

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON

TEXT: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."—Psalms xiv., 8.

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers, and elaborated rose-windows, and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quarterfoil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which laid in oaken presses, robes that had been embroidered with gold, and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As your guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved, filled the place with a sweet odor, the most oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth, and embroidery, and perfume. But to-day I open the drawers of this text, and look at the heavenly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as He advances. His pomp and power and glory overwhelm the spectator. More brilliant is He than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian Princes; than Marie Antoinette, on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of eight hundred diamonds; than Anne Boleyn, the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace; all beauty and all pomp forgotten, while we stand in the presence of the Imperial glory, King of Zion, King of earth, King of Heaven, King forever! His garments not worn out, not dust-bedragged; but radiant, and jeweled, and radiant. It seems as if they must have been pressed in heaven, and amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobe from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire and frankincense, and all manner of precious woods. Do you not remember, when they "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces?"

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odoriferous with myrrh. This was a bright, brilliant, and aromatic perfume. It was trifling, and the Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh, thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem. The first gift that he ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume, almost insupportably to anything that was any where near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus. I know that to many He is only like any historical person, another Confucius, another Buddha, another philanthropic Oberlin; another Confucius; a grand subject for a painting; a heroic theme for a poem; a beautiful form for a statue; but to those who have heard His voice, and felt His presence, and received His benediction, He is music, and light, and warmth, and thrill, and eternal fragrance. Sweet as a friend sickening to you when all else fails. Lifting you up while others try to push you down. Not so much like morning-glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the same morning, noon and night—yesterday, to-day, and forever. It is we cannot wear Him out. We put on Him all our burdens, and afflict Him with all our griefs, and set Him foremost in all our battles, and yet He is ready to lift, and to sympathize, and to help. We have so imposed upon Him that one would think in eternal affront He would quit our soul; and yet to-day He addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no for us, as there is no more imperial than Caesar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all paths. It exalts with all pains. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken one, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all plowed with graves, to make a Queen unto God out of the lost woman of the street, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lacrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express Him. He is not like the morning-glory, that blooms in the chest; that is too cold. He is not like the sea when lashed to rave by the tempest that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightning; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see Him with our eyes, and to hear Him with our ears, and to touch Him with our hands. Oh, that to-day He might appear to some other one of our first sinners! As the nostril shall discover His presence. He comes upon us like spices from heaven. Yes, His garments smell of pungent, lasting and all pervasive myrrh.

Oh, that you all knew His sweetness. How soon you would turn from your novels, and the microscope, and the lamp of the bath in a frenzy of joy and clasped his hands, and rushed through the streets, because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed, clean, and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odoriferous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, and in the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sinning. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostery the first an unjust trial in oyer and termine another, a four months' prison mob the last. Was there a space on His back as wide as your two fingers where He was not whipped? Was there a space on His brow an inch square where He was not cut of the beard? When the spikes struck at the inside, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage. Alas! Alas!

John Jesus his head of Christ, who did die for sinners, and who was buried for the Saviour, who felt Jesus! The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ! He had both cards dealt and doled, but he did his place neither to be born nor to die. A poor label! A

poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Oh, was that head, which will never ache again, on this pillow of balaubalas. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces! And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, as if they were here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of Heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you profess to do. Call louder, ye departed ones. Call louder, ye departed ones. Call louder from the ivory palaces. When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bedewed, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stand in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among polished guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed—we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of Thy pardoning mercy roll over us. I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but like some skilled diver, standing on the pier-head, who leaps into the water, and comes up at a far-distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy salvation.

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been pressed upon me for thirty years. I have asked it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and to-day I come and ask you for an explanation. Why logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I have asked the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem. Meanwhile and now, taking it as the tenderest and mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that He came with the spikes in His feet, came with thorns in His crown, and that He leaped into the water, and to save me. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O Christ, when this salience with Thy compassion, move them down like summer rain with Thy harvesting sickle of Thy grace. Ride through to-day the conqueror, Thy garments smelling of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

O, something everything else away and take Christ! Take Him now, not to-morrow. During the night following this very day there may be an excitement in your dwelling, and a tremulous pouring out of drops from an unsteady and affrighted hand, and before to-morrow morning your chance may be gone.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

More than 10,000 persons were cremated in Tokio, Japan, last year. Compressed carbonic acid gas is now prepared at no less than ten factories. The African elephant is quite as docile as the Indian elephant, and much stronger. Electric omnibuses now run in Paris over a line two miles long, the velocity being a little greater than with horses. New Jersey turns out nearly 27,000,000 yards of ribbon a year or about 2731 miles if stretched out in a single line.

A late Japanese invention is said to be a process of making from seaweed a sort of paper almost as transparent as glass and as tough as parchment. In some experiments in which carbon under great pressure was heated by the electric current, Mr. C. A. Parsons has obtained a grayish powder which seems to be diamond dust.

Evidence has been collected which tends strongly to show that the frequency and severity of thunder storms vary in a period corresponding with that of the sun's rotation. The tops of pine and spruce trees are now utilized in the manufacture of paper. The discovery is of immense value, as it makes marketable a vast mass of what has hitherto been waste material.

The discovery and utilization of natural gas have proved a powerful stimulus to the manufacture of iron pipes and tubes in this country; there are now 2300 miles of mains in the United States for conveying natural gas. A novel electric railway has been completed, running from the shore of Lake Lucerne, Switzerland, over a bed cut in the solid rock to the summit of the Burgenstock, 1330 feet up. It has a gradient of from 32 to 38 per cent. The electricity is generated by a water-wheel in the River Aar.

Hereafter the branches of all evergreens will be gathered, and after a process of steaming to extract the resinous matter will be ground into dry pulp, which may be shipped to any distance. This with what of the pine "straw" is used for bagging will make the "carpet" of some forests thinner than it has been in the past. The smoke cloud which daily hangs over London is estimated by Professor Chandler Roberts to contain about 50 tons of solid carbon and 25 tons of carbon in gaseous combinations. The expense of this waste of coal is calculated at \$13,000,000 a year, while the smoky atmosphere causes damage to property which Mr. Edwin Chadwick places at \$10,000,000 a year.

A pure flying-machine is impossible, asserts Professor Joseph LeConte. All that we can expect—all that true scientists do expect—is, by skillful combination of the balloon principle with the true flying principle, to make aerial navigation possible in moderately favorable weather—in other words, to make a locomotive balloon, or aerial swimming-machine. That something really useful of this kind will eventually be made there can be no reasonable doubt. Brakemen's Slang. The brakeman gives the "wailing tone" to the "society" of the ladies' lobbies and other loquacious places which he frequents. He originates a "never slang" may be deemed necessary to give spice to the talk of the "locomotive" and roundhouse. He calls a gentleman a "dust express," and a referent a "wind-jammer." He likens the brakeman's prosaic labors are lightened by being poetically mentioned as handling of "black diamonds," and a notification of being called into the superintendent's office to explain some violation of duty is disguised by referring to the episode as "dancing on the cent."

when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and He says: "Put her down here very gently. For that head, which will never ache again, on this pillow of balaubalas. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces! And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, as if they were here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of Heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you profess to do. Call louder, ye departed ones. Call louder, ye departed ones. Call louder from the ivory palaces. When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bedewed, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stand in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among polished guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed—we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of Thy pardoning mercy roll over us. I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but like some skilled diver, standing on the pier-head, who leaps into the water, and comes up at a far-distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy salvation.

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An Unfortunate Officer. "That is a sad fate that has befallen Colonel Forsythe of the army," said an Arizonaan in the Baldwin. "Forsythe is one of the most dashing men in the army, a brilliant cavalry leader, a superb Indian fighter, and yet for the trifling and temporary advantage to be got from duplicating his pay accounts, he risks disgrace and trial by court martial, and is only saved from dismissal by the clemency of the President, who has just commuted his sentence to three years' suspension on half pay. There are two Forsythes of high-rank in the army—one Colonel J. W. Forsythe, of the Seventh Cavalry, formerly on General Sheridan's staff; the other is Lieutenant Colonel Geo. A. Forsythe, of the Fourth Cavalry, whose gallant service in Arizona eight years ago was the talk of the country. It is the latter who has now fallen before the besom of a court martial. We Arizonaans will ever feel a sympathy for Forsythe. He was a great fighter—a better fighter than a poker player. It was as a poker sharp that he got into trouble with his pay account. If the boys could help him out of the scrape by chipping in, we'd gladly do it."—San Francisco Examiner.

There are in New Jersey 203 Baptist churches, valued at \$2,600,000.

Ayer's Almanac, which has been an annual and welcome visitor since 1852, comes to us this year as a handsomely bound volume containing copies not only of various editions in English, but also in nine foreign languages, with specimen pages of pamphlets in eleven other tongues, thus making the book the most comprehensive polyglot we have ever seen. While the primary design of the almanac is to advertise Dr. Ayer's Standard Medicines—Sarsaparilla, Cherry Pectoral, Pils, Hair Vigor, and Aque Cure—it commends itself to every reader by reason of the fullness and accuracy of its astronomical and other valuable information as well as by its funny items which show that jokes can be spicy without being vulgar. All the druggists are supplied with Ayer's Almanacs, in their familiar form, and are happy to give them to customers. The issue this year will probably not fall much short of fourteen million copies.—The Willing Hand.

First broker—"They say Old Hutch is a small eater." Second broker—"Maybe so, but he is a big gobbler." A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits. To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease, which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in its virtues that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. Resp'y, H. G. HOOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

Harvey himself couldn't discover the circulation of some newspapers.

Conventional "Monon" Resolutions. Hereby, the Monon Route (L. N. A. & C. Ry. Co.) desires to make it known to the world at large that it forms the double connecting link of Pullman tourist travel between the winter cities of Florida and the summer resorts of the Northwest; and whereas, its "rapid transit" system is unsurpassed, its elegant Pullman Buffet Sleepers and Chair car service between Chicago and Louisville, Indianapolis and Cincinnati unequalled; and whereas, its rates are as low as the lowest; therefore, Resolved, That in the event of starting on a trip it is good policy to consult with E. O. McCormick, Gen'l Pass. Agent Monon Route.

The Emperor of Germany has bestowed the order of the Black Eagle upon his wife.

Catarrh Cured. A clergyman after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge.

Sarah Bernhardt is only forty-six years of age.

Delicate Women. Children and delicate women should not be forced to take the vile compounds which are usually given for constipation, piles, indigestion, etc. HAMBURG FIGS are like preserved fruit, and are the best laxative known. 25 cents. Dose one Fig, Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

The last census of India indicates a population of 68,982,000. There are six million more males than females.

We accidentally overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday: Jones, Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting? Smith, How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh. J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now. S. What did you do for it? J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you. J. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it. J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

"Our Own Everts" is the affectionate way in which New Yorkers refer to their Senior Senator.

Catarrh is a complaint which affects nearly everybody more or less. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Disagreeable flow from the nose, tickling in the throat, offensive breath, pain over and between the eyes, ringing and burning noises in the ears, are the more common symptoms. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strikes directly at its cause by removing all impurities from the blood, building up the diseased tissues and giving healthy tones to the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Always Relieves Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. TRY THE CURE. A particular is made of this balm for the relief of all the above mentioned ailments. It is sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents. ELY'S BALM MANUFACTURED BY J. C. ELY & CO., CHAMBERS ST., N. Y.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength. Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and easily digested. The rapidity with which delicate people improve with its use is wonderful. As a remedy for Consumption, Throat affections and Bronchitis, it is unequalled. Please read: "I used Scott's Emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a very short time."—THO. PAUL, M. D., Alabama.

A Perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Edwin Forrest's Secret. The great tragedian, Forrest, had a secret which everybody ought to learn and profit by. He says, "I owe all my success to the fact that everything I have undertaken I have done thoroughly. I never neglect trifles." That's the point—don't neglect trifles. Don't neglect that tickling cough, those night sweats, that general debility, that indigestion, and the other symptoms, trifling in themselves, but awful in their significance. They herald the approach of consumption. You are in danger, but you can be saved. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will restore you to health and vigor, as it has done thousands of others. For all scrofulous diseases, and consumption is one of them, it is a sovereign remedy.

One of the prevalent disorders at sea—salt-room. Your Friend Committed Suicide. Never suspected it, none of his friends dreamed of it, he did not know it himself, but it is exactly what he did, nevertheless. Do you remember his sorrowful complexion? Do you recollect how he used to complain of headaches and constipation? "I'm getting quite bilious," he said to you one day, "but I guess I'll pass off. I haven't done anything for it, because I don't believe in doing." Soon after that you heard of his death. It was very sudden, and every one was greatly surprised. If he had taken Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he would be alive and well to-day. Don't follow his example. The Pellets are easy to take, mild in their action, and always sure.

Pears will not grow on wet ground. Apples will thrive on moist, but not springy soil. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye-water. Druggist sell at 25c. per bottle.

FOR SALE BY THE WHOLESALE TRADE.

The number of a member of our firm has been cured of a cancerous sore on her face of twenty years' standing by N. S. S. PENNELLER, YEARY & BATES, Druggists, Farmerville, La. Swift's Specific cured our babe of an angry eruption called Eczema after the doctor's prescriptions had failed, and she is now hale and hearty. Send for our books on How to Kill Skin Diseases and Advice to Sufferers, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawers 3, Atlanta, Ga.

S. N. U. 71

DETECTIVES Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under instruction in their respective States. Experience not necessary. Particulars from Grattan Detective Bureau Co., 44 Arade, Cincinnati, O.

PENTECOST FOR 1889. COMMENTARY ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS. PRICE, 50 CENTS, postpaid; CLOTH, \$1.

A. S. BARNES & CO., 111 and 113 William Street, New York.

CONSUMPTION I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. So strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. T. A. BLOOM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest commission. Entirely new line. Business 2-cent stamp. Wages \$3 Per Day. Permanent position. No extra money. Address: Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 24 round 14 Pills.

Money in Chickens If you know how to properly care for them, for 25 cents in stamps you can procure a 100-PAGE BOOK giving the care of a practical poultry raiser—not an amateur, but a man working for dollars and cents—during a period of 25 years. It teaches you how to select the best breeds; how to feed for flesh and also for plucking; how to hatch, to save, and to brood; how to cure all the diseases of the fowls; and how to make it profitable. Send postal note to J. C. BARKER, P. O. BOX 124, Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.

LEND YOUR EAR TO WHAT WE HAVE TO SAY.

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