THE RESURRECTION.

DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS OF PAUL'S BOLD CHALLENGE.

The Sublime Tragedy of Calvary—The Lessons of Christ's Death and Resurrection. His Intercessions For Us—The Consolations of Christianity.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 13.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today chose for his subject "A Bold Challenge," the text being Romans viii. 34: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

"This is the last sermon I shall ever preach," said Christmas Evans on the 13th of June, 1838. Three days afterward he expired. I do not know what his text was, but I know that no man could choose a better theme—though he knew it was the last time he should ever preach—than the subject found in this text.

Paul flung this challenge of the text to the feet of all ecclesiastical and civil authority. He feared neither swords nor lions, earth nor hell. Diocletian slew uncounted thousands under his administration, and the world has been full of persecution, but all the persecutors of the world could not affright Paul. Was it because he was physically strong? Oh, no. I suppose he was very much weakened by exposure and maltreatment. Was it because he was lacking in sensitiveness? No. You find the most delicate shades of feeling playing in and out his letters and sermons. Some of his communications burst into tears. What was it that lifted Paul into this triumphant mood? The thought of a Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour exalted, a Saviour interceding.

All the world has sung the praise of Princess Alice. One child having died of a contagious disease, she was in the room where another was dying, and the court physician said to her, "You must not breathe the breath of this child, or you yourself will die." But seeing the child mourning because of the death of her brother, the mother stooped down and in sympathy kissed the little one caught the disease and perished. All the world sang the heroism and the self sacrifice of Princess Alice, but I have to tell you that when our race was dying the Lord Jesus stooped down and gave us the kiss of his everlasting love and perished that we might live. "It is Christ that died."

Can you tell me how tender hearted Paul could find anything to rejoice at in the horrible death scene of Calvary? We weep at funerals; we are sympathetic when we see a stranger die; when a murderer steps upon the scaffold we pray for his departing spirit, and how could Paul—the great hearted Paul—find anything to be pleased with at the funeral of a God? Besides that Christ had only recently died, and the sorrow was fresh in the memory of the world, and how in the fresh memory of a Saviour's death could Paul be exultant?

DELIVERANCE BY DEATH.

It was because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance and the deliverance of a race from still worse disaster. He saw the gap into which the race must plunge, and he saw the bleeding hands of Christ close it. The glittering steel on the top of the executioner's spear in his sight kindled into a torch to light men heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross five words written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, but Paul saw over the cross of Christ only one word—"expiation!" He heard in the dying groan of Christ his own groan of eternal torture taken by another. Paul said to himself, "Had it not been that Christ volunteered in my behalf, those would have been my mauled hands and feet, my gashed side, my crimson temples."

Men of great physical endurance have sometimes carried very heavy burdens—300 pounds, 400 pounds—and they have still said: "My strength is not yet tested. Put on more weight." But after awhile they were compelled to cry out: "Stop! I can carry no more." But the burden of Christ was illimitable. First, there was his own burden of hunger and thirst and bereavement and a thousand outrages that have been heaped upon him, and on top of that burden were the sorrows of his poor old mother, and on the top of those burdens the crimes of the ruffians who were executing him.

"Stop!" you cry. "It is enough. Christ can bear no more." And Christ says, "Roll on more burdens: roll on me the the sins of this entire nation, and after that roll on me the sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll on me the sins of the 4,000 years past, so far as those sins have been forgiven." And the angels of God, seeing the awful pressure, cry: "Stop! He can bear no more." And the blood rushing to the nostril and lip seems to cry out: "Enough! He can endure no more." But Christ says: "Roll on a greater burden, roll on the sins of the next 1,900 years, roll on me the sins of all the succeeding ages, roll on me the agonies of hell, ages on ages, the furnaces and the prison houses and the tortures." That is what the Bible means when it says, "He bore our sins and carried our sorrows."

"Now," says Paul, "I am free. That suffering purchased my deliverance. God never collects a debt twice. I have a receipt in full. If God is satisfied with me, then what do all the threats of earth and hell amount to? Bring on all your witnesses," says Paul. "Show all your force. Do your worst against my soul. I defy you. I dare you. I challenge you. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Oh, what a strong argument that puts in the hand of every Christian man! Some day all the past sins of his life come down on him in a fiery troop, and they pound away at the gate of his soul, and they say: "We have come for your arrest. Any one of us could overcome you. We are 10,000 strong. Surrender!" And you open the door, and single handed and alone you contend against that troop. You fling this divine weapon into their midst. You scatter those sins as quick as you can think it.

"It is Christ that died." Why, then, bring up to us the sins of our past life? What have we to do with those obsolete things? You know how hard it is for a wrecker to bring up anything that is lost near the shore of the sea, but suppose something be lost half way between Liverpool and New York. It cannot be found; it cannot be fetched up. "Now," says God, "your sins have been cast into the depths of the sea." Mid-Atlantic! All the machinery ever fashioned in foundries of darkness and launched from the doors of eternal death, working for 10,000 years, cannot bring up one of our sins forgiven and forgotten and sunken into the depths of the sea. When a sin is pardoned, it is gone. It is gone out of the books; it is gone out of the memory; it is gone out of existence. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

THE SUBLIME TRAGEDY.

From other tragedies men have come away exhausted and nervous and sleepless, but there is one tragedy that soothes and calms and saves. Calvary was the stage on which it was enacted, the curtain of the night falling at midnoon was the drop scene, the thunder of falling rocks the orchestra, angels in the galleries and devils in the pit the spectators, the tragedy a crucifixion. "It is Christ that died." Oh, triumphant thought!

If you go through the picture galleries of Versailles, you will find a great change there. I said to a friend who had been through those galleries, "Are they as they were before the French war?" and I was told there was a great change there; that all that multitude of pictures which represented Napoleonic triumphs had been taken away, and in the frames were other pictures representative of Germanic success and victory. Oh, that all the scenes of satanic triumph in our world might be blotted out, and that the whole world might be a picture gallery representing the triumphant Jesus! Down with the monarchy of transgression! Up with the monarchy of our King! Hail! Jesus, hail!

But I must give you the second cause of Paul's exhilaration. If Christ had staid in that grave, we never would have gotten out of it. The grave would have been dark and dismal as the conciergerie during the reign of terror, where the carts came up only to take the victims out to the scaffold. I do not wonder that the ancients tried by embalmment of the body to resist the dissolution of death.

The grave is the darkest, deepest, ghastliest chasm that was ever opened if there be no light from the resurrection throne streaming into it, but Christ staid in the tomb all Friday night and all Saturday, all Saturday night and a part of Sunday morning. He staid so long in the tomb that he might fit it for us when we go there. He tarried two whole nights in the grave, so that he saw how important it was to have plenty of light, and he has flooded it with his own glory.

THE RESURRECTION.

It is early Sunday morning, and we start up to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun gilding the dew, and the shrubs are sweet as the foot crushes them. What a beautiful place to be buried in! Wonder they did not treat Christ as well when he was alive as they do now that he is dead. Give the military salute to the soldiers who stand guarding the dead. But hark to the crash—an earthquake! The soldiers fall back as though they were dead, and the stone at the door of Christ's tomb spins down the hill, flung by the arm of an angel. Come forth, O Jesus, from the darkness into the sunlight! Come forth and breathe the perfume of Joseph's garden.

Christ comes forth radiant, and as he steps out of the excavation of the rock I look down into the excavation, and in the distance I see others coming hand in hand and troop after troop, and I find it is a long procession of the precious dead. Among them are our own loved ones—father, mother, brother, sister, companion, children, coming up out of the excavation of the rock until the last one has stepped out into the light, and I am bewildered, and I cannot understand the scene until I see Christ wave his hand over the advancing procession from the rock and hear him cry: "I am the resurrection and the life. He who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And then I notice that the long dirge of the world's woe suddenly stops at the archangelic shout of "Come forth!"

Oh, my friends, if Christ had not broken out of the grave you and I would never come out of it! It would have been another case of Charlotte Corday attempting to slay a tyrant, herself slain. It would have been another case of John Brown attempting to free the slaves, himself hung. It would have been Death and Christ in a grapple and Death the victor. The black flag would have floated on all the graves and mausoleums of the dead, and hell would have conquered the forces of heaven and captured the ramparts of God, and satan would have come to coronation in the palaces of heaven, and it would have been devils on the throne and sons of God in the dungeon.

DEATH IS A SIESTA.

No! no! no! When that stone was rolled from the door of Christ's grave, it was hurled with such a force that it crashed in all the grave doors of Christendom, and now the tomb is only a bower where God's children take a siesta, an afternoon nap, to wake up in mighty invigoration. "Christ is risen." Hang that lamp among all the tombs of my dead. Hang it over my own resting place. Christ's suffering is ended; his work is done. The darkest Friday afternoon of the world's history becomes the brightest Sunday morning of its resurrection joy. The Good Friday of bitter memories becomes the Easter of glorious transformation and resurrection.

Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord.
Behold the place. He is not here.
The tomb is all unbarred.
The gates of death were closed in vain.
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

I give you the third cause of Paul's exhilaration. We honor the right hand more than we do the left. If in accident or battle we must lose one hand, let it be the left. The left hand being nearer the heart, we may not do much of the violent work of life with that hand without physical danger, but he who has the right arm in full play has the mightiest of all earthly weapons. In all ages and in all languages the right hand is the symbol of strength and power and honor. Hiram sat at the right hand of Solomon. Then we have the term, "He is a right hand man." Lafayette was Washington's right hand man. Marshal Ney was Napoleon's right hand man. And now you have the meaning of Paul when he speaks of Christ who is at the right hand of God.

That means he is the first guest of heaven. He has a right to sit there. The hero of the universe! Count his wounds; two in the feet, two in the hands, one in the side—five wounds. Oh, you have counted wrong. These are not half the wounds. Look at the severer wounds in the temples. Each thorn an excruciation.

CHRIST'S WOUNDS.

If a hero comes back from battle, and he takes off his hat or rolls up his sleeve and shows you the scar of a wound gotten at Ball's Bluff or at South Mountain, you stand in admiration at his heroism and patriotism, but if Christ should make conspicuous the five wounds gotten on Calvary—that Waterloo of all the ages—he would display only a small part of his wounds. Wounded all over, let him sit at the right hand of God. He has a right to sit there. By the request of God the Father and the unanimous suffrage of all heaven let him sit there. In the grand review when the redeemed pass by in cohorts of splendor they will look at him and shout "Victory!"

The oldest inhabitant of heaven never saw a grander day than the one when Christ took his place on the right hand of God. Hosanna! With lips of clay I may not appropriately utter it, but let the martyrs under the altar throw the cry to the elders before the throne, and they can toss it to the choir on the sea of glass until all heaven shall lift it—some on point of scepter, and some on string of harp, and some on the tip of the green branches. Hosanna! hosanna!

A fourth cause of Paul's exhilaration: After a clergyman had preached a sermon in regard to the glories of heaven and the splendors of the scene an aged woman said, "If all that is to go on in heaven, I don't know what will become of my poor head." Oh, my friends, there will be so many things going on in heaven I have sometimes wondered if the Lord would not forget you and me!

Perhaps Paul said sometimes: "I wonder God does not forget me down here in Antioch, and in the prison, and in the shipwreck. There are so many sailors, so many wayfarers, so many prisoners, so many heartbroken men," says Paul, "perhaps God may forget me. And then I am so vile a sinner. How I whipped those Christians! With what vengeance I mounted that cavalry horse and dashed up to Damascus! Oh, it will take a mighty attorney to plead my cause and get me free." But just at that moment there came in upon Paul's soul something mightier than the surges that dashed his ship into Melita, swifter than the horse he rode to Damascus. It was the swift and overwhelming thought of Christ's intercession.

My friends, we must have an advocate. A poor lawyer is worse than no lawyer at all. We must have one who is able successfully to present our cause before God. Where is he? Who is he? There is only one advocate in all the universe that can plead our cause in the last judgment, that can plead our cause before God in the great tribunal.

CHRIST AS AN ADVOCATE.

Sometimes in earthly courts attorneys have specialties, and one man succeeds better in patent cases, another in insurance cases, another in criminal cases, another in land cases, another in will cases, and his success generally depends upon his sticking to that specialty. I have to tell you that Christ can do many things, but it seems to me that his specialty is to take the bad case of the sinner and plead it before God until he gets eternal acquittal. Oh, we must have him for our advocate.

But what plea can he make? Sometimes an attorney in court will plead the innocence of the prisoner. That would be inappropriate for us. We are all guilty! guilty! Unclean! unclean! Christ, our advocate, will not plead our innocence. Sometimes the attorney in court tries to prove an alibi. He says: "This prisoner was not at the scene. He was in some other place at the time." Such a plea will not do in our case. The Lord found us in all our sins and in the very place of our iniquity. It is impossible to prove an alibi. Sometimes an attorney will plead the insanity of the prisoner and say he is irresponsible on that account. That plea will never do in our case. We sinned against light, against knowledge, against the dictates of our own consciences. We knew what we were doing. What, then, shall the plea be?

The plea for our eternal deliverance will be Christ's own martyrdom. He will say: "Look at all these wounds. By all these sufferings I demand the rescue of this man from sin and death and hell. Constable, knock off the shackles—let the prisoner go free." "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

But why all this gladness on the faces of these sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? I know what you are thinking of. A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interceding. "What," say you, "is all that for me? All, all! Never let me hear you complaining about anything again. With your pardoned sin behind you, and a successful Christ pleading above you, and a glorious heaven before you, how can you be despondent about anything?

COME INTO THE KINGDOM.

"But," says some man in the audience, "all that is very good and very true for those who are inside the kingdom, but how about those of us who are outside?" Then I say, Come into the kingdom, come out of the prison house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon, and come now.

It was in the last days of the reign of terror—the year 1793. Hundreds and thousands had perished under the French guillotine. France groaned with the tyrannies of Robespierre and the Jacobin club. The last group of sufferers had had their locks shorn by Monchotte, the prison barber, so that the neck might be bare to the keen knife of the guillotine.

The carts came up to the prison, the poor wretches were placed in the carts and driven off toward the scaffold, but while they were going toward the scaffold there was an outcry in the street, and then the shock of firearms, and then the cry: "Robespierre has fallen! Down with the Jacobins! Let France be free!" But the armed soldiers rode in upon these rescuers, so that the poor wretches in the carts were taken on to the scaffold and horribly died.

But that very night these monsters of persecution were seized, and Robespierre perished under the very guillotine that he had reared for others, all France clapping their hands with joy as his head rolled into the executioner's basket. Then the axes of the excited populace were heard pounding against the gates of the prison, and the poor prisoners walked out free. My friends, sin is the worst of all Robespierres. It is the tyrant of tyrants. It has built a prison house for our soul. It plots our death. It has shorn us for the sacrifice; but, blessed be God, this morning we hear the axes of God's gracious deliverance pounding against the door of our prison.

Deliverance has come. Light breaks through all the wards of the prison. Revolution! Revolution! "Where sin abounded, grace does much more abound; that whereas sin reigned unto death even so grace may reign unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Glorious truth! A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interceding!

Discussing Theology.

Mr. Kennedy of the Auditorium tells the following story:

"You know," said he, "how the big stone pillars on the veranda above virtually divide into communicating departments. These warm nights many of the guests sit out there very late. I went up there the other night after I got through to get cool, and supposed that everybody had gone inside, but presently, on the other side of the pillar, I heard a man and a woman talking. I didn't intend to be a listener, but I didn't feel like running away and so could not help hearing what they said. They were discussing spiritualism and the future state. The man said: 'I do not believe in the popular idea of spirits in heaven. I believe that we merely become resolved again into the lump of the essence of life, whatever that is, without any distinction one from the other, or any chance of recognition. I do not believe we retain our physical outlines, or in fact have any identity or personality after death.'

"'Then, dear,' she said, 'you and I won't go to such a place, will we, sweetheart?'

"There wasn't another sound for a half hour," continued Mr. Kennedy, "then she said: 'Dear, it's getting late. Kiss me good night again and go home.' There was silence for another half hour, and then he went home. That's the kind of spirit in which to discuss theology."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Great Piano Maker.

By the death of Mr. Henry Broadwood, the head of the well known firm of pianoforte manufacturers, the country loses one who, by his inventive power and business capacity, did much to revolutionize the trade with which he was associated. To his initiative was due the adoption in this country of the iron framed pianos now universally used, which were founded on an American idea. In 1846 he finished the first piano ever made here with a complete iron frame, and it was as a consequence of this invention that he added the trichord arrangement of strings in order to augment the tone.

The advantages of the trichord were at once seen, and it was adopted by other makers, but it was many years before the iron frame became equally popular. Indeed its advantages were appreciated to a larger extent in Germany than in this country, and being almost entirely used in the German pianos sent here it has been regarded by many as a German invention. It was Mr. Broadwood, too, who introduced the pianette into this country.—London Globe.

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Ar Yaquina	5:30 p m	Lv Yaquina	6:45 a m
Lv Corvallis	10:35 am	Ar Albany	11:10 a m

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.
The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Development Co.'s line of steamers between Yaquina and San Francisco
N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette valley points can make close connection with the trains of the Yaquina Route at Albany or Corvallis and if desired to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.
Passenger and Freight Rates always the lowest. For information apply to Messrs. HULMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front street, Portland, Or., or
C. C. HOGUE, Ac't Gen'l Ft. & Pass. Agt., Or. Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or.
C. H. HASWELL, Jr., Gen'l Freight and Pass. Agt. Ore. Development Co., 304 Montgomery St

East and South
—VIA—
THE SHASTA ROUTE
—of the—
Southern Pacific Company.
CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.

South.				North.
7:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	7:35 a. m
9:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	5:20 a. m
10:15 a.m.	Ar.	San Fran.	Lv.	7:00 p. m

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg, East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving and Eugene.
ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

4:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	4:30 p. m.
11:17 a. m	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	1:40 p. m.
7:50 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	7:00 a. m

Albany-Local, Daily Except Sunday.

3:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	10:30 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	7:38 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.	6:30 a. m.

Dining Cars on Ogden Route
PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS
—AND—
Second Class Sleeping Cars.
Attached to all through trains.
West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:
DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

7:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	5:05 p. m.
12:15 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.	1:00 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.
EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

4:40 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	8:35 a. m
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	5:50 a. m

THROUGH TICKETS
To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from W. W. SKINNER, Agent, Salem.
E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. P. and Pass. Ag't.
R. KOEHLER, Manager

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.
(Northern Pacific R. R. Co., Lessee.)
LATEST TIME CARD.
Two Through Trains Daily.

12:40pm	6:20pm	Ar.	Minn.	Lv.	8:00am
1:25pm	7:10pm	Ar.	St. Paul	Lv.	8:00am
10:30am	4:00pm	Ar.	Duluth	Lv.	11:10am
1:45pm	7:00pm	Ar.	Ashland	Lv.	8:00am
7:15am	10:00am	Ar.	Chicago	Lv.	5:00pm

Tickets sold and baggage checked through to all points in the United States and Canada.
Close connection made in Chicago with all trains going East and South.
For full information apply to your nearest ticket agent or JAS. C. POND, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt., Chicago, Ill.