REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Arrogance and Humility."

TEXT: "God be merciful unto me, a sinner!"—Luke xviii. 13.

No mountain ever had a more brilliant consort than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. The mountain top was not originally large enough to hold the temple, and so a wall 600 feet high was erected, and the mountain was built out into that wall.

It was at that point that satan met Christ and tried to persuade Him to cast Himself down the 600 feet. The nine gates of the temple flashed the light of silver and gold and Corinthian brass, which Corinthian brass was more precious stones melted and mixed and crystallized. The temple itself was not so very large a structure, but the courts and the adjuncts of the architecture made it half a mile in circumference.

We stand and look upon that wondrous structure. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the temple? Is it fire? Why, it seems as if it were a mantle all kindled into flame. What's the matter? Why, its the hour of morning sacrifice, and the smoke on the altar rises and bursts out of the crevices and out of the door and wreathes the mountain top with folds of smoke through which glitter precious stones gathered and furnished by royal munificence.

I see two men mounting the steps of the building. They go side by side, they are very unlike: no sympathy between them—the one the pharisee, proud arrogant, pompous: he goes up the steps of the building; he seems by his manner to say "Clear the track! Never before came up those steps such goodness and consecration."

Beside him was the publican, bowed down, seemingly, with a load on his heart. They reach the interior for worship in the midst of the temple. The pharisee goes close up to the gate of the holy of holies. He feels he is worthy to stand there. He says practically: "I am so holy I want to go into the holy of holies. Oh Lord, I am a very good man! I am a remarkably good man. Why, two days in the week I eat absolutely nothing. I am so good. I am very generous in my conduct toward the poor. I have no sympathy with the common rabble especially have I none with this poor, miserable, contemptible, wretched publican, who happened to come up the same time as I."

The publican went clear to the other side of the inclosure, as far away from the gate of the holy of holies as he could get, for he felt unworthy to stand near the sacred place. And the Bible says he stood afar off. Standing on the opposite side of the inclosure, he bows his head, and as orientals when they have any trouble beat their breasts as he begins to pound his breast as he cries, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Oh, was there ever a greater contrast? The incense that wafted that morning from the priest's censer was not as sweet as the publican's prayer floating into the opening heavens, while the prayer of the pharisee died on his contemptuous lips and rolled down into his arrogant heart. Worshiping there, they look each other and go side by side down the steps, the pharisee of us, wretched, sordid, saturnine the publican with his face shining with the very joys of heaven, for "I tell you that the man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Now, I put this publican's prayer under analysis, and I discover in the first place that he was persuaded of his sinfulness. He was an honest man; he was a tax gatherer, he was an officer of the government. The publicans were tax gatherers, and Cicero says they were the adornment of the state. Of course they were somewhat unpopular, because people then did not like to pay their taxes any better than people now like to pay their taxes, and there were many who disliked them.

Still I suppose this publican, this tax gatherer, was an honorable man. He had an office of trust, there were many hard things said about him, and yet, standing there in that enclosure of the temple amid the demonstrations of God's holiness and power, he cries out from the very depths of his soul, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" By what process shall I prove that I am a sinner? By what process shall I prove that you are a sinner? Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to scan your actions, to estimate your behavior? I will do nothing of the kind. I will draw my argument rather from the plan of the work that God has achieved for your salvation.

You go down to a storm to the beach, and you see wreckers put on their rough jackets and launch the lifeboat and then shoot the rockets to show that help is coming out into the breakers, and you immediately cry, "A ship wrecked!" And when I see the Lord Jesus Christ putting aside robe and crown and launch out on the tossing sea of human suffering and satanic hate, going out into the thundering surge of death, I cry, "A ship wrecked!"

I know that our souls are dreadfully lost by the work that God has done to save them. Are you a sinner? Suppose you had a commercial agent in Charleston or San Francisco, or Chicago, and you were paying him a princely his salary, and you found out after awhile that notwithstanding he had drawn the salary he had given nine-tenths of all the time to some other commercial establishment. Why, your indignation would know no bounds. And yet that is just the way we have treated the Lord.

He sent us out into the world to serve Him. He has taken good care of us. He has clothed us, He has sheltered us, and He has surrounded us with 10,000 benefactions, and yet many of us have given nine-tenths of our lives to the service of the world, the flesh and the devil. Why, my friend, the Bible is full of confessions, and I do not find anybody is pardoned until he has confessed.

What did David say? "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord." What did Isaiah say? "Woe is me, because I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "Our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up into heaven." And among the millions before the throne of God to-night not one got there until he confessed. The coast of eternal sorrow is strewn with the wreck of those who, not taking the warning, drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the waste tangled foam of the breakers.

> Repent! the voice celestial cries,
> Nor longer dare delay;
> The wretch that scorns the mandate flies
> And mocks the fiery day.

But I analyze the publican's prayer a step further, and I find that he expected no relief except through God's mercy. Why did not he say, I am an honorable man. When I get $10 taxes, I pay them right over to the government. I give full permission to anybody to audit my accounts. I appeal to Thy justice, O God! He made no such plea. He threw himself flat on God's mercy.

Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leprosy can change the disease? Have you any idea that you can by changing your life change your heart that you can purchase your way to heaven? Come, try it. Come, bring all the bread you ever gave to the hungry, all the medicine you ever gave to the sick, all the kind words you have ever uttered, all the kind deeds that have ever distinguished you. Add them all up into the tremendous aggregate of good works and works, and then you will see Paul sharpen his knife as he cuts that spirit of self satisfaction as he cries, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

Well, on a thousand men in this audience, if I am not to get anything in the way of peace from God in good works, how am I to be saved? By mercy. Here I stand to tell the story, mercy, mercy, long suffering mercy, sovereign mercy, infinite mercy, omnipotent mercy, everlasting mercy. Why, it seems in the Bible as if all language were exhausted, as if it were stretched until it broke, as if all expression were struck dead "at the feet of prophet and apostle and evangelist when it tries to describe God's mercy.

Oh, says some one, that is only adding to my crime if I come and confess before God and seek His mercy. No, no. The murderer has come, and while he was washing the blood of his victim from his hands, looked into the face of God and cried for mercy, and his soul has been white in God's pardoning love. And the soul that has wandered off in the streets and down to the very gates of hell has come back to her Father's house, throwing her arms around His neck, and been saved by the mercy that saved Mary Magdalen.

But, says some one, you are throwing open that door of mercy too wide. No, I will throw it open wider. I will take the responsibility of saying that if all this audience, instead of being gathered in a semi-circle, were placed side by side, in one long line, they could all march right through that wide open gate of mercy, "Whosoever," "whosoever." Oh, this mercy of God—there is no line long enough to fathom it; there is no ladder long enough to scale it, there is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it, no angel's wing can fly across it.

Heavenly harpers, aided by choirs with feet like the sun, cannot compass that harmony of mercy, mercy. It sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gate. I hear it in the chiming of the celestial towers. I see it flashing in the uplifted and downcast coronets of the saved. I hear it in the thundering tread of the bannered hosts around about the throne, and then it comes from the harps and crowns and thrones and processions to sit down, unexpressed, on a throne overlopping all heaven—the throne of mercy.

How I was affected when some one told me in regard to that accident on Long Island sound, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft as she tried to save herself, but those who were on the raft thought there was no room for her, and one man came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off. Oh, I bless God that this life-boat of the gospel has room enough for the sixteen hundred millions of the race—room for one, room for all, and yet there is room!

I push this analysis of the publican's prayer a step further and find that he did not expect any mercy except by pleading for it. He did not fold his hands together as some do, saying, "If I'm to be saved, I'll be saved. If I'm to be lost, I'll be lost, and there is nothing for me to do." He knew what was worth having was worth asking for, hence this earnest cry of the text, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

It was an earnest prayer and it is characteristic of all Bible prayers that they were answered: the blind man, "Lord, that I may receive my sight"; the leper, "Lord, if Thou will, Thou canst make me clean"; sinking Peter, "Lord, save me"; the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." But if you come up with the tip of your finger and rap at the gate of mercy, it will not open. You have got to have the earnestness of the warrior who, defeated and pursued, dismounts from his jaded steed and with gauntleted fist pounds at the palace gate.

You have got to have the earnestness of the man who, at midnight, in the fourth story, has a sense of suffocation, with the house in flames, goes to the window and shouts to the firemen, "Help!" Oh, unforgiven soul, if you were to fall earnest I might have to command silence on the audience, for your prayers would drown the voice of the speaker, and we would have to pause in the great service. It is because you do not realize your sin before God that you are not this moment crying, "Mercy, mercy, mercy!"

This prayer of the publican was also an humble prayer. The pharisee looked up; the publican looked down. You cannot be saved as a moralist, you cannot be saved as a philosophian, you cannot be saved as a scholar, you cannot be saved as an artist, you cannot be saved as an official. If you are ever saved at all, it will be as a sinner. "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Another characteristic of the prayer of the publican was, it had a ring of confidence. It was not a cry of despair. He knew he was going to get what he asked for. He wanted mercy, he asked for it, expecting it. And do you tell me, O man, that God has provided this salvation and is not going to let you have it?

If a man build a bridge across a river, will he not let people go over it? If a physician gives a prescription to a sick man, will he not let him take it? If an architect puts up a building, will he not let people in it? If God provides salvation, will He not let you have it? Oh, if there be a pharisee here, a man who says, I am all right, my past life has been right, I don't want the pardon of the gospel, for I have no sin to pardon, let me say that while that man is in that mood there is no peace for him, there is no pardon, no salvation and the probability is he will go down and spend eternity with the lost pharisee of the text.

But if there be here one who says I want to be better, I want to quit my sins, my life has been a very imperfect life, how many things have I said that I should not have said, how many things I have done I should not have done, I want to change my life, I want to begin now, let me say to such a soul, God is waiting, God is ready, and you are hear the altogether, or rather you have entered it, for no man save I am determined to serve God and surrender the case of my life, here now, I consecrate myself to the Lord Jesus Christ who died to redeem me, a man from the depths of his soul says the last he is already a Christian.

My uncle, the Rev. Samuel K. Talmage, of Augusta, Ga., was passing along the streets of Augusta one day, and he saw a man, a black man, step from the sidewalk out into the street, take his hat off and bow very slowly. My uncle was not a man who demanded obsequiousness, and he said, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the man, "massa, the other night I was going along the street, and I had a burden on my shoulder, and I was sick, and I was hungry, and I came to the door of your church, and you were preaching about 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' and I stood there at the door long enough to hear you say that if a man could utter that prayer from the depth of his soul God would pardon him and finally take him to heaven. Then I put my burden on my shoulder, and I started home. I got to my home and I sat down, and I said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' but it got darker and darker, and then, massa, I got down on my knees, and I said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' and the burden got heavier, and it got darker and darker. I knew not what to do. Then I got down on my face, and I cried, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' and away off I saw a light coming, and it came nearer and nearer and nearer until all was bright in my heart, and I rose. I am happy now—the burden is all gone—and I said to myself if ever I meet you in the street I would get clear off the sidewalk, and I would bow down and take my hat off to thee you. I feel that I owe more to you than to any other man. That is the reason I bow before you."

Oh, are there not many now who can utter the prayer of the black man, the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner?' While I halt in the sermon, will you not all utter it? I do not say audible, but utter it down in the depths of your soul's consciousness. Yes, the sigh goes all through the galleries, it goes all through the pews, it goes all through these aisles, sigh after sigh—'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'

Have you all uttered it? No, there is one soul that has not uttered it, too proud to utter it, too hard to utter it. O Holy Spirit descend upon that one heart. Yes, he begins to breathe it now. No bowing of the head yet, no starting tear yet, but the prayer is beginning—it is born. 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' Have all uttered it? Then I utter it myself, for no one in all the house needs to utter it more than my own soul—God be merciful to me, a sinner!

EUROPEAN armies cost $814,000,000 last year, but when it is necessary to send food to a famishing European people the United States must be the philanthropist.

PROPER WAY TO COOK POTATOES.

The Irish have a very particular way of cooking potatoes. They never boil them. A large pot is always on the fire, a steady, slow fire, and on every occasion when the contents come to the very verge of boiling, cold water is dashed in and the operation is, in Irish phraseology, "backed." The process is continually repeated till the potatoes are cooked. You get by this means an admirable potato.—New York World.

TO BANISH DUST.

At least every fortnight walls and cornices, the tops of windows and doors should have their entire surfaces gone over with a clean broom encased in a bag of cotton flannel. Pinning a cloth about the broom is an unsatisfactory makeshift, besides which the fuzzy nap of the cloth catches and retains the dust better than old muslin, and does not force it to fly about the room only to settle somewhere else, as is the case when the work is done with a feather duster.

Don't let your love of the beautiful tempt you to the use of colored flannel, because you want to see when it is dirty in order to send it to the wash. Three of these bags will not be too many, as a broom covered with one is the best means for removing the dust each morning from polished or stained floors.

REMEMBER TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE:

That the same flavor will not suit every taste.

That equal parts of Mocha, Java and Rio will be relished by a good many people.

That every one can be suited to a nicety by properly blending two or more kinds.

That the enjoyment of a beverage and slavish devotion thereto are quite different things.

That a mild coffee can be made dangerously strong and still retain the mildness of flavor.

That the flavor is improved if the liquid is turned from the dregs as soon as the proper strength has been obtained.

That a good coffee will always command a fair price, but that all high-priced coffees are not necessarily of high quality.

That where the percolation method is used the coffee should be ground very fine or the strength will not be extracted.

That if the ground coffee is put into the water and boiled it should be rather coarse, otherwise it will invariably be muddy.

That in serving the cups and cream should be warm: the cream should be put in the cup before the coffee is poured in, but it is immaterial when the sugar is added.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

HOW TO IRON DRESS SKIRTS.

To iron a skirt properly is in the nature of high art—all the more if it has tucks or ruffles. Whatever the trimming attend to it first, unless it is ruffles that are to go through the fluting machine.

For a ruffle spread as much of it singly on your table as its depth allows and press very smooth with an iron just below scorching heat. Go over the whole length of it, then fling it back and iron in the same piecemeal fashion the strip of skirt it covers. Now slip the skirt over your ironing board, spread it smooth, take an iron of the same heat, and go over and over it until it is dry.

When you come to the gathers hold the belt from you with the left hand, while the right guides the iron straight up among them. Slip a fresh space on top the board, iron it and keep on until all is smooth.

Where a skirt is untrimmed iron it on the wrong side.

Never iron anything of shape, that is with the threads pulled out of their proper angle. In the ironing of waist, collars and so on this is an especially golden rule, always hold the warp threads straight with your free hand while the iron passes over them.

In ironing tucks let the iron come always first upon the line of sewing, as it is the tendency of stitches to draw. Press firmly downward to the free edge, holding the stuff taut before the iron. Perfection in this branch comes only of knack and practice, and is among the very few things that are easier done than said.—Atlanta Constitution.

RECIPES.

Cinnamon Cookies—One egg, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful lard, one spoonful each of soda, vinegar and cinnamon. Roll thin and bake quickly.

Jenny Linds—One egg, one and one-half teacupfuls of milk, one-half teacupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two and one-half teacupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix quickly together and pour in well greased gem pans and bake.

To Cook Asparagus—Wash and cut the tender stalks into pieces two inches long and cover them with boiling salted water. When tender, add a cup of rich milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of white pepper; let it boil up once. Have slices of buttered toast in a deep dish, pour the asparagus over and serve.

Fruit Pudding—A very nice way to utilize cake crumbs is in making fruit pudding, as follows: Sort and chop very fine a half-pound of nice figs and mix them with two tablespoonfuls of butter, two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar and two well beaten eggs. Add a cupful of sweet milk and one-quarter of a cupful of cake crumbs. Mix all this thoroughly and boil in a pudding mould three hours. Serve with a lemon sauce.

Glycerine.

The valuable toilet article known as glycerine, which also has great value in medicine and chemical operations, was discovered in 1776 by a Swedish apothecary named Scheele, though it is almost entirely within the past half century that the discovery has been turned to account. It was named by Scheele "oil sugar," owing to its sweetness of taste, and the fact that it was a product of oils or fats when treated with an alkali. In the present name, which is of Greek derivation, the quality of sweetness is still recognized.

One of the great advantages of glycerine, in its chemical employment, is the fact that it neither freezes nor evaporates under any ordinary temperature. No perceptible loss by evaporation has been detected at a temperature of less than 200 degrees Fahrenheit, but if heated intensely it decomposes with a smell that few persons find themselves able to endure. It burns with a pale flame, similar to that from alcohol, if heated to about 300 degrees and then ignited. Its non-evaporative qualities make the compound of much use as a vehicle for holding pigments and colors, as in stamping and typewriter ribbons, carbon papers and the like.

If the pure glycerine be exposed for a long time to a freezing temperature, it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy; but these crystals being once melted, it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congealed state. If a little water be added to the glycerine, no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, amid which the glycerine will remain in its natural state of fluidity. If suddenly subjected to intense cold, pure glycerine will form a gummy mass, which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized. Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.—Good Housekeeping.

The Famous Florentine Diamond.

The Imperial Treasury of Austria contains the Florentine diamond. This is one of the finest diamonds of the world, and it is noted for its lustre and brilliancy. It is worth $450,000 and has a romantic history connected with it. It once belonged to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgandy, who seems to have been rather careless in guarding his treasures. He went to battle one day with this diamond in his pocket and the result was that he lost it. The diamond lay on the road and a Swiss soldier picked it up. He looked upon it as a piece of glass and threw it down again, but as it fell the sun's rays caught it, and the soldier, thinking it a pretty trinket, concluded to carry it along as a pocket piece. Shortly after this he showed it to the priest. The priest admired it and gave him a coin amounting to about fifty American cents for it. The priest sold it to a jeweler for sixty cents, and a rich merchant paid the jeweler $2500 for it. The merchant sold it to an Italian duke for a thousand dollars advance on his price, and this duke sold it to one of the popes, who paid sixty thousand dollars for its possession. After a number of similar adventures it came into the possession of a Grand Duke, who married the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, and through her it came to this Imperial Treasury. It now belongs to the royal family, and has its place in what is considered one of the finest collections of diamonds in the world.—Atlanta Constitution.

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The Brave are Superstitious.

If one will take the trouble to go through the names of the bravest people in history, he will find that they nearly all suffered from some superstition or other. Napoleon Bonaparte was simply eaten by superstitions, and so was the Duke of Marlborough. Literary men have always been notoriously superstitious, from the days of Dr. Johnson, who would go back half a mile if he remembered that he had omitted to touch any one of the lamp-posts on his daily walk, to Dean Swift, who would never change a garment if he found that he had to put it on inside out, and Lord Byron who would get up and leave a dinner party instantly if anybody spilt the salt. Statesmen have not been exempt from superstitions either. Lord Beaconsfield would always take especial care to enter the house with his right foot foremost when he was going to make a big speech. Mr. Parnell had a prejudice against sitting in a room with three candles. William Penn would return home at once, how important his business, if he met a cross-eyed man in the street, while Robert Peel would always make the sign against the evil eye with fingers and thumb under similar circumstances.—Chicago Herald.

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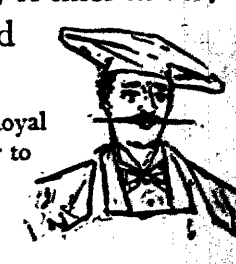

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