

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage employs a very bold figure of the Bible to bring out the helpfulness of religion for all those in any kind of struggle. The text is Isaiah XXV., 11: "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands."

In the summer season multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas to dive or float or swim. In a world the most of which is water all men and women should learn to swim. Some of you have learned the side stroke introduced by George Pawters in 1850, each stroke of that kind carrying the swimmer a distance of six feet, and some of you may use the over-hand stroke invented by Gardener, the expert who by it won the 500 yard championship in Manchester in 1862, the swimmer by that stroke carrying his arm in the air for a more lengthened reach, and some of you may tread the water as though you had been made to walk the sea, but most of you usually take what is called the breast stroke, placing the hands with the backs upwards, about five inches under the water, the inside of the wrists touching the breast, then pushing the arms forward coincident with the stroke of the feet struck out to the greatest width possible, and you thus unconsciously illustrate the meaning of my text, "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun and fling out your line and catch nothing, while an expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock, and, in a place where no fisherman has been for years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full.

It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated; and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's Word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote scripture, they quote the old passages that every one has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, that the church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible.

This text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down in-

iquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and manly. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood.

While summering on the beach of the sea. It is a good thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after awhile perhaps have to help others.

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our language. One man says it is "home" another man says it is the word "mother," another says it is the word "Jesus," but I tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the word most angry and bashful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness and the pang and the outrage and the harrowing, and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in the universe. Sin is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the hiss of the serpent. Sin! And then if you add three letters to that word it describes very one of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says our own conscience affirms.

Sin is leprosy; sin is a paralysis; sin is a consumption; sin is a pollution; sin is death. Give it a fair chance, and it will swamp you and me, body, mind and soul, forever.

Then what do we want? A swimmer—a strong swimmer, a swift swimmer! And blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth stretched forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes to rescue anyone he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us he shook off the sandals of heaven, and his feet were free, and then he stepped down into the waves of our transgressions, and it came over his wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in his side—aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high water mark of his anguish. Then rising above the flood, "He stretched forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

Christ sprang into the deep to save us threw his entire nature into it—all his godhead, his omniscience his conscience, his godness, his love, his omnipotence, head heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out on the sea and so deep down in the waves and so far out from the shore that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying, "Lo, I come to do thy will!" and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against him, and those who watched him from the gates of heaven feared he would go down under the waves and instead of saving others perish themselves, but, putting his breast to the foam and shaking the surf from his locks, he came on and on until he is now within the reach of everyone here, eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent, mighty to save, even unto the uttermost.

Oh, that this moment our cry might be lifted long, loud and shrill till Christ, the swimmer, shall come and take us lest we drop a thousand fathoms under.

If you have been much by the water you know very well that when one is in peril help must come very quickly or it will be of no use. One minute may decide everything. Immediate help the man wants or none at all. Now that is just the kind of relief we want. The case is urgent, imminent, instantaneous. See that soul sinking! Son of God, lay hold of him. Be quick, be quick! Oh, I wish you all understood how urgent this gospel is! There was a man in the navy at sea who had been severely whipped for bad behavior, and was maddened by it and leaped into the sea, and no sooner had he leaped into the sea than, quick as lightning the albatross swooped upon him. The drowning man, brought to his senses, seized hold of the albatross and held on. The fluttering of the bird kept him on the wave until relief could come. Would not that the dove of God's convicting, and saving Spirit might flash from the

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

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"Then I went at it on a larger scale and with the sand that was before practically valueless. I got fifty-two ounces for one day's work by three men. This gold was worth about \$860, or, say \$16 an ounce. I'm going to Cape Nome in the spring, where there are tons and tons of this black sand that cannot be worked, and I'm going to utilize the salt sea water and get rich. You see if I don't. At the same time I want to tell you that the Klondyke country is just beginning to be worth looking after. So far there have only been scrapings along the surface by individuals with poor appliances, but when the rich companies that are organizing get to work with big hydraulic machines and the right kind of mining tools the gold, will fairly run

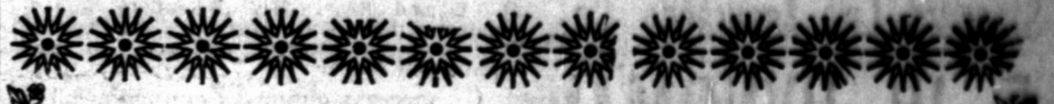
out in streams. Dirt that is only worth six to seven cents a pan won't pay a single miner to fool with, but a big hydraulic on that kind of dirt can make a million a day. It is estimated that there are thirty-five claims around Dawson that will have produced a million each as now worked, and there are hundreds that are good for any amount from a hundred thousand to half a million."

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