REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Forgiveness Before Sundown."

TEXT: "*Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.*"—Ephesians iv., 26:

What a pillow embroidered of all colors hath the dying day. The cradle of clouds from which the sun rises is beautiful enough, but it is surpassed by the many colored mausoleum in which at evening it is buried. Sunset among the mountains! It almost takes one's breath away to recall the scene. The long shadows stretching over the plain made the glory of the departing light on the tiptop crags and struck aslant through the foliage the more transpicuous. Saffron and gold, purple and crimson commingled. All the castles of cloud in conflagration. Burning Moscows on the sky. Hanging gardens of roses at their deepest blush. Banners of vapors, red as if from carnage, in the battle of the elements. The hunter among the Adirondacks and the Swiss villager among the Alps know what is a sunset among the mountains. After a storm at sea the rolling grandeur into which the sun goes down to bathe at nightfall is something to make weird and splendid dreams out of for a lifetime. Alexander Smith in his poem compares the sunset to "the barren beach of hell," but this wonderful spectacle of nature makes me think of the burnished wall of heaven. Paul in prison writing my text remember some of the gorgeous sunsets among the mountains of Asia Minor, and how he had often seen the towers of Damascus blaze in the close of the Oriental days, and he flashes out that memory in the text when he says: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Sublime and all suggestive duty for people then and people now. Forgiveness before sundown. He who never feels the throb of indignation is imbecile. He who can walk among the injustices of the world, inflicted upon himself and others, without flush of cheek or flash of eye or agitation of nature, is either in sympathy with wrong or semi-idiotic. When Ananias, the high priest, ordered the constables of the court room to smite Paul in the mouth, Paul fired up and said: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." In the sentence immediately before my text Paul commands the Ephesians: "Be ye angry and sin not." It all depends on what you are mad at, and how long the feeling lasts whether anger is right or wrong. Life is full of exasperations. Saul after David, Succoth after Gideon, Korah after Moses, the Pasquins after Augustus, the Pharisees after Christ, and every one has had his pursuers, and we are swindled or belied or misrepresented or persecuted or in some way wronged, and the danger is that healthful indignation shall become baleful spite, and that our feelings settle down into a prolonged outpouring of temper displeasing to God and ruinous to ourselves, and hence the important injunction of the text: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Why that limitation to one's anger? Why that period of flaming vapor set to punctuate a flaming disposition? What has the sunset got to do with one's resentful emotions? Was it a haphazard sentiment written by Paul without special significance? No, no; I think of five reasons why we should not let the sun set before our temper sets.

First, because twelve hours is long enough to be cross about any wrong inflicted upon us. Nothing is so exhausting to physical health or mental faculty as a protracted indulgence of ill humor. It racks the nervous system. It hurts the digestion, it heats the blood in brain and heart until the whole body is first overheated and then depressed. Beside that, it sours the disposition, turns one aside from his legitimate work, expends energies that ought to be better employed, and does us more harm than it does our antagonist. Paul gives us a good, wide allowance of time for legitimate denunciation, from 6 o'clock to 6 o'clock, but says: "Stop there!" Watch the descending orb of day, and when it reaches the horizon take a reef in your disposition. Unloose your collar and cool off. Change the subject to something delightfully pleasant. Unroll your tight fist and shake hands with some one. Bank up the fires at the curfew bell. Drive the growling dog of enmity back to its kennel. The hours of this morning will pass by, and the afternoon will arrive, and the sun will begin to set, and I beg you on its blazing hearth throw all your feuds, invectives and satires.

Other things being equal the man who preserves good temper will come out ahead. An old essayist says that the celebrated John Henderson, of Bristol, England, was at a dining party where political excitement ran high and the debate got angry, and while Henderson was speaking his opponent, unable to answer his argument, dashed a glass of wine in his face, when the speaker deliberately wiped the liquid from his face and said: "This, sir, is a digression; now, if you please, for the main argument." While worldly philosophy could help but very few to such equipoise of spirit, the grace of God could help any man to such a triumph. "Impossible," you say, "I would have either left the table in anger or have knocked the man down." But I have come to believe that nothing is impossible, if God help me, since what I saw at Beth-shan faith cure in London, England two summers ago. While the religious service was going on Rev. Dr. Boardman, glorious man, since gone to his heavenly rest, was telling the score of sick people present that Christ was there as of old to heal all diseases, and that, if they would only believe, their sickness would depart. I saw a woman near me, with hand and arm twisted of rheumatism, and her wrist was fiery with inflammation, and it looked like those cases of chronic rheumatism which we have all seen and sympathized with, cases beyond all human healing. At the preacher's reiteration of the words: "Will you believe? Do you believe? Do you believe now?" I heard this poor sick woman say, with an emphasis which sounded through the building: "I do believe." And then she laid her twisted arm and hand out as straight as your arm and hand, or mine. If I had seen one rise from the dead I would not have been much more thrilled. Since then I believe that God will do anything in answer to our prayer and in answer to our faith, and can heal our bodies, and if our soul is all twisted and misshapen of revenge and hate and inflamed with sinful proclivity, he can straighten that also and make it well and clean. Aye, you will not postpone till sundown forgiveness of enemies if you can realize that their behavior toward you may be put into the catalogue of the "all things" that "work together for good to those that love God." I have had multitudes of friends, but I have found in my own experience that God so arranged it that the greatest opportunities of usefulness that have been opened before me were opened by my enemies. And when, years ago, they conspired against me, that opened all Christendom to me as a field in which to preach the Gospel. So you may harness your antagonists to your best interests and compel them to draw you on to better work and higher character. Suppose, instead of waiting until six minutes past five o'clock this evening, when the sun will set, you transact this glorious work of forgiveness before meridian.

Again, we ought not to let the sun go down on our wrath, because we will sleep better if we are at peace with everybody. Insomnia is getting to be one of the most prevalent of disorders. How few people retire at 10 o'clock at night and sleep clear through to 6 in the morning! To relieve this disorder narcotics and sedatives, and chloral, and bromide of potassium, and cocaine and intoxicants are used, but nothing is more important than a quiet spirit if we would win somnolence. How is a man going to sleep when he is in mind pursuing an enemy? With what nervous twitch he will start out of a dream! That new plan for cornering his foe will keep him wide awake while the clock strikes 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4. I give you an unfailing prescription for wakefulness, spend the evening hours rehearsing your wrongs and the best way of avenging them. Hold a convention of friends on this subject in your parlor or office at 8 or 9 o'clock. Close the evening by writing a bitter letter, expressing your sentiments. Take from the desk or pigeon hole the papers in the case to refresh your mind with your evening's meanness. Then lie down and wait for the coming of the day, and it will come before sleep comes, or your sleep will be a worried quiescence, and if you take the precaution to lie flat on your back a frightful nightmare. Why not put a bound to your animosity? Why let your foes come into the sanctities of your dormitory? Why let those slanderers who have already torn your reputation to pieces or injured your business, bend over your midnight pillow and drive from you one of the greatest blessings that God can offer—sweet, refreshing, all invigorating sleep? Why not fence out your enemies by the golden bars of the sunset? Why not stand behind the barricade of evening cloud and say to them: "Thus far and no farther!" Many a man and many a woman is having the health of body as well as the health of soul eaten away by a malevolent spirit. I have in time of religious awakening had persons night after night come into the inquiry room and get no peace of soul. After a while I have bluntly asked her: "Is there not some one against whom you have a hatred that you are not willing to give up?" After a little confusion she has slightly whispered: "Yes." Then I said to her: "You will never find peace with God as long as you retain that virulence."

A boy in Sparta, having stolen a fox, kept him under his coat, and, though the fox was gnawing his vitals, he submitted to it rather than expose his misdeed. Many a man with a smiling face has under his jacket an animosity that is gnawing away the strength of his body and the integrity of his soul. Better get rid of that hidden fox as soon as possible. There are hundreds of domestic circles where that which most is needed is the spirit of forgiveness. Brothers apart and sisters apart and parents and children apart. Solomon says a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city. Are there not enough sacred memories of your childhood to bring you together? The rabbins recount how that Nebuchadnezzar's son had such a spite against his father that after he was dead he had his father burned to ashes, and then put the ashes into four sacks, and tied them to four eagles' necks which flew away in opposite directions. And there are now domestic antipathies which seem forever to have scattered all parental memories to the four winds of heaven. How far the eagles fly with the sacred ashes! The hour of sundown makes to that family no practical suggestion. Thomas Carlyle, in his biography of Frederick the Great, says the old king was told by the confessor he must be at peace with his enemies if he wanted to enter heaven. Then he said to his wife, the Queen: "Write to your brother after I am dead that I forgive him." Rodoff, the confessor, said: "Her majesty had better write him immediately." "No," said the King, "after I am dead; that will be safer." So he let the sun of his earthly existence go down upon his wrath.

Again: We ought not to allow the sun to set before forgiveness takes place, because we might not live to see another day. And what if we should be ushered into the presence of our Maker with a grudge upon our soul? The majority of people depart this life in the night. Between 11 o'clock p. m. and 3 o'clock a. m. there is something in the atmosphere which relaxes the grip which the body has on the soul, and most people enter the next world through the shadows of this world. Perhaps God may have arranged it in that way so as to make the contrast the more glorious. I have seen sunshiny days in this world that must have been almost like the radiance of heaven. But as most people leave the earth between sundown and sunrise, they quit this world at its darkest, and heaven, always bright, will be the brighter for that contrast. Out of blackness into irradiation. Shall we then leap over the roseate bank of sunset into the favorite hunting ground of disease and death, carrying our animosities with us? Who would want to confront his God, against whom we have all done meaner things than anybody has ever done against us, carrying old grudges? How can we expect his forgiveness for the greater when we are not willing to forgive others the less? Napoleon was encouraged to undertake the crossing of the Alps because Carlemagne had previously crossed them. And all this rugged path of forgiveness bears the bleeding footsteps of him who conquered through suffering, and we ought to be willing to follow. On the night of our departure from this life into the next, our one plea will have to be for mercy, and it will have to be offered in the presence of him who has said: "If you forgive not men their trespasses neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." What a sorry plight if we stand there hating this one, and hating that one, and wishing this one a damage and some one else a calamity, and we ourselves needing forgiveness for ten thousand times ten thousand obliquities of heart and life. When our last hour comes, we want it to find us all right. Hardly anything affects me so much in the uncovering of ancient Pompeii as the account of the soldier who, after the city had for many centuries been covered with the ashes and scoriæ of Vesuvius, was found standing in his place on guard, hand on spear and hemlet on head. Others fled at the awful submergement, but the explorer, 1,700 years after, found the body of that brave fellow in right position. And it will be a grand thing if, when our last moment comes, we are found in right position toward the world, as well as in right position toward God, on guard and unaffrighted by the ashes from the mountain of death. I do not suppose that I am any more of a coward than most people, but I declare to you that I would not dare to sleep to-night if there were any being in all the earth with whom I would not gladly shake hands, lest during the night hours, my soul dismissed to other realms, I should, because of my unforgiving spirit, be denied divine forgiveness.

"But," says some woman, "there is a horrid creature that has so injured me that rather than make up with her I would die first." Well, sister, you may take your choice—for one or the other it will be—your complete pardon of her or God's eternal banishment of you. "But," says some man "that fellow who cheated me out of those goods, or damaged my business credit, or started the lie about me in the newspapers, or by his perfidy broke up my domestic happiness, forgive him I cannot—forgive him I will not." Well, brother, take your choice. You will never be at peace with God till you are at peace with man. Feeling as you now do, you would not get so near the harbor of heaven as to see the lightship. Better leave that man with the God who said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." You may say: "I will make him sweat for that yet, I will make him squirm, I mean to pursue him to the death," but you are damaging yourself more than you damage him and you are making heaven for your own soul an impossibility. If he will not be reconciled to you, be reconciled to him. In five or six hours it will be sundown. The dahlias will soon bloom against the western sky. Somewhere between this and that take a shovel and bury the old grudge at least six feet deep. "Let not the sun go down on your wrath."

"But," you say, "I have more than I can bear; too much is put upon me, and I am not to blame if I am somewhat revengeful and unrelenting." Then I think of the little child at the moving of some goods from a store. The father was putting some rolls of goods on the child's arm, package after package, and some one said: "That child is being overloaded and so much ought not to be put upon her," when the child responded: "Father knows how much I can carry;" and God, our Father, will not allow too much imposition on his children. In the day of eternity it will be found you had not one annoyance too many, not one aspersion too many, not one outrage too many. Your heavenly Father knows how much you can carry.

Again, we ought not to allow the passage of the sunset hour before the dismissal of all our affronts, because we may associate the sublimest action of the soul with the sublimest spectacle in nature. It is a most delightsome thing to have our personal experiences allied with certain objects. There is a tree or river bank where God first answered your prayer. You will never pass that place or think of that place without thinking of the glorious communion. There was some gate, or some room, or some garden walk where you were affianced with the companion who has been your chief joy in life. You never speak of that place but with a smile. Some of you have pleasant memories connected with the evening star, or the moon in its first quarter, or with the sunrise, because you saw it just as you were arriving at harbor after a tempestuous voyage. Forever and forever, O hearer, associate the sunset with your magnanimous, out and out, unlimited renunciation of all hatreds and forgiveness of all foes. I admit it is the most difficult of all graces to practice, and at the start you may make a complete failure, but keep on in the attempt to practice it. Shakespeare wrote ten plays before he reached "Hamlet," and seventeen plays before he reached "Merchant of Venice," and twenty-eight plays before he reach "Macbeth." And gradually you will come from the easier graces to the most difficult. Beside that, it is not a matter of personal determination so much as the laying hold of the almighty arm of God, who will help us to do anything we ought to do. Remember that in all personal controversies the one least to blame will have to take the first step at pacification, if it is ever effective. The contest between Æschines and Aristippus resounds through history, but Aristippus, who was least to blame, went to Æschines and said: "Shall we not agree to be friends before we make ourselves the laughing stock of the whole country." And Æschines said: "Thou art a far better man than I, for I began the quarrel, but thou hast been the first in healing the breach," and they were always friends afterwards. So let the one of you that is least to blame take the first step toward conciliation. The one most in the wrong will never take it. Oh, it makes one feel splendid to be able by God's help to practice unlimited forgiveness. It improves one's body and soul. It will make you measure three or four more inches around the chest, and improve your respiration so that you can take a deeper and longer breath. It improves the countenance by scattering the gloom, and brightening the forehead, and loosening the pinched look about the nostril and lip, and makes you somewhat like God Himself. He is omnipotence, and we cannot copy that. He is independent of all the universe, and we cannot copy that. He is creative, and we cannot copy that. He is omnipresent, and we cannot copy that. But He forgives with a broad sweep all faults, and all neglect, and all insults, and all wrong-doing, and in that we may copy him with mighty success. Go harness that sublime action of your soul to an autumnal sunset, the hour when the gate of heaven opens to let the day pass into the eternities and some of the glories escape this way through the brief opening. We talk about the Italian sunsets, and sunset amid the Apennines, and sunset amid the Cordileras. But I will tell you how you may see a grander sunset than any mere lover of nature ever beheld; that is, by flinging into it all your hatreds and animosities, and let the horses of fire trample them, and the chariots of fire roll over them, and the spearmen of fire stab them, and the breath of fire consume them, and the billows of fire overwhelm them. The sublimest thing God does is the sunset. The sublimest thing you can do is forgiveness. Along the glowing banks of this coming eventide let the divine and the human be concurrent.

Again: We should not let the sun go down on our wrath because it is of little importance what the world says of you or does to you when you have the affluent God of the sunset as your provider and defender. People talk as though it were a fixed spectacle of nature and always the same. But no one ever saw two sunsets alike, and if the world has existed 6,000 years there have been about 2,190,000 sunsets, each of them as distinct from all the other pictures in the gallery of the sky as Titian's "Last Supper," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" are distinct from each other. If that God, of such infinite resouces that he can put on the wall of the sky each night more than the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and the Dresden and Venetian galleries all in one, is my God and your God, our provider and protector, what is the use of our worrying about any human antagonism? If we are misinterpreted, the God of the many colored sunset can put the right color on our action. If he can afford to hang such masterpieces over the outside wall of heaven and have them obliterated in an hour, he must be very rich in resources and can put us through in safety. If all the garniture of the western heavens at eventide is but the upholstery of one of the windows of our future home, what small business for us to be chasing enemies! Let not this Sabbath sun go down upon your wrath.

Mahomet said: "The sword is the key of Heaven and hell, a drop of blood shed is better than fasting, and wounds in the day of judgment resplendent as vermilion and odoriferous as musk." But, my hearers, in the last day we will find just the opposite of that to be true, and that the sword never unlocks heaven, and that he who heals wounds is greater than he who makes them, and that on the same ring are two keys: God's forgiveness of us and our forgiveness of enemies; and these two keys unlock Paradise.

And now I wish for all of you a beautiful sunset in your earthly existence. With some of you it has been a long day of trouble, and with others of you it will be far from calm. When the sun rose at 6 o'clock it was the morning of youth, and a fair day was prophesied, but by the time the noonday of mid-life had come and the clock of your earthly existence had struck 12, cloud racks gathered and tempest bellowed in the track of tempest. But as the evening of old age approaches I pray God the skies may brighten and the clouds be piled up into pillars as of celestial temples to which you go, or move as with mounted cohorts come to take you home. And as you sink out of sight below the horizon may there be a radiance of Christian example lingering long after you are gone, and on the heavens be written in letters of sapphire, and on the waters in letters of opal, and on the hills in letters of emerald: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for

Hard to Kill that Bear.

A passenger train on a Florida railroad stopped some fifteen miles from Cedar Keys to prevent a collision with some cattle, when a black bear came trotting leisurely out of the woods, climbed upon the platform of the car and entered the express room, where he found three strings of fish and some bacon, all of which went quickly into his maw. When the train started up the swaying of the car shut the door. The bear soon became tired of his ride, and looked about for means of egress. Nothing appeared so vulnerable to attack as the windows in the side of the car, which were protected by iron rods about a half inch in diameter. He selected one of these, caught two or three of the iron rods with his paws, and, giving them a hug, broke and twisted them off clean. His body was then forced through the aperture and struck the ground like a rubber ball. He turned two or three somersaults and ambled off into the woods.

A Chinese Industry

Rev. B. C. Henry states that the fan palm of China grows only in the San Ui district, some twenty miles long by ten miles wide. The trees do not yield leaves suitable for fans until six years old. Some trees are said to be over one hundred years old, but the tallest measure only about twelve feet. From April to November the leaves are cut monthly, from one to three being taken from each plant. From 10,000 to 20,000 people are employed.

The Important Point.

"Why, he goes out in the nicest society. He calls on the W——s, the swellest people in town."

"Calls on them, does he? But do they let him in?"—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

A Very Rapid Increase Under Decreasing Circumstances.

The assumed rapid decrease of the public debt of the United States, as shown in the statements published, has seemed very marvelous to foreigners. The experience of other nations with their public debts leads them to doubt the statements of this country. Most of them have continually increasing instead of decreasing national debts.

How then, they ask, can the United States diminish its debt so rapidly?

The prosperity of the people during all these years has been unabated. In fact the country has never seen such an era of general prosperity. The two conditions appear to be contradictory.

Are the statements true?

In one sense they are undoubtedly correct, but the public debt has largely increased since the war. It has accumulated to the great inventors and discoverers whose successful efforts have eased the burdens of labor and made pleasant the pathways of toil.

A grateful public should also acknowledge its indebtedness to those who have promoted health and happiness. The proprietors of Warner's safe cure have given to the public a specific for all kidney disorders, and the innumerable train of frightful diseases that are caused by them. The late public teacher, Dr. Dio Lewis, who seldom prescribed medicines of any sort, gave to this renowned specific his warm commendation, and said if he found himself suffering from any kidney disorder he should use it. Kidney disorders are the cause of 93 per cent., say the proprietors of that remedy, of all diseases. If you keep the kidneys in health, you have the greatest assurance of freedom from all disease.

Before the discovery of this remedy, bright's disease was deemed incurable. Now the number of victims of the dread kidney diseases, and all others caused by such diseases, who are by it snatched from death, constantly increases, and as the efficacy of the remedy becomes more widely known those who have reason to be devoutly thankful that this wonderful specific has been made known to the world, multiply with rapidly increasing ratio.

A Remarkable Fossil.

Professor H. G. Seeley exhibited the most remarkable fossil which has ever been found to the geologists. This fossil showed the development of the young of plesiosaurus. Until this fossil had been found and forwarded to him he had sought throughout the collections of Europe for evidence on that development, but without success. No incident in the history of fossilization was more singular than that which this specimen displayed. The fossil was a series of mummies of minute plesiosaurs, less than five inches in length, which had the substance of their flesh perfectly preserved and their bones preserved within the flesh. The remains showed different conditions of development. This was the only case that had ever occurred of the mineralization of the muscular substance and the preservation of the external form of these animals; and so perfect was the preservation that the circle of the eye was preserved, and the constituent bones could be distinguished.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Dying Language.

In spite of the efforts of Mr. Leland and others, it would seem that the use of the old Romany language is dying out among the gypsies who still wander about our island. It is now the rule for these Bohemian tribes to speak English among themselves, and even in the cases in which the Romany is still talked it is so mixed up with modern slang as to have lost nearly all its linguistic significance. This being so, it is not to be supposed that the gypsies will be anxious, as some of their champions have said, to insure instruction in Romany for their children when the latter come under the control of the School Board authorities.—*Figaro.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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There are about 25,000 Hebrews in California.

The Poor Little Ones.

We often see children with red eruptions on face and hands, rough, scaly skin, and often sores on the head. These things indicate a depraved condition of the blood. In the growing period, children have need of pure blood by which to build up strong and healthy bodies. If Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is given, the blood is purged of its bad elements, and the child's development will be healthy, and as it should be. Scrofulous affections, rickets, fever-sores, hip joint disease or other grave maladies and suffering are sure to result from neglect and lack of proper attention to such cases.

Eyes Ears Nose

Are all more or less affected by catarrh. The eyes become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pain between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant uncomfortable discharge, bad breath and loss of the sense of smell. All these disagreeable symptoms disappear when the disease is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels from the blood the impurity from which catarrh arises, tones and restores the diseased organs to health and builds up the whole system. N. B.—Be sure to get only

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Georgia started, built and conducted the first woman's college in the world.

A Lovely Complexion.

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Mild, soothing, and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

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