DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "A Glorious Rest"—This World's Wealth Can Give No Permanent Satisfaction—It is Only in Heaven That Surcease From Sorrow Comes.

TEXT: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest."—Micah 2: 10.

This was the drum-beat of a prophet who wanted to rouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition; but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells, by long exposure and much ringing, lose their clearness of tone; but this rousing bell of the Gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life, a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man in this world who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns, and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tusks; from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that He did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does everything successfully; and this world would be very different if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few years. Indeed, it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill, and bird, and ocean—so that God has but to lift His hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and in safe-deposit vaults great rolls of Government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high-mettled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the walls, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze, and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights. It is eleven o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids, and the air float through the half-opened lattice, drowsy with mid-summer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety and trouble! But no! they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulses. They cry out at twelve o'clock at night, "Awake, man; how can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire-bell; it is your district! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings. How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one elbow, the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room, and wipes the dampness from his forehead and says, "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said, "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. In that one, a dissipated son. In that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says, "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could only gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand-clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on ten thousand lips. He is bowed to, sought after and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From housetops as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Let him rest. It is eleven o'clock at night. On pillows stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush! all disturbant voices. In his dream let there be hoisted a throne, and across it march a coronation. Hush! Hush!

"Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor! Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Hearken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy? Up man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers, which lie upon his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan of a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival; yet sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims: "No rest! no rest!"

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster, "What a statement! What wonderful exposition of the Constitution! A man fit for any position!" That same world said, after awhile, "Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. While Charles Matthews was performing in London, before immense audiences, one day a worn-out and gloomy man came into a doctor's shop, saying, "Doctor, what can you do for me?" The doctor examined his case and said, "My advice is that you go and see Charles Matthews." "Alas! Alas!" said the man, "I myself am Charles Matthews." Jeffrey thought that if he could only be judge, that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets, and orators, and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt on the day when he wrote of the

"Daisy, wee modest, crimson-tipped flower."

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph, the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver-tongued Sheridan, in the mid-day of prosperity, harangued the people of Britain; and how they howled at and execrated him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them.

This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the waters, "no rest here—we plunge to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here—we crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here—we follow Babylon, and Thebes, and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer, and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text: "Arise ye and depart; for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California, large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune, and a year ago for the same purpose hundreds dared the cold of Alaska. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of God. I hold in my hand a deed from the Proprietor of the estate, in which He offers to all who will join the company ten thousand shares of infinite value, in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the Crusaders—how that many thousands of them went to conquer the Holy Sepulchre. I ask you to join a grander crusade—not for the purpose of conquering the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers; he tests their eyesight; he sounds their lungs; he measures their stature; they must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipations, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you all may join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary—weary with sin; weary with trouble; weary with bereavement. Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a score of conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore; and you sigh, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst claws at your tongue, and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased Pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness, and under every shadow; but just at the moment when you were all ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders, and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in Heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle, that in this world you may never lay down; ye discouraged ones, who have been waging a hand-to-hand fight for bread; ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and the weary side, and the weary foot, hears me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. It cannot be that those bright ones ever toiled? Yes! yes! These packed the Chinese tea-boxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweltered on Southern plantations, and one night, after the cotton-picking, went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overtoil in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills; those helped build the Pyramids, and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; Heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. No more harvest to raise; the garners are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toil! arise ye and depart, for that is your rest.

Scoville McCallum, a boy of my Sunday-school, while dying, said to his mother, "Don't cry, but sing, sing:

"'There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary.'

Then putting his wasted hand over his heart, he said, "There is rest for me."

But there are some of you who want to hear about the land where they never have any heart-breaks and no graves are dug. Where are your father and mother? The most of you are orphans. I look around, and where I see one man who has parents living I see ten who are orphans. Where are your children? Where I see one family circle that is unbroken, I see three or four that have been desolated. One lamb gone out of this fold; one flower plucked from that garland; one golden link broken from that chain; here a bright light put out, and there another, and yonder another. With such griefs how are you to rest? Will there ever be a power that can attune that silent voice or kindle the lustre of that closed eye, or put spring and dance into that little foot? When we bank up the dust over the dead, is the sod never to be broken? Is the cemetery to hear no sound but the tire of the hearse wheel, or the tap of the bell at the gate as the long processions come in with their awful burdens of grief? Is the bottom of the grave gravel and the top dust? No! no! no! The tomb is only a place where we wrap our robes about us for a pleasant nap on our way home. The swellings of Jordan will only wash off the dust of the way. From the top of the grave we catch a glimpse of the towers glinted with the sun that never sets.

Into that rest how many loved ones have gone! Some put down the work of midlife, feeling they could hardly be spared from the store or shop for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Some went in old age. One came tottering on his staff, and used to sit at the foot of the pulpit, his wrinkled face radiant with the light that falls from the throne of God. Another having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindnesses for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God of great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne!

Glorious consolation! They are not dead. You cannot make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they greeted us on earth, they watch us from their high place, and their voices cheer us in our struggle for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed! now that ye have passed the flood and won the crown. With weary feet we press up the shining way, until in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh! won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands, and cry out, "This is Heaven?"

By the thrones of your departed kindred, by their gentle hearts, and the tenderness and love with which they call you from the skies, I beg you start on the high road to heaven. In the everlasting rest may we all meet.

One of the old writers wished he could have seen three things: Rome in its prosperity; Paul preaching; Christ in the body. I have three wishes: First—To see Christ in glory, surrounded by His redeemed. Second—To see Christ in glory, surrounded by His redeemed. Third—To see Christ in glory, surrounded by His redeemed.

When on my new fledged wings I rise,
To tread those shores beyond the skies,
I'll run through every golden street,
And ask each blissful soul I meet—
Where is the God whose praise we sing?
O! lead me, stranger, to your King.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Conquer Yourself—Alcoholism the Scourge of France—Its Effects Upon the People's Social Life—Insanity and Crime Are on the Increase.

It's no use to grumble and sigh,
It's no use to worry and fret,
It's useless to groan or to cry,
Or fling yourself down in a pet.
You'll never be wise or be great,
If you bluster like bees when they swarm;
'Tis folly your woes to berate,
And pitch like a ship in a storm.

Don't get in a tantrum and shout
When obstacles rise in your path,
And don't—let me beg of you—pout,
By way of displaying your wrath;
Don't butt out your brains just to spite
Some fancied injustice of Fate,
For time will set everything right,
If you only have patience to wait.

The blustering wind cannot chill
The lake, though he ruffles its face,
But the frost, with its presence so still,
Locks it fast in a silent embrace.
So you may win same beyond price,
And conquer the world with its pelf,
If you will only heed this advice,
And first learn to conquer yourself.

Alcoholism in France.

The baneful influence of drunkenness on the people of France is vividly portrayed in the following extract from a book published a few years ago by a close student of social conditions in that country. The author says:

"The great dark cloud on the horizon is alcoholism. Doubtless its influence is felt on all classes of society; but it is, above all, the scourge of the people. It is a scourge of recent date [in France], one that has appeared in the last thirty or forty years. Alcoholism is a cosmopolite. It can be assigned to no native land. It has become acclimated a little everywhere. Since through heredity it has entered the blood and marrow of the people, and has spread alike in country and city, it has alarmed, first, physicians and lawyers, and, little by little, all thinkers. The race is stricken in a vital spot. Hospitals, insane asylums, and prisons give daily evidence of its progress. In some countries it is easier to count those who are not than those who are addicted to alcoholism. Add to this that what is now drunk is radically different from what was drunk in old times. It is not in the domain of ideas only that our age has discovered fraud. Its material as well as its moral sustenance is poisoned. The future is poisoned, and coming generations are doomed to blight, insanity and crime. The consequences of alcoholism—economic, hygienic, moral, political and social—can never be calculated. Of nine-tenths of the ruin, disease, accidents, crimes, fanaticism and popular disturbances we can truly exclaim, 'The cause is alcohol.'

"Alcoholism ravages the youth of the people to a frightful extent. There is hardly a form of amusement without it. It disturbs and destroys healthful pleasures; it prevents physical culture; it neutralizes the effects of social meetings where good fellowship and relaxation are sought. Every meeting, every excursion, no matter what its object, runs the risk of ending in a drinking bout. Manners become coarse, and talk and songs brutal. What hope can there be in the future for a youth given over to alcohol? A democracy rests on the good sense of the people, on the wisdom and energy of its citizens, on the spirit of order, of work, of economy. For all these things one can tremble as long as absinthe and brandy [favorite drinks in France] gain ground. They are the barbarians in our midst."—Sacred Heart Review.

The Cost of One Drink.

Some men are so made that the mere taste of liquor will kindle in them a raging thirst for more.

A doctor and his friend were once talking together in front of a saloon when a master mechanic, a man of amiable and excellent character, a first-class workman, full of business, with an interesting family, respected by everybody, and bidding fair to be one of the leading men of the city, came up to them and laughingly said:

"Well, I have just done what I never did before in my life."

"Ah, what was that?"

"Why, Mr. —— has owned me a bill for work for a long time and I dunned him for the money till I was tired, but a minute ago I caught him out here, and asked him for the money. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll pay it to you if you'll step in here and get a drink with me.' 'No,' said I, 'I never drink—never drank in my life.' 'Well,' he replied, 'do as you please; if you won't drink with me, I won't pay your bill—that's all!' But I told him I could not do that. However, finding he would not pay the bill, rather than lose the money, I just went in and got the drink." And he laughed at the strange occurrence as he concluded.

As soon as he had finished the story, the physician's companion, an old, discreet, shrewd man, turned to him, and in a most impressive tone, said:

"Sir, that was the dearest drink that ever crossed your lips, and the worst bill you ever collected."

And terribly did time verify that prediction. In less than twelve months he was a confirmed, disgraced sot, a vagabond in society, a curse to those who loved him, a loathing and a shame wherever he went. At last he died a horrible death in an infirmary from a disease produced solely by intoxication.

Temperance a Physiological Necessity.

The influence of all drugs which affect the nervous system must be in the direction of disintegration. The healthy mind stands in clear and normal relations with nature. It feels pain as pain. It feels action as pleasure. The drug which conceals pain or gives false pleasure when pleasure does not exist forces a lie upon the nervous system. The drug which disposes to reverie rather than to work, which makes us feel well when we are not well, destroyes the sanity of life. All stimulants, narcotics, tonics which affect the nervous system in whatever way reduce the truthfulness of sensation, thought, and action. Toward insanity all such influences lead; and their effect, slight though it be, is of the same nature as mania. The man who would see clearly, think truthfully, and act effectively must avoid them all. Emergency aside, he can not safely force upon his nervous system even the smallest falsehood. And here lies the one great unanswerable argument for total abstinence; not abstinence from alcohol alone, but from all nerve poisons and emotional excesses.—Professor D. S. Jordan, in The Popular Science Monthly.

Temperance News and Notes.

Temperance is the handmaid of religion.

There are evils other than drink. But drink is the evil that opens the door for many others.

Were the disposition to indulge in "treating" eliminated, the drink problem would be less serious.

Under present conditions of life in this country, liquor is the most persistent and insidious foe of the home.

Read temperance literature. Let the children be educated on the subject. Life's problem is for them later on. If they be temperate they will have a better chance of reaching the right solution.

The saloon is sometimes called the "working man's club." The name fits closely in some ways. Many of the men seen coming out of saloons look as though somebody had been clubbing them pretty effectually.

The Campfire.

"Men build fires in various places to cook their coffee by or to make themselves warm or for company's sake," said a Civil War veteran, "and any fire is likely to be more or less a gathering point, but I suppose that the fire to which the name of campfire properly belongs, the campfire of song and story, is the cook's fire at the end of the company street; built on the ground, under a pole supported at the ends by crotched sticks driven in the earth, and from which the camp kettles are suspended. This was the gathering point of the company.

"Men did not always stand about the campfire, it depended upon circumstances and on the weather. They met here, of course, at meal times, and there were times when men would stand around the fire and smoke and talk. And then it might be that the men would keep their tents, playing cards, or smoking there, or mending their clothes, or polishing up their accoutrements. So that there were times when the fire was quite deserted, or when, perhaps, there might be seen there a solitary figure, a man who had come to light his pipe.

"But though it might be deserted the fire still burned. Sometimes on cold and windy nights the wind would blow it about and scatter it, and sometimes, when it was no longer attended, the rain would put it out, black, but there was usually a living fire there by day and a bed of embers by night, and here was the soldier's hearthstone.—New York Sun.

Not Good For the Boys.

The officer shook his head.

"I think," he said, "that sweets of that sort are not good for the boys. That kind of a diet gets them out of condition. Of course, we are very grateful to you for remembering us, but I really think it would be a serious mistake to let the boys have them."

"But what shall I do with all that I have brought them?" asked the visitor to the camp.

"Um—well—ah—er—you might leave it at the officers' quarters, you know."—Chicago Post.

A Strange Stream.

One of the strangest streams in the world is in East Africa. It flows in the direction of the sea, but never reaches it. Just north of the equator, and when only a few miles from the Indian Ocean, it flows into a desert, where it suddenly and completely disappears.

Her Name Won't Be Mud.

A Missouri belle named Mudd is to marry a man named Clay. That shows she is progressive, anyhow.

A Startled Mother.

From the Freeport (Ill.) Bulletin.

While busy at work in her home, Mrs. William Shay, corner of Taylor and Hancock Avenues, Freeport, Ill., was startled by hearing a noise just behind her.

Turning quickly she saw creeping toward her her four-year-old daughter, Beatrice. The child moved over the floor with an effort but seemed filled with joy at finding her mother. The rest of the happening is best told in the mother's own words. She said:

Mrs. Shay Was Startled.

"On the 28th of Sept., 1896, while in the bloom of health, Beatrice was suddenly and severely afflicted with spinal meningitis. Strong and vigorous before, in five weeks she became feeble and suffered from a paralytic stroke which twisted her head back to the side and made it impossible for her to move a limb. Her speech, however, was not affected. We called in our family doctor, one of the most experienced and successful practitioners in the city. He considered the case a very grave one. Before long little Beatrice was compelled to wear a plaster paris jacket. Prominent physicians were consulted, electric batteries were applied, but no benefit was noticed until we tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Busy in my kitchen one afternoon I was startled by the cry of 'Mamma' from little Beatrice who was creeping towards me. I had placed her on an improvised bed in the parlor comfortably close to the fireside and given her some books and playthings. She became tired of waiting for me to come back and made up her mind to go to me, so her story, 'My Pink Pills made me walk,' which she tells everyone who comes to our house, was then for the first time verified. She has walked ever since. She has now taken about nine boxes of the pills and her pale and pinched face has been growing rosy, and her limbs gained strength day by day. She sleeps all night long now, while before taking the pills she could rest but a few hours at a time." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists.

There is such a variety of climate in Costa Rica that one can have anything he likes by going a few miles north or south from a given point.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

It is computed that a hundredweight of lead is fired for every man killed in battle

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

Aberdeen terriers are driving out all other fashionable pet dogs in London.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

A silk factory in which only women are employed has been opened in a suburb of London.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Jaipur is a state with an area of 14,465 square miles, and a population of over 2,500,000, chiefly Hindus.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

In February, 1865, cranberries sold at wholesale in New York at $40 per barrel.

Maybe the grocer is "just out of Ivory Soap but has another just as good." No other soap is just as good. Insist that he get Ivory Soap for you.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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It is the only real weapon which protects and also makes fun, laughter and lots of it; it shoots, not once, but many times without reloading; and will protect by its appearance in time of danger, although loaded only with liquid. It does not get out of order; is durable, handsome, and nickel plated.
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