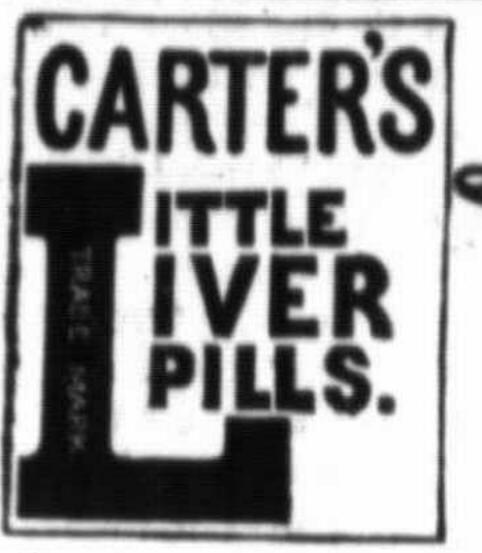
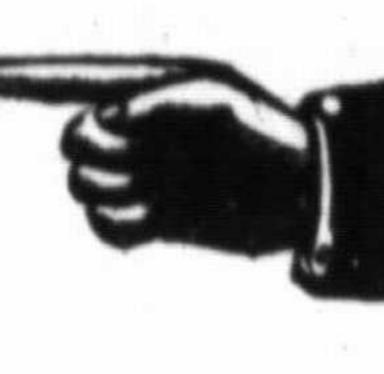


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### THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

DIVINE SERVICES IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Or. Talmage Rejoices That the Number of Christian Physicians Is Increasing. The Wild Oats of Youth Are Generally Sown in the Liver.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 20 .- The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., opened the service at the tabernacle this morning by giving out the hymn beginning:

Should coming days be cold and dark, - We need not cease our singing;

That perfect rest nought can molest, Where golden harps are ringing.

He then explained a passage in the Gospel of St. Matthew, concerning the inferior kind of salt that was cast out to make walks of, to be trodden under foot of men. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was: "The Gospel of Health," and his text from Proyerbs vii, 23; "Till a dart strike through his liver." He said:

There is a fashion in sermonics, A comparatively small part of the Bible is called on for texts. Most of the passages of Scripture, when announced at the opening of sermons, immediately divide themselves into old discussions that we have heard from boyhood, and the effect on us is soporific. The audito guesses at the start just what the preacher will say. There are very important chapters and verses that have never been preached from. Much of my lifetime I am devoting to unlocking these gold chests and blasting open these quarries. We talk about the heart, and sing about the heart, but if you refer to the physical organ that we call the heart, it has not half so much to do with spiritual health or disease, moral exaltation or spiritual depression, as the organ to the consideration of which Solomon calls us in the text, when he describes sin progressing "till a dart strike through his liver."

Solomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly 3,000 years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than 1,000 years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered 1,619 years after Christ, for when Solomon in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which in our day Drs. Mayo, and Carpenter, and Dalton, and Flint, and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head: "Or if the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important function in the God built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated, branching tubes, a divine workmanship in central, and right, and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which God conducts the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps. Solomon knew of it and had noticed either in vivisection or post mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until with the flat of Almighty God it bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commands to the grave and the other it sends to judgment-a javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till the dart strike through the liver." Galen and Hippocrates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you this morning the gospel of health. In taking diagnoses of the diseases of the soul you must also take the diagnoses of the diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a doctor, and he discourses much of physical effects, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the Gospel, so that the 5,000 were fed; and records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home, and the extinrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post-mortem resuscitation. And any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also an estimate of the physical condition is incomplete. When the doorkeeper of congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip V of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardiral Wolsey expired as a result of Henry VIII's anathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We might as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver-the heart, the fortress of all the graces; the liver, the fortress of all the furies. You may have the head filled with all intellectualities, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all of pottery, or that Alexander Cruden, the cloquence, and the hand with all industries, and the heart with all generosities, and yet

".. dart strikes through the liver." First, let Christian people avoid the mis-30 take that they are all wrong with God because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged, and his hope and heaven blotted out, and himself plunged chin deep in the Slough of Despond, and has said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books, and Cecil's books, and Baxter's books, and read and read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed, and wept and wept and wept, and grouned and grouned and grouned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeball, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections and forebodings. The devil is after you. He has failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him-he ruflles your peace of mind. When he says that you are not a forgiven soul, when he says that you are not right with God, when he says that you will never get to heaven, he lies. You are just as sure of heaven as though you were there already. But Satan, finding that he cannot keep you out of the promised land of Canaan, has determined that the spies shall not bring you any of the Eschol grape:

but prickly pear and crab apple. You are

just as good now under the cloud as you were

when you were accustomed to rise in the

morning at 5 o'clock to pray and sing "Ilal-

lelujah, 'tis done!" My friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Jones, of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to diflowed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of The London Times, one of whom traveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes and events is remarkable. The former are said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day, and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except, its stimules and excitement. On the side of the poor 'Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same places and a march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience and disgust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the journalist, "One condition only: The French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated. The contrast may convey a distinctive idea of the extent to which moral impressions affect the efficiency of the sol-

and therefore the two reports you have given of yourself are as widely different as the reports in The London Times from the two correspondents. Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical dis order was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Glorious William Cowper was as good as good could be, and will be loved in the Christian church as long as it sings his hymn beginning: "There is a fountain filled with blood," and his hymn beginning: "Oh, for a closer walk with God," and his hymn beginning: "What various hindrances we meet," and his hymn beginning: "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet so was he overcome of melancholy, or black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cab driver, who took him to a wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide,

Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state! What a great opportunity this gives the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulsa of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that-an earthly and a divine prescription at the same time-and call not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven. Ah, that is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside when I get sick, one that cannot only pour out the right number of drops, but one who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profligate or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool, and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households. And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers, as well as praise on our tongues. Dear old Dr. Skillman! My father's doctor, my mother's doctor, in the village home. He carried all the confidences of all the families fourteen miles around. We all felt better as soon as we saw him enter the house. His face pronounced a beatitude before he said a word. He welcomed all of us children into life, and he closed the old people's eyes when they entered the last slumber. I think I know what Christ said to him when the old doctor got through his work. I think he was greeted with the words: "Come in, doctor. I was sick and ye visited me." I bless God that the number of Christian physicians Is multiplying, and some of the students of the medical colleges are here today. And I hall you, and I bless you, and I ordain you to the tenyou take your diploma from the Long Island Medical college to look after the perishable body, be sure also to get a diploma from the skies to look after the imperishable soul. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the Gospel in persuading good people that it is not because God is against the: 1 that they sometimes feel de-. pressed, but because of heir diseased body. I suppose David, the psalmist, was no more pious when he called on everything human and angelic, animate and inanimate, and from snowflake to hurricane, to praise God, than when he said: "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto thee, O Lord;" or that Jeremiah was any better when he wrote his prophecy than when he wrote his "Lamentations," or that Job was any better when he said, "I know that my Redcemer liveth," than when, covered all over with the pustules of elephantiasis, he sat in the ashes scratching the scabs off with a broken piece concordist, was any better man when he compiled the book that has helped 10,000 students of the Bible than when, under the power of physical disorder, he was hand-

cuffed and strait waistcoated in Bethnal Green Insane asylum. "Oh!" says some Christian man, "no one ought to allow physical disorder to depress his soul. He ought to live so near to God as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice; but I warrant that you, the man who gives the advice, have a sound liver. Thank God every day for healthful hepatic condition, for, just as certainly as you lose it, you will sometimes, like David, and like Jeremiah, and like Cowper, and like Alexander Cruden, and like 10,000 other invalids, be playing a dead march on the same organ with which now you play a toccata. My object at this point is not only to emolliate the criticisms of the well against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are atrabilarious what is the matter with them. Do not charge against the heart the crimes of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude that because the path of heaven is not arbored with as fine a foliage, or the banks beautifully snowed under with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians, morbid about their experiences and morbid about their business, and morbid about the present, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they beforehand, and that you shall have nothing | must first sow their wild oats, and afterward Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver,

and they can never be pulled up. They so Continued on page three.

# ANOTHER ferent people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mineio in 1859, between the French and Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other; so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated follows: SWEEPING - REDUCTION

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