SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE.

CONTINUATION OF THE HOLY LAND SERIES.

The Doctor's Descriptive Discourses Continue to Excite Great Interest—His Last Here Printed in Full.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 23.—The interest in the series of sermons in which Dr. Talmage is describing his recent tour in Palestine and inculcating gospel lessons suggested by his theme increases from week to week. There was never so large a crowd at any one of the previous eight sermons as there was today around the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the morning and at The Christian Herald service in the evening, the ninth sermon. Its subject was "Among the Holy Hills," and the text, Luke iv, 16, "He came to Nazareth, where he was brought up." Following is the sermon:

What a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem, and all of them kindly treated me though we had been the pope and his college of cardinals passing that way! Last evening the genial superintendent of the convent ordered a hundred bright eyed Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, historical Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see or feel that they have not seen Palestine—namely, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth. Babyhood, boyhood, manhood of time for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march on and die, whether under ax or down in the floods or straight through the fire.

THE VILLAGE OF NAZARETH.

Grand old village is Nazareth, even putting aside its sacred associations. First of all, it is clean; and that can be said of few of the oriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nablouf is the filthiest town I ever saw, although its chief industry is the manufacture of soap. They export all of it. Nazareth was perhaps unusually clean the morning I speak of, for as we rode into the village the afternoon before the showers which had put our mackintoshes to the test had poured floods through all the alleys under command of the clouds, those thorough street commissioners. Besides that, Nazareth has been the scene of battles passing it from Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonderful of the battles being that in which twenty-five thousand Turks were beaten by twenty-one hundred French. Napoleon Bonaparte commanding that greatest of Frenchmen working these very streets through which Jesus walked for nearly thirty years, the morals of the two the antipodes, the snows of Russia and the plagues of Egypt appropriately following the one, the dazzlings of earth and the hallelujahs of heaven appropriately following the other. And then this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl the surrounding fifteen hills. The God of nature who is the God of the Bible evidently scooped out this valley for privacy and separation from all the world during three most important decades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and youth, for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth he spent thirty of them in this town in getting ready—a startling rebuke to those who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special mission for the church or the world. The trouble is with most young men that they want to launch their ship from the dry dock before it is ready, and before so many sink in the first cyclone. Stick in the store as a counselor until you are thoroughly equipped, be a good employe in your trade until you are qualified to be an employer. Be content with Nazareth until you are ready for the buffetings of Jerusalem. You may get so gloriously equipped in the thirty years that you can do more in three years than most men can accomplish in a prolonged lifetime. These little suggestions I am apt to put into my sermon, hoping to help people for this world, while I am chiefly anxious to have them prepare for the next world.

WHERE CHRIST WAS A BOY.

All Christ's boyhood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to which by his mother's side he trotted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thousand years. This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all ages in those countries has been women's work. Scores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out into that well their barrels, their hog-heads of water in floods gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talk and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evil eye," are playing, and women with their strings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue and scarlet and white and green move on with water jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, almost always took Jesus the boy with her, for she had no one she could leave him with, being in humble circumstances and having no attendants. I do not believe there was one of the surrounding fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their sides he did not explore, or one species of bird flying across the tops that he could not call by name, or one of all the species of fauna browsing on those steeps that he had not recognized.

You see it all through his sermons. If a man becomes a public speaker, in his orations or discourses you discover his early whereabouts. What a boy sees between 7 and 17 always sticks to him. When the apostle Peter preaches you see the fishing nets with which he had from his earliest days been familiar. And when Amos delivers his prophecy you hear in it the bleating of the herds which he had in boyhood attended. And in our Lord's sermons and conversations you see all the phases of village life and the mountainous life surrounding it. They raised their own chickens in Nazareth, and in after time he cries: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" He had seen his mother open the family wardrobe at the close of summer and the moth millers flying out, having destroyed the garments, and in after years he says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth doth corrupt." In childhood he had seen a mile of flowers, white as the snow, or red as the flame, or blue as the sea, or green as the tree tops, and no wonder in his manhood sermon he said, "Consider the lilies." While one day on a high point where now stands the tomb of Neby Ismail, he had seen winging past him so near as almost to ruffle his hair the partridge and the hoopoe and the thrush and the osprey and the crane and the raven, and no wonder afterward in his manhood sermon he said, "Behold the fowls of the air." In Nazareth and on the road to it there are a great many camels. I see them now in caravan making their slow way up the rising road from the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. Familiar was Christ with their appearance, also with that small insect, the gnat, which he had seen in his mother strain out from a cup of water or bowl of milk, and no wonder he brings afterward the large quadruped and the small insect in the same sermon and, while seeing the Pharisees careful about small sins and neglecting the larger ones, cries out: "Woe unto you blind guides which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel!"

HE KNEW ABOUT THE SHEEP.

He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get their flocks mixed up and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks hopelessly mixed up. And a sheepstealer appears on the scene and dishonestly drives some of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," say the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle this matter," and one shepherd goes out in one direction and the other shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheepstealer in another direction, and each one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owners, while the sheepstealer calls and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. Nevertheless, Christ, years after, preaching on a good occasion and illustrating his own shepherd qualities, says: "When he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice, and the stranger they will not follow, for they know not the voice of the stranger." Two sons of these hills overcame the grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grapevines. Clip goes the knife and off falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a bad branch and it is doing nothing and is in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes future living branches and that reminded the other sandal. "But," says the child Christ, "those twigs that you cut off now are dead, what for you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is the way to prune off those from the main branch, may have more in the season and so be more fruitful." No wonder in after years Christ said to his disciples: "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman; every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Streaks of nature all through Christ's sermons and conversations! When a voice uttered upon Christ about at his baptism in the Jordan it was not the dry phrase he had seen. And then he has such wide sweeps of expanse as you get in going from one who has stood on the hills that overlook Nazareth. As far as I can stand, Christ visited the Mediterranean seacoast once, but any stout lad could run up on a hill near Nazareth and look off to the west and see the Mediterranean, while there in the north is snowy Mount Lebanon, clad as in white robe of ascension, and yonder on the east and southeast Mount Gilboa, Mount Tabor and Mount Gilead, and yonder in the south is the plain of Esdraelon over which we rode yesterday on our way to Nazareth. Those mountains of his boyhood in his memory, do you wonder that Christ when he wanted a good pulpit made it out of a mountain—"seeing the multitudes he went up into the mountain." And when he wanted especial communion with God he took James and John and Peter into "a mountain apart."

HE WAS A CHEERFUL BOY.

Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth from obscurity for the sake of the world, and to correct the follies of the world and to stamp out the iniquities of the world, and to illumine the dark recesses of the world, and to revolutionize the whole universe! So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to times out and restore and renew. They come into our more mature and our court rooms and our leading art and our studios and our theology. They lived at Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. And but for that normal influx our cities would have enervated and smothered and slain the race. Late hours and forceful appetite and overtax of city excitements and crowding environments of city life would have ruined the world, but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and material inoculation to Jerusalem, and the country saves the town. From the hills of New Hampshire and the hills of Virginia and the hills of Georgia come into our national eloquence the Websters and the Clays and the Henry W. Gradys. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland come into our national charities the George Peabodys and the William Corcorans. From the cabins of the lonely country regions come into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns. From plow boy's furrow and village counter and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all the Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem. I send this day thanks from these cities, greatly made prosperous by country boys, to the farm houses and the prairies and the mountain cabins and the obscure homesteads of north and south and east and west, to the farmers and mothers in plain homespun, for be it still alive or the hillocks under which it long ago slept the long sleep. Thanks from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

But alas! that the city should so often treat the country boys as of old the one from Nazareth was treated at Jerusalem! Slain not by hatchets and spikes, but by more imperious processes. On every street of every city the crucifixion goes on. Every year slaying its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them up! Under what wheels in wrecked cars, and for what an awful grist! Let the city take better care of these boys and young men arriving from their country. They are worth saving. They are now only the preface of what they will be if mistreated or sacrificing, you help them. Boys as grand as the one who with his elder brother climbed into a church tower, and not knowing their danger went outside on some timbers, when one of those timbers broke and the boys fell, and the other boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the elder. The older could not climb up with the younger hanging to his feet, so the younger said: "Allen, I am going to let go your foot and climb out into safety, but you can't climb up with me holding fast, I am going to let go, I see mother for me and tell her not to feel badly; good by!" And he let go and was so hard dashed upon the ground he was not recognizable. Plenty of such brave boys coming up from Nazareth! Let Jerusalem be careful how it treats them! A gentleman long ago entered school in Germany and he bowed very low before the boys, and the teacher said, "Why do you do that?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them." At that instant the eyes of one of the boys flashed fire. Who was it? Martin Luther. A lad on his way to school passed a doorstep on which sat a large and invalid child. The passing boy said to him, "Why don't you get to school?" "Oh, I am lame and I can't walk to school." "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carried? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pupil orator of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come up from Nazareth to Jerusalem a crown instead of a cross.

THE OLD MILL SHOP.

On this December morning in Palestine on our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter shop as Jesus worked in, supporting his widowed mother, after he was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer and saw and plane and auger and vise and measuring rule and chisel and drill and adze and wrench and bit and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who stood on the surface of the earth showing a planet he who cleft the mountains by earthquake pounding a chisel he who opened the underworld caves of the earth touching an auger he who wields the thunderbolt striking with a hammer, he who stepped out the bed for the ocean hollowing a ladle he who fashes the morning on the earth and makes the midnight heavens quiver with terror constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A skeptic said to an old clergyman, "I will not believe anything I cannot explain." "Indeed," said the clergyman, "you will not believe anything you cannot explain. Please explain to me why some cows have horns and others have no horns." "No," said the skeptic, "I did not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen." "Indeed," said the clergyman, "you will not believe anything you have not seen. Have you a brain?" "Yes," said the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Godhood and humanity in Christ I cannot understand and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I only glimpse mysterious things we cannot understand, for time forever something for heaven. If we knew everything here heaven would lose great fascination. What feelings of those who come in perplexities towards they cannot understand and that God sees and does! A child in the first juvenile primer might as well burst into tears because it cannot understand conic sections. In the world we are only in the A B C classes, and we cannot now understand the changes of eternity which are to unroll new panoramas before us. I would be a skeptic on Heaven if we do not know more. Live with all our faculties intensified a million fold and all of the counsel of the universe filling us we are new with every disturbance and alluding to the outside realm of the universe.

CANA OF GALILEE.

In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative, having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short and she told Christ, and he to relieve the embarrassment of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted, became the hilarious of the occasion and out of a cluster of a few scraggy fruit words squeezed a hogshead of a hundred and twenty six gallons of wine in which was not one drop of intoxicant, or it would have left that party as maudlin and drunk as the great centennial banquet in New York, two years ago, left senators, and governors, and generals, and merchant princes, the difference between the wine at the wedding in Cana and the wine at the banquet in New York being, that the Lord made the one and the devil made the other. We got out our horses and examined some of those water jars and one said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial vintage. I measured them and found them eighteen inches from edge to edge and nineteen inches deep and the girth I suppose four feet. That we realized the liberality of a supply of a hundred and twenty six gallons of wine. What was that for? Probably one gallon would have been enough, for it was only an additional installment of what had already been provided, and it is possible that the host-keeper could not have guessed more than one million out of the way. But a hundred and twenty-six gallons! What will they do with the surplus? Ah, it was just like our Lord! Those young people were about to start in housekeeping and their means were limited, and that big supply, whether kept in their pantry or sold, will be a mighty help.

You see there was no strong drink or logwood or sere woman in that beverage, and, as the Lord made it, it would keep. He makes no drinks and sells that keep thousands of years, and certainly he could make a beverage that would keep four or five years. Among the arts and inventions of the future I hope there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them and without one drop of damning alcoholism that it will keep for years. And the more of it you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my recent journey—I traveled through Italy and Greece and Egypt and Palestine and Syria and Turkey, and how many intoxicated people do you think I saw in all those five great realms? Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that God in all not make.

DEAD BY WAY THERE.

Oh, I imagine that Jesus was present at that wedding, and last December, standing at Cana, that wedding came back! Night had fallen on the village and its surroundings. The bridegroom had put on his head a bright turban and a garland of flowers, and his garments had been made fragrant with frankincense and camphor, an odor which the oriental especially likes. Accompanied by groomsmen, and preceded by a band of musicians with flutes and drums and horns, and by torches in full blaze, he starts for the bride's home. This river of fire is met by another river of fire, the torches of the bride and bridesmaids, flambeau answering flambeau. The bride is in white robe and her veil not only covers her face but envelops her body. Her trousseau is as elaborate as the resources of her father's house permit. Her attendants are decked with all the ornaments they own or can borrow, but their own personal charms make tame the jewels, for those oriental women eclipse in attractiveness all others except those of our own land. The damson rose is in their cheek, and the diamond in the luster of their eyes, and the blackness of the night in their long locks, and in their step is the gracefulness of the morning. At the first sight of the torches of the bridegroom and his attendants coming over the hill the cry rings through the home of the bride: "They are in sight! Get ready! Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him." As the two processions approach each other the timbrels strike and the songs commingle, and then the two processions become one and march toward the bridegroom's house, and meet a third procession which is made up of the friends of both, bride and bridegroom. Then all enter the house and the dance begins and the door is shut. And all this Christ uses to illustrate the joy with which the ransomed of earth shall meet him when he comes garlanded with clouds and robed in the morning and trumpeted by the thunders of the last day. Look! There he comes down off the hills of heaven, the bridegroom! And let us start out to hail him, for I hear the voices of the judgment day sounding: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!" And the disappointment of those who have declined the invitation to the gospel wedding is presented under the figure of a door heavily closed. You hear it clang. Too late. The door is shut!

AND NOW FOR LAKE GALILEE.

But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes tonight till I see from a mountain top Lake Galilee, on whose banks next Sabbath we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the blessed—blessed this and blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in mole hills and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders, "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps." On and up over mountain sides, where in the later season hyacinths and daisies and phloxes and anemones kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak look out on an enchantment of scenery that seems to be the beatitudes themselves arched into skies and rounded into valleys and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Look out mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hattin's hills of Galilee! Hail Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, close at hand and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ pointed for illustration in the sermon preached here saying, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this Mount of Beatitudes enough to build the highest palace the world ever saw. Ay, it is the highest palace! It overlooks all time and all eternity.

The waters of Hattin between here and Lake Gennesaret, unsatisfactory, as though the natural contour of the earth had resented all attempts to come and sit down and hear Christ preach a sermon in which there were more startling parables than were ever announced in all the sermons that ever were preached. To those who heard him on this very spot his word must have seemed the contradiction of everything that they had ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been: Blessed are the arrogant; blessed are the supercilious; blessed are the reckless; blessed are they that have everything their own way; blessed are the war eagles; blessed are the possessors; blessed are the prosperous; blessed are the Herods and the Caesars and the Alexanders. "No, no!" says Christ, with a voice that rises over these rocks and through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the smaller lake on one side, and the sapphire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe in one way, and across Asia in the other way, and around the earth that way, till the globe shall yet be girdled with the nine beatitudes: Blessed are the poor; blessed are the mournful; blessed are the meek; blessed are the hungry; blessed are the merciful; blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are the persecuted; blessed are the reviled. Hear the persecuted, blessed are the reviled. Hear the persecuted, blessed are the reviled.

Oh, from the Holy Land and the Holy Book of all others God with his left hand leads unfortunate and with his right, with the scepter, the two hands of divine power. And a procession as Palestine is brought under close inspection, as some will be tramping among its paths and the true, magical land of the past. Mournful of all literature!

To Our Subscribers.

The special announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with the E. J. KNAPP CO., of Rochester, N. Y., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby we were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to E. J. KNAPP CO., and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing, seems to have created a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every horse owner it is indispensable, as it treats in a comprehensive manner of the diseases which affect this noble animal. Its great sale throughout the United States and Canada, makes it an "authority." Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise."

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