REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Light in the Evening."

TEXT: "At evening time it shall be light." -Zechariah xiv., 7.

While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath-murky, hurtling, portenious-but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade, and it geems as though the song which the morn-ing stars began so long aco were oblight stars began so long ago were chiming among the constellations and the sons yet among the constellations and the solis of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the

forecastle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace ; good will toward men.

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the moun-tains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities ! Calm night on Roman campagna! Awful night among the cor-dilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a Thank God for the night ! The tempest ! on and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the coast toward which, I hope, we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us we cannot find our way into the harbor. My text may well suggest that as the natural evening if often luminous so it shall be light in the evening of our sor-rows—of old age—of the world's history—of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. In-numerable activities go ahead with a thouand the pickax struck a mine, and the bat-tery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its 20 per cent. and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quad-rupled in value, and the sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family live, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratifleation gathered around this Jupiter hold-ing in his hands so many thunderbolts of

But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harp strings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell. A patent could not be secured for the invention. Stocks sank like lead. The insurance company exploded. "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this plano?" "How much for this library?" "How much for this family picture?

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What have become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the fisil and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth? When the rod of and gnashing their teeth? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say: "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead saying: "There never will be a resurrection?"

5 o'clock! 6 o'clock! The shadows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seven o'clock! 8 o'clock! The sun has dipped below the horizon. The warmth has gone out of the air. Nine o'clock | 10 o'clock ! The heavy air. Nine o'clock! 10 o'clock! The heavy dues are falling. The activities of life's day are all hushed. It is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock! 12 o'clock! The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory all over the heavens. At eventide it is light—light! My text shall also find fulfiliment in the

latter days of the church. Only a few misflonaries, a few churches, a few good men, compared with the institutions leprous and putrefled.

It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of martyr stakes flashing all up and down the sky is but the flaming of the morning, but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sword clanging back in the scabbord; intemperance buried under 10,000 broken decembers, the world's impurity turning its decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the benediction, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven descending charities; all China worshiping Dr. Abeel's Saviour ; all India believing in

Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal supersti-tion acknowledging David Brainerd's piety human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's Christianity; vagrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Redeemer; the mountains coming Fry's down; the valleys going up; "holiness" in-scribed on horse's bell and silkworm's thread and brown thrasher's wing and shell's tinge and manufacturer's shuttle and chemist's laboratory and king's scepter and Nation's Magna Charta. Not a hospital, for there are no wounds; not an asylum, for there are no orphans; not a prison, for there are no criminals; not an almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a tear, for there are no sorrows? The long dirge of earth's lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forest harping it on vine-strung branches, the water chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drumming it among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade winds touching the keys and euroclydon's foot on the pedal.

I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed. I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre wound has stopped hurting. I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civil-ized. I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished, I want to see John Bunyan after the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the Celestial City. Above all, I want to see Jesus often City. Above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne and begun to sing hallelujah !

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field. The heavens are glow-ing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water-beaven above and en beneath. Not a leaf rustling, or a bee humming, or a grasshopper chirping, Silence in the meadows, silence among the hills.

Thus bright and beautiful shall be the even-ing of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love and joy and peace. At eventime it is light-light !

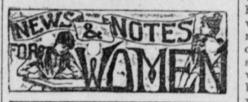
eventime it is light-light i Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christians life. You know how short a winter's day is, and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle, and with the other she touches the grave.

I went into the house of one of my I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving day. The lit-tle child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventime it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us, and from a myriad volces, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces, there dash upon us, "Hosanna! Hosanna!" "Throw back the shutters and let the sun come in." said dying Scoville McCollum, one of my Sabbath-school boys. You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Hugh McKail went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried "Farewell san, moon and stars! Farewell all earthly delights!" Then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried: "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Wel-come death ! Welcome glory !" come death ! Welcome glory ?" A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments: "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battleery rang through all the caverns of the sepul chre and was echeed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come. I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to again! When the bind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pligrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst : weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations. Bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupend-ous theme of the soul's disenthrailment ! Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God shouting: Free! Free! Your eye has gazed upon the garni-ture of earth and heaven, but the eye hath not seen it. Your eye has caught harmonies mecounied and indescribable-caught them from harp's trill and bird's carol and water-fail's dash and Geean's doxology, but the ear fail's dash and cceau's doxology, but the ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternisy is not long enough to tell it, scraphin have not capacity enough to realize it—the mar-vels of redeeming love! Let the palms wave, let the crowns glitter; let the anthems as-cend, let the trees of Lebanon clap weir hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest! Sing on, praise on, ye hose of the glorfiled. And if with your scepters you cannot express it, then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation, "Jeaus! Jeaus!" There will be a password at the gate of hath not heard it. There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We were great on earth, and " password. We were great on earth, and ' we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, 'I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They cay: 'We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says,

"The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserved to but we heard the voice of Jesus." "Ave aye," said the gatekeeper, "that is the pass-word! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant for-

Ah ! do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartranding. Yet light in the evening. As all the stars of night sink their anchors of nearly lake and river and say to the stars pearl in lake and river and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down flashing of the glory to come. The dying soullooks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Close the eyes of the departed one ; earth

would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been transfigured. Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment, he ex-claimed, with illuminated countenance, "Light." In the last instance of his breath-"Light! Light!" Thank God for light in the evening.



In Asia women are yoked with oxen. The Princess of Wales is very deaf. Over 100,000 women in New York tre working for wages.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton imports nearly Il her wardrobe from Paris.

Stylish suits for women are those of white duck, made in Eton style.

Mrs. Joseph W. Drexel, of Philadelphia, has some fine emeralds.

Bamboo furniture for country houses is evidently at the height of fashion.

Sailor hats for women have higher crowns and wider brims than last year. Fewer colors are introduced into

one costume than were used last season. The masculine girl is becoming more

and more in evidence as summer advances.

Glove trees, which do for gloves what boot trees do for boots, are being widely used.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor wears beautiful slippers, and she buys a great many pairs of them.

It is said of the Leghorn hat and plumes that their effect depends upon who wears them.

The Infanta and Eulalia fashions and styles increase in a way complimentary to the Spanish Princess.

A young English woman has been appointed lecturer on fruit growing before the Derbyshire County Council.

Old-fashioned cake should surely come back with the revival of the silver cake basket of our grandmother's time.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, on the occasion of her silver wedding day received among other things over 22,000 begging letters.

Good Officers Make Good Crews.

When you ask about the every day life of the merchant sailor, when you inquire into his prospects, labor, pleasures, a reference to the quarterdeck is inevitable. What sort of a captain commands? Is he a gentleman, a man of education, a humane man, though a sailor first of all? Then you will find that the every day life of the sailor who serves under him is as pleasant, hearty, cheerful a routine as the ocean and all the hard conditions of the ocean will allow human endeavor to contrive. The sailor's comfort will be regarded, his complaints wisely inquired into and judiciously dealt with; there will be no undue exaction of toil from him, even in moments which a worthless skipper might regard as a time of stress; harmless indulgences will be permitted; the noise of the fiddle will be constant in the fine weather of the dog-watch, the laugh in the hour of leisure frequent and hearty. There will be good feeling among the men, who will work together as one, with an honest, cordial rivalry between the watches. Ships filled with contented men in charge of educated, humane commanders, have been afloat by the score; some in this age, as I am very well informed, the winds continue to blow to their several destinations. It was Lord Collingwood, Lord Nelson's famous second at Trafalgar, who, whenever he heard of trouble and mutiny in a ship charged the captain with the difficulty. "It must be the fault of the officers," he would say, and investigation invariably proved him right. -W. Clark Russell, in Scribner.

Some Mustache History. "What is the history of the mustache? In Greece and Rome no mustaches were worn without beards, but in the conquering days of the Roman empire several half-civilized races, who had come partially under the influence of the Romans, and who wished to be rid of the name of barbari or wearers of the beards, attempted to shave in imitation of their conquerors; but as they had very imperfect implements for the purpose, and as the upper lip is notoriously the hardest part of the face to shave in the case of any poorly skilled in the art, they were unable to make a clean job of it and left a quantity of hair on the upper lip. This mark was characteristic of several Nations on the confines of Roman civilization; of the Gauls in particular, of the Dacians and some others. See the Roman statue of the Dying Gaul in the Museum of Fine Arts-perhaps the only classical representation of a mustache to be found in that institution. The Latan language has no word for mustache. This barbarous accident was unworthy of the honor of a Roman name.-Boston Transcript.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

We Cure Rupture. No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimoniais, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co. Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.15.

Self. Medication.

with a man's practice on himself. One who reads the little text book on forty years of age he ought to underphysiology in the schools will imme- stand himself sufficiently to guard diately discern in every rumble of his intestines the kind of action the gastric juices are taking on the food that has gone into the stomach, and he soon He expects to be employed as an exbecomes, if he pushes his investigations | pert on others in his own line of study, further, a monomaniac on hygiene. It is true that a man or woman who has cate by employing a physician when arrived at the age of forty years ought he is sick .- Austin Statesman. to be able to decide at a glance the

kind of food suited best to their digestive organs, and experience ought at 27,000,000 acres.

to teach them never to touch any food Imagination has too much to do that disagrees with them. This is true also of drinking. When a man is against all imprudences in either eating or drinking or working, but that is about all he ought to know about it. and he ought to be willing to recipro-

The wheat area of India 18 estimated



equals it, or approaches it in leavening strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure. No other makes such light, sweet, finely-flavored, and wholesome food. No other will maintain its strength without loss until used, or will make bread or cake that will keep fresh so long, or that can be eaten hot with impunity, even by dyspeptics. No other is so economical.

If you want the Best Food. **Royal Baking Powder** is indispensable.



Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down-would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster were dead? Did the night of their disaster-come upon them moonless starless, dark and howling, smothering and choking their lives out? No! No! No! At eventime it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations from the circuit about God's throne poured down an infinite luster. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on creats and plumes of cold trouble took on crests and plumes of gold and jaspar and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmos-phere with heaven. The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys warbling heavenward. "It is good that I have been afflicted."

erles David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord The David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," exclaims Job. "Sorrow-ful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light. Light from the cross! Right from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, evenlasting light! outgushing, everlasting light !

outgusting, everiasting light: The text shall also find fulfillment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young -to have the sight clear and the hear-ing acute and the step elastic and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Midlife and old age will be de-ind acute and the step will be denied many of us, but youth-we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not alwhat that is. Those wrinkles were not al-ways on your brow. That snow was not al-ways on your head. That brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm. You have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dig-nified as you now are, you once went coast-ing down the hillside, or threw off your hat for the race, or sent the ball flying sky high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spir-its, and broad shoulders for burden earry-ing, and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path if you way through difficulties. Life's path if you feilow it long enough will come under frowning erag and across trembling causeway. Blessed old age if you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old unless you are older than the mountains and older than the stars. How men and women will lie! They say

they are 40, but they are 60. They say they are 20, but they are 30. They say they are 60, but they are 80. How some people will lie! Giorious old age if found in the way-of righteousness! How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff, of John Quincy Adams failing with the harness on, of Washington Irving sitting pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical, of John Angell James to the last proclaiming the Gospoi to the masses of Birmingham, of Theodore Frelinghuysen down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God. At even-

faculties to the kingdom of God. At even-tide it was light! See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day saying to the passers by: "You will be an old man. You will be an old man." "You will be an old woman. You will be an old woman." People thought he was crazy. I do not think that he w

was crazy. I do not think that he w Smooth the way for that mother's feet—they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs—they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles. Trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart. It will soon cease to beat. "The sys that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall plok it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The bright morning and hot noonday of life have passed with many. It is s o clock t

Mrs. Theodore Sutro was the valedictorian for the first grade graduating class of the University of New York Law School

The wealthy dame sometimes carries a fan worth \$500 of pale amber tortoise shell, mounted with Venetian point lace and spangled with diamonds, with most likely a slender monogram-on the outside stick.

Mrs. Judson, the widow of "Ned Buntline," a once popular author, is an inmate of an New York State almshouse. The poor old lady is a paralytic, and so far superior to her surroundings that her life there is doubly hard.

Of fifteen physicians recently examined in Baltimore by the State Board of Medical Examiners, in which is vested the authority to grant licenses to practice, Miss Ida Pollock took the highest rank, making an average of 921.

The Queen Regent of Spain is a fine swimmer. Every day in the season at San Sebastian the seashore is thronged with spectators to witness her remarkable feats. She is always accompanied by two men in a boat, who watch her closely for fear of accident.

Miss Mary E. Culver, senior partner in the firm of Culver & Edwards, Peoria, III., is a well-known and successful business woman. For the last ten years she has been in business for herself. For fifteen years she has been a Notary Public.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, of Boston, who composed a jubilate for the Columbian celebration, is authority for the statement that between the years 1615 and 1885 women composed 153 musical words, including fifty-five serious operas, six cantatas and fiftythree comic operas.

The Queen of England in recent years has found the singing of the yellow-coated birds too strenuous, and at present her canaries have given place to a bullfinch and a linnet. These follow her everywhere, there being special provision for their comfort in the royal train, just as there is for the three pet dogs.

Russian ladies are going in for bi-cycling at St. Petersburg. This amusement is now decidedly fashionable. Fair riders may be met in all the streets of St. Petersburg. The newest fad there is for girls to carry Louis XIV. canes, which are six or seven feet long, and which are carried about two or three from the top.

"I SHALL state the whole case in

a sentence," as the judge said when he arraigned the prisoner.-Cleveland Plaindealer.

WHATEVER it may prove ultimate. ly, up to date the Geary law hasn't proved much of a Chinese laundry check .- Philadelphia Times.

Cough nights ? On going to bed take a dost of Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup.



remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleas-ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-

gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is mannfactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



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