THE GREAT QUESTION

DR. TALMAGE ON THE MANY ANSWERS THAT MAY BE GIVEN.

Pilate Asked It Only as a Timid and Hesitating Politician Might, but It Comes to Every Man Anew — Christ Must Be Taken to the Heart.

LONDON, July 3.—Dr. Talmage continues to receive from all classes of the English people the warmest of welcomes and the heartiest greetings. The work of arranging his tour has been exceedingly difficult. So numerous were the invitations awaiting him that to accept some and decline others equally pressing seemed invidious. Wherever he has gone the largest churches in the cities have been crowded to excess and could have been filled many times over. Among the sermons he has preached, the one selected for publication this week is from the text, Matthew xxvii, 22, "What shall I do with Jesus?"

Pilate was an unprincipled politician. He had sympathies, convictions of right and desires to be honest; but all these were submerged by a wish to be popular and to please the people. Two distinguished prisoners were in the grasp of government and the proposition was made to free one of them. There stands Barabbas, the murderer; there stands Christ, the Saviour of the world. At the demand of the people the renegade is set free, but Jesus is held. As the hard visaged and cruel eyed Barabbas goes among his sympathizers, receiving their coarse congratulations, Pilate turns to his other distinguished prisoner—mild, meek, inoffensive, loving, self sacrificing—and he is confounded as to what course he had better take, so he impanels the mob as a jury to decide, saying to them, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus?"

Oh, it is no dried or withered question, but one that throbs with warm and quick pulse in the heart of every man and woman here. We must do something with Jesus. He is here. You and I are not so certainly here as he is, for he fills all this place—the loving, living, dying Christ—and each one of us will have to ask and answer for himself the question, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus?" Well, my friends, there are three or four things you can do with him.

WHEN JESUS COMES.

You can, in the first place, let him stand without a word of recognition; but I do not think your sense of common courtesy will allow that. He comes walking on such a long journey, you will certainly give him a chair on which he may sit. He is so weary, you would not let him stand without some recognition. If a beggar comes to your door, you recognize him and say, "What do you want?" If you meet a stranger faint in the street, you say, "What is the matter with you?" and your common humanity, and your common sympathy, and your common sense of propriety will not allow you to let him stand without recognition—the wounded one of the hills. You will ask, What makes him weep? where was he hurt? who wounded him? whence came he? whither goes he? I know there have been men who have with outrageous indifference hated Christ, but I know very well that that is not what you will do with Jesus.

Another thing you can do with him—you can thrust him back from your heart and tell him to stand aside. If an inoffensive person comes and persists in standing close up to you, and you have in various ways given him to understand that you do not want his presence or his society, then you ask the reason of his impertinence and bid him away. Well, that is what we can do with Jesus.

He has stood close by us a great while—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years. He has stood close by you three times a day breaking bread for your household, all night watching by your pillow. He has been in the nursery among your children, he has been in the store among your goods, he has been in the factory amid the flying wheels, and now if you do not like his society you can bid him away; aye, if he will not go you can take him by the throat and tell him you do not want his interference, that you do not want his breath on your cheek, that you do not want his eye on your behavior. You can bid him away; or if he will not go in that way, then you can stamp your foot as you would at a dog and cry "Begone!"

Yet I know you will not treat Jesus that way. When Pilate could not do that, you could not. Desperadoes and outlaws might do so, but I know that that is not the way you will treat him, that that is not what you will do with Jesus. There is another thing you can do with him—you can look on him merely as an optician to cure blind eyes, or an aurist to tune deaf ears, a friend, a good friend, a helpful companion, a cheerful passenger on shipboard; but that will amount to nothing.

FEAR NOT SUFFICIENT.

You can look upon him as a God and be abashed while he rouses the storm, or blasts a fig tree, or heaves a rock down the mountain side. That will not do you any good—no more save your soul than the admiration you have for John Milton or William Shakespeare. I can think of only one more thing you can do with Jesus, and that is to take him into your hearts. That is the best thing you can do with him, that is the only safe thing you can do with him, and may the Lord omnipotent by his spirit help me to persuade you to do that. A minister of Christ was speaking to some children and said, "I will point you to Christ." A little child rose in the audience and came up and put her hand in the hand of the pastor and said: "Please, sir, take me to Jesus now. I want to go now." Oh, that it might be now with such simplicity of experience that you and I join hands and seek after Christ and get an expression of his benefaction and his mercy!

You may take Christ into your confidence. If you cannot trust him, whom can you trust? I do not offer you a dry, theological technicality. I simply ask you to come and put both feet on the "Rock of Ages." Take hold of Christ's hands and draw him to your soul with perfect abandonment and hurl yourself into the deep sea of his mercy. He comes and says, "I will save you." If you do not think he is a hypocrite and a liar when he says that, believe him and say: "Lord Jesus, I believe; here is my heart. Wash it. Save it. Do it now. Aye, it is done; for I obey thy promise and come. I can do no more. That is all thou hast asked. I come. Christ is mine. Pardon is mine. Heaven is mine."

Why, my friends, you put more trust in everybody than you do in Christ, and in everything; more trust in the bridge crossing the stream, in the ladder up to the loft; more trust in the stove that confines the fire; more trust in the cook that prepares your food; more trust in the clerk that writes your books, in the druggist that makes the medicine, in the bargain maker with whom you trade—more trust in all these things than in Christ, although he stands this moment offering without limit and without mistake and without exception universal pardon to all who want it. Now is not that cheap enough—all things for nothing?

This is the whole of the Gospel as I understand it—that if you believe that Christ died to save you you are saved. When? Now. No more doubt about it than that you sit there. No more doubt about it than that you have a right hand. No more doubt about it than that there is a God. If you had committed five hundred thousand transgressions, Christ would forgive you just as freely as if you had never committed but one; though you had gone through the whole catalogue of crimes—arson, and blasphemy, and murder—Christ would pardon you just as freely, you coming to him, as though you had committed only the slightest sin of the tongue.

THE BOUNDLESS LOVE.

Why, when Christ comes to pardon a soul he stops for nothing. Height is nothing. Depth is nothing. Enormity is nothing. Protractedness is nothing.

O'er sins like mountains for their size,
The seas to sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

Lord Jesus, I give up all other props, give up all other expectations. Ruined and undone, I lay hold thee. I plead thy promises. I fly to thy arms. "Lord, save me; I perish."

When the Christian commission went into the army during the war there were a great multitude of hungry men and only a few loaves of bread, and the delegate of the commission was cutting the bread and giving it out to wounded and dying men. Some one came up and said, "Cut those slices thinner, or there will not be enough to go around." And then the delegate cut the slices very thin and handed the bread around until they all had some, but not much. But, blessed be God, there is no need of economy in this Gospel. Bread for all; bread enough and to spare. Why perish with hunger?

Again, I advise you, as one of the best things you can do with Christ, to take him into your love. Now there are two things which make us love any one—inherent attractiveness, and then what he does in the way of kindness toward us. Now Christ is in both these positions. Inherent attractiveness—fairer than the children of men, the luster of the morning in his eye, the glow of the setting sun in his cheek, myrrh and frankincense in the breath of his lip. In a heaven of holy beings, the best. In a heaven of mighty ones, the strongest. In a heaven of great hearts, the tenderest and the most sympathetic.

Why, sculpture has never yet been able to chisel his form nor painting to present the flush of his cheek nor music to strike his charms; and the greatest surprise of eternity will be the first moment when we rush into his presence and with uplifted hands and streaming eyes and heart bounding with rapture we cry out, "This is Jesus!"

All over glorious is my Lord,
He must be loved and yet adored;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure, the whole earth would love him too.

THE SUBLIME SACRIFICE.

Has he not done enough to win our affections? Peter the Great, laying aside royal authority, went down among the ship carpenters to help them, but Russia got the chief advantage of that condescension. John Howard turned his back upon the refinements and went around prisons to spy out their sorrows and to relieve their wrongs, but English criminals got the chief advantage of that ministry. But when Christ comes it is for you and me. The sacrifice for you and me. The tears for you and me. The crucifixion for you and me.

If I were hopelessly in debt and some one came and paid my debts, and gave me a receipt in full, and called off the pack of hounding creditors; if I were on a foundering ship, and you came in a lifeboat and took me off, could I ever forget your kindness? Would I ever allow an opportunity to pass without rendering you a service or attesting my gratitude and love? Oh, how ought we to feel toward Christ, who plunged into the depth of our sin and plucked us out! Ought it not to set the very best emotions of our heart into the warmest, aye, a red hot glow? The story is so old that people almost get asleep when they are hearing it. And yet there he hangs—Jesus the man, Jesus the God.

Was there anything before or since, anything to be compared to this spectacle of generosity and woe? Did heart strings ever snap with a worse torture? Were tears ever charged with a heavier grief? Did blood ever gush, in each globule the price of a soul? The wave of earthly malice dashed its bloody foam against one foot, the wave of infernal malice dashed against his other foot, while the storm of God's wrath against sin beat on his thorn pierced brow, and all the hosts of darkness with gleaming lances rampages through his holy soul.

Oh, see the dethronement of heaven's king! the conqueror fallen from the white horse! the massacre of a God! Weep, ye who have tears, over the loneliness of his exile and the horrors of his darkness. Christ sacrificed on the funeral pyre of a world's transgression; the good for the bad, the great for the mean; the infinite for the finite, the God for the man. Oh, if there be in all this audience one person untouched by this story of the Saviour's love, show me where he is that I may mark the monster of ingratitude and of crime. If you could see Christ as he is you would rise from your seat and fling yourselves down at his feet, crying, "My Lord, my light, my love, my joy, my peace, my strength, my expectation, my heaven, my all! Jesus! Jesus!"

HE HAS DONE ENOUGH.

Oh, can you not love him? Do you want more of his tears? Why, he has shed them all for you. He has no more. Do you want more of his blood? His arteries were emptied dry, and the iron hand of agony could press out nothing more. Would you put him to worse excruciation? Then drive another nail into his hand, and plunge another spear into his side, and twist another thorn into his crown, and lash him with another flame of infernal torture. "No," says some one; "stop! stop! he shall not be smitten again. Enough the tears. Enough the blood. Enough the torture. Enough the agony." "Enough," cries earth. "Enough," cries heaven. Aye, "Enough," cries hell. At last enough.

Oh, look at him, thy butchered Lord, unshrouded and ghastly as they flung him from the tree, his wounds gaping for a bandage. Are there no hands to close these eyes? Then let the sun go out and there be midnight. Howl, ye winds, and howl, ye seas, for your Lord is dead. Oh, what more could he have done for you and for me than he has done? Could he pay a bigger price? Could he drink a more bitter cup? Could he plunge into a worse catastrophe? And can you not love him? Groan again, O blessed Jesus, that they may feel thy sacrifice! Groan again. Put the four fingers and the thumb of thy wounded hand upon them, that the gash in the palm may strike their soul and thy warm life may bleed into them. Groan again, O Jesus, and see if they will not feel.

Oh, what will you do with such a Christ as that? You have got to do something with him this morning. What will you do with Jesus? Will you slay him again by your sin? Will you spit upon him again? Will you crucify him again? What will you do with him who has loved you with more than a brother's love, more than a father's love, yea, more than a mother's love, through all these years. Oh, is it not enough to make the hard heart of the rock break? Jesus! Jesus! What shall we do with thee?

THE SOUL'S GREAT CHANCE.

I have to say that the question will after awhile change, and it will not be what shall we do with Christ, but what will Christ do with us? Ring all the bells of eternity at the burning of a world. In that day what do you think Christ will do with us? Why, Christ will say: "There is that man whom I called. There is that woman whose soul I importuned. But they would not any of my ways. I gave them innumerable opportunities of salvation. They rejected them all. Depart; I never knew you." Blessed be God, that day has not come. Halt, ye destinies of eternity, and give us one more chance. One more chance, and this is it.

Some travelers in the wilderness of Australia a few years ago found the skeleton of a man and some of his garments, and a rusty kettle on which the man had written or scratched with his finger nail these words: "O God, I am dying of thirst. My brain is on fire. My tongue is hot. God help me in the wilderness." Oh, how suggestive of the condition of those who die in the wilderness of sin through thirst! We take hold of them today. We try to bring the cool water of the rock to their lips. We say, "Ho, every one that thirsteth!" God, thy father, awaits thee. Ministering spirits who watch the ways of the soul bend now this moment over this immortal auditory to see what we will do with Jesus.

Saving Eyes by Electric Light.

The public is beginning to realize that the use of the electric light does more for the preservation of the eyesight than any other artificial luminant. One of the most reassuring evidences of this is the adoption of electric light in a large number of hospitals devoted to the treatment of eye diseases. The Royal South London Ophthalmic hospital, which is undergoing extensive structural enlargement and improvements, is being fitted up throughout with electric light.

It is also stated that quite an impetus has been given to the introduction of electric lighting into Londonderry, Kilkenny, Galway and other towns in Ireland by the declaration of one of the surgical staff of the Royal Ophthalmic hospital in Dublin that the electric light is the best light for eyes that are weak or affected with disease, and occasions them less discomfort and injury than that produced from gas, oil or candles.—New York Telegram.

Shifting the Responsibility.

As I was walking along the street the other day a lady and child were walking along in front of me, but being in a hurry I passed on. Just as I was going by the couple I overheard the mother speaking to the child in words that indicated that the child had been doing something wrong and the mother was reproving the action. When the lady had finished, the child looked up innocently and said, "Well, mamma, God didn't make me nice."—Boston News.

In the Rain.

A highly humorous legend is appended to a magnificent drawing by Raffet. It was during the last war in Italy; a group of French grenadiers are camping around a fire that is being put out by the rain, which falls in torrents. An old sergeant, with an air of grim satisfaction, rubs his hands and exclaims:

"Won't those Austrians come in for a drenching!"—Petit Parisien.

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 Circuit 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 4ods

Notice to Builders.

Sealed proposals marked on outside of envelope "Proposals for addition to Greensborough school house are invited by this Board until July 19th 1892 for furnishing material and building an addition to the present house to be firmly joined to the north end of the northerly room and to be of same size and same kind of material as said room to which it is to be joined and to be furnished in same style and manner both inside and out and foundation, with following exceptions. The chimney is to be removed from its present position, and a new chimney built from the ground in center of opposite end of room adjoining the main building, with three flues in it; the center one to have a six inch stove pipe thimble inserted eighteen inches below ceiling, and in the others iron registers connecting each of the rooms with the other flues for ventilation. In the north end of new room chimney to be built from ground with two flues sufficiently large for good draught, into one of which a six inch stove pipe thimble is to be inserted 18 inches below ceiling and in the other a register, also a register in floor and one on outside of said room with draught connections same as that of Ridgely school house a partition must be built between the old and new room with large door in center of same, hung with weights and cords, also two side doors. Indeed the model for partition must be that af the present Ridgely Academy. Outside door to new building to be located same distance from north end of new building as one in old room is from main building and on same side. The two windows in end of old room can be used in new room. New building to be painted with three good coats of paint to correspond with old buliding. The work is to include putting down desks and seats and furnishing screws for same. Also any needed repairs to old building on account of connection or otherwise to be done by contractor and included in contract price. The work and material for same from begining to completion must be subject to examination and approval of the School Board or any member thereof. Payments are half at shutting in and balance at completion which must not be later than Sept. 1st, 1892) either in cash or by order on the County Commissioners at the option of the School Board. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order
M. B. STEPHENS, Sec.

MONEY
SAVED
—AND—
Patrons Pleased
BY CALLING AT THE
AMERICAN UNION
OFFICE
AND GETTING
Job Work

We make a Specialty of both
PLAIN AND FANCY
Job Printing.

Call and examine Specimens of Work and also prices before leaving orders elsewhere, and be convinced that we CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

American Union,
DENTON, MD.

Fashionable Barber.

If you may wish an easy shave,
As good as barber ever gave,
Just call on us at our saloon.
Morning, evening and afternoon,
We fix and dress the hair with grace
To suit the contour of the face,
Our room is neat and towels clean,
Our scissors sharp and razors keen,
And all that art and skill can do,
If you'll only call, we'll please you.

W. H. Meredith,
Brick Hotel, Market st. Denton, Md.

SAMUEL GRIFFIN,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton Md.,

All business entrused to me will be promptly and faithfully attended to.
4-7-3m

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 16-4ods.