

# DR. TALMAG'S SERMON

Sour Experiences.

"When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar..."—John 19: 30.

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day—crying, begging, cursing; but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged—like a brute and tied to a low post, his bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersticed with pieces of lead and bone—and now for whole hours, the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and according to custom, a violent stroke according to custom had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish—

**A WORLD OF AGONY**

is compressed in the two words: "I thirst!" O skies! Judea, let a drop of rain strike on His burning tongue! O world, with rolling rivers, and sparkling lakes, and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink! If there be any pity in earth or heaven or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer. The wealthy woman of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion—a powerful opiate to deaden the pain; but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so He refused the wine. But afterward they got to a cup of vinegar soaked with a sponge in it, and put it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anesthetic, and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But

**THE VINEGAR WAS AN INSULT.**

I am disposed to adopt the theory of the old English commentators, who believed that instead of its being an opiate to soothe, it was vinegar to insult. Malaga and Burgundy for grand dukes and duchesses, and costly wines from royal vats for bloated imperials; but acids for a dying Christ. He took the vinegar.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies flamboyant. Days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is

**A GRAVEL IN ALMOST EVERY SHOE.**

An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away; and there a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeur of his throne because, one day, in an interview, Beau Brummel called him by his first name, and addressed him as a servant, crying: "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afoot regarding her, that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in a fall?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best paintings except through a raffle. Andrew Delsart makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciata, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn; and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives are the

**SOVES GREATER THAN THE SWEETS.**

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar." It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick, or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despaired, or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ Himself took the vinegar, makes Him able to sympathize to-day and for ever with all those whose cup is filled with sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar!

In the first place, there was

**THE SOURNESS OF BETRAYAL.**

The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of His disciples did Him good. You have had many friends; but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward, he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He microscopized your faults. He fung contempt at you when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first, you could not sleep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old ordi-dinally will never come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold Him for less than our twenty dollars! They all forsook Him and fled. They cut Him to the quick. He drank that cup to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

**THE SOURNESS OF PAIN.**

There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of draughts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this day; but oh, the headaches, and the aches, and the backaches, and the heartaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of

**PHYSICAL DISABILITIES;**

and instead of the placidity that once characterized you, it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway, and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the

brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded and the sound of clashing sabres rang through the land; but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music; but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that, you never had any pains worse than Christ's. The sharpness that stung through His brain, through His hands, through His feet, through His heart, were as great as yours certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve or muscle or ligament of him. All the pangs of our various kinds of ailments had been compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the

**SOURNESS OF POVERTY.**

Your income does not meet your outgoings, and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you—pleasant appearance, and a cheerful home for you; but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up, the wages seem to run down. But you are not the only one who has not been paid for hard work. The great Wilkie sold his celebrated piece, "The Blind Fiddler," for fifty guineas, although afterward it brought its thousands. The world hangs in admiration over the sketch of Gainsborough, yet that very sketch hung for years in the shop-window, because there was not any purchaser. Oliver Goldsmith sold his "Vicar of Wakefield" for a few pounds, in order to keep the bailiff out of the door; and the vast majority of men in all occupations and professions are not fully paid for their work.

You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push; and when you sit down with your wife, and talk over the expenses, you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here and you abridge there, and you get things sung for smooth sailing, "and lo! suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some debtor has failed, and you are thrown abeam-end. Well, brother, you are

**IN GLORIOUS COMPANY.**

Christ owned not the house in which He stopped, or the coat on which He rode, or the boat in which He sailed. He lived in a borrowed house; He was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet He had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where He could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax-bill. Not a dollar did He own. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources! The kings of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink; but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before Him, and it was very sharp, and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

**THE SOURNESS OF BEREAVEMENT.**

There were years that past long before your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the door-bell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart to-day. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head, and said: "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Oh, it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops and strings, and the shells were left amid floor; but oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again, if they were scattered by the same hands. With what

**A RUTHLESS PLOUGHSHARE**

bereavement rips up the heart. But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when He lost one it brought tears to His eyes. Lazarus had often entertained Him at His house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion, the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Where there were four of them—Mary and Martha, and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, His great loving eyes filled with tears, which drop from eye to cheek, and from cheek to beard, and from beard to robe, and from robe to floor. Oh, yes, yes. He knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

**THE SOURNESS OF DEATH.**

Then there is the sourness of the death-hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid-sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die; whether I will be calm or excited; whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. In the six thousand years that have passed, only two persons have got into the eternal world without death, and I do not suppose that God is going to send a carriage for us, with horses of flame, to draw us up the steps of heaven; but I suppose we will have to go like the preceding generations. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts, and serve on us the writ of ejection, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery glories have vanished from our vision; we will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is

so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds! I wonder if the sergeants and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation?" None; absolutely none. So look over this audience to-day—the vast majority of you seeming in good health and spirits, and yet I realize that in a short time all of us will be gone—gone from earth, and gone for ever. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add

**GLOOM AND MYSTERY**

to the passage; but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which He was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea; He trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of His wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies; He twisted them into his sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air; they whirled their way through His discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. He died in cold sweat, and dizziness and hemorrhage and agony, that have put Him in

**SYMPATHY WITH ALL THE DYING.**

He goes through Christendom, and He gathers up the strings out of all the death pillows, and He puts them under His own neck and head. He gathers on His own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in the beds, as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in icy or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying, and earth was mocking, and hell was deriding He took the vinegar!

To all those in this audience to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a draught that set their teeth on edge and a rasping—I preach the omnipotent system of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to help him to his work. He got all the credit; she got none. She used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh; and it is my ambition now, this hour, to clean the lens of your spiritual vision, so that looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's mercy and of a Saviour's love. O, my friends, do not try to carry all your ills alone. Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apennines when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way, and that way, and you wonder what this man will say about it, and what that man will say about it; and you try this prescription, and that prescription, and the other prescription. O, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race He took the vinegar!

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the sea for a great many weeks, and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were

**DYING OF THIRST.**

After many days, they saw a sail against the sky. They signalled it. When the vessel came nearer, the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you, and hundreds of feet deep." And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water, and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life; and I ask you what is the use of your going to that fast-struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy. O, dip your buckets, and drink, and live forever. "Whoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet my utterance is almost choked at the thought that there are people here who will refuse this Divine sympathy; and they will try to fight their own battle, and

**DRINK THEIR OWN VINEGAR,**

and carry their own burdens; and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be hobbling-on from defeat to defeat, until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. O, I wish I could to-day gather up in my arms all the woes of men and women—all their heart-aches—all their disappointments—all their chagrins—and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar. Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great lustre and of great value. He died in those jungles; his body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been discovered. And I fear that to-day there are some who will fall back from this subject to the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying

**A GEM OF INFINITE VALUE**

—a priceless soul—to be lost forever. O, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But no. There are some, I fear, in this audience who turn away from this offered mercy, and comfort, and Divine sympathy; notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept His grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thoughts, and received in His face the expectorations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the discomfited of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation, and lead you out into the strong hope, amid the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant Gospel.

## PINKETON METHODS.

### The Great Detective Talks of His Work and His Employers.

"We can train any young man and make a good detective of him if he is intelligent," said Robert Pinkerton to a St. Louis reporter. "We raise most of our detectives, taking them in with us when they are less than twenty years old and training them. Sometimes I advertise for a book-keeper in New York, and from the hundreds of replies received, I select those that please me best and ask their writers to call. Then I question them and choose the ones I want for my work. In a week or so I can tell if they will make good detectives."

"What nation produces the best detectives?"

"The Irish and American, and the Irish-American I think is the best detective. But I have men of all nationalities employed. I have to have them because some of our cases involve European trips and detective work in Europe. If we are working a case which leads us to Paris, we send a Frenchman there, and so with any other European country. We have to employ men of various classes also, for different kinds of work. We have to send men on race-tracks to watch for pickpockets, and we have to send others to balls to protect the jewelry of guests."

"In selecting your detectives, what qualities of character do you look for especially?"

"First of all, secretiveness. Not taciturnity, but our men mustn't talk about their business. We discharge a man instantly if we find that he is making himself known. We have good men with us who have been detectives for years, and whose business has never been suspected by the neighbors near whom they have lived for years. A detective loses his usefulness when he becomes generally known that he is a detective, and the detective forces of cities would be much better if their men were not so conspicuous. Again our men must be entirely reliable. They must never lie to us. We want no man fond of liquor. When we get good men we try to keep them as much as possible out of temptation, but we can't always do this, and he himself must have self-control enough to keep clear of the habit. Many promising detectives are ruined by women or liquor; they are the chief dangers a man in this business has to fear."

"Have you operatives to whom you can trust the entire conduct of a big case?"

"Some, but we very rarely do it. Most of our men, when they are working on a case, act directly under instruction, and are very rarely called upon to use their own judgment. The mails and the telegraph keep us constantly informed of their movements. Occasionally, an operative will find himself obliged to take a step without consulting us, when he is unable to reach us, but that does not often happen. As a general thing, important cases are worked out through the heads of our bureau, our superintendents and then the operatives, by instruction and often by consultation of all engaged in the work."

"Do women make good operatives?"

"No, they do not. We employ some, but never one if we can help it. Their fault is talkativeness; they can't be trusted with an important secret."

### The Fortress of the Future.

The plan of fortresses at present adopted—unknown to the public, but the divulging of which can do no harm, as it cannot remain secret—is very peculiar and quite opposed to any aesthetic or artistic conception. A fortress is henceforth composed of an immense block of concrete of incredible thickness. It will offer to the eye only a square, oval or lozenge shape, the outside being a mere block without projections of access. It is not yet settled whether this block shall be surrounded by a trench, but all competent authorities in Europe seem to hold that one or several sheeted cannon shall move round the block, and as powder will in future be smokeless, this cannon, always in motion and escaping the enemy's aim, will fire on a fixed point. This movable sheeting will make up for the absence of trenches. At the angles of the block, moreover, if square, or elsewhere it is round or oval, there will be sheeted reduts, which will cover the base of the block and make assault impossible.

Of course the interior of the block will contain the equipments of a fortress. The entrance is underground, on the side opposite that where the enemy can appear. There will be openings in the interior, which is lit up by electricity produced on the spot or at a distance. The magazine of projectiles is in a spot inaccessible to the explosions caused by shells coming without. The stores of other ammunition and of victuals are similarly protected. The hiding places for the men, and, in short, everything that has to be under shelter, are underground, and so placed as to be quite protected from the besiegers. Electric wires, both for messages and light, as also telephones, beyond reach of the besiegers, protect the fort against isolation—that is to say, against abandonment and discouragement. The underground existence of the garrison may not be very lively, and it will be well to accustom as many men as possible to it; but that garrison will not exceed thirty or forty men per fortress.

### Good Mothers Make Manly Sons.

There is good statesmanship, enlightened patriotism displayed by men in the legal protection and elevation of women. Physiologists tell us that offspring takes mental and moral qualities in a great measure from the mother, physical constitution from the father. As a natural consequence the children of a dull, slavish mother could never compete in the race of life with those whose mother was a cultivated, self-respecting woman, who felt that her position was recognized as one of dignity and importance.

Gas lighting was introduced into New York in 1825-6.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, JULY 29, 1893.

The Tabernacle.

LESSON TEXT.

(Exod. 40: 1-16. Memory verses, 1-5.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: God's Covenant Relations with Israel.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Only be strong and very courageous, to observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest have good success whithersoever thou goest.—Josh. 1: 7.

LESSON TOPIC: Covenant Relations Promoted by the Sanctuary.

Lesson: 1. By its erection, vs. 1-5. Outline: 2. By its sacredness, vs. 6-11. 3. By its priesthood, vs. 12-15.

GOLDEN TEXT: Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them.—Rev. 21: 3.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Exod. 40: 1-16. God's directions for the tabernacle.

T.—Exod. 48: 17-28. Obedience concerning the tabernacle.

W.—Heb. 4: 14-16; 5: 1-14. Christ the great high-priest.

T.—Heb. 7: 1-38. Christ the great high-priest.

F.—Heb. 8: 1-13. The spiritual sanctuary.

S.—Heb. 9: 1-28. Spiritual sacrifices.

S.—Heb. 10: 1-25. Christ a sacrifice.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. BY ITS ERECTION.

I. The Tent:

The tabernacle of the tent of meeting (2).

The tent shall be sanctified by my glory (Exod. 29: 43).

The tent of meeting, where I will meet with thee (Exod. 30: 36).

The cloud covered the tent of meeting (Exod. 40: 34).

The true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched (Heb. 8: 2).

II. The Laver:

The laver between the tent of meeting and the altar (7).

Thou shalt also make a laver of brass, to wash withal (Exod. 30: 18).

They shall wash with water, that they die not (Exod. 30: 20).

Moses and Aaron and his sons washed... thereat (Exod. 40: 31).

Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins (Acts 22: 16).

III. The Altar:

The altar of burnt offering before the door (6).

Abraham... bound Isaac... and laid him on the altar (Gen. 22: 9).

Draw near unto the altar, and offer... thy burnt offering (Lev. 9: 7).

Thy burnt offerings... shall be accepted upon mine altar (Isa. 56: 7).

Manifested to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself (Heb. 9: 26).

1. "The Lord spake unto Moses." (1)

The supreme speaker; (2) The distinguished auditor; (3) The momentous messages.

2. "On the first day... shalt thou rear up the tabernacle." (1)

The finished tabernacle; (2) The appointed uprearing; (3) The set day.

3. "The altar of burnt offering before the door." (1) The altar before the door; (2) The door beyond the altar. (1) The altar and its uses; (2) The door and its connections.

II. BY ITS SACREDNESS.

I. A Holy Sanctuary:

Anoint the tabernacle... and it shall be holy (9).

I have prepared for the holy house (1 Chron. 29: 3).

Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for evermore (Psa. 93: 5).

The tabernacle which is called the Holy of holies (Heb. 9: 3).

Enter into the holy place by the blood of Jesus (Heb. 10: 19).

II. A Holy Altar:

The altar shall be most holy (10).

Whosoever toucheth the altar shall be holy (Exod. 29: 37).

They shall not come nigh unto... the altar (Num. 18: 3).

Whether is greater, the gift, or the altar? (Mat. 23: 19).

We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat (Heb. 13: 10).

III. A Holy Laver:

Thou shalt anoint the laver... and sanctify it (11).

Ye were washed... ye were sanctified (1 Cor. 6: 11).

He saved us, through the washing of regeneration (Tit. 3: 5).

Let us draw near... having... our body washed (Heb. 10: 22).

They washed their robes... in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. 7: 14).

1. "Take the anointing oil, and anoint the tabernacle." The anointing oil: (1) Its composition; (2) Its uses; (3) Its symbolism.

2. "It shall be holy." (1) Ceremonial holiness and its means; (2) Absolute holiness and its means.

3. "The altar shall be most holy." (1) The structure of the altar; (2) The uses of the altar; (3) The sacredness of the altar.

III. BY ITS PRIESTHOOD.

I. Called:

Thou shalt bring Aaron and his sons (12).

Take Aaron and his sons with him (Lev. 8: 2).

I have appointed thee a prophet unto the nations (Jer. 1: 5).

He is a chosen vessel unto me (Acts 9: 15).

No man taketh the honour unto himself (Heb. 5: 4).

II. Consecrated:

Thou shalt anoint him, and sanctify him (13).

Thou... shalt anoint them, and consecrate them (Exod. 28: 41).

Speak... that they profane not my holy name (Lev. 22: 2).

Be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord (Isa. 52: 11).

The bishop therefore must be without reproach (1 Tim. 3: 2).

III. Perpetuated:

Their anointing shall be to them for an everlasting priesthood (15).

The covenant of an everlasting priesthood (Num. 25: 13).

Teaching them;... and lo, I am with you always (Matt. 28: 20).

How shall they hear without a preacher? (Rom. 10: 14).

Appoint elders in every city (Tit. 1: 5).

1. "Wash them with water." Ceremonial washing; (1) How performed; (2) By whom administered; (3) For what purposes; (5) With what symbolisms.

2. "The holy garments." (1) What they were; (2) By whom worn; (3) For what purposes.—(1) Clothing for the priesthood; (2) Symbolism for the saints.

3. "Thus did Moses." (1) Elaborate instructions; (2) Punctilious obedience.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE TABERNACLE.

After a divine pattern (Exod. 25: 9; 26: 30; Heb. 8: 5).

Made from free gifts (Exod. 25: 1-8; 35: 4, 5, 21-29).

Workers divinely qualified (Exod. 31: 2-7; 35: 29-35).

Was a movable tent (2