A SUBLIME SACRIFICE

HOW CHRIST PURCHASED OUR DE-LIVERANCE ON CALVARY.

Dr. Talmage Belivers an Interesting Discourse on Paul's Bold Challenge, "Who Is He That Condemneth?"-Christ Ou

BROOKLYN, Aug. 13.-Rev. Dr. Talmage today chose for his subject "A Bold Challenge," the text being Romans viii, 34 "Whois he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again who is even at the right hand of God who also maketh intercession for us." "This is the last sermon I shall eve preach," said Christmas Evans on the 13th of June, 1838. Three days afterward he expired. I do not know what his text was, but I know that no man could choose t better theme-though he knew it was the last time he should ever preach—than the

subject found in this text. Paul flung this challenge of the text to the feet of all ecclesiastical and civil authority. He feared neither swords nor lions, earth por hell. Diocletian slew uncounted thousands under his administration, and the world has been full of persecution; but all the persecutors of the world could not affright Paul. Was it because he was physically strong? Oh, no. I suppose he was very much weakened by exposure and maltreatment. Was it because he was lacking in sensitiveness? No; you find the most delicate shades of feeling playing in and out his letters and sermons. Some of his communications barst into tears. What was it that lifted Paul into this triumphant mood? The thought of a Saviour dead, a forth!" Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour

SUBLIME SACRIFICE. All the world has sung the praise of Princess Alice. One child having died of a contagious disease-she was in the room where another was dying, and the court physician said to her, "You must not breathe the breath of this child or you yourself will die." But seeing the child mourning be cause of the death of her brother the mother stooped down and in sympathy kissed the little one, caught the disease and perished. All the world sang the hereism and the self sacrifice of Princess Alice, but I have to tell you that when our race was dy ing the Lord Jesus' stooped down and gave us the kiss of his everlasting love and per ished that we might live. "It is Christ

Can you tell me how tender hearted Paul could find anything to rejoice at in the hor rible death scene of Calvary? We weep at funerals; we are sympathetic when we see a stranger die; when a murderer steps up on the scaffold we pray for his departing spirit, and how could Paul-the great hearted Paul-find anything to be pleased with at the funeral of a God? Besides that, Christ had only recently died, and the sorrow was fresh in the memory of the world and how in the fresh memory of a Saviour's death could Paul he exultant?

It was because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance, and the deliverance of a race from still worse disaster. He saw the gap into which the race must plunge and he saw the bleeding hands of Christ close it. The glittering steel on the top of the executioner's spear in his sight kindled into a torch to light men heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross five words Paul saw over the cross of Christ only one word—"expiation!" He heard in the dy ing grean of Christ his own grean of eternal torture taken by another. Paul said to himself, "Had it not been that Christ volunteered in my behalf, those would have been my mauled hands and feet, my gashed side, my crimson temples." THE BURDEN OF CHRIST.

Men of great physical endurance have sometimes carried very heavy burdens-300 pounds, 400 pounds-and they have still said, "My strength is not yet tested. Put on more weight." But after awhile they were compelled to cry out: "Stop. I can carry no more." But the burden of Christ was illimitable. First, there was his own burden of hunger and thirst and bereavement and a thousand outrages that have feet, two in the hands, one in the side-five been heaped upon him, and on top of that burden were the sorrows of his poor old These are not half the wounds. Look at mother, and on the top of those burdens the the severer wounds in the temples; each crimes of the ruffians who were executing thorn an exeruciation.

"Stop!" you cry. "It is enough. Christ can bear no more." And Christ says, "Roll on more burdens. Roll on me the sins of this entire nation, and after that roll on me the sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll on me the sins of the 4,000 years past, so far as those sins have been forgiven.' And the angels of God, seeing the awful pressure, cry: "Stop! He can bear no more." And the blood rushing to the nostril and lip seems to cry out: "Enough! He can endure no more." But Christ says, "Roll on a greater burden-roll on the sins of the next 1,900 years, roll on me the sins of all the succeeding ages; roll on me the agonies of hell, ages on ages, the furnaces and the prison houses and the tortures." That is what the Bible means when it says, "He

bore our sins and carried our sorrows.' "Now," says Paul, "I am free. That suffering purchased my deliverance. God nev- not appropriately utter it, but let the marer collects a debt twice. I have a receipt in full. If God is satisfied with me, then what do all the threats of earth and hell amount to? Bring on all your witnesses," says Paul. "Show all your force. Do your worst against my soul. I defy you. I dare you. I chailenge you. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Oh, what a strong argument that puts in the hand of every Christian man! Some day all the past sins of his life come down on him in a fiery troop, and they pound away at the gate of his soul, and they say: "We have come for your arrest. Any one of us could overcome you. We are 10,000 strong. Surrender!" And you open the door and single handed and alone you contend against that troop. You fling this divine weapon into their midst. You scatter those sins as quick as you can think it. "It is Christ that died." Why then bring up to us the sins of our past life? What

have we to do with those obsolete things? You know how hard it is for a wrecker to bring up anything that is lost near the shere of the sea, but suppose something be lost half way between Liverpool and New York. It cannot be found, it cannot be fetched up. "Now," says God, "your sins I have cast into the depths of the sea." Mid-Atlantic! All the machinery ever fashioned in foundries of darkness, and launched from the doors of eternal death, working for 10,000 years, cannot bring up one of our sins forgiven and forgotten- and sunken into the depths of the sea. When a sin is pardoned, it is gone—it is gone out of the books, it is gone out of the memory, it is gone out of existence. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

THE TRAGEDY THAT SAVES. From other tragedies men have come away exhausted and nervous and sleepless; but there is one tragedy that soothes and calms and saves. Calvary was the stage on which it was enacted, the curtain of the night falling at midnoon was the drop scene, the thunder of falling rocks the orchestra, angels in the galleries and devils in the pit the spectators, the tragedy a cruelfixion. "It is Christ that died." Oh,

triumphant thought!
If you go through the picture galleries of Versailles, you will find a great change there. I said to a friend who had been through those galleries, "Are they as they were before the French war?" and I was told there was a great change there; that all that multitude of pictures which repre sented Napoleonic triumphs had been taken away, and in the frames were other pictures representative of Germanic suc cess and victory. Oh, that all the scenes of satanic triumph in our world might be blotted out, and that the whole world might be a picture gallery representing the triumphant Jesus! Down with the mon archy of transgression! Up with the mon archy of our king! Hail! Jesus, hail! But I must give you the second cause of Paul's exhibitation. If Christ had staid an attorney will plead the insanity of the in that grave, we never would have gotten out of it. The grave would have been dark and dismal as the conciergerie during the reign of terror, where the carts came up only to take the victims out to the scaffold I do not wonder that the ancients tried by embalmment of the body to resist the dis

solution of death. The grave is the darkest, deepest, ghast liest chasm that was ever opened if there be no light from the resurrection throne streaming into it, but Christ staid in the

tomb all Friday night and all Saturday, an Saturday night and a part of Sunday morning. He staid so long in the tomb that he might fit it for us when we go there. He tarried two whole nights in the grave, so that he saw how important it was to have plenty of light, and he has flooded it with his own glory.

It is early Sunday morning, and we start up to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun gilding the dew, and the shrubs are sweet as the foot crushes them. What a beautiful place to be buried in! Wonder they did not treat Christ as well when he was alive as they do now that he is dead. Give the military salute to the soldiers who stand guarding the dead. But, hark to the crash! an earthquake! The soldiers fall back as though they were dead, and the stone at the door of Christ's tomb spins down the hill, flung by the arm of an angel. Come forth, O Jesus! from the darkness into the sunlight. Come forth and breathe the perfume of Joseph's gar-

Christ comes forth radiant, and as he steps out of the excavation of the rock I look down into the excavation and in the distance I see others coming hand in hand and troop after troop, and I find it is a long precession of the precious dead. Among them are our own loved ones-father, mother, brother, sister, companion, children, coming up out of the excavation of the rock until the last one has stepped out into the light, and I am bewildered, and I cannot understand the scene until I see Christ wave his hand over the advancing procession from the rock, and hear him cry I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And then I notice that the long dirge of the world's wee suddenly stops at the archangelic shout of "Come

RESULTS OF THE RESURRECTION.

Oh, my friends, if Christ had not broken out of the grave you and I would never come out of it! It would have been another case of Charlotte Corday attempting to slay a tyrant, herself slain. It would have been another case of John Brown attempting to free the slaves, himself hung. It would have been death and Christ in a grapple and death the victor. The black flag would have floated on all the graves and mausoleums of the dead, and hell would have conquered the forces of heaven and captured the ramparts of God, and satan would have come to coronation in t palaces of heaven, and it would have been devils on the throne and sons of God in the dungeon. No! no! no! When that stone was rolled from the deer of Christ's grave, it was hurled with such a force that it crashed in all the grave doors of Christendom, and now the tomb is only a bower where God's children take a siesta, an afternoon nap, to wake up in mighty invigoration. "Christ is risen." Hang that lamp among all the tombs of my dead. Hang it over my own resting place. Christ's suffering is ended:

ernoon of the world's history becomes th brightest Sunday morning of its resurrec tion joy. The Good Friday of bitter memories becomes the Easter of glorious transformation and resurrection. Ye mourning saints, dry every tear For your departed Lord. Behold the place. He is not here.

his work is done. The darkest Friday aft-

The tomb is all unbarred.

The gates of death were closed in vain. The Lords risen-he lives again. I give you the third cause of Paul's exhilaration. We honor the right hand more than we do the left. If in accident or battle written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin; but | we must lose one hand, let it be the left. The left hand being nearer the heart, we may not do much of the violent work of life with that hand without physical danger, but he who has the right arm in full play has the mightiest of all earthly weapons. In all ages and in all languages the right hand is the symbol of strength and power and henor. Hiram sat at the right hand of Solomon. Then we have the term, "He is

a right hand man." Lafayette was Wash-

of Christ, who is at the right hand of God THE HERO OF THE UNIVERSE. That means he is the first guest of heaven. He has a right to sit there. The hero of the universe! Count his wounds; two in the wounds. Oh, you have counted wrong.

If a hero comes back from battle, and h takes off his hat or rolls up his sleeve and shows you the scar of a wound gotten at Ball's Bluff or at South Mountain, you stand in admiration at his heroism and patriotism, but if Christ should make conspicuous the five wounds gotten on Calvary—that Waterloo of all the ages—he would display only a small part of his wounds. Wounded all over, let him sit at the right hand of God. He has a right to sit there. By the request of God the Father and the unanimous suffrage of all heaven let him sit there. In the grand review, when the redcemed pass by incohorts of splendor, they will look at him and shout, 'Victory."

The oldest inhabitant of heaven never saw a grander day than the one when Christ took his place on the right hand of God. Hosannal With lips of clay I may tyrs under the altar throw the cry to the elders before the throne, and they can toss it to the choir on the sea of glass until all Heaven shall lift it-some on point of scepter, and some on string of harp, and some on the tip of the green branches. Hosanna! Hossina!

A fourth cause of Paul's exhilar tion After a clorayman had transled a second in regard to the giories of heaven and the splendors of the scene an aged woman said "If all that is to go on in heaven, I don't know what will become of my poor head.' Oh, my friends, there will be so many things going on in heaven I have sometimes wondered if the Lord would not forget you

PAUL IN PRISON, Perhaps Paul said sometimes: "I wonder God does not forget me down here in An tioch, and in the prison, and in the ship wreck. There are so many sailors, so many wayfarers, so many prisoners, so many heartbroken men," says Paul, "perhap God may forget me. And then I am so vile a sinner. How I whipped those Christians With what vengeance I mounted that cavalry horse and dashed up to Damasous Oh! it will take a mighty attorney to plead my cause and get me free." But just at that moment there came in upon Paul' soul something mightier than the surges that dashed his ship into Melita, swifter than the horse he rode to Damascus. I was the swift and overwhelming though

of Christ's intercession. My friends, we must have an advocate A poor lawyer is worse than no lawyer at all. We must have one who is able suc cessfully to present our cause before God Where is he? Who is he? There is only one advocate in all the universe that can plead our cause in the last judgment, that can plead our cause before God in the great tribunal.

Sometimes in earthly courts attorney have specialties, and one man succeeds better in patent cases, another in insurance cases, another in criminal cases, another in land cases, another in will cases, and his success generally depends upon his sticking to that specialty. I have to tell you that Christ can do many things, but it seems to me that his specialty is to take the bad case of the sinner and plead it before God until he gets eternal acquittal. Oh! we must have him for our advocate.

But what plea can be make? Sometime: zence of the prisoner. That would be inappropriate for us; we are all guilty! guilty Unclean, unclean! Christ, our advocate, will not plead our innocence. Sometimethe attorney in court tries to prove an alibi. He says: "This prisoner was not at the scene. He was in some other place at the time." Such a plea will not do in our case. The Lord found us in all our sinand in the very place of our iniquity. It is impossible to prove an alibi. Sometime prisoner and say he is irresponsible on that account. That plea will never do in our case. We sinned against light, against knowledge, against the dictates of our own consciences; we knew what we were doing

What then shall the plea be? CHRIST'S MARTYRDOM. The plea for our eternal deliverance will be Christ's own martyrdom. He will say: "Look at all these wounds. By all these sufferings I demand the rescue of this man from sin and death and bell. Constable.

knock off the shackles-let the prisone "V ho is he that condemneth go free." It is Christ that died, yea, rather that i risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for

But why all this gladness on the faces of these sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? I know what you are thinking of. A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interesding. "What," say you, "is all that for me?" All! all! Never let me hear you complaining about anything again. With your pardoned sin behind you, and a successful Christ pleading above you, and a glorious heaven before you, how can you be de spondent about anything? But," says some man in the audience

"all that is very good and very true for those who are inside the kingdom, but how about those of us who are outside?" Then I say, come into the kingdom, come cut o the prison house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon and come now.

It was in the last days of the reign of ter ror, the year 1793. Hundreds and thousands had perished under the French guillotine. France grouned with the tyrannies of Robe spierre and the Jacobin club. The last group of sufferers had had their locks shorn by Monchotte, the prison barber, so that France grouned with the tyrannies of Rola

the neck might be bare to the keen knife of the guillotine. The carts came up to the prison, the poor wretches were placed in the carts and driven off toward the scaffold. But while they were going toward the scaffold there was an outery in the street, and then the shock of firearms, and then the cry: "Robespierre has fallen! Down with the Jacobins! Le: France be free!" But the armed coldiers rede in upon these rescuers, so that the poor wretches in the carts were taken on

to the scaffold and horribly died. But that very night these monsters of persecution were scized, and Robespierre erished under the very guillotine that he had reared for others, all France clapping their hands with joy as his head rolled into the executioner's basket. Then the axes of the excited populace were heard pounding ngainst the gates of the prison, and the poor prisoners walked out free. My friends, sin is the worst of all Robespierres. It is the tyrant of tyrants. It has built a prison. house for our soul. It plots our death. It has shorn us for the sacrifice; but, blessed be God, this morning we hear the axes of God's gracious deliverance pounding against the door of our prison.

Deliverance has come. Light breakthrough all the wards of the prison. Revo lution! Revolution! "Where sin abound ed grace does much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death even s grace may reign unto eternal life throug Jesus Christ our Lord." Glorious truth! A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviou exalted; a Saviour interceding!

When Does the Year Begin? The countries and nations of the world with a few exceptions, begin the year with Jan. 1, but that this system is arbitrary and based upon nothing in particular dos not even need to be proven. The ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians Phonicians and Carthaginians each began their year with the autumnal equinox or about Sept. 22. Among the Greeks the beginning of the year was at the time of the winter solstice down to 432 B. C., when the 'Menton cycle' was introduced, after which the new year began on Jane 22. In England from the time of the fourteentl. century until 1752 the legal and ecclesias tical year began on March 25.-St. Louis Republic.

When Dr. Ward Was Out of Patience. Dr. William George Ward, the eminent theologian, was much disturbed at the congratulations his friends sent him upon the birth of his first son. They made him seri ously angry.

"I have been for years," he said, "doing valuable intellectual work at Oxford-and in this place which few men have the ington's right hand man; Marshal Ney was Napoleon's right hand man, and now you knowledge or ability to do, and no one ever have the meaning of Paul when he speaks wrote to congratulate me. I have a sonthing any man may do-and I receive fift or a hundred letters of congratulation. I Is intolerably absurd."-San Francisco A

> Bogus Buttons From McClellan's Cont. "There's another button off the coat my father were at the battle of Antietam," said Acting Mayor George B. McCiellan as he threw on his desk a letter requesting him to assist in paying the expenses attendant on casting the Columbian liberty bell. The writer of the letter incidentally referred to the fact that one of the pieces of metal which was run into the bell was a button off the coat worn by General McClellan at

"It is about time this button business was exploded," said Colonel McClellan. "I've heard of enough buttons which came off that coat to dam the North river. The fact is that the coat in question never lost a but ton. The 10 which were on it originally are there today. It is a four button sack coat. with three small buttons on each sleeve. I have is at home, and there is attached to it a card in my father's handwriting to the following effect: "This is the coat I wore at Antietam. George B. McClellan.' I can't magine where all the relic collectors got the bushels of buttons which are alleged to have adorned that particular garment."-New York Sun.

Amusements of a Literary Man. "I am a great collector," says Zola, "and now that I have paid for my experience I often make very good bargains. Look, for instance, at this Tanagra statuette. Could gnything be more exquisite? I cannot tell you what a thrill of pleasure runs through me each time I take it in my hands. In the summer I am usually down at Medan, a place which I bought years ago for 9,000 francs, at a time when I thought it folly to spend such a sum, and on which I have since spent 20 times that amount. There, as in Paris, I work regularly every day, but my afternoons are spent in my gardens or on the island in the Seine opposite my house. Sometimes I boat, but I am not fond of violent exercise other than walking, in which I still take as much pleasure as when with my friends Baille and Cezanne I used to roam for days together over the hills around Aix."

On the Wrong Track. They are now telling the story of a lead ing citizen of a town in Oregon, who was selected to read the Declaration of Inde pendence at the celebration of the Fourth of July, that he had got half way through the first article of the constitution of the United States before a member of the com mittee on arrangements on the stage be hind him recovered presence of mind enough to pull his contrail, seize his book, open it at the right place and start him off anew on the self evident truths .- New York

Negligee Dress. A noticeable thing in the suburbs is the fondness fashionable women are showing for negligee costume. The blouse waist is probably responsible for this in a measure. t is being worn this season with a freedom never indulged in before. It is a comment upon woman's gradual emancipation from he combination of the dressmaker that while the latter is decreeing more claboration than usual-even decorating bathing costumes with bretelles, epaulets and like paraphernalia-girls of unquestioned taste and style are quietly assigning the simple shirt waist to new purposes, such as riding habits and bicycle costumes. Young women who a year ago thought it necessary to assume the most conventional outlit for the wheel now whirl by in loose white shirt waists that look for more comfortable with the heavy cloth skirt than did the old tight bodice of dark stuff. A

Times. The Origin of the Fan In China. The origin of the fan in China is said to have sprung from the following incident: ered with jewels, was worth a small fortune. - Washington Star,

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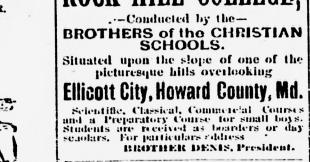
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::8844884844 ::88448648 мжмжжжж 8858538 25....24623522422324133335; | B short jacket may be worn, but oftener is 69. 128. 8888. 15 5 9 788 1 P carried as a protection against sudden changes in the atmosphere.-Philadelphia

A royal princess, very beautiful, was assist ing at the feasts of lanterns, her face covered with a mask as was usual. The excessive heat compelled her to remove it, and in order to guard her features from the common gaze she moved it quickly to and ho in front of her face, thus simultaneous ly hiding her charms and cooling her brow. The idea was at once adopted throughout the kingdom. Catharine de Medici carried the first fan from Italy over seen in France, and in the time of Louis XIV the fan cov-



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DATLY.

4.30 A. M.—Fast Mail for Norfolk and Western R. R. and Southern and Southwestern points; also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Braceville, Rocky Ridge, Emmitsburg, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Buena Vista Spring, Pen Mar, Blue, Mountain, Edgemont, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, W. Va., Chambersburg, Waynesboro', points on B. and C. V. R. R., Martinsburg and Winchester, Va. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7.00 A. M.—Accommodation for Hanover and Gettysburg, Pa., and all points on B. and H. Division and Main Line east of Emory Grove; also, Carlisle and Harrisburg, Gettysburg R. R.

8.00 A. M.—Mail for Cherry Run, W. Va., Clear Spring, Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and pointcon Main Line & B. & C. V. R. R.; also Frederick and Emmittsburg, and points on N. & W. R. R. to Basic, 19.00 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, Gettysburg and all points on B. & H. also Mt. Holly Springs, Carlisle and points on G. & H. R. R.

2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove Mt. Holly Springs, Carlisle and points on G. & H. R. R.

2.25 P. M.—Bone Mountain Express for Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Bruceville, Frederick, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Bruceville, Spring and Cherry Run, (Parlor Car.)

3.32 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Howardville, Mt. Wilson, Owing's Mills, Glyndon and all points on R. & H. Division.

4.00 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Sudbrook Park, Pikesville, Green Spring Junction, Owings' Mills, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Tannery, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main Line Stations West, also Emmitsburg B. and C. V. R. R., Norfolk and Western R. R. and points South.

5.15 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, 846 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, 846 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

846 P. M —Accommodation for Emory Grove 11.35 P. M.-Accommodation for Emory Grove SUNDAYS. 9.30 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge and Hanover. 2.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 4.00 P. M.—Accommodation for Alesi 1. 10.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN STATION. Daily—7.18 P. M.—Daily (except Sunday) 6.50 7.40, 8.37, 9.31, 10,40 and 11.47, A. M., and 2.40, 5 10, 6.10, 6.58 and 10.57 P. M Sundays only.—9.10 and 10.20 A. M., 6.15 and 9.05 P. M. Ticket and Baggage Office, 205 East Balti-more St.

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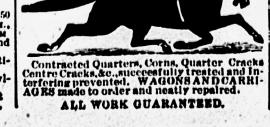
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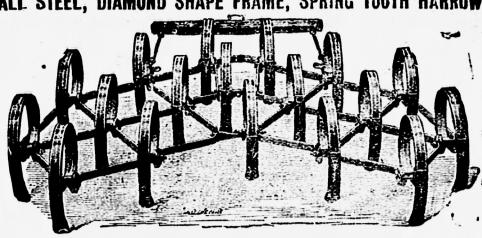
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