

NEED OF SIMPLICITY.

Dr. Talmage Calls For a Return to the Old Ways.

Distractions of Modern Life Tend to Lead Away From Straight Paths—A Timely Note of Warning.

Copyright, 1903, by Louis Klopsch. CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—Amid the distractions and temptations of modern life this sermon utters a warning cry...

Most simple is the text's figure. Its simplicity gives it a homely beauty. It lies in the aroma of the woods. It is often these simple smiles of country life that bring back to the weary city dweller those feet have been long unaccustomed to the hard paving stones...

Robert Burns was the sweetest bard old Scotland ever cradled among the wild flowers of Ayr and lullabyed to sleep by the murmuring waters of the "Bonnie Doon." Yet, with the hand of a master, he played upon the silver chords of the grand old instrument of human love by singing one of his sweetest songs about a mouse's nest...

But there is still one more path I want you to seek. That is the one which led down by the cradle of your children. When your first child was born, if you had the least spark of manhood in your makeup, you wanted to be a good man for your baby's sake...

But how are you going to find your way back to these old paths? Some of you have been away from those paths for many years. You are lost, completely lost. You will never find your way out from the mountains of sin unless you have a divine guide.

May the old paths of Christian love today become to you the new paths of Christian service. We have read that, in 1802, a party of men were encamped upon the battlefield of Pea Ridge...

But, come, let us take our axes today and clear away some of that rubbish. Let us explore the old path which once led up to the old homestead. When the first settlers entered the American woods they used to "blaze" a cross...

As I follow these "blazings" I find they were morally straight paths. They were as straight as a die. Your father may not have had much money. In all probability you, as a farmer's boy, remember him for the most part clothed in overalls and a woolen shirt.

Then, again, I further study the "blazing" marks along the paths which led up to the home of our childhood. I find out that these paths were Christian paths and always led toward the throne of God. How do I know? Simple enough. Let me illustrate: When I was in Europe I always, as far as possible, got away from the beaten tracks of tourists.

And, oh, my friend, what a lot of burdens she had to lay upon her Saviour's breast in her journey of life! There was that awful burden of physical sickness. I do not know how you may remember your mother, but most of us think of mother when she was physically sick.

I go a little further along this Christian path of your dead mother. I find also the place where she laid at Christ's feet the burden of her anxiety for the salvation of her children. Some people never think of their mother, first by picturing her sitting and sewing for their advent.

But there is another path to which I would call your attention today. It is that which you once traveled when going to Sunday school and to the church of your childhood. If that church was in the country, then there was poetry in your going.

If the path which you first traveled to Sunday school was along the sidewalk of a city, then in all probability you walked. You walked by the side of your father or mother, because you were the youngest. Then your new shoes would squeak at every step.

Join the church? Do you love Jesus? Will you promise to live for him and give your life to his service? Then you remember the great big lump that stuck in your throat. You remember how between your sobs you said: "The reason I want to be a Christian is because my father and mother and brothers and sisters are all Christians."

There is still another path which you once trod. This path is fragrant with blossoms. Like the faded tress of old, the heavy branches which line it are laden with silver bells. It is the path which once led up to your marriage altar.

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A noble British lord complained in his London house to an American guest, a woman, that when he was entertained in the United States some of the persons at table ate with their knives and others spilled the soup on the table cloth.

Teacher—Now this will hurt me more than it will you. Willie—Den let me do de wallop!—N. Y. Times.

Optical Illusion. A maid got a speck in her eye. And at once proceeded to cry. "Dear," said Jack, "I've no doubt I can kiss the thing out."

No Harm Done. "It must hurt a man's credit to wipe out his debts by going through bankruptcy."

Hard Conditions. "Don't yez open yer mou't, Flanagan, or O'll bate yer head af, an' if yez hape sittin' there t'inkin' evil t'oughts av me an' sayin' niver a wur-ri, it's a uppin' in th' jaw O'll let yez hov'."

The Lesser Evil. The Daughter—But, mamma, if I marry for money, I am afraid I will get some one I don't like.

Showing Her Hand. "A girl may succeed in concealing her plans for a long while," remarked the observer of events and things, "but when she gets her first engagement ring she's always willing to show her hand."

Dead Giveaway. "Uncle Henry," said little Robert, "do you absorb water?" "How absurd!" replied Uncle Henry. "Do you think I am a towel?"

Some People Did. Skids—Did your friend, Chesterus McRanter, the tragedian, enjoy his vacation?

Factional Animosity. Ward Heiler—Do you hate the opposite party? Zealous Voter—Hate it! I hate it almost as badly as I do the other faction of my own party.

A Change for the Better. "Farewell, them," he cried, melodramatically, "you will regret your refusal of my proffered love. I shall take to drink, and then—suicide!"

The Way of the World. First Tramp—Weary Willie stole an auto an' run over a man an' killed him! Second Tramp—Wot did dey do to Weary?

A Hunting Expedition. Although he put no game at all, He felt quite lucky in the end. By no stray bullet did he fall. Nor did he shoot some trusting friend.



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