

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"STARTING FOR HOME" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "I Will Arise and Go to My Father and Will Say to Him, Father I Have Sinned Against Heaven."



HERE IS NOTHING like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toll neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated, not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread.

It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread. A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carob. Once in a while the people, reduced to destitution, would eat these carobs, but generally the carobs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine, and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day, amid the swine troughs, he begins to soliloquize. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in, feeding swine; I'll go home; I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father." I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, and when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is, whether we will follow him. Satan promises large wages if we will serve him; but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of hell. Satan comes to us to-day and he promises all luxuries and emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh! the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution, "I will arise and go to my father." In the time of Mary, the persecutor, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said: "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said: "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said: "There is no heretic here." "Ah!" she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic."

As I take up the mirror of God's Word to-day, I would that, instead of seeing the prodigal of the text, we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say, "I will arise and go to my father." The resolution of this text was formed in a disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping an account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now of my own, what's the use of my going back to apologize to the old man? why, he would put me on the limits; he would not have gone on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings; why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home. Some man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason: A man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine-stricken state. Suppose I should come to you in your home, and you are in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After while you would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor." But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician that is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick, and I want help." If I come to you and you feel you are all right in body, and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing, but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness. Oh! then you say, "Bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jesus Christ." "But," says some one in the

audience, "how do you know that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You say, "Let us have the statement of God." Well, he says in one place, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place, "What is a man that he should be clean? and he which is born of woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place, "There is none that doeth good—no, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all had sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason: "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say: "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, a tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." "Oh," says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? how do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "Oh," says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed." What is that flutter among the angels of God? What is that horseman running with quick dispatch? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

Not angels can their joy contain, But kindly with new fire. The sinner lost is found, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre. When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said, "You can't get there. If you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think about it. You can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups, and, waving his hand toward the mountains, he said, "There shall be no Alps!" That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains. I hear him say, "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again: I notice that this resolution of the young man of my text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child ungrateful. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespear's. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! Three times a day has he fed thee. He has poured sunlight into thy day and at night kindled up all the street-lamps of heaven. With what varieties of apparel he hath clothed thee for the seasons. Whose eye watches thee? Whose hand defends thee? Whose heart sympathizes with thee? Who gave you your children? Who is guarding your loved ones departed? Such a father! So loving, so kind. If he had been a stranger; if he had forsaken us; if he had flagellated us; if he had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of him; but he is a Father, so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized! If we say anything that hurts our friend's feelings, if we do anything that hurts feelings of those in whom we are interested, how quickly we apologize! We can scarcely wait until we get pen and paper to write a letter of apology. How easy it is for any one who is intelligent, right-hearted, to write an apology, or make an apology! We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still further, that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of home-sickness. I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many years he had been away from his father's house, but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said: "I would give the world to be home to-night." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said: "Now, perhaps father may not be living." We read nothing in this story—this parable—founded on every-day life—we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings, or perhaps he had gone into dissipation from the fact that he could not remember a loving and sympathetic mother. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her, but he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place.

He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be. Many a man after having been off a long while has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out that father is gone, and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself, "Perhaps father may be dead." Still, he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day homesick for God, homesick for heaven? A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said, "Now, you had better stay at home. Don't go away. We don't want you to go. You will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went away again to sea, he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea, and a storm came up and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines, and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage; but he could not silence the voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and darkness he said, "O Lord! what a wretch I have been! What a wretch I am! Help me just now, Lord God." And I thought in this assemblage to-day there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition, or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying: "I will arise and go to my father."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe; went out into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap, and another gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken, at the loss of their child. They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the mourning arrived. He knocked at the door, the father was overjoyed and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. Oh, my friends, have you waded out too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Savior's righteousness? I believe the latter. Go home to your God to-day. He is waiting for you. Go home!

But I remark the characteristic of this resolution was, it was immediately put into execution. The context says "he arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing, because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the service this day to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution. There is a man who had the typhoid fever, he said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible disease; if this fever should depart; if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow?

Not Far Out of the Way. A young woman from out of town went to a tea among the literary set last week, says the Washington Post. She was introduced to a whole roomful of people, and afterwards she went about trying to call everybody by his right name. She remembered an amazing number of names, but when she came to one distinguished looking man she paused in despair. "I know everybody else's name," she said, "but when I try to remember yours I am completely at sea." "Then you're not far wrong," said the distinguished looking man, "my name is Atwater."

FASHION NOTES. A superb costume was recently ordered for one of the coming White House receptions at Washington. The material is the new warp dyed silk about which the fashionable world has been quite enthusiastic. It is in ivory white with roses shading from pink to dark maroon. The dress is lavishly draped with Valenciennes lace and is made with V shaped neck filled in with embroidered tulle; the sleeves are puffs of silk and lace, and are finished at the elbows with lace ruffles. The inner edge of the hem of the skirt has thick ruching made of white, pink and maroon silk, pinked out at the edges and plaited together, the white ruffle being next to the skirt.

An evening cloak is made of rich brocade. It has a deep yoke and high rolling collar of embroidered velvet; from the lower edge of the yoke fall tassel fringes of fine jet. These are at least half a yard in depth. The sleeves are very large puffs from shoulders to elbows, with fitted cuffs edged with sable. The garment falls to the feet and is finished down the front and around the hem with fur; the collar is fur-lined and may be worn standing or turned back upon the yoke.

Judges of the Olympian Games. Universal peace during the month of the games was proclaimed by heralds in every part of Hellas, and the slightest breaking of the sacred truce was thought sacrilege, which deities and men alike were bound to punish. The judges of the games, or "Hellenodote," ranging from nine to twelve in number at different times, were elected by the Eleans. All who wished to be judges were required to show not only that they had never committed a crime, public or private, but that they were stainless in moral character. Not unfrequently even men of distinction were excluded by this severe test during the golden age of Hellenic honor.—[The Olympian Games," by G. T. Ferris, in April St. Nicholas.

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, 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 him. WARDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Wards Off Charity Hunters. A well known judge has invented rather a neat reply to the letters of busybodies soliciting subscriptions for useless societies. He fills the first page on the note paper with these words, written in a bold hand: Dear sir, in reply to your letter, I have much pleasure in subscribing—here the secretary joyfully turns the page to find the conclusion of the sentence "I am following leaf" "myself, your obedient servant, John So-and-so." St. James Budget.

Coe's Cough Balsam. Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

She Told Them. M. de Strop—Mary, remember, I am at home to none except Mr. Vere Brownkins this afternoon. Mary (half an hour later)—I've told four gentlemen callers that you were at home to none except Mr. Vere Brownkins, ma'am, and they left very mad indeed.—Judge.

Fiso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Fietz, 439 5th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95. An Instance. "Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the courage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions."

"Then," said Willie, "if a feller has candy and eats it all himself, and ain't afraid of the other fellers callin' him stingy, is that moral courage?"—Cincinnati Enquirer. There are Dictionaries and Dictionaries, but the no-lest Roman of them all seems to be Webster. It is still easily in the lead in the great race for popularity.

Well and Happy When She Had Enough. We once knew a woman, an inmate of a county infirmary, who attained the ripe age of 106 years, who had always been an inveterate user of tobacco, which owing to her poverty was a luxury not easily obtained. To economize in its use, she first chewed the plug and dried the quids, from which she made a tea and drank of it freely, then the residue was carefully redried for consumption in her T. D. pipe. The old lady proudly affirmed that she had never been ill.—Cleveland Medical Gazette.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children's Teething.

Hard Fate. "This, ladies and gentlemen," said the dime museum orator, leading his auditors over to the next platform, "is the armless wonder, Signor Bagstock, who was not only born without arms, but is also deaf and dumb. The great grief of his life, ladies and gentlemen, is that he can neither say anything nor can he see words."—Chicago Tribune.

There are fifty-one anarchist papers published in England and America. There are twenty creeks in the country with the name of the Tiler. Speaker Reed denies the report that he studied for the ministry. Nearly every citizen of a town believes that he "made" it.

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT. DES MOINES, April 3.—Patents have been allowed to Iowa inventors as follows: To H. Mendenhall and F. B. Davis, of Audubon, for important improvements relating to a feed trough for animals, for which patent No. 339,615 was issued to the said Mendenhall April 13, 1895. To J. W. Terman, of New Sharon, for a composition for purifying and preserving butter, sweet milk, etc., and destroying bacteria or other micro-organisms therein. Rancid butter treated therewith and sterilized thereby is said to be as good and sweet as fresh butter. Valuable information about obtaining, valuing and selling patents sent free to any address. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any United States patent sent upon receipt of 25 cents. Our practice is not restricted to Iowa and inventors in other states can have our services on same terms as the Hawkeyes. THOMAS G. AND J. RALPH ORWIG, Solicitors of Patents.

Probably Has Not Occurred to Him. "If the British lion," chuckled the American eagle, "is hurrying to discover the south pole so he can wrap his tail around it and take possession, let him go ahead. The revolution of the earth on its axis will give his tail the hardest twist it has ever had yet."—Chicago Tribune.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number. Will be ready in the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. Heafford, publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy. A Prince Albert coat often covers a multitude of patches. If you think anyone is wise, it is because you don't know him very well.

When Traveling. Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

Trade in Bananas. Few persons are aware of the extent to which the banana has become popularized in the United States. According to the statistics there were imported 16,720,127 bunches of bananas in 1895, of which number 928,336 bunches came to Baltimore, 1,637,802 to Boston, 2,499,618 to Mobile, 5,088,119 to New Orleans, 4,548,572 to New York and 2,026,780 to Philadelphia. The Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia supply was from Jamaica. New Orleans and Mobile got their supply largely from Central America, while New York got hers from all sources. The people find in the banana a cheap and wholesome article of food, which is valuable at seasons when few fruits are to be had.

Just how it does it is not the question. It is enough to know that 110,000,000 persons take out the cure, and a very pleasing relief it is. Dr. A. Druggist. Lovely. "Oh, yes," continued the girl of the prehistoric period, "we had birds twenty feet high in those days." "Dear me," exclaimed the fin de siecle person, "what lovely hats you must have had! Well, well!"—Detroit Tribune. "I have tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother and so will you say when familiar with its revitalizing properties.

The queen of Roumania fairly revels in literature. Half Fare Excursions via the Wabash. The short line to St. Louis, and quick route East or South. April 21st and May 5th. Excursions to all points South at one fare for the round trip with \$2.00 added. JUNE 16th. National Republican Convention at St. Louis. JULY 3d. National Educational Association at Buffalo. JULY 8th. Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington. JULY 22nd. National People and Silver Convention at St. Louis. For rates, time tables and further information, call at the Watash ticket office, 115 Farnam St., Paxton Hotel block, or write GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

A lie must beatched with another or it will soon rain through. Ellard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 111 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

An Imprudent But Gushing Woman. Young women who take books at the circulating library are imprudent to use their pages as blotters. They are doing wrong also, for it is against the rules. A copy of "Lord Ormond and Miss Aminta," which has been in use in a Philadelphia library, held in front of a mirror revealed the inscription, "I send you my heart with a kiss." All women finish their letters with that phrase, which cannot therefore betray anybody; but, in this case, the signature was there.

The Rack, the Thumbcrew and the Boot. Were old-fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a tormentor who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles and nerves of many of us. The rheumatism, that inveterate foe to daily and nightly comfort, may be conquered by the timely and steady use of Chamberlain's Stomach Bitters, which likewise eradicates neuralgia, biliousness, malacia, bowel stomach and nerve complaints.

There are two great crimes; murder and slander.

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