92

Your Neighbors' Faults Must Be-Banished From Your Memory.

TALWAGE'S REGULAR SUNDAY SERMON

ISPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.1 BROOKLYN, June 5 .- Dr. Talmage's text this morning was Hebrews viii., 12: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindoos is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrystathemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the "forget-me-not." We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things that we cannot remember.

Mnemonics, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Cos 500 years before Christ. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means cultivate it. I had an aged friend, who, detained all night at a miserable depot in waiting for a railtrain fast in the snowbanks, entertained a group of some 10 or 15 clergymen, likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of Presbytery, by first, with a piece of or rresoytery, by nrst, with a piece of chalk, drawing out on the black and sooty walls of the depot the characters of Walter Scott's "Marmion," and then reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some 80 pages in fine print.

A Man Who Had Lost His Memory.

My old friend through great age lost his memory, and when I asked him if this story of the railroad depot was true he said: "I of the railroad depot was true he said: "I do not remember now, but it was just like ne." "Let me see," said he to me, "have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said, "you were my guest last night and I was with you an hour ago." What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all.

But right along with this srt of recollec-tion, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is tion, which I cannot too nighty eutogize, is one quite as important and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of for-getting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might, through that process, be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a

weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of Omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of his own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of

God's Faculty of Forgetfulness,

God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to him, and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned, and the other man, after a heart paronned, and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned, God re-members no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the profligate, with his imperiestions, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten, forever and forever. "Their sins and their iniquities will I re-

member no more." This sublime attribute of forgetfulness on the part of God you and I need, in our finite way, to imitate. You will do well to cast out of your recollection all wrongs done you. During the course of one's life he is

ART OF FORGETTING. Forgiven Sins Are Not to Be Treas-ured Up Against the Sinner. ONE CONFESSION IS SUFFICIENT. NE CONFESSION IS SUFFICIENT.

Keep Fresh Goods in Your Memory. Some ten years ago, when there was a great railroad strike, I remember seeing all along the route from Omaha to Chicago and from Chicago to New York hundreds and thousands of freight cars switched on the side tracks, those cars loaded with all kinds of perishable material, decaying and wast-ing. After the strike was over did the rail-road companies bring all that variable road companies bring all that perished material down to the markets? No, they

material down to the markets? No, they threw it off where it was destroyed, and loaded up with something else. Let the long train of your thoughts throw off the worse than useless freight of a cor-rupt and destroyed past, and load up with gratitude and faith and holy determination. We do not please God by the onlivation of the miserable, He would rather see us hanny than to see us demeased You would

happy than to see us depressed. You would rather see your children laugh than to see them cry, and your heavenly Father has no fondness for hysterics. fondness for hysterics. Not only forget your pardoned transgres-sions, but allow others to forget them. The chief stock on hand of many people is to recount in prayer meetings and pulpits what big scoundrels they once were. They not only will not forget their forgiven de-ficits, but they seem to be determined that the church and the world shall not forget them. If you want to declare that you

them. If you want to declare that you have been the chief of sinners and extol the grace that could save such a wretch as you were, do so, but do not go into par-

Do Not Parade Ignoble Scars.

ticulars.

Do Not Farade ignoble Scars. If you have any scars got in honorable warfare, show them; but if you have scars got in ignoble warfare, do not display them. I know you will quote the Bible reference to the horrible pit from which you were digged. Yes, be thankful for that rescue, but do not make displays of the mud of that horrible pit, or splash it over other people. Sometimes I have felt in Christian meetings discomfited and unfit for Christian meetings which seemed to be, in the estima-tion of many, necessary for Christian use-fulness, for I never swore a word or ever got drunk, and I said to myself: "There is no use of my trying to do any good, for I got drunk, and I said to mysell. Infere is no use of my trying to do any good, for I never went through those depraved experi-ences," but afterward I saw consolation in the thought that no one gained any ordina-tion by the laying on of the hands of dis-

And though an ordinary moral life, end-ing in a Christain life, may not be as dra-matic a story to tell about, let us be grate-ful to God rather than worry about it if we have never plunged into outward abomina-tions. It may be appropriate in a meeting of reformed drunkards or reformed debauchees to quote for those not reformed how desperate and nasty you once were, but do not drive a scavenger's cart into assem-blages of people, the most of whom have always been decent and respectable.

Suspicious of Superfluous Confession. But I have been sometimes in great evangelistic meetings where people went into particulars about the sins that they once

generation and the set of the set challenge our entrance, and say: "How cants Thou, the Just Lord, let those souls into the realm of surpernal gladness? Why, they said a great things they neve ought to have said, and they did a great many things they ought never to have done. Sinners are they; sinners all." And sup-pose God should deign to answer, He might say: "Yes, but did not my only Son die for their ransom? Did he not pay the for their ransom: Did he not pay the price? Not one drop of blood was retained in his arteries, not one nerve of his that was not wrung in the torture. He took in his own body and soul all the suffering that those sinners deserve. Their Sins Were Forgiven Them.

certainly would not forget the doll he had promised. In the village to which he went he sold the cattle and obtained the groceries for his household and the doll for his little

for his household and the doll for his little darling. He started home along the dismal road at nightfall. As he went along on horseback, a thuaderstorm broke, and in the most lonely part of the road and in the heaviest part of the storm he heard a child cry. Robbers had been known to do some bad work along that road, and it was known that this herdsman had money with him, the price of the cattle sold. The herdsman first thought it was a strategem to have him halt and be despoiled of his treasures, but the child's cry became more keen and rend-ing, and so he dismounted and felt around in the darkness and all in vain, until he thought of a hollow that he remembered near the road where the child might be, and for that he started, and, sure enough, found a little one fagged out and dreiched of the storm and almost dead. He wrapped it up as well as he could and mounted his horse as well as he could and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home. The Lost Child Was His Own.

Coming in sight of his cabin, he saw it all lighted up, and supposing his wife had kindled all these lights so as to guide him through the darkness. But, no. The house was full of excitement and the neighbors

was full of excitement and the neighbors were gathered and stood around the wife of the house, who was insensible as from some great calamity. On inquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out to meet her father and get the present he had promised, and the child was lost. Then the father un-rolled from the blanket the child he had found in the fields, and, lo! it was his own child, and the lost one of the prairie home, and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found. the lost one found.

How suggestive of the fact that once we How suggestive of the fact that once we were lost in the open fields, or among the mountain crags, God's wandering children, and he found us, dying in the tempest, and wrapped us in the mantle of his love and fetched us home, gladness and congratula-tion bidding us welcome. The fact is that the world does not know God, or they would all foot to him

all flock to him. Through their own blindness, or the fault of some rough preaching that he has got abroad in the centuries, many men and women have an idea that God is a tyrant,

and oppressor, an autocrat, a Nana Sahib, an Omnipotent Herod Antipas. Gloomy Preaching That Standers God,

It is a libel against the Almighty; it is a It is a libel against the Almighty; it is a slander against the heavens; it is a defama-tion of the infinities. I counted in my Bible 304 times the word "mercy," single or compounded with other words. I counted in my Bible 473 times the word "love," single or compounded with other words. Then I got tired counting. Perhaps you might count more, being better at figures. But the Hebrew and the Greek and the En-clish languages have been taxed till they glish languages have been taxed till they cannot pay any more tribute to the love, and mercy, and kindness, and grace, and charity, and tenderness, and friendship, and benevelence, and sympathy, and bounteous-ness, and fatherliness, and motherliness, and patience, and pardon of our God.

There are certain names so magnetic that their pronunciation thrills all who hear it. Such is the name of the Italian soldier and liberator, Garibaldi. The Commander of the Hosts of heaven turned aside from his the Hosts of heaven turned aside from his glorious and victorious march through the centuries of heaven, and said: "I will go and recover that lost world, and that race of whom Adam was the progenitor, and let all who will accompany me." And through the night they came, but I do not see that the angelic escort came any further than the clouds, but their most illstrious leader came all the way down all the way down.

The Record of Past Sins Destroyed, The Becord of Past Sins Destroyed, By the time his errand is done our little world, our wandering and lost world, our world fleecy with the light, will be found in the bosom of the Great Shepherd, and then all heaven will take up the cantata and sing, "The Lost Sheep Found." So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God; yea, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowl-edge of your iniquities. The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and you will find the ruins more dilapidated than the ruins of Melrose or Kenilworth, Melrose or Kenilwort for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragment of a sculptured stone, but after your repentance and your forgiveness you cannot find in all the memory of God a this week you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of all your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." And none of that will surprise you if you will climb to the top of a bluff back of Jerusalem and see what went on when the plateau of limestone was shaken by a paroxysm that set the rocks, which had been upright, salant and on the trambling compared of set the rocks, which had been upright, aslant, and on the trembling crosspieces of the split lumber hung the quivering form of him whose life was thrust out by metallic points of cruelty that sickened the noonday sun till it fainted and fell back on the black lounge of the Judean midnight.



to be misr to be injured.

There are those who keep these things fresh by frequent rehearsal. If things have appeared in print they keep them in their scrap book, for they cut these precious parascrap book, for they cut these precious para-graphs out of newspapers or books and at leisure times look them over, or they have them tied up in bundles or thrust in pigeon holes, and they frequently regale themselves and their friends by an inspec-tion of these flings, these sarcasms, these falsehoods, these cruelties. I have known gentlemen who carried them in their pocket-books so that they could easily get at these books, so that they could easily get at these irritations.

Keep No Scrap-Book of Noxions Things.

Scientists catch wasps and hornets and poissous insects and transfix them in curiosity bureaus for study, and that is well. But these of whom I speak catch the wasps and the hornets and poissonous insects and play with them and put them on themselves and on their friends and see how far the norious things can jump and show how deen they can sting. Have no show how deep they can sting. Have no such scrap-book. Keep nothing in your possession that is disagreeable. Tear up the falsehoods and the slanders and the hypercriticisms. Imitate the Lord in my text and forget, actually forget, sublimely forget. There is no happiness for you in any other plan of procedure.

You see all around you in the church and out of the church dispositions acerb, malign, cynical, pessimistic. Do you know how these men and women got that disposition? It was by the embalamment of things pan-therine and viperous. They have spent much of their time in calling the roll or all the rats that have nibbled at their reputation. Their soul is a cage of vultures. Everything in them is sour and embittered. The milk of human kindness has been curdled. They do not believe in anybedy or anything. If they see two people whispering, they think it is about them-selves. If they see two people laughing, they think it is about themselves.

More Bitter Fruit Than Sweet,

Where there is one sweet pippin in their orchard there is one sweet pippin in their orchard there are 50 crab apples. They have never been able to forget. They do not want to forget. They never will for-get. Their wretchedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carries perpet-ually in mind the mean things that have been done him been done him.

been done him. On the other hand, you can find here and there a man and woman (for there are not many of them) whose disposition is genial and summery. Why? Have they always been treated well? O', no. Hard things have been said against them. They have been charged with officiousness, and their removarities have been said down to a desire generosities have been set down to a desire for display, and they have many a time been the subject of tittle-taitle, and they have had enough small assaults like gnats and enough great attacks like lions to have made them perpetually miserable if they would have consented to be miserable. But would have consented to be miserable. But they have had enough divine philosophy to cast off the annoyances, and they have kept themselves in the sunlight of God's favor and have realized that these oppositions and hindrances are a part of the mighty dis-cipline by which they are to be prepared for usefulness and heaven. The secret of it all is, they have by the help of the Eternal (fod learned how to forzet. God learned how to forget.

Fo rget Your Faults ThatAre Atoned. Forget Your Faults That Are Atoned, Another practical thought: when our faults are repented of let them go out of mind. If God forgets them, we have a right to forget them. Having once repented of our infelicities and misdemeanors, there is no need of our repenting of them again. While it is right that people repent of new sins and of recent sins, what is the use of both-ering yourself and insulting God by asking him to foreive sins that long are were forhim to forgive sins that long ago were for-given? God has forgotten them. Why do you not forget them? No; you drag the load on with you and 365 times a year, if you pray every day, you ask God to recall occurrences which he has not only forgiven

but forgotten. Quit this folly. I do not ask you to realize the turpitude of sin, but I ask you to a higher faith in the promise of God and the full deliverance of

They pleaded that sacrifice. They took the full pardon that I promised to all who, through my Son, earnestly applied for it, and it passed out of my mind that they were offenders. I forgot all abovt it. Yes, I tor-got all about it. 'Their sins and their in-iquities do I remember no more.' "

iquities do I remember no more."" A sin-forgetting God! That is clear be-yond, and 'ar above a sin-pardoning God. How often we hear it said: "I can forgive, but I cannot forget." That is equal to say-ing: "I verbally admit it is all right, but I will keep the old grudge good." Human forgiveness is often a flimsy affair. It does not go deep down. It does not reach far up. It does not fix things up. The con-testants may shake hands, or passing each

up, it does not not things up. The con-testants may shake hands, or, passing each other on the highway, they may speak the "Good morning" or the "Good night," but the old cordiality never returns. The rela-tions always remain strained. There is something in the demeanor ever after that seems to say: "I would not do you harm; indeed, I wish you well, but that unfortunate affair can never pass out of my mind." There may no hard words pass between them, but until death breaks in the same coolness remains. But God lets our pardoned offenses go into oblivion. He never throws them up to us again. He feels as kindly toward us as though we had been spotless and positively angelic all along. A Child Rescued From the Storm.

Many years ago a family, consisting of the husband and wife and little girl of 2 years, lived far out in a cabin on a Western prairie. The husband took a few cattle to market. Before he started his little child asked him to buy for her a doll, and he promised. He could, after the sale of the cattle, purchase household necessities, and

Dr W rrr's Little Early Bisers. No griping, no pain, no nausea: easy pill to take.

Sounds at the Crucifixion of Christ.

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which was interjected into the daylight of Christ's assassination; the neighing of the war horses, for some of the soldiers were in the saddle, was one sound; soldiers were in the saddle, was one sound; the bang of the hammers, was a second sound; the jeer of malignants was a third sound; the weeping of friends and coadju-tors was a fourth sound; the plash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound; the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And they all commingled into one sadness. Over a place in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travelers, and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts and was devoured, and thereby the other lives were devoured, and thereby the other lives were saved, are inscribed the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Many a surgeon in our own time has in trache-otomy with his own lips drawn from the windplpe of a diphtheritic patient that which cured the patient and alew the sur-geon, and all have honored the self-sacri-fice. But all other scenes of sacrifice pale

before this most illustrious martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agoniz-ing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin-forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith, and I accept the promise, and will you not all accept it?

Marion Harland's Endorsement Royal Baking Powder.

[Extract from Marion Harland's Letter to the Royal Baking Powder Co.]

I regard the Royal Baking Cander as the best manufacture and in the market . It is an act of emple justice and also a pleasure to accommend it magnalifiely to American Honservices. Marian Harland, 504, 506 AND 508 MARKET STREET.



Made of Wire and Lace, the regular 50 and 60-cent qualities, only

19 Cents Each.

HAT PINS AND ORNAMENTS,

Worth 25c, 5oc and 75c; all go at the ridiculously low price of

worth 50 cents a 10 yard, only

CENTS

A YARD.

FLEISHMAN & CO.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended To.

10 Cents Each.

STRAW BRAIDS,

CHILDREN'S BLACK LEGHORN

trimmed with ribbons and flower wreath, worth fully \$2.25, will be sold Infants' Zephyr Shirts...... 50 c **Baby Carriages.** We show five hundred Baby Carriages this week, and of this vast number we select three styles as LEADERS:

Boys' French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers; price ranges accord-

Infants' Fine Ribbed Vests..... 40 c

Infants' Merino Shirts, all sizes 50 c

ing to size,at 38c, 40c and 45c

LEADER NO. 1-Is a Baby Carriage with reed body, wire wheels, cretonne upholstery, strong and serviceable,; never sold before under \$7.50. This week we shall sell them at

Only \$5.

LEADER NO. 2-Is a very pretty Carriage, reed body, both in cherry and white; plush upholstery, wood or wire wheels, extra fine finish, and worth from \$10 to \$12. This week the price is

Unly \$7.89.

LEADER NO. 3-Last and best. If this Baby Carriage does not please, you must, indeed, be hard to suit. This Baby Carriage is simply superb, and is worth from \$15 to \$18. This week

We have sixty styles to select from, ranging from \$10 to \$75 each.