

OUR NEED OF GLEANSING.

SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S TABERNACLE SERMON ON SUNDAY, MAY 26.

The Attempts of Poor Weak Humanity to Make Itself Clean Before God Are Not Successful--The Lord Himself Must See to the Cleansing.

BROOKLYN, May 30.--The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle today to an overflowing congregation. He selected as the opening hymn that one beginning:

Salvation, O the joyful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial to our fears.

The text was: "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 ix, 30, 31. The eloquent preacher said:

Albert Barnes--honored by his name on earth and in heaven--went straight back to the original writing of my text and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing. Although we know better, the ancients had an idea that in snow water there was a special power to cleanse, and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be as clean as clean could be; but if the plain snow water failed to do its work, then they would take lye or alkali and mix it with oil, and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in most forcible figure sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that, unless we are abashed by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preparations, we are loathsome and in the ditch.

that others leap off a higher cliff into deeper darkness! When the Hudson river rail train went through the bridge at Spycote Duvyil, did it alleviate the matter at all that instead of two or three people being hurt there were seventy-five mangled and crushed! Because others are depraved, is that any excuse for my depravity? Am I better than they? Perhaps they had worse temptations than I have had. Perhaps their surroundings in life were more overpowering. Perhaps, O man, if you had been under the same stress of temptation, instead of sitting here today, you would have been looking through the bars of a penitentiary. Perhaps, O woman, if you had been under the same power of temptation, instead of sitting here today, you would be tramping the street, the laughing stock of men and the grief of the angels of God, dungeoned, body, mind and soul, in the blackness of despair. Ah, do not let us solace ourselves with the thought that other people are worse than we. Perhaps in the future, when our fortunes may change, unless God prevents it, we may be worse than they are. Many a man after thirty years after forty years, after fifty years, after sixty years, has gone to pieces on the sand bars. Oh! instead of wasting our time in hypercriticism about others, let us ask ourselves the questions, Where do we stand? What are our sins? What are our defects? What are our perils? What our hopes? Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be? Shall I range in summery fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Where? Where? Some winter morning you will see a snow-bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved; and as the sun glints it the luster is almost insufferable, and it seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was there ever anything so pure as the snow, so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pail of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it; and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom, and every drop of that snow water was riddled, and you found that the snow bank had gathered up the impurity of the field, and that after all it was not fit to wash in. And so, I say, it will be if you try to gather up these contrasts and comparisons with others, and with these apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be an unsuccessful ablution. Such snow water will never wash away a single stain of an immortal soul.

"GOOD RESOLUTIONS." But I hear someone say: "I will try something better than that. I will try the force of a good resolution. That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing. The snow water has failed, and now I will try the alkali of a good, strong resolution." My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past? Suppose I owed you five thousand dollars and I should come to you to-morrow and say: "Sir, I will never see in debt to you again. If I should live thirty years, I will never run in debt to you again." Will you turn to me and say: "If you will not run in debt in the future, I will forgive you the five thousand dollars." Will you do that? Not Nor will God. We have been running up a long score of indebtedness with God. If for the future we should abstain from sin, that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne, that would not redeem the past. God, in the Bible, distinctly declares that he "will require that which is past"--past opportunities, past neglects, past wicked words, past impure imaginations, past everything. The past is a great cemetery, and every day is buried in it. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-six graves. They are the dead days of 1888. Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1889. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1886. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will rouse them all up with resurrectionary blast, and as the prisoner stands face to face with juror and judge, so you and I will have to come up and look upon those departed days face to face, exulting in their smile or cowering in their frown.

"MURDER WILL OUT." "Murder will out" is a proverb that stops too short. Every sin, however small as well as great, will out. In hard times in England, years ago, it is authentically stated that a manufacturer was on his way, with a bag of money, to pay off his hands. A man, infuriated with hunger, met him on the road and took a rail with a nail in it from a palting fence and struck him down, and the nail entering his skull instantly slew him. Thirty years after that the murderer went back to that place. He passed into the grave yard, and the sexton was digging a grave, and as he turned he saw the spade of the sexton turned up a skull, and, lo! the murderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull, and as the sexton turned the skull it seemed, with hollow eyes, to glare on the murderer; and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence; but soon cried out: "Guilty! guilty! O God!" The mystery of the crime was over. The man was tried and executed. My friends, all the unnumbered sins of our lives, though we may think they are buried out of sight, and gone into a more seclusion of memory, will turn up in the cemetery of the past and glower upon us with their misdoings. I say all our unpardonable sins. Oh, have you done the preposterous thing of supposing that good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past? Good resolutions, though they may be pungent and caustic as alkali, have no power to neutralize a sin, have no power to wash away a transgression. It wants something more than earthly chemistry to do that. Yes, yes, though "I wash my hands 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."

SIN NO FLOWERY PARTERRE. You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or George Sand, or M. J. Michelet, or any of the hundreds of writers who have done up iniquity in mezzotint, and garlanded the wine cup with glistening and rosemery, and made the path of the libertine end in lovers of ease instead of on the hot flagstone of infernal torture. You see that Job thinks that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it is not a tableland of fine prospects; that it is not music, dulcimer, violoncello, oboe, and Pandean pipes, all making music together. No, He says it is a ditch, long, deep, loathsome, stenchnful, and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and mire of it, and our soul, covered with transgression, hates its covering, and the covering hates the soul until we are plunged into the ditch, and our own clothes abhor us.

UNHOLY CARICATURES. I know that some modern religionists caricature sorrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "pilgrim's progress" that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not start where Bunyan did, at the city of Destruction, but at the city of Goodness, and I am very certain that it will not come out where Bunyan did, under the shining ramparts of the celestial city. No repentance, no pardon. If you do not, my

brother, feel that you are down in the ditch, what do you do? Do you lift your coat? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of him who came to seek and save that which was lost? Yonder is the City of Paris, the swiftest of the Innans, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is at aft, so that she has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the Umbria, of the Cunard line. The boat davits are swung around. The boat is lowered. I get into it with a red flag, and cross over to "Mercy City of Paris," you see, and I wave the flag. The captain looks off from the bridge, and says: "What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel; I think they will be safer and happier there." The captain would look down with indignation, and say: "Get out of the way, or I will run you down." And then I would back over, amidst the jeering of two or three hundred people looking over the taffrail. But the Umbria and the City of Paris meet in different circumstances after a while. The City of Paris is coming out of a cyclone; the life boats all smashed; the bulwarks gone; the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives his last whistle of despairing command. The passengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outcry. The captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." "No hope!" sounds from stern to stern and from the rail down to the cabin. I see the distress I am in now. By the side of the Umbria, I push off as fast as I can toward the sinking City of Paris. Before I come up people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the City of Paris, the frenzied passengers rush through the gangway until the officers, with ax and clubs and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each wanting his turn to come next. There is but one life boat, and they all want to get into it, and the cry is: "I want to be saved!" "You see the application before I make it. As long as man goes on in his sin he feels that all is well, that he is coming out at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no Christ, he wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismasted and waterlogged and going down into the trough of a sea where he cannot live, how soon he puts the sea glass to his eye and sweeps the horizon, and at the first sign of help cries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved now. I want to be saved forever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue.

OH, FOR A SENSE OF OUR SINFULNESS! Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of our sinfulness! The Bible tells the story in letters of fire, but we get used to it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a vampire that is sucking out the life blood of your immortal nature. Sin is a louse that burrows into your heart and locks. Sin is expropriation from God and heaven. Sin is grand larceny against the Almighty; for the Bible asks the question: "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This Gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from God.

In the Shetland Islands there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has swollen into a flat on the ground, the joints begin to fall away. The ankle thickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them there comes an exhalation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus, See II Kings, See Mark, See Luke. See fifty Bible allusions and commentaries upon it. The Bible is not complimentary in its language. It does not speak meekly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermilion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphor. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but it thunders out: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." "Every one has gone back. He has altogether become filthy. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in iniquity like water." And then the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, blasphemy." There is a text for your rationalist to preach from! Oh, the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has had the courage yet to touch; and the Bible, in all the ins and outs of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution and our iniquity as a "rightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathsome thing. It is not a mere blemish of the feet, it is not a mere befouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears under in a ditch, until our own clothes abhor us."

WE MUST RISE ABOVE SIN. My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not if you do. We cannot afford to. I have today to tell you that there is something purer than snow water; something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Ay, the river of salvation, bright, crystalline and heaven born, rushes through this audience with billowy tide strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. O Jesus! let the dam that holds it back now break, and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let the water and the blood, From thy side a healing flood, Be sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Whatever may be your associations, and whether your worldly refinements, I must tell you, as before God I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation--a ditch that empties into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost. But blessed be God for the lifting, cleansing, lustrating power of his Gospel.

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Sale Under Chattel Mortgage. You are hereby notified that on Saturday, June 15th, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the store room known as 121 South 12th Street, in Lincoln, Nebraska, I will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder, for cash, the following described property: All of the stock of goods, merchandise, furniture and fixtures now contained in the store room that is the store of and reserved by the County Clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, and every article of personal property belonging to William J. Price and contained and kept in said store room including all brands of cigars and tobaccos.

Sale Under Chattel Mortgage. You are hereby notified that on Saturday, June 15th, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the store room known as 121 South 12th Street, in Lincoln, Nebraska, I will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash the following described property: All of the stock of goods, merchandise, furniture and fixtures now contained in the store room known as No. 121 South 12th Street, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, said stock of goods consisting principally of cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, pipes, clear and cigarette holders. The said fixtures and furniture consisting mainly of one Chicago Safe and Lock Co. safe, one standing desk, show cases, tables, chairs etc. Said property situated in and mortgage intended to cover all chattels in said store room, 121 South 12th Street, subject to a mortgage for \$200 to J. A. Hudson.

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