

RECALLS THE PAST.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Is Largely Reminiscent.

Draws Helpful Lessons from the Experiences and Vicissitudes of Life—Memories of Home.

Copyright, 1899, by Louis Kloppsch, Washington, May 7.

This sermon of Dr. Talmage calls the roll of many stirring memories and interprets the meaning of life's vicissitudes. The text is Psalms xxxix, 3: "While I was musing the fire burned."

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted.

The days of my boyhood came back, and I was ten years of age, and I was eight, and I was five. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath day-break, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were a-hum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in middle age and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with all its joys and sorrows, is all covered up with oblations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when he heard his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in Heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been in Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential, as now it is commercial, and Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting-room, where the loved one sat by the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your father with a firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on the cool grass or the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forget-me-nots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in unburned from the field and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father! Thank God for a Christian mother! Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel! Thank God for an early Christian home!

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affairs in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in Heaven's coronet, and you to polish it. Eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered. You were earnest in your supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of your child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your soul, if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart!

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house or through your office or your shop or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I'm not ready for it. Oh, God have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say: "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and, though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for Heaven. Start now as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them in one great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of Heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life. But how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so, when you started life, your very life was a musical time beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright clear air you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until after awhile suddenly a voice from Heaven said: "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted, you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippers feet walked round about the cradle. You did not

hear the tread. But after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said: "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. If you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! If you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom, and instantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup to put it to your lips God said: "Let it pass, and for this, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts His left arm under your head and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His comfort and His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said: "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of Heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing Heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in Heaven."

But I must come to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, was your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in your place to hear God's name and to sing God's praise and to implore God's help and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healtheth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities you now have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs and blood for your heart and light for your eye and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say: "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you: "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts—is taken away forever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wild wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern, down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But cheer up, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, He is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe and palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals! Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates! Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear!

A fast man easily runs through his money.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates will be charged for announcements under this head, and none will be inserted unless paid in advance. Sheriff, \$7.00; Treasurer, \$6.00; Register, \$6.00; Recorder, \$5.00; Commissioners, \$5.00.

Nothing in derogation of any candidate will be published at any price, but notices of endorsement or of certificates setting forth the names of candidates will be received at 10 cents per line each insertion. These rates will be rigidly adhered to and the cash must accompany every order.

CHAS. H. KURTZ, Editor.

SHERIFF.

T. F. KENNEDY, of State College, requests us to announce that he will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Primaries and County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of C. W. BRUMBART, of Millheim, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of ELLIS SHAFER, of Madisonburg, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of GEORGE W. KESTER, of Haines township, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of SAMUEL HALPSTER, JR., of Ferguson twp., as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of THOMAS F. RILEY, of Harris twp., as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of GREEN DECKER, of Gregg twp., as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of PHILIP H. METZ, of Harris twp., as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

DANIEL HECKMAN, of Benner township, requests us to announce that he will be a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce W. H. FRY, of Ferguson township, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of ADAM BARTON, of Haines township, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

REGISTER.

DEAR SIR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Register, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. I am yours truly, W. J. CARLIN, Miles township.

G. F. Weaver, of Gregg twp., desires us to announce that he will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Register.

F. O. address, Penns. Cave.

We are authorized to announce that A. G. ARCHY, of Ferguson township, will be a candidate for the office of Register, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce the name of J. CALVIN HARPER, of Bellefonte, as a candidate for Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of ROY D. A. MURPHY, of Bellefonte, as a candidate for Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

TREASURER.

To the Democracy of Centre County—I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, and would respectfully solicit your influence and support. Successful or not, I am yours, W. T. SPEER, Bellefonte, Pa.

At the coming Democratic primaries and County Convention I will be a candidate for Treasurer and would respectfully solicit favorable consideration of my candidacy.

J. D. MILLER, Walker twp.

We are authorized to announce the name of H. A. MOORE, of Howard boro., as a candidate for Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. Yours respectfully, Moshannon, Pa. J. TONER LUCAS.

We are authorized to announce the name of JOSEPH E. BOWEN, of Ft. Haysburg boro., as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

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