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CROSSING JORDAN.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON DE-LIVERED AT DETROIT.

He Compares the Children of Israel Crossing the Jordan With Washington Crossing the Delaware and Xerxes Crossing the Hellespont-Lessons of the Text.

DETROIT. March 12.-Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now visiting this city. preached today to a large and intensely interested audience in the Fort Street Presbyterian church, of which Rev. Dr. Radeliffe is paster, on the crossing of the Jordan by the children of Israel, the text being from Joshua iii, 17, "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of the Jordan, and all the Israclites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jer-

Washington crossed the Delaware when crossing was pronounced impos-sible, but he did it by boat. Xerxes crossed the Hellespont with 2,000,000 men, but he did it by bridge. The Israelites crossed the Red sea, but the same orchestra that celebrated the deliverance of the one army sounded the strangulation of the other. This Jordanic passage differs from all. There was no sacrifice of human life-not so much as the loss of a linchpin. The vanguard of the host, made up of priests, advanced until they put their foot at the brim of the river, when immediately the streets of Jerusalem were no more dry than the bed of that river. It was as if all the water had been drawn off, and then the dampness had been soaked up with a sponge, and then by a towel the road had been wiped

Yonder goes a great army of Israeliter -the hosts in uniform. Following them the wives, the children, the flocks, the herds. The people look up at the crystalline wall of the Jordan as they pass and think what an awful disaster would come to them if before they got to the opposite bank of that Ajalon wall that wall should fall on them. And the thought makes the mothers hug their children close to their hearts as they swiften their pace. Quick, now! Get them all up on the banks—the armed and herds, and let this wonderful Jordanic passage be completed forever.

Sitting on the shelved limestone, look off upon that Jordan where Joshua crossed under the triumphal arch of the constellations the intermoving wheels, rainbow woven out of the spray; the river and ponderous laws the weights and which afterward became the baptistry mighty swinging pendulum, the stars in where Christ was sprinkled or plunged: the great dome of night striking the midthe river where theax—the borrowed ax night, and the sun, with brazen tongue, -miraculously swam at the prophet's order; the river illustrious in the history of the world for heroic faith and omnipotent deliverance and typical of scenes yet to transpire in your life and minescenes enough to make us, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, tin in your window is governed by the same gle with infinite gladness.

Standing on the scene of that affrighted, fugitive river Jordan, I learn for my. fruits, and on which God will one day self and for you, first, that obstacles, put his hand and shake down the fruitwhen they are touched, vanish. The text a perfect universe. No astronomy has says that when these priests came down ever proposed an amendment. and conched the water-the edge of the water with their feet-the water parted. deep or knee deep or ankle deep, but as delightful truths, you seem to be in the soon as their feet touched the water it midst of an orchestra where the wailings vanished. And it makes me think that almost all the obstacles of life need only and the martial strains of victory make Difficulties but touched vanish. It is the This book seems to you the ocean of trouble, the difficulty, the obstacle far in truth, on every wave of which Christ the distance, that seems so huge and tre | walks-sometimes in the darkness of

tells us in Philippians, "Beware of dogs," and John seems to shut the gate of heavand John seems to shut the gate of heaven against all the canine species when he says, "Without are dogs." But I have been told that when those animals are the been told that when those animals are the says, if they come at the says if they can be say furious, if they come at you, if you will keep your eye on them and advance upon them they will retreat. Whether that be so or not I cannot tell, but I do know that the vast majority of the mis-fortunes and trials and disasters of your life that hounds your steps, if you can only get your eye on them, and keep your eye on them, and advance upon them, and cry, "Begone," they will slink

A BEAUTIFUL TRADITION.

There is a beautiful tradition among the American Indians that Manitou was traveling in the invisible world, and one day he came to a barrier of brambles and sharp thorns, which forbade his going on, and there was a wild beast glaring at him from the thicket, but as he deter mined to go on his way he did pursue it and those brambles were found to be only phantoms, and that beast was found to be a powerless ghost, and the impassable river that forbade him rushing to embrace the Yaratilda proved to be only a phantom river.

Well, my friends, the fact is there are a great many things that look terrible across our pathway, which, when we advance upon them, are only the phar-toms, only the apparitions, only the de lusions of life. Difficulties touched are conquered. Put your feet into the brim of the water, and Jordan retreats. You sometimes see a great duty to perform.
It is a very disagreeable duty. You say,
"I can't go through it; I haven't the
courage, I haven't the intelligence, to go
through it." Advance upon it, Jordan

I always sigh before I begin to preach at the greatness of the undertaking, but as soon as I start it becomes to me an exhilaration. And any duty undertaken with a confident spirit becomes a pleasure, and the higher the duty the higher the pleasure. Difficulties touched are conquered. There are a great many peo-ple who are afraid of death in the future. Good John Livingston once, on a sloop coming from Elizabethport to New York, was dreadfully frightened because he thought he was going to be drowned as a sudden gust came up. People were surprised at him. If any man in all the world was ready to die, it was good John Livingston.

So there are now a great many good people who shudder in passing a grave-

ALTH MONTH THE TANK THE METERS AND THE PARTY OF THE PART

sick bed, then all their fears are gone—
the waters of death dashing on the beach are like the mellow voice of ocean shells
—they smell of the blossoms of the tree

over and get them? There is a river of difficulty between us and everything that is worth having. That which costs nothing the blossoms of the tree ling is worth nothing.

I remember my mother in her dying hour said to my father, "Father, wouldn't it be pleasant if we could all go together?" But we cannot all go together? they smell of the blossoms of the tree ing is worth nothing.

God didn't intend this world for an Jesus, come quickly. Christ the Priest advances ahead, and the dying Christian goes over dry shod on coral beds and flowers of heaven and paths of pearl.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove— These gloomy doubts that rise— And view the Canaan that we love With unbeclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Could fright us from the shore.

Again, this Jordanic passage teaches me the completeness of everything that God does. When God put an invisible dam across Jordan, and it was halted, it would have been natural, you would have supposed, for the water to have overflowed the region all around about, and that great devastation would have taken place, but when God put the dam in front of the river he put a dam on the other side of the river, so that, according to the text, the water halted and reared and stood there and not overflowing the surrounding country. Oh, the complete-ness of everything that God does!

One would have thought that, if the waters of Jordan had dropped until they were only two or three feet deep, the Israelites might have marched through it and have come up on the other bank with their clothes saturated and their garments like those of men coming ashore from shipwreck, and that would have been as wonderful a deliverance, but God does something better than that. When the priests' feet touched the waters of Jordan and they were drawn off, they might have thought there would have been a bed of mud and slime through which the army should pass.

Draw off the waters of the Hudson or the Ohio, and there would be a good many days, and perhaps many weeks, before the sediment would dry up, and yet here in an instant, immediately, God provides a path through the depths of Jordan. It is so dry the passengers do warriors, the wives and children, flocks not even get their feet damp. Oh, the completeness of everything that God does! Does he make a universe? It is a perfect clock, running ever since it was wound up, the fixed stars the pivots, the tolling the hour of noon.

The wildest comet has a chain of law that it cannot break. The thistle down flying before the schoolboy's breath is controlled by the same law that controls principle that governs the tree of the universe on which the stars are ripening A COMPLETE BIBLE.

If God makes a Bible, it is a complete mendous.

The apostles Paul and John seemed to dislike cross dogs, for the apostle Paul tells us in Philippians, "Beware of dogs," iah, Revelation to Genesis—glorious Perfect Bible, complete Bible! No man

has ever proposed any improvement. God provided a Saviour. He is a complete Saviour-God-man-divinity and humanity united in the same person. He set up the starry pillars of the universe and the towers of light. He planted the cedars and the heavenly Lebanon. He struck out of the rock the rivers of life, singing under the trees, singing un- of the dead. der the thrones. He quarried the sarfor the foundation and heaped up the amethyst for the capital and swung the learning to walk.

power on earth, men said, "Who is this fellow?" While all the heavenly hosts, with folded wing about their faces, bowed down before him crying "Holy, holy!" on earth, they denounced him as a blasphemer and a sot. Rocked in a boat on Gennesaret, and yet he it is that under the lightning from the storm.

ing gems of his right hand. Holding us no more we in his arms when we take our last view more death of our dead. Sitting down with us on the tombstone, and while we plant roses there he planting consolation in our heart, every chapter a stalk, every verse

yard, and they hardly date think of side!" said some of the Israelites to forever. Wouldn't it be pleasant for you Canaan because of the Jordan that in- Joshua. "Well," says Joshua, "if you torvenes. But once they are down on a want the grapes, why don't you cross are like the mellow voice of ocean shells is worth having. That which costs noth-

> to get at, for the same reason that he put this principle in worldly things; oh, that we were only wise enough to acknowledge it in religious things!

You have scores of illustrations under your own observation where men have their feet; the summer winds lift the tapestry about the window gorgeous enough for a Turkish sultan; impatient steeds paw and neigh at the door, their carriages moving through the sea of New York life a very wave of splendor. Who is it? Why, it is a boy who came

to New York with a dollar in his pocket and all his estate slung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. All that silver on the dancing span is petrified sweat drops; that beautiful dress is the faded calico over which God put his hand of perfection, turning it to Turkish satin or Italian silk; those diamonds are the tears which suffering froze as they fell. Oh, there is a river of difficulty between us and every earthly achievement. You know that. You admit that.

You know this is so with regard to the acquisition of knowledge. The ancients used to say that Vulcan struck Jupiter on the head, and the goddess of wisdom jumped out, illustrating the truth that wisdom comes by hard knocks. There was a river of difficulty between Shakespeare, the boy, holding the horses at the Shakespeare, the great dramatist, winning the applause of all audiences by his tragedies. There was a river between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm, walking the streets of Philadelphia, and that same Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, just outside of Boston flying a kite in the thunder-

An idler was cured of his bad habit by looking through the window, night after night, at a man who seemed sitting at our departed Christian friends are safe! his desk turning off one sheet of writing after another until almost the dawn of the morning. The man sitting there writing until morning was industrious Walter Scott; the man who looked at him through the window was Lockhart, his illustrious biographer afterward. by the populace, because of a certain line of duty, went on to discharge the duty, and while the mob were around him de-

tussle, a trial, a push, an anxiety, of the summer. Would you have They did not wade in chin deep or waist Bible. Standing amid the dreadful and through which every man must go before he comes to worldly success and worldly achievement. You admit it. Now be wise enough to apply it in religion. Eminent Christian character is be approached in order to be conquered. the chorus like an anthem of eternity. only gained by the Jordanic passage; no

not come too soon if he falls in defense

man just happened to get good.

Why does that man know so much about the Scriptures? He was studying the Bible while you were reading a novel. He was on fire with the sublimities of the Bible while you were sound asleep; by tug, tussle, pushing and run-ning in the Christian life that man got so strong for God; in a hundred Solferinos he learned how to fight; in a hundred shipwrecks he learned how to swim. Tears over sin, tears over Zion's desolation, tears over the impenitent, tears over the graves made, are the Jordan which that man had passed. Sorrow pales the check, and fades the eye, and wrinkles the brow, and withers the hands. There are mourning garments in the wardrobe, and there are deaths in every family record; all around are the relics

THE JORDAN OF DEATH. donyx and crystal and the topax of the heavenly wall. He put down the jasper of trouble, and yet he thinks there is a Jordan of death between him and heaven. He comes down to that Jordan of 13 gates which are 12 pearls. In one in- death and thinks how many have been stant he thought out a universe, and yet lost there. When Molyneux was explorhe became a child crying for his mother, ing the Jordan in Palestine, he had his feeling along the sides of the manger, boats all knocked to pieces in the rapids boats all knocked to pieces in the rapids of that river. And there are a great Omnipotence sheathed in the muscle many men who have gone down in the and flesh of a child's arm; omniscience river of death; the Atlantic and Pacific strung in the optic nerve of a child's eye; have not swallowed so many. It is an infinite love beating in a child's heart; a awful thing to make shipwrecks on the great God appearing in the form of a rock of ruin-masts falling, hurricanes child 1 year old, 5 years old, 15 years old. While all the heavens were ascribing to him glory and honor and power on earth, men said, "Who is this lightning, writes all over the sky, "I will the heavenly bear to be said, but the sky while God, with the finger of lightning, writes all over the sky, "I will the sky while God, with the finger of lightning, writes all over the sky, "I will the sky while God, with the sky while God, with the finger of lightning, writes all over the sky."

dirked the lightning from the storm breath leaves him as he steps into the cloud and dismasted Lebanon of its forests and holds the five oceans on the tip stream than it is parted, and he goes of his finger as the leaf holds the rain-through dry shod, while all the waters wave their plumes, crying: "O death, Oh, the complete Saviour, rubbing his hand over the place where we have the pain, yet the stars of heaven the adorn-tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more weeping, and there shall be no

Some of your children have already gone up the other bank. You let them down on this side of the bank; they will be on the other bank to help you up with supernatural strength. The other morn-ing at my table, all my family present, I neart, every chapter a stalk, every verse a stem, every word a rose. A complete supernatural strength. The other morning at my table, all my family present, I thought to myself how pleasant it would be if I could put all in a boat and then go in with them, and we could pull across the river to the next world and be there and the professional powers in an unprofessional manner and who cannot give a satisfactory explanation of the same, shall, at them in that better world to be together.

to take all your family into that ble country if you could all go together?

comes stealing over the waters, and to cross now is only a pleasant sail. How long the boat is coming! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Christ the Priest advances ahead, and the dying Christian there, and you go with bare brow forthe gold down in the mine and the pearl ever, than that one should be missing clear down in the sea—to make us dig to complete the garlands of heaven for and dive for them. We acknowledge your coronal. The Lord God of Joshua.

Those of us who were brought up in the country remember, when the summer was coming on in our boyhood days, we had the hardest lot and been trodden always longed for the day when we were under foot, and yet after awhile had it to go barefooted, and after teasing our easy. Now their homes blossom and mothers in regard to it for a good while, bloom with pictures, and carpets that and they consented, we remember the de made foreign looms laugh now embrace licious sensation of the cool grass when we put our uncovered foot on it.

And the time will come when these shoes we wear now, lest we be cut of the sharp places of this world, shall be taken off, and with unsandaled foot we will step into the bed of the river; with feet untrammeled, free from pain and fa-tigue, we will gain that last journey, when, with one foot in the bed of the river and the other foot on the other bank, we struggle upward. That will be heaven. Oh, I pray for all my dear people a safe Jordanic passage! That is what the dying Christian husband felt when he said: "How the candle flickers, Nellie! Put it out. I shall sleep well tonight and wake in the morning

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED. One word of comfort on this subject for all the bereaved. You see, our departed friends have not been submerged, have not been swamped in the waters. They have only crossed over. These Israelites were just as thoroughly alive on the western banks of the Jordan as they had been on the eastern banks of the Jordan, and our departed Christian door of the London theater, and that friends have only crossed over-not sick, not dead, not exhausted, not extin-guished, not blotted out, but with healthier respiration, and stouter pulses, and keener eyesight, and better prospect —crossed over, their sins, their physical and mental disquiet, all left clear this side, an eternally flowing, impassable obstacle between them and all human and satanic pursuit. Crossed over! Oh, I shake hands of congratulation with all the bereaved in the consideration that

Why was there so much joy in certain circles in New York when people heard from the friends who were on board that belated steamer? It was feared that vessel had gone to the bottom of the sea, and when the friends on this side heard that the steamer had arrived safely in Lord Mansfield, pursued by the press and Liverpool, had we not a right to congratulate the people in New York that their friends had got safely across? And is it not right this morning that I congratumanding the taking of his life he shook late you that your departed friends are his fist in the face of the mob and said, safe on the shore of heaven? Would you 'Sirs, when one's last end comes, it can- have them back again? Would you have those old parents back again? You know of law and the liberty of his country." | how hard it was sometimes for them to And so there is, my friends, a tug, a get their breath in the stifled atmosphere back in this weather? Didn't they use their brain long enough? Would you have your children back again? Would you have them take the risks of temptation which throng every human pathway? Would you have them cross the Jordan three times? In addition to crossing it already, cross it again to greet you now and then cross back afterward? For them forever out of heaven.

Pause and weep, not for the freed from pain. But that the sigh of love would bring them back

I ask a question, and there seems to come back the answer in heavenly echo: "What, will you never be sick again?" "Never—sick—again." "What, will you never be tired again?" "Never—tired again." "What, will you never weep again?" "Never—weep—again." "What, will you never die again?" "Never—die

-again."
Oh, ye army of departed kindred, we way between the willowed banks of earth and the palm groves of heaven. May our great High Priest go ahead of us, and with bruised feet touch the water, and then shall be fulfilled the words of my text, "All Israel went over on dry ground until all the people were gone clear through Jordan.

If I ask you what shall be the glad hymn of this morning, I think there would be a thousand voices that would shoose the same hymn—the hymn that illumines so many death chambers—the hymn that has been the parting hymn in many an instance—the old hymn:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye
To Cansan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises on my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

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