

TALMAGE'S SERMON.
SPEAKS OF THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

Some Comforting Thoughts for Those Whose Lives Have Many Anxieties—The Insufficiency of Worldly Success—Trust Thoroughly in God.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)
Washington, Feb. 3.—There is a great solace in this discourse of Dr. Talmage for those whose lives have many anxieties; text, Isaiah liii, 10, "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him."

Here is a promise for people who are all right, but who will come and get it? How many, or rather, how few, people do you know who are all right? If it were asked of any assembly that those who were sinless should rise up, none would rise except imbeciles and religious cranks. An accident happened near sixty centuries ago that started the human race in the wrong way, and we have not got over it. We know a great many splendid men and splendid women, but they will tell you that they have not always done the right thing or thought the right thought. If it were any of your business, they could give you an inventory of frailties and mistakes and infelicities that would be astonishing. Here, then, you say, is a Bible promise that goes a-begging, "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him."

Moral Bankruptcy.
By sin we have been morally bankrupted. Christ the Lord from his throne richly pays our debts and empowers us in his mercy. From his richest wardrobe he puts on us the clean robe of his righteousness and gives us a place in the heavens when we are ready to go up and take it. Now, as to our spiritual estate we are all right. We were morally diseased, but Christ, the Physician, by a bath in the fountain of his grace, cures us. Now, as to our spiritual health we are all right. That is the way we come to the righteousness spoken of in the text. It is a contributed righteousness, made over righteousness, an imputed righteousness. The moment you get into right relations with Christ the Lord that moment you can appreciate the magnificent comfort of the text, and I defy you in all this great book from the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis to the last verse of the last chapter of Revelation, to find me a passage with higher and deeper and broader and longer comfort than that of the text, which is as deep as the Atlantic ocean half way between the continents and high as the sun when the clock is striking 12 at noon. But I shall be swamped with the oceanic tides of this subject unless the Lord help me to keep a foothold. "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him."

Riches and Good Works.
How many men do you know worth \$250,000 who are devout and consecrated and humble and generous and employing their means for the world's redemption? You could count them up on the fingers of your two hands even if by accident or war you had lost one or two of the fingers. As to the realm of personal attractiveness, how many women radiant of countenance and graceful of form do you know who are unaffected and natural of manner and deeply pious before God, using their beauty for the betterment of the world and not for selfish purposes? I only take the risk of asking the question and leave to you the risk of answering it. These things I say to show you that in order to have the promise of the text fulfilled in your case it is not necessary you have phenomenal worldly success.

Misery of Loving Too Much.
Financial loss, which I just now said is sure to come, never breaks up a man who has strong faith in God. In most cases it is a loss of surplus or it is the banishment of luxuries. Most of the wants of the prosperous classes are artificial wants. The late Mr. Armour of the \$50,000,000 estate pointed to one of his clerks on ordinary salary and said, "That man has better appetite than I, sleeps better nights and enjoys life more than I do." Oh, the gigantic miseries of those who have too much! A man in Solomon's time expressed as philosophic and reasonable a wish as any man of those times or of our times. His name was Agur, and he offered a prayer that he might never have a superabundance or a deficit, crying out, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." On the one side he had seen the awful struggle of the poor to get food and clothes and shelter and to educate their children, and on the other side he had seen the gouty foot, and the indigestion, and the insomnia, and the anxiety about large investments, and the threatening parasites often characteristic of those who are loaded up and down with too many successes. Those people who are generally called the masses—that is, the most of folks—have the things absolutely necessary for their well being. They have no Murillos on their wall, nor a "Belshazzar's Feast" in their dining room, nor a pair of \$3,000 sorrels at their doorway. But they have something which those superabundantly supplied seldom have. They have better health because, being compelled to walk, they get the necessary exercise, and their diet being limited to plain food, they do not suffer from midnight salads and are not victimized by rare caterers. They retire for wholesome sleep at the very hour in which others are leaving their homes for the dance or the card party. They will sleep the last sleep just as well in the plain graveyard as those who have over them an arch of sculptured granite in the costliest necropolis or most historical abbey.

Let Well Enough Alone.
The reason so many people are miserable is because they do not let well enough alone. They are in one occupation and see its annoyances and so change to another occupation and find as many annoyances, if not more. They live in one place and know its uncomfortable environments and move into another place which has just as many limitations. Their investments yield them 4 per cent and they sell out to make investments that will yield 10 per cent and lose all. Better settle down and stop fretting about yourself. An officer in Cromwell's time was so worried about public affairs that he could not sleep. His servant, a Christian man, said he would like the privilege of asking the officer a question. Leave being granted, the servant said, "Do you not think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "No doubt of it," was the reply. "And do you not think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then—pray, sir, excuse me—but do you not think you may trust him to govern it as long as you live in it?" The remark was so sensible that sleeplessness departed and tranquility came.

A particular Providence is as certain as a general Providence. It did not just happen so that Brunel noticed a ship-worm boring into the wood, so suggesting to the engineer the tunneling of the Thames. It did not just happen so that a spider's web hanging from tree to tree suggested the suspension bridge to its first originator. Nothing just happened so in your life as mine. It is not an autocrat at the head of the universe, but a Father.

"Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's

An Unlimited Supply.
Do any of us fully realize the fact that God gives us three things in unlimited supply, although no formula of prayer that I ever heard recognizes them—water, air and sunlight? Water by the riverful. Water by the lakeful. Water by the oceanful. Some for ablation, some for slaking the thirst, some for baptism, some for fountains and aquariums. I never appreciated what a wonderful thing water is until last summer I stood by the fountains before and around the emperor's palace at Peterhof, Russia. I had been familiar with this wonderful element of nature from childhood, having been born on the banks of the beautiful Raritan, and as a barefooted boy dabbled in the brook near my father's house. But I never realized until last summer what water could do in play, or in strange caprice, or beautification, or when climbing the ladder of the light, or when a skillful workman took hold of it to toss it, or whirl it, or shape it into crowns, or hoist it into columns, or spring it into arches, or lift it into stars, or turn it into crescents, or build it into temples. You forget you ever saw the less glorious waters at Chatsworth, England, or Versailles, France, as you stand in the balcony of the palace overlooking the Finland gulf, bewildered and transported as you look at the one display called the Golden Stairway fountain. The water rolls down over 24 steps one foot high and 20 feet long. All of these 24 steps are covered with sheets of burnished gold. Silver step of the water on stairs of gold! What a glee of liquids! Rolling, dashing, foaming, enrapturing splendors! Chorus of floods! Poetry of waters! Doxology of torrents! But that which most impressed me there and elsewhere is the abundance of water, the fact that there are so many waters that the continents can afford to throw them away into the sea, Hudsons and Ohios, Ore-gons and Amazons, Rhines and Danubies and Volgas, and so abundant that the earth can afford to have its oceans evaporate into the heavens, Mediterraneans and Atlantics and Pacifics. How rich the earth is with waters! Best beverage of all the nations, for after the richest banquet with the richest beverages, every one wants at least a sip of it—water, cool water, God descended water!

With still more abundance is the air distributed. An earth full of it. A sky full of it. Swiftest and strongest eagle cannot fly so high as not to have it in the nostril or under wing. And what affluence of sunlight! No one but the infinite God could dispense so much of it. The golden candlestick set on the blue mantle of the heavens! So great that the Almighty is compared to it, the psalmist crying out, "The Lord God is a sun." It is high time that we recognize in our liturgies and in our formulas of prayer the most abundant blessings of the universe which come to all.

Trust Thoroughly in God.
Now, is it not time that we all began more thoroughly to trust the Lord? We trust him with our souls, why not trust him with our bodies? We trust him with our spiritual interests, why not trust him with our temporal interests? We believe what is said to us by an ordinarily honest man. I could not anger you so much or make your cheeks so burn with indignation as to doubt your truthfulness, and how do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth feels when you doubt him, as he declares in the text, "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him."

The Flag-Making Industry.
There are thirty flag factories in the United States. They have an invested capital of \$12,000,000, and pay in wages nearly \$400,000 annually. The majority are situated in New York State. The others are in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Louisiana, and South Carolina.

Oil for combustion is now supplied to Los Angeles factories at \$1 per barrel. About 100,000 barrels a month are used.

gin when we quit this insignificant planet, insignificant as compared with the size of other worlds? This world is only a school house for heaven. We learn here only the A B C of a higher literature, or the simple addition and subtraction of an infinite mathematics and are practicing the eight notes of an eternal harmony. The most important question any man ever asks is, "What will be my destiny?" "Whither am I bound?" "Where shall I land?" "What is the terminus of this short journey?" Now, child of God, do not worry about that. It shall be well with you in your next state of existence.

The World Beyond This.
Some scientists are now discussing the opening of communication between our earth and the planet Mars. Experiments are being made, but they will not succeed. We cannot build a fire large enough to attract the attention of that world or lift a lens powerful enough to see any response interstellar. We do not positively know that that world is occupied by living beings or that if it is occupied communication with them would be desirable. It might not be so good a world as this, and thus communication with it would be debasing. But I rejoice to know that heaven is in touch with other worlds for their improvement and a depot for glorious arrivals. It is a thoroughfare between this world and that world and a coming and going perpetual. Going out of this world is as natural as coming into it, but the one is with pang and the other is with rapture if we are fitted for the uplifting process. It shall be well with you. Now do not get so frightened about that asthma or that cough or that influenza or that threatened pneumonia. The worst thing that fatal disease can do is to usher you into coronation and enthronement. It shall be well with you. Take as good care of your health as you can, have all sanitary laws, keep in this world as long as you are permitted to stay and then when the heavenly call comes be glad to go. I do not care much about what your "last words" are going to be. People put too much emphasis on "last words." I would rather know what your words are now, in days of health, and with mental faculties in full play—your words of kindness, your words of sympathy, your words of helpfulness, your words of prayer. So live that if you say not a word during the last day of your life there will be no doubt here about the place of your destination. You will go right into saintly, prophetic, evangelistic, apostolic, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, deific presence.

In Heaven.
It shall be well with you. Mother, you will go right up into the possession of the babe that the scarlet fever or croup took out of your arms, a sorrow that still stings you, and you often say she would now be so many years old if she had lived. You will go into the presence of the old folks, for I hope you are of Christian ancestry, and you will find that they have noddimness of sight, or halting gait that requires a staff, for they have taken a draft from the fountain of perpetual youth that springs from under the throne of God. Oh, the blissful companionship of heaven in which you shall enter. It shall be well with you. I ring this bell of emancipation and triumph. I like the way the sexton rings the bell of the old country meeting-house. I used to stand and admire him pulling the rope of that bell. He rings it a good while, so that every farmhouse within five miles hears it. He may halt a moment to take breath and give the sweet sounds time to stir up all the echoes of the hills. And when he is old and not strong enough to pull the rope any more, then he sits and listens while his son rings the church bell. So my text seems a bell of invitation and victory. I began to ring it in the opening of this discourse. I hope to ring it as long as I live, and may those who come after us keep on ringing it till those farthest off from God shall come into the great temple of gospel comfort and all the weary put down their burdens at its altar and find that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Three times more I ring it. It shall be well! It shall be well! It shall be well!

Gentlemanhood.
A friend of Charles Dudley Warner has said that it is "a cheerful spirit, and a true wit, and a sweet humor" that we find in all the recently deceased writer's works. No one will be disposed to question the fairness of this criticism; if Mr. Warner was not a great writer, he was a delightful one, and his books have the gentle charm of a companionable woman. Far handsomer, however, and equally true, is the same friend's tribute to Mr. Warner's character:
"He was completely a gentleman. He lived a religious life, but said little about it. He regularly attended his church, respecting and obeying its observances. I never heard from his lips an indelicate or coarse story, or an unclean idea. He abhorred injustice, meanness and dishonesty."
A man's books may not always speak the whole of his mind; his life does, in spite of himself.

China's Foreign Debt.
China had practically no foreign debt until the recent war with Japan, but the indemnity of 200,000,000 taels exacted by that government made it necessary to borrow, and the foreign debt is now about \$250,000,000, upon which there is an interest of 5 per cent a year. The revenue of the government amounts to about 90,000,000 taels, a tael being a weight of pure silver equivalent to the Mexican dollar and valued at about 72 cents in American gold at the last quotation.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.
LESSON VII, FEB. 17, MATT: 26: 17-30.

Golden Text: "This Do in Remembrance of Me"—Luke 22:19—The Lord's Supper—Preparations for the Passover Meal.

17. "The first day . . . of unleavened bread." That is, of the Passover festival, during which only unleavened bread was used.

20. "When . . . even was come. Jesus must have started late in the afternoon, and reached the upper room 'about sunset, which would be at that season at a little after six.'"—Dr. Broadus. "In that large, upper room Jesus spent his last quiet hours with his disciples. It may have been in the home of Mary, the mother of Mark."

21. "And as they did eat," the Passover. The Lord's Supper was instituted later in the evening. "He (Jesus) said, . . . one of you shall betray me." John says he was "troubled in spirit." 22. "They were exceeding sorrowful," because their loved Master was to be betrayed, because one of their number should fall so low as to be a traitor. "To say unto him. To Jesus, as well as to one another" (Luke 22:23). "Is it I?" Better that question than "Is it he?" 23. "He that dipeth his hand with me in the dish." This does "not point out the traitor, but the treachery of the act."—Int. Crit. Com.

24. "The Son of man goeth as it is written of him," in such passages as Psa. 22 and Isa. 53. He must die if he would save the world. "But woe unto that man," etc. "This is not a malediction, in the sense of a wish or a prayer that this vengeance may follow the traitor, but a solemn announcement of the divine judgment."—Int. Crit. Com. "Good for that man if he had not been born." Such a life was not worth living. He had so resisted every motive and influence that could make him better that there was no hope left for him.

25. "Judas . . . said, . . . is it I?" He did not dare to keep silence, for that would have been suspicious. At this point Satan took possession of Judas; he saw that Jesus knew of his treachery, and he went out from the company of disciples to betray Jesus to the chief priests. It is well that he went, that there might be no discordant element in the atmosphere of peace and love in the last meeting of the Master with his disciples. It was made easier for him to go by the last words of Jesus, bidding him do quickly what he purposed to do (John 13:26, 27).

26. "And as they were eating," toward the close of the Passover feast, "Jesus took bread," the thin cake of unleavened bread, "and blessed it," "invoking blessings," "consecrated with solemn prayers."—Thayer. "Take, eat, make it a part of yourselves. This is my body," represents my body, symbolizes my body, does for your body just what my spiritual life does for your spirit.

27. "And he took the cup." Nowhere in the accounts of the Lord's Supper is the word "wine" used, but "cup," "fruit of the vine," that from unfermented grape juice fulfills all the conditions of this observance, and is even a more perfect symbol than fermented wine. "Give thanks." From the Greek word thus translated comes the Eucharist, i. e., "the Thanksgiving," as the name of the Lord's Supper. "Drink ye all of it," in order that all might participate in the blessings which it symbolized.

28. "This is my blood." A type or emblem of his blood, his life (Lev. 17:10), which he laid down as the atonement for sin. "Of the new testament." R. V., "covenant," which God was now confirming to man. "Which is shed for many." Multitudes, not merely a few. "For the remission of sins," the forgiveness of sin, and the deliverance from the power of sin. Sin is to be put away entirely, so that the heart and life are clean and pure.

29. "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine." This was to be his last meal with his disciples before he died. "Drink it new." The Greek word expresses not fresh, newly made wine, but a new kind of wine, with a new meaning, no longer a memorial feast, but as part of the glorified festival of the Marriage of the Lamb, and of his final triumph over evil. "In my Father's kingdom," in the kingdom of God completed, perfected. It points to the victory of the church, not to its conflicts; and the continued celebration of the Lord's Supper is an expression of assured victory on the part of his militant church.—Schaaf.

30. "And when they had sung an hymn." Probably the usual Psalms (135-138) with which the Passover closed, and which were very fitting to this occasion. "There is no reason to doubt that Jesus and his company followed the custom; and—Jesus, as the celebrant, would not only sing, but lead in the singing. They went out into the mount of Olives, at the foot of which was the garden of Gethsemane.

CAUGHT BY THE GRIP.
Released by Pe-ru-na---Congressman Howard's Recovery---Congressman Geo. H. White's Case



La Grippe is epidemic catarrh—it spares no class or nationality. The cultured and the ignorant, the aristocrat and the pauper. The masses and the classes are alike subject to la grippe. None are exempt—all are liable.

Have you the grip? Or, rather, has the grip got you? Grip is well named. The original French term, la grippe, has been shortened by the busy American to read "grip." Without intending to do so a new word has been coined that exactly describes the case. As if some hideous giant with awful gar had clutched us in its fatal clasp. Men, women, children, whole towns and cities are caught in the baneful grip of a terrible monster.

Pe-ru-na For Grip.
Mrs. Dr. C. D. Powell, President of Epworth League, also President of Loyal Temperance Legion, writes from Chehalis, Wash.:
"I have used several remedies in cases of severe colds and la grippe, but none I consider of more value than Pe-ru-na."—Mrs. Dr. C. D. Powell.

After-Effects of La Grippe.
Miss Emma Jouris, President Golden Rod Sewing Circle, writes from 40 Burling street, Chicago, Ill., as follows:
"This spring I suffered severely from the after-effects of la grippe. As the doctors did not seem to help me I bought a bottle of Pe-ru-na."—Miss Emma Jouris.

Congressman Howard's Letter.
Fort Payne, Ala.
The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio:
Gentlemen—'I have taken Pe-ru-na now for two weeks and find I am very much relieved. I feel that my cure will be permanent. I have also taken it for la grippe and I take pleasure in recommending Pe-ru-na as an excellent remedy to all fellow sufferers.'—M. W. Howard, Member of Congress.

La Grippe Leaves the System in a Deplorable Condition.
D. L. Wallace, a charter member of the International Barbers' Union, writes from 15 Western avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.:

Congressman White's Letter.
Tarboro, N. C.
Gentlemen—'I am more than satisfied with Pe-ru-na and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy.'—Geo. H. White, Member of Congress.

Remained in Feeble Health After Cured of La Grippe.
Mrs. T. W. Collins, Treasurer Independent Order of Good Templars, of Everett, Wash., writes:
"After having a severe attack of la grippe I continued in a feeble condition even after the doctor called me cured. My blood seemed poisoned. Pe-ru-na cured me."—Mrs. T. W. Collins. Address The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, O., for a free book on catarrh.

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