DR. TALMAGE IN LONDON.

THE AMERICAN DIVINE PREACHES IN THE ENGLISH METROPOLIS.

The Philippian Barthquake-"Bellere en the Lord Jones Christ, and Thou Shalt Be Saved"-Where the Test Should Be Applied-Whe to Christ?

Lonnon, Jan. 10.—The Rev. T. De Witt Falmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city today, taking for his text Acts xvi, \$1: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and their shall be saved." He said:

Jails are dark, dall, damp, loathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine today we are menting in the Philippian dangeon. Do you not feel the chill! Do you not hear the groun of those incarcurated ones who for ten years have not seen the sinlight, and a deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estates! Listen again. It is the cough of the conumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he Folks over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and pladness What a place to sing int The music comes winding through the cerridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's Paul and Silve They cannot skep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The ing garber on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their foot fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sloop. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people! Why have they been put in here? Oh! they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all! That is all. A pit for Joseph. A Hon's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach, Clubs for John Wesley, An anathoma for Philip Molanethon. A dungeon for faul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of that Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob, and groan, and blasplasmy, and hallelujah, suddenly an carthquake! The iron bars the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid musonry begins to beave and rock till all the doors swing open, and the walls full with a traile crash. The jailor, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and footing smiddle to be honorado since thrutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himselfputs his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailor running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the foot of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do?" Did Faul answer: "(let out of this place before there is another earthquake; put han foull's and hopples on these other prisoners, lost they get away?" No word of that kind, Compact, thrilling, tremendous answer; answer momorable all through earth and heaven: Policy on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou

shall be saved " A DIFFERENT KIND OF BARTHOFARES, Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Liebon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Ca-Parcas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe releanie disturbance. And yet we have seen ofty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities, He thinks he has got beyond all annoying elvalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and erash! goes all that magnificent business esdishment. He is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life honest, temperate and pura When the evening lights are struck, there is there has been an accident down at the beach. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter husbed. Crash! go all those mestio hopes, and prospects, and expectations, No, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we eried out as he did: What shall I dot What shall I dof' The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Josus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the flible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the fible he is called "Josus," and in other parts of the fible he is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage all three names come in together—"the Lord Josus Christ." Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in! Men sometimes come to me with predentials and certificates of good character, hat I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable this morning when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in! No man would think of venturing his life on a ressel going out to sea, that had neven been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tone it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my ammortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. You tell me that the contemporary writers describe him, and they give the color of his eyes, and the color of his hair, and they decribe his whole appearance as being re-eplendent. Christ did not tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; if was spoken to the Pharisees. The children had come without any invitation. No stoner did Josus appear than the little ones pitched from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. "Suffer httle children to come unto me," That was addressed to the Pharises; not to the children. Christ did not ask John to not his hap and forms on his holoms. dees; not to the children. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his becom; John could not help but put his head there. Such cycs, such checks, such a chin, such hair, such physical condition and appearance—why, it must have been completely captivating and winsome. I suppose a look at him was just to leve him. Of how attractive his manner. Why, whee they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses and they wrapped up their invalids

m quick as they could and brought them out that he might look at them. Of there was armething so pleasant, so inviting, so cheer-ing in everything he did, in his very look, when these sick ones were brought out did any: "Take away these sores; do not armile me with these legrenies." No, no:

not keep away from kim.

A LOVING CHARTY.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a dery momentum. How the old hypocrites trembled before him. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Casara, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbe through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all the ages! Of he was a loving Christ. But it was not affeminacy, or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross. You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home! If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and the hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left land, and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they shake his left foot to see if it is fast, and then they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes, and while some hold the cross upright others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore! Why did Christ endure it! He could have taken those rocks, and with them erushed his erucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the Omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; he was to die, he must die, Ifis life for my life, Ilis life for your life. In one of the European cities a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her on; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, not for his father, but for his sworn enemies, O, such a Christ as that -so loving, so self sacrifleing—can you not trust him?

HOW TO TRUST RIM. God who are saying: "I will trust Him if earth how happy he made every house he you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands in this assemawer your question I look up and utter the the oratories of eternity. Talk not about prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered banks dashed with efforescence. Jesus is the in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and trust any one. You trust your partner in take the very hand that dropped its blood mercial house gives you a note payable three want to stand in eternity with him. Toward months hence, you expect the payment of that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. that note at the end of three months. You I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likehave perfect confidence in their word and in ness. Oh, broken hearted men and women, their ability. You go home today. You ex- how sweet it will be in that good land to pect there will be food on the table. You pour all your hardships and bereavements have confidence in that. Now, I ask you and losses into the lowing car of Christ, and have confidence in that. Now, I ask you and losses into the loving cur of Christ, and to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe: I you to be sick, and why it was best for you take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What," you say, "before I pray any more! Before I read my Bible to be tried, and have him point to an elevation exceptionate to you disquired here.

table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith. But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep and are awakened by the shriek of "Fire?" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cries. "No hope! We are lost! We are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the waves, and spirit of wreck hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane dock shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboate!" cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboate!" People rush into them. The boats are full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it bef. You or the captain? The captain says: "You," You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Capt. Braveheart sucrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations; with grief at his loss, and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortel soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blusted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark guif between sin and right-cousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On

ever a prize offered to cheap as parties and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have ft. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollars? Less than that. One dollars? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that, "Without money and without price," No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul; "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be asved." Shall I say to tell you what it is to be asved! Jeannot tell

there was a kind look; there was a gentle word; there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

Tou. No man, no angel, can tell you. Level to dan hint at it. For my text by a second this point, "Thou shall be saved." It mosts a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful steraity. It is a grand thing to co to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my hear? and God accourt dent, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any perms out dance dama forgiven child of God, and he is bound to see me through. He has sworn he will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the just must hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful deati.

DEATH. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Elgourney, Dr. Young and almost all the posts have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loatisomeness and mida gut and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture unless Christ be with us. I confess to you to an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unless Carist shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave unless Christ good with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness! I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lit, and the further on in life I got the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thou aris of years in a dark place, with no one to speak When the holilays come and the cifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination, I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave and all the darkness is gone and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder.

Now my anxiety is not about death; my Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright; for I know = that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation today are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power isthere in anything to chill me in the last hour, if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garment? What durkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then, , Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I how thee in twain from belanet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy de-

JESUS THE CHIEF BLOOM OF HEAVEN. To be saved is to wake up in the presence I think there are many under the spirit of of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon went into, and when he brings us up to his house how great our gloe. His voice has blage is: "How! how?" And while I an more music in it than is to be heard in all ss with important things. If a com- from the short beam of the cross, O, I

give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than you frust day by day are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more faithful than Christ, if they have done more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ over did, the first process of the professor of the same than the first point and any children? "I had seven children." "Yee," she said, "I am lonely: "How many the first was born in Bethieben, and I believe that the died on the cross." Do you believe is with your head, or your heart?

I will illustrate the difference. You are in your house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Capt, Braveheart to the bear risked his life for the salvet too of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been all if family deserve very woll of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the able, and perhaps do not think of these tidents are the same than the first form in the ball, and perhaps do not think of these tidents are the same and crown you queen unto do and the Lamb forever! O, aged men and women, fed by his house. To, aged men and women, fed by his house. grace for three score years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face hart when you come to look face to race upon him whom, having not seen, you love? O, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the in the night and watching to keep off the over Woods' tinshop. Hr. W. Galbraith, so ever Woods' tinshop. Hr. W. Galbraith, so retary.

A curious incident occurred at the well known Parisian Cafe de la Paix a day or two ago. A Republican deputy, M. Jules Roche, while breakfasting, was on the point of being choked by a mouthful of bread, and would probably have succumbed had not his critical condition been noticed by M. de Susini, the flery Boulangist, and one of M. Roche's most pronounced political enemies, who was having his dejeuner at a neighboring table. M. de Susini, who happens to be a doctor, forgetting all about political differences, hastened to assist the choking deputy, and, having saved him from certain suffocation, escorted him to the chamber. Even French political rivals, it would seem, are not so bitterly irreconcilable as is often made out.—London Figuro.

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