THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER.

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Thursday, November 27, 1890.

The railroad commission of the state of Oregon examined the Lake Labish trestle after the accident. Did the examine the trestle before the wreck? If they did not why do they draw their salaries? The taxpayers of the state pay them for a certain work and they should do it or be discharged the same as any other hired hand.

The people who would like to pose before the public as great travelers and discoverers, but who lack the "sand" to make an attempt for a reputation, are now busily engaged in telling lies and writing slanders about Stanley, the man of iron who has accomplished a wonderful feat within the past five years. He has done more for civilization of Africa than ten thousand of his slanderers. His reputation is like a rock of granite and it will not crumble from the puny heat of his envious slanderers.

Dr. Koch of Berlin has discovered a cure for consumption. The disease is cured by inoculation. This discovery in medical science will place the name of Koch above Jenner, the discoverer of vaccine. About one-seventh of the deaths of this world are due to the dreaded disease consumption. Very few people are entirely free from its contamination. Although the method of cure has not been perfected, there has been enough experimenting to demonstrate its effectiveness and within a year or so the method will be known to the more remote physicians.

P. D. Glenn, the present superintendent of electric lights and water, has demonstrated during the past year that he is a fit person for the position. Although there is a disposition on the part of a few to have a new man appointed to the position, the council will no doubt use common sense and judgement and elect Mr. Glenn for another year. He has performed his duties well and has served just about long enough to "savee" as the Chinaman says. There is no other man in town as well informed on the subject of electricity as he, and a new man will not have the year's experience now stored away in the person of Mr. Glenn. Elect him by all means.

The campaign of 1892 has already commenced. The first gun has been fired and a victory won. The battle cry of Protection grows less in volume and is now seldom heard, except from a few hard headed politicians who attempt to make their friends believe that they are martyrs. These people assert that they will sink into oblivion with protection for a watchword. They do not mean what they say and it is solely for effect that such statements are made. The late election has dampened the ardor of republican politicians. The party felt of the pulse of the country, looked at its tongue, but did not diagnose the case correctly. The democratic party is a far better physician for the people. Its diagnosis was correct and it will now proceed to make its medicine. Carefully compounded of pure articles, and given in moderately small doses for several years, it is sure to cure the present stagnation of business and high prices of necessities.

Already the campaign of 1892 is being fought. Candidates for the presidency are being brought forward from every state in the union almost. New York has lost the glory of being the pivotal state. With it Hill and Cleveland lose their importance as timber for the democratic nomination in 1892. The south and north as well as the east and west are solidly democratic, and other states have as good timber as New York. The west will be heard from in '92 in a way which will surprise the people. For many years the center of population has been in the east, and naturally the presidential nominees should be taken from the thickly populated districts. But now the center is in the west, and a person west of the Mississippi is known to as large a circle of the human family as a person in the thickly populated wards of New York. This will have an effect upon the convention and it will tend to place the nomination in the west. Besides there is a feeling in both parties that the west has been snubbed in the past and this has brought out the determination to not be snubbed in the present.

The Salem nursery unloaded a car load of fruit trees here Saturday. The orders for the trees were taken during the summer. Nearly every wagon in the city Saturday contained a number of trees. This shows that the farmers of this vicinity are looking up the fruit business and are going into it. It also shows that a good nursery near this city would be a paying investment.

BALLOTS VS. BAYONETS.

It is a pity that the Comte de Paris left us so soon, says the New York *Press*. It is indeed too bad. Had he remained until election he would have received an object lesson that might have been of much benefit to him, to his adventurous heir and to his country. True, our distinguished whilom friend is a Bourbon. True, it has been said, not without reason, that a Bourbon never learns and never forgets. But there are exceptions to all rules, We venture to say that, had he stayed a few more days, one-half the bitter proverb would have been in a measure disproved and the other half somewhat confirmed. The claimant to the French throne would have learned that which never could be forgotten. The lesson of such an election is that republics are strong because in them the people rule. There is much in an exciting political contest here to make a foreigner think that our institutions are unstable. Excitement runs high. Campaign language, spoken or printed, is often violent. Adjectives are in the superlative degree. Direst evils are freely predicted as impending in case this or that party is victorious. One might suppose the nation to be over topped by a volcano which is ripe for eruption. But election day comes and goes. Next morning, behold! There was an eruption, but not of ashes, cinders and liquid fire. The lava was white paper, The mountain was the majesty of citizens. The crater was the ballot box. We wish that not only the royal pretender of France but representatives of every European monarchy had been in the great republic on the 4th inst. We had something to teach them all. American elections are perpetually repeated reminders of the truth that free speech and a free press are not sources of weakness but of strength. "My people and I have come to an understanding that suits us both," said Frederick the Great. "They are to say what they please and I am to do what I please." It was bravely spoken and for a despotic king wisely. The trouble with such an understanding is that a people who are free to say what they think and think what they please will not forever please to be ruled by a solitary king. They will insist upon being their own kings. For a nation of freemen the principle is perfect. Witness our way of dealing with problems before which European nations stand aghast. Take anarchism, for instance. It does not make us tremble, as it does Germany and Russia. It makes but little headway, and the reason is that we give its abstract theorizers so much leeway. But we draw the line at crime and can afford to. When anarchists spout, we let them; when they rob, we imprison them and when they murder we hang them. Every political canvass is "an educational campaign." Therefore, we do not agree with those who cry out that we have too many elections. It is just such experiences as the country has of late passed through that teach, almost compel, the common people to think, to read, to listen, to investigate, to discriminate, to decide, concerning things that concern the weal or woe of the republic. Hence we need no great standing armies. Hence, our revolutions are bloodless. Hence, the mass meeting has taken the place of the mob.

SIGNIFICANT DEMANDS.

There is a short and simple way in which the republican party can retrieve its losses and meet its opponents with full and unbroken ranks in 1892. That is to repeal the McKinley bill at the next session of the present congress—part of it conditionally and part of it unconditionally. Under the last head come the raised duties on all kinds of woolens, linens, glass, cutlery, tin plate, "natural mineral waters," etc., The greatest and most inexcusable blunder of the McKinley bill is that it adds largely to the cost of the clothing of all the people of the United States. Those who drafted and forced through that measure did not seem to know or care that the third largest item of household expense—coming right after food and shelter—is clothing, and that to make it dearer is to add sensibly to the burdens of every person.—*Chicago Tribune (Rep.)*

If a statesman held the speakership at the present moment, was at the head of the ways and means committee, or was in any way in a position to dictate to the republican party in congress, he would bring about a thorough revision of the McKinley law in the coming short session. Every article advanced by that act would be reduced to the old rates or lower, the rates which were cut would be allowed to stand, and in some cases which will readily suggest themselves would be cut still further and the free list enlarged. We do not imagine that this course will be adopted. Indeed we know that it will not be adopted. We know, in fact, that it is the course of shiftlessness, torpidity and cowardice which President Harrison is said to have recommended that will be followed. We merely mean that if a statesman of resources, tact and courage—a man, that is to say, of the Jas. G. Blaine stamp—was at the head of the republicans in congress just now, the follies of the party in the recent session would be quickly corrected, and the organization soon placed upon a footing from which it would be enabled to wage an aggressive and successful canvass in 1892.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat (Rep.)*

With $400,000,000 yearly to raise for the maintenance of this government the idea of absolute free trade will never become a law unless the people are satisfied to have the revenue for the government raised by direct taxation. The democratic policy of freer trade, tariff reform, or any thing you may call it does not mean absolute free trade and direct taxation of the people for the expenses of the government, but means less protection to the infant monopolies, a reduction of the duties upon the necessities and a judicious tax upon the luxuries. The democrats stand for enough taxation upon imported articles to pay the expenses of the government, judiciously administered. The duties can be reduced millions of dollars a year and with a business-like administration the government need not be cramped for money and at the same time there will be saved to the people of this country millions yearly.

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 us as kindly treated as though we had been the pope and his college of cardinals passing that way! Last evening the genial sisterhood 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 him for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march out 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 macintoshes 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 walking 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 doxologies 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 drydock before it is ready, and hence so many sink in the first cyclone. Stay in the store as a subordinate 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 hogsheads 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 flurry 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 memory making their slow way up the zigzag 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 his mother strain out from a cup of water or pail of milk, and no wonder he brings afterward the large quadruped and the small insect into his sermon and, while seeing the Pharisees careful about small sins and reckless about large 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 demands 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 owner, while the sheepstealer calls and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ, years after, preaching on a great 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." The sides of these hills are terraced for 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 dead branch and it is doing nothing and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes from a living branch this and that tendril and the other tendril. "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead; what do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "we prune off these that the main branch may have more of the sap and so be more fruitful." No wonder in after years Christ said in his sermon: "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 pigeon descended upon Christ's head at his baptism in the Jordan it was not the first pigeon he had seen. And then he has such wide sweep of discourse as you may imagine from one who has stood on the hills that overlook Nazareth. As far as I understand, Christ visited the Mediterranean sea only once, but any clear morning he 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 COUNTRY BOY.

Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth to atone for the sins of the world, and to correct the follies of the world, and to stamp out the cruelties of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to transfigure the hemispheres! So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform and inspire and rescue. They come into our merchandise and our court rooms and our healing art and our studios and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. And but for that annual influx our cities would have enervated and sickened and slain the race. Late hours and hurtful apparel and overtaxed digestive organs and crowding environments of city life would have halted the world; but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and moral invigoration 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, mostly made prosperous by country boys, to the farmhouse and the prairies and the mountain cabins, and the obscure homesteads of north and south and east and west, to the fathers and mothers in plain homespun if they be still alive or the hillocks under which they sleep 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 hammers and spikes, but by instruments just as cruel. On every street of every city the crucifixion goes on. Every year shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them up! Under what wheels, in what mills, and for what an awful grist! Let the city take better care of these boys and young men arriving from the country. They are worth saving. They are now only the preface of what they will be if, instead of 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 older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the older. The older could not climb up with the younger hanging to his feet, so the younger said: "John, I am going to let go; you can climb out into safety, but you can't climb up with me holding fast; I am going to let go; kiss 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 a 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 lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him, "Why don't you go 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.

On this December morning in Palestine on our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter's 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 smoothed the surface of the earth shoving a plane; he who cleft the mountains by earthquake pounding a chisel; he who opened the mammoth caves of the earth turning an auger; he who wields the thunderbolt striking with a hammer; he who scooped out the bed for the ocean hollowing a ladle; he who flashes the morning on the earth and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora 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 belive anything you cannot explain. Please to 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 backbone?" "Yes," said the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Godhead and humanity interjoined I cannot understand and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I am glad there are so many things we cannot understand, for that leaves something for heaven. If we knew everything here heaven would be a great indolence. What foolish people those who are in perpetual fret because they cannot understand all that God says and does! A child in the first juvenile primer might as well burst into tears because it cannot understand conic sections. In this world we are only in the A B C class, and we cannot now understand the libraries of eternity which put to utmost test faculties archangelic. I would be ashamed of heaven if we do not know more there, with all our faculties intensified a million fold and at the center of the universe, than we do here with our dim faculties and clinging to the outside rim of the universe.

CANA IN 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 butler of the occasion, and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a beverage 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 off our horses and examined some of these water jars at Cana 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 declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity 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 probable that the housekeeper could not have guessed more than one gallon 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 strychnine or logwood or nux vomica in that beverage, and, as the Lord made it, it would keep. He makes mountains and seas 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 Christ did not make.

GLAD HE WAS THERE.

Oh, I am glad 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 slam. 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 to-night 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 blesseds—blessed this and blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in molehills 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 Lookout mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail hills of Galilee! Hail Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Safed, the 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 pulpit the world ever saw. Ay, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity.

The valley of Hattin between here and Lake Galilee is an amphitheatre, as though the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down and hear Christ preach a sermon in which there were more startling novelties than were ever announced in all the sermons that were ever 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 fearless; blessed are they that have everything their own way; blessed are the war eagles; blessed are the persecutors; blessed are the popular; blessed are the Herods and the Cæsars and the Ahabs. "No! no! no!" says Christ, with a voice that rings over these rocks and through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the opaline 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 both ways, 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; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are the persecuted; blessed are the falsely reviled.

Do you see how the Holy Land and the Holy Book fit each other? God with his left hand built Palestine and with his right wrote the Scriptures, the two hands of the same being. And in proportion as Palestine is brought under close inspection, the Bible will be found more glorious and more true. Mightiest book of the past! Mightiest book of the future! Monarch of all literature!

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