

# DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Sprinkled and Cleaned," in Which the Story of the Shedding of Blood for the Removing of Sin is Dwelt Upon—Christ and the Soul.

Text: "And the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel, over running water. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar-wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water; and he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field."—Leviticus xiv. 5-7.

The Old Testament, to very many people, is a great slaughter-house strewn with blood, and bones and horns and hoofs, and butchered animals. It offends their sight; it disgusts their taste; it actually nauseates the stomach. But to the intelligent Christian the Old Testament is a magnificent corridor through which Jesus advances. As He appears at the other end of the corridor we can only see the outlines of His character: coming nearer, we can descry the features. But when, at last He steps upon the platform of the New Testament, amid the torches of evangelists and apostles, the orchestras of heaven announce Him with a blast of minstrelsy that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

There were a great many cages of birds brought down from the sky for sparrows, and pigeons, and turtle-doves. I can hear them now, whistling, carolling and singing all around about the Temple. When a leper was to be cured of his leprosy, in order to his cleansing two of these birds were taken; one of them was slain over an earthen vessel of running water—that is, clear, fresh water, and then the bird was killed. Another bird was then taken, the hyssop-branch, and plunged by the priest into the blood of the slain bird, and then, with this hyssop-branch, bird-dipped, the priest would sprinkle the leper seven times, then untie the bird from the hyssop-branch, and it would go soaring into the heaven.

Now open your eyes wide, my dear brethren and sisters, and see that that first bird meant Jesus, and that the second bird meant your own soul.

I notice also in the text that the bird that was slain was a clean bird. The text demanded that it should be. The raven was never sacrificed, nor the cormorant, nor the vulture. It must be a clean bird says the text; and it suggests the pure Jesus—the holy Jesus who rode the throne of God, and who in the worst village on earth, although blasphemies were poured into His ears, stood before the world a perfect Christ.

I remark, also, in regard to this first bird mentioned in the text that it was a defenseless bird. When the eagle is assaulted, with its iron beak it strikes like a bolt against its adversary. This was a dove or a sparrow, we do not know, but which, Take the dove or pigeon in your hand, and the pecking of its beak on your hand makes you laugh at the feebleness of its assault.

None to help! The murderers have it all their own way. Where was the soldier in the Roman regiment who swung his sword in the defense of the Divine Martyr? Did they put one drop of oil on His gashed forehead? Was there one in all that crowd mainly gathered to stare at Him, to gaze at Him? Were the miscreants at the cross any more interfered with in their work of spiking Him fast than the carpenter in his shop driving a nail through a pine board? The women cried, but there was no balm in their Saviour's blood. None to help! O my Lord Jesus, none to help!

Oh, this dove of the text, in its last moment, clutched not with angry talons, it plucked not at its own beak. It was helpless, defenseless. None to help! None to help!

As, after a severe storm in the morning, you go out and find birds dead on the ground, so this bird of the text makes me think of that awful storm that swept the earth on Crucifixion day, when the wrath of God and the malice of man and the fury of devils wrestled beneath the three crosses.

But come now to speak to this second bird of the text. We must not let that fly away until we have examined it. The priest took the second bird, tied it to the hyssop branch, and then plunged it in the blood of the first bird. That is, that man, plunged for cleansing in the Saviour's blood. There is not enough water in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to wash away our smallest sin. Sin is such an outrage of God's universe that nothing but blood can atone for it. You know the life is in the blood, and as the life had been forfeited, nothing could buy it back but blood.

As this second bird of the text was plunged in the blood of the first bird, so we must be washed in the blood of Christ or go polluted forever.

I notice now that as soon as this second bird was dipped in the blood of the first bird, the priest loosened it and it was free—free of wing and free of foot. It could whet its beak on any tree, perch on any branch, it could peck the grapes of any vineyard, it chose. It was free; a type of our souls after we have washed in the blood of the Lamb. We can go where we will. We can do what we will.

If a man has become a Christian, he is no more afraid of Sinai. The thunders of Sinai do not frighten him. You have, on some August day, seen two thunder-showers meet. One cloud from this mountain, and another cloud from that mountain, coming nearer and nearer together, and responding to each other, crash to crash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! And then the clouds break and the torrents pour, and they are emptied perhaps into the very same stream that comes down the mountain. It seems as if all the carnage of the storm battle has been emptied into it. So in this Bible I see two storms gather, one above Sinai, the other above Calvary, and they respond one to the other—flash to flash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! Sinai thunders, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Calvary responds: "Save them from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Sinai says: "Woe! woe! Calvary answers: "Mercy! mercy!" and then the clouds burst, and empty their treasures into one torrent, and it comes flowing to our feet, red with the carnage of our Lord—in which, if thy soul be plunged, like the bird in the text, it shall go forth free—free!

Why, is not a man free when he gets rid of his sins? The sins of the tongue gone; the sins of action gone; the sins of the mind gone. All the transgressions of thirty, forty, fifty, seventy years gone—no more in the soul than the malaria that floated in the atmosphere a thousand years ago; for when my Lord Jesus pardons a man He pardons him, and there is no halfway work about it.

Here I see a beggar going along the turnpike road. He is worn out with disease. He is stiff in the joints. He is elated all over. He has rheum in his eyes. He is sick and wasted. He is in rags. Every time he puts down his swollen feet, he cries, "Oh! the pain!" He sees a fountain by the roadside under a tree, and he crawls up to that fountain and says: "I must wash. Here I may cool my feet. Here I may get rested." He stoops down and scoops up in the palms of his hands enough water to slack his thirst; and that is all gone. Then he stoops down and begins to wash his eyes; and the rheum is all gone. Then he puts in his swollen feet, and the swelling is gone. Then, willing no longer to be only half cured, he plunges in, and his whole body is laved in the stream, and he gets upon the bank well. Meantime the owner of the mansion up yonder comes down, walking through the ravine

# A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

## THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

What Temperance Brings—Good Results Follow the Recent Order Abolishing the Use of Liquor in British Camps—Proved Wise by Tests.

More of food than we can tell; More to buy with, more to sell. More of comfort, less of care; More to eat and more to wear.

Happier homes with faces brighter, All our burdens rendered lighter. Conscience clean and mind much stronger; Debts much shorter, purses longer.

Hopes that drive away all sorrow, And something laid up for to-morrow.

Soldiers Fight Better Without Drink. Liquor has until recently played so important a role in warfare, to the horrors of which it has in no small measure contributed, that the fact of Sir Horatio Kitchener's recent victory at Atbara, in the Sudan, having been won by a force composed entirely of total abstainers calls for serious consideration and attention. It is probably the first occasion that so brilliant a feat of arms has been achieved by a body of white troops who for months previously had not been permitted to touch a drop of any kind of stimulant whatsoever. For if not only "Tommy Atkins" of the line, but even his comrade, "Sandy," of the Highland regiments, whose names suggest whisky, have refrained from alcohol in any form whatsoever, and have restricted themselves to tea, lime juice and Nile water, it cannot be attributed to any conscientious scruples on their part or to the sudden development of high-fledged principles on the score of drink, but solely to the establishment of a new system by the British military authorities, which is exciting a good deal of interest on the part of the War Departments of Continental Europe, and which, in view of the conflict now in progress between this country and Spain, may likewise commend itself to Secretary Alger and General Miles.

It seems that for some time, by orders of Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, the British Commander-in-Chief, careful and exhaustive experiments have been in progress with a view to ascertaining the relative effects of alcohol and of total abstinence upon the physical endurance and staying qualities of the troops. Advantage has been taken of the annual four-day holiday as well as of these petty wars of which England has a few on land in one part or another of the world almost all the time, to examine carefully the question. One regiment would be kept on every day of stimulant, while another belonging to the same brigade would be allowed to purchase as usual its malt liquors at the canteen, and a third, probably a Highland corps, would receive a sailor's ration of grog in the form of whisky. In each instance the experiment went to show that, whereas at first the corps which had received an allowance of grog surpassed the others in dash and in impetuosity of attack, yet after the third or fourth day its members began to show notable signs of lassitude and a lack of spirit and endurance. The same manifestations, though in a minor and slower degree, were apparent in the regiments restricted to malt liquors, whereas the men who had been kept from every kind of stimulant increased in staying power, alertness and vigor every day.

The result of these experiments led the British War Department to decide, not on the great scale of the annual four-day holiday, but on the smaller scale of the campaign, not to permit a single drop of stimulant in camp.

A Rain of Gold. There is a Chinese tradition which tells that for thousands of years ago the Emperor of China was much troubled with the wretchedness and destitution of his people, many thousands of whom lived amid scenes of squalor and brutishness.

All at once he recognized that the bad habits of his people had much to do with the bad habits in which they were existing. The Emperor, by a wise act of authority, with a stroke of his pen closed up every liquor shop in China; and the result was that the people, being sober, were able to gather in the rich harvest of the bountiful skies.

Archbishop Farrar, in referring to this tradition, says: "Considering that there is hardly a praiser in England who has not wasted on intoxicants enough to have secured him long ago a freehold house and a good annuity, I say that, if the curse of drink were thoroughly expelled, it would rain gold in England, not for three days, but for many days."

No Rum Town Wanted. Some time ago a man met a company of capitalists who were anxious to locate a large plant near Boston. He was very anxious to induce them to come to his city. He said he knew a town a few miles from Boston, with splendid water, first-class railway connections, cheap labor, low-priced land and plenty of it. The capitalists were interested at once and said that was just what they were looking for. "What is the name of the town?" they asked. On hearing the name they exclaimed, "Why, that is the name of that rum town, isn't it?" "Well, yes, we do have saloons there." "No, sir," was the reply; "none of it for us. Our factory goes where there are no saloons. We could not pay higher wages and have poorer accommodations, for we'd more than save the difference in sober working-men. Besides, out of twenty-five towns and cities immediately around Boston, your tax rate is the highest of all. No rum town for us."—Temperance Cause.

Against Spirituous Liquors. The National officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union have forwarded to the exposition authorities at Omaha, Neb., an earnest protest against the sale of spirituous liquors on the exposition grounds. They express the hearty accord of the white-throated organization with such movements as the Transcontinental Exposition, but say: "We feel that this particular branch of so-called industry does not deserve recognition at your hands, and beg that you will heed our protest 'for God, and home and native land.'"

Temperance News and Notes. Only men of small brain power can drink tanglefoot or other liquor with impunity.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Miss Helen Gould, Mrs. Charles D. Stickney and Mrs. Anton Phelps Stokes serve no wine with their dinners.

You have heard of the "Snake in the Grass," my boy. Of the terrible snake in the grass, But now, you must know, Man's deadliest foe, Is a snake of a different class, 'Tis the venomous "Snake in the Glass!"

The chaplains of the regiments at Chickamauga Park have begun a crusade on the drinking-places in and near that camp.

Dr. D. T. Lafine, of Philadelphia, who has lived many years in Cuba, writes to Surgeon-General Terry, of the New York National Guard, about health precautions for our troops. Among other things he says: "Alcohol should be prohibited."

The total abstinence movement is not so much in need of financial aid as the strengthening of its forces by men with moral courage sufficient to publicly take a stand in favor of it. One intrepid, zealous man can do more good than a wealthy society.

# Up a Church Steeple.

Two riggers in a Western city a few years ago performed a feat that for daring and steadiness of nerve equals anything on record, says the Philadelphia Times.

Repairs were necessary at the top of a very high church steeple. There was no way to reach the spot from the inside, and the riggers procured a number of light ladders and lashed them, one above the other, to the outside of the steeple. The topmost ladder, however, was not high enough to enable them to reach the desired spot, and as the upper part of the steeple was too small to permit the proper lashing to it of a ladder, a daring expedient was resorted to.

One of the men carrying a pot of melted solder climbed from one ladder to another until he had reached the last one, and then, bracing himself, he raised an extra ladder that the other rigger had brought up in his hand, and leaned it against the steeple. Then the man below grasped this ladder and held it steady while the man above mounted it to the point where the work was to be done. He began the work at once, and all promised well until suddenly he jostled the solder pot, and the fiery stuff ran out and fell over the hands of the man who was holding the ladder.

But the brave fellow did not move. With a presence of mind and a courage worthy of a monument, he maintained a firm hold on the ladder until his companion could come down from his perilous perch.

Authors' Autobiographies. While Edward W. Townsend and John Kendrick Bangs were giving readings from their books together, one night in a Western town, Mr. Bangs gravely announced that he "would be followed by Mr. Townsend, who will read from his autobiography, 'Chimmie Fadden.'" When it came to Mr. Townsend's turn to read, he had his revenge. "Speaking of autobiographies," he said, "Mr. Bangs made his first success, as you know, with 'The Idiot.'"

Stocking Protectors. A simple invention which promises to save hours of stocking mending is a thin sole or half sole covered with satin to slip inside the boot or shoe, with a stiff backing of velvet round the heel, which entirely prevents friction with its danger of chills and blisters. The protectors also keep the shoes from slipping and are useful to pedestrians, cyclists and dancers or skaters.

Women in Business. From the Free Press, Detroit, Mich. A prominent business man recently expressed the opinion that there is one thing that will prevent women from completely filling man's place in the business world—they can't be depended upon because they are sick too often. This is refuted by Mrs. C. W. Mansfield, a business woman of 58 Farrar St., Detroit, Mich., who says:

"A complication of female ailments kept me awake nights and wore me out. I could get no relief from medicine and hope was slipping away from me. A young lady in my employ gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I took them and was able to rest at night for the first time in months. I bought more and took them and they cured me as they also cured several other people to my knowledge. I think that if you should ask any of the druggists in Detroit, who are the best buyers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they would say the young women. These pills certainly build up the nervous system and many a young woman owes her life to them."

"As a business woman I am pleased to recommend them as they did more for me than any physician I could give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Suddenly Prostrated. No discovery of modern times has done so much to enable women to take their proper place in life by safe-guarding their health as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.

For the growing girl they are of the greatest benefit, for the mother indispensable, for the young woman, they are the only safe remedy for paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, these pills have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases.

Australia is twenty-six times as large as the United Kingdom.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

One-twelfth of the people of England suffer more or less from the gout.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. 10,000 testimonials. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lo Roy, N. Y.

An act of Congress in 1872 abolished flogging in the navy.

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shal not call on you for the \$100 reward, for I believe every woman favorable, will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

In 1896 the Prussian public schools, 5,300,000 pupils.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Out of 226,000 farms in Denmark, only 1900 are more than 250 acres in extent.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 501 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

# Costly Cablegrams.

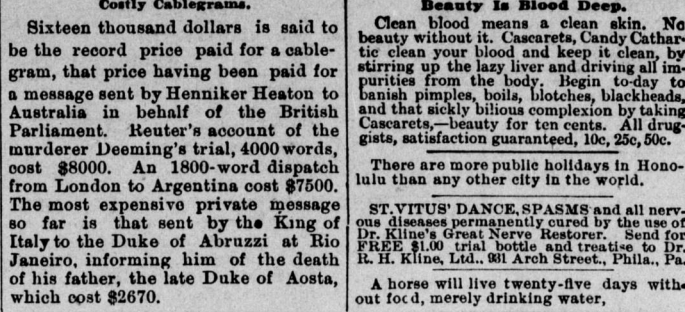
Sixteen thousand dollars is said to be the record price paid for a cablegram, that price having been paid for a message sent by Henniker Heaton to Australia in behalf of the British Parliament. Reuter's account of the murder Deeming's trial, 4000 words, cost \$8000. An 1800-word dispatch from London to Argentina cost \$7500. The most expensive private message so far is that sent by the King of Italy to the Duke of Abruzzi at Rio Janeiro, informing him of the death of his father, the late Duke of Aosta, which cost \$2670.

Beauty Is Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

There are more public holidays in Honolulu than any other city in the world.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 501 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

A horse will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.



The "Ivory" is a favorite shaving soap because it makes a profuse rich lather, which softens the beard to be removed and leaves the skin unharmed.

It costs about one-fifth as much as the so-called shaving soaps and many who have used it for this purpose for years, will not have any other.

The vegetable oils of which Ivory Soap is made, fit it for many special uses for which other soaps are unsafe or unsatisfactory.

A WORD OF WARNING—There are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as the "Ivory"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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# Symbol of the Sunflower.

Speaking of yellow, the sunflower, in flower language, is symbolical of false riches, for the following reasons: The Spaniards, when they invaded Peru, beheld gold on every hand, and when they saw the country covered with golden-colored flowers they imagined they, too, must be pure gold—not the only case where appearances have been deceiful. But by a perverse contradiction of this story the Spaniards themselves adopt this flower as a symbol of faith, and one of their poets says: "Real faith is like the sun's fair flowers, which, 'midst the clouds that shroud it, and the winds that wave it to and fro, and all the change of air, and earth, and sky, doth rear its head and looketh up, still steadfast, to its God."—Boston Traveler.

# Electricity Under Water.

The use of wire cables under water for conducting electric currents was resorted to as early as 1812 by Baron Schilling for exploding mines in the Neva. It is also a well-authenticated fact that Colonel Parsley used the same method to blow up the wreck of the Royal George in 1838, in the dock at Spithead. It is not unlikely that the first idea of an Atlantic cable sprang from these early successes with the current under water.

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# "To Save Time is to Lengthen Life." Do You Value Life? Then Use

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