

LIFE REMINISCENCES.

Dr. Talmage Reviews Past Advantages and Adversities.

Encouragement Derived from Looking Backward—Points in Life History Which It Is Well to Remember—Conquered Troubles.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. De Witt Talmage chose as the topic, a panorama of reminiscences appropriate to the season, the text selected being Psalm XXXIX: 3, "While I was musing the fire burned." He said:

Here is David, the psalmist, with the fore-finger of his right hand against his temple, the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same position often, closing the door against the world, while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast 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 pastorate, I shook hands 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 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird-chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were abum 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 middle-life 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 a 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 to-day, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled, and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with ten thousand obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord will help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe. 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, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He 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 the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street, New York, was far uptown. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like a sacrilege to you—for there was more meaning in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting-room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamp, the mother at the evening 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 a firm voice commanding silence, that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. The greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe because you could not wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. 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 silence your conscience by saying that 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 wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool

grass, or in the hall of the farm house, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buck-wheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk, and the forget-me-nots playing hide-and-seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sun-burnt from the fields, and sit down on the door-sill and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will.

Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker; but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descends to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them; a gem to flash in Heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created being.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you have had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been granted? God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent, on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home, and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence to-day.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or your shop or your bed room, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. You remember how your hand trembled as you took the cup of the holy 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 congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal!" and though those hands have all withered away that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day; it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and tears, and sermons, and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you!

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 is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will take just two, the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are 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 joy and hilarity; with the bright, clear air you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew bright, until, after awhile, suddenly a voice from Heaven said "Halt!" and 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 could be anything serious. Death in slippers feet walked around about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your stout right hand have wrenched the child from the destroyer.

You went to your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said: "I cannot bear it. I cannot bear it." You felt as if you could not put the lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms, and with it leaped into the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could have let your property go,

your houses go, your land and your store house go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bed room, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you were about to put the cup to your lips, God said, "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 if you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts 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, it is your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted 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 purer and holier of heart ever since that night 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."

But I must come on down to your later sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturb you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. But you are better, perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and to implore God's help, and to ask God forgiveness?

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been hung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now you have hard work to make both ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and encouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head 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. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you: "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but at heart as earnest and loving—watchful of all our ways, exultant over your successes without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves—is taken away forever.

Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. Going along your path in life, suddenly, there was an open grave.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe, and give it a palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the inopportune cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There is one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium—as he exclaimed: "Head of the army!" Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was: "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour, and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said: "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing." Augustus Caesar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscences looking up through the roof of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life, and the opening of a glorious eternity.

If you wish the lightest, sweetest, finest cake, biscuit and bread, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their preparation.

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

**THE ROYAL Baking Powder surpasses all others in leavening power, in purity and wholesomeness, and is used generally in families, exclusively in the most celebrated hotels and restaurants, by the United States Army and Navy, and wherever the best and finest food is required. All teachers of cooking schools and lecturers upon culinary matters use and recommend the Royal.**

**Chicago Health Authorities Certify.**

"I find the ROYAL BAKING POWDER superior to all the others in every respect. It is purest and strongest."

**"WALTER S. HAINES, M. D.**  
*Prof. Chemistry, Rush Medical College,  
"Consulting Chemist, Chicago Board of Health," etc.*

**Made from pure grape cream of tartar, and the only Baking Powder containing neither ammonia nor alum.**

HE HAD A DREAM.

And He Related it to His Father with Pleasing Results.

"Pop," said young Philip Gratebar to his father, "I had a dream last night."

"You don't mean it?" said Mr. Gratebar.

"Yes, I do," said Philip. "I dreamt I was going along the street, and I got awful thirsty and I went into a drug store to get some soda water. The soda fountain there was biggest one I ever saw, and the man tending it was a giant. He looked down on me and asked me what I'd have, and I said 'I'd like a strawberry with ice cream in it.'"

"The giant set out on the counter a glass about two feet high and he put in it a lot of strawberry sirup, and then he took the cover off of an ice cream freezer that was pretty near as big as barrel and scooped out about three patsful of ice cream and put that in. Then he put the tumbler under the soda water spout and whirled the wheel around and the soda went s-z-z-z zt! szt! szt! and then the giant pushed the glass over in front of me, full, and with the thick creamy foam running over the top and I didn't touch it."

"What?" said Mr. Gratebar.

"No," said Philip, "I didn't touch it. I felt in my pocket and I found I hadn't got a cent."

Mr. Gratebar understood. Then Philip went forth in search of a fountain; not of the fountain he had seen in his dream, but of one as nearly like it as he could find in actual life.—N. Y. Sun.

JOHN BILLINGS says: "I will never purchase a lottery ticket so long as I can hire a man to rob me at reasonable wages."

DIAMONDS come highest at cut rates. RIDING a hobby is sometimes very restful.—Ram's Horn.

HAPPINESS is all more or less home-made.—Galveston News.

"Horr! Well, I should rejoice to shiver!"—Puck's Library.

SOCIETY is what people try to be when they know they are watched.—Ram's Horn.

The monkey goes to the sunny side of the tree when he wants a warmer climb.

The great auk is an extinct bird. U. S. Doubtless its great auk-wariness proved fatal.

The bearded fugitive from justice often manages to escape by a close shave.—Troy Press.

The saddest of all songs is that of the collector: "A due, kind friend, a due!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

TWO HEADS are certainly better than one when the problem is to produce a kiss.—Somerville Journal.

MAUD—"Did he marry her for her money?" Lela—"No, for her father's."—Kato Field's Washington.

A LITTLE girl in church after the contribution plate had been passed, complacently and audibly said: "I paid for four, mamma, was that right?"

The girl with a hammock understands the meaning of net profits even if she never learned the multiplication table.

THE Past and the Future.—Fortune-teller—"I can tell you who your future husband will be." Chicago Woman—"That doesn't disturb me in the slightest. What I want to know is who my past husbands have been."—Detroit Free Press.

"PAPA," it says in this account of the fight that Sir Marmaduke fell on his knees and begged for quarter," said Tommy. "What did he want a quarter for? I thought he was rich."

"ONE of you boys has been stealing raisins again: I have found the seeds on the floor. Which one of you was it?" Tommy—"It wasn't me; I swallowed the seeds in mine."—Tid-Bits.

"THE seashore is the place to make the beautiful lover propose," said the philosopher. "If he hasn't grit enough himself, he can acquire all the sand he needs on the beach."—Harper's Bazar.

"SATORI seems to be very guarded in his speech, he—" "I've noticed that myself; his wife never lets him get in a word any place."—Inter Ocean.

Growing Old Pleasantly. The cheerful old folks you can find are those wise enough to mitigate the infirmities of age with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest tonic in declining years, infirmity, delicate health and convalescence. It stimulates digestion, renews appetite and sleep, and insures regular action of the liver and bowels. Against malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaints it is a reliable safeguard.

The fly that the spider wove a web for was not so fly after all. He was curious about the weaving and got taken it.—Poc-yunc.

ARE YOU busy? Are you making money? If so, stick to it; you are fortunate. If you are not, then our advice is that you write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. They can show you how to enter quickly upon a profitable work.

The laundry girls of to-day think their lot a hard one, but it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth that they had a really ruff time of it.—Troy Press.

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Should not call on you for the \$100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The walking delegate doesn't need to be remarkably handsome to present a striking appearance.—Buffalo Courier.

The principal causes of sick headache, biliousness and cold chills are found in the stomach and liver. Cured by Beecham's Pills.

CUSTOMER—"Have you any roach food?" Saleslady—"No; but we have several kinds of baby's food."

FLANNEL next the skin often produces a rash, removed with Giann's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

The laundry girls of to-day think their lot a hard one, but it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth that they had a really ruff time of it.—Troy Press.

NO FLIES on it.—That fly paper the salesman told you was better than the kind you called for.—Boston Transcript.

CANADA has carried off nearly all the world's fair prizes for cheese. The victory must have been a mile-a-one.—Troy Press.

"THERE, I knew something was in the wind," said the western farmer sadly himself, as, through a crack in the ceiling he saw his new barn sailing along in the crest of a cyclone.—Boston Courier.

LATE revelers singing "There's no place like home" always stop the melody just before they get there and creep upstairs in their stocking feet.—Boston Transcript.

A MATCH doesn't know enough to keep its head when it rains. At all events, it is sure to go out if it is wet.

WHEN a woman sets her face against anything it usually has to go—except it happens to be a mustache.—Troy Press.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Pink's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

## CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hackett, Warren, Pa.

A. N. K.—D 1460

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

# SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.