

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINES SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Circle of the Earth." (Preached at Atlanta, Ga.)

TEXT: "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."—Isaiah xl., 22.

While yet people thought that the world was flat, and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah, in his text, intimated the shape of it—God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on the plan of a circle. There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles, but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere where you will find Him geometrizing you find the circle dominant. It is He that sitteth on the circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, the throne of God the center of that circle.

God's Causeway, in Ireland, shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over 30,000 columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and by compass. Every artist has his molding room, where he may make fifty shapes, but he chooses one shape as preferable to all others. I will not say that the Giant's Causeway was the world's molding room, but I do say out of a great many figures God seems to have selected the circle as the best. "It is He that sitteth on the circle of the earth." The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, the throne of God the center of that circle.

When men build churches they ought to imitate the idea of the great Architect and put the audience in a circle, knowing that the tides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God flung this world out of His right hand, but He did not throw it out in a straight line, but in a curve, with a ledge of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from His hand pure and Elic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice and distemper. How long it will roll God only knows, but it will in due time make complete circuit and come back to the place whence it started—the hand of God—pure and Elic.

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly? It is because men are imitating the old model of Noah's ark. A ship carpenter gives that as his opinion. Although so much derided by small wits, that ship of Noah's time beat the majestic and the Euripia and the City of Paris, of which we boast so much. Where is the ship on the sea to-day that could outside a deluge in which the heaven and the earth were wrecked, landing all the passengers in safety—two of each kind of living creatures, thousands of species?

Fornology will go on with its achievements until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the paradisaical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best in the future the art of gardening will come up to the correspondence of the year 1. If the makers of colored glass go on improving they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York minster, which was built in 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists, but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men.

If the world continues to improve in masonry we shall have after awhile, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw last summer in the wall of an exhumed English city, built in the time of the Romans, 1600 years ago—that mortar to-day as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years, masonry may advance to that point. If the world stands long enough we may have a city as large as they had in old times—Babylon five times the size of London.

You go into the potteries in England and you find them making cups and vases after the style of the cups and vases exclaimed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh, no; but it is swinging in a circle and will come back to the styles of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeii. But the world must keep on toiling until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction; the curve will keep on until it becomes the circle.

Well, now, my friends, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turn, and if it turn it turns around, and it turns around it moves a circle. What then, if we are parts of a great iron machine whirled around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No! So far from that, I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good and bad actions and that it will surely come around again to us unless divine intercession be hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years, but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth.

Jezabel, the worst woman of the Bible, slew Naboth because she wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth, Elias the prophet put down his compass and marked a circle from the dogs clear around to the dogs that should eat the body of Jezabel the murderer. "Invisible" the people said; "that will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window Jezabel. A few hours after they came around hoping to bury her. They find only the palms of her hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Naboth and the dogs that devoured Naboth! Oh, what a swift, what an awful circuit!

But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century or through many centuries. The world started with a democracy for government—that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a democracy. They said: "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world; give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After awhile the limited monarchy will be given up, and the republican form of government will be every where dominant and recognized. Then this world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then all nations, finding out that a man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out for a democracy and say: "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world."

Every step—monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy—only different steps between the first theory and the last theory, or segments of the great circle of the earth on which we sit. But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curve of events, and therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the pyramids it took 2300 men two years to drag one great stone from the quarry and put it into the pyramid.

Well, now, if men short lived can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of the eternities afford to wait? What though God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch, which we have to wind up every night lest it run down, and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If, according to the Bible, a thousand years is in God's sight as one day, then, according to that calculation, the 6000 years of the world's existence have been only to God as from Monday to Saturday.

But it is often the case that the rebound quicker in this case is sooner completed, so that you will do what you

can. In one week you put a word of counsel in the heart of a Sabbath-school child. During that same week you give a letter of introduction to a young man struggling in business. During the same week you make an exhortation in a prayer meeting. It is all gone; you will never hear of it, perhaps, you think.

For a man comes up to you Monday and says, "You don't know me, do you?" You say, "No, I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says, "I was in the Sabbath-school class over when you were the teacher. One Sunday you invited me to Christ, I accepted the offer. You see that church with two towers yonder?" "Yes," you say. He says, "That is where I preach," or, "Do you see that governor's house? That is where I live." "Good morning," you say. "You look at him and say, 'Why, you have the advantage of me; I cannot place you.'" He says, "Don't you remember thirty years ago giving a letter of introduction to a young man, a letter of introduction to Moses H. Grinnell?" "Yes, yes, I do," you say. "I am the man; that was my first step toward a fortune, but I have retired from business now and am giving my time to philanthropies and public interests. Come up and see me."

Or a man comes to you and says: "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a prayer meeting in Atlanta some years ago; I sat back by the door; you arose to make an exhortation; that talk changed the course of my life, and if ever I get to heaven, under God I will owe my salvation to you." In only ten, twenty or thirty years the circle swept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart.

But sometimes it is a wider circle and does not return for a great while. I have a bill of expenses for Oursing Lattimer and Ridley. The bill of expenses says: One load of fir logs..... \$5. 40. Carriage of four loads of wood..... 25. 40. Item, a post..... 25. 40. Item, two chains..... 25. 40. Item, two staples..... 50. Item, four laborers..... 25. 40.

That was cheap fire, considering all the circumstances, but it kindled a light that shone all around the world and aroused the martyr spirit, and out from that turning of Lattimer and Ridley rolled the circle wider and wider, starting other circles, convoluting, overrunning, circumscribing, overreaching—over a circle.

But what is true of the good is just as true of the bad. You utter a slander against your neighbor. It has gone forth from your teeth; it will never come back, you think. You have done the man all the mischief you can. You rejoice to see him wince. You say, "Didn't I give it to him?" That word has gone out, that slanderous word, on its poisonous and blasted way. You think it will never do you any harm. But I am saying that word, and it is beginning to curve, and it curves around, and it is coming at your heart. You had better dodge it. You cannot dodge it. It rolls into your bosom and after it rolls in a word of an old book, which says, "With what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again."

You maltreat an aged parent. You begrudge him the room in your house. You are impatient of his whimsicalities and garrulities. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food that is not good for him. You wish he were away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to stop. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After awhile your eye will be dim, and your gait will be low, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the same story twice, and your children will wonder if you are going to live forever and wonder if you will never be taken away.

They call you "father" once; now they call you "old man." If you live a few years longer they will call you "old chap." What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father forty years ago. What is that which you are trying to chew, but find it unpalatable, and your jaws ache, and you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gave to your father for his breakfast forty years ago.

A gentleman passing along the street saw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender when the old man arose and said, "Don't hurt him; it is all right; forty years ago this morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head." It is a circle. My father lived into the eighties, and he had a very wide experience and he

was always punished in this world. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world, but the treatment of parents is punished in this world.

The circle turns quickly, very quickly. Oh, what a stupendous thought that the good and the evil we start come back to us! Do you know that the Judgment Day will be on us at the points at which the circle of the good and the bad we have done come back to us, unless divine intercession bring us—coming back to us with welcome of delight or curse of condemnation.

Oh, I would like to see Paul, the invalid missionary, at the moment when his influence comes to full orb—his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries, through a thousand years, through all the succeeding centuries, through earth, through heaven, and at last, the wave of influence having made full circuit, strikes his great soul. Oh, then I would like to see him say, "No one can tell the sweep of the circle of his influence save the One who is seated on the circle of the earth."

I should not want to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at eighty-three years of age his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all his faculties for assaulting Christianity, his bad influence widening through France, widening out through Germany, widening through all Europe, widening through America, widening through the 115 years that have gone by since he died, widening through earth, widening through hell, until at last the accumulated influence of his bad life in his surge of obnoxious wrath will beat against his destroyed spirit, and at that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness turn white with the horror. No one can tell how that bad man's influence gathered the earth save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth—the Lord Almighty.

"Well, now," say people in this audience, "this is some respects a very glad theory and in others a very sad one; we would like to have the good we have ever done come back to us, but we thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us as us with a vengeance." My brother, I want to tell you that God can break that circle and will do so at your call. Can bring twenty passages of Scripture to prove to you when God forgives a man the sins of his past life never come back.

The wheel may roll on and roll on, but you take your position behind the cross, and the wheel strikes the cross and is stopped forever. The sin fly off from the circle into the perpendicular, falling at right angles with complete oblivion. Forgiven! Forgiven! The nearest thing that a man can do, after some difficulty has been enticed, to bring it up again, and that will not be so mean as that God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the age, but there is one thing that is sure to slip its memory, one thing that is sure to forget, and that is "forgotten transgression." How do I know that I will prove it? "I will prove it," they might say, "I remember no more." "Come in," that state this morning, my dear brother, my dear sister. "I am in the sin; whose transgressions are forgiven."

But do not state the mistake of thinking that this creature the circle starts with this lie; it runs on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about us city of heaven. He

says "He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth." That does seem to militate against this idea, but you know there is many a square house that has a family circle facing each other, and in a circle morning, and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven. St. John says, "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders." Again he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne." The former two instances a circle; the last either a circle or a semicircle. The seats facing each other, the angels facing each other, the men facing each other. Heaven an amphitheatre of glory. Circumference of patriarch and prophet and apostle. Circumference of Scotch Covenanters and Theban legion and Abbigenes. Circumference of the good of all ages. Periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle! But every circumference must have a centre, and what is the centre of this heavenly circumference? Christ. His all the glory. His all the praise. His all the crown. All heaven wreathed into a garland round about Him. Take off the imperial sandal from His foot and behold the seat of the throne. Lift the coronet of dominion from His brow and see where was the location of the briars. Come closer, all heaven. Narrow the circle around His great heart, O Christ, the Saviour! O Christ, the man, O Christ, the God! Keep Thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the circle of the heaven!

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. LEMON JUICE VS. VINEGAR. Lemon juice is far more refreshing and healthful than vinegar in preparing cold-salad; and it is the same with cold tomatoes. The tomatoes ripe and sliced, with salt between and fairly drenched in lemon juice, make a most delicious relish. Very hot water—about half a cup—with the juice of a lemon and a trifle of salt added will prove a new and agreeable substitute for cold and sweetened lemonade when winter is fairly with us. The glass cone-like "squeezers," made to fit a tumbler, now in use, aid in making these lemonades.—New York World.

A NICE WAY TO COOK EGGS. Egg cutlets make a delightful dish for lunch or supper. To make them season half a pint of good white sauce with salt and cayenne, add to it the yolks of two raw eggs, and stir it all over the fire till it thickens, but without boiling; then tannay it, or run it through a hair sieve. Boil four eggs hard and cut them into dice with a wet knife; add to them a teaspoonful of ham or tongue, a couple of mushrooms cut up and a teaspoonful of washed, dried and finely minced parsley; mix all these together into the thickened sauce and let it all get cold. Now flour a board or a large flat dish and put on it little lumps of the mixture; roll there in a ball with your floured hands, then flatten them into cutlet shape with a broad or palette knife, dip them in egg and bread crumbs and fry in plenty of boiling fat for three or four minutes till of a pretty golden color, drain them well, dish on a platter, garnished with fried parsley and pile up the centre with broiled or fried mushrooms.—New York Journal.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DAINTY AGAIN. The old crystallized orange-peel, a home-made confection in which our grandmothers delighted, is now to be found at some of these tail shops. The best oranges for this purpose are the Mediterranean and sweet-rinded Valencia. It would be a waste of time and material to attempt to crystallize the flavorless Florida orange-peel. As only the rind is used in this candy, the pulp and juice may be utilized for some other purpose. Put the peel in cold water and set it away for at least nine days. Then seal it up in the water in which it has been soaking. It must be kept while it is soaking in a cold place, but not where it will freeze. When it has been thoroughly soaked boil it till it is tender, drain it out of this water, dry it with cloths and cut it into long strips of uniform size. Make a thick syrup, in the proportion of a pint of sugar to a pint of water. When this syrup has boiled ten minutes put the peel in it and let it boil down slowly until it begins to shrivel and the syrup is reduced to a rather soft candy. This can be ascertained by testing the syrup. When it forms a soft, creamy ball between the fingers it has cooked enough. Drain the peel out, spread it on greased papers, taking care that the strips do not touch each other. When they are thoroughly dried make them into little sheaves, tying them around the centre with a narrow ribbon of white satin or pale orange color. They look very pretty piled on a low bonbon dish.—New York Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. Use a small, soft sponge to apply the blacking to a stove. Remove iron rust from marbles by rubbing with lemon juice. To purify a room of unpleasant odors, burn vinegar, rosin or sugar. In using hard water for washing dishes put into it a little milk. A good-sized sponge is nice for cleaning paint and washing windows. A paste made of equal parts of lard and powdered chalk will cure corns. A large, soft sponge, either dry or slightly dampened, makes a good duster. If an artery is cut, compress it between the wound and the heart; if a vein is cut, compress beyond. To cure cholera in chickens, put assafoetida in the water they drink and allow them to pick at coal ashes. The round point of a lead pencil is a good thing with which to remove a speck of any kind from the eye. Throw a quantity of salt in the stove if the chimney is on fire and there is danger from sparks; it will, let it burn.

Silent, but Alert.

Parisian thief-takers are chiefly noticeable for an exceptionally ordinary appearance, if one may use the expression. It is rather disappointing at first sight to any one who knows detective literature; but to look ordinary and not to be so obviously a great merit in the business, when you come to think of it. One of them pulls out of his pocket a specimen of the homely instrument which does duty for handcuffs among these men. They call it a cabriolet, or, more correctly, ligotte, and it consists of some twenty inches of whipcord, with a small piece of wood at either end. The cord is passed round the prisoner's wrists and twisted together. The thing is more efficient than might be supposed, and your true Parisian thief-taker takes a certain pride in using simple means. He is great at ready-made and ingenious devices. One plan with a troublesome captive is to take off one of his boots, which makes him limp; another is to unfasten his clothes so that he is obliged to use at least one hand in holding them up. The men make their own ligottes, and sometimes produce a more formidable article by using strong wire in loops instead of whipcord. But the real master hand disdains even the ligotte; he carries nothing whatever, no matter where he goes. With the majority of the criminals his mere personal influence suffices to impose obedience, and when he meets with a desperate character he prefers to trust to his good right hand rather than any weapon of offence.—New York Journal.

The forests of Germany pay an annual Government revenue of nearly \$25,000,000, and a net revenue of \$16,000,000.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is the best paid member of the British Government. His salary is \$100,000 per annum.

A certain grocery in Buffalo was over-run with rats. One day a barrel full of molasses fell apart, or, at least, the bottom fell out and the molasses ran over the floor. In some way one of the biggest rats in the vicinity got into the molasses, and bedraggled and discouraged, was seen creeping laboriously away from the premises. Every rat disappeared at the same time and not another one, or any evidence of one, has been seen about the place since.—Buffalo Courier.

Three Thousand Tons of Shine. Morse Bros., of Canton, Mass., made the largest sale of "The Rising Sun Stove Polish" during the year 1902 they have ever made since they began its manufacture, thirty years ago. They sold the enormous quantity of seventy thousand, two hundred and eighty gross, weighing two thousand, eight hundred and fifty-five tons, which would load a train of over two hundred cars.

These figures give some idea of the great popularity and increasing sale of "The Rising Sun Stove Polish."

"Remember that in Garfield Tea you have an unfailing remedy for indigestion, sick headache and every trouble arising from an aching stomach can make you suffer. Every drug-gist sells it. 25c, 50c and \$1."

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Scared Away Rats.

A certain grocery in Buffalo was over-run with rats. One day a barrel full of molasses fell apart, or, at least, the bottom fell out and the molasses ran over the floor. In some way one of the biggest rats in the vicinity got into the molasses, and bedraggled and discouraged, was seen creeping laboriously away from the premises. Every rat disappeared at the same time and not another one, or any evidence of one, has been seen about the place since.—Buffalo Courier.

The Farmer and the Grocer.

A grocer would not pay a farmer the price of a ten-pound turkey for one that weighed but seven pounds.

Why should a farmer pay a grocer the price of the Royal Baking Powder for a baking powder with 27 per cent. less leavening strength?

The Royal Baking Powder is proven by actual tests to be 27 per cent. stronger than any other brand on the market. Better not buy the others, for they mostly contain alum, lime and sulphuric acid; but if they are forced upon you, see that you are charged a correspondingly lower price for them.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil. Features include: 'A - Absolutely. B - Best. C - Cure for Pain.' '1 - A Prompt Cure. 2 - A Permanent Cure. 3 - A Perfect Cure.' 'Well Done Outlives Death,' Even Your Memory Will Shine if You Use SAPOLIO. Includes an image of a man's face.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

CURED WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED! La Grippe Baffled! The After Effects Cured. READ WHAT MR. HILGER SAYS: "I had the GRIPPE in the first place caught cold and grew worse. It lodged in my KIDNEYS and LIVER, and Oh! such pain and misery in my back and legs. I was all run down and discouraged. I tried everything without benefit. Physicians gave me up to die. I commenced to use SWAMP-ROOT, and before the first bottle was gone, I felt better, and to-day am just as well and strong as ever. SWAMP-ROOT saved my life. It is the greatest remedy in the world." D. H. Hilger, Guineville, Pa.

Advertisement for August Flower. I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 60 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zinville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. GEORGE W. DYER, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.

Advertisement for OPIUM. Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days. Dr. J. STEPHENSON, Lebanon, Ohio. Includes an image of a man's face.

Advertisement for RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. Do Not Be Deceived. Includes an image of a sun.

Advertisement for WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Includes an image of a truss.

Garfield Tea Cures Constipation

Advertisement for THE KIND THAT CURES. Torturing Eczema, INDIGESTION AND LOSS OF APPETITE CURED. Includes an image of a man's face.

Advertisement for DAN'S SARSAPARILLA. Includes an image of a man's face.

Advertisement for SHILOH'S CURE. Includes an image of a bottle.

The Marked Success of Scott's Emulsion

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. Nothing in the world of medicine has been so successful in diseases that are most menacing to life. Physicians everywhere prescribe it. Includes an image of a man's face.