

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PLEA TO ALL TO ACCEPT THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

Text from the Fourteenth Chapter of Luke: "And They All with One Consent Began to Make Excuse"—The Necessity for Religion.

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Washington, April 12.—In the following discourse, prepared by Dr. Talmage before his illness, the folly and danger of postponing the acceptance of the gospel of invitation are exposed on the text, Luke, xiv, 18, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

After the invitations to a levee are sent out the regrets come in. One man apologizes for nonattendance on one ground, another on another ground. The most of the regrets are founded on prior engagements. So in my text a great banquet was spread, the invitations were circulated, and now the regrets come in. The one gives an agricultural reason, the other a stock dealer's reason, the other a domestic reason. All poor reasons. The fact was, they did not want to go. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

So now God spreads a great banquet. It is the gospel feast, and the table reaches across the hemispheres, and the invitations go out, and multitudes come and sit down and drink out of the chalice of God's love, while other multitudes decline coming, the one giving this apology and the other giving that apology, "and they all with one consent begin to make excuse." I propose, so far as God may help me, to examine the apologies which men make for not entering the Christian life.

Apology the first: I am not sure there is anything valuable in the Christian religion. There is so much quackery in physics, in ethics, in politics, that men come to the habit of incredulity, and after awhile they allow that incredulity to collide with our holy religion. But, my friends, I think religion has made a pretty good record in the world. How many wounds it has saved! What promises it hath sent out like holy watchers to keep the lamps burning around deathbeds, through the darkness that lowers into the sepulcher! What flashes of resurrection dawn!

Besides that, this religion has made so many heroes. To give new wings to the imagination and better balance to the judgment and more determination to the will and greater usefulness to the life and grander nobility to the soul there is nothing in all the earth like our Christian religion. Nothing in religion? Why, then, all those Christians were deceived when in their dying moment they thought they saw the castle of the blessed, and your child, that with unutterable agony you put away into the grave, you will never see him again nor hear his sweet voice nor feel the throbs of his young heart.

There is nothing in religion? Sickness will come upon you. Roll and turn on your pillow; no relief. The medicine may be bitter, the night may be dark, the pain may be sharp, no relief. Christ never comes to the sick-room. Let the pain stab; let the fever burn; curse it and die.

There is nothing in religion? After awhile death will come. You will hear the pawing of the pale horse on the threshold. The spirit will be breaking away from the body, and it will take flight—whither, whither? There is no God, no ministering angels to conduct, no Christ, no heaven, no home. Nothing in religion? Oh, you are not willing to adopt such a dismal theory!

And yet the world is full of skeptics. And let me say there is no class of people for whom I have a warmer sympathy than for skeptics. We do not know how to treat them. We deride them, we caricature them. We, instead of taking them by the soft hand of Christian love, clutch them with the iron pinchers of ecclesiasticism. Oh, if you knew how those men had fallen away from Christianity and become skeptics you would not be so rough on them!

There is a man who says, "My partner in business was conspicuous in prayer meeting, and he was officious in all religious circles, but he cheated me out of \$3,000, and I don't want any of that religion." Then there are others who go into skepticism by a natural persistence in asking questions, why or how? How can God be one being in three persons? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. How can God be a complete sovereign and yet man a freeman? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They can not understand why a holy God lets sin come into the world, Neither can I. They say: "Here is a great mystery; here is a disciple of fashion, frivolous and goddess all her days; she lives on to be an octogenarian. Here is a Christian mother, training her children for God and for heaven, self-sacrificing, Christ-like, indignantly seeming to that household; she gets a cancer and dies." The skeptic says, "I can't explain that." Neither can I.

I can see how men reason themselves into skepticism. With burning feet I have trodden that blistering way. I know what it is to have a hundred nights poured into one hour. There are men in the arid desert of doubt who would give their thousands of dollars if they could get back the old religion of their fathers. Such men are not to be caricatured, but helped, and not through their heads, but through their hearts. When these men really do come into the kingdom of God, they will be worth far more to the cause of Christ than those who

never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers, once a skeptic, Robert Hall once a skeptic, Christmas Evans once a skeptic; but when they did lay hold of the gospel chariot how they made it speed ahead! If, therefore, I address men and women who have drifted away into skepticism, I throw out no scoff; I rather plead you by the memory of those good old times when you knelt at your mother's knee and said your evening prayer, and those other days of sickness when she watched all night and gave you the medicines at just the right time and turned the pillow when it was hot, and with hand long ago turned to dust soothed your pains and with that voice you will never hear again unless you join her in the better country, told you never mind, you would be better by and by, and by that dying couch where she talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words—by all those memories I ask you to come and take the same religion. It was good enough for her; it is good enough for you.

Aye, I make a better plea. By the wounds and the death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you in infinite love with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back, crying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the incorrigibility of their temperament. Now, we admit it is harder for some people to become Christians than for others, but the grace of God never came to a mountain that it could not climb or to an abyss that it could not fathom or to a bondage that it could not break. And the wildest, the haughtiest, the most ungovernable man ever created by the grace of God may be subdued and sent out on ministry of kindness, as God sends an August thunderstorm to water the wild flowers down in the grass.

Rich harvests of grace may grow on the summit of the jagged steep, and flocks of Christian graces may find pasturage in fields of bramble and rock. Though your disposition may be all a-briar with fretfulness, though you have a temper a-gleam with quick lightnings, though your avarice be like that of the horse leech, crying, "Give!" though damnable impurities have wrapped you in all consuming fire, God can drive that devil out of your soul, and over the chaos and the darkness he can say, "Let there be light."

Converting grace has lifted the drunkard from the ditch and snatched the knife from the hand of the assassin and the false keys from the burglar, and in the pestiferous lanes of the city met the daughter of sin under the dim lamplight and scattered her sorrow and her guilt with the words, "Thy sins are forgiven; go, and sin no more." For scarlet sin a scarlet atonement.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the inconsistencies of those who profess religion. Now, I say it is illogical. Poor lawyers are nothing against jurisprudence; poor physicians are nothing against medicine; poor farmers are nothing against agriculture, and mean, contemptible professors of religion are nothing against our glorious Christianity.

Sometimes you have been riding along on a summer night by a swamp and you have seen lights that kindled over decayed vegetation—lights which are called jack-o'-lantern or will-o'-the-wisp. These lights are merely poisonous miasmata. My friends, on your way to heaven you will want a better light than the will-o'-the-wisp which dance on the rotten character of moribund Christians. Exudations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor balm for our wounds.

Sickness will come, and we will be pushed out toward the Red sea which divides this world from the next, and not the inconsistency of Christians, but the rod of faith, will wave back the waters as a commander wheels his horse. The judgment will come, with its thunder shod solemnities. Oh, then we will not stop and say, "There was a man Christian; there was an impure Christian; in that day as now, 'if thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it.'"

Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians, so far from being an argument to keep you away from God, ought to be an argument to drive you to Him. The best place for a skillful doctor is in a neighborhood where there are all poor doctors, the best place for an enterprising merchant to open his store is in a place where the bargain makers do not understand their business and the best place for you who want to become the illustrious and complete Christian, the best place for you is to come right down among us who are so incompetent and so inconsistent sometimes. Show us how. Give us an example.

Other persons apologize for not becoming Christians because they lack time, as though religion muddled the brain of the accountant or tripped the pen of the author or thickened the tongue of the orator or weakened the arm of the mechanic or scattered the briefs of the lawyer or interrupted the sales of the merchant. They bolt their store doors against it and fight it back with trowels and with yardsticks and cry, "Away with your religion from our store, our office, our factory!"

They do not understand that religion in this workaday world will help you to do anything you ought to do. It can lay a keel; it can sail a ship; it can buy a cargo; it can work a pulley; it can pave a street; it can fit a wrist-band; it can write a constitution; it can marshal a host. It is as appropriate

to the astronomer as his telescope, to the chemist as his laboratory, to the mason as his plumb line, to the carpenter as his plane, to the child as his marbles.

No time to be religious here! You have no time not to be religious. You might as well have no clerks in your store, no books in your library, no compass on your ship, no rifle in the battle, no hat for your head, no coat for your back, no shoes for your feet. Better travel on toward eternity bare-headed and barefooted and houseless and homeless and friendless than to go through life without religion.

Why, my friends, religion is the best security in every bargain; it is the sweetest note in every song; it is the brightest gem in every coronet. No time to be religious? Why, you will have to take time to be sick, to be troubled, to die. Our world is only the wharf from which we are to embark for heaven. No time to secure the friendship of Christ? No time to buy a lamp and trim it for that walk through the darkness which otherwise will be illumined only by the whiteness of the tombstones? No time to educate the eye for heavenly splendors or the hand for choral harps or the ear for everlasting songs or the soul for honor, glory and immortality? One would think we had time for nothing else.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because it is time enough yet. That is very like those persons who send regrets and say, "I will come in perhaps at 11 or 12 o'clock; I will not be there at the opening of the banquet, but I will be there at the close." Not yet! Not yet!

Now, I do not give any doleful view of this life. There is nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that tends toward a doleful view of human life. I have not much sympathy with Addison's description of the "Vision of Mirza," where he represents human life as being a bridge of a hundred arches and both ends of the bridge covered with clouds, and the race coming on, the most of them falling down through the first span and all of them falling down through the last span. It is a very dismal picture. I have not much sympathy with the Spanish proverb which says, "The sky is good and the earth is good; that which is bad is between the earth and the sky." But while we as Christians are bound to take a cheerful view of life, we must also confess that life is a great uncertainty, and that man who says "I can't become a Christian yet" is running a risk infinite. You do not perhaps realize the fact that this descending grade of sin gets steeper and steeper and that you are gathering up a rush and velocity which after a while may not answer to the brakes.

Be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their corpse to God. It does not seem fair that while our pulses are in full play of health we serve ourselves and serve the world and then make God at last the present of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast carrying cargoes for ourselves and then, when the ship is crushed in the rocks, give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent—better that than never at all; but how much better, how much more generous it would have been if he had repented fifty years before! My friends, you will never get over these procrastinations.

We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! As I was thinking of this one day while coming down over the Allegheny mountains at noon, by that wonderful pass which you all have heard described as the Horseshoe—a depression in the side of the mountain where the train almost turns back again upon itself, and you see how appropriate is the name of the Horseshoe—and thinking on this very theme and preparing this very sermon, it seemed to me as if the great courier of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into limitless space. So short is time, so insignificant is earth, compared with the vast eternity! This moment voices roll down the sky and all the worlds of light are ready to rejoice at your disenchantment. Rush not into the presence of the King ragged with sin when you may have this robe of righteousness. Dash not your feet to pieces against the throne of a crucified Christ. Throw not your crown of life off the battlements. All the scribes of God are at this hour ready with volumes of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated.

Judge's Witty Remark.
In a certain case tried by Judge F. Carroll Brewster in the old court room at Chestnut and Sixth streets a point was warmly argued by two young lawyers. The judge's decision displeased the younger counsel, who in a heated manner said: "Will your honor note an exception?" "Certainly," said the judge, and leaned forward to make the entry on his docket. At that instant a heavy casting of the arms of Pennsylvania became detached from the ceiling and fell upon the judge's chair, crushing the back and striking the floor with a great noise. The judge calmly finished his note. A backward glance informed him of what had happened. With his inimitable smile and a meaning look at the "exceptioner," he dismissed the incident with the remark: "It is not always well to be an upright judge."—Philadelphia Times.

The wife of the man with a strong will regards it as a clear case of stubbornness.

WHY HE DID NOT SUE

GOOD STORY TOLD OF ENTERPRISING FLORIDA MERCHANT.

Plate Glass Window Something of a Mystery to Indian Chief, but Not for Long—Cause for Laughter About Equally Divided.

When Henry M. Flagler, "the wizard of the East Coast," began operations that turned a palmetto and "scrub oak" tangle into a tropical fairyland, and gave to the world its greatest and most delightful winter resort, Palm Beach, there were many small investors who followed him there.

One of them was C. O. Livingston of Jacksonville, Fla., who had built a brick block near Flagler's investments in St. Augustine, and had remarked that he would follow him "siam" to Cape Sable and around on the gulf if Flagler should keep on going.

Mr. Livingston had an ambition to have the first plate-glass front in the Everglades. So when his brick block in West Palm Beach was nearing completion he made a special trip down and personally superintended the placing of the polished plates in the frames. They were of large size and reached nearly to the level of the sidewalk. He was standing outside with his chest in the air, swelled with gratified ambition, admiring the crystal sheets, when along came Tiger-Tail, big chief of the once powerful but now fast disappearing Seminoles.

When his foot treads his native heath Tiger-Tail scorns to hide his noble form with any of the habiliments affected by his civilized brethren, but he has a white shirt hung up in his wigwam, which was given him by a commercial drummer in the early '70s and which he was wont to don when he made his monthly pilgrimages to Palm Beach for "fire water," "fire powder," and lead. He was thus attired when he walked up to Mr. Livingston and exchanged "How's."

This was a good opportunity for the proud builder to impress the savage red man with the march of civilization, so he pointed out the building to Tiger-Tail, calling his particular attention to the plate glass front.

Tiger-Tail looked at the polished surfaces, but his unpracticed eye could see nothing except openings in the front windows.

He walked up close, and thinking to get a closer view, he tried to step through the window inside. His Roman nose came in contact with the glass, which surprised him very much. He rubbed his nose, gave a grunt and looked hard at the window, and still, not seeing any reason why he could not step inside, made a second essay. He bumped his nose harder this time, which caused Mr. Livingston to laugh long and loud.

Now the Indian is essentially a man of action and without emotions. Without the least sign of anger visible in his face, Tiger-Tail backed away to the edge of the sidewalk, picked up a scuffling and went for that plate-glass front—the first in the Everglades—and before the owner could protest there wasn't a piece left big enough for a paper weight.

Mr. Livingston stormed and cursed but the big chief, adjusting his shirt, and explaining the whole matter by uttering the single word "Huh!" continued his search for more mysteries to unravel.

In telling this experience while on a visit to Boston, says the New York Mail and Express, one of Mr. Livingston's friends asked him why he did not sue the Indian.

"What," he exclaimed, "sue Tiger-Tail? Sue a man who ain't got nothing but a shirt? What would I get? The shirt?"

THIS COLORED MAN WAS WISE.

New Industry on a Windy Day in New York.

On the recent windy Sunday a new and apparently profitable industry was disclosed uptown. It was a day when hats went suddenly off the head and traveled a block or two before they alighted, and then rolled or bounded three or four blocks more, like low-driven golf balls. People at Broadway and Forty-second street, had just watched a young fellow of appear down the cross street in pursuit of his derby, and were turning to go on their ways, when a negro rounded the corner, who looked like a hatter. Derbies were tucked under each arm; he held a muddy tall hat in one hand and a white felt crush hat in the other, and on top of his own derby a black felt hat was jammed securely. He wore a smile from ear to ear.

"What are you doing with all those hats?" someone asked him.

"Well, I've takin' all dat am a-comin' ma way," and he grinned. "I could 'a' got more, but I ain't got no more place to put 'em."

"Why don't you give them back to the men that lost 'em?" he was asked.

"Well, you see," said he, "they was most gen'rally so fah away dat I couldn't wait."

Then he went on up Broadway, with all his hats.

"He proves the old saying," was remarked; "never chase your own hat—some one is always ready to do it for you."—New York Tribune.

Their Ultimate Destination.

Archbishop Hughes, of New York, once preached a sermon on "Purgatory," at which some ministers took offense, saying he had consigned them to a place in which they had no belief.

"Well, if they don't like Purgatory," answered his Grace, "they may go further and far worse."

DAMASCUS AND FIFTY CENTURIES.

Certainly the Most Ancient Center of Trade in the World.

The most ancient center of trade in the world, and one which still retains its mercantile current, is Damascus. The caravan comes and goes as it did 1,000 years ago; there the sheik, the ass and the water wheel, the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still occupy with the multitude of their wares. From Damascus comes the damson, blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal; Damascus damask, the beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VII.; the Damascus blade so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and that beautiful art of wood and steel with silver and gold—a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united—called damasceening, with which boxes, bureaus, swords and guns are ornamented. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel, an island of verdure in the desert, a presidential capital through more than thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light of heaven above the light of the sun; and the street which he called straight, in which it is said he prayed, still runs through the city. The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height and was afraid to enter because it was given to men to have but one Paradise, and for his part, he was resolved not to have his in this world.—Reform Advocate.

A Catch in His Back.

Palmer, Oregon, April 14th.—W. J. Uppendahl of this place has had a great deal of trouble recently with his back. Every time he went to do the least bit of lifting he used to have what he called "a catch" in his back. He says:

"It did not have to be very hard work to give me such a severe pain that I could not move. I suffered quite a long time before I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used four boxes and now I can work as hard as any one and my back is as stout and strong as it ever was."

"My wife used some of the pills too and she thinks there is nothing that beats them."

"I can positively recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who has a pain in his back, for I know they will cure it."

Submarine Camera.

One of the most interesting of new inventions is a camera for taking photographs in the depths of the sea. It consists, more correctly speaking, of two cameras, which are so arranged as to be focused upon a common point. Each is inclosed in a large steel hull to protect it against the pressure of the water.

In the middle of the apparatus is a glass fronted chamber, which contains a powerful electric light. When the light is turned on it shines through the glass and illuminates the water for a considerable distance.

The object to be photographed is brightly lit up, and it on'y remains to expose the plates, which is accomplished by the help of electric wires that run up through rubber tubes to the surface of the water above.

Magdalen is a Hebrew or Syriac name, meaning Magnificent. Magdala was the name of a city in Palestine.

Charles is German, meaning Noble-spirited One. Over a hundred European kings have been named Charles.

A WISCONSIN PAPER ON WESTERN CANADA.

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, One of the Favored Districts.

The following clipped from the correspondence columns of the Eau Claire (Wisconsin) Leader is but one of many letters of a similar character that might be published concerning Western Canada, the land of No. 1 hard wheat and the best cattle on the continent. It is a simple matter to reach the lands spoken of, the Canadian Government having agencies established at St. Paul and Duluth, Minnesota; Grafton, North Dakota; Watertown, South Dakota; Omaha, Nebraska; Kansas City, Missouri; Des Moines, Iowa; Wausau and Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Chicago, Illinois; Indianapolis, Indiana; Sault Ste. Marie and Detroit, Michigan; Toledo and Columbus, Ohio, and by writing to or calling upon any of these agents at these points full information can be secured. This is a great opportunity to secure a home free of cost or if you desire to purchase lands they can be bought now at prices much lower than will exist in a few months. But read what the correspondent referred to has to say of one particular district.

"To the Editor of the Leader—The rush of the land seekers will be to the prairie provinces of the Dominion of Canada. The allotments of a soil that yields 40 bushels of wheat to the acre are too good to be resisted and an immense migration from this country may be confidently predicted. People here laughed at first at the idea of any one leaving the United States for Canada, but the Dominion authorities knew they had a good thing and they stuck to it. Their officials evidently knew the value of printers' ink. They spared no expense in letting the people of this country know that these lands were there and that they were exactly as represented. They did more. They sent out specimens of the crops raised and samples of the grain. We have had them here at four consecutive street fairs, presided over by one of their ablest immigration officers. This gentleman spared no pains. He explained the value of the lands and the richness of the soil from morning to night to all comers.

"All this told in the long run. Several went up from here to spy out the land and like Caleb, the son of Jephthah, and Joshua, the son of Nun, brought back a good report, and now some ten families will leave here in a few weeks for Saskatchewan to settle upon farms there, and others are preparing to follow. Of course many will appear shocked at the idea of any one leaving the stars and stripes for the Union Jack, but patriotism is but a nomenclature after all, and our experience has been that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand a man is the most patriotic where he can make the most money and do the most harm to those whom he hates."

Isabella, one of the few names which came to us from the Latin through the Spanish, means the Fair Eliza.

PURMAM PADELESS DYES are easier to use and color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

Galloway robes dressed like buffalo robes are handsome and valuable. This opens a new avenue of profits from hides.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

The peculiar flavor of mutton is largely due to the food of the sheep and its treatment.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham



How Truly the Great
Fame of Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound Justifies Her Original
Signature.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

It has cured more cases of Backache and Leucorrhoea than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors.

Irregular, Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility quickly yields to it.

Womb troubles, causing pain, weight, and backache, instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

It quickly removes that Bearing-down Feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, Dizziness, Faintness, sleeplessness, flimsiness, melancholy or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, or some derangement of the Uterus, which this medicine always cures.

Kidney Complaints and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound always cures.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.