

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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VOLUME 21.—NUMBER 22.

Editor: T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1898.

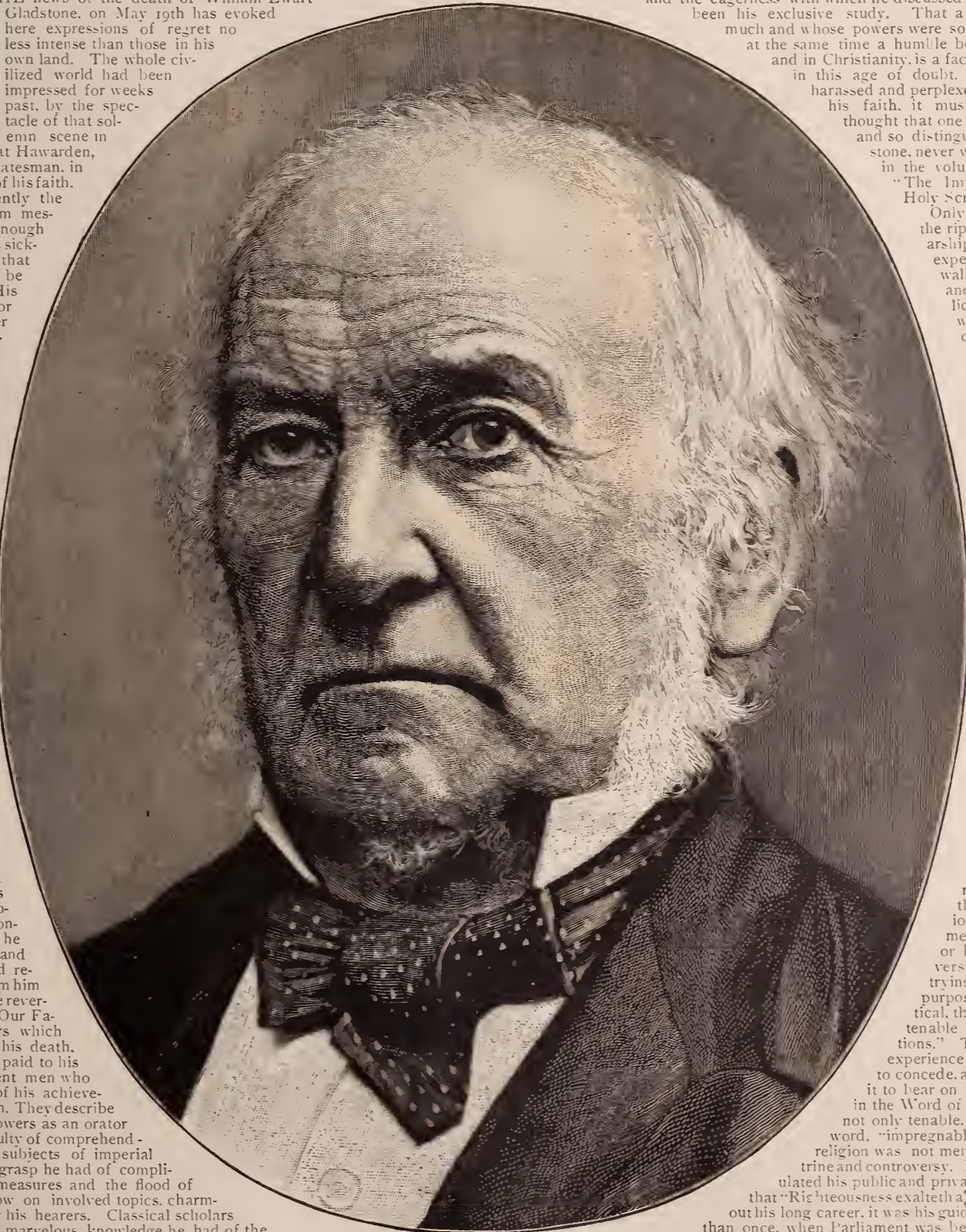
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

An Illustrious Christian Statesman.

THE CAREER OF ENGLAND'S "GRAND OLD MAN" CLOSED IN CONFIDENT HOPE OF A GLORIOUS IMMORTALITY.



THE news of the death of William Ewart Gladstone, on May 19th has evoked here expressions of regret no less intense than those in his own land. The whole civilized world had been impressed for weeks past, by the spectacle of that solemn scene in the study chamber at Hawarden, of the veteran statesman, in the full confidence of his faith, awaiting patiently the summons of the grim messenger. He had said enough in the intervals of his sickness to let us know that the summons would be sent to him. His eyes were not dim, nor was his mental power impaired, but the physician said he was tired and he longed for rest. But the idea of rest was not the one that the noble man associated with the thought of death. In the last, his eyes were as vigorous and unmovable as his family. He gathered round his bed those last hours, sang his favorite hymn "Rock of Ages," the one whose words as a mannan, or scholar, man of letters and astonishment to his generation, uttered in the language of the child the words "Our Father." In the simplicity of a truly great mind, familiar with all literature and acquainted with the arguments of the sceptical philosophers, he was content that in dying he was going home and that there he would receive welcome from him who like a child, he reverently addressed as "Our Father." In the days which have passed since his death, tributes have been paid to his character by eminent men who have reminded us of his achievements as a statesman. They describe his extraordinary powers as an orator, his faculty of comprehending and analyzing subjects of imperial magnitude, the broad grasp he had of complicated and difficult measures and the flood of light he could throw on involved topics, charming and convincing his hearers. Classical scholars marvelled on the marvelous knowledge he had of the annals of antiquity and on the critical skill which proved his profound study and appreciation of classical lore. Perseus' friends describe the surprise with which they listened to his conversation in the company of learned scientists, when he showed a knowledge equal to their own of such subjects as chemistry, biology, astronomy and geology,



and the eagerness with which he discussed them, as if they had been his exclusive study. That a man who knew so much and whose powers were so brilliant, should be at the same time a humble believer in the Bible and in Christianity, is a fact full of significance in this age of doubt. To the Christian, harassed and perplexed by the assaults on his faith, it must be a reassuring thought that one so able, so learned, and so distinguished as Mr. Gladstone, never wavered in his faith in the volume which he called, "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture."

Only eight years ago in the ripe maturity of scholarship, and after his long experience in the highest walks of statesmanship and the turmoil of public life, Mr. Gladstone wrote a series of articles with the avowed design of proving that no reasonable man need surrender his belief in the Word of God. They proved that he was thoroughly acquainted with all that had been said by the leaders of modern thought on the other side of the question and, though he modestly disclaimed the right to teach with authority on the subject, he gave good reason for his right to be heard. These articles, he said, in closing, "form the testimony of an old man in the closing period of his life. It is rendered with no special qualification, but possibly this one: Few persons of our British race have lived through a longer period of incessant argumentative contention, or have had a more diversified experience in trying to ascertain, for purposes immediately practical, the difference between tenable and untenable positions." The value of such an experience none would hesitate to concede, and when he brought it to bear on the question of faith in the Word of God, the result was not only tenable, but, to use his own word, "impregnable." Mr. Gladstone's religion was not merely a matter of doctrine and controversy. It pervaded and regulated his public and private life. He believed that "Righteousness exalteth a nation" and through out his long career, it was his guiding principle. More than once, when Parliament was bent on a course that promised to add glory if not territory to the British crown, he pleaded with eloquence almost pathetic for the course which he believed to be right and just. "You will have done what is right," he urged in his speech to the House, using the argument which would have been for him a sufficient reason for any policy. Early in his political career, when

The Late Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



Sprinkled and Cleansed.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Leviticus 14: 5-7.

"And the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel, over running water. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar-wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water: and he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field."



THE old Testament, to very many people, is a great slaughter-house strewn with the blood, and bones, and horns, and hoofs of butchered animals. It offends their sight; it disgusts their taste; it actually nauseates the stomach. But to the intelligent Christian the Old Testament is a magnificent corridor through which Jesus advances. As he appears at the other end of the corridor, we can only see the outlines of his character: coming nearer, we can descry the features. But when, at last, he steps upon the platform of the New Testament, amid the torches of evangelists and apostles, the orchestras of heaven announce him with a blast of minstrelsy that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

There were a great many cages of birds brought down to Jerusalem for sacrifice—sparrows, and pigeons, and turtle-doves. I can hear them now, whistling, caroling, and singing all around about the Temple. When a leper was to be cured of his leprosy, in order to his cleansing two of these birds were taken: one of them was slain over an earthen vessel of running water—that is, clear, fresh water, and then the bird was killed. Another bird was then taken, tied to a hyssop-branch, and plunged by the priest into the blood of the first bird; and then, with this hyssop-branch, bird-tipped, the priest would sprinkle the leper seven times, then untie the bird from the hyssop-branch, and it would go soaring into the heavens.

Now open your eyes wide, my dear brethren and sisters, and see that that first bird meant Jesus, and that the second bird means your own soul.

There is nothing more suggestive than a caged bird. In the down of its breast you can see the glow of southern climes; in the sparkle of its eye you can see the flash of distant seas; in its voice you can hear the song it learned in the wildwood. It is a child of the sky in captivity. Now the dead bird of my text, captured from the air, suggests the Lord Jesus, who came down from the realms of light and glory. He once stood in the sunlight of heaven. He was the favorite of the land. He was the King's Son.

But one day there came word to the palace that an insignificant island was in rebellion, and was cutting itself to pieces with anarchy. I hear an angel say, "Let it perish. The King's realm is vast enough without the island. The tributes to the King are large enough without that. We can spare it." "Not so," said the prince, the King's Son; and I see him push out one day, under the protest of a great company. He starts straight for the rebellious island. He lands amid the execrations of the inhabitants, that grow in violence until the malice of earth has smitten him, and the spirits of the best world put their black wings over his dying head. No wonder it was a bird that was taken and slain over an earthen vessel of running water. It was a child of the skies. It typified him who came down from heaven in agony and blood to save our souls. Blessed be his name forever!

I notice also, in my text, that the bird that was slain was a clean bird. The text demanded that it should be. It never was never sacrificed, nor the caribou, nor the vulture. It must be a clean bird, says the text, and it suggests the pure Jesus—the holy Jesus. The sceptical tailors have tried for eighteen hundred years to find out one hole in his seamless garment, but they have not found it. The most ingenious and eloquent infidel of this day in the last line of his book, all of which denounces Christ says, "All ages must proclaim that among the sons of men there is none greater than Jesus." So let this bird of the text be clean—its feet fragrant with the dew

that it pressed, its beak carrying sprig of thyme and frankincense, its feathers washed in showers. O thou spotless Son of God, impress us with thy innocence!

"Thou lovely source of true delight,
Whom I, unseen, adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more."

I remark, also, in regard to this first bird, mentioned in the text, that it was a defenseless bird. When the eagle is assaulted, with its iron beak it strikes like a lightning bolt against its adversary. But this was a dove or a sparrow—perfectly harmless, perfectly defenseless—type of him who said, "I have trod the wine-press alone, and there was none to help." None to help! Was there one, in all that crowd, manly and generous enough to stand up for him? Were the miscreants at the cross any more interfered with in their work of spiking him fast than the carpenter in his shop driving a nail through a pine board? The women cried, but there was no balm in their tears. None to help! none to help! O my Lord Jesus, none to help!

As, after a severe storm in the morning, you go out, and find birds dead on the ground, so this dead bird of the text makes me think of that awful storm that swept the earth on Crucifixion day, when the wrath of God, and the malice of man, and the fury of devils wrestled beneath the three crosses. As we sang just now,

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin."

But I come now to speak of this second bird of the text. We must not let that fly away until we have examined it. The priest took the second bird, tied it to the hyssop-branch, and then plunged it in the blood of the first bird. Ah! that is my soul, plunged for cleansing in the Saviour's blood. There is not enough water in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to wash away our smallest sin. Sin is such an outrage on God's universe that nothing but blood can atone for it. You know the life is in the blood, and as the life had been forfeited, nothing could buy it back but blood. What was it that was sprinkled on the door posts when the destroying angel went through the land? Blood. What was it that went streaming from the altar of ancient sacrifice? Blood. What was it that the priest carried into the holy of holies, making intercession for the people? Blood. What was it that Jesus sweat in the garden of Gethsemane? Great drops of blood. What does the wine in the sacramental cup signify? Blood. What makes the robes of the righteous in heaven so fair? They are washed in the blood of the Lamb. What is it that cleanses all our pollution? The blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin.

I hear somebody saying, "I do not like such a sanguinary religion as that." Do you think it is very wise for the patient to tell the doctor, "I don't like the medicine you have given me"? If he wants to be cured, he had better take the medicine. My Lord God has offered us a balm, and it is very foolish for us to say, "I don't like that balm." We had better take it, and be saved. But you do not oppose the shedding of blood in other directions and for other ends. If a hundred thousand men go out to battle for their country, and have to lay down their lives for free institutions, is there anything ignoble about that? No, you say; "glorious sacrifice rather." And is there anything ignoble in the idea that the Lord Jesus Christ, by the shedding of his blood, delivered not only one land, but all lands and all ages, from bondage, introducing men by millions and millions into the liberty of the sons of God? Is there anything ignoble about that?

As this second bird of the text was plunged in the blood of the first bird, so

we must be washed in the blood of Christ, or go polluted forever.

"Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure."

I notice now that as soon as this second bird was dipped in the blood of the first bird, the priest unloosened it and it was free—free of wing and free of foot. It could whet its beak on any tree-branch it chose. It could peck the grapes of any vineyard it chose. It was free: a type of our souls after we have washed in the blood of the Lamb. We can go where we will. We can do what we will. You say, "Had you not better qualify that?" No; for I remember that in conversion the will is changed, and the man will not will that which is wrong. A state of pardon is a state of emancipation. The hammer of God's grace knocks the hoppers from the feet, knocks the handcuffs from the wrist, opens the door into a landscape all ashimmer with fountains and abloom with gardens. It is freedom.

If a man has become a Christian, he is no more afraid of Sinai. The thunders of Sinai do not frighten him. You have, on some August day, seen two thunder-showers meet. One cloud from this mountain, and another cloud from that mountain, coming nearer and nearer together, and responding to each other, crash to crash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! And then the clouds break and the torrents pour, and they are emptied perhaps into the very same stream that comes down so red at your feet, that it seems as if all the carnage of the storm-battle had been emptied into it. So in this Bible I see two storms gather, one above Sinai, the other above Calvary, and they respond one to the other—flash to flash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! Sinai thunders, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" Calvary responds, "Save them from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Sinai says, "Woe! woe!" Calvary answers, "Mercy! mercy!" and then the clouds burst, and empty their treasures into one torrent, and it comes flowing to our feet, red with the carnage of our Lord—in which, if thy soul be plunged, like the bird in the text, it shall go forth free—free! Oh, I wish all people to understand this: that when a man becomes a Christian he does not become a slave, but that he becomes a free man; that he has larger liberty after he becomes a child of God than before he became a child of God. General Fisk said that he once stood at a slave-block where an old Christian minister was being sold. The auctioneer said of him, "What bid do I hear for this man? He is a very good kind of a man; he is a minister." Somebody said "twenty dollars" (he was very old and not worth much); somebody else "twenty-five"—"thirty"—"thirty-five"—"forty." The aged Christian minister began to tremble. He had expected to be able to buy his own freedom, and he had just seventy dollars, and expected with the seventy dollars to get free. As the bids ran up the old man trembled more and more. "Forty"—"forty-five"—"fifty"—"fifty-five"—"sixty"—"sixty-five." The old man cried out "seventy." He was afraid they would outbid him. The men around were transfixed. Nobody dared bid; and the auctioneer struck him down to himself—done!

But by reason of sin we are poorer than that African. We cannot buy our own deliverance. The voices of death are bidding for us, and they bid us in, and they bid us down. But the Lord Jesus Christ comes and says, "I will buy that man; I bid for him my Bethlehem manger; I bid for him my hunger on the mountain; I bid for him my aching head; I bid for him my fainting heart; I bid for him all my wounds." A voice from the throne of God says, "It is enough! Jesus has bought him." Bought with a price. The purchase complete. It is done.

"The great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine.
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine."

Why, is not a man free when he gets rid of his sins? The sins of the tongue gone; the sins of action gone; the sins of the mind gone. All the transgressions of thirty, forty, fifty, seventy years gone—no more in the soul than the malaria that floated in the atmosphere a thousand years ago; for when my Lord Jesus pardons a man he pardons him, and there is no half-way work about it.

Here I see a beggar going along the

turnpike road. He is worn out with ease. He is stiff in the joints. He is ulcer all over. He has rheum in his eyes. He is sick and wasted. He is in rags. Every time he puts down his swollen feet he cries "Oh! the pain!" He sees a fountain by the roadside under a tree, and crawls up to that fountain and says I must wash. Here I may cool my ulcers. Here I may get rested." He stoops down and scoops up in the palm of his hand enough water to slake his thirst; and it is all gone. Then he stoops down, and begins to wash his eyes; and the pain is all gone. Then he puts in his swollen feet, and the swelling is gone. Then, being no longer to be only half cured, plunges in, and his whole body is laved in the stream, and he gets upon the bank well. Meantime the owner of the mansion yonder comes down, walking through the ravine with his only son, and he asks, "Where are these rags?" A voice from the fountain says, "Those are my rags." The son says the master to his son, "Go up to the house, and get the best new suit you can find, and bring it down." And he brings down the clothes, and the beggar is clothed in them, and he looks around and says, "I was filthy, but now I am clean. I was ragged, but now I am robed. I was poor, but now I see. Glory be to the owner of that mansion; and glory be to that man who brought me that new suit of cloth and glory be to this fountain, who have washed, and where all who will wash and be clean!" Where sin abounds, grace doth much more abound. The man has been dipped, now let it fly away.

The next thing I notice about this when it was loosened (and this is the idea), is, that it flew away. Which did it go? When you let a bird fly from your grasp, which way does it fly? Up. What are wings for? To fly. Is there anything in the suggestion of direction taken by that bird to indicate which way we ought to go?

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
To heaven, thy native place."

We should be going heavenward, is the suggestion. But I know that we have a great many drawbacks. You them this morning, perhaps. You them yesterday, or the day before; although you want to be going heavenward, you are constantly discouraged. But I suppose when that bird went to the priest's hands it went by infection—sometimes stooping. A bird does not shoot directly up, but this is the motion of a bird. So the soul soars toward rising up in love, and sometimes deprecates by trial. It does not always go in the direction it would like to go. But the main course is right.

I wish, my friends, that we could live in a higher atmosphere. If a man's whole life-object is to make dollars, he will be running against those who are making dollars. If his whole object is to get applause, he will run against those who are seeking applause. But if he rises higher than that, he will not be interrupted by his flight heavenward. Why does a flock of birds, floating up against the sky so high that you can hardly see them, not change its course for spite or to? They are above all obstructions. See would not have so often to change your Christian course if we lived in a higher atmosphere, nearer Christ, nearer the throne of God.

Oh ye who have been washed in the blood of Christ—ye who have been led from the hyssop-branch—start heave upward. It may be to some of you a flight. Temptations may dispute the way; storms of bereavement and trouble may strike your soul; but God will carry you through. Build not on the earth, but your affections on things in heaven, and on things on earth. This is a perishing world. Its flowers fade. Its fountain up. Its promises cheat. Set your affections upon Christ and heaven. I read of my dear brethren and sisters in Christ that the flight will, after a while, be cut. Not always beaten of the storm. Not ways going on weary wings. The weary warm dovecoat of eternal rest will we shall find a place of comfort, and the everlasting joy of our souls. Oh, the going up all the time—going up from the church—going up from all the fancies and from all the churches of the land—the weary doves seeking rest in a dove-