THE IMMENSE COST.

DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS OF THE PRICE OF SALVATION.

The Popular Preacher Is Cordially Received in England—He Addresses an Immense Congregation in London—The Cost of Our Mansion in Heaven.

LONDON, June 26.—An enormous audience greeted Dr. Talmage 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 were 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 to him. He is very much gratified by the extreme cordiality of his reception. Dr. Talmage entitles his sermon "The Immense Cost," from the text, I Corinthians 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 or 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 silver 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 today I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

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."

THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

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 clearance 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 on the side of 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 hath the eaglet 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 Cæsar'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 the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, oh, Mary! no light? "No light," she says, "save 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! Uncover 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 a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that 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 all 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!"

BATTLING THE EVIL SPIRIT.

The second installment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region full of caverns, where there are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and to pray, and it was there that this monster of hell—more sly, more terrific than anything that prowled in that country—satan himself, met Christ.

The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentullus, 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 a-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 those circumstances we would have cried, "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken 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 was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail, "Put it on 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.

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 you through all trials and I shall see you through all temptation."

"But," says satan still further to Jesus, "come and I will show you something worth looking at;" and after a half day's journey they came to Jerusalem and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of 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 in 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 make 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 it must have been!

TRIUMPH OVER TEMPTATION.

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 bemean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think of 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 also shall 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 in the forecastle 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 tempest will deliver all those who put their trust in him. Blessed be his glorious name forever.

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 courtroom at two o'clock in the morning. They gave him no time for counsel. They gave him no opportunity for subpœnaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the courtroom. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, two o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the courtroom 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 courtroom comes up and smites him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from gum 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 adjournment of the 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!"

A DIVINE SYMPATHIZER.

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 courtroom, in every house, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse, I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that two o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then he will forget you and me in the injustices 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 summers ago there was a very dark day, when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl 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.

It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on 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 somber 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 for 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 mangled 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 champed 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, and the bellowing of the crucifyers 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!

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 left Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love and repent and pray.

APPEAL TO SINNERS.

O sinner, come, 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 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 wreathe 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 out 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. Then for 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, then every hat was lifted, and the rockets flew, 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 now 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.

Vulite as a Fire Extinguisher.

Vulite is a chemical compound, the invention of Max Eberhardt, of Lucerne, and is stated to be nine times more effective than ordinary water in extinguishing fire, and among its other qualities possesses the remarkable faculty of rendering individuals virtually fireproof. The impunity with which the exhibitors approached great masses of flame, and appeared to be almost as if in their native element, was not the least remarkable feature of a display. With the hands dipped in this solution burning materials may be manipulated with perfect safety. The first experiment was supposed to represent the upsetting of a paraffine lamp, the oil flowing in a stream over the tablecloth and immediately blazing up in a furious flame. By simply passing the hands over the burning cloth this flame was speedily extinguished, although the table itself had caught fire, and the exhibitor appeared to be in no little danger.

In the next place a mass of pitch in a small pit was ignited and allowed to get thoroughly alight, the smoke and flames rising up in volumes. The application of two buckets of vulite had an almost magical effect, the flames dying down at once, while not only the fire but even the heat arising therefrom entirely disappeared. The same result followed in the case of a mass of burning rosin, which, blazing up furiously, was instantaneously extinguished by a bucketful of the vulite.—New York Telegram.

A Delicious Fish in the East.

"One of the queerest fishes in the world is the gouramis," said an ichthyologist. "It is native to the fresh waters of Cochin China, Farther India, Java, Sumatra and Borneo. Specimens have been known to attain a length of six feet and a weight of 110 pounds. The flesh is so delicious that efforts have been made to acclimatize the creatures in many other countries, but thus far these attempts have been successful only on the island of Mauritius.

About thirty of them were imported into the island of Cuba and planted in ponds some years ago, but, although they grew and were healthy, they did not breed. Accordingly, after awhile the prospects of propagating the species became so hopeless that the governor had them served up one by one upon his table upon state occasions. The same difficulty has been met with elsewhere. —Washington Star.

A Big Owl.

F. A. Morton, who lives a mile or so south of town, caught a horned owl in a steel trap one night that was a giant of its species, measuring 4 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of the wings. This nocturnal prowler had been making requisitions on his duck pen, so he set two steel traps for his owlship and succeeded in capturing him. The trap was tied with fifteen feet of rope, and in his desperate attempts to fly away with it the owl had knocked several rails off the fence. Mr. Morton says it was the biggest bird of the kind he ever saw and he believed it could have carried off a pig or lamb.—Farmington (Mo.) Times.

A Nice Way to Train Little Ones.

Every wise woman understands that the best method of teaching her daughter that tidiness and cleanliness of habit so essential to good housekeeping is the giving to the little girl a little province of her own, as dainty and attractive as thought and care can make it, and make her responsible for its order or disorder. —New York Sun.

Insolvency Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County to wit: on the 28th day of May 1892.

The aforegoing petition of Clinton Cook with the schedules and affidavits having been read and considered, I Edwin C. Fields Clerk of the Ccuit Court for Caroline County, do thereupon appoint Howard Bryant, Preliminary Trustee for the benefit of the said petitioner and his creditors and direct that he give bond to the State of Maryland conditioned for the faithful performance of his trust, in the penalty of two thousand dollars with security to be approved by the said Court or by me, and I do futher order the said petitioner to appear before the said Circuit Court for Caroline County on the first Thursday after the first Tuesday of the October term next, to answer such interogatories and allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him and that he give at least forty days notice thereof to his creditors, which said notice shall be published weekly for the period of forty days by inserting a copy of this order in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline County once a week for the said period of forty days.

EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk
of the Circuit Court for Caroline County

True Copy
Test:—EDWIN C. FIELDS Clerk.
June 2 40ds

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber of Caroline county, hath obrained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

HARRIETT WILLOUGHBY;

late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the sixteenth day of December next, 1892, or they may otherwise by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said deceased's estate.

Given under my hand this sixteenth day of Juue 1892.

THOMAS N. TODD,
Executor of Harriet Willoughby deceased.
June 16. 1892-4t.

ROBERT J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Maryland.
STATES-ATTORNEY FOR CAROLINE COUNTY

Insolvency Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Caoline County April Term to wit:—the 13th day of June 1892.

The aforegoing petition of Robert Schuyler Sr., with schedules and affidavit having been read and considered. I Edwin C. Fields, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline County do thereupon appoint George M. Russum, preliminary trustee for the benefit of the said petitioner and his creditors, and direct that he give bond to the State of Maryland conditioned for the faithful discharge of his trust in the penalty of One Hundred Dollars with sureties to be approved by the said Court or by me and I do further order the said petitioner to appear before the Circuit Court for Caroline County on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of October Term next to answer such interogatories and allegations as his creditors endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him and that he give at least forty days notice thereof to his creditors which said notice shall be published weekly for the period of forty days by inserting a copy of this order in some newspaper published in Caroline County once a week for the said period of forty days.

EDWIN C. FIELDS,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline County

True copy
Test:—EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk.
June 16-40ds.