TALMAGE IN EUROPE.

HIS PREACHING TOUR A SERIES OF UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESSES.

His Sermon in London on "Our Possessions"—Religion Does Not Put a Man on Short Allowance—The Christian's Magnificent Inheritance.

LONDON, July 17.—Dr. Talmage's preaching tour in England has been a continued series of unprecedented successes. The English people have assembled by thousands to hear the American preacher wherever he has preached. In Manchester the great Free Trade hall was engaged for him. It holds seven thousand persons, but it would not contain a third of the people who tried to get in. The streets leading to the hall were jammed with a dense, surging mass of humanity. After the service Dr. Talmage preached in the street to the crowd, which numbered fully fifteen thousand. The sermon selected for this week is entitled "Our Possessions," from 1 Corinthians iii. 22, "All are yours."

The impression is abroad that religion puts a man on short allowance; that when the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of sea fare; that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack; in a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want today to find out whether this is so, and I am going to take account of stock; I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warrantee deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages, and I shall find out before I finish just how much he is worth, and I shall spread before you the balance sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of Jesus Christ if indeed it be a failure, and in time for you all to accept it if indeed it be a success. I turn first to the assets, and I find there what seems to be a roll of government securities—the empire of heaven promising all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warrantee deed to the whole universe when it says "All are yours."

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions I remark in the first place that he owns this world. My text implies it and the preceding verse asserts it—"whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas or the world." Now it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges and advantages which he would deny his own children. If you have a large park, a grand mansion, beautiful fountains, stalking deer and statuary, to whom will you give the first right to all these possessions? To outsiders? No, to your own children. You will say, "It will be very well for outsiders to come in and walk these paths and enjoy this landscape, but the first right to my house, and the first right to my statuary, the first right to my gardens shall be in the possession of my own children."

GOD'S PARK.

Now this world is God's park, and while he allows those who are not his children, and who refuse his authority, the privilege of walking through the gardens, the possession of all this grandeur of park and mansion is in the right of the Christian—the flowers, the diamonds, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title deed to one acre of land as recorded in the clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes, but he can go up on a mountain and look off upon fifty miles of grain field and say, "All this is mine; my father gave it to me." "All are yours."

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has a good right to an estate puts the papers in his hands, and the lawyer goes into the public records and finds everything right for three or four or five years back; but after awhile he comes to a break in the title, to a deficit, to a diversion of the property; so he finds out that the man who supposed he owned it owns not an acre of the ground, while somebody else has the full right to the entire estate. Now I examine the title to all earthly possessions. I go back a little way, and I find that men of the world—bad men, selfish men, wicked men—think they have a right to all these possessions; but I go further back, and I trace the title from year to year and from century to century, until I find the whole right vested in God. Now to whom did he give it? To his own children! "All are yours."

The simple fact is, that in the last days of the world all the architecture, all the cities, all the mountains, all the villages will be in the possession of the church of Christ. "The meek shall inherit the earth." Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." "All are yours." "But," you say, "what satisfaction is there in that when I haven't possession of them?" These things will come before the Supreme Judge of the universe and he will regulate the title, and he will eject these squatters upon the property that does not belong to them, and it shall be found that "All are yours."

THE REFINEMENTS OF LIFE.

So, again, the refinements of life are the Christian's right. He has a right to as good apparel, to as beautiful adornments, to as commodious a residence as the worldling. Show me any passage in the Bible that tells the people of the world they have privileges, they have glittering spheres, they have befitting apparel that are denied the Christian. There is no one who has so much a right to laugh, none so much a right to everything that is beautiful and grand and sublime in life as the Christian. "All are yours." Can it be possible that one who is reckless and sinful and has no treasures laid up in heaven is to be allowed pleasures which the sons and daughters of God, the owners of the whole universe, are denied?

So I remark that all the sweet sounds of the world are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor. When did the house of sin or the bacchanal get the right to music? They have no right to it. God, in my text, makes over to Christian people all the pianos, all the harps, all the drums, all the cornets, all the flutes, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people in my text, when he said, "All are yours."

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he thrummed the praises of God than the church of Christ owns now all chants, all anthems, all ivory keyboards, all organ diapasons, and God will gather up these sweet sounds after awhile, and he will mingle them in one great harmony, and the Mendelssohns, and the Beethovens, and the Mozarts of earth will join their voices and their musical instruments, and soft south wind and loud lunged euroclydon will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys and God's foot tramping the pedals in the great oratorio of the ages!

So all artistic and literary advantages are in the Christian's right. I do not care on whose wall the picture hangs, or on whose pedestal the sculpture stands, it belongs to Christians. The Bierstadts and the churches are all working for us. "All are yours." The Luxembourgs, the Louvre, all the galleries of Naples and Rome and Venice—they are all to come into the possession of the church of Jesus Christ. We may not now have them on our walls, but the time will come when the writ of ejectment will be served and the church will possess everthing. All parks, all fishponds, all colors, all harvests—all, "all are yours."

FOOD AND CLOTHING.

Secondly, I remark that the right to full temporal support is in the Christian's name. It is a great affair to feed the world. Just think of the fact that this morning sixteen hundred millions of our race breakfasted at God's table! The commissary department of a hundred thousand men in any army will engage scores of people, but just think of a commissary department of a world! Think of the gathering up from the rice swamps, and the tea fields, and the orchards, and the fisheries! No one but God could tell how many bushels it would take to feed five continents.

Then, to clothe all these people, how many furs must be captured and how much flax broken and how much cotton picked. Just think of the infinite wardrobe where sixteen hundred millions of people get their clothes! God spreads the table first of all for his children. Of course that would be a very selfish man who would not allow other people to come and sit at the table sometimes; but first of all, the right is given to Christian people, and therefore it is extreme folly for them ever to fret about food or raiment.

Who fed the whales sporting off Cape Hatteras this morning? Out of whose hand did the cormorant pick its food? Whose loom wove the butterfly's wing? Who hears the hawk's cry? If God takes care of a walrus, and a Siberian dog, and a wasp, will he not take care of you? Will a father have more regard for reptiles than for his sons and daughters? If God clothes the grizzly bear, and the panther, and the hyena, will he not clothe his own children? Come, then, this morning, and get the key of the infinite storehouse. Come and get the key of the infinite wardrobe. Here they are—all the keys. "All are yours."

So all the vicissitudes of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. If you should stand among the Alleghany mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," you would find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding, and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburg or toward Philadelphia, but it is on the track, and it will reach the depot for which it started, and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now there are a great many sharp curves in life. Sometimes we seem to be going this way and sometimes we seem to be going that way, but if we are Christians we are on the right track and we are going to come out at the right place. Do not get worried, then, about the sharp curve.

A sailing vessel starts from New York for Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Oh, no. It changes its tack every little while. Now you say, "This vessel, instead of going to Glasgow, must be going to Havre, or it is going to Hamburg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no. It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our tack. One storm blows us this way, and another storm blows us that way; but he who holds the winds in his fist will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tack.

PAUL'S LUCKY ACCIDENT.

One of the best things that ever happened to Paul was being thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight helped John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and while eighty thousand people were jeering at his religion he walked up to the fiercest of all the lions and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be devoured for Christ's sake."

All things work together for your good. If you walk the desert, the manna will fall and the sea will part. If the feverish torch of sickness is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promises. If the waves of trouble dash high above your girdle, across the blast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." You never owned a glove, or a shoe, or a hat, or a coat more certainly than you own all the frets and annoyances and exasperations of this life, and they are bound to work out your present and your eternal good. They are the saws, the hammers, the files by which you are to be hewn and cut and smoothed for your eternal well being.

Here is a vessel that goes along the coast; it hugs the coast. The captain of that vessel seems chiefly anxious to keep the paint on his ship from being marred or the sails from being torn. When that vessel comes to port, nobody looks on it with any interest. But here is a vessel that went across the sea with vast product and comes in with vast importation—sails patched, masts spliced, pumps all working to keep out the water; it has come through the hurricane which has sunk twenty steamers. The bronzed men are cheering among the rigging. Now the men-of-war anchored in the harbor boom forth their welcome through the portholes.

So there are some Christians who are having an easy time. It seems to them smooth sailing all the way. When they get into heaven there will be no excitement, there will be very few people who will ever find out they are there; but those Christians who have gone through a hundred midnight hurricanes—storm to the right of them, storm to the left of them, storm all the way—when they come up the harbor of heaven, all the redeemed will turn out to greet them, and bid them hail and welcome.

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

I go further, and tell you that the Christian owns not only this world, but he owns the next world. No chasm to be leaped, no desert to be crossed. There is the wall; there is the gate of heaven. He owns all on this side. Now, I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian that comes down to burn us out of house and home, destroying the house of the tabernacle, so that we should be homeless forever. Oh, no! He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us it is time to move; to tell us to get out of this hut and go up into the palace.

The Christian owns all heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its towers of strength, its castles of love. He will not walk in the eternal city as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises. "All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Trees of life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of heaven the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours. God is yours. You look up into the face of God and say, "My Father." You look up into the face of Jesus and say, "My brother."

Walk out upon the battlements of heaven and look off upon the city of the sun. No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of blasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take out your deed and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon to horizon "All are yours."

Then get up into the temple of the sun, worshipers in white, each with a palm branch, and from high gallery of that temple look down upon the thousands of thousands, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great "multitude that no man can number," and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the tramp of the redeemed, hear a voice saying, "All are yours!"

See the great procession marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distress. Toilers who went up from the workhouse, and the factory, and the mine. All the suffering and the bruised children of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See them marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that all are your!"

ETERNAL HEALTH.

O ye who have pains of body that exhaust your strength and wear out your patience, I hold before you this morning the land of eternal health and of imperishable beauty, and "all is yours!" O ye who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the vision of that land where they never hunger, and they never thirst, and God feeds them, and robes cover them, and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours!

O ye whose hearts are buried in the grave of your dead! O ye whose happiness went by long ago! O ye who mourn for countenances that never will light up, and for eyes closed forever, sit no longer among the tombs, but look here! A home that shall never be broken up. Green fields never cleft of the grave. Ransomed ones from you parted long ago, now radiant with a joy that shall never cease and a love that shall never grow cold, and wearing garments that shall never wither, and know all that is yours. Yours the love. Yours the acclaim. Yours the transport. Yours the cry of the four-and-twenty elders. Yours the choiring of cherubim. Yours the lamb that was slain.

In the vision of that glorious consummation I almost lose my foothold, and have to hold fast lest I be overborne by the glory. The vision rose before St. John on Patmos, and he saw Christ in a blood red garment, riding on a white horse, and all heaven following him on white horses. What a procession! Let Jesus ride. He walked the way footsore, weary and faint. Now let him ride. White horse of victory, bear on our chief. Hosanna to the son of David!

Ride on, Jesus! Let all heaven follow him. These cavalry of God fought well and they fought triumphantly. Now let them be mounted. The pavements of gold ring under the flying hoofs. Swords sheathed and victories won, like conquerors they sit on their chargers. Ye mounted troops of God, ride on! ride on! ten thousand abreast, cavalcade after cavalcade. No blood dashed to the lips. No blood dripping from the fetlocks. No smoke of battle breathed from the nostril. The battle is ended—the victory won!

Oh, if there be any present who are yet enemies of the Cross of Christ, I beseech them at once to be reconciled to God! Remember if you are not found among that white robed army who follow the Saviour in his victorious march, your part must be with those concerning whom it is said, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

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

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 40s

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Insolvency Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline 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.

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