"SAINT PAUL."

A Sermon Delivered at the First Baptist Church, Sacramento, by Rev. W. H. Milburn, on Sunday Evening, October 31, 1880.

[Phonographically Reported for the Record-Union by Winfield J. Davis.]

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.
I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.
Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all those, also, that love his appearing.—II Timothy, iv: 6, 7, 8.

There was a tumult in the city. A furious mob, raging like a torrent, swept through the streets. A mob, not composed as mobs are usually, of the rabble, but led by the rulers of the people—priests, scribes, lawyers; the leading citizens of the nation. Their faces distorted by their passions, furious in every lineament, frenzied in the wild railings of their voices, and hurrying along with impatient haste, they bore among them a man of their own race, of their own speech and blood, whose face must form a striking contrast with all the countenances about him. While they are either flushed or pallid with their passions, his countenance beams with a strange light; his features are in repose; and though they hold him, and buffet him, and smite him, and bear him onward without the eastern gates of the city into the Kedron valley, to its northern part—called the Valley of the Kings, the Valley of Jehosaphat—he is unmoved; and when they have reached the spot where so many tragedies of the kind had taken place, they leave him alone, and yet they circle him about, and these men, the highest in the nation, betake themselves to murder! A judicial murder, and yet a murder without legal warrant. He had been adjudged guilty of blasphemy, and yet they had no right to put him to death, for the assent of the Roman magistrate, the Procurator of Judea, has not been obtained. And so they encircle him and prepare to execute the last penalty of the law—their law; that law so terrible! And as he kneels upon the ground to receive these fierce and death-bringing missiles his face is bright, his hands elevated far above the raging, tumultuous crowd, his eyes lifted to the heavens and catching the splendor of the light that flashes thence, more than the light of the sun—a strange, spiritual splendor, which all enkindles and irradiates his countenance. And there stands a youth, 30 years of age, diminutive of stature, slight of build, delicate. You can see the trace of genius in his face and in the nobly-molded head; you can see the tokens of power in the lineaments of the man, though he is so slender and so frail. And you can fancy how he folds his arms, and holds himself steadfastly to gaze on this dread spectacle. I can well understand how his form should have quivered with excitement; how he would have shrunk from such a scene of horror. And yet he feels it to be his duty to stand there as though he had been carved from adamant—to stand and see the last penalty of his law inflicted upon this recreant. And the legal witnesses of the transaction laid their garments at his feet; he is their custodian. And so, with folded arms, with dilated nostrils, with flashing eyes and quivering lips, he sees the air darkened with the stones; sees the body pierced and mangled; sees the blood as it starts to flow and saturates the ground; and hears as well the last breathed prayer of the martyr, "Lord Jesus, lay not this sin to their charge."

This is our introduction to that youth—one of the noteworthy men of human history; one of the very greatest—if not the greatest—man that has ever appeared in the tide of time. But one other can challenge or divide this prominence with him—the lawgiver of his nation, Moses, from the long centuries beyond. These two men stand, I think, unchallenged and unapproached on the loftiest pinnacle of human history. Born in the city of Tarsus, the metropolis of Cilicia, one of the most fertile provinces of what we to-day call the Levant—in the whole scope of the Roman Empire. As abundant and productive a wheat field as your own California. A mountain torrent starts from the snow-clad summits of the Taurus far to the north of the Cilician wheat fields, flowing down the Sierra slopes and making its way through the broad and level plain, empties its flood into the flashing blue waters of the Mediterranean. Not far from its mouth arose this fair and stately city. Like all the towns of Macedonia, built four-square—standing north, south, east and west—true to the points of the compass, and built on either bank of this stream. At its quays were the fleets from all parts of the inter-Mediterranean sea. It grew to be a city of boundless wealth; to be the seat of letters and arts, of luxury and fashion. It was a Paris in that olden time.

In the home of Hebrew parents the child saw the light, and as he grew through the years of boyhood and walked forth by the hand of his father or his attending nurse, he would see the magnificent architecture and adornments of the beautiful city. He would see the men of many climes—for it was a cosmopolitan city, where from east and west, and north and south, all met for trade, for pleasure, for wealth and for indulgence. He saw men well-nigh matchless for their beauty; of such exquisite build and mold, with such noble heads, with such wondrous eyes, with exquisitely chiseled features, whose tongues seemed expressive at once of the music of their lips and of their brains. That matchless tongue of the last twenty centuries descended like ours from a tongue greater than itself, yet stands among the scholars as the very repository of our learning—as a kind of a spear, a shield, a buckler, as a kind of flashing sword in the scholar's hand. The speech of oratory and of music, the speech of poetry and of wisdom, he heard the matchless accents of the Hellenic tongue flowing in all its melodious strains from the lips of those men whose unequaled forms have been preserved to us, in part at least, in sculpture. And that Greek tongue was his birthright.

Not only this, another speech he encountered, and a different kind of mankind, not so exquisitely molded, not so classically beautiful, more developed, broader of shoulder, more powerful and lithe of limb; the men whose serried ranks, whose flashing swords and spears had subdued the world; the men whose navies circumnavigated the world then known, and held all climes in subjugation. He heard the more bold but still, sweet and magnetic strains of the Latin tongue—the language of law, of jurisprudence, of domination, and of authority. And that tongue was his birthright as well. He was a Roman citizen—the immensity and franchise of the empire was also his birthright.

But in his own home he heard another speech—to his childish ear and to his heart all through the remainder of his life more prized than either, than both, the others—a majestic tongue and masterly; the tongue which held treasures which in his eyes immeasurably surpassed all the treasures contained in both the others—for it was the tongue of the Father of the Faithful; it was the tongue in which Moses spoke and wrote; it was the tongue in which Miriam chanted her triumphal song by the sea bank when the enemies of his race and hers were overwhelmed; it was the tongue of the Minstrel King; it was the tongue of the gifted prophets; it was the tongue that even made God's promise to man all sure and steadfast. Hebrew, Greek and Latin were the three languages in which the boy was trained.

After the fashion of the Jews of the dispersion, as they were called—such Hebrews as had quitted their native land and were, through trade and various occupations in the other districts and regions of the earth—desirous of saving their sons of promise from the contamination and pollution of heathen surroundings, this boy was sent, at the age of 11 or 13—such was the custom of the devout and orthodox Jews—to the chief city of the world in their eyes. And you can imagine the boy landing at the seaport of Cesaria, making his way across the plains, of entering the mountains, and so gradually passing through the old tribe of Benjamin, his own tribe, and coming to the limits of Judea. And as he comes forth from the mountains his eyes behold Mount Sinai, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, the seat of the living God!

And so the youth comes to Jerusalem for his education—and I wish all young men present, and perhaps girls and young women as well, to take note of this fact: this child of the sun, this boy of the East and of the South, where growth is more rapid than with us; where maturity is much more quickly gained, spent seventeen or nineteen years, according as he came at 11 or 13—in his studies. If our girls go to school for three or four years they think they are paying a marvelous price for education. They must be out and graduated by the time they are sixteen or seventeen, and ready to be married at nineteen or twenty, under the penalty of being old maids; and our boys think if they spend a year or two in preparation, and then four years at college, and two or three years afterwards in getting their professional training, that it is an enormous price, and they think how the prizes of society and life are slipping from them, how other people are gathering the harvest; and if our young gentlemen do not make their fortunes and gain professional eminence by the time they are thirty, forsooth they are failures. What absurdities! Jonah's gourds—how many of them that see themselves failures in life; yes, Jonah's gourd is the symbol of very much of our young America. I beg you to hold it well in recollection that the immortal men served a long apprenticeship; the men whose voices go sounding on forever must have their ears open and their minds trained from many a vigil and through many a rounded month and year—yea, even decades of years.

And so this youth is 30 years of age, having devoted 17 or 19 years simply to his preparation, in addition to all that he had received in the way of instruction before he left his native city of Tarsus, and at the time of which I speak, as he stands there witnessing this horrible scene of blood, he is 30. Our young gentlemen are citizens of the United States at the age of one and twenty—they reach their majority. Among the older and wiser people, as it seems to me, they did not gain their majority until 30—and so he is—having been thus far under the guidance and instruction of tutors, governors, teachers and guardians—he is now to take the tiller of his destiny into his own hand, and his bark, thus far steered for him, is to be steered by himself. What is his election? What does he decide to do? His future is before him, and he is about to make it what he will. With genius such as his—and he must have felt its stirrings; there must have been some promptings from his brain which told him of his latent power. He might easily devote himself to the profession of a teacher—a teacher of Greek eloquence and philosophy and poetry. We pretend to honor and remunerate our teachers to-day, but we stint them to the last and meanest degree. There are no people, perhaps excepting the Christian ministry, and I hardly know whether they are to be excepted—there are no people who do so valuable, so noble, so glorious, and so beneficial work in the world who are treated in so niggardly a fashion by the people they serve and the society they benefit, as our teachers of public schools and private, elementary and higher. We boast that we are civilized. The old Greeks, in this respect, were immeasurably more civilized than we. And a man of such magnificent powers as this youth possessed, with such wondrous training, with such incisive intellect, with such comprehensive understanding, with such elegant reasoning powers to expound the oracles of philosophy and to thrill men's blood with the magic of his eloquence, might easily in his native city of Tarsus or at Antioch or at Athens, establish a professor's chair which might gain the largest clientage and draw as Aristotle, as Plato, as Zeno and as many another famous seer, pupils from all quarters of the world, and with them revenue, honor, fame—all that he could desire. He did not become a professor of Grecian learning.

There was another avenue open to him. I have said that Roman citizenship was his birthright. He could easily have applied himself to the study of the Roman law; he could have began his profession in the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, and having gained sufficient revenue, he could have removed to the Areopagus at Athens, and then, having further increased his revenue and reputation, he could easily have removed to Rome itself, the Imperial and Eternal City. And who can question that if this youth had given his attention to the Roman law, with all his powers of logic and reasoning, and his classical eloquence—who can doubt that he would have arisen to the very pinnacle of his profession—that there in Rome he could have easily challenged the fame of Cicero, the greatest of ancient orators? A Tribune's seat, the Senatorial dignity and robe, the liberty to address the Conscript Fathers, and a hand in molding the politics and the legislation of the world—it was all open to him—honor, fame, boundless wealth, far-reaching influence, all that bids man onward in the hard paths we travel. He did not choose to become a Roman lawyer any more than a Grecian professor. Why? Because in the whole history of patriotism, I think, you find no man that surpasses, if you find one that equals, the intensity and enthusiasm of this man's devotion to his country. A Hebrew—a Hebrew of the tribe of Benjamin—he felt all that was implied in his glorious ancestry, in the immunity and franchise enjoyed by his nationality, the proudest race, the most favored race, the most illustrious race that has yet trodden the planet. He was of that stock; a son of God's own friend, the father of the faithful, and of the greatest law-giver the world has ever seen. He belonged to the race in whose loins there seemed to be held the promise of the world's deliverance, the hope of the world's salvation. Everything connected with the history of this race is sacred to day. He determined to devote himself to his country, with all his energy, with all his genius, with all his enthusiasm. And need there was at such an hour as that that every true Israelite should give himself to his country. It was a time of universal expectation, and the nation is on tip-toe; the seventy weeks of Daniel is fulfilled; the deliverer, the Messiah, the annointed one, foretold from the sad hour when the first pair came forth from Eden laden with the curse, is to come. Those dreary, many years of sorrow and of trouble seemed now almost accomplished; the foot of the Roman tyrant is upon the neck of the nation; his foot was to be removed, and the prostrate captive was to rise up and be delivered. The King, the mighty Savior, was to make his appearance. The nation was as I say on tip-toe. And, strange to say, there is come one from the despised province of Galilee, and from the contemned and contemptable town of Nazareth, and from the house of a carpenter, attended by peasants and fishermen and a throng of women, some of peasant rank and some of equivocable reputation, and claims to be this Messiah—the Christ, the annointed—Jesus is his name! The aristocratic class, the men of learning, the men of culture, the men of knowledge, of law and the professions, the men of trained brains and implemented faculties, the men whose hands are accustomed to rule—had been content to let him go and give no attention to him, "but that he assailed us and called us the aristocracy of the nation, a generation of vipers, and declared that we could not escape the damnation of hell." He assailed our ruling classes, and at length the struggle between him and us became so fierce that one or the other had to perish, and so we secured his condemnation at the hands of Pontius Pilate, and he was crucified, as he deserved to be. He was an imposter, pretending to be the Messiah foretold by Isaiah and all the other prophets. We supposed there had been an end of the heresy, and that there would be no schism in our nation; but strange to say, fifty days after this a company of ignorant and vulgar peasants, in number not more than 120, counting the women, have gathered together here in Jerusalem, and at length have had the audacity to invade the sacred precincts of the temple itself, and declare that they have received what they call the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and not only that, they are making converts—wresting them from the true faith of Israel, and creating, through their heresy, a schism dividing the nation. They are not only doing this, but they have the audacity to stand in the presence of our rulers, these illiterate and untrained fishermen, declaring that this Jesus whom our rulers put to death was really the Christ; and even here, in my own synagogue, representing the most refined, cultured, wealthy and aristocratic of the young Jews of the dispersion—my synagogue, the one that among the four hundred of Jerusalem stands prominent—a man, a Jew by blood, but a Greek by name (Stephen), has the audacity to come and attempt to prove to us by the writings of Moses that this Galilean peasant was the very Christ, and of course we carried him to the Sanhedrim, and he had the temerity to stand there and attempt to prove to the priests, the lawyers and the rulers, out of our sacred scriptures, that this Jesus was the Christ! Of course his doom was sealed; and therefore I have had the firmness to stand and witness this terrible tragedy, at which my heart and blood revolted—and what else could I do? My course is plain. Myself I resign; the Roman law and the forum I resign; all honors, wealth and fame I give up; I dedicate myself to my nation and my people—to the purity of the temple and the sanctity of the law."

And therefore you see this young man, delicate and sensitive of frame, fine of sensibilities, exquisite of emotion—you see him absolutely performing the office of a police officer, making domiciliary visits, going from house to house, scourging, and descending almost to inquisitorial tortures to compel those of his countrymen upon whom he could lay hands to blaspheme that name which they professed to be the dearest and most sacred to them. And when all of this way of feeling had been driven out of Jerusalem, he received letters of authority and a commission and starts for Damascus. It is the seventh day of his journey. He has passed by the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, and he is on the broad Syrian desert. Damascus is yonder before him. It is mid-day. All nature is still. The sun is at the very top of the firmament. He is urging his way onward that to-night he may rest amidst the plantations, the orchards, and the vineyards of Damascus, and with to-morrow's coming he is, to use the vivid expression of the story, "to breathe out threatening and slaughter." And suddenly the young man falls, as if stricken by an arrow or a club—he falls and lays in the dust! The joints of his loins, like the old Babylonish King, unloose, and his knees smite one against another. He lies in the dust, and those who are with him in his retinue are also prostrate on the ground. They recover more speedily than he; he arises and finds that he is blind. And so, with relaxed frame and staggering step, he is led by the hands of his attendants to Damascus, and through three days and nights he sits, as you may well believe, railing upon the very verge of madness.

I address men—all thoughtful men and women especially—all men and women who are troubled with the doubts of this time; doubts suggested by our current education and our current literature; doubts which are broadcast and deep-seated here in your California—I address you seriously, and ask what is the explanation of this phenomena—the fall of this youth in the Syrian desert, and all the strange consequences that ensued from this fall? There are three theories possible, and one or the other must be the explanation of this phenomena, and of the wonderful change which took place in this man. Was it a sunstroke and therefore ensuing disease—a form of catalepsy or epilepsy, involving aberration and hallucination? Was all of his after-life and the character which he showed through the subsequent thirty years the production of abnormal action? That is one theory. Another: Was it a fit of imposture; was he playing a part, a charlatan, a quack? There are two. There is just one other possible, and I think no man who addresses himself to this investigation can summon up another. It was either imposture or delusion, it was either quackery or self-imposition, or it was what he says it was. He says: "At midday I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.' And I said: 'Who art thou, Lord?' And he said: 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose: to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.'" That is his explanation of the phenomena, and I think it is a matter which closely relates itself to the present and future well being of every man, woman and child before me in this house to-night; a matter of supreme interest, to determine which of these three theories gives us an adequate solution of the phenomena, and of the consequences of the phenomena. Three days after, the man whom he had seen in the vision came to him and laid his hands upon his head, and in tender and sympathetic tones said unto him: "Brother Saul, receive thy sight;" and the scales fell from his eyes, and he arose and received holy baptism in the name of him whom he had proscribed and condemned as a Jewish peasant, as a Galilean impostor; he received holy baptism in the name which he had obliged men and women to blaspheme at Jerusalem; in the name which he had come to Damascus to compel men and women to blaspheme again. And such a change as now takes place! That proud, irascible, haughty, self-confident, energetic, patriotic, self-devoted patriot now becomes the most tender, gentle and patient; the most submissive, long-suffering, self-postponing man to be found in history. None of his magnificent powers are paralyzed or vitiated. His power of reasoning, his eloquence, his energy, his devotion, his capacity of mind is not diminished. But his genius is increased, and the lofty tones of his voice have been sounding these 1,800 years, and only gather volume as the ages go on. There at Damascus, then at Jerusalem, throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles he goes.

I have spoken of his devotion to his people. That sublime patriotism which characterized him he never lost, the love of his race he never lost, his sensibility of the good opinion of his people he never lost; and yet, through the thirty years then ensuing, it is the case almost always when he comes into a synagogue, when he comes within a city, into any district or region of the Roman Empire, when his countrymen find he is come they begin with darkened faces, and gnashing teeth, and flashing eyes, and clenched fists, to breathe out their curse against him—"Recreant, apostate, traitor!" Five times, as he tells us, he received at the hands of his Jewish countrymen forty stripes upon his uncovered back, and every stripe drew blood—forty stripes save one. In many and many a city all through Asia Minor and upon the main land of Europe, they incite the populace against him, they stimulate the Roman magistrates against him. This man, yearning with ineffable tenderness, hungering with unspeakable longing for the approval and the appreciation of his countrymen, is everywhere met by them with darkened countenances and gnashing teeth—"Traitor, apostate, recreant!" Ready to murder him and feel as he had felt when Stephen was put to death—that they were doing God justice. Thirty years of such persecution. Think of the steadfastness, the constancy, the resolution; think of the unshaken firmness and magnificent devotion, and tell me if any man here, however brave, however lofty—if any man here holds himself competent to such a test as that? And here he came into the great courts of the holy temple itself and desired to do religious service there. His countrymen, even in God's holy house, rush upon him in the frenzy of their rage, and are about to commit murder even in the courts of God's house, and he is only saved from their bloody hands by a Roman guard, who rushes into the inclosure of the temple. For thirty years that is the kind of a reception he meets with at the hands of his countrymen; that is the kind of treatment he receives at the hands of his countrymen! Not only in Judea, but in Damascus, where his conversion was first known, they lie in wait for him to put him to death. They guard the gates well, and he is let down over the wall and makes his escape. He is a scholar, he has all the fine sensibilities of a gentleman, he has all the exquisite appreciation of culture; there are no traces in the whole record of biography or history which betoken a man of a more perfect, a more sensitive and a more exquisite organization than this man. He was in some way a poet, and an orator, and a gentleman, with a touch of the woman and the child in his organization.

And now he comes in his many wanderings to Athens, that metropolis of the student, that capital of the scholar, to which every cultured man and woman has made a pilgrimage—that ancient seat of literature and art, the traces of which we now regard with uncovered head and reverential awe. Its every street and thoroughfare was dedicated by the beauties of architecture, of sculpture and of painting. It was there where Zeno walked and talked; it was there that Aristotle was wont to hold high discourse with his students; it was the home of Epicurus and Plato; it was there that Demosthenes and all the great orators of old stood and addressed the fierce Democracy. He, greatest of them all, comes to Athens, and you see him surrounded by these exquisitely moulded men of whom I have spoken, whose business was to hear and tell something new; and they see this diminutive Asiatic stranger, who does not speak faultless Greek, and doubtless the imperfection in his accent as in his idiom awakens their interest the more. They see this Asiatic stranger, nevertheless, who gives token of his great powers, and they would fain hear what he has to say, for he seems to be a setter forth of strange doctrines, and so he stands in the midst of Mars' Hill, and delivers in that great presence what I think stands without a peer in the history of the world's eloquence—the most magnificent oration that ever stirred the atmosphere of Athens. And do you see them—how they are thrilled by the power of his eloquence, how they are affected by the magic of his presence? Their admiration is deepening, when suddenly he comes to that which is to him the very centering pivot of all life, and you see their expression of haughty pride, of contempt, of conventional disdain. "What! We supposed he was a man of genius, a philosopher, a student, a scholar, and he comes to us and talks to us, men of science, philosophers, who have weighed the world in the scales; comes here to Athens, the metropolis of scholarship, and talks to us about the resurrection of somebody from the dead, as if we did not know the laws of nature—the utter impossibility of such a thing! The fellow is a babbler." And so they say with an expression of irony and contempt, "We supposed he was a genius, and he appears to be a babbler; why the fellow is a fool!" There is many a high-bred man, a scholar, poet, orator, gentleman, who can confront a mob, who can stand unmoved at the hootings and jeerings of a vulgar populace; but let him go into company of refined and elegant men and women—their voices are not lifted high, there is no jeering, but they know how to aim the poisoned arrows and to throw the poisoned darts. A sneer, a curl of the lip, a derisive expression of countenance, a play on the voice—that will affect a man of sensitive organization and refinement far more than the yelling and shouting of a mob. And that was his acceptance and recognition at the hands of the scholars, the gentlemen, and of the cultured classes of the civilized world, represented by the Athenians.

I have told you that he was a Roman citizen, and that the immunity and franchise of the Empire was his birthright, and yet again and again the magistrates of Rome unjustly and illegally sent him to dungeons; meanly and basely betrayed him to the mob; not only is he stoned by the mob, but he is beaten with Roman rods, not one of which should have been laid upon his back except after a legal trial. And now we witness a memorable scene. After two years lying in the dank and noisome dungeon you see him, pale and wan brought forth chained to a Roman soldier; you see him standing at the bar; and there upon the royal seat is the King, and there is Bernice, and there is Festus; and you can see this Roman ruler regarding with very keen interest and searching scrutiny this wan and attenuated figure, so pale and weak, standing at the bar and arraigned as a criminal. And when he is told that he can speak for himself he stretches forth his hand and proceeds to deliver one of the most extraordinary arguments ever addressed to a Court of justice. And you can imagine the Roman Emperor, "I never heard such oratory, such power; I never saw such genius; he a Roman citizen—he could have attained the very highest honors of the State, and yet, here he is so low, so degraded, and in the garb of a peasant." And when he comes at last to state the truth of which he was charged, you see the expression changed from admiration to contemptuous pity, and Festus says: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad!" This is the judgment of the aristocratic and ruling classes of the world.

And so this man from that memorable fall in the Syrian desert, and from that memorable baptism in the city of Damascus, has thirty years of such life as this—of journeying and perils, perils in the city, perils in the wilderness, perils among false brethren, perils among robbers, perils among his own countrymen, all manner of perils, and suffering from hunger, cold and nakedness. Tell me what is the explanation of this man's conduct? Do you tell me it is the product of disease? What? Such letters as he has written, such discourses as he has preached, such suffering endured, such constancy, such tenderness, sweetness and firmness—do you tell me that it is catalepsy or epilepsy—that it is the result of a sunstroke? Do you tell me that it is imposture? Did ever a quack enter upon such a career as that? Quacks may surrender the good opinion of the better part of mankind, but it is to gain money, to gain influence. Demagogues may compromise the good opinions of the better classes, but it is to secure the support of the vulgar. This man seeks no more the support of the vulgar than the aristocracy. He is intent on helping the aristocratic and the vulgar alike. He is only bent upon helping and serving his fellow men. No, there is not a man, who deserves the name of a man, who for a moment could entertain the thought that there is the slightest touch of the charlatan or quackery in this man's composition. The theory has fallen to the ground. What then?

You see him now at last, after all the adventures, and perils, and vicissitudes of his extraordinary career—you see him there in Rome. He is in the prison, which is on the lower floor of the golden house in which Nero is holding frightful bestial orgy in the upper gilded chambers. There the fiddle-playing monarch holds saturnalia with his slaves; and there, looking through the grated window, you see in the prison an old man. His hair is gray. It has fallen down upon his bended shoulders. His brow is pallid and wrinkled, and his cheeks sunken. He is sitting by the window, the Pretorian guard is near at hand; he is kept a close prisoner. And he holds a scroll near his eye, and with his stylus he is tracing certain characters on the page. I will look over the old man's shoulder and read to you what he is writing. He is writing to his son as he calls him, his beloved Timothy, who is at Ephesus. He is forsaken by all except his devoted friend Luke. He is writing to Timothy, and I will now read what he has written: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Why, old man, what do you mean by this? Is Nero about to give an imperial order, and is that handcuff to be stricken from your wrist? Is the dungeon door to be opened and are you to be restored to liberty? Is that what you mean? "The time of your departure is at hand?" No, no! He knows full well that the day is not far off when from his foul lips in the golden chambers above the master of the world shall give the imperial order, and the Centurion, with his hundred men, shall come to the dungeon door and the Pretorian guard shall let the prisoner go forth, and the company shall open their ranks and form a hollow square around him, and shall start upon their march through the city. And you can imagine some Senator rolling in his chariot through a broad avenue of Rome, conning a great speech which he has to deliver upon some great event in the world's history—a speech which is to make him immortal, which is to thrill the Conscript Fathers, and gain him fame and perhaps a province—and as he rolls along, thinking of his speech, he sees a little military procession with a condemned man in the center of it, and he looks with interest to see who it is. "Oh, I see," he says; "he is going to his fate well-deserved. To death with him! What superstition! The misanthrope of Athens!" And so he rolls along and cons his speech, and thrills the Senate. And you can imagine a Roman damsel, in one of the upper stories of her father's princely mansion, looking through the lattice and seeing a poor fellow going to this death. And all the tender sensibilities of the young girl's heart are aroused. "I wonder what Nero has condemned the poor fellow to death for? Oh, I see; what superstition, the misanthrope, the enemy of his kind." And she turns away and says, "He deserves death!" And the hooting mob of the vulgar populace of Rome lift their cries and shouts against the condemned man. The company moves out from the city, and not far from the margin of the Tiber the Captain commands a halt. They turn their faces inward; the prisoner is bid to kneel, the executioner stands with his stalwart arm uplifted, and the flashing steel is in his hand; the blade falls, and the head of the aged prisoner rolls upon the sand, and his blood consecrates the soil of Europe. That is what he means when he writes that the time of his departure is at hand; that is what he means when he writes that he is ready to be offered.

Now, old man, on behalf of these people here, I ask you what have you to say of those thirty years since your memorable overthrow on the Syrian desert. And never was there a more impressive resume, never a more marvelous epitome—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. He came to me in a splendor that outshone the brightness of the midday sun; he flashed his light upon me and spake to me in my Hebrew speech; he called me by name, and when I asked him who he was, he told me that he was Jesus; that he was not lying in the desert; that His disciples had not stolen Him away; that He was not an imposter; that the Galilean peasant, that the carpenter of Nazareth was, indeed, the Messiah of God, and that He had appeared unto me to make me a minister and a witness of this revelation and of the things in which He should appear unto me, and I have kept the faith that I plighted Him in my holy vow of baptism; I gave myself to Him, and through these thirty years I have given myself to Him for His glory, and God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

I ask you, Whence comes this man's character? If this man is not an imposter, if he has not had a sunstroke, it is a matter of very deep interest to you and me. Jesus of Nazareth then is Lord of earth and heaven; His is the one name known among men whereby you and I may be saved, if this man's conversion is genuine—if this character of his is genuine. If all that he says is true, then his conversion is an indisputable proof; it is not evidence, it is incontestable proof and unanswerable argument that Jesus of Nazareth is Lord of earth and heaven. It is proof of His humanity, of His divinity, and of His Messiahship; it is proof of the genuineness of our holy Scriptures; it is proof to you and I that there is just one means by which you and I may be saved, and that is through the cross of Jesus Christ our Lord. Yes, that dim eye in the Roman dungeon is looking forward—it seems to brighten as it catches the heavenly splendor—the splendor which so overpowered him under the Syrian sky that he was blinded; but now he is become accustomed to it, and the dim eye of the old disciple flashes. "Henceforth," he says, "henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not unto me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." The crown of righteousness—it was that which sustained him; that was the secret of his untiring energy. When you consider the sublimity of this man's character, his constancy and genius and his glorious eloquence, which has stirred men's blood these 1,800 years, and will stir it as long as the ages go on; when you consider all this—and when you consider how he surrendered and gave up all that you and I are accustomed to hold most dear, for an object which seems to us ideal at best, then, then, oh children of the dust, men and brethren of tears and sorrow and sin, what manner of men are we, and what manner of life are we living? Paltry, insignificant! What are your highest aims; what are your best conceived plans, your greatest riches, compared with this? A character that challenges the admiration even of his enemies; that extorts applause even from his remorseless critics; a character that wins men's love and holds it to him with ties stronger than links of steel. What were the thirty years of his self-renunciation compared with eternity? Forever young, forever bright, he stands upon the other side of this narrow flood which separates us from eternity. Oh, men and brethren, let the example of this lofty spirit, let the firmness, the sweetness, and the purity of his character inspire you and me. He leads us to one higher than himself—Jesus of Nazareth, the man of sorrow, the crucified, the Lamb of God, whose blood was shed for me and you, the master of life—he stands there beckoning to you and me. Will you give him the tribute of your hearts, will you dedicate to him all you have? He gives you the Universe, in that he gives you himself. To Him be glory throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

WANTED, LOST AND FOUND.

Advertisements of five lines in this department are inserted for 25 cents for one time; three times for 50 cents or 75 cents per week.

WANTED—THE ADDRESS OF J. W. GALLY, author of "Sand." The address will reach the advertiser if sent to the Record-Union office, Sacramento. n12 1w

WANTED—SITUATION BY A CAPABLE Woman to do Housework, Chamberwork or Waiting on Table, in city or country. Apply at No. 510 M street, between Fifth and Sixth. n11-3t*

WANTED—A SITUATION BY A WOMAN, who is a good Cook and Laundress; can give good references; small wages will suit. Please address "MARY," this office n11 1w*

$20 REWARD.—STRAYED OR stolen, November 9th, from upper end of Washington Lake, Yolo county, a Dark Bay HORSE; left hind foot white; bruise over left eye; 17 years old. The above reward will be paid to whoever returns the animal to 817 Eighth street, between H and I.
n11-3t* WM. CUMMINGS.

FURNITURE WANTED.—I WILL PAY ONE-third more for Household Furniture, Stoves, Carpets, etc., than any other cash buyer. S. POSKA, No. 717 J street, between Seventh and Eighth, Sacramento. n1-1plm

WANTED.—DRY OAK WOOD. APPLY TO D. Gardner's wood and coal yard, northeast corner Fourth and I streets. o16-tf

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

WANTED—ALL KINDS HELP, MALE AND Female. Particular attention paid to Furnishing Hotels, Private Families and Farmers with Help, Free of Charge to employers. HOUSTON & CO., one door south of Fourth and K streets, Sacramento city. au13-1ptf

TO LET OR FOR SALE.

Advertisements of five lines in this department are inserted for 25 cents for one time; three times for 50 cents or 75 cents per week.

FOR SALE—A FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT; old established and well known paying business, with lodgings attached. Furnished in first-class style. Can be bought at bargain. Address MRS. M. DAVIDSON, Woodland, Cal. n12-4w*

FOR SALE—THE MOST ADVANTAGEously located, 160-Acre Foothill FARM, for a Winemaker or Distiller, on Railroad Station. Has clear, running stream of water at all times. Large Vineyard, Orchard, Distillery Casks and Utensils. For terms and particulars, address CARL STROBEL, Commission Agent, No. 321 J street, Sacramento. n8-2w&sw1wWS

FOR SALE.—THE HANDSOME AND Commodious RESIDENCE (new) of P. S. LAWSON, together with its Splendid Furniture. Situated on O street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, No. 1511. Will be sold at cost price. Inquire on premises; or at shop, No. 415 K street. n2 tf

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE AT A low rate of interest, by P. BOHL. o30-1ptf

FOR SALE—MOUNTAIN FARM, 360 Acres, thirty miles from Sacramento, in El Dorado county. A good Dwelling, two Large Barns, Blacksmith Shop and Out-buildings, Orchard and Vineyard; 150 acres tillable and 210 wood land and pasture. Never-failing springs of pure water. All under good fence. Price low. Apply to A. LEONARD, No. 1012 Fourth street. o29-1plm*

TO LET—AT NATHAN'S BUILDING, CORNER Seventh and I streets, PLEASANT UNFURNISHED ROOMS, single or en suite. Also, FURNISHED ROOMS. [B. C.] o26-tf

RANCH FOR SALE, AT A BARGAIN.

THE WELL-KNOWN SAULSBURY RANCH, on line of S. V. R. R., containing **350** acres. A failure of crop has never been known upon the place. The soil is deep, and of sandy loam character; produces from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat, and 30 to 45 bushels of barley to the acre. **Terms made satisfactory.** Apply to
SWEETSER & ALSIP,
Real Estate and Insurance Agents, No. 1015 Fourth st., between J and K, Sacramento. o14-1m1p

DENTISTRY.

DENTAL DEPOT:
MASONIC TEMPLE, COR. SIXTH and K streets.
W. O. THRAILKILL, D. D. S., Editor and Publisher of the Dental *Jairus*, a Monthly Journal of Dental Science. o27-1ptf

W. WOOD,
DENTIST.—(REMOVED TO QUINN'S Building, corner Fourth and J streets). Artificial Teeth inserted on all bases. Improved Liquid Nitrous Oxide Gas, for the Painless Extraction of Teeth. o24-tf

HARE & MOAD,
DENTISTS, NO. 605 J STREET, BEtween Sixth and Seventh, Sacramento. o18-1ptf

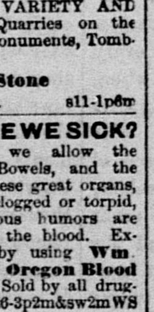
DRS. BREWER & SOUTHWORTH,
DENTISTS, SOUTHWEST CORNER OF Seventh and J streets, in Bryte's new building, up stairs. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Improved Liquid Nitrous Oxide Gas. [o16-1plm]

H. H. PIERSON,
DENTIST, 415 J STREET, BETWEEN Fourth and Fifth, Sacramento. Artificial Teeth inserted on Gold, Vulcanite and all bases. Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas administered for the painless extraction of Teeth. o14-1m

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

J. B. KLUNE,
Late with Wachhorst, and successor to Floberg,)
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, No. 60 J street, between Second and Third. Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry, etc. Repairing in all its branches a specialty, under MR. FLOBERG. [o8-1plm]

WILLIAM B. MILLER
(Late with Floberg),
NO. 190 J STREET, NEAR SEVENTH, Watchmaker and Jeweler. Importer and Dealer in Watches, Silverware, Jewelry, etc. Repairing a specialty, under Robert Marsh. All country orders promptly attended to. [s29-1ptf]



G. GRIFFITH'S
PENRYN
GRANITE WORKS
PENRYN CAL.

THE BEST VARIETY AND Largest Quarries on the Pacific Coast. Polished Granite Monuments, Tombstones and Tablets made to order.
Granite Building Stone
Cut, Dressed and Polished to order. s11-1p6m

WHY ARE WE SICK?
Because we allow the Liver, the Bowels, and the Kidneys, these great organs, to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are forced into the blood. Expel them by using **Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.** Sold by all druggists. o26-3p2m&sw2mWS

TROPIC FRUIT LAXATIVE

UNLIKE PILLS
And the Usual Purgatives,
IS PLEASANT TO TAKE.

And will prove at once the most potent and harmless **SYSTEM RENOVATOR** and **CLEANSER** that has yet been brought to public notice. For **CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, PILES,** *and all disorders arising from an obstructed state of the system,* it is incomparably the *best curative extant.*

TROPIC-FRUIT LAXATIVE is put up in bronzed tin boxes only. *Avoid imitations.* Ask your druggist for Descriptive Pamphlet, or address the proprietor,

J. E. HETHERINGTON,
New York or San Francisco

THE ONLY GENUINE
ELECTRIC BELTS
Bands and Appliances for the cure of Nervous, Chronic, and Special Diseases, are manufactured by the
PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO.
513 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Send for free Descriptive Pamphlet and "The Electric Review" containing full particulars.
☞ Avoid venders of bogus Belts and Appliances of every name and nature, especially the tricky concerns who *pretend* (on paper) to send so-called Electric Belts, etc., on trial.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER
IS A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY
For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL Use.

PAIN KILLER has *never failed* when used according to *printed directions* inclosing each bottle, and is *perfectly safe even in the most inexperienced hands.*

PAIN KILLER is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, *and all Bowel Complaints.*

PAIN KILLER IS THE BEST remedy known for Sea Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism, and Neuralgia.

PAIN KILLER is *unquestionably* the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings *speedy and permanent relief* in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.

PAIN KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and *safe to use* internally or externally with certainty of relief.

☞ No family can afford to be without this invaluable remedy in the house. Its price brings it within the reach of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctors' bills.
Sold by all druggists at 25c. 50c. and $1 a bottle.
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I. Proprietors.
jy31-1y2awSW

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic, and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and re-vitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a most salutary change in the entire system, when in a morbid condition.
For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.
n2-1mTuThS

THE GREAT SAUCE
OF THE WORLD.
Lea & Perrins
Signature is on every bottle of **GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.**
Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is, in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD MEATS,
GAME, &c.

Sold and used throughout the world.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES
NEW YORK.
jul9-1awly8

MATHEY CAYLUS'
Used for over 25 years with great success by the physicians of Paris, New York and London, and superior to all others for the prompt cure of all cases, recent or of long standing.
Prepared by CLIN & CIE, Paris. Sold Everywhere.
CAPSULES.
n25-1yTTh&S

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS.
A. HEYMAN, SOLE AGENT, I street, bet. Sixth and Seventh, opposite Court-house. PIANOS TO LET Pianos sold on installments.
o9-2plm

DRY GOODS.

NOW READY
—AT—
C. H. STEVENS & CO'S
FALL IMPORTATIONS
—OF—
DRESS GOODS,
SILKS,
SATIN and
VELVETS,
Brocaded and Plain.
Brocade Trimmings to Match.

NEW CLOAKS!
DOLMANS and ULSTERS!

Prices the Very Lowest.

☞ REMEMBER OUR
SHOE DEPARTMENT!

FINEST STOCK OF
FRENCH KID SHOES,
IN ALL THE NEW STYLES!

CHILDREN'S SOLAR-TIP SHOES,
THE BEST MADE.

Send for Samples and Price Lists to
C. H. STEVENS & CO.,
Corner Eighth and J streets.
s21-2m&swlawW

Blankets!

Blankets! Blankets!

EASTERN AND CALIFORNIAN
BLANKETS
—IN—
WHITE, SCARLET,
GRAY,
BROWN, VICUNA!

☞ We offer special inducements to the trade and at retail in these goods, having purchased largely at New York and San Francisco Auction Sales.

COMFORTERS,
IN ALL GRADES.

"Foster" Kid Gloves.
(TRADE MARK.)

PATENTED JUNE 13, 1876.
—FOR SALE BY—
S. LIPMAN & CO.,
Fifth and J sts., Sacramento.
Portland, Or.; Virginia City, Nev.; Napa City, Cal.; No. 20 Walker street, New York. s21-3plm

E. Lyon & Co.,

Southeast cor. Seventh and J sts.,
DEALERS IN
DRY AND FANCY GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED DIRECT THE FOLLOWING LINES OF
NEW GOODS:

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
MERINO UNDERWEAR!
ALL SIZES, AT LOW PRICES.

☞ A FULL LINE OF ☜
Cloaks,
Ulsters and
Dolmans,
ALL OF THE VERY LATEST IN STYLES AND PATTERNS.

☞ A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY RIBBONS

NEW STYLES IN
BROCADED DRESS GOODS,
SILKS, SATINS,
VELVETS AND TRIMMINGS
TO MATCH.

We call attention to our large and well selected stock of **KID GLOVES**

Country Dealers are invited to examine our stock.
E. LYON & CO.,
Southeast corner Seventh and J streets.
o29-3plm

IMPROVEMENT OF THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

United States Engineer Office, No. 533 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal., October 30, 1880.

SEALED PROPOSALS, IN DUPLICATE, WILL be received at this office until 12 M. of NOVEMBER 30, 1880, when they will be opened in the presence of bidders, for the Construction of a Snag Boat.
Specifications and forms of bids and contracts can be obtained on application.
G. H. MENDELL, Lieut.-Col. of Engineers.
n4-6tThSTu

FOR SALE,

200 ACRES OF FIRST-CLASS RECLAIMED TULE LAND, situated about one mile south of the town of Isleton, on Andrus Island, and fronting on Jackson Slough. For price and particulars, inquire by letter or in person of the
n11-2ptf SACRAMENTO BANK.