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SOMETHING NEW



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LIFE'S MINOR CHORD.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS OF MAN'S COMPENSATION FOR SUFFERING.

The Philosophy That Comes of Faith. Character Must Be Tempered by Faith—No Accident in God's Plan. Hitherto in Disgrace.

(Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.) WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage takes an optimistic view of many things that are usually accounted as inexplicable in human experience and shows us that even trouble and affliction may not be wholly without their brighter side; that, Psalm xix, 4, "I will open my dark saying upon the harp."

The world is full of the inexplicable, the impassable, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We cannot go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profundities, labyrinthine problems that we cannot solve, hieroglyphics that we cannot decipher, anagrams we cannot spell out, sphinxes that will not speak. For that reason David in my text proposed to take up some of those somber and dark things and try to set them to sweet music. "I will open my dark sayings on a harp." So I look upon society and find people in unhappy conjunction of circumstances, and they do not know what it means, and they have a right to ask, Why is this? Why is that? and I think I will be doing a good work by trying to explain some of these strange things and make you more content with your lot, and I shall only be answering questions that have often been asked me, or that we have all asked ourselves, while I try to set these mysteries to music and open my dark sayings on a harp.

Interrogation the first: Why does God take out of this world those who are useful and whom we cannot spare and leave alive and in good health so many who are only a nuisance to the world? I thought I would begin with the very toughest of all the seeming inscrutables. Many of the most useful men and women die at 30 or 40 years of age, while you often find useless people alive at 60 and 70 and 80. John Careless wrote to Bradford, who was soon to be put to death, saying, "Why does God not give that can do nothing but consume the aims of the church, and take away so many worthy workmen in the Lord's vineyard?" Similar questions are often asked. Here are two men. The one is a noble character and a Christian man. He chooses for a lifetime companion one who has been tenderly reared, and he is worthy of him and he is worthy of her. As merchant or farmer or professional man or mechanic or artist he toils to educate and rear his children. He is succeeding, but he has not yet established for his family a full competence. He seems indispensable to that household; but one day, before he has paid off the mortgage on his house, he is coming home through a strong north-east wind, and a chill strikes through him, and four days of pneumonia end his earthly career, and the wife and children go into a struggle for shelter and food. His next door neighbor is a man who, though strong and well, lets his wife support him. He is around at the grocery store or some general store, and he is in the evenings with his example and lounge and swagger and swear. All the use that man is in that house is to ravage because the coffee is cold when he comes to a late breakfast, or to say cutting things about his wife's looks, when he furnishes nothing for her wardrobe. The best thing that could happen to that family would be that man's funeral, but he declines to die. He lives on and on and on. So we have all noticed that many of the useful are early cut off, while the parasites have great vitality.

The Darker Way. I take up this dark saying on my harp and give three or four thrums on the string in the way of surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps the useful man was taken out of the world because he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great prosperity that might have been just ahead, and they altogether might have gone down in the vortex of worldliness which every year swallows up 10,000 households. And so he went while he was humble and consecrated, and they were by the severities of life kept close to Christ and lifted for usefulness here and high seats in heaven; but when they meet at last before the throne they will acknowledge that, though the furnace was hot, it purified them and prepared them for an eternal career of glory and reward for which no other kind of life could have fitted them. On the other hand, the useless man lived on to 50 or 60 or 70 years because all the ease he ever can have he must have in this world, and you ought not, therefore, begrudge him his earthly longevity. In all the ages there has not a single sufferer ever entered heaven. There is no place for him there to hang around, not even in the temple, for they are full of vigorous, alert and rapturous worship. If they could be useful so early, rejoice for them that they have so soon got through with human life, which at best is a struggle. And if the useless and the bad shall rejoice that they may be out in the world's trash and a good many years before their final incarceration.

Interrogation the second: Why do good people have so much trouble, sickness, bankruptcy, persecution, and black vultures sometimes putting their fierce beaks into one's eye of jangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church, and as polished a Christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway. First his general health gave out and he hobbled around on a cane, an old man at 40.

After awhile paralysis struck him. Having by poor health been compelled suddenly to quit business, he lost what property he had. Then his beautiful daughter died; then a son became hopelessly demented. Another son, splendid of mind and somnolent of presence, read that his would be father-in-law's father's household, but under the swoop of yellow fever at Fernandina, Fla., he suddenly expired. So you know good men and women who have had enough troubles, you think, to crush 50 people. No worldly philosophy could take such a trouble and set it to music, for play it on a violin or flute, but I dare to open that dark saying on a harp. You wonder that very consecrated people have troubles? Did you know any very consecrated man or woman about without sympathy for others and who think more of a St. Bernard dog or an Alderney cow or a Southdown sheep or a Berkshire pig than of a man? They never had any trouble, or the trouble was never sanctified. Who are those men who listen with moist eyes as you tell them of suffering and who have a pathos in their voice and a kindness in their manner and an excuse or an alleviation for those gone astray? They are the men who have graduated at the Royal Academy of Trouble, and they have the diploma written in wrinkles on their own countenances. My, my! What heartaches they had! What tears they have wept! What injustice they have suffered! The mightiest influence for purification and salvation is trouble. No diamond fit for a crown until it is cut. No wheat fit for bread till it is ground.

Strength From Sorrow. There are only three things that can break off a chain—a hammer, a file or a fire—and trouble is all three of them. The greatest writers, orators and reformers got much of their force from trouble. What gave to Washington Irving that exquisite tenderness and pathos which will make his "Hutchinsons" while the English language continues to be written and spoken? An early heartbreak, that never once mentioned, and when 80 years after the death of Matilda Hoffman, who was to have been his bride, her father picked up a piece of embroidery and said, "That is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship." Washington Irving sank from hilarity into silence and walked away. Out of that lifetime grief the great author dipped his pen's mightiest re-enforcement. Coleridge's "Huzar" and "Religion" than which a more wonderful book was never written by human hand, was begun by the author at 25 years of age, because of the persecution by Francis, king of France. Faraday toiled for all time on a salary of £80 a year and candles. As every brick of the wall of Babylon was stamped with the letter "N," standing for Nebuchadnezzar, so every part of the temple of Christian achievement is stamped with the letter "T," standing for trouble. When in England a man is honored with knighthood, he is struck with the flat of the sword. But those who have come to knight-hood in the kingdom of God were first struck, not with the flat of the sword, but with the keen edge of the scimiter. To build his magnificence of character Paul could not have spared one lash, one prison, one stoning, one anathema, one poisonous viper from the hand, one shipwreck. What is true of individuals is true of nations. The horrors of the American Revolution gave this country this side of the Mississippi river to independence, and the conflicts between England and France gave the west of this country west of the Mississippi to the United States. France owned it, but Napoleon, fearing that England would take it, practically made a present to the United States—for he received only \$15,000,000 for Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and the Indian Territory. Out of the fire of the American Revolution came this country east of the Mississippi, out of the European war came that west of the Mississippi river. The British empire rose to its present greatness, overtopping grandeur through gunpowder plot and Guy Fawkes' conspiracy and Northampton insurrection and Walter Raleigh's beheading and Bacon's bribery and Cromwell's dissolution of parliament and the battles of Edge Hill and the vicissitudes of centuries.

Tempered by Fire. So the earth itself, before it could become an appropriate and beautiful residence for the human family, had, according to geology, to be washed by universal deluge and scorched and made indecent by universal fires and pounded by sledge hammers of icebergs and wrenched by earthquakes that split continents and shaken by volcanoes that tossed mountains and passed through the catastrophes of thousands of years before paradise became possible and the groves could shake out their green banners, and the first garden, pour its cargo of color between the Gihon and the Hiddekel. Trouble—a good thing for the rocks, a good thing for nations, as well as a good thing for individuals. So when you push against me with a sharp interrogation point, why do I have so much difficulty getting a livelihood with other people, or why must I wear these plain clothes while others have to push hard to get their wardrobes closed, so crowded are they with brilliant attire, or why should I have to work so hard while others have 365 holidays every year? They are all practically one question. I answer them by saying it is because the Lord has his favorites, and he puts extra discipline upon you and extra trial because he has for you extra glory, extra exultation, and extra felicity.

That is no guess of mine, but a divine say so, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "Well," say some one, "I would rather have a little less in heaven and a little more here. Discount my heavenly robe 10 per cent and let me now put it on a fur lined overcoat. Put me in a less gorgeous robe of the house of many mansions and let me have a house here in a better neighborhood." No, no. God is not going to rob

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The Recompense of Sin. A great prima donna, who can now do anything with her voice, told me that when she first started to make her teacher Berlin told her she could be a good singer, but a certain note she could never reach. "And then," she said, "I went to work and studied and practiced for years until I did reach it." But the song of the singer redeemed, the Bible says, the exalted harmonists who have never sinned could not reach and never will reach. Would you like to hear me in a very poor way play a snatch of that tune? I can give you only one bar of the music on this gospel harp. "Unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever, amen." But before leaving this interrogatory, why God let sin come into the world, let me say that great battles seem to be nothing but suffering and outrage at the time of their occurrence, yet after they have been a long while past we can see that it was better for them to have been fought, namely, Salamis, Inkermann, Toulouse, Arles, Agincourt, Trafalgar, Bismarck, Lexington, Sedan. So now that the great battle against sin and suffering are going on we can see mostly that which is deplorable, but 20,000 years from now, standing in glory, we shall appreciate that heaven is better off than if the battle of this world's sin and suffering had never been projected. But now I come nearer home and put a dark saying on the gospel harp, a style of question that is asked a million times every year. Interrogation the fourth: Why do I have it so hard while others have it so easy, or why do I have so much difficulty getting a livelihood with other people, or why must I wear these plain clothes while others have to push hard to get their wardrobes closed, so crowded are they with brilliant attire, or why should I have to work so hard while others have 365 holidays every year? They are all practically one question. I answer them by saying it is because the Lord has his favorites, and he puts extra discipline upon you and extra trial because he has for you extra glory, extra exultation, and extra felicity.

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The Recompense of Sin. A great prima donna, who can now do anything with her voice, told me that when she first started to make her teacher Berlin told her she could be a good singer, but a certain note she could never reach. "And then," she said, "I went to work and studied and practiced for years until I did reach it." But the song of the singer redeemed, the Bible says, the exalted harmonists who have never sinned could not reach and never will reach. Would you like to hear me in a very poor way play a snatch of that tune? I can give you only one bar of the music on this gospel harp. "Unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever, amen." But before leaving this interrogatory, why God let sin come into the world, let me say that great battles seem to be nothing but suffering and outrage at the time of their occurrence, yet after they have been a long while past we can see that it was better for them to have been fought, namely, Salamis, Inkermann, Toulouse, Arles, Agincourt, Trafalgar, Bismarck, Lexington, Sedan. So now that the great battle against sin and suffering are going on we can see mostly that which is deplorable, but 20,000 years from now, standing in glory, we shall appreciate that heaven is better off than if the battle of this world's sin and suffering had never been projected. But now I come nearer home and put a dark saying on the gospel harp, a style of question that is asked a million times every year. Interrogation the fourth: Why do I have it so hard while others have it so easy, or why do I have so much difficulty getting a livelihood with other people, or why must I wear these plain clothes while others have to push hard to get their wardrobes closed, so crowded are they with brilliant attire, or why should I have to work so hard while others have 365 holidays every year? They are all practically one question. I answer them by saying it is because the Lord has his favorites, and he puts extra discipline upon you and extra trial because he has for you extra glory, extra exultation, and extra felicity.

That is no guess of mine, but a divine say so, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "Well," say some one, "I would rather have a little less in heaven and a little more here. Discount my heavenly robe 10 per cent and let me now put it on a fur lined overcoat. Put me in a less gorgeous robe of the house of many mansions and let me have a house here in a better neighborhood." No, no. God is not going to rob

for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous. Nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them, which is exercised thereby." Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. What a sweet thing is a harp, and I wonder not that in Wales, the country of my ancestors, the harp has become the national instrument, and that they have festivals where great prizes are offered in the competition between harp and harp, or that weird Sebastian Erard was much of his time bent over this chorded and vibrating triangle, and was not satisfied until he had given it a compass of six octaves, from E to E with all the semitones, or that when King Saul was demented, the son of Jesse came before him and, putting his fingers among the charmed strings of the harp, played the devil out of the crazed monarch, or that in heaven there shall be harpers harping with their harps. So you will not blame me for opening the dark saying on the gospel harp:

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows taint;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake!

Interrogation third: Why did the good God let sin or trouble come into the world when he might have kept them out? My reply is, He had a good reason. He had reasons that he could no more make, and understand in our finite state than the father, starting out on some great and elaborate enterprise, could make the 2-year-old child in its armed chair comprehend it. One was to demonstrate what grandeur of character may be achieved on earth by conquering evil. Had there been no evil to conquer and no trouble to conquer, then this universe would never have known an Abraham or a Moses or a Joshua or an Ezekiel or a Paul or a Christ or a Washington or a John Milton or a John Howard, and a million victories which have been gained by the consecrated spirits of all ages would never have been gained. Had there been no battle, there would have been no victory. Nine-tenths of the anthems of heaven would never have been sung. Heaven could never have been a thousandth part of the heaven that it is. I will not say that I am glad that sin and sorrow did enter, but I do say that I am glad that after God has given all his reasons to an assembled universe he will be more honored than I am if sorrow had never entered, and that the angels and celestial will be undone and will put down their trumpets to listen and it will be in heaven when those who have conquered sin and sorrow shall enter as it would be in a small singing school on earth if Thalberg and Gottschalk and Wagner and Beethoven and Rheinberger and Schumann should all at once enter. The immortals that have been chanting 10,000 years before the throne will say, as they close their librettos, "Oh, if we could only sing like that!" But God will not say to those who have never sinned, and consequently have not been redeemed, "You must be silent now; you have not the qualification for this anthem." So they sit with closed lips and folded hands, and sinners say by grace take up the harmony, for the Bible says "no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

THE SLY POLAR BEAR.

How He Gets His Dinner of Seal or Walrus Meat.

In his native home the polar bear does not often meet with small boys anxious to treat him to luns and other dainties. The consequence is that he has to devise many curious ways of securing his food, and none is more strange and interesting than that related by two trustworthy travelers in Greenland, that country of strange sights.

They have known the polar bear to take a stone or a huge lump of ice in his fore paws and from a favorable height, as a cliff or a precipitous ice hill, to hurl the missile down upon the head of a walrus, an enormous brute often twice the size of the bear, and to stun him that brain could rush in and complete the destruction at his leisure, thus securing a month's rations.

The most usual food of the ice bear, as the Germans very appropriately call this beast, is the common seal of the arctic regions. The latter is the worst animal of the north, and both Eskimo and polar bear need their best strategy to catch it.

In the summer time, when the snow is off the ice of the ocean shore and islets, the seals can be plainly seen as black dots on the ice, probably asleep, but always near their holes, which lead down through the thick ice to the water below, and into which they can throw themselves by the least movement. Bear, seeing one afar, walks up as near as he deems safe and then begins crawling on his watery prey.

The seal, if the weather be sunny and pleasant, takes short naps, relieved by shorter moments when it is scanning the vicinity for signs of an enemy's approach. During those times the bear is very quiet and as still as death itself, with eyes apparently closed, though really a corner of each is kept open, and in this way he hopes the seal will take him for a heap of snow, an appearance which his coat readily helps him to assume.

During the laps he creeps forward with greater or less rapidity, according to his nearness to the seal, and consequently the seal is being heard or seen. When but 10 or 12 yards away, the seal is in the depths of a good nap, the bear rushes upon him and with a single blow of his powerful paw knocks the smaller brute senseless and so far away from the hole that he cannot escape by that way, even if the blow received is not immediately fatal.

In winter time the ice is covered with snow, and this is hollowed out by the seal into a snowhouse, covering the hole in the ice and connecting at the top of the dome with an aperture about the size of a shilling, called the blowhole, for it is through this that the seal breathes when he is in want of fresh air.

Here the bear watches for many a long hour if necessary, and when the snorts of the seal are heard he creeps in the fragile dome of the snowhouse with his paw, impaling the seal on his curved claws, and proceeds to practically demonstrate how polar bears can subsist in an arctic winter.—London

A Type of His Class. "I see you've still got your old office boy." "Yes." "Improves with age, does he?" "Well, he seems to get fresher every day."—Philadelphia Record. There were breechloading cannon as early as 1388.

Catch Cold Easily?

Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling in your throat? Would you feel relieved if you could raise something? Does your cough annoy you at night, and do you raise more mucus in the morning? Then you should always keep on hand a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

If you have a weak throat you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too