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#### SOUR EXPERIENCES.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE BACK TO BROOKLYN.

In Some Lives the Saccharine Seems to Predominate-A gravel in Almost Every Shoe - The Omnipotent Sympathy of Jesus Christ.

BROOKLYN, July 8 .- The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city this evening. He is here on his way home from a tour of the Chautauquas in tor had an enormous auditory. His subject was "Sour Experiences," and his text: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."-John, xix, 30. The sermon was as

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day-crying, begging, cursing; but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged-as bent over and tied to a low post, his bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersticed with pieces of lead and bone-and now for whole hours the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, swooning, nauseated, TEXTERIOR WORLD OF AGODY HEXALTHER. the two words: "I thirst!" O skies of Judea. let a drop of rain strike on his burning tongue. O world, with rolling rivers, and give Jesus something to drink. If there be ony pity in earth, or heaven, or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer. The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion-a powerful opiate to deaden the pain; but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so he refused the wine. But afterward they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it, and put it on a stick of hyssop, and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anæsthetic and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult. I am disposed to adopt the theory of the old English commentators, who believed that instead of its being an opiate to soothe, it was vinegar to insuit. Malaga and Burgundy for grand dukes and duchesses, and costly wines from royal vats for bloated imperials; but stinging acids for a dying Christ. He took the vinegar.

In some lives the saccharine seems to pre-

dominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies flamboyant. Days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away, and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because one day, in an interview, Beau Brummell called him by his first name and addressed him as a servant, crying: "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her is so worried over the evil reports set affont regarding her, that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prusic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that been brought, and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best paintings except through a raffle. Andrew Delsart makes the great fresco in the church of the Annunciata, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn; and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives the sours are greater than the sweets. "When Jesus there-

fore had received the vinegar." It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick; or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised; or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar makes him able to sympathize today and forever with all those whose cup is filled with sharp acids of this life. He took

the vinegar! In the first place, there is the sourcess of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of his disciples did him good. You have had many friends; but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward, he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He microscopized your faults. He flung contempt at you when you ought to have received nothing | drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there but gratitute. At first, you could not sleep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old cordiality will the time be kept together? Is there no esnever come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold him for less than our twenty dollars! They all forsook him, and fled. They cut him to the quick. He drank that | that in a short time, all of us cup of betrayal to the dregs. He took the | will be gone-gone from earth, and gone for-

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of draughts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this time; but O, the headaches, and the sideaches, and the backaches, and the heartaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgago of physical disabilities; and instead of the placidity that once characterized you, it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway, and wonder when the exhaustion end. My friends, the brightest crowns in beaven will not be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded, and the sound of clashing sabers rang through the land; but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which | gathers on his own tongue the burning unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music, but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian

fortitude. Besides that you never had any

pains worse than Christ's. The sharpnesses

that stung through his brain, through his

of all the pations of all the ages compreseed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your

income does not meet your outgoings, and

that always gives an honest man anxiety.

There is no sign of destitution about you-

pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you; but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. But you are not the only one who has not been paid for hard work. The great Wilkie sold his celebrated piece, "The Blind Fiddler," for fifty guineas, although afterwards it brought its thousands. The world hangs in admiration over the sketch of Gainsborough, yet that very sketch hung for years in the shop window because there was not any purchaser. Oliver Goldsmith sold his "Vicar of Wakefield" for a few pounds, in order to keep the bailiff out of men in all occupations and professions are not fully paid for their work. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push; and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses, you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailings, and lo! suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some creditor has failed, and you are thrown abeam end. Well, brother, you are in glorious company. Christ The state of the s the colt on which he rode, or the boat in which he sailed. He lived in a borrowed house; he was buried in a borsparkling lakes, and spraying fountains, rowed grave. Exposed to all kinds suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where he could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax bill. Not a dollar did he own. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources. The kings of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink; but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set

before him, and it was very sharp and it was

There also is the sourness of bereavement.

very sour. He took the vinegar.

There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death; but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the door bell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart today. Once, as the children, romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head, and said: "Oh, if I could only have it still." Oh, it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops, and the strings, and the shells were left amid floor; but oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again, if they were scattered by the same hands. With what a ruthless plowshare bereavement rips up the heart. But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when he lost one it brought tears to his eyes. Lazarus had often entertained him at his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion—the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. want and contempt could bring to it had | Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them-Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, his great loving eyes filled with tears, which drop from eye to cheek, and from cheek to beard, and from beard to robe, and from robe to floor. Oh, yes, yes, he knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

> Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited-whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. In the six thousand years that have passed only two persons have got into the eternal world without death, and do not suppose that God is going to send a carriage for us with horses of flame to draw us up the steeps of heaven; but I suppose we will have to go like the preceding generations. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our heart and serve on us the writ of ejectment, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery glories have vanished from our vision-we will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love. But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds. I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all cape from this separation?" None; absolutely none. So I look over this audience today—the vast majority of you seeming in good health and spirits—and yet I realize the gates of the future, as it were, and we do only add gloom and mystery to the passage; but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the ALEX. ROSS', gates of that future world that they have ALEX. ROSS', gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which he was more appreciative than we over could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phospherescenes of the sea; he trod it. He knows the gleries of the midnight heavens; for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the fowls of the air; they whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. died in cold sweat, and dizziness and hemorrhage and agony that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom and he gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows and he puts them under his own neck and head. He thirsts of many generations. The sponge is

soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in icy or flory martyrdom. While heaven was pitying and earth was mocking and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar! To all those in this audience to whom life

# were as great as yours, certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve, or muscle, or ligament escaped. All the pangs

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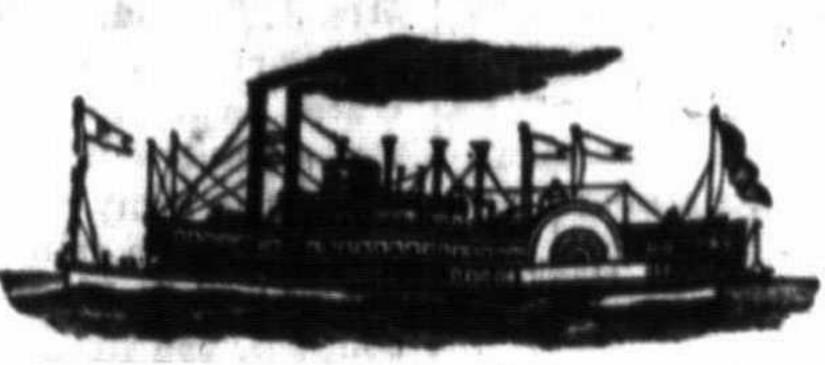
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Continued on page three.

has been an accrbity-a close they could not

swallow, a draught that set their teeth on