REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINES SUN-DAY MORNING DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Saving Look."

TEXT: "Looking unto Jesus."-Hebrews

In the Christian life we must not go slip-This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in soldiers' uniform, who have a right to be away. They obtained a furlough and they are honestly and righteously off duty; but I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we enlist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we shout the victory, there never will be a single instant h we will have a right to be off duty. Paul throws all around this Christian life the excitements of the old Roman and Grecian games—those games that sent a man on a race, with such a stretch of nerve and muscle, that sometimes when he came up to the goal, he dropped flown exhausted. Indeed, history tells us that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just the green the and only had strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this spostle, making allusion to those very games, are all to run the race, not to crawl it, not to walk it-but "run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus," and just as in the olden times, a man would stand at the end of the road with a beautiful garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant that by His holy spirit we may so run

The distinguished Welliston, the chemist, was asked where his laboratory was, and the inquirers expected to be shown some large apartment filled with very expensive apparatus; but Welliston ordered his servant to bring on a tray a few shown because the servant to the servant and the servant to the servant and the servant to the servant and the servant to the serva bring on a tray a few glasses and a retort, and he said to the inquirers: "That is all my laboratory. I make all my experiments with those." Now, I know that there are a great w, I know that there are a great many who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on ten thousand things; but I have to say that all my theology is compassed in these three words:
"Looking unto Jesus," and when we can
understand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth and the infinity and mensity of that passage we can understand all.

I remark in the first place, we must look to Christ as our personal Saviour. Now, you know as well as I, that man is only a blasted ruin of what he once was. There is not so much difference between a vessel coming out of Liverpool harbor, with pennants flying and the deck crowded with good cheer, and the guns booming, and that same vessel driv-ing against Long Island coast, the drowning passengers ground to pieces amid the timbers of the broken up steamer, as there is between man as he came from the hands of God, equipped for a grand and glorious voyage, but afterward, through the pilotage of the devil, tossed and driven and crushed, the coast of the near future strewn with the fragments of an awful and eternal shipwreck. Our body is wrong. How easily it is rausacked of disease. Our mind How hard it is to remember, and how easily to forget. The whole nature dis ordered, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—wounds, bruises, putrefying sores. "All have sinned and come short of the of God." "By one man sin entered the world and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all men for that all have sinned." There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer, for the simple reason that it is so poisonous it kills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the root of the tree, and ing up to the branches reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it goes along. When it has come to the tip end goes along. When it has come to the up and of the branch the tree is dead. Its seed fall to the ground and start other plants just as

And so it is with sin. It is a poisonous plant that was planted in our soul a long while ago, and it comes winding about the body and the mind and the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning—killing, killing, killing as it goes. Now, there would be no need of my discoursing upon this if there were no way of plucking out that plant. It is a most inconsiderate thing for me to come to a man who is in financial trouble and enlarge upon his trouble if I have no alleviation to offer. It is an unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease if I have no remedy to offer. no remedy to offer. I have a right to come to a man in financial distress or physical distress if I have financial re-endistress reement to offer or a sure cure to propose. Blessed be God that among the mountains of our sin there rolls and reverbrates a song of salvation. Louder than all the voices of bondage is the trumpet of God's deliverance, sounding. "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help." At the barred gates of our dungeon, the conqueror knecks and the hinges creak and grind at the swinging open. The famine struck pick up the manna that falls in the wiklerness and the floods clap their hands, saying:
"Drink, oh thirsty soul, and live forever," and the feet that were torn and
deep cut on the rocky bridle path of sin come into a smooth place, and the alders crackle as the panting hart breaks through to the water brooks, and the dark night of the soul begins to grow gray with the morning, yea to purple, yea to flame, from horizon to horizon. The batteries of temptation sil-enced. Troubles that fought against us captured and made to fight on our side. Not as a result of any toil or trouble on our part, but only as a result of "Looking unto "But what do you mean by Looking unto Jesus?" some one inquires. I mean faith. "What do you mean by faith?" I mean believing. "What do you mean by faith?" I mean believing. "What do you mean by believing?" I mean this: If you promise to do a certain thing for me, and I have confidence in your veracity—if you say you will give me such a thing and I need it very must. I come in confidence that you are an uci, I come in confidence that you are an honest man and will do what you say. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ says: "You are in need of pardon and life and heaven, you can have them if you come and get them." You say: "I can't come and ask first. I am afraid You won't give it to me."
Then you are unbelieving. But you say: "I will come and ask. I know, Lord Jesus.
Thou art in carnest about this matter. I

Thou art in earnest about this matter. I come asking for pardon. Thou hast promised to give it to me, Thou wilt give it to me, Thou hast given it to me." That is faith. Do you see it yet? "Oh," says some one, "I can't understand it." No man ever did, without divine help. Faith is the gift of God. You say: "That throws the responsibility off my shoulders." No. Faith is the gift of God, but it comes in answer to prayer. All over glorious is my Lord He must be loved and yet adored; His worth the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love Him, too.

I remark again, that we must look to Jesus san example. Now, a mere copyist, you snow, is always a failure. If a painter go to ortfolio or a gallery of art, however ex-ite, to get his idea of the natural world rom these pictures, he will not succeed as ell as the artist who starts out and dashes the dew from the grass and sees the morning just as God built it in the clouds, or poured it the as God onlike in the clouds, or poured it come the mountain, or kindled it upon the sea. People wondered why Turner, the famous English painter, succeeded so well in sketching a storm upon the ocean. It remained a wonder until it was found out that several times he had been lasted to the deck in the midst of a tempest and then looked out upon the wrath of the see, and coming home to his studio, he pic-tured the tempest. It is not the copyist who succeeds, but the man who confronts the satural world. So if a man in literary composition resolves that he will imitate the smoothness of Addison, or the rugged vigor of Carlyla or the wairedness of Scenario smoothness of Addison, or the rugged vigor of Carlyle, or the weiredness of Spenser, or the enigramatic style of Raiph Waldo Emer-son, he will not succeed as well as

that man who cultures his own na-tural style. What is true in this respect is true in respect to char-acter. There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame and were with Lord Byron. He was lame and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resolved that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars but they did not have any of his genius. You cannot suc-cessfully copy a man whether he is bad or good. You may take the very best man that ever lived and try and live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson. Many have read his biography, not understanding that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of spirit. There were men to copy Cowper. the poet, a glorious man, but sometimes afflicted with melancholy almost to insanity The copyists got Cowper's faults but none of

There never was but one Being fit to copy.

A few centuries ago He came out through humble surroundings, and with a gait and manner and behavior different from anything the world had seen. Among all classes of people He was a perfect model. Among fishermen, He showed how fishermen should act. Among taxgatherers, He showed how taxgatherers should act. Among lawyers, He showed how lawyers should act. Among farmers He showed how farmers should act. Among rulers, He showed how rulers should act. Critics tried to find Anong rulers, he showed now rulers should act. Critics tried to find in His conversation or sermons something unwise or unkind or inacculate: but they never found it. They watched Him, oh how they watched Him! He never went into a house but they knew it, and they knew how long He stayed, and when He came out, and whether He had wine for dinner. Slander twisted her whips and wagged her poisoned tongue and set her traps, but could not catch Him. Little children rushed out to get from Him a kiss, and old men tottered out to the street corner to see Him pass.

Do you want an illustration of devotion. behold Him whole nights in prayer. Do you want an example of suffering, see His path across Palestine tracked with blood. Do you want an example of patience, see Him abused and never giving one sharp retort. Do you want an example of industry, see Him without one idle moment. Do you want a specimen of sacrifice, look at His life of self denial, His death of ignominy, His sepulcher of humiliation. Oh what an example! His feet wounded, yet He submitted to the journey. His back lacerated, and yet He carried the cross. Struck, He never struck back again, Condemnel, yet he rose higher than His calumniators, and with wounds in His hand and wounds in His feet and wounds on His brow and wounds

in His side, He ejaculated: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Ah, my brethren, that is the pole by which to set your compass, that is the headland by which to steer, that is the light by which to kindle your lamps, that is the example that we ought all to follow. How it would smooth out the roughness in our disposition, and the world would be impressed by the trans-formation and would say: "I know what is the matter with that man, he has been with Jesus and has learned of Him."

Alexander was going along with his army in Persia and the snow and ice were so great that the army halted and said: "We can't march any further." Then Alexander dis-mounted from his horse, took a pickax, went ahead of his army and struck into the ice and snow. The soldiers said: "If he can do that we can do it," and they took their picks and soon the way was cleared and the army marched on. So our Lord dismounted from His glory, and through all jcy obstacles hows a path for Himself and a path for us, saying: "Follow Me! I do not ask you to go through any suffering, or fight any battles where I not lead the way!

Again I remark, that we are to look to Christ as a sympathizer. Is there anybody in the house to-day who does not want sym pathy? I do not know how any one can live without sympathy. There are those, how-ever, who have gone through very rough paths in life who had no divine arm to lean on. How they got along I do not exactly know. Their fortunes took wings in some unfortunate investment and flew away. The bank failed and they buttoned up a penuiless pocket. Ruthless speculators carried off the fragments of an estate they were twenty five years in getting with hard work. How did they stand it without Christ? Death came into the nursery and there was an empty crib. One voice less in the household. One fountain less of joy and laughter. Two hands less, busy all day long in sport. Two feet less to go bounding and romping through the hall. Two eyes less to beam with love and gladness. Through all that house shadow after shadow, shadow after shadow until it was midnight. How did they get through it! I do not know. They trudged the great Sahara with no water in the goat They plunged to their chin in the of despond and had no one to lift In an unseaworthy craft they put out into a black Euroclydon.

My brother, my sister, there is a balin that

cures the worst wound. There is a light that will kindle up the worst darkness. There is a harbor from the roughest ocean. You need and may have the Saviour's sympathy. You cannot get on this way. I see your trouble is wearing you out body and mind I come on no fool's errand I come with a balm that can to-day. heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus was sick. Are you weary? Jesus was weary. Are you persecuted! Jesus was persecuted. Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over Lazarus? Oh, yes, like a roe on the mountains of Bether Jesus comes bounding to your soul to-day. There is not one passage of Scripture, every word of which is a heart throb: "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you Then there is another passage just as "Cast thy burden on the Lord and good: "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee." Oh, there are green pastures where the heavenly shepherd leads the wounded and sick of the flock.

The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus and will gloriously break it open at the right time, Genesaret cannot toss its waves so high that Christ cannot walk them. cruse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been robbed of all its fruit, the Lord has one tree left, full of golden and ripe supply. The requiem may wail with gloom and with death; but there cometh after a while a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle march, a jubilee a coronation. Oh, do you not feel the breath of Christ's sympathy now, you wounded ones, you troubled ones? If you do not, I would like to tell you of the chaplain in the army who was wounded so he could not walk, but he heard at a distance among the dying a man who said: "Oh, my God!" He said to himself: "I must help that man though I

So he rolled over and rolled through his own blood and rolled on over many of the slain, until he came where this poor fellow was suffering and he preached to him the comfort of the Gospel, and with his own wound he seemed to soothe that man's wound. It was sympathy going out toward an object most necessitous, and one that he could easily understand. And so it is with Christ, though wounded all over Himself, He hears the cry of our repentance, the cry of our bereav-ment, the cry of our poverty, the cry of our wretchedness, and He says: "I must go and help that soul," and He rolls over with wounds in head, wounds in hands, wounds in fect, toward us until He comes just where we are weltering in our own blood, and He puts His arm over us—and I see it is a wounded arm, and it is a wounded hand—and as He throws His arm over us I hear Him say: "I have loved thee with an everlast

Again, we must look to Christ as our final rescue. We cannot with these eyes, however good our sight may be, catch a glimpse of the heavenly land for which our souls long. But I have no more doubt that beyond the cold river there is a place of glory and of rest, than we have that across the Atlantic Ocean there is another continent. But the heavenly land and this land stand in mighty contrast. This is barrenness and that ver-dure. These shallow streams of earth which a thirsty ox might drink dry, or a mule's hoof trample into mire, compared with the bright, crystalline river from under the

throne, on the banks of which river the ar-mies of heaven may rest, and into whose clear flood the trees of life dip their branches.

These instruments of earthly music, seasily racked into discord, compared with the harps that thrill with eternal raptures, and the trumpets that are so musical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go panting in summer heat or shivering in winter's cold, and the poor man carries his burden and the vagrant asks for alms, and along which shuffle the feet of pain and want and woe, compared with those streets that sound forever with the feet of joy and holi-ness, and those walls made out of all manner of precious stones, the light intershot with re flections from jasper and chrysolite and topaz and sardonyx and beryl and emerald and chrysoprasus. Oh, the contrast between this world, where

we struggle with temptation that will not be conquered, and that world where it is perfect joy, perfect holiness and perfect rest!
Said a little blind child: "Mamma, will
I be blind in heaven?" "Oh, no, my dear,"
replied the mother, "you won't be blind in
heaven." A little lame child said: "Mamma, will I be lame in heaven?"
"No," she replied, "you won't be lame in heaven." Why, when the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives at the heavenly the sit open to him and as the average gate it opens to him, and as the angels come down to escort him in, and they spread the banquet, and they keep festival over the august arrival, and Jesus comes with a crown and says: "Wear this," and with a palm and says: "Wave this," and points to a throne and says: "Mount this." Then the old citizens of heaven come around to hear the newcomer's recital of deliverance wrought for him, and as the newly arrived soul tells of the grace that pardoned and the mercy that saved him, all the inhabitants shout the praise of the King, crying: "Praise im! Praise Him!"

Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of

that consummation when he said: "Just as the gates were opened to let in the man, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

DR. TALMAGE'S APPEAL FOR AID.

On the morning of the day on which the foregoing sermon was to have been delivered by Dr. Talmage, his church, the Brooklyn Tabernacle, was completely destroyed by fire. Dr. Talmage has issued the following appeal for aid to all his friends throughout Christendom:

To the People:

By a sudden calamity we are without a The building associated with so much that is dear to us is in ashes. In behalf of my stricken congregation I make appeal for help, as our church has never confined its work to this locality. Our church has never been sufficient either in size or appointments for the people who come. We want to build something worthy of our city and worthy of the cause of God. We want \$100,000, which, added to the insurance, will build what is needed. I make appeal to all our friends throughout Christendom, to all denominations, to all creeds and those of no creed at all, to come to our assistance.

I ask all readers of my sermons in the world over to contribute as far as their means will allow. What we do as a Church depends upon the immediate response made to I was on the eve of my departure for a brief visit to the Holy Land, that I might be better prepared for my work here, but that visit must be postponed. I cannot leave until something is done to decide our future. May the God who has our destiny as individuals and churches in His hand appear for our deliverance.

Response to this appeal to the people may e sent to me. "Brooklyn, N.Y." and I will, be sent to me. with my own hands, acknowledge the receipt thereof. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

A TABERNACLE IN ASHES.

Dr. Talmage's Big Church in Brooklyn, New York, Burned.

The ferrous Brooklyn Tabernacle, of which Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage is pastor, was, for the second time in its history totally destryed by fire. At 2.15 o'clock A. M. a policeman discovered flames issuing from the small windows over the main entrance, and, rushing to the nearest signal box, sent in an alarm. The firemen found the fire had assumed large proportions, and additional alarms, calling all available apparatus, were at once sentin-It became evident that the edifie was doomed. It burned like a tinder box, and the firemen, despairing of saving it, directed their efforts to the adjoining property.

But while the firem n and policeworked for the salvation of property and persons, the doomed church building was being rep'dly consumed, and in an hour's time only totterwalls remained. Dr. Talmage was on the scene soon after the first alarm, and did not leave until he had seen the edifico, which had been his pride, laid in ashes. Then he returned sorrowfully home. All day crowds visited the spot and gazed upon the ruins.

The origin of the fire is unknown. The sexton of the church denies the rumor that fire had been lighted in the furnaces, and thus exploies the defective flue theory. Edison's men were in the building until 5 P. M. arranging a new electric plant, and it is thought that during the thunder shower which pre-vailed during the night lightning had been carried into the building by the wires they introduced and which ran around the gallery about on a level with where the flames were

The loss on the church building, including the organ, which was one of the finest in the country, is \$ 50,000. It is said to be covered by insurance in a number of companies. The building was of fourteenth century Gothic srchitecture, and was dedicated February 22, 1874. It was of brick, with stone trimmings, with a frontage of 150 feet and a depth of 113 feet, to which had recently been added an extension 60 feet w de and 13 deep. The seating capacity was 2,800, and it was always fully taxed at the Sunday services. The previous structure, which was built of curru-gated iron, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, December 23, 1873, which was also of unexplained origin. The losses on adjoining property are small.

APPOINTED TO OFFICE.

Several Judicial and Internal Revenue Appointments Made.

The President has appointed John S. Bugbee, of California, to be United States district judge for the district of Alaska, and George W. Bartch, of Utah Territory, to be judge of probate in the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Joseph P. Throop, of Indians, to be col-lector of internal revenue for the Saventh district of Indiana; Michael Kerwin, of New York, to be collector of internal revenue for the Second district of New York; Lynne S. Metcalf, of Missonri, to be appraiser of merchandise for the port of St. Louis; Charles F. Wenneker, of Missouri, to be collector of nternal revenue for the First district of Missouri.

The Secretary of the Treasury has made the following appointments in the internal revenue service; Aram V. Miller, storekeeper and gauger, Tweifth Pennsylvania; Charles D. Wells, gauger, Twelfth Pennsylvania; Thos. H. Logan, storekeeper, Secretary of the Treasury bas Twenty-third Pennsylvania; Otto A. Stoltz, gauger, Twenty-third Pennsylvania; John T. Slusher, gauger, Sixth Virginia.

A hornless Texan steer, which had escaped from a slaughter house, created great excite ment in the vicinity of Madison Square, New York. After tramping a number of people under foot, and causing a panic among women and children in the square, the inimal was killed by twelve policemen, who fired at him from a safe distance. One shot fired from a window at the steer seriously wounded Emil Bacharen, a baker. War in the Postoffice.

Several years ago, when John S. Thurston, the well-known Republican leader of Nebraska, was stumping the State in an important campaign, says the New York Tribune, he included its extreme western part, then a decidedly wild region, in his circuit. He was proceeding by stage to Sidney one day when they stopped at a little station to change horses. While this important operation was going on, a large, determined-looking man, whose most conspicuous article of clothing was a big revolver, approached the stage cautiously, and, while occasionally glancing nervously at a small building. some hundred yards away, with a large sign of "postoffice" on it, he inquired for Mr. Thurston. That gentleman made himself known, and the stranger

"You speak down at Sidney to-night, I hear."

"Yes, I expect to."
"I reckon I'll come down with my partition and do a little work." "What is your petition for?" in-

quired the judge. "The postoffice up there," and the man pointed at it with his thumb. "Is there a good prospect that you

will get it?" "You bet-I'm sure of it, but I 'lowed few more names wouldn't do no hurt. When I get it there's goin' to be doggondest biggest change you ever seen in a small place."

'How's that?" "Why, I ain't had a letter out o' that air office for over two years.'

"Why not?" "The dinged critter that has it now says he will shoot me on sight, and you bet he'd do it, too, so I lay mighty low. When a letter comes fer me he nails it to the door, shoots it full of holes, sends

word fer me to come and get it, and watches fer me out o' the winder." "How comes he to have such a dislike for you?"

"Claims I stole one of his steers, I didn't touch none of his steers till he hooked two o'my calves, and I can prove it. But jess you wait till my commission gets here and I get hold of that office. I'll wad the first letter that comes fer him into my shotgun and fire it down the well. Just wait a little, jedge; he'll find that I can pound stamps with one hand and cover the front door with a six-shooter with the other jess as well as he can. My name is old Jim White, and you bet when I've got my boots on I can tie up the Eastern mail with teeth and hold a gun on the gen'ral deliv'ry and moneyorder winder both at the same time. Old Jim White an't no rabbit when it comes to holdin' a gover'ment Position an' looking out fer his rights.'

The Dread Unknown.

A patrolman on Rivard street came along to a grocery on his beat about eleven o'clock the other night, and found a large watermelon on the platform; while, leaving against a post a short distance away, was an aged colored man. The street was deserted, and the officer could not understand what kept the melon and the negro

"Isn't that a temptation to you?" he asked the man. "I dun reckon it is, boss. I'ze bin lookin' at dat mellyun fur de last half

hour. "And why didn't you take it?"

"Bekase, sah, I'ze had some 'sperience wid white folks in my time. Might possibly be dat de grocer dun forgot to take dat mellyun in when he closed up, but it's a good deal mo' possibler dat he poured in a dose of jalap an' left it out yere to be walked off

"But how are you going to know?" "Dat's what makes my heart ache, boss. If de mellyun ar' all right, den I'ze lost a golden opportunity. If it's bin dosed, den I hain't bin played fur a sucker. It's de o sartinty dat's kept me around here till my knees ache an' I feels like hevin' a chill."-Detroit Free Press.

Hark, the sound of many voices
Jubilant in gladest s n.,
And full many a neart rejoices
As the chorus floats along:
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Hall the favori e Prescription."

"Hall the Favori e Prescription."

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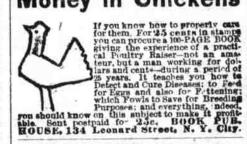
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