

IN LONDON.

DR. TALMADGE NOW DELIVERS HIS SERMONS.

He Speaks of the Cost of Giving Humanity a Chance of Salvation

And Teaches upon the Birth of Our Saviour—the Temptation in the Wilderness and the Crucifixion—An Interesting Sermon to the Multitudes.

LONDON, June 26.—An enormous audience greeted Dr. Talmadge in this city today, composed of people who had come from all parts of the British metropolis to hear the famous American preacher. His reception in England has been most enthusiastic. Many letters are awaiting him from different cities eagerly pleading for a visit. The doctor will have to preach five or six times a week if he accepts even a small percentage of the urgent invitations already sent him. He is very gratified by the extreme cordiality of his reception. Dr. Talmadge entitled his sermon "The Immense Cost" from the text, I Cor. vi, 20, "Ye are bought with a price."

Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grassplots, the fishponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself of you say aloud, "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an earring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing room, or you see a high mettled span of horses harnessed with stiver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says: "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth, and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month, nor a year, the magnificent calculation, but before I get through to-day, I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

THE CROWN JEWELS. With some friends I went to your Tower to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and being in the procession were compelled to pass out. I wish that I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength that you might walk around just once, at least, and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price."

Now if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by installments—so much the first of January, so much the first of April, so much the first of July, so much the first of October, until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that "you have been bought with a price," and that that price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearing of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village or the hill there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born.

In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people, many thousand people were crowded, and amid hostlers and muleteers and camel drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden, the Messiah appeared. No silence, no privacy. A better adapted place has the eagle in the eyrie—hath the whelp in the lion's lair. The exile of heaven lieth down upon straw. The first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse! One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half way world of great magnitude; then to Caesar's palace; then to a merchant's castle in Galilee; then to a private home in Bethany; then to a fisherman's hut, and last of all to a stable. No! It was one leap from top to bottom.

THE MANGER AT BETHLEHEM. Let us open the door of the caravan sary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary no light? "No light," she says, "say that which comes through the door. What, Mary no food?" "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncove your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day—monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of God. Omnipotence sheathed in the babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna!

Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger, that we might rise from manger to throne, and that at the gates are open, and that the door of heaven that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of heaven lay hold the rope and ring out the news. "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people for today is born in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

well—more sly, more terrific than anything that prowled in that country—than himself, met Christ.

The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentulus in his letter to the Roman senate, ascribed to Jesus—that rose had scattered its petals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emaciation. A long abstinence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew of the ship Juno, for twenty-three days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fiber of the body and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was hungered, and if they had strength, with one yell they would devour you as a lion a kid.

It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and Satan said, "Now change these stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you and me under these circumstances, we would have cried, "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time for mastication. But Christ with one hand beat back the hunger, and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. Oh, ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted. We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made, but he is not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail, "Put it on now yourself, and let us try it," and with shot after shot from his own pistol the emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be—a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward.

THE GUARD AGAINST TEMPTATION. I bless God that the same coat of mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the head of Christ we may now all wear; for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me, and wear it for yourselves. I shall see through all trials and I shall see you through all temptations."

"But," says Satan still further to Jesus. "Come and I will show you something worth looking at;" and after a half a day's journey they came to Jerusalem, and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up into the tower at Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so Satan brought Christ to the top of the temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy, and a strange disposition to jump; so Satan comes to Christ at that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple they looked off. A magnificent reach of country. Grain-fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills, and villages and cities and realms.

"Now," says Satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the temple to the valley, but if you are divine you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your Father will hold you. Besides, I'll give you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you China, I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation this must have been!

Go tomorrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin cellar in the lowest part of your city. "No," you say, "I would not demean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think what the king of heaven and earth endured when he came down and fought the great wretch of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on top of the temple. But I bless God that in the triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we shall also triumph. Having himself been tempted, he is able to succor all those who are tempted.

In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled at the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck said, "Don't send that boy up; he will be dashed to death." The mate said, "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order, and then rose hand over hand and went to work; and as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done he came down in safety, and a Christian man said to him, "Why did you go down into the forecabin before you went up?" "Ah!" said the boy: "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me before I undertook anything great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" said the man. "Oh! that is the New Testament," he said, "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well the boy was protected!

I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us and Christ beneath us and Christ above us and Christ all around us nothing can befall us in the way of harm. Christ himself having been in the temptations will deliver all those who put their trust in him. Blessed be his glorious name forever.

HOW CHRIST WAS MOCKED. The third installment paid for our redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in any criminal court as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled him into the court-room at 2 o'clock in the morning. They gave him no time for counsel. They gave him no opportunity for subpoenaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight of course they saw the arrest and went into the court-room. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the court-room with the ruffians.

Oh, look at him! No one to speak a word for him. I lift the lantern until I can look into his face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the court comes up and smites him in the mouth, and I see the blood streaming from him and lip. Oh! it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sentence. Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an arraignment

of court between condemnation and sentence, but what cares the judge for the law? "The man has no friends—let him die," says the judge; and the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what we want. Pass him out here to us. Away with him! Away with him!"

Oh! I bless God that amid all the injustice that may have been inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did Christ, and Jesus stands today in every court room, in every house, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all means protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that two o'clock morning scene, and the throb of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd then he will forget you and me in the injustice of life that may be inflicted upon us.

Further, I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summer ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The owl at noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank, but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

CRUELTY OF THE JEWS. It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that everything should be sadder that day, as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the king.

A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying, silence puts its hand on your lips, and you would have a loathing to the man who could stand by a deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in his last hour cannot be left alone. What! pursuing him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking his tears. Do you want to drink his blood? They come up closely, so that notwithstanding the darkness they can glut their revenge with the contortions of his countenance. They examine his feet. They want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes, and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments. Women stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for the tender-hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite.

The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the anguished feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for his holy heart. Had he not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn him down and trampled him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and clamped their bits, and reared and snuffed at the blood! Had a Roman officer called out for a light his voice would not have been heard in the tumult; but louder than the clash of spears, and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, there comes a voice crashing through—loud, clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the groaning of the dying son of God! Look! what a scene! Look, world, at what you have done!

CALL TO THE UNCONVERTED. I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh, when the nails went through Christ's right hand and through Christ's left hand, that bought both your hands with all their power to work and lift and write! When the nails went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that bought your feet, with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love and repent and pray.

Oh, sinner, come back! If a man is in no pain, if he is prospered, if he is well, and he asks you to come, you take your time and you say: "I can't come now. I'll come after awhile. There is no haste." But if he is in want and trouble you say: "I must go right away. I must go now." Today Jesus stretches out before you two wounded hands and he begs of you to come. Go and you live. Stay away and you die. Oh, that to him who bought us we might give all our time, and all our prayers, and all our successes. I would we could think of nothing else, but come to Christ. He is so fair. He is so loving. He is so sympathizing. He is so good. I wish we could put our arms around his neck and say, "Thine, Lord, will I be forever." Oh, that you would begin to love him. Would that I could take this audience and wreath it around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ.

When the Atlantic cable was lost, in 1865 do you remember that the Great Eastern and the Medway, and the Albany went to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapnel two and a half miles deep in water. After awhile they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Their two weeks more they swept the sea with the grappling hooks, and at last they found the cable, and they brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then, with great excitement, they took one end of the cable to the electrician's room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent, they every hat was lifted, and the rockets and the guns sounded until all the vessels on the expedition knew the work was

done and the continents were lashed together.

Well, my friends, Sabbath after Sabbath Gospel messengers have come searching down for your souls. We have swept the sea with the grappling hook of Christ's Gospel. Again and again we have thought that you were at the surface, and we began to rejoice over your redemption; but at the moment of our gladness you sank back again into the world and back again into sin. Today we come with this Gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first, to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done and the angels of God bend down and witness and oh! if how we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith, we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee, because communication is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been sunken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the Gospel.

WOMAN'S WORK AND AIMS.

Eliza A. Graham, of Mobile, Alabama, has received a patent for a machine for hanging wall paper.

Three hundred women in the United States own establishments for the raising of flowers and plants.

Twenty young women, skilled in the use of the microscope, are employed by the government as pork inspectors at Kansas city.

One-third of the women of Germany and Austria are said to support themselves, and half of those who are married help in gainful occupations.

Lady Randolph Churchill is the only American woman who has ever been honored by the Queen of England with the order of the Crown of India.

The wife of John Delane, of the London Times, suggested the obituary column of which her husband playfully allowed her the income that finally grew to an enormous sum.

Mrs. Amelia Rives-Chandler has gone to Washington to make some special studies for a literary production on which she is engaged, which will deal with Washington social life and public characters.

Boston boasts of a woman cabinet maker, who has a studio in the Pierce Building, on Copley square, and plies hammer, saw and chisel for back Bay patrons. She has also several classes of fashionable girl pupils.

This is the way the ex-Empress Eugenie recently gave her personality to a census agent: Marie Eugenie, Countess of Pierrefond, sixty-four years of age, born in Granada, Spain; naturalized in France; a widow; a traveller.

One of the prominent preachers of North Dakota is Miss Carrie J. Bartlett, a young woman who stepped from a newspaper office into a pulpit. She is said to be successful in her new field, and is popular with her congregation.

Police matrons are now employed in Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other large cities. The appointment of the matrons has generally been secured by the efforts of the women, and in spite of the opposition of the police.

Miss Amy Baker, a gifted young elocutionist, has a parlor class of New York women who spend a profitable hour listening to her admirable selection of editorials and articles on current topics and events, clipped from both American and foreign journals of the time.

A Swedish lady has for years been the engraver of medals at the Royal Mint at Stockholm, and many of her country women are celebrated engravers on wood and glass. In wood carving, lithography, modelling, designing of various descriptions, decorative painting and art embroideries of the finest and rarest kind, the women of Sweden can not be excelled. Several have gained fame as musical composers.

In Iceland men and women are in every respect political equals. The nation, which is about seventy-three thousand people, is governed by representatives elected by men and women together. The work of education is in the hands of the women and in the whole island not a single illiterate is to be found. These voting matrons, who educate their children, have produced a nation in which there are no prisons, no police, no thieves and no army.

A celebrated banker in New York has four beautiful daughters. Two are trained school teachers, one is an artist, the other a pianist. He obliges them to work at their professions, and become not only theoretically but practically successful. Upon being asked the reason of this rather unnecessary treatment, when he possessed such immense wealth, he replied: "Money is fleeting in my business, and I am determined that all my family shall know how to earn money if anything happens to me. There are hundreds of gentlemen coming into my office every day whining from poverty and lack of industry. They don't know how to work, and that is why they are so backward in getting a living. It is a sad sight, and I am determined my family shall be above it, and after all, labor is above wealth."

SUBJECTS OF THOUGHT.

The fountain of the only beauty that lasts is the heart.

He who labors with his mind governs others; he who labors with his body is governed by others.

Few men have ever earnestly striven after a competence, after health, home, happiness, love of relatives, respect and confidence of fellowmen, and not attained it. Few men that have so lived have had occasion to part from old associations with dread and to greet new ones with fears.

The habit of strict and careful accuracy in speaking, or saying neither more nor less than is felt or thought or known of recording facts, events and scenes as correctly as possible, will form the best safeguard against the utterance of a conscious falsehood, however strong may be the motive which may urge it.

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