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GOSPEL TABERNACLE, NASHVILLE, WHERE THE INTERNATIONAL C. E. CONVENTION MEETS NEXT WEEK. (See page 539.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



A Glorious Rest.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } Arise ye and depart; for this is not
on the Text: Micah 2: 10, . . . } your rest.



HIS was the drum-beat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition; but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells, by long exposure and much ringing, lose their clearness of tone; but this rousing bell of the Gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life, a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man in this world who has found entire rest! The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns, and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tusk; from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that he did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does everything successfully; and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few years. Indeed, it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill, and bird, and ocean—so that God has but to lift his hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They buided themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money-markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and in safe-deposit vaults great rolls of government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high-mettled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canas on the wall, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze, and dropping soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights. It is eleven o'clock at night. Let slumber drop on the eyelids, and the air float through the half-opened lattice, drowsy with muscander perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety, and trouble! But no! They will not stand back. They rattle the brass. They look under the canopy. Who would touch they stirle his pulses. They cry out—twelve o'clock at night.

Asleep are we, how can you sleep when there is an unrested? What about these studies? Hark to the tip of that feathered pen, its point erect: How if you could be the man? Awake man! Think of it! What would be your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? What will they do with the tale wings? How if you could be that poor? Wake up! Think of it! How if you were a man of fortune, and you were to die, and your heirs were to find you dead? Think of it! For all this scene of wealth, the grand case, up rest!

I passed by a street of Italy with a remembrance. He knew all the fine houses on the street. He said: "There is something in the matter in those houses. In that one it is a converted infidel; in that one a despatched son; in that one a so late father. In that one that child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

direction. A man says, "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand, and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand-clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on ten thousand lips. He is bowed to, and sought after, and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From house-tops, as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is eleven o'clock at night. On pillows stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush! All disturbant voices. In his dream let there be hoisted a throne, and across it march a coronation. Hush! Hush!

"Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor! Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Harken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy? Up, man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie upon his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defence against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival; yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims: "No rest! no rest!"

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster, "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the Constitution! A man fit for any position!" That same world said, after a while, "Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. While Charles Matthews was performing in London, before immense audiences, one day a worn-out and gloomy man came into a doctor's shop, saying, "Doctor, what can you do for me?" The doctor examined his case and said, "My advice is that you go and see Charles Matthews." "Alas! Alas!" said the man, "I myself am Charles Matthews." Jeffrey thought that if he could only be judge, that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets, and orators, and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt on the day when he wrote the

Daisy, wee modest, crimson-tipped flower. Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but of what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in

triumph, the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver-tongued Sheridan, in the mid-day of prosperity, harangued the people of Britain; and how they howled at and execrated him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them.

This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the waters, "no rest here—we plunge to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here—we crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here—we follow Babylon, and Thebes, and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer, and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text: "Arise ye and depart; for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California, large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune, and a year ago for the same purpose hundreds dared the cold of Alaska. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of Gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the Proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company ten thousand shares of infinite value, in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the Crusaders—how that many thousands of them went off to conquer the Holy Sepulchre. I ask you to join a grander crusade—not for the purpose of conquering the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers; he tests their eyesight; he sounds their lungs; he measures their stature; they must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipations, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you all may join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary—weary with sin; weary with trouble; weary with bereavement. Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a score of conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore; and you sigh, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst claws at your tongue, and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased Pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness, and under every shadow; but just at the moment when you were all ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders, and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle, that in this world you may never lay down; ye discouraged ones, who have been waging a hand-to-hand fight for bread; ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. It cannot be that those bright ones ever toiled? Yes! yes! These packed the Chinese tea-boxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweltered on Southern plantations, and one night, after the cotton-picking, went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overtoil in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills; those helped build the Pyramids, and these broke away from

work on the day Christ was hounded of Jerusalem. No more towers to be heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. No harvests to raise; the garners are full, and the sons and daughters of toil! arise and depart, for that is your rest.

But there are some of you who will hear about the land where they have any heartbreaks, and no grave to dig. Where are your father and mother? The most of you are orphans. I am around, and where I see one man who parents living, I see ten who are orphans. Where are your children? Where one family circle that is unbroken, three or four that have been desecrated. One lamb gone out of this fold, flower plucked from that garland, golden link broken from that chain, a bright light put out, and there are you and yonder another. With such how are you to rest? Will there be a power that can attune that silent, or kindle the lustre of that closed, put spring and dance into that little When we bank up the dust over the is the sod never to be broken? In cemetery to hear no sound but the the hearse-wheel, or the tap of the gate as the long processions go with their awful burdens of grief to the bottom of the grave gravel, a top dust? No! no! no! The tomb is a place where we wrap our robes us for a pleasant nap on our way. The swellings of Jordan will only off the dust of the way. From the the grave we catch a glimpse of the gilded with the sun that never set.

Oh, ye whose locks are wet with dew of the night of grief; ye hearts are heavy, because those known footsteps sound no more, doorway, yonder is your rest! The David triumphant; but once he bered Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned but once he wept for Sarah. The Paul exultant; but he once sat we feet in the stocks. There is Payson with immortal health; but of he was always sick. No toil, no partings, no strife, no agonizing no night. No storm to ruffle the sea. No alarm to strike from the towers. No dirge throbbing from harps. No tremor in the everlasting but rest—perfect rest—unending rest.

Into that rest how many love have gone! Some put down the of mid-life, feeling they could have spared from the store or shop for but are to be spared from it forever went in old age. One came tottering his staff, and used to sit at the foot of the pulpit, his wrinkled face radiant with light that falls from the throne of God. Another having lived a life of consistency here, ever busy with necessities for her children, her heart that meek and quiet spirit that the sight of God of great price, sudden countenance was transfigured, a gate was opened, and she took her amid that great cloud of witnesses hover about the throne!

Glorious consolation! They are dead. You cannot make me believe they are dead. They have only moved. With more love than that with which greeted us on earth, they watch their high place, and their voices in our struggle for the sky. Hallelu! blessed! now that ye have passed it and won the crown. With weary press up the shining way, until a lasting reunion we shall meet again. won't it be grand when, our combined and our partings over, we shall hands, and cry out, "This is heaven!"

By the thrones of your departed, by their gentle hearts, and earnestness and love with which they call you from the skies, I beg you to the high-road to heaven. In the coming rest may we all meet.

One of the old writers wished I have seen three things: Rome in her glory, surrounded by his rest; Second—To see Christ in glory, seated by his redeemed. Third—To see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed.

When on my new fledged wings I'll try to tread those shores beyond the sea I'll run through every golden street And ask each blissful soul I meet— Where is the God whose praise we sing? O! lead me stranger to your King.