

DR. TALMAGE.

POWER OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS. Fine Apologies Offered By Men In Excuse for Their Sins

TEXT: "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."—Job xl, 30, 31.

Albert Barnes—honored by his name of earth and heaven—was a trifle back of the original writers of my text, and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing.

When I first entered the ministry I used to write my sermons all out and read them, and my hand along the line lest I should lose my place. I have hundreds of those manuscripts. Shall I ever preach them? Never.

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deficit? What are our perils? What our perils? Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be? Shall I range in summer fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Where will I be?"

Some winter morning you go out and see a snow bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved, and the sun glints like the luster is almost as if it were a diamond.

But I hear some one say: "I will try something better than that. I will try the force of a good resolution. That will be more purgative, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing."

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all set, he wants no Christ he wants no help; he wants no rescue; but if under the shadow of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is distanced and waterlogged, and going down into the trough of the sea, he will call for help.

Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us as a sense of our sinfulness! The Bible tells the story in letters of fire, but we get used to it. We look at it, and we make merry over it. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a rampart that is sucking out the life blood of our immortal nature.

In the Shetland Islands there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has swollen until it falls on the ground. The joints begin to fall away, and he is a hickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast.

Let us get down on both knees and bathe in the blood of mercy. Let us get down on both hands and try to swim to the other side of this river of God's grace.

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SABBATH SCHOOL. INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JUNE 2.

Lesson Text: "Jesus Before the Council." Mark xiv, 55-65. Golden Text: John xv, 25.—Commentary.

55. "And the chief priests and all the council sought for to kill Jesus, but they feared the people, lest they should stone him."—Mark xiv, 55.

56. "Many have false witnesses against him, but their witness agreed not together."—Mark xiv, 56.

57. "And there came certain, and bare false witness against him."—Mark xiv, 57.

58. "And he said unto them, 'I have no sin.'—Mark xiv, 58.

59. "Neither could they witness against him."—Mark xiv, 59.

60. "And the high priest stood up in the midst, and asked Jesus, saying, 'Answerest thou nothing?'—Mark xiv, 60.

RELIGIOUS READING. DR. MACLAREN ON FLOWERS.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander MacLaren, of Manchester, England, in opening a flower shop at West Gorton, said there could be nothing but affinity and concord between beauty and holiness.

There can be nothing except harmony between God's works in nature and God's works in his higher revelation of himself. The flowers of the field our Master had used as a text of one of the loveliest which had sunk deepest into the imagination and heart of the whole world.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow! It was bidding us to do what his growth was, to be as sensitive as the lily, and to sink deepest into the imagination and heart of the whole world.

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TEMPERANCE. SEVEN STAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

All the world's a bar. And all the men and women merely drinkers. They have their hiccups and their staggerings; and one man in a day drinks many glasses, his accented seven stages. At first the good steady and steadfast in his good resolves; and then the wine and bitters, appetizer, and pining, yearning look, leaving like a

The comfortable bar. And then the arguments, Trying like Hercules with a wrathful front; To refuse to take one more gin cocktail. Then the mystified. Full of strange thoughts, unseeing good advice.

Carless of honor, sudden, thick and guttural, Seeking the sting and retribution. Even in the bottle's mouth; and then quite jovial. In fair good humor while the world swims round. With a smile misty, while his friends him cut.

Full of nice odors and awful bickerings; And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts into stupor, slipping drunken man With "bliss" on his nose and heavy-eyed, His shrunken face unshaven, from side to side.

He rolls along; and his unmanly voice, Husks him over, falls and flies. And leaves a sense-staggering round. Last scene of all. That ends this true and painful history, Is stupid childishness, and then oblivion—Satan watch, sans chin, sans coin, sans every thing.

These changes in drinking habits are not confined to the United States. They are hardly less noticeable in Great Britain. In recently presenting a paper to the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer called attention to the fact that during the last quarter of a century there has been a great material, and a striking fall in the consumption of spirits in Great Britain.

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TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

The arrests for intoxication in New York city averaged over 1000 a week last year. A saloon keeper in the New York Legislature gives his vocation as an "undertaker."