

CAST THEM ON THE LORD.

CHRIST WILL HELP YOU BEAR YOUR HEAVY BURDENS.

Dr. Talmage Preaches an Eloquent Sermon That Appeals to the Business Man, the Invalid, the Mourner and to All Humanity.

BROOKLYN, June 7.—It is no new thing to the members of the Brooklyn Tabernacle church to have their pastor's sermons... Dr. Talmage's sermon this morning was "The Burden Bearer," and his text Psalm iv, 28—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

THE SERMON. David was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advises you and me to do the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden-bearing. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but there is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text does not fit the occasion: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family, but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in the gift of the people of the county, and to that office I was elected, and God's way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust him."

Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. I had a friend who entered the life of an evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to several weeks in the "O. L. O. L." I know we have not a mouthful of food in the house! Help me, help me! And he started out on the street, and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know I am a fur merchant; if you won't be offended, I should like to send you a barrel of flour."

THE BUSINESS MAN'S BURDEN. First—There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man hurried and perplexed and annoyed in business, life we are apt to say, "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah, that man may not be to blame at all! When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been swung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing from his own arms and legs. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are plowed in the cheek, and the stocks go up by the mountains and go down by the valleys, and they are at their wits' ends and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, book against book, chandlery against chandlery, imported articles against imported articles. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all the severities of rivalry in business how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart! You hear that it is evarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it.

The vast multitude of these business men are relying on for others. To educate their children, to put the wink of protection over their households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poorhouse—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy, Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business. Some of us remember when the Central America was coming home from California, it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship, and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into lifeboats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand; and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down that man abouted to a comrade in the boat. "Here, John, catch this gold; there are \$3,000; take it home to my old mother; it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world. Ah! my friend, do you

say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities, he knows what mortgage is about to foreclose; he knows what note you cannot pay; he knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; he knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yardstick down to the sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier, will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take this Book and put it down by your ledger, and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

THE LORD SUSTAINED HIM. A young accountant in New York city gets his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "Oh, Lord, thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me today—help me this morning!" The young man arose and he opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that? Oh, yes; God has a sympathy with anybody in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the load of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder of the wall; he hears the pickaxe of the miner down in the coal shaft; he knows how strong the tempter strikes the sailor at masthead; he sees the factory girl among the spindles and knows how her arms ache; he sees the sewing woman in the fourth story and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment that she would rather than all the gold of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Second—There are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his good motives are misinterpreted, and his good deeds are depreciated. If he has more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against railing and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had admirers. The character sometimes is so illustrious that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it. It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Before you have anything to do for church or state, and you assemble it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you.

INTEGRITY ALWAYS BRINGS ABUSE. The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self sacrifice has come as a burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world, there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages, and in all lands, the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." And what makes the persecutions of life worse is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you have loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

A clergyman of the Universalist church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of certain position, and he was pointed to a certain house, and went there. He said to the man of the house: "I understand you are a Universalist; I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been cheated and plundered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!" The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls. If you cannot endure a little persecution how do you think our fathers endured great persecution? Motley, in his "Dutch Republic," tells us of Egmont the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded, unfatened his collar on the way to the scaffold; and when they asked him why he did that he said, "So they will not be detained in their work; I want to be ready." Oh, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

BUDGE NOT ONE INCH. Now, if you have come across ill treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galileo and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, who have budge not one inch. Budge not one inch, though all hell break upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knows all about persecution? Was he not hissed at? Was he not struck on the cheek? Was he not pursued all the days of his life? Did he not exhortate us to budge not one inch? Oh, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon him." And cannot he understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Third—There are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce cholera and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God; but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics and their plasters and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants. Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time; but how you have had so war against physical ailments! Antidotes, without medical college and infirmity and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds; but he who has gone through the gantlet of disease in our time, and has come to seventy years of age, is a hero worthy of a palm.

THE BURDEN OF ILLNESS. The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky, and the sparkle out of the wave, and the sweetness out of the fruit and the luster out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear roars with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous! "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under a burden? His weakness gave way under a cross.

While you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than any anodyne, and more vitalizing than any stimulant, and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. Do not know but that the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvellous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family, "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr. Talmage." This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abscess, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about the abscess. We began with a talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. Do not know but that the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvellous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past."

THE BURDEN OF BEHAVEMENT. Another burden some have to carry is the burden of beavement. Ah! these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune; if we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity, but who will bring back the dear departed? Alas! men for these empty titles and these vain honors of childish toys that will never be used again. Alas! for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps. Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage. What bitter Marab's in the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes staring with grief, what hands tremulous with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Aye, let the soul ride into the harbor of my text.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to its foe; That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake. Now, the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The scared feet of him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

THE ONLY CURE FOR SIN. Then there are many who carry the burden of sin. Ah, we all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human delinquency, or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud, and the rapine, and the murder, and the crime of all the centuries! Aye, if I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the soul of the best men in this audience, and all the dead sines of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight, the grim and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch will never relax unless it be under the heel of him who came to destroy the works of the devil. Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? Oh, yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." If sinless one came to take the consequences of our sin! And I know he is in earnest. How do I know it? By the streaming temples, and the streaming hands as he says, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavily laden, and I will give you rest." Why will prodigals live on swine's hucks when the robe, and the ring, and the sandals of the sinner are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara desert of your sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be homeless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

Fashions in Paris. There are gaudy fans of novel design, hand painted, with flights of butterflies, swallows and dragon flies, and studded at intervals with mock gem diamonds, rubies, emeralds and the like. They glitter and look very brilliant by gaslight, and are, comparatively inexpensive. A prettier fan of black gauze, called the "rising sun," is ornamented with graduated lines of gold. It would be just the thing to carry with a black and gold ball gown. Some young girls have their first name painted on their fans. One seen was in crepe de Chine, with the word "Violette" painted in violets upon it. The flower fans are lovely, but very fragile. They generally copy the form and colors of a poppy or a rose. She Knew What to Do. Any—These newspaper articles on "What Shall We Do with Our Boys?" make me tired. Mabel—Me, too; every girl knows that the best thing to do with her boy is to marry him.—New York Epoch.

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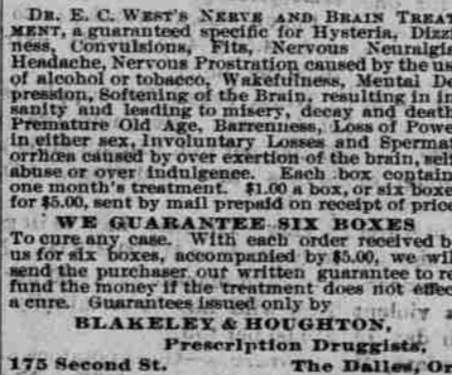
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