TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE DOOR OF CHRISTIAN RELIGION OPEN TO ALL.

Timely Discourse on the Occasion of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Bowery Missions in New York City—Broader Sympathy Required.

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New York, Jan. 20.—On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Bowery mission, Jan. 13, Dr. Talmage preached to a vast audience at the New York Academy of Music. Masters of all denominations were present. The text was, John x. 16, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

There is no monopoly in religion. The promise of God is not a fat property that we may fence off and hide all to ourselves. It is not a king's garden, at which we hoot through a barred gateway, wishing that we might go in and see the statuary and the shrubbery and the fountains. No, no! It is a Father's orchard, and God invites all there to the bars that we may let them down and pass that we may swing open.

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under special guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a fence and costly outbuildings, as though they had no business there, though the Lord wants all to come and take the choicest and ripest fruit on the premises. Have so an idea that because you word confined at night months of age and become you once all your children under hallowed influences you have a right to come whole of your family to the Lord's table, spreading your coat out and taking up the entire room. I tell you now, for we will put it in either side of you those who have never expected would be there, that no Christ said to his people long ago, so he says to you and to me "other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Sheep of Many Lands.

Melbonald, the Scandinavian, has thousands of herds of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some are strolling over the mountains, some of them are in his yard. They are scattered all around in many places. Cameron, his shepherd, goes over and says, "How many have thirty-six sheep. I have just counted them." "No," says Melbonald, "I have a great many more sheep than you found in this yard. Some are here and some are elsewhere. I have 1,000 or 5,000 in my flocks." Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians and there is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pedo-Baptist fold, the only difference between these last two being the way in which they wash the sheep, and so they are scattered all over. And we come with our statistics and say there are so many thousand of the Episcopalians, so Christ responds: "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of my flock. They are scattered all over the earth. Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Broader Sympathy Required.

We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world and let them know that none are so broken hearted or hard hearted but they will not be welcomed. Now, says some faithless Christian, "I do not like to be crowded in church. Do not put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven, when a great multitude that no man can number assembles? They will put one in your pew. What are the people's assembled in Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside? Some churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or compound fracture of the heads, no crushed ankles or fractured limbs. Bring there for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as if a man had a farm of 3,000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He might raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, still he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure. But the field is the world. That means Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and all the islands of the sea.

Exclusiveness in Religion.

Years ago I visited a New England factory village. I went up to the door of a factory, and I saw on the outside the words, "No admittance." Of course I went in, and, coming to the first door, I saw the words, "No admittance." Getting clear out into the factory I saw that were making pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins. So I think there is sometimes an exclusiveness among some of the churches. The outside world comes up and looks at the door, and there is something which seems to say, "No admittance." Now the world comes up to the pew door and sees written over it, "No admittance," and looks at the pulpit, and there is something there which seems to say, "No admittance," while we stand inside of the same churches hammering out our little niceties of religious belief, making pins. Oh, for the deeper appreciation of the sentiment of my text, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

There may be some here who say, "I stopped going to church ten or twenty years ago. Is it not strange that you are among the first that I address today? I know all your case. You have not been accustomed to going into the house of God, but I have a surprising announcement to make to you. You are going to become one of the Lord's sheep. "Oh, you say, that is impossible. You don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about it. I have wandered up and down the world, and I understand your case. I have a still more startling announcement to make in regard to you. You are not only going to become one of the Lord's sheep, but you will become one now.

Send Out the Lifeboat.

When the steamer Atlantic struck Mara rock and the people clambered up on the beach, why did not Mr. Ahcient, that heroic minister of the gospel, of whom we have all read, sit down and take care of those men on the beach, wrapping them in flannels, kindling fire for them, and seeing that they got plenty of food? Ah, he knew that there were others who would do that. He says: "Yonder are men and women freezing in the rigging of that wreck. Launch the lifeboat. Now to the oars! Shades bend under the strong pull, but before they reach the wreck a woman was frozen and dead. She was washed off, poor thing! But he says, "there is a man to save." And he cries out: "Five minutes longer!" Steady already! Give me your hand. Leap into the lifeboat. Thank God, we have all on the boat. Thank God, we have all on the shore of Gods mercy. There are those who are now in the lifeboat of God's mercy, and they are rowing for the shore. Let us pull our oars for that one. Clutch the rope. Some are holding it as with a death grip. Steady now in the slippery ways. Steady! They are saved. Thank God for it. I thought for a moment that we should have some sad losses, but they are all gone. Have so an idea that because you word confined at night months of age and become you once all your children under hallowed influences you have a right to come whole of your family to the Lord's table, spreading your coat out and taking up the entire room. I tell you now, for we will put it in either side of you those who have never expected would be there, that no Christ said to his people long ago, so he says to you and to me "other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Finding Lost Sheep.

The heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of his sheep among those who are now neglecting all Christianity. Some of the most glorious trophies of the gospel were once skeptics. Thomas Chalmers was a skeptic. Robert Hall a skeptic. Christmas Evans a skeptic. Charles G. Finney a skeptic. Paul, the apostle once a skeptic. But when once within the fold of God's family, how much more than all the world he is willing to work for Christ! I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. It may have been through the infidel talk of some young man in the store or shop or factory. It may have been through the fretful words of some professed Christian man who undertook to sow with religion. It may be that thirty years ago you lost all faith in what happened in an old country which was formed into the people's excitement. The company owned no land, and they didn't produced. But the president of the company was a Presbyterian elder and the treasurer of an Episcopal vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader and the other officers prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Splendid were the figures got out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. The circular had all the lilies of earth and sea and sky. The letters flamed with all the beauty of gold and jasper and amethyst. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest and that little their all said, "I do not know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent and taking stock. It is the best investment I ever made." Others said, "I do not know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent and taking stock. It is the best investment I ever made." So they bought their stock and perhaps received one dividend to keep them still. But after awhile they found that the company had resigned and had a different president, a different treasurer and different officers. Other companies of an overcommodesty had ousted the former officers of the company, with many insults to insight, and all that the subscribers got that stock had to show for their investment was beautifully ornamented lithographic engravings