### THE MANY TEMPTATIONS.

Dr. Talmage Says the Assailants of Virtue and Honesty Are Numerous.

Needs For Divine Pretection-God's Grace ringeth Salvation.

WASHINGTON, D. C .- A familiar illustration from the barnyard is employed in this discourse by Dr. Talmage to show the comfort and protection that heaven af-fords to all trusting souls. The text is Matthew xxiii, 37, "Even as a hen gather-eth her chickens under her wings, and ye

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of 700 feet. The splendors of the religious capital of the whole earth irradiated the landscape. There is the temple. Yonder is the king's palace. Spread out before His eyes are the pomp, wealth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and He bursts into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that He would gladly have saved and apostrophizes, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came chickens under her wings, and ye

Why did Christ select hen and chickens as a simile? Next to the appositeness of the comparison, I think it was to help all public teachers in the matter of illustra-tion to get down off their stilts and use tion to get down off their stilts and use comparisons that all can understand. The plainest bird on earth is the barnyard fewl. Its only adornments are the red comb in its head-dress and the wattles under the throat. It has no grandeur of genealogy. All we know is that its ancestors came from India, some of them from height of 4000 feet on the sides of the the hen does for her chickens.

Christ was thus simple in His teachings, and yet how hard it is for us who are Sunday-school instructors and editors and preachers and reformers and those would gain the ears of audiences to attain that heavenly and divine art of simplicity! We have to run a course of literary disorders as children a course of physical disorders. We come out of school and college loaded down with Greek my-thologies and out of the theological seminary weighed down with what the learned fathers said, and we fly with wings of eagles and flamingoes and albatrosses, and it takes a good while before we can come down to Christ's similitudes, the candle

most people of good sense are slow to learn—that the gaining of a livelihood implies work. and that successes do not lie on the surface, but are to be upturned by positive and continuous effort. The reason that society and the church and the world are so full of failures, so full of loafers, so full of deadbeats is because people. There will be shadows, and we cannot see as far. The work of life will be their grave. ers, so full of deadbeats is because people are not wise enough to take the lesson which any hen would teach them that if they would find for themselves and for those dependent upon them anything worth having they must scratch for it. Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." I say. Go to the hen, thou sluggard. In the Old Testament God compares Himself to an eagle stirring up her nest, and in the New Testament the Holy Spirit is compared to a descending dove, but Christ in a sermon that began with cutting sarcasm for hypocrites and in the serious primary the strong wings, the soft wings, the warm in the serious control of the work of life will be cannot see as far. The work of life will be about ended. The hawks of temptation that hovered in the sky will have cannot see as far. The work of life will be about ended. The hawks of temptation that hovered in the sky will have cannot see as far. The work of life will be cannot see as far. The work of life will be cannot see as far. The work of life will be cannot see as far. The work of life will be cannot see as far. The work of life will be cannot see as far. The work of life will be cannot see as far. The work of life will be cannot see as far. The work of life will be cannot see as far. The work of life will be cannot see as far. The work of life will be about ended. The hawks of temptation that hovered in the sky will have gone to the woods and folded their wings. Sweet silences will come. The air may be a little chill, but Christ will call us, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will know the voice and heed the call. in a sermon that began with cutting sar-casm for hypocrites and ends with the paroxysm of pathos in the text compares

One day in the country we saw ons day in the country we saw sudden consternation in the behavior of old Dom-inick. Why the hen should be so dis-turbed we could not understand. We looked about to see if a neighbor's dog were invading the farm. We looked up to see if a storm cloud were hovering. We see if a storm cloud were hovering. We could see nothing on the ground that could terrorize, and we could see nothing in the air to ruffle the feathers of the hen, but the loud, wild, affrighted cluck which brought all her brood at full run under feathers made us look again and above us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rapacious bird wheeling round and round and down and down, and not seeing us as we stood in the shadow, it came nearer and lower until we saw its beak was curved from base to tip and it had two flames of fire for eyes, and it was a hawk. But all the chickens were under old Dominick's wings, and either the bird of prey caught a glimpse of us or not able to find the brood nuddled under wing, darted back into the

So Christ calls with great earnestness to all the young. Why, what is the matter? It is bright sunlight, and there can be no danger. Health is theirs. A good home is theirs. Plenty of food is theirs. Prospect of long life is theirs. But Christ continues to call, calls with more emphasis and urges haste and says not a second ought to be lost. Oh, do tell us what is the matter. Ah, now I see; there are hawks of temptation in the air, there are hawks of temptation in the air, there are vultures wheeling for their prey, there are beaks of death ready to plunge, there are claws of allurement ready to clutch. Now I see the peril. Now I understand the urgency. Now I see the only safety. Would that Christ might this day take our sons and daughters into His shelter a hen gathereth her chickens under

The fact is that the most of them will never mind the shelter unless while they are chickens. It is a simple matter of in-exorable statistics that most of those who do not come to Christ in youth never come at all. What chance is there for the young without divine protection? There are the grogshops, there are the gamb-ling hells, there are the infidelities and immoralities of spiritualism, there are the bad books, there are the impurities, there are the business rascalities, and so numer-ous are these assailants that it is a wonder ous are these assailants that it is a wonder that honesty and virtue are not lost arts. The birds of prey, diurnal and necturnal, of the natural world are ever on the alert. They are assassins of the sky; they have varieties of taste. The eagle prefers the flesh of the living animals; the vulture prefers the carcass; the falcon kills with one stroke, while other styles of beak give prolongation of torture. And so the temptations of this life are various. Fathers, mothers, older brothers and eisters and Sabbath-school teachers, be quick and earnest and prayerful and importunate and get the chickens under wing. May the Sabbath schools of America and Great Britain within the next three months

May the Sabbath schools of America and Great Britain within the next three months sweep all their scholars into the kingdom. Whom they have now under charge is uncertain. Concerning that scrawny, puny child that lay in the cradle many years ago, the father dead, many remarked. "What a mercy if the Lord would take the child?" And the mother really thought so too. But what a good thing that God spared that child, for it became world remowned in Christian literature and one of God's most illustrious servants—John Todd.

My hearers, if we secure the present and everlasting welfare of our children, most other things belonging to us are of but little comparative importance. Alexander the Great allowed his soldiers to take their families with them to war, and he accounted for the bravery of his men by the fact that many of them were born in camp and were used to warlike scenes from the start. Would God that all the children of our day might be born into the army of the Lord!

But we all need the protecting wing. If

army of the Lord!

But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entered upon manhood or womanhood what was ahead cf you, would you have dared to undertake life? How much you have been through! With most life has been a dizeppointment. They tell me so. They have not attained that which they expected to attain. They have not had the physical and mental vigor they expected or they have met with rebuffs which they did not anticipate. You are not at forty or fifty or sixty or seventy or eighty years of age where you thought you would be. I do not know any one except myself to whom life has been a happy surprise. I whom life has been a happy surprise. I never expected anything, and so when anything came in the shape of human favor or comfortable position or widening field of work it was to me a surprise. I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never some of my fellow students that I never would get anybody to hear me preach unless I changed my style, so that when I found that some people did come to hear me it was a happy surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed, we all need shelter from its tempests

The wings of my text suggest warmth, and that is what most folks want. The fact is that this is a cold world whether you take it literally or figuratively. We have a big fireplace called the sun, and it has a very hot fire, and the stokers keep the coals well stirred up, but much of the Himalayas. It has no pretension of nest like the eagle's eyrie. It has no lustre of plumage like the goldfinch. Possessing anatomy that allows flight, yet about the last thing it wants to do is to fly, and in retreat uses foot almost as much as wing.

Mostive here written out in musical tie. Once in awhile the Arctic will let retreat uses foot almost as much as wing. Musicians have written out in musical scale the song of lark and robin redbreast and nightingale, yet the hen of my text hath nothing that could be taken for a song, but only cluck and cackle. Yet Christ in the text uttered while looking upon doomed Jerusalem declares that what He had wished for that city was like what the hen does for her chickens.

than at the North Pole, and that the Arctic will let explorers come back, but the Antartic hardly ever. When at the South Pole a ship sails in, the door of ice is almost sure to be shut against its return So life to money millions of people at the north is a prolonged shiver.

Bu; when I say that this is a cold Bu; when I say that this is a cold word I chiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the

ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of money and try to borrow. The conversation may have been almost tropical for luxuriance of thought and speech, but suggest your necessities and see the thermometer drop to fifty degrees below zero, and in that which till a moment before had been a warm room. Take what is an unpopular position on some public question and see your friends fly as chaff before a windmill. As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint, but I look off day by day and see communities freezing out men and women of whom the world is not worthy. down to Christ's similitudes, the candle under the bushel, the salt that has lost its savor, the net thrown into the sea, the spittle on the eyes of the blind man and other. It becomes popular to depreciate and defeme and execute and lie about This is the best world I I am in warm sympathy with the unpretentious old fashioned hen because, like most of us, she has to scratch for a living. She knows at the start the lesson which most people of good sense are slow to their cradle, and the best thing that will be their cradle, and the best thing that will be their cradle. will come. The heats of the day will have passed. There will be shadows, and we of safety, and then we will rest from sundown to sunrise, "as a hen gathereth he

hickens under her wing. My text has its strongest application for people who were born in the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of you. You cannot hear my text without having all the rustic scenes of the old farmhouse come back to you. Good old days they were. You knew nothing much of the world, for you had not seen the world. By law of association you cannot recall the brooding then and her chickens without seeing also the barn and the haymow and the wagon shed and the house and the room where you played and the fireside with the big back-log before which you sat and the neighbors and the burial and the wedding and the deep snowbanks, and hear the village bell that called you to worship and seeing the horses which, after pulling you to church, stood around the old clapboarded meeting house, and those who sat at either end of the church pew and, indeed, all the scenes of your first fourteen years, and you think of what you were then and of what you are now and all these thoughts are aroused by the sight of the old hencoop. Some of you had better go back and start again. In thought return to that place and hear the cluck and see the outspread feathers and come under the wing and make the Lord your portion and shelter and warmth, preparing for everything that may come and and shelter and warmth, preparing for everything that may come, and so avoid being classed among those described by the closing words of my text, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." Ah, that throws the responsibility upon us. "Ye would not." Alas, for the "would nots!" If the wandering broods of the farm heed not their mother's call and risk the hawk and dare the freshet and expose themselves to the frost and storm, surely their calamities frost and storm, surely their calamitics are not the mother's fault. "Ye would not!" God would, but how many would

not!" God would, but how many would not?

When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home and who was deploring her wretchedness why she did not return, the reply was: "I dare not go home. My father is so provoked he would not receive me home." "Then." and the Christian man, "I will test this." And so he wrote to the father, and the reply came back, and in a letter marked out, side "Immediate" and inside saying, "Let her come at once; all is forgiven." So God's invitation for you is marked "Immediate" on the outside, and inside it is written, "He will abundantly pardon." Oh, ye wanderers from God and happiness and home and heaven, come under the sheltering wing. A vessel in the Bristol Channel was nearing the rocks called the Steep Holmes. Under the tempest the vessel was unmanageable, and the only hope was that the tide would change before she struck the rocks and went down, and so the captain stood on the deck, watch in hand. Captain and crew and passengers were pallid with terror. Taking another look at his watch and another look at his watch and another look at the sea, he shouted: "Thank God, we are saved! The tide has turned! One minute more and we would have struck the rocks!" Some of you have been a long while drifting in the tempest of sin and sorrow and have been making for the breakers. Thank God, the tide has turned. Do you not feel the lift of the billow! The grace of God that bringeth salvation has appeared to your soul, and, in the words of Boaz Ruth, I commend you to "the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou hast come to trust."

[Copyright, 1909, L. Klopsch.] wings thou hast come to trust.

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ANOTHER GRAND REPORT FROM HIS MAJESTY'S DOCKYARD, AT PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND,

Where Upwards of 10,000 Men Are Constantly Employed.

Sometime ago the Portsmouth Times and Naval Gazette published a most thrilling and remarkable experience of the wife of Mr. Frederick Payne, himself connected with the Portsmouth Dockyard for many years. The report produced a great sensation, not only in Portsmouth, but through out the country, being considered of sufficient importance for reproduction and editorial comment by the leading Metropolitan and Provincial Press of England, as showing the marvelous powers which St. Jacobs Oil possesses as a cure for Rheumatism, its application having effected a perfect cure in the case of Mrs. Payne, after having been a helpless cripple and given up by several physicians.

We have now further evidence of its intrinsic value as a Pain Conqueror. Our readers will do well to follow the intelligent and highly interesting details as given in Mrs. Rabbets' own words:

To the Proprietors St. Jacobs Oil: Gentlemen-My husband, who is a ship wright in His Majesty's Dockyard, met with an accident to his ankle and leg, spraining both so badly that his leg turned black from his knee to his toes. The Dr. said it would be months before he could put his foot to the ground, and it was doubtful whether he would ever get proper use of his leg again.

A few days after the accident I had a book left at the door telling about St. Jacobs Oil, so I procured a bottle from our chemist, Mr. Arthur Creswell, 379 Commercial Road. I began to use St. Jacobs Oil, and you may guess my surprise, when, in about another week from that date, my husband could not only stand, but could even walk about and in three weeks from the time I first used the Oil my husband was back at work, and everybody talking about his wonderful recovery. This is not all. Seeing what St. Jacobs Oil could do gave me faith in your Vogeler's Curative Compound, also favourably mentioned in the book left at my house. I determined to try the compound on my little girl, who was suffering from a dreadful skin disease, the treatment of which has cost me large sums of money in going from one doctor to another with her all to no purpose.

She has taken two bottles of Vogeler's Curative Compound, and one would now hardly take her for the same child, her skin has got such a nice healthy colour after the sallow look she has always had.

I shall never cease to be thankful for the immense benefit we have derived from these two great remedies of yours. I think it a duty to recommend these medicines now I have proved their value. (Signed) ELIZABETH S. RABBETS,

93 Grafton Street, Mile End, Landport, Portsmouth, England. A liberal free sample of Vogeler's Com-

pound will be sent by addressing St. Jacobs Oil Ltd., Baltimore.

The above honest, straightforward statement of Mrs. Rabbets' evidence is stronger and far more convincing than pages of paid advertisements, which, though in themselves attractive, yet lack that convincing proof which Mrs. Rabbets' description of her own experience supplies. St. Jacobs Oil has a larger sale throughout the world than that of all other remedies for outward application combined, and this can only be accounted for from the fact of its superiority over all others.

Some people are such natural born liars that they look ashamed of themselves every time they are caught telling the truth.

Mother Gray's Sweet l'owders for Children Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home, in New York. Cure Feverishness, End Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed Free. Address Allon S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

The average man returns a borrowed umbrella when it's worn out and he wants an-

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great NerveRestoror. \$2 trial bottle and treatisefree Dr. B. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Practice makes perfect, but it doesn't re quire much practice to make a perfect fool.

H. H. GRER'S SONE, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

When a fellow carries a picture in his watch there is usually a woman in the case.

We refund 10., for every package of Pur-NAM PADELESS Dyn that fails to give satis-faction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo. New York City is the chief manufacturing city in the United States.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapelis, Misu., Jan. 6, 1200 That man is lacking in diplemacy who tries to guess a woman's age.

The ark had been about ten days on its journey, and the occupants were by this time well acquainted.

"It's a dreary time," said one of the two fleas. "Here we are compelled to satisfy ourselves with but two dogs to live upon. "I'm getting lonesome," said one dog to the other. "There are not enough fleas to lend zest to life, and the mi-

crobes are all camped on the two cats." Chicago Replers. "I see that those Chicago men who kissed King Edward's hand wore little swords at the time. Did they signify

"I think not. My impression is that they were merely a little fmer quality of the ordinary stockyard knives.

Not Like the Old Fashioned Kind. Oldest Inhabitant-We don't have anysuch winters now as we had when we

Next Oldest-No, but we have a whole ot more rheumatism, which make 'em

He-You have a headache, you say? He-Do you suffer much from head-She-Yes; always when I have it.

Has No Painless Headaches.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY &

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Ship rats, which are propagators of the plague, have been thoroughly exterminated at Marseilles by the use of liquid carbonic

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No matter what alls you, headache to a can-cer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarers help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascaners Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The rich man-traveling abroad doesn't have to be a linguist. Money tiks in every language.

A Noted Teacher.

Prof. Walter Wilson, of the Savannah High Prof. Walter Wilson, of the Savannan High School, says: "I feel it my duty to testify to the wonderful curative properties of Tetter-ine. It cured in a few days my son, whose feet were affected with stubborn skin trouble, after using other remedies without any bene-fit." 50c.a box by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., if your druggist don't keep it.

If ignorance were bliss, what a lot of people would be happy.

# Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her com-pletely."

J. H. Burge, Macon, Col.

Probably you know of

cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones!

The medicine that has been curing the worst of deep coughs for sixty years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

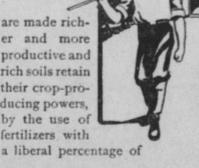
Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All drugglets.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

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It Worked.

"Ah." mused the absent-minded man "here is a string tied about my finger. Now, what could my wife have wanted that to remind me of? Let me see." He thought for some time, but could not decide what it might have been, so he said: "I'll go home and ask her what it

At the door he was met by his wife, and he immediately asked her. 'Why, my dear," she smiled. "I tied that string round your finger to remind

you to come home. Don't you remem-Satisfactory Explanation. She-Stop! You shant kiss me to

night-at least, not before I have had an explanation. I heard today that you had been engaged to 16 different girls.

He—But that was before I had seen your angel face, my love. She-So it was, to be sure. I never

thought of that.



Mrs. L. A. Harris, a Prominent Member of a Chicago Woman's Political Club, tells how Ovarian Troubles may be Cured without a Surgical Operation. She says:

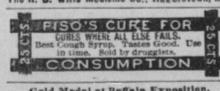
"Doctors have a perfect craze for operations. The minute there is any trouble, nothing but an operation will do them; one hundred dollars and costs, and included in the costs are pain, and agony, and often death.

"I suffered for eight years with ovarian troubles; spent hundreds of dollars for relief, until two doctors agreed that an operation was my only chance of life. My sister had been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for her troubles, and been cured, and she strongly urged me to let the doctors go and try the Compound. I did so as a last resort; used it faithfully with the Sanative Wash for five months, and was rejoiced to find that my troubles were over and my health restored. If women would only try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound first, fewer surgical operations would occur."-Mrs. L. A. Harris, 278 East 31st St., Chicago, Ill. \$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, assitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.



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