

A LIFE BLEMISH.

Dr. Talmage on the Polly of Remembering Past Sins.

How Fretful Christians Continually Vex God by Asking Pardon for That Which He Promises to Remember No More.

The enormous audience which thronged the tabernacle at Brooklyn last Sabbath morning had fresh evidence of Dr. Talmage's originality. The value of a retentive memory every one knew by experience and had extolled from their school days up, but they learned from Dr. Talmage's sermon that the art of forgetting is worth cultivating, and that there is the highest possible example for its exercise. His text was Heb. viii. 12: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindus is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the "forget-me-nots." We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we can not remember.

Memories, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Cos 500 years before Christ. Persons who had but little power to recall events, or to put facts and names and dates in proper perspective have, through this art, had their memory reinforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means cultivate it. I had an aged friend who, detained all night at a miserably depot in waiting for a rail train fast in the snow banks, entertained a group of some ten or fifteen clergymen, likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of presbytery, by first, with a piece of chalk, drawing out on the black and sooty walls of the depot, the character of Walter Scott's "Marmion," and then, reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some eighty pages of fine print. My old friend through great age lost his memory, and when I asked him if the story of the railroad depot was true, he said: "I do not remember now, but it was just like me." "Let me see," said he to me, "have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said, "you were my guest last night and I was with you an hour ago." What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all.

But right along with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might, through that process, be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of His own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the Divine forgiveness the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to him, and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned, and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned, God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten, forever and forever. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

This sublime attribute of forgetfulness on the part of God and I need, in our finite way, to imitate. You will do well to cast out of your recollection all wrongs done you. During the course of one's life he is sure to be misrepresented, to be lied about, to be injured. There are those who keep these things fresh by frequent rehearsal. If things have appeared in print, they keep them in their scrap book, for they cut these precious paragraphs out of the newspapers or books and at leisure times look them over, or they have them tied up in bundles, or thrust in pigeon holes, and they frequently re-lecture themselves and their friends by an inspection of these flings, these sarcasms, these falsehoods, these cruelties. I have known gentlemen who carried them in their pocket books, so that they could easily get at these irritations, and they put their right hand in the inside of the coat pocket over their heart and say: "Look here! Let me show you something." Scientists catch wasps and hornets and poisonous insects and transfix them in curiously bureaux for study, and that is well. But those of whom I speak catch the wasps and the hornets and poisonous insects and play with them and put them on themselves and on their friends and see how far the noxious things can jump and show how deep they can sting. Have no such scrap book. Keep nothing in your possession that is disagreeable. Tear up the falsehoods and the slanders and the hypercriticisms. Imitate the Lord in my text and forget, actually forget, sublimely forget. There is no happiness for you in any other plan or procedure.

Another practical thought: When our faults are repented of let them go out of mind. If God forgets them, we have a right to forget them. Having once repented of our infelicities and misdemeanors, there is no need of our repenting of them again. Suppose I owe you a large sum of money, and you are persuaded I am incapacitated to pay, and you give me acquittal from that obligation. You say: "I cancel

that debt. All is right now. Start again." And the next day I come in and say: "You know about that big debt I owed you. I have come in to get you to let me off. I feel so bad about it I cannot rest. Do let me off." You will reply with a little impatience: "I did let you off. Don't bother yourself and bother me with any more of that discussion." The following day I come in and say: "My dear sir, about that debt. I can never get over the fact that I owed you that money. It is something that weighs on my mind like a millstone. Do forgive me that debt." This time you clearly lose your patience and say: "You are a nuisance. What do you mean by this reiteration of that affair? I am almost sorry I forgave you that debt. Do you doubt my veracity, or do you not understand the plain language in which I told you that debt was cancelled?" Well, my friends, there are many Christians guilty of worse folly than that. While it is right that they repent of new sins and recent sins, what is the use of bothering yourself and insulting God by asking him to forgive sins that long ago were forgiven? God has forgotten them. Why do you not forget them? No; you drag the load on with you, and 365 times a year, if you pray every day, you ask God to recall occurrence which he has not only forgiven but forgotten. Quit this folly. I do not ask you less to realize the turpitude of sin, but I ask you to a higher faith in the promise of God and the full deliverance of His mercy. He does not give a receipt for part payment, or so much received on account, but receipt in full, God having for Christ's sake decreed, "your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more."

Not only forget your pardoned transgressions, but allow others to forget them. The chief stock on hand of many people is to recount in prayer meetings and pulpits what big scandals they once were. They not only will not forget their forgiven deficits, but they seem to be determined that the church and the world shall not forget them. If you want to declare that you have been the chief of sinners and extol the grace that could save such a wretch as you were, do so, but do not go into particulars. Do not tell how many times you got drunk, or to what bad places you went, or how many free rides you had in the prison van before you were converted. Lump it, brother; give it to us in bulk. If you have any scars got in honorable warfare, show them; but if you have scars got in ignominious warfare, do not display them. I know you will quote the Bible reference to the horrible pit from which you were dug. Yes, be thankful for that rescue, but do not make displays of the mud of that horrible pit, or splash it over other people. Sometimes I have felt in Christian meetings discomfited and unfit for Christian service because I had done none of those things which seemed to be necessary for Christian usefulness, for I never swore a word, or ever got drunk, or went to compromising places, or was guilty of assault and battery, or ever uttered a slanderous word, or ever did anyone a hurt, although I knew my heart was sinful enough, and I said to myself: "There is no use of my trying to do any good for I never went through those depraved experiences," but afterward I saw consolation in the thought that no one gained any ordination by the laying on of the hands of dissoluteness and infamy. And though an ordinary moral life, ending in a Christian life, may not be as dramatic a story to tell about, let us be grateful to God rather than worry about it, if we have never plunged into outward abomination. It may be appropriate in a meeting of reformed drunkards or reformed debauchees to quote from those not reformed how desperate and how nasty you once were, but do not drive a scavenger's cart into assemblages of people, the most of whom have always been decent and respectable. But I have been sometimes in great evangelistic meetings where people went into particulars about the sins that they once committed so much that I felt like putting my hand on my pocketbook or calling for the police lest these reformed men might fall from grace and go at their old business of theft or drunkenness or outthorow. If your sins have been forgiven and your life purified forget the waywardness of the past and allow others to forget it.

But, what I most want in the line of this text to impress upon my hearers and readers is that we have a sin-forgetting God. Suppose that on the last day—called the last day because the sun will never again rise upon our earth, the earth itself being flung into fiery demolition—supposing that on that last day a group of infernal spirits should somehow get near enough the gate of heaven and challenge our entrance and say: "How canst Thou, the just Lord, let those souls into the realm of supernal gladness? Why did they say a great many things they never ought to have said and did a great many things they ought never to have done. Sinners are they; sinners all." And suppose God should deign to answer, He might say: "Yes, but did not my only Son die for their ransom? Did He not pay the price? Not one drop of blood was retained in his arteries, not one nerve of his that was not wrung in the torture. He took in his own body and soul all the suffering that those sinners deserve. They pleaded that sacrifice. They took the full pardon that I promised to all who, through my Son, earnestly applied for it, and it passed out of my mind that they were offenders. I forgot all about it. Their sins and their iniquities do I remember no more." A sin-forgetting God! That is far beyond and far above a sin-pardoning God. How often we hear it said: "Can I forgive, but I cannot forget." That is equal to saying: "I verbally admit it is all right, but I will keep the old grudge good." Human forgiveness is often a flimsy affair. It does not go deep down. It does not reach far up. It does not fix things up. The contestants may shake hands or, passing each other on the highway, they may speak the "Good morning," or the "Good night," but the old cordiality never returns. The relations

always remain strained. There is something in the demeanor ever after that seems to say: "I would not do you harm; indeed, I wish you well, but that unfortunate affair can never pass out of my mind. There may be no hard words pass between them, but until death breaks in the same coolness remains. But God lets our pardoned offenses go into oblivion. He never throws them up to us again. He feels as kindly toward us as though we had been spotless and positively angelic all along.

Many years ago a family, consisting of the husband and wife and a little girl of two years, lived far out in a cabin on a western prairie. The husband took a few cattle to market. Before he started his little child asked him to buy for her a doll, and he promised. He could, after the sale of the cattle, purchase household necessities and certainly would not forget the doll he had promised. In the village to which he went he sold the cattle and obtained the groceries for his household and the doll for his little darling. He started home along the dismal road at nightfall. As he went along on horseback a thunderstorm broke, and in the most lonely part of the road and in the heaviest part of the storm, he heard a child cry. Robbers had been known to do some bad work along that road, and it was known that this herdsman had money with him, the price of the cattle sold. The herdsman first thought it was a stranger to have him halt and be despoiled of his treasures, but the child's cry became more keen and rending, and so he dismounted and felt around in the darkness, and all in vain until he thought of a hollow that he remembered near the road where the child might be, and for that he started, and sure enough found a little one fagged out and drenched of the storm and almost dead. He wrapped it up as well as he could and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home. Coming in sight of his cabin he saw it all lighted up and supposed his wife had kindled all these lights so as to guide her husband through the darkness. But no. The house was full of excitement and the neighbors were gathered and stood around the wife of the house, who was insensible as from some great calamity. On inquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out to meet her father and get the present he had promised, and the child was lost. Then the father unrolled from the blanket the child he had found in the fields, and lo! it was his own child, and the lost one of the prairie home, and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found. How suggestive of the fact that once we were lost in the open fields, or among the mountain crags, God's wandering children, and He found us, dying in the tempest, and wrapped us in the mantle of His love and fetched us home, gladness and congratulation bidding us welcome. The fact is that the world does not know God, or they would all flock to Him.

Through their own blindness, or the fault of some rough preaching that has got abroad in the centuries, many men and women have an idea that God is a tyrant, an oppressor, an autocrat, a Nana Sahib, an Omnipotent Herod Antipas. It is a libel against the Almighty; it is a slander against the heavens; it is a defamation of the infinites. I counted in my Bible 204 times the word "mercy," single or compounded with other words. I counted in my Bible 473 times the word "love," single or compounded with other words. Then, I got tired counting.

So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God; yes, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowledge of your iniquities. The place has been torn down and the records destroyed and you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prostrate than the ruins of Melrose or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up fragments of a sculptured stone, or you can see the curve of some broken arch, but after your repentance and your forgiveness you can not find in all the memory of God a fragment of all your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." And none of that will surprise you if you will climb to the top of a bluff facing of Jerusalem (it took us only five or ten minutes to climb it), and see what went on when the plateau of limestone was shaken by a paroxysm that set the rocks, which had been upright, aslant, and on the trembling crosspieces of the split lumber hung the quivering form of Him whose life was thrust out by metallic points of cruelty that sickened the noonday sun till it faded and fell back on the black lounge of the Judean midnight.

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which were interjected into the daylight of Christ's assassination: the neighing of the war horses, for some of the soldiers were in the saddle, was one sound; the bang of the hammers was a second sound; the jeer of malignants was a third sound; the weeping of friends and conditors was a fourth sound; the splash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound; the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And they all commingled into one sadness. Over a place in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travelers, and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts, and was devoured, and thereby the other lives were saved, are inscribed the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Many a surgeon in our own time has in tracheotomy with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diphtheritic patient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self-sacrifice. But all other scenes of sacrifice pale before this most illustrious martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin-forgetting God is too stupendous for any faith, and I accept the promise, and will you not all accept it? "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

RETAIN YOUR SENSES!

Could You If You Were Confined In an Asylum?

Some Interesting Facts from a Prominent Scientific Man Who Has Had a Most Valuable Experience.

We sometimes see in the papers a thrilling account of where a perfectly sane person has been confined in an asylum. Think of it, reader! How long would you retain your senses if you were confined with a number of lunatics, night and day, and yet think of the physicians in charge of these patients who are compelled, day by day and year by year, to live among them. What wonderful opportunities they have for studying characteristics and vagaries; what a wonderful chance for learning the miseries of life and how best to overcome them.

We are brought to these reflections by a conversation lately had with Dr. J. C. Spray, of 103 State Street, Chicago. For nearly ten years Doctor Spray was in charge of the Jefferson, now Dunning, Institute, at Dunning, Ill. This tremendous institution contained about twelve hundred patients in the Insane Department, and fifteen hundred in the Infirmary. Among this large number of persons there were a vast number of physical ailments. Dr. Spray, speaking about it, said:

"I traced the great cause for most of the mental and indeed physical disorders very carefully, and while some authorities make an estimate that seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States are afflicted with some form of kidney disease, I do not think that the rate is so high, taking all ages into consideration. Before middle life it is less than seventy-five per cent, but after middle life it is, I should think, fully that percentage."

"This is something terrible, Doctor. Few people can certainly be aware that so large a percentage exists!"

The Doctor thought a moment and then said: "It is a fact not generally recognized that where a person has diseased kidneys, and the organs fail to perform their functions of removing the waste and the impurities from the system, it soon produces melancholia. As a result our asylums are filled to overflowing, while if the people would strike at the root of the matter and see that their kidneys were in good order, there would be fewer patients in the asylums. I have noticed that a large portion of all parous cases had kidney difficulties."

"What have you found, Doctor, to be the standard and most reliable remedy in such cases?"

Dr. Spray spoke with great confidence. He said: "Having so many cases to treat, I tried various remedies, and after a long and exhaustive trial, finally decided that Warner's Safe Cure was the best, most effective and most reliable remedy. I found it especially reliable in cases of incipient Bright's disease. It is certain to stop it, and even in the advanced conditions it always cures, and to my surprise at first, cured many cases. Before structural changes set in, it is certain to cure, if properly administered."

"I have had your experience while at the asylum, Doctor, been confirmed in your general practice since leaving it?"

"Yes. I have occasion to use the Safe Cure almost daily. Whenever I find traces of albumen in the urine of a patient, I prescribe the Safe Cure, and in nearly every instance where I notice indications of nervous troubles, I analyze the urine, and almost invariably find that it is caused by some affection of the kidneys. I now have a patient to whom I am giving the Safe Cure, and find that it is having the desired effect. Some time ago a gentleman came to me, who had been examined for life insurance, and traces of albumen were found. I advised the use of the Safe Cure, and he passed the examination without difficulty after having used it."

"I understand, then, Doctor, that you attribute a large percentage of the ills of life to some disease of the kidneys, and that you have found the remedy of which you speak the most effective in such cases?"

"Yes. I have no hesitation in saying that Warner's Safe Cure has my unqualified endorsement. I use it constantly, and would not do so unless I thought it possessed curative qualities."

The high standing, wide experience and great success of Dr. Spray makes his words exceedingly impressive. Their sincerity cannot be questioned, and their truthfulness is absolute. Impressed with this fact, and realizing the importance of the same, I have transcribed his words in full and give them herewith.

That settled it.

Mrs. Darley—I really must have a new gown, Frank.

Mr. Darley—What? Why, you got a new one only two weeks ago.

Mrs. Darley—Yes, I know, but the cook has taken a fancy to that one.—N. Y. Truth.

How's That?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props. Toledo, O.

Who is the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Welling, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

The Roman sugar, in his day, was probably the biggest bore in the world.—Pica-yune.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Hart's Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

WANTED—A stand up collar for the neck of the woods.

Try the "A. R. C. Bohemian Bottled Beer" made by the American Brewing Co. of St. Louis. Pure, golden, sparkling, nourishing.

"This is my death blow," remarked the whale, as he came up for the last time.

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The rheumatic taint transmitted from parent to child is indeed a legacy of anguish. Moreover, trifling causes, such as sitting in a draught, the neglect to speedily change damp clothing; readily develop it. Whether rheumatism be hereditary or contracted by exposure, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the surest dependent for expelling the virus from the blood and for preventing the later encroachments of the disease. Equally potent is it in arresting malarial, bilious and kidney trouble and constipation.

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Books on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free. Druggists Sell It. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lyes, it being in fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best pipe and boiler cleaning. It is the best for cleaning waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paint, traces, etc. PERKA, SALT MFG CO., Gen. Agts., Philadelphia, Pa.

LYON & HEALY 66 Monroe Street, Chicago Will Sell Free their newly enlarged Catalogue of Hand Instruments, Utensils and Appliances, 600 Fine Illustrations, describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps. Contains directions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Brass Major's Tactics, by Lane and a Selected List of Brass Bands.

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For Ladies and Gents. Six sizes in Patent Safety and Standard. Diamond Frame, Steel Drop Forgings, Steel Tubing, Adjustable Ball Bearings to all running parts, including Pedals, Suspension Saddle, Strictly HIGH GRADE in Every Particular. Best of Cycle in Repair for over 100 years (Illustrated catalogue of Good Bikes, Bicycles, Sporting Goods, etc.). JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Refr., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

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