THE MINISTRY OF TEARS.

Dr. Talmage Puts Forth the Misfortunes of Life in Cheerful Manner.

If Our Troubles Are Borne in the Right Spirit They May Prove to Be Advantages-

God the First Resort.

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NEW YORK CITY. — A vast audience crowded the Academy of Music in this city to hear Dr. Talmage. Discoursing on "The Ministry of Tears" he put forth the misfortunes of life in a cheerful light, showing that if they were borne in the right spirit they might prove to be advan-tages. His text was Rev. vii, 17, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their God shall wipe away all tears from their

eyes." What a spectacle a few weeks ago when Vic-What a spectacle a few weeks ago when the nations were in tears! Queen Vic-toria ascended from the highest throne on earth to a throne in heaven. The prayer more often offered than any prayer for the last sixty-four years had been answered, and God did save the Queen. All round the world the bells were tolling, and the minute guns were booming at the obse-quies of the most honored woman of many centuries. As near four years ago the centuries. As near four years ago the English and American nations shook hands in congratulation at the Queen's jubilee, so in these times two nations jubilee, so in these times two nations shook hands in mournful sympathy at the Queen's departure. No people outside Great Britain so deeply felt that mighty grief as our people. The cradles of many of our ancestors were rocked in Great Bri-tain. Those ancestors played in childhood on the banks of the Tweed, or the Thames or the Shannon. Take from our veins the English blood, or the Welsh blood, or the Irish blood, or the Scotch blood, and the stream of our life would be a mere shak low. There are over there bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. It is our Wil-berforce, our Coleridge, our De Quincey, our Robert Burns, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chalmers, our Walter Scott, our Bishop Charnock, our Latimer, our Ridley, our Robert Emmet, our Daniel O'Connell, our Havelock, our Ruskin, our Gladstone, our good and great and glorious Victoria. and glorious Victoria. The language in which we offered the

The language in which we offered the English nation our condolence is the same language in which John Bunyan dreamed and Milton sang and Shakespeare drama-tized and Richard Baxter prayed and George Whitefield thundered. The Prince of Wales, now King, paid reverential visit to Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon, and Longfellow's statue adorns Westmins-ter Abbey and Abraham Lincoln in and Longfellow's statue adorns Westmins-ter Abbev, and Abraham Lincoln in bronze looks down upon Scotland's capi-tal. It was natural that these twp na-tions be in tears. But I am not going to speak of national tears, but of individual tears and Bible tears. Riding across a Western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw

sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought what a beautiful spectacle is this! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden

pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears and Mary's tears and Paul's tears and Christ's tears and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them; God rounds them; God shows them where to fall; God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born and as to the place of their grave. the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alex-ander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alex-ander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling

the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns

The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptical leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. The book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate, the country in which he has lots already laid out and avenues opened and mansions built. It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us that only when there is nothing else to take hold of we catch hold of God. Why, do you know who the Lord is? He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No; He is a father, willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A man is unfortunate in his business. He has to raise a good deal of money and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can bor-row. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house; after a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture; then he makes over his life insurance; then he assigns all his property; then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help. Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything; now help me out of this financial trouble!" He makes God the last resort instead of the first re-sort God the last resort instead of the first resort

A young man goes off from home to earn A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick and gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for le-nience, and the answer he gets is, "If you he construction of the sends for the hotel Reeper where he is staying, asking for in nience, and the answer he gets is, "If you do not pay up Saturday night you'll be re-moved to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building; no help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father; no relief. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital. Getting here, he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is twen-ty minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five n'.nutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why the train that can go forty miles an hour cannot go eighty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why did you not send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I would and could help you. Is this, the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon.

always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help then you go to God. You say, "O Lord, I come to Thee! Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is in the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me be-fore? As one whom his mother comfort-eth so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this minis-try of tears. try of tears. Your troubles are educational. I go

into the office of a lapidary, an artificer in precious stones, and I see him at work on one precious stone for a few minutes, and he puts it aside finished. I see him take up another precious stone, and he works on that all the afternoon, and I come in the next day and still find him working on it, and he is at work on it all the week. I say to him, "Why did you put only

He Lost Nothing. She-So he loved and lost? He-No; he merely didn't get her. She had no money.



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THE TABLET

on, pimple tes. Whe patton ki

"There's one fact," remarked the Sweet Thing, "I can't understand about discovering those new stars." "What's that?" asked the professor. "How they manage to find out their names. When a Chinaman is very swagger he becomes possessor of a cheap American clock. These alarm clocks have found

clock. These aiarm clocks have found their way into every city and town in the empire. There is nothing the Celestial is so proud of as his alarm clock. If you take up a dozen photographs of Chinese you will see that they always have the lit-tle clock on the table at their elbow.

It Is a Mystery,

Care of the Baby.

To keep the skin clean is to keep it healthy; every mother should therefore see that her baby is given a daily bath in warm water with Ivory Soap. The nursery should also be well aired and cleaned, and all clothing washed with Ivory Soap, well rinsed and dried in the sun. ELIZA R. PAREER.

A recruiting officer who has been in lowa says that the percentage of men ac-cepted in that State on offering them-selves for army service is considerably above the average in any other State. Enlistments in Iowa are largely from the farms, and the vast majority of young fellows who offer themselves are young, strong and hardy. strong and hardy.

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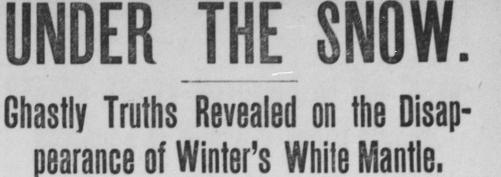
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A Record



lating deadly disease germs.

These have been protected and kept alive by the covering of snow and now. with the first warm days, these death-bringing microbes are awakened by the rays of the sun, and as the ground dries they are carried to all corners of the community in the dust that is blown everywhere by the Spring winds.

The human body at this time is particularly susceptible to these germs, especially the germs of fevers. The system has been depleted by the foregoing Winter. The blood is sluggish and filled with impurities. The nerves have not recovered from the tension they have been under for the past months. The stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, the liver are all at their worst.

It is, therefore, not strange that these germs of disease find fertile ground in which to thrive, flourish and develop into deadly ills.

Spring is the time of year when one should fear an attack of fever, especially when the system is depleted, one should dread any severe illness. The vitality is at a low ebb. There is less power of resistance to throw off disease, and it is on this account that fatalities are so much greater during the Spring months than at any other time of the year.

Deadly dangers lurk in the ground the human body so that it will be-left bare by the departing snow. All come impregnable to the germs of in-Winter long there have been accumu- vading disease.

To do this take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It will build you up quickly, it will re-establish your waning appetite, it will give you restful nights of sleep, it will give vim and vigor to the nerves, and it will dispel all existing poisons that have accumulated in the body besides counteracting the effects of others that may accumulate.

Following is an instance that will illustrate the wonderful power of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

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In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you; so, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time.

shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears, tears! What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is not together and have we might have a perpetual nor 'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or, if they must be trans-planted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to ex-plain a smile or a success or a congratula-tion, but come now and bring all your dicplain a smile or a success or a congratula-tion, but come now and bring all your dic-tionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients —the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the ministry of tears or the practical uses of sorrow: or the practical uses of sorrow:

or the practical uses of sorrow: First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us will-ing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble, this world would be a good enough heaven for us. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth, cushioned and up-holstered and pillared and chandeliered at such expense. no story of other worlds such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust have your body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adven-ture, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Flor-ence. "Why," he would say. "what is the use of my going there? There are Rem-brandts and Rubenses and Titians here that I have not looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world or out of any house until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here God must

Any house until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here God must somehow create a disgust for our surround-ings. How shall He do it? He cannot af-ford to efface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire.

or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his St. Paul's cathedral, or a Mi-chael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of

made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof does not leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society some-where where there is no title tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends. I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah, he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Genesis once. The old story, "In

It, and he is at work on it all the week. I say to him, "Why did you put only twenty minutes' work on that one precious stone and put a whole week on this other?" "Oh," he says, "that one upon which I put only twenty minutes' work is of but little worth, and I soon got through with it. But this precious stone upon which I have put such prolonged and care-ful work is of vast value, and it is to flash in a king's coronet." So God lets one man go through life with only a little cutting of misfortune, for he does not amount to much, he is a small soul and of compara-tively little value, but this other is of great worth, and it is cut of pain, and cut of bereavement, and cut of persention, and cut of all kinds of trouble, and through many years, and I ask, "Dear Lord, why all this prolonged and severe process?" and God says: "This soul is of infinite value, and it is to flash in a king's coronet. He shall be Mine in the day when I make up My jewels." You know, on a well-spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of con-solation. Let the table now be cleared

have fed you to day with the bread of con-solation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of heaven. Let the King's cupbearers come in. "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heavin heaven, and if there be no tears in heav-en how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, "Have you never seen a child crying one moment and laugh-ing the next and while she was laughing you saw the tears still on her face?" And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee and wiped off those delayed tears. So I think after the heav-enly raptures have come upon us there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while these tears are glittering in the

enly raptures have come upon us there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while these tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea God will wipe them away. How well He can do that! Friends, if we could get any apprecia-tion of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be anfit for our every day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of lowa University, put in my hands a meteoric stone, a stone throw off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitude of the redeemed. We ana-lyze these serolites and find them crystal-lizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference be-tween embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go; if you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Do you not this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of

if you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Do you not this moment each a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal Palace the first great music I had ever heard. Jullien gave a concert there, and there were 3000 voices and 3000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jul-lien controlled the harmony with the mo-tion of his hand and foot, beating time with the one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east, and the west, and the horth, and the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above nyriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

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