "Having handled Jersey bulls for many years, and just now having had some extra trouble with an eight-months-old animal, I herewith send you a description of a device which may prove useful to some of your readers—I took a piece of hard wood, one by three inches, and cut of two lengths nine inches each, planed them down smooth, had them on top of each other and with a brace and five-eighths inch bit bored a hole at each end and one in the centre; then took a strong piece of half-inch hemp rope, put a knot in one end, drew it through one piece and the other, up to a knive, knotted it outside, thus forming the nose piece. The middle holes I used for the head piece, which must be adjusted to the size of the animal's head, and then under the jaw I put another, leaving the second knot loose enough for the animal to eat, but not so much as to let him get it out of his head, and cutting this rope about long enough to lead by. In another piece of wood, six inches long, I put a hole at each end, to which I attached the small rope and a longer rope—acting as a snave—and when we led the bull out into the field and stumped him down with a tow-rod tether, he led like a lamb, a few days, and it was wonderful how quickly he gave in to letting me be 'boss.'"

A wether ram at Middlebury, Vt., produced a weight of 29 pounds and 11 ounces of fleece from 106 days growth, although the carcass weighed only 19 pounds, the wool being nearly 50 per cent that of the carcass. Another ram, which was sheared of his sixth fleece, gave 34 pounds of unwashed wool.