

DRS. BETTS & BETTS, PHYSICIANS, Surgeons and Specialists, 625 MAIN STREET, DALLAS, TEXAS

THE HOLY LAND.

Fourth Sermon by Dr. Talmage on His Recent Journey.

Thousands Turned Away Each Sabbath Unable to Gain Admittance to Hear the Famous Divine.

The Start from Jerusalem to Jericho on the Morning of December 5—Interesting Incidents of the Journey.

Special to the Gazette.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 19.—The wide-spread and absorbing interest in Dr. Talmage's course of sermons on the Holy Land and adjoining countries is demonstrated by the thousands who are turned away from the doors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Sunday mornings and from the Christian Herald services in the New York Academy of Music on Sunday evenings, unable to gain even standing room in those immense auditoriums.

To-day the fourth sermon of the series was preached as before in this city in the morning, and in New York in the afternoon, and in his text Luke 10:30, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho."

It is the morning of December 5, in Jerusalem and we take stirrups for the road about which the wayfarer of old told among those who left his homelands and half of Job's picture of the horse in the Orient as having track "clothed with thunder" is not true of most horses now in Palestine. There is no thunder on their neck, though there is something in their heads. Poorly fed and unmercifully whipped, they sometimes re-

fracture and English, who are accustomed to guide horses by the bridle, these horses of the Orient, guided only by foot and voice, make questionable an uncertainty, and the pull on the bridle that you intend for slowing up of the pace may be mistaken for a hint that you want to

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view that would make. Then one of the priests might get his breast-plate on crooked. But it seems too bad to leave this man in this condition. Perhaps I had better try to staunch this bleeding and give him a little stimulant. But, no! The ceremony at Jerusalem is of more importance than taking care of the wounds of a man who will probably soon be dead, anyhow. This highway robbery ought to be stopped, for it hinders us Levites on our way up to the temple. There, I have lost five minutes already. Go along, you beast! he sticks his fingers in his heels into the sides of the animal carrying him, and the dust rising from the road soon hides

THE HARD-HEARTED OFFICIAL. But a third person is coming along this road. You cannot expect him to do anything by way of alleviation, because he is a Samaritan, and he belongs to each other for centuries. The wounded man is an Israelite, and the stranger now coming on this scene of suffering is a Samaritan. They belonged to nations which hated each other with an abhorrence and malediction diabolical. They had opposition temples, one on Mount Gerizim and the other on Mount Moriah, and I guess this Samaritan when he comes up will give the fallen Israelite another clip and say: "Good for you. I will finish the work these bandits began, and give you one more kick that will put you out of your misery. And here is a razor of your coat that they did not steal and will like that. What? Do you dare to appeal to me for mercy? Why, your ancestors worshipped at Jerusalem when they ought to have worshipped at Gerizim. Now take that! And that! And that!" will say the Samaritan as he pounds the fallen Israelite.

No; the Samaritan rises up to the scene of suffering, gets off the beast and steps down and looks into the face of the wounded man and says: "This poor fellow does not belong to my nation, and our ancestors worshipped in different places, but he is a man and that makes us brothers. God pity him, as I do!" And he gets down on his knees and begins to examine his wounds, and he straightens out his limbs to see if any of his bones are broken. "You are a dear fellow, cheer up, you need have no more care about yourself, for I am going to take care of you. Let me feel of your pulse! Let me listen to your breathing! I have in these bottles two liquids that will help you. The one is oil, and that

WILL SOOTHEN THE PAIN. Of these wounds, which are like wine, and your pulse is feeble and you feel faint, and that will stimulate you. Now I must get you to the nearest tavern. "Oh, no," says the man, "I can't walk; let me stay here and die." "Nonsense!" says the Samaritan. "You are not going to die. I am going to put you on the beast, and I will hold you on till I get you to a place where you can have a soft mattress and an easy pillow."

Now the Samaritan has got the wounded man on his feet, and with much tugging and lifting, puts him on the beast, for it is astonishing how strong the spirit of kindness will make one, as you have seen a mother after three weeks of sleepless nights, and a father with scarlet fever, lift that half-grown boy, heavier than herself, from couch to lounge. And so this sympathetic Samaritan has, unaided, put the wounded man in the saddle, and at slow pace the extemporized ambulance is moving toward the tavern. You feel better now, I think, says the Samaritan to the Hebrew. "Yes," he says, "I feel better." "Halloo, you landlird! help me carry this man in and make him comfortable." That night the Samaritan sat up with the Jew, giving him water whenever he felt thirsty, and turning his pillow when it got hot, and in the morning, before the Samaritan started on his journey, he said: "Landlord, now I am obliged to you. Take good care of this man and I will be along here soon again and pay you for all you do for him. Meanwhile here is something to meet present expenses." The "two pence" he gave the landlord was small, but it was as much as \$10 here and now, considering what it would there and then buy of

FOOD AND LODGING. As on that December noon we sat under the shadow of the tavern where this scene of mercy had occurred, and just having passed along the road where the tragedy had happened, I could, as plainly as I could, see the Samaritan on this platform, see that Bible story enacted, and I said aloud to our group under the tent: One drop of practical Christianity is worth more than a temple full of ecclesiasticism, and that good Samaritan had more religion in five minutes than that minister and that Levite and that lifeless man, the most accursed thing on earth, and that is why I bless God that I live in America, where Gentle and Jew, Protestant and Catholic can live together without quarrel, and where, in the great national crucible the differences of sect, and tribe, and people are being moulded into a great brotherhood, and that the question which the lawyer hung at Christ, and which brought forth this incident of the good Samaritan, "Who is my neighbor?" is bringing forth the answer "My neighbor is the first man I meet in trouble," and a wound close at hand calls louder than a temple seventeen miles off, though it covers nineteen acres.

I saw in London the vast procession which one day last January moved to St. Paul's cathedral at the burial of that Christian hero, Lord Napier. The day after at Haverden, in conversation on various themes, I asked Mr. Gladstone if he did not think that many who were under the shadow of false religions might not nevertheless be heart really Christian. Mr. Gladstone replied: "Yes; my old friend, Lord Napier, who was yesterday buried, after he returned from his Abyssinian campaign, visited us here at Haverden and, walking in this park where we are now walking, he told me

A WEEK BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT. He said: "After the war in Africa was over we were on the march, and we had a soldier with a broken leg who was so strong enough to go along with us, and we did not dare to leave him to be taken care of by savages, but we found we were compelled to leave him, and we went into the house of a woman who was a widow and a few days later she said: 'Here is a sick man, and if you will take care of him till he gets well, I will pay you very largely,' and then we offered her five times that which would ordinarily be offered, hoping by the excess of pay to secure for him great kindness. The woman replied: 'I will not take care of him for the money you offer. I do not want your money. But leave him here, and I will take care of him for the sake of the love of God.' Mr. Gladstone turned to me and said: 'Mr. Talmage, don't you think that though she belonged to a race of savages, she was pure religion?' Mr. Gladstone answered: 'I do not. But God will multiply all the world over the number of good Samaritans!'

In Philadelphia a young woman was dying. She was a wreck. Sunken into the depths of depravity there was no lower depth for her to reach. Word came to the midnight mission that she was dying in a haunt of iniquity near by. Who would go to tell her of the Christ of Mary Magdalen? This one refused, and another, who was a Jew, said: "I dare not go. Let the girl go to her God, and let her white looks typical of her purity of soul, said, 'I will go and I will go now.'" She went and sat down by the dying girl and told her of the Christ who came to seek and to save that which was lost. First to the forlorn one came the tears of repentance, and then the smile as though she had begun to hope for the pardon of Him who came to save to the uttermost. Then, just before she breathed her last, she said to the angel of mercy bending over her pillow: "Would you kiss me?" "I will," said the Christian woman as she put upon her cheek the last salute before in the heavenly world. I think that she would have welcomed this. That was religion!

YES, THAT WAS RELIGION. Good Samaritans along every street, and along every road, as well as this one on the road to Jericho. But our procession of sightseers is again in line, and here we pass through a deep ravine, and I cry to the dragon-mountain: "Dear old place do you call this?" and he replied, "This is the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens." And in that answer he overthrew my life-long notions of the place where Elijah was waited on by the black servants of the sky. A brook to me meant a slight depression of ground, and I thought of the place do you call this? and he replied, "This is the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens." And in that answer he overthrew my life-long notions of the place where Elijah was waited on by the black servants of the sky. A brook to me meant a slight depression of ground, and I thought of the place do you call this? and he replied, "This is the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens." 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