THE POWER OF HOPE.

Dr. Talmage Says No Better Medicine Did a Man Ever Take.

Forgive the Repentant-The Perfect Life to Come--Cultivate Hope.

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Washington, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage would lift people out of despondency and bring something of future joy into earthly depression. The text is Hebrews vi, 19, "Which hope."

There is an Atlantic Ocean of depth and fullness in the verse from which my text is taken, and I only wade into the wave at the beach and take two words. We have all favorite words expressive of delight or abhorrence, words that easily find their way from brain to lip, words that have in them mornings and midnights, laughter and tears, thunderbolts and dewdrops. In all the lexicons and vocabularies there are few words that have for me the attractions of the last word of my text, "Which hope."

There have in the course of our life been many good angels of God that have looked over our shoulders, or met us on the road, or chanted the darkness away, or lifted the curtains of the great future, or pulled us back from the precipices, or rolled down upon us the rapturous music of the heavens, but there is one of these angels that has done so much for us that we wish throughout all time and eternity to celebrate it—the angel of Hope. St. Paul makes it the center of a group of three, saying. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity." And, though he says that charity is the greatest of the three, he does not take one plume from the wing, or one ray of luster from the brow, or one aurora from the cheek, or one melody from from the voice of the angel of my text, "Which hope."

That was a great night for our world when in a Bethlehem caravansary the Infant Royal was born, and that will be a great night in the darkness of your soul when Christian hope is. When we sit down hungry at a table, we do not want an analytical discourse as to what bread is. Hand it on; pass it round; give us a slice of it. John speaks of hope as a "pure hope;" Peter calls it a "lively hope; "Paul styles it a "good hope." An all up and down the Bible it is spoken of as an anchor, as a harbor, as a helmet, as a door.

When we draw a check on a bank, we mus

up and down the Bible it is spoken of as an anchor, as a harbor, as a helmet, as a door.

When we draw a check on a bank, we must have reference to the amount of money we have deposited, but Hope makes a draft on a bank in which for her benefit all heaven has been deposited. Hope! May it light up every dungeon, stand by every sickbed, lend a helping hand to every orphanses, loosen every chain, caress every forlorn soul and turn the unpictured room of the almshouse into the vestibule of heaven! How suggestive that mythology declares that when all other deities fled the goddess of Hope remained!

It was hope that revived John Knox when on shipboard near the coast of Scotland he was fearfully ill, and he was requested to look shoreward and asked if he knew the village near the coast, and he answered: "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory, and I am fully persuaded how weak that ever I now appear I shall not depart this life till I shall glorify His holy name in the same place." His hope was rewarded, and for twenty-five years more he preached. That is the hope which sustained Mr. Morrell of Norwich when departing this life at twenty-four years of age he declared, "I should like to understand the secrets of eternity before to morrow morning." That was the kind of hope that the corporal had in the battle when, after several standard bearers had fallen, and turned to a licutenant-colonel and said. "If I fall, tell my dear wife that I die with a good hope in Christ and that I am glad to give my life for my country." That was the good hope that Dr. Goodwin had in his last hour when he said: "Ah, is this death? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend!"

No beter medicine did a man ever take than hope. It is a stimulant, a febrifuge,

friend!"
No beter medicine did a man ever take than hope. It is a stimulant, a febrifuge, a tonic, a catholicon. Thousands of people long ago departed this life would have been living to-day but for the reason they let hope slip their grasp. I have known people to live on hope after one lung was gone and disease had seemed to lay hold of every nerve and muscle and artery and bone.

Alexander the Great, starting for the wars in Persia, divided his property among the Macedonians. He gave a village to one, a port to another, a field to another and all his estate to his friends. Then Perdiceas asked, "What have you kept for yourself?" He answered triumphantly, "Hope."

Perdicens asked, "What have you kept for yourself?" He answered triumphantly, "Hope."

And, whatever else you and I give away, we must keep for ourselves hope—all comforting, all cheering hope. In the heart of every man, woman and child that hears or reads this secmon may God implant this principle right now!

Many have full assurance that all is right with the soal. They are as sure of heaven as if they had passed the pearly panels of the gate, as though they were already seated in the temple of God unrolling the libretto of the heavenly chorister. I congratulate all such. I wish I had it, too—full assurance—but with me it is hope. "Which hope." Sinful, it expects retier; bereft, it expects reunion; clear down, it expects wings to lift; shipwrecked, it expects furgiveness; troubled, it expects relier; bereft, it expects reunion; clear down, it expects wings to lift; shipwrecked, it expects it does not wear itself out by looking hackward; it always looks forward. What is the use of giving so much time to the rehearsal of the past? Your mistakes are not corrected by a review. Your losses caunot, by broodfing over them, be turned into gains. It is the future that has the most for us, and hope cheers us on. We have all committed blunders, but does the calling of the roll of them make them any the less blunders? Look ahead in all matters of usefulness. However much you may have accomplished for God and the world's betterment your greatest usefulness is to come. "No," says some one, "my money is gone." "No," says some one, "hy money is gone." "No," says some one, "hy money is gone." "No," says some one, "hy money is gone." "No," says some one, "he most of my years are gone and therefore my usefulness." Why, you talk like an infidel. Do you suppose that all your capacity to do good is fenced in by this life? Are you going to be a lounger and a do nothing after you have quit this world?"

It is my business to tell you that your faculties are to be enlarged and intensified

warst?
It is my business to tell you that your faculties are to be enlarged and intensified and your qualifications for usefulness multiplied tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousand-

tiplied tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousand to d.

Is your health gone? Then that is a sign that you are to enjoy a celestial health compared with which the most jocund and hilarious vitality of earth is mysalidism. Are your fortunes spent? Remember, you are to be kings and queens unto God. And how much more wealth you will have when you reign forever and ever! I want to see you when you get your heavenly work dress on. This little bit of a speek of a world we call the earth is only the place where we get ready to work. We are only journeymen here, but will be master workmen there. Heaven will have no loaders hanging around. The book says of the inhabitants, "They rest nut day nor night." Why rest when they work without fatigue? Why seek a pillow when there is no night there? I want to see you after the pedestrianism of earth has been exchanged for power of flight and velocities infinite and enterprises interstellar, interworld.

I suspect that the telescope of that observatory brings in sight constellations that may compaise rained warlds which has constellations that may compaise rained warlds which has leed looking after and need help saintly and missionary. There may be worlds that, like ours, have sinned and nod to be rescued, perhans saved by our Christ or by some pian that God has thought out for other worlds as wise, as potent, as lovely as the atonequent is for our world. The forms which has cursed us in this warld will not min the land of sternal activities—to much tanic in the air, so much manitation in the service in much manitation in the service.

on opportunities past, be' put your emphasis on opportunities to coree.

Am I not right in asying that eternity can do more for us than can time! What will we not be able to do when our powers of locomotion shall be quickened into the immortal spirit's speed? Why should a bird have a switness of wing when it is of no importance how long it shall take to make its aerial way from forest to forest and we, who have so much more important errand in the world, get on so slowly? The rochuck outruns us, the hounds are quicker in the chase, but wait until God lets us loose from all limitations and hinderments. Then we will fairly begin. The starting post will be the tombstone. Leaving the world will be graduation day before the chief work of our mental and spiritual career. Hope sees the doors opening, the victor's foot in stirrup for the mounting. The day breaks—first flush of the horizon. The mission of hope will be an everlasting mission, as much of it in the heavenly hereafter as in the earthly now. Shall we have gained all as soon as we enter realms celestial—nothing more to learn, no other heights to climb, no new authems to raise, a monotony of existence, the same thing over and over again for endless years? No! More progress in that world than we ever made in this.

Hope will stand on the hills of heaven

Hone will stand on the hills of heaven and look for ever brightening landscapes, other transfigurations of color, new glories rolling over the scene, new celebration of victories in other worlds, heaven rising into grander heavens, seas of glass mingled with fire, becoming a more brilliant glass mingling with a more frames

liant glass mingling with a more flaming fire. "Which hope."

Hope on, and, though you may never hear of your son's reformation and others my think he has left this life hopeless, who knows but that in the last moment, after he has censed to speak and before his soul launches away, your prayer may have been answered and he be one of the first to meet you at the shining gate. The prodigal in the parable got home and sat down at the feast, while the elder brother, who never left the old place, stood pouting at the hack door and did not go in at all.

To another class of persons I introduce the ancel of hope, and they are the invalids. I cannot take the diagnosis of your disorder, but let hope cheer you with one of two thoughts. Such narvelous cures are being wrought in our day through medication and surgery that your invalidism may yet be mastered.

Persons as ill as you have got well. Cancer and tuberculosis will yet give way before some new discovery. I see every day people strong and well who not long ago I swe publid and leaning heavily on a staff and hardly able to climb stairs.

But if you will not take the hand of hope for earthly convalescence let me point

people strong and well who not long ago I saw pallid and leaning heavily on a staff and hardly able to climb stairs.

But if you will not take the hand of hope for earthly convalescence let me point you to the perfect body you are yet to have if you love and serve the Lord. Death will put a prolonged amerathete upon your present body, and you will nover again feel an ache or pain, and then in His good time you will have a resurrection body, about which we know nothing excect that it will be painless and glorious beyond all present appreciation. What must be the health of that land which never feels cut of cold or blast of heat, and where there is no east wind sowing pneumonias on the air, your fleetness greater than the foot of deer, your eyesight clearer than eagle in six, perfect health, in a country where all the inhabitants are everlastingly well?

You who have in your body an encysted bullet ever since the Civil War; you who have kept alive only by precautions and self denials and perpetual watching of pulse and lung; you of the dealened car and dim vision and the severe back-ache; you who have not been free from pain for ten years, how do you like this story of physical reconstruction, with all weakness and suffering subtracted and everything jocund and bounding added?

Do not have anything to do with the gloom that Harriet Martineau expressed in her dying words: "I have no reason to believe in another world. I have had enough of life in one and can see no good reason why Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated." Would you not rather have the Christian enthusiasm of Robert Annan, who when some one said, "I will be satisfied if I manage somehow to get into heaven with two tugs like that vessely onder? I tell you I would like to go in with all my sails set and colors flying."

Again, let me introduce the element of hope to those good people who are in desnair about the world's moral condition. They have gathered up appalling statisties. They tell you if the large number in our land, who are living profligat

many millions of men and women who are doing the best they can.

They tell you the number of drunkeries in this country, but fail to mention the thousands of glorious churches with two doors—one door open for all who will enter for pardon and consolation, and the other door opening into the heavens for the ascent of souls prepared for translation.

other door ovening into the heavens for the ascent of souls prepared for translation.

From this hour cultivate hope. Do so by reading all the Scriptural promises of the world's coming Edenization, and doubt if you dare the veracity of the Alnaghty when He says He will make the desert roseate, and the leopard and kid will lie down in the same pasture field, and the lion, ceasing to be carnivorous, will become graminivorous, cating "straw like an ox," and reptilian venom shall change into harmlessness, so that the "weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." So much for the world at large.

Then cultivate hope in regard to your own longavity, by seeing how in other people God mercifully reverses things and brings to pass the unexpected, remembering that Washington lost more battles than he gained, but triumphed at the last, and, further, by making sure of your eternal safety through Christ Jesus, understand that you are on the way to palaces and thrones. This life a span long, ending in durations of bliss that neither human nor archangelic faculties can measure or estimate—redolence of a springtime that never ends and fountains tossing in the light of a sun that never ests. May God thrill us with anticipation of this immortal gies! "Which hope."

I said in the opening of this subject that my text was only the wave on the beach, while the whole verse from which it is taken is an ocean. But the ocean tides are coming in, and the sea is getting so deep I must fall back, wading out as I waded in, for what morial can stand hefore the mighty surges of the full tide of sternal gladness? "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard; neither hath entered into the heart of msn the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Clever London Cabby.

A London "cabby" says that once two distinguished strangers halled him at Westminster palace and bade him drive at top speed to Marlborough house. After a moment of recollection he recognized the Prince of Wales and his friend the King of Belgium. An awkward attempt at an obelsance from the box was promptly rebuked, and the cabby acttled down to his business of driving his royal guests as fast as a hansom may go in London streets. They stopped at Marlborough house and it was time to pay. 'Well driven, cabby," said the prince; "what do I owe you?" "Please, sir, I've already 'ad a sovereign and a 'arf in the 'ansome," replied cabby, bowing to the price and the king of Belgium. "Here's for the king of Belgium, then," said the prince, handing the driver a sovereign; "I don't count, you know."

pealing to negroes to help them with their turpentine getting. Builders of new cotton mills are greatly concerned as to where they will get hands to run their mills. Georgia farmers and planters are ap-

A Wheaton, Ill., lady who had "tried everything in vain until I commenced taking your valuable remedy," has written, if the Wheaton News can be believed, the following testimonial to a country druggist who is booming a new tonic:

Dear Sir: Before taking your medi cine I was too weak to spank the baby but now I can lick my husband. Heaver

but now I can lick my husband. Heaven bless you."

This reminds one of the Shakopee man who was nearly blind and took Dr. Saw-yer's wonderful clixir. He wrote: "Dear Sir: Before taking your elixir I could not see six inches before my face. Yesterday I saw wood. I feel that I numbr to let be a feet to be a feet of the

I ought to let these facts be known. Send me another bottle."

Phinneas E. Perkins, of Mound Cen-tre, S. D., says that before trying the Snake Cure "he had not drawn a sober breath for twenty-five years." Last Sun-day he drew several sober breaths, great-ly to the astonishment of his wife and without injury to his health. He ex pects a perfect cure—some time.

The mermaid evidently had found comething in the paper that amused her

greatly, "Share-and-share-alike," said Neptun coyly, as he peered over her shoulder un til her golden locks blew into his whis

"Just a little thing I have found here among the estimates of the chief of the bureau of yards and docks," said the nymph. "I see he wants a lot of money nymph. "I see he wants a lot of money for school teachers, schoolhouses, spelling books, slate pencils and that sort of

trident, and then with the air of one who had solved a deep mystery said:
"Oh, that's all right. The chief intends to change the name of his department to

the 'bureau of school yards and docks.

No Mixed Drinks. "Did the prisoner indulge in objurgations?" asked the young attorney of the

"No. sir," replied the latter. "I never knew him to take anything but whiskey."

"Of course," began Miss Gaussip,
"tome of the stories I've heard about her
are not worthy of being believed, but"—
"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Peppry, "merely worthy of being repeated, eh?"

Every package of cocoa or chocolate put out by Walter Baker & Co. bears the well known trade-mark of the facture, "Dorchester, Mass." House keepers are advised to examine their purchases, and make sure that other goods have not been substituted. They received three gold medals from the Pan-American exposition.

A Bucolic Monarch. The King of Greece delights in taking recreation in the fields. He can plow, cut and bind corn, milk cows, and in short could, at a pinch, keep a farm going single-handed.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

Of 100 units of work done in Great Britain thirteen are accomplished by man-power unaided by machinery.

Beware of Continents for Catarrh That Contain Mercury, That Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to got the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Teledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free.

\$\frac{\partial Contains of the Contai

Hall's Family Pills are the best. Among the 282 medical journals pub-lished in the United States twenty-eight are devoted exclusively to hygiene.

No matter what ally you, healache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascanurs help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascanurs Canidy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has U.C.C. stammed on it. Boward of imitations.

It is the opinion of entirely too many people that the word "friend" means one who will lend his money.

MRS. H. F. ROBERTS

Says to All Sick Women: "Give Mrs. Pinkham a Chance, I Know She Can Help You as She Did Me."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: The world praises great reformers; their names and fames are in the ears of everybody, and the public press helps spread the good tidings. Among them all Lydia E. Pinkham's name goes to posterity



MRS. H. P. ROBERTS, County President of W. C. T. U., Kansas City, Mo.

county President of W. C. T. U., Kansas City, Mo.

with a softly breathed blessing from the lips of thousands upon thousands of women who have been restored to their families when life hong by a thread, and by thousands of others whose weary, aching limbs you have quickened and whose pains you have taken away.

"I know whereof I speak, for I have received much valuable benefit myself through the use of Lydin E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and for years I have known dozens of women who have suffered with displacement, ovarian troubles, ulcerations and inflammation who are strong and well to-day, simply through the use of your Compound. "Mas. II. F. Roberts, 1404 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo. — \$5000 forfett if above testimonial is not pendies. Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass.

weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

The following is a most interesting and, in Mr. J. Pope, 42 Ferrar Road, Str England, said :

"Yes, poor chap, he is gone, dead-horse olted, thrown off his seat on his cab he was driving and killed—poor chap, and a good sort too, mate. It was him, you see, who gave me the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil that made new man of me. 'Twas like this: me and man had given him a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which had done him a lot of good; he only used half the bottle, and remembering that I and been a martyr to rheumatism and sciation for years, that I had literally tried everything, had doctors, and all without benefit, I became discouraged, and looked upon it that there was no help for me. Well," says Pope, "You may not believe me, for it is a miracle, but before I had used the contents of the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which poor Bowman gave me, I was a well man. There it is. on see, after years of pain, after using remedies, oils, embrocations, horse liniments, and spent money on doctors without getting any botter, I was completely cured in a few days. bought another bottle, thinking the pain night come back, but it did not, so I gave the pottle away to a friend who had a lame back I can't speak too highly of this won lerful

Rub the inner casing of windows that shove up and down hard with a little hard soap; treat bureau drawers in the same

He Could Watt.

"Here's the devil to pay!" exclain the old man, coming in with a handful

"Don't worry about him, dear," said the wife; "he knows that you'll settle with him hereafter!"

RAZIN STROP.

Brooklyn, N.Y., Nov. 18.—A medical authority says: "There is hardly a family anywhere in which Gardeld Tes does not often take the place of the Family Physician, for practically everyone suffers at times from disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels. Certainly, from no other medicine can such good results be obtained. This Hert remedy makes people well and thus greatly increases their capacity for enjoying life; it is good for young and old."

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Mrs. Winslow's Sootling Syrap for children teething, soften the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle Sunday is the day of strength; the others are week days.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

MCILHENNY'S TABASCO HANDSOME AMERICAN LADY, Inde dently rich, wants good, honest husband. Ad a Sire. E., 87 Market St., Chicago, 115

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