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VIGOR OF MEN

Quickly, Permanently Restored.

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early error or later excesses. Us arts were busy perpetuating the appearance of the world's favorites and not the form and appearance of peasantry, among whom Christ appeared.

It was not until the fifteenth century, or until more than fourteen hundred years after Christ, that talented painters attempted by pencil to give us the idea of Christ's face. The pictures before that time were so offensive that the Council of Constantinople forebade their exhibition. But Leonardo Da Vinci, in the fifteenth century, presented Christ's face on two canvasses, yet the one was a repulsive face and the other an effeminate face. Raphael's face of Christ is a weak face. Albert Durer's face of Christ was a savage face. Titian's face of Christ is an expressionless face. The mightiest artists, either with pencil or chisel, have made signal failures in attempting to give the forehead, the cheek, the eyes, the nostrils, the mouth of our blessed Lord.

But about His face I can tell you something positive and beyond controversy. I know what it was a soulful face. The face is only the curtain of the soul. It was impossible that a disposition like Christ's should not have demonstrated itself in His physiognomy. Kindness as an occasional impulse may give no illumination to the features, but kindness as a lifelong habit will produce attractiveness of countenance as certainly as the shining of the sun produces flowers. Children are afraid of a scowling or hard-visaged man. They cry out if he proposes to take them. If he try to caress them, he evokes a slap rather than a kiss. All mothers know how hard it is to get their children to go to a man or woman of forbidding appearance. But no sooner did Christ appear in the domestic group than there was an infantile excitement, and the youngsters began to struggle to get out of their mother's arms. They could not hold the children back, "Stand back with those children!" scolded some of the disciples. perhaps the little ones may have been playing in the dirt, and their faces may not have been clean, or they may not have been well clad, or the disciples may have thought Christ's religion was a religion chiefly for big folks. But Christ made the infantile excitement livelier by His saying that he liked children better than grown people, declaring, "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." Alas! for those people who do not like children. They had better stay out of Heaven, for the place is full of them. That, I think, is one reason why the vast majority of the human race die in infancy. Christ is so fond of children that he takes them to Himself before the world has time to despoil and harden them, and so they are now at the windows of the Palace, and on the doorsteps, and playing on the green. Sometimes Matthew or Mark, or Luke tells a story of Christ and only one tells it, but Matthew, Mark and Luke all join in that picture of Christ girdled by children, and I know by what occurred at that time that Christ had a face full of geniality.

Not only was Christ altogether lovely in His countenance, but lovely in His habits. I know, without being told, that the Lord who made the rivers, and lakes, and oceans, was cleanly in His appearance. He disliked the disease of leprosy, not only because it was distressing but because it was not clean, and His curative words were, "I will; be thou clean." He declared Himself in favor of thorough washing, and opposed to superficial washing, when He denounced the hypocrites for making clean only "the outside of the platter," and He applauds His disciples by saying, "Now are ye clean," and giving directions to those who fasted, among other things He says, "Wash thy face;" and to a blind man whom He was doctoring, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." And He Himself actually washed the disciples' feet, I suppose not only to demonstrate His own humility, but probably their feet needed to be washed. The fact is, the Lord was a great friend of water. I know that from the fact most of the world is water. But when I find Christ in such constant commendation of water, I know He was personally neat, although He mingled much among very rough populations, and took such long journeys on dusty highways. He wore His hair long, according to the custom of His land and time, but neither trouble nor old age had thinned or injured His locks, which were never worn shaggy or unkempt. Yes, all His habits of personal appearance were lovely.

Sobriety was always an established habit of His life. In addition to the water, He drank the juice of the grape. When at a wedding party this beverage gave out, He made gallons on gallons of grape juice, but it was as unlike what the world makes in our time as health is different from disease, and as calm pulses are different from the paroxysms of delirium tremens. There was no strychnine in that beverage, or logwood, or sux vomica. The tipplers and the sots who now quote the wine-making in Cana in Galilee as an excuse for the fiery and damning beverages of the nineteenth century, forget that the wine at the New Testament wedding had two characteristics, the one that the Lord made it, and the other that it was made out of water. Buy all you can of that kind and drink it at least three times a day, and send a barrel of it around to my cellar. You cannot make me believe that the blessed Christ, who went up and down healing the sick, would create for man the style of drink which is the cause of disease more than all other causes combined; or that He who calmed the maniacs into their right mind, would create that style of drink which does more than anything else to fill insane asylums; or how He who was so helpful to the poor, would make a style of drink that crowds the earth with pauperism; or that He who came to save the nations from sin, would create a liquor that is a source of most of the crime that now stuffs the penitentiaries. A lovely sobriety was written all over His face, from the hair-line of the forehead to the bottom of the bearded chin.

Domesticity was also His habit. Though too poor to have a home of His own, He went out to spend the night at Bethany, three miles' walk from Jerusalem, and over a rough and hilly road that made it equal to six or seven ordinary miles, every morning and night going to and fro. I would rather walk from here to Central Park, or walk from Edinburgh to Arthur's Seat, or in London clear around Hyde Park, than to walk that road that Christ walked twice a day from Jerusalem to Bethany. But He liked the quietness of home life, and He was lovely in His domesticity.

How He enjoyed handing over the resurrected boy to his mother, and the resurrected girl to her father, and reconstructing homesteads which disease or death was breaking up. As the song "Home, Sweet Home," was written by a man who at that time had no home, so I think the homelessness of Christ added to his appreciation of domesticity.

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sympathy. Now, dropsy is a most distressful complaint. It inflames, and swells and tortures any limb or physical organ it touches. As soon as a case of that kind is submitted to Christ, He, without any use of diaphoretics, commands its cure. And what an eye-doctor He was for opening the long-closed gates of sight to the blue of the sky, and the yellow of the flower, and the emerald of the grass. What a Christ He was for cooling fevers without so much as a spoonful of febrifuge, and straightening crooked backs without any pang of surgery; and standing whole choirs of music along the silent galleries of a deaf ear, and giving healthful nervous system to cataleptics! Sympathy! He did not give them stoical advice, or philosophize about the science of grief. He sat down and cried with them. It is spoken of as the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it is about the longest and grandest—"Jesus wept." Ah! many of us know the meaning of that. When we were in great trouble, someone came in with voluble consolation and quoted the Scriptures in a sort of heartless way, and did not help us at all. But after a while someone else came in, and, with not saying a word, sat down and burst into a flood of tears at the sight of our woe, and somehow it helped us right away. "Jesus wept." You see it was a deeply-attached household, that of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. The father and mother were dead, and the girls depended on their brother. Lazarus had said to them, "Now, Mary, now, Martha, stop your worrying; I will take care of you. I will be to you both father and mother. My arm is strong. Girls you can depend on me!"

But now Lazarus was sick; yes, Lazarus was dead. All broken up, the sisters sit disconsolate, and there is a knock at the door. "Come in," says Martha. "Come in," says Mary. Christ entered, and He just broke down. It was too much for Him. He had been so often and so kindly entertained in that home before sickness and death devasted it, that He sobbed aloud and the tears on the sad face of the sympathetic Jesus wept." Why do we not make mention of helping? You do a lot of few words" or "I am a man of few words." Why, you dear friends are not necessary. Imitate Christ and go to those afflicted homes and cry with them.

Sympathy! Well, you did not know what I see, when I was in great bereavement, he came to my house. Kind ministers of the Gospel had come and talked beautifully and prayed with us, and did all they could to console. But John Murphy, one of the best friends I ever had, a big souled, globe-hearted Irishman, came in and looked into my face, put out his broad strong hand, and said not a word, but sat down and cried with us. I am not enough of a philosopher to say how it was, or why it was, but somehow from door to door and from floor to ceiling, the room was filled with an all-pervading comfort. "Jesus wept."

I think that is what makes Christ such a popular Christ. There are so many who want sympathy. Miss Fiske, the famous Nestorian missionary, was in the chapel one day talking to the heathen, and she was in very poor health, and so weak she sat upon a mat while she talked, and felt the need of something to lean against, when she felt a woman's form at her back, and heard a woman's voice saying "Lean on me." She leaned a little, but did not want to be too cumbersome, when the woman's voice said, "Lean hard if you love me, lean hard." And that makes Christ so lovely. He wants all the sick, and troubled to lean against him and he says, "Lean hard, if you love Me, lean hard." Aye, He is close by with His sympathetic help. Hedley Vicars, the famous soldier and Christian of the Crimean war, died because when he was wounded his regiment was too far off from the tent of supplies. He was not mortally wounded, and if the surgeons could only have got at the bandages and the medicines, he would have recovered. So much of human sympathy and hopefulness comes too late; but Christ is always close by if we want Him and has all the medicines ready, and has eternal life for all who ask for it. Sympathy!

Aye, He was lovely in His doctrines. Self-sacrifice, or the relief of the suffering of others by our own suffering. He was the only physician that ever proposed to cure His patients by taking their disorders. Self-sacrifice! And what did He not give up for others? The best climate in the universe, the air of heaven, for the wintry weather of Palestine; a sceptre of unlimited dominion for a prisoner's box in an earthly court-room; a flashing tiara for a crown of stinging brambles; a palace for a cattle pen; a throne for a cross. Self-sacrifice! What is more lovely? Mothers dying for their children down with scarlet fever; railroad engineers going down through the open drawbridge to save the train; firemen scorched to death trying to help some one down the ladder from the fourth story of the consuming house; all these put together only faint and insufficient similes by which to illustrate the grander, mightier, farther-reaching self-sacrifice of the "Altogether Lovely."

Do you wonder that the story of His self-sacrifice has led hundreds of thousands to die for Him? In one series of persecutions over 200,000 were put to death for Christ's sake. For him Blandina was tied to a post and wild beasts were let out upon her, and when life continued after the attack of tooth and paw, she was put in a net, and that net containing her was thrown to a wild bull, that tossed her with its horns till life was extinct. All for Christ! Huguenots dying for Christ! Albingenses dying for Christ! The Vaudois dying for Christ! Smithfield fires endured for Christ! The bones of martyrs, if distributed, would make a path of mouldering life all around the earth. The loveliness of the Saviour's sacrifice has inspired all the heroisms, and all the martyrdoms of subsequent centuries. Christ has had more men and women die for Him than all the other inhabitants of all the ages have had die for them.

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sermon. He knew when to begin, when to stop, and just what to say. The longest sermon He ever preached, so far as the Bible reports Him, namely, the Sermon on the Mount, was about sixteen minutes in delivery, at the ordinary rate of speech. His longest prayer reported, commonly called "The Lord's Prayer," was about half a minute. Time them by your own watch and you will find my estimate accurate. By which I do not mean to say that sermons ought to be only sixteen minutes long, and prayers only half a minute long. Christ had such infinite power of compression that He could put enough into His sixteen-minute sermon and His half-minute prayer to keep all the following ages busy in thought and action. No one but a Christ could afford to pray or preach as short as that, but He meant to teach us compression.

At Selma, Alabama, the other day, I was shown a cotton-press, by which cotton was put in such shape that it occupied in transportation only one car, where three cars were formerly necessary; and one ship where three ships had been required, and I imagine that we all need to compress our sermons and our prayers into smaller spaces.

And His sermons were so lovely for sentiment and practicality, and simplicity, and illustration; the light of a candle, the crystal of the salt; the cluck of a hen for her chickens; the hypocrite's dolorous physiognomy; the moth in the clothes-closet; the black wing of a raven; the snow bank of the white lilies; our extreme botheration about the splinter of imperfection in some one else's character; the swine fed on the pearls; wolves dramatizing sheep; and the percolation made up of a cyclone in which you hear the crush of a tumbling house unwisely constructed. No technicalities; no splitting of hairs between North and Northwest side; no dogmatics; but a great Christly throb of helpfulness. I do not wonder at the record which says, "When He was down from the mountain great multitudes followed Him." They had but one fault to find with His sermon; it was too short. God help all of us in Christian work to get down off our stilts, and realize there is only one thing we have to do; there is the great wound of the world's sin and sorrow, and here is the great healing plaster of the Gospel. What you and I want to do is to put the plaster on the wound. All-sufficient is this Gospel if it is only applied. A minister preaching to an audience of sailors concerning the ruin by sin and the rescue by the Gospel, accommodated himself to sailor's vernacular, and said, "This plank bears." Many years after, this preacher was called to see a dying sailor, and asked him about his hope and got the suggestive reply, "This plank bears."

Yea, Christ was lovely in His chief life's work. There were a thousand things for Him to do, but His great work was to get our shipwrecked world out of the breakers. That He came to do, and that he did; and He did it in three years. He took thirty years to prepare for that three years of activity. From twelve to thirty years of age we hear nothing about Him. That intervening eighteen years I think He was in India. But He came back to Palestine and crowded everything into three years; three winters, three springs, three summers, three autumns. Our life is short, but would God we might see how much we could do in three years. Concentration! Intensification! Three years of kind words! Three years of living for others! Three years of self-sacrifice. Let us try it.

Aye! Christ was lovely in His demise. He had a right that last hour to deal in anathematization. Never had anyone been so meanly treated. Cradle of straw among goats and camels—that was the world's reception of Him! Rocky cliff, with hammers pounding spikes through tortured nerves—that was the world's farewell salutation! The slaughter of that scene sometimes hides the loveliness of the sufferer. Under the saturation of tears and blood we sometimes fail to see the sweetest face of earth and heaven. Altogether lovely! Can coldest criticism find an unkind word He ever spoke; or an unkind action that He ever performed, or an unkind thought that He ever harbored? What a marvel it is that all the nations of the earth do not rise up in rapturous of affection for Him! I must say it here and now. I lift my right hand in solemn attestation. I love Him! and the grief of my life is that I do not love Him more. Is it an impertinence for me to ask, do you, my hearer—you, my reader, love Him? Has He become a part of your nature? Have you committed your children on earth into His keeping, as your children in Heaven are already in His bosom? Has He done enough to win your confidence? Can you trust Him, living and dying, and for ever? Is your back, or your face, toward Him? Would you like to have His hand to guide you? His might to protect you? His grace to comfort you? His sufferings to atone for you? His arms to welcome you? His love to encircle you? His Heaven to crown you?

Oh, that we might all have something of the great German reformer's love for his Christ, which led him to say, "If anyone knocks at the door of my breast and says, 'Who lives there?' my reply is 'Jesus Christ lives here, not Martin Luther!'" Will it not be grand if, when we get through this short and rugged road of life, we can go right up into his presence and live with Him world without end? And in entering the gate of that heavenly city, we should be so overwhelmed with our unworthiness on the one side, and the supernal splendor on the other side, we get a little bewildered, and should for a few moments be lost on the streets of gold, and among the thousand temples, and the sapphire thrones, there would be plenty to show us the way, and take us out of our joyful bewilderment; and perhaps the women of Nain would say, "Come, let me take you to the Christ who raised my only boy to life." And Martha would say, "Come, and let me take you to the Christ Who brought up my brother Lazarus from the tomb." And one of the disciples would say, "Come, and let me take you to the Christ Who saved our sinking ship in the hurricane on Gennesaret." And Paul would say, "Come, and let the lead you to the Christ for Whom I died on the road to Ostia." And whole groups of martyrs would say, "Come let us show you the Christ for Whom we rattled the chain, and wailed the flood, and dared the fires." And our own glorified kindred would flock around us, saying, "We have been waiting a good while for you, but before we talk over old times, and we tell you of what we have enjoyed since we have been here, and you tell us of what you have suffered since we parted, come, come, and let us show you the greatest sight in all the place, the most resplendent throne, and upon it the mightiest Conqueror, the exaltation of Heaven, the Theme of the immortals, the Altogether great, the Altogether good, the Altogether fair, the Altogether lovely!

Well, the delightful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

HORRIBLE BARBARITY.

Some of the Revolting Orgies Practised by Indians in British Columbia.

A despatch from Victoria B. C., says:—The attention of the Department of Indian Affairs has been called to the barbarous practices of Indians along the west coast of northern British Columbia, who it appears, are still indulging in cannibalistic feasts, supposed to have been long ago given up. H. J. Simpson, trader, who has spent 25 years in the vicinity of Fort Rupert, has just arrived here and states that the Indians carry on their dances with all the old-time ferocity, the only difference being that now they are careful to have their wildest orgies only in the depth of winter, when the inclemency of the season has practically put a stop to trading and hunting, and has driven all the white men, including missionaries, to more comfortable quarters. So soon as they have the field to themselves, preparations are started for the most disgusting orgies. Simpson, who, having married a full blooded "Klootchman," is what is known as a "squaw man," has been specially favored or trusted, by being permitted to witness some of those rites, and he gives some terrible descriptions of what is known to the Indians as a "maneater dance," which he witnessed a few months ago. In this dance the "manista," or chief character, horrifies the spectators by appearing with a "mummy" or the shrivelled remains of a back number native, taken from an eminence upon which it was exposed to dry after death, and tearing the shrivelled flesh from the bones as he dances about a huge log fire, all the time uttering the most frightful sounds in the Indian vocabulary of lamentation. Simpson also lately saw horrible tortures of a maiden, in connection with another dance, in which, to prove herself worthy to be the bride of a brave chieftain, she allowed great barbed hooks to be driven through the flesh of her back, and danced almost naked, while the chief held the reins attached to the hooks, and, by a series of wrenches, eventually tore the flesh and released them. Missionaries have taken great credit throughout the civilized world for having converted these savages, and the Government have been led to believe that the dances now carried on are only imitations of former barbarities, but Simpson, who is a reliable man, asserts that they are no mockery at all, but a most revolting and cruel mockery.

An Ernest Investigator.

Gentle Lady—"I hope you go to church sometimes."

Good Boy—"Yes'm."

"To what church?"

"I used to be a Presbyterian, but I've been a Methodist ever since the last church fair. They put the most strawberries in their shortcake."

An Unbeliever.

He—"Do you believe in hero worship?" She—"No, not now; I'm married."

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON ON JESUS CHRIST.

"He is Altogether Lovely"—Christ Lovely in His Countenance and in His Habit in His Sobriety in His Sympathy—He Was Lovely in His Sermons and in His Chief Life's Work.

BROOKLYN, April 22.—Mrs. Prentiss' hymn, "More Love to Thee, O, Christ," was never more effectively rendered than this morning, by the thousands of voices in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, led on by organ and cornet, while by new vocabulary and fresh imagery, Dr. Talmage, presented the Gospel. The subject of the sermon was, "Fairest of the Fair," the text chosen being Solomon's Song 5: 16: "He is altogether lovely."

The human race has during centuries been improving. For awhile it deflected and degenerated, and from all I can read, for ages the whole tendency was towards barbarism. But under the ever widening and deepening influence of Christianity the tendency is now in the upward direction. The physical appearance of the human race is seventy-five per cent. more attractive than in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. From the pictures on canvas and the faces and forms in sculpture of those who were considered the grand looking men and attractive women of two hundred years ago, I conclude the superiority of the men and women of our time. Such looking people of the past centuries as painting and sculpture have presented as fine specimens of beauty and dignity, would be in our time considered deformity and repulsiveness complete. The fact that many men and women in antediluvian times were eight and ten feet high tended to make the human race obnoxious rather than winning. Such portable mountains of human flesh did not add to the charms of the world.

But in no climate and in no age did there ever appear anyone who, in physical attractiveness could be compared to Him whom my text celebrates, thousands of years before He put His infantile foot on the chill back of Bethlehem. He was and is altogether lovely. The physical appearance of Christ is, for the most part an artistic guess. Some writers declare Him to have been a brunette or dark complexioned, and others a blonde or light complexioned. St. John of Damascus, writing eleven hundred years ago, and so much nearer than ourselves to the time of Christ, and hence more likelihood of an accurate tradition, represents Him with beard black and curly, eyebrows joined together, and "yellow complexion, and long fingers like His mother." Anotherwriting fifteen hundred years ago, represents Christ as a blonde. "His hair the color of wine and golden at the root; straight and without lustre, but from the level of the ears curling and glossy, and divided down the center after the fashion of the Nazarenes: His forehead is even and smooth, His face without blemish, and enhanced by a tempered bloom; His countenance ingenious and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His beard is full, of the same color as His hair, and forked in form; His eyes blue and extremely brilliant.

My opinion is it was a Jewish face. His mother was a Jewess, and there is no womanhood on earth more beautiful than Jewish womanhood. Alas! that He lived so long before the Daguerrean and photographic arts were born, or we might have known His exact features. I know that Sculpture and Painting were born long before Christ, and they might have transferred from olden times to our times the forehead, the nostril, the eye, the lips of our Lord. Phidias, the sculptor, put down his chisel of enchantment five hundred years before Christ came. Why did not someone take up that chisel, and give us the side face or full face of our Lord? Polygnotus, the painter, put down his pencil four hundred years before Christ. Why did not someone take it up, and give us at least the eye of Lord, the eye, that seemed the face? Dionysius, the literary man who saw at Heliopolis, Egypt, the darkening of the heavens at Christ's crucification near Jerusalem, knowing what it was, but not foreseeing the eclipse of the sun, says: "Either the Deity suffers with some sufferer," that Dionysius gave put his pen to the work of the portrait of our Lord. But the arts were busy perpetuating the appearance of the world's favorites and not the form and appearance of peasantry, among whom Christ appeared.

It was not until the fifteenth century, or until more than fourteen hundred years after Christ, that talented painters attempted by pencil to give us the idea of Christ's face. The pictures before that time were so offensive that the Council of Constantinople forebade their exhibition. But Leonardo Da Vinci, in the fifteenth century, presented Christ's face on two canvasses, yet the one was a repulsive face and the other an effeminate face. Raphael's face of Christ is a weak face. Albert Durer's face of Christ was a savage face. Titian's face of Christ is an expressionless face. The mightiest artists, either with pencil or chisel, have made signal failures in attempting to give the forehead, the cheek, the eyes, the nostrils, the mouth of our blessed Lord.

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Not only was Christ altogether lovely in His countenance, but lovely in His habits. I know, without being told, that the Lord who made the rivers, and lakes, and oceans, was cleanly in His appearance. He disliked the disease of leprosy, not only because it was distressing but because it was not clean, and His curative words were, "I will; be thou clean." He declared Himself in favor of thorough washing, and opposed to superficial washing, when He denounced the hypocrites for making clean only "the outside of the platter," and He applauds His disciples by saying, "Now are ye clean," and giving directions to those who fasted, among other things He says, "Wash thy face;" and to a blind man whom He was doctoring, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." And He Himself actually washed the disciples' feet, I suppose not only to demonstrate His own humility, but probably their feet needed to be washed. The fact is, the Lord was a great friend of water. I know that from the fact most of the world is water. But when I find Christ in such constant commendation of water, I know He was personally neat, although He mingled much among very rough populations, and took such long journeys on dusty highways. He wore His hair long, according to the custom of His land and time, but neither trouble nor old age had thinned or injured His locks, which were never worn shaggy or unkempt. Yes, all His habits of personal appearance were lovely.

Sobriety was always an established habit of His life. In addition to the water, He drank the juice of the grape. When at a wedding party this beverage gave out, He made gallons on gallons of grape juice, but it was as unlike what the world makes in our time as health is different from disease, and as calm pulses are different from the paroxysms of delirium tremens. There was no strychnine in that beverage, or logwood, or nux vomica. The tipplers and the sots who now quote the wine-making in Cana in Galilee as an excuse for the fiery and damning beverages of the nineteenth century, forget that the wine at the New Testament wedding had two characteristics, the one that the Lord made it, and the other that it was made out of water. Buy all you can of that kind and drink it at least three times a day, and send a barrel of it around to my cellar. You cannot make me believe that the blessed Christ, who went up and down healing the sick, would create for man the style of drink which is the cause of disease more than all other causes combined; or that He who calmed the maniacs into their right mind, would create that style of drink which does more than anything else to fill insane asylums; or how He who was so helpful to the poor, would make a style of drink that crowds the earth with pauperism; or that He who came to save the nations from sin, would create a liquor that is a source of most of the crime that now stuffs the penitentiaries. A lovely sobriety was written all over His face, from the hair-line of the forehead to the bottom of the bearded chin.

Domesticity was also His habit. Though too poor to have a home of His own, He went out to spend the night at Bethany, three miles' walk from Jerusalem, and over a rough and hilly road that made it equal to six or seven ordinary miles, every morning and night going to and fro. I would rather walk from here to Central Park, or walk from Edinburgh to Arthur's Seat, or in London clear around Hyde Park, than to walk that road that Christ walked twice a day from Jerusalem to Bethany. But He liked the quietness of home life, and He was lovely in His domesticity.

How He enjoyed handing over the resurrected boy to his mother, and the resurrected girl to her father, and reconstructing homesteads which disease or death was breaking up. As the song "Home, Sweet Home," was written by a man who at that time had no home, so I think the homelessness of Christ added to his appreciation of domesticity.

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sympathy. Now, dropsy is a most distressful complaint. It inflames, and swells and tortures any limb or physical organ it touches. As soon as a case of that kind is submitted to Christ, He, without any use of diaphoretics, commands its cure. And what an eye-doctor He was for opening the long-closed gates of sight to the blue of the sky, and the yellow of the flower, and the emerald of the grass. What a Christ He was for cooling fevers without so much as a spoonful of febrifuge, and straightening crooked backs without any pang of surgery; and standing whole choirs of music along the silent galleries of a deaf ear, and giving healthful nervous system to cataleptics! Sympathy! He did not give them stoical advice, or philosophize about the science of grief. He sat down and cried with them. It is spoken of as the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it is about the longest and grandest—"Jesus wept." Ah! many of us know the meaning of that. When we were in great trouble, someone came in with voluble consolation and quoted the Scriptures in a sort of heartless way, and did not help us at all. But after a while someone else came in, and, with not saying a word, sat down and burst into a flood of tears at the sight of our woe, and somehow it helped us right away. "Jesus wept." You see it was a deeply-attached household, that of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. The father and mother were dead, and the girls depended on their brother. Lazarus had said to them, "Now, Mary, now, Martha, stop your worrying; I will take care of you. I will be to you both father and mother. My arm is strong. Girls you can depend on me!"

But now Lazarus was sick; yes, Lazarus was dead. All broken up, the sisters sit disconsolate, and there is a knock at the door. "Come in," says Martha. "Come in," says Mary. Christ entered, and He just broke down. It was too much for Him. He had been so often and so kindly entertained in that home before sickness and death devasted it, that He sobbed aloud and the tears on the sad face of the sympathetic Jesus wept." Why do we not make mention of helping? You do a lot of few words" or "I am a man of few words." Why, you dear friends are not necessary. Imitate Christ and go to those afflicted homes and cry with them.

Sympathy! Well, you did not know what I see, when I was in great bereavement, he came to my house. Kind ministers of the Gospel had come and talked beautifully and prayed with us, and did all they could to console. But John Murphy, one of the best friends I ever had, a big souled, globe-hearted Irishman, came in and looked into my face, put out his broad strong hand, and said not a word, but sat down and cried with us. I am not enough of a philosopher to say how it was, or why it was, but somehow from door to door and from floor to ceiling, the room was filled with an all-pervading comfort. "Jesus wept."

I think that is what makes Christ such a popular Christ. There are so many who want sympathy. Miss Fiske, the famous Nestorian missionary, was in the chapel one day talking to the heathen, and she was in very poor health, and so weak she sat upon a mat while she talked, and felt the need of something to lean against, when she felt a woman's form at her back, and heard a woman's voice saying "Lean on me." She leaned a little, but did not want to be too cumbersome, when the woman's voice said, "Lean hard if you love me, lean hard." And that makes Christ so lovely. He wants all the sick, and troubled to lean against him and he says, "Lean hard, if you love Me, lean hard." Aye, He is close by with His sympathetic help. Hedley Vicars, the famous soldier and Christian of the Crimean war, died because when he was wounded his regiment was too far off from the tent of supplies. He was not mortally wounded, and if the surgeons could only have got at the bandages and the medicines, he would have recovered. So much of human sympathy and hopefulness comes too late; but Christ is always close by if we want Him and has all the medicines ready, and has eternal life for all who ask for it. Sympathy!

Aye, He was lovely in His doctrines. Self-sacrifice, or the relief of the suffering of others by our own suffering. He was the only physician that ever proposed to cure His patients by taking their disorders. Self-sacrifice! And what did He not give up for others? The best climate in the universe, the air of heaven, for the wintry weather of Palestine; a sceptre of unlimited dominion for a prisoner's box in an earthly court-room; a flashing tiara for a crown of stinging brambles; a palace for a cattle pen; a throne for a cross. Self-sacrifice! What is more lovely? Mothers dying for their children down with scarlet fever; railroad engineers going down through the open drawbridge to save the train; firemen scorched to death trying to help some one down the ladder from the fourth story of the consuming house; all these put together only faint and insufficient similes by which to illustrate the grander, mightier, farther-reaching self-sacrifice of the "Altogether Lovely."

Do you wonder that the story of His self-sacrifice has led hundreds of thousands to die for Him? In one series of persecutions over 200,000 were put to death for Christ's sake. For him Blandina was tied to a post and wild beasts were let out upon her, and when life continued after the attack of tooth and paw, she was put in a net, and that net containing her was thrown to a wild bull, that tossed her with its horns till life was extinct. All for Christ! Huguenots dying for Christ! Albingenses dying for Christ! The Vaudois dying for Christ! Smithfield fires endured for Christ! The bones of martyrs, if distributed, would make a path of mouldering life all around the earth. The loveliness of the Saviour's sacrifice has inspired all the heroisms, and all the martyrdoms of subsequent centuries. Christ has had more men and women die for Him than all the other inhabitants of all the ages have had die for them.

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sermon. He knew when to begin, when to stop, and just what to say. The longest sermon He ever preached, so far as the Bible reports Him, namely, the Sermon on the Mount, was about sixteen minutes in delivery, at the ordinary rate of speech. His longest prayer reported, commonly called "The Lord's Prayer," was about half a minute. Time them by your own watch and you will find my estimate accurate. By which I do not mean to say that sermons ought to be only sixteen minutes long, and prayers only half a minute long. Christ had such infinite power of compression that He could put enough into His sixteen-minute sermon and His half-minute prayer to keep all the following ages busy in thought and action. No one but a Christ could afford to pray or preach as short as that, but He meant to teach us compression.

At Selma, Alabama, the other day, I was shown a cotton-press, by which cotton was put in such shape that it occupied in transportation only one car, where three cars were formerly necessary; and one ship where three ships had been required, and I imagine that we all need to compress our sermons and our prayers into smaller spaces.

And His sermons were so lovely for sentiment and practicality, and simplicity, and illustration; the light of a candle, the crystal of the salt; the cluck of a hen for her chickens; the hypocrite's dolorous physiognomy; the moth in the clothes-closet; the black wing of a raven; the snow bank of the white lilies; our extreme botheration about the splinter of imperfection in some one else's character; the swine fed on the pearls; wolves dramatizing sheep; and the percolation made up of a cyclone in which you hear the crush of a tumbling house unwisely constructed. No technicalities; no splitting of hairs between North and Northwest side; no dogmatics; but a great Christly throb of helpfulness. I do not wonder at the record which says, "When He was down from the mountain great multitudes followed Him." They had but one fault to find with His sermon; it was too short. God help all of us in Christian work to get down off our stilts, and realize there is only one thing we have to do; there is the great wound of the world's sin and sorrow, and here is the great healing plaster of the Gospel. What you and I want to do is to put the plaster on the wound. All-sufficient is this Gospel if it is only applied. A minister preaching to an audience of sailors concerning the ruin by sin and the rescue by the Gospel, accommodated himself to sailor's vernacular, and said, "This plank bears." Many years after, this preacher was called to see a dying sailor, and asked him about his hope and got the suggestive reply, "This plank bears."

Yea, Christ was lovely in His chief life's work. There were a thousand things for Him to do, but His great work was to get our shipwrecked world out of the breakers. That He came to do, and that he did; and He did it in three years. He took thirty years to prepare for that three years of activity. From twelve to thirty years of age we hear nothing about Him. That intervening eighteen years I think He was in India. But He came back to Palestine and crowded everything into three years; three winters, three springs, three summers, three autumns. Our life is short, but would God we might see how much we could do in three years. Concentration! Intensification! Three years of kind words! Three years of living for others! Three years of self-sacrifice. Let us try it.

Aye! Christ was lovely in His demise. He had a right that last hour to deal in anathematization. Never had anyone been so meanly treated. Cradle of straw among goats and camels—that was the world's reception of Him! Rocky cliff, with hammers pounding spikes through tortured nerves—that was the world's farewell salutation! The slaughter of that scene sometimes hides the loveliness of the sufferer. Under the saturation of tears and blood we sometimes fail to see the sweetest face of earth and heaven. Altogether lovely! Can coldest criticism find an unkind word He ever spoke; or an unkind action that He ever performed, or an unkind thought that He ever harbored? What a marvel it is that all the nations of the earth do not rise up in rapturous of affection for Him! I must say it here and now. I lift my right hand in solemn attestation. I love Him! and the grief of my life is that I do not love Him more. Is it an impertinence for me to ask, do you, my hearer—you, my reader, love Him? Has He become a part of your nature? Have you committed your children on earth into His keeping, as your children in Heaven are already in His bosom? Has He done enough to win your confidence? Can you trust Him, living and dying, and for ever? Is your back, or your face, toward Him? Would you like to have His hand to guide you? His might to protect you? His grace to comfort you? His sufferings to atone for you? His arms to welcome you? His love to encircle you? His Heaven to crown you?

Oh, that we might all have something of the great German reformer's love for his Christ, which led him to say, "If anyone knocks at the door of my breast and says, 'Who lives there?' my reply is 'Jesus Christ lives here, not Martin Luther!'" Will it not be grand if, when we get through this short and rugged road of life, we can go right up into his presence and live with Him world without end? And in entering the gate of that heavenly city, we should be so overwhelmed with our unworthiness on the one side, and the supernal splendor on the other side, we get a little bewildered, and should for a few moments be lost on the streets of gold, and among the thousand temples, and the sapphire thrones, there would be plenty to show us the way, and take us out of our joyful bewilderment; and perhaps the women of Nain would say, "Come, let me take you to the Christ who raised my only boy to life." And Martha would say, "Come, and let me take you to the Christ Who brought up my brother Lazarus from the tomb." And one of the disciples would say, "Come, and let me take you to the Christ Who saved our sinking ship in the hurricane on Gennesaret." And Paul would say, "Come, and let the lead you to the Christ for Whom I died on the road to Ostia." And whole groups of martyrs would say, "Come let us show you the Christ for Whom we rattled the chain, and wailed the flood, and dared the fires." And