

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Looking Backward"—It is Well to Review the Past and Arouse the Soul to Reminiscences of Dangers Escaped and Sorrows Suffered.

Text: "While I was musing, the fire burned."—Psalms xxxix, 3.

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 seem as if he were taking 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 pastoral work 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 it was eight, and I was five. There was a Sabbath daybreak, 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-lum 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 midlife 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.

But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties. It is useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up the memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, did not enter your house, 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 we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infamy and often called him "the lame brat."

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 when 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 some of you—for the most part 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 table, the 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 firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half an hour.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in merriment under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you could not wait any longer. You hear the creek rumbling along over the rocks. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silently fly over the fence, saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them pushing their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you remember when you came again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfalls 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 congratulatory 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.

But I must not spend any more of your 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 it is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the second trouble. As when you were 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 joyous 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 fell walked around the cradle. You did not know what it was, 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 down 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, how gladly you would have let them 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 were lying in bed, you felt a little one in your arms. "Let it pass," and forthwith, 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 pressed it into his lips, so God put 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, this was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God confronted 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 critically better ever since. The last time 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!"

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 some 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 into the sea. You once dispensed great charities now you 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 your life is a shelter for your heart 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. Perhaps you were in childhood, and of it, simply because asked to do so, is so foolish that it borders on idioy. There are as many as 37 kinds of foolish men. One kind makes himself known by "treating" because some other foolish man has done so, or because it is a senseless "custom." The "treating" habit is responsible for more drunkenness, "big-heads," business losses, poverty, crime and remorse than you perhaps think. Don't "treat" or be "treated" and you will treat yourself better and be treated with more consideration by others. What do you think about it?

A School For Baby Drunkards. Some truly gruesome facts have come out in consequence of a recent inquiry at Bonn into the subject of alcoholism in elementary schools. Sixteen per cent. of the children refused to drink "milk because it had no taste," but twenty-five per cent. drank beer and wine every day, while eight per cent. of these babies of seven and eight years of age were regularly once a day treated by their parents to a glass of brandy to "make them strong." Of 428 children of the same age as above, not a single one had never tasted beer or wine, and only twenty-five per cent. had never tasted brandy. A few of the children were even accustomed to Cognac, and the curious fact appeared that the number of girls who were given Cognac or brandy with their luncheon was much larger than that of boys thus poisoned. And if these things be done at Bonn—which prides itself on being one of the most cultured towns in Germany—what is to be expected of less enlightened places? The Emperor, when next he is on the lookout for a new field of activity, might do worse than turn his attention to the elementary schools in the town of the Muses on the banks of the Rhine.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Devil's Railroad—A Remarkable Temperance Document Prepared by a Young Man Who is Serving a Life-Term For Murder Done While Drunk.

A Vice-President of the National Temperance Society sends to the Advocate the following schedule which was prepared by a young man who is serving a life sentence in a Mississippi penitentiary for killing his companion while on a drunken gambling spree. The young man was from a good family in good circumstances, but as the parents were negligent as to their attendances upon religious observances the young man fell into evil company. Yielded to the wine cup. Since he entered prison he has been converted. It is hoped that the publication of this schedule will do good. It is prepared by one who has traveled over the road:

THE BLACK VALLEY RAILROAD. Standard Gauge, International Line. Chartered under the Laws of all the States. No stop-over checks. No return trains.

Table with 2 columns: Station Name and Time. Stations include Cigaretteville, Lusty Gulch, Hammer's Roost, Criminal's Rendezvous, Deliriumville, Battleground Swamp, Prisonburg, Devil's Gap, Dark Valley, and Demon Bend.

Don't get frightened at the dying groans you may hear. Perdition. (Many passengers relieve themselves of all anxiety by committing suicide.) Tickets for Sale by All Barkeepers.

Our very popular line carries annually 400,000 passengers. Brings misery and woe to 2,000,000 persons. Dispatches into Eternity 60,000 unprepared souls. Carries 600,000 unrepentant sinners to the prison. More immigration passes annually over our line than any other. We positively refuse to be responsible for the poverty and wants of the widows and orphans of those who ride over our line. They may ride with us if they pay the fare. Our employees are paid promptly. See Romans, vi., 23.

N. B. The great License Law, under which we operate, relieves us from all responsibility for accidents and suffering along our line, or that is caused by our employees. We insist that all attempts by silly women and enthusiastic preachers and church members to stop our business by invalidating our charters are in direct opposition to the great doctrine of "Personal Liberty."

We hereby give notice, that any woman who dares to oppose our most lucrative business will be branded a "drank," and that any man who dares to oppose us will be designated a "boiler" from the time of the great political parties and he takes the risk of losing his political influence. D. E. VIL, General Manager. A. L. CONOR, Agent.



There are at least 49 kinds of foolishness. To drink a stimulant when not in need of it, simply because asked to do so, is so foolish that it borders on idioy. There are as many as 37 kinds of foolish men. One kind makes himself known by "treating" because some other foolish man has done so, or because it is a senseless "custom."

The "treating" habit is responsible for more drunkenness, "big-heads," business losses, poverty, crime and remorse than you perhaps think. Don't "treat" or be "treated" and you will treat yourself better and be treated with more consideration by others. What do you think about it?

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The Crusade in Paragraphs. Before the day can be calmed, the saloon door must be bolted. Three saloon keepers of Sullivan, Ill., had damage suits aggregating \$21,000 filed against them in one day lately. Men is worth one dollar a pound in Manila. This is probably due largely to the fact that most of the Manila butchers have recently gone into the saloon business. Every intemperate man in a community is like a derelict at sea, a danger to all who sail the same waters. No drink while on duty is an axiom not of morals, but of snarconic prudence.

When Rival Babes Met.

Two rival mothers with rival babies sat opposite each other in a "blue car" the other day, en route for the great east side.

One infant was pretty and the other wasn't, and the beauty child got so much attention, so many chunks under the chin, and such quantities of foolish talk flung at it that the mother of the neglected child grew pale with anger and envy. "I felt so sorry for her," said the friend who told me this, "that I paid her poor little one some slight attentions, which so encouraged its mother that she became another being as it were and broke out as follows: 'Shure beauty isn't everything in a child, ma'am. My Patsy ain't no picture child, but if he grows up good an' honest an' hard workin' that's better than good looks, which is the ruin of many.'"

Then she glanced over at the opposition baby and added meaningly: "There's been a plenty of robbers and murderers that was good lookin'." And my friend left the car in some haste to avoid the impending storm that was gathering in the eyes of the mother who sat on the opposite side of the car.—New York Herald.

Concerning Plaster Casts. "Plaster casts are now entirely relied upon in sprains as far as the limbs are concerned," exclaimed a well-known surgeon to a Star reporter, "as well as in the treatment of fractures. And beyond the cast there is no further treatment necessary. The cast should, however, not be put on until the inflammation in consequence of the injury has disappeared. To reduce the inflammation continuous application of hot water is found to be the most efficacious remedy. When once the inflammation has gone down an antiseptic bandage should be put on the injured part, and on this the plaster bandage and splints. This encases the hand, arm, foot or leg in a plaster boot, which keeps its place and keeps the injured part intact. The cast should be kept on as long as possible—at least a week under all circumstances, and in cases of a sprained foot, ankle or leg, for ten days or longer. In cases of injury caused by a sprain of the ankle or foot the plaster cast should under no circumstances be removed in less than a week, for the greatest care is required in their treatment, otherwise the injury becomes permanent."—Washington Star.

The American Volunteer. For three-quarters of an hour our little boat hurled incessant lead at hill and wood, until we became convinced that not even a grasshopper could escape under such a fire. Then slowly we drew down river, and each man threw himself upon his blanket and slept. As the night mists whitened over the river and the sun gloriously rose blood red through the mists, the corporal by my side stood up, stretched his brawny arms, and facing the glowing east, exclaimed to my great surprise: "Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight The Stars before him from the Field of Night, Drives Night along with them from Heaven, and strikes The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light!" —Story of the Pasig River Fight.

A Family Driven Mad. An extraordinary case of madness, in which all the members of a family, consisting of father, mother and four children, were simultaneously afflicted has occurred in Germany. A party of strolling gypsies, who undertook to tell the father's fortune by means of cards, declared that he would be killed while serving in the army, and this prediction so impressed him and his family that in the course of the same day they all developed signs of wavering reason, and before long had to be put under restraint. The gypsies were arrested by the German police.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Lake navigation is now open, and the movement of grain eastward is heavy. Campbell's Malarial Specific. Guaranteed cure for all Malarial diseases. At all druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents to J. B. CAMPBELL, Suffern, N. Y. Men possess the power of adaptability to a greater degree than women. To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. No C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money. More women become insane on account of love affairs than men. J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c. It is estimated that one person in a thousand dies of unrequited love.

Coughs Lead to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough a once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous. The enlistment of a British soldier is for seven years. Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa. James A. Allen, of Palmyra, Wis., has been a Justice of the Peace for fifty years. No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. \$50. All druggists. The Island of Luzon in the Philippines has the same area as Ohio. Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894. As many as 4000 dates have been gathered from a single palm. Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.



Examine the new oil cloth on the kitchen floor; its color and gloss are being destroyed and you may see where a cake of common soap fresh from the hot water in the scrubbing bucket has been laid on it for a moment, the free alkali having eaten an impression of the cake into the bright colors. A more careful examination will show small "pin holes" here and there where the alkali has cut through the surface to soak into and gradually weaken the whole floor covering. This is what cheap soaps do. Use Ivory Soap, it will not injure.

Lazy Liver Candy Cathartic. Regulate the Liver. Cure Constipation. No-to-Bac. Sold and guaranteed by all drug stores to cure tobacco habit.

Boys Spalding's Athletic Library should be read by every boy who wants to become an athlete. No. 4. Boxing. No. 5. Football. No. 6. How to be an Athlete. No. 7. College Athletics. No. 8. How to Play Base Ball. No. 9. All Around Athlete. No. 10. How to Funch the Bag. No. 11. How to Train. No. 12. How to be a Bi-athlete. No. 13. Official Foot Ball Guide. No. 14. Official Basketball Guide. No. 15. Official A. U. Primer. No. 16. Official A. U. Rules. No. 17. Athletic Records. No. 18. Official Base Ball Guide. No. 19. How to be a Bi-athlete. Price, 10 cents per copy. A. C. SPALDING & BROS., New York, Denver, Chicago.

Farquhar Rake Separator. Lightest draught; most durable, perfect in operation and cheap. Farquhar Vibrator Separator. Greatest capacity; wastes no grain, cleans thoroughly, no rick. Farquhar Celebrated Ajax Engine. Received medal and highest award at World's Columbian Exposition. Farquhar Variable Friction Feed Saw Mill. Most accurate set works made. Quick receding head blocks and lightning gig back. Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills and Agricultural Implements Generally. Send for illustrated catalog. A. B. Farquhar Co., Ltd. YORK, PA.

Old Colonial Mantel Pieces. Wanted—Handsome old Colonial doors, window-frames, banisters, mantelpieces and other inside wood-work. Great opportunity for anyone about to tear down or alter. Address, P. O. Box 2949, Boston, Mass. \$5 Easily Made in 5 Hours daily following our article in constant use and demand. Write for particulars. ARCHIBALD & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS. NYNU-20. What would the world do without ink? Just think of it! CARTER'S INK IS THE BEST INK. Forty years experience in the making. Costs you no more than poor ink. Why not have it? Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894. As many as 4000 dates have been gathered from a single palm. Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Columbia Hartford and Vedette Bicycles. Public appreciation of the unequalled combination of quality and price embodied in these machines is shown in the present demand for them which is entirely without precedent. NEW MODELS. Chainless, \$75. Columbia Chain, \$50. Hartford, \$35. Vedettes, \$25.25. A limited number of Columbia, Models 45, 46 and 49 (improved) and Hartford, Patterns 7 and 8, at greatly reduced prices. SEE OUR CATALOGUE. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Atlanta and New Orleans Short Line. Atlanta and West Point Railroad Company. The Western Rwy of Ala. THE SHORTEST LINE BETWEEN ATLANTA AND NEW ORLEANS. Operate Magnificent Vestibuled Trains between Atlanta and Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, at which latter point close and direct connections are made for All Texas, Mexico and California Points. In Addition to this Excellent Through Train and Car Service These Railroads offer most favorable accommodations and inducements to their patrons and residents along their line. Any one contemplating a change of home can find a location more attractive nor more conducive to prosperity than is to be found on the line of these roads.

Happy Pills JOHNSON'S The greatest remedy for MALARIA, CHILLS & FEVER. Cripple and Liver Diseases. 35c. KNOWN ALL DRUGGISTS. PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, of Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days. PAIN EXHAUSTION (treatment, postpaid, 10 cents). ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 246 Greenwich St., N. Y.

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