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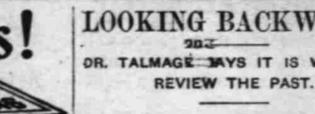
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He Would Arouse the Soul to Remi- of buckwheat. niscence of Dangers Escaped and Have a Purifying Influence.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, May 7 .- This sermon is Psalms axxix, 3, "While I was musing, the fire burned."

Here is David, the pealmist, with the weet solitude to contemplate.

tender reminiscence. I reviewed my an early Christian home! pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet

Engines, Boilers, Machine and Mill Supplies at lowest Special Sales Agent for Merchant A Matter of Choice far as God may help me, to stir up your you had a stupendous mission. memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and hum-

bled and urged to pray

A Precious Harvest. There is a chapel in Florence with fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with obliterations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I

swing the scythe. Among the greatest advantages of its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home like sacrilege to you-for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a granite mansion or a tursection. R secood, walnut, cloth-cov- reted cathedral. Looking back, you see ered and metalic caskets a specialty it as though it were yesterday-the sit-Street. Thankful for past patronage. the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with firm voice commanding a silence that lasted balf a minute

Happy Days Gone By. had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father. was always ready to protect you . The year was one round of frolic and mirth Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower The heart had not been ransacked by trouble, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than ble, as you have had so many troubles the home in which your childhood and adversities. Then I will just take

76 FULTON FISH MARKET, N. Y. We employ no agents and pay us If your stencil is not in good order cows at night and find them pushing said it cannot be anything serious.

LOOKING BACKWARD. | their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and Lusy streets you wish OR. TALMAGE MAYS IT IS WELL TO you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown bay or the blossom

You may have in your windows now Sorrows Suffered - Old Memories beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yelof Dr. Talmage calls the roll of many low sunflower that stood sentinel along stirring memories and interprets the the garden walk and the forgetmenots meaning of life's viciseitudes. The text playing bide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburned from the field and sit down on the docraill and wipe the sweat from forelinger of his right hand against his brow may have gone to his everlasttemple and the door shut-against the ing rest. The mother who used to sit world, engaged in contemplation. And at the door a little bent over, cap and it would be well for us to take the same spectacles on, her face mellowing with posture often, while we sit down in the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the In a small island off the coast of pillow in the valley, but forget that Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in home you never will. Have you thanked delightful solitude, for I had resolved God for it? Have you rehearsed all that I would have one day of entire | these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank quiet before I entered upon autumnal God for a Christian father! Thank God work. I thought to have spent the day for a Christian mother! Thank God for in laying out plans for Christian work, an early Christian altar at which you but instead of that it became a day of were taught to kneel! Thank God for

A Great Mission. I bring to mind another passage in again when the curtains of life are the history of your life. The day came lifted. The days of my boyhood came when you set up your own household. back, and I was 10 years of age, and I The days passed along in quiet blessedwas 8, and I was 5. There was but one ness. You twain sat at the table mornhouse on the island, and yet from Sab- ing and night and talked over your bath daybreak, when the bird chant plans for the future. The most insignifi-Elizabeth City, N. C. The COUPER MARBLE WORKS, woke me, until the evening melted into cant affair in your life became the subthe bay of Fundy, from shore to shore ject of mutual consultation and adverthere were ten thousand memories, and tisement. You were so happy you felt the groves were a-hum with voices that you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your Youth is apt too much to spend all its dwelling, and it got darker and darker, time in looking forward. Old age is apt but out of that cloud the shining mestoo much to spend all its time in look- senger of God descended to incarnate ing backward. People in midlife and on an immortal spirit. Two little feet the apex look both ways. It would be started on an eternal journey, and you well for us, I think, however, to spend | were to lead them, a gem to flash in more time in reminiscence. By the con- heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; stitution of our nature we spend most eternal ages of light and darkness of the time looking forward. And the watching the starting out of a newly vast majority of people live not so created creature. You rejoiced and you much in the present as in the future. I trembled at the responsibility that in find that you mean to make a reputa- your possession an immortal treasure tion, you mean to establish yourself, was placed. You prayed and rejoiced and the advantages that you expect to and wept and wondered; you were achieve absorb a great deal of your time. | earnest in supplication that you might But I see no harm in this if it does not lead it through life into the kingdom make you discontented with the pres of God. There was a tremor in your ent or disqualify you for existing du- earnestness. There was a double interties. It is a useful thing sometimes to est about that home. There was an adlook back, and to see the dangers we ditional interest why you should stay have escaped, and to see the sorrows we there and be faithful, and when in a have suffered, and the trials and wan- few months your house was filled with derings of our earthly pilgrimage, and the music of the child's laughter you to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so were struck through with the fact that

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscence, and let his mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited! God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin! God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity! Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but sion or occupation, on ornate apparel, the saddest sound that is ever heard is on a commodious residence—everything the breaking of a mother's heart!

Sweet Memories. I find another point in your life history You found one day you were in the wrong road. You could not sleep at night. There was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking your past life were an early home and house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I'm net ready for it. Oh, God, have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love. The clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness. You came called him "the lame brat." He who into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who conseof the good in heaven. Perhaps your crated it, and you remember the church early home was in a city. It may have officials who carried it through the aisle. ington, was residential as now it is the close of the service took your hand bear and blood for your led to be a major general.—Philadelphia commercial, and Canal street, New in theirs in congratulating sympathy. York, was far up town. That old house as much as to say, "Welcome home, in the city may have been demolished you lost prodigal!" And, though those gion for your soul? or changed into stores, and it seemed hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected today. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? At the old stand on Ehringhause ting room, where the loved one sat by God help you This day kneel at the en Start now as you started then. 1 rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life I just put them in one great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one lond harvest song. such as the reapers sing. Praise the Oh, those were good days! If you Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of beaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow Others had their troubles years ago: you are a mere wreck of what you ofice were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life, but how shall I do it? You say that is impossi two-the first trouble and the last trou-Perhaps you were brought up in the ble. As when you are walking along country. You stand now today in mem- the street, and there has been music in ory under the old tree. You clubbed it the distance, you unconsciously find for fruit that was not quite ripe, be yourselves keeping step to the music, so cause you couldn't wait any longer. when you started life your very life You hear the brook rumbling along was a musical time beat. The air was over the pebbles. You step again into full of joy and hilarity; with the bright, the furrow where your father in his clear oar you made the boat skip. You shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen went on, and life grew brighter, until. the old well fetched up. You go for the cheek was an unhealthy flush. You

Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the Blessed the weeping eye from which the tread, but after awhile the truth flash- toft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear! ed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout and you said: "God, save my child! one treasure!

God's Consolation. your hands. It was the cup of God's your soul is interval land! consolation. And as you have sometimes

did you get over it? God comforted life of self sacrifice for God, dying in animal into a trap. The tiger's curiosity you. You have been a better man ever the cabin of the ship in the harbor of is excited when he sees his image in since. You have been a better woman St. Helena, was, "I always did love the the glass, and he immediately proceeds ever since. In the jar of the closing Lord Jesus Christ." And then the his- to investigate the mystery. The Pergate of the sepulcher you heard the torian says she fell into a sound sleep sian manuer of conducting the hunt, as clanging of the opening gate of heaven, for an hour and woke amid the songs this is described in Chambers' Journal, and you felt an irresistible drawing of angels. I place the dying reminist is more sports and like heavenward. You have been spiritually cence of Augustus Cæsar against the A spherical strongly wayen bambos better ever since that night when the dying reminiscence of the apostle Paul. | cage, with intervale of a few inches belittle one for the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time put its arms | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | tween the last time | The dying reminiscence of Augustus | The dying rem around your neck and 'said: "Good Casar was, addressing his attendants, near the hand of the tiger. This cage night, papa! Good night, mamma! "Have I played my part well on the is firmly and correly pleasted to the

Meet me in heaven!" sing God's praise, and to implore God's useful life and the opening of a glori- the sword pate him to death. help, and to ask God's forgiveness? ons eternity. Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction!

Tears Wiped Away. Perhaps your last sorrow was a finan-

you put your hands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities now you bave hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is glad and glorious and triumphant relihood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of

the quickest sympathy ever since, has

suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts - is taken away forever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abrabam mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, went all your hopes and all your expec-

Glorious Eternity.

hand, have wrenched that child from the St. John river, which is the Rhine preach to them and make their eyes the destroyer! You went to your room and the Hudson commingled in one glitter and their hearts beat by his ele-God, save my child!" The world seem- I was on the deck of the steamer a gen- not, unfortunately, lay my hands on the ed going out in darkness. You said, "I tleman pointed out to me the places of passage just now-of a fish which leaves can't bear it, I can't bear it." You felt interest, and he said: All this is inter- the sea on Saturday and does not return as if you could not put the long lashes val land, and it is the richest land in until Sunday, so as to be able to keep over the bright eyes, never to see them all the provinces of New Brunswick and the Sabbath, again sparkle. If you could have taken Nova Scotia." "What," said I, "do that little one in your arms, and with you mean by interval land?" "Well." it leaped the grave, how gladly you he said, "this land is submerged for a The Koran gives a story of some very would have done it! If you could let part of the year; spring freshets come naughty fishes in David's time. Knowyour property go, your houses go, your down, and all these plains are over- ing that the Israelites were forbidden land and your storehouse go, how glad- flowed with the water, and the water to catch fish on the Sabbath, the wicked ly you would have allowed them to de- leaves a rich deposit, and when the wa- creatures came out of the Red sea in part if you could only have kept that ters are gone the harvest springs up, unusual numbers and kept in sight of and there is a richer harvest than I the people all through the day in order know of elsewhere." And I instantly to tempt them. On the approach of But one day there came up a chill thought, "It is not the heights of the night they returned to the sea again. blast that swept through the bedroom, church, and it is not the heights of this In a fatal moment some of the Israelites and instantly all the lights went out, world that are the scene of the greatest | yielded to the piscine blandishments, and there was darkness-thick, murky. prosperity, but the soul over which the caught several of them and had them impenetrable, shuddering darkness. floods of sorrow have gone, the soul for dinner. Whereupon David cursed But God did not leave you there. Mercy over which the freshets of tribulation the Sabbath breakers, and God, to show spoke. As you took up the bitter cup have torn their way, that yields the his displeasure, changed them into apes to put it to your lips God said, "Let it greatest fruits of righteousness and the and pigs. For three days they remained pass," and forthwith, as by the hand largest harvest for time and the richest in this unpleasant condition, when a of angels, another cup was put into harvest for eternity." Bless God that vielent storm arose and swept them

lifted the head of a wounded soldier reminiscence, and that is the last hour money to our Lord is supposed to have and poured wine into his lips, so God of life, when we have to look over all been a haddock, which had strayed into puts his left arm under your head and our past existence. What a moment | the lake of Gennesaret. There are sevwith his right hand he pours into your that will be! I place Napoleon's dying eral legends which tell of miraculous lips the wine of his comfort and his reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. finds in fishes. - Paris Messenger. consolation, and you looked at the emp- Judson's dying reminiscence in the harty cradle and looked at your broken bor of St. Helena, the same island, 20 heart, and you looked at the Lord's years after. Napoleon's dying reminischastisement, and you said, "Even so, cence was one of delirium-"Tete d'ar- different ways of hunting the tiger. Father, for so it seemeth good in thy mee"-"Head of the army." Mrs. Jud- Traps, pitfalls, spring guns and nets Ah, it was your first trouble. How home from her missionary toil and her said to employ the mirror to lead the But I must come to your latest sor- affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, several sharp and powerful stabbing row .- What was it? Perhaps it was don't you applaud me?" The dying spears, or with a keen and pointed sickness. The child's tread on the stair reminiscence of Paul the apostle was, "I sword, takes his just at night, with a or the tick of the watch on the stand have fought a good fight, I have finished dog or a gent as his companion. There disturbed you. Through the long weary my course, I have kept the faith; hence- he wraps himself in his blanket and goes days you counted the figures in the forth there is laid up for me a crown ite sleep. carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. of righteousness, which the Lord, the In due time the tiger makes his ap-Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! Oh, righteons Judge, will give me in that pearance, the man is waked by his four the burning pangs! Would God it were day, and not to me only, but to all footed companion, and after vainly morning! Would God it were night! them that love his appearing." Augus snuffing and prowling round the cage to was your frequent cry. But you are tus Cæsar died amid pomp and great find an entrance the tiger rears against better, or perhaps even well. Have you surroundings, Paul uttered his dying the walls. thanked God that today you can come reminiscence locking up through the The man instantly takes advantage

Ludlow's Victory Over Shafter. General William Ludlow, who is cial embarrassment. I congratulate ent command to a personal victory he them up in order to make use of the

days of the Santiago campaign. ord as a topographical engineer, and the of Aughrim out of you yet?" was one of the first regular army officers to seek service in Cuba. With a scarcely dried commission of brigadier general of volunteers in his pocket he hastened to General Shafter.

Seeing that General Shafter already too rough for putting near the skin. had a competent engineer on his staff, General Ludlow applied for command of a brigade on the fighting line, and mentioned the First brigade of the Second division. General Shafter looked up in surprise and exclaimed: "I thought

you were an engineer!" "So I am," replied General Ludlow. "also an artillerist, or cavalry officer, or an infantry officer, at the will of my superiors, like every trained soldier."

General Shafter began parleying, and General Ludlow, in the mildest manner possible, insisted, morning after morning, until he received it. After the terrible battle of El Caney he was promot-

Wanted Riley's Autograph.

The Philadelphia Record says: "The reavement. That heart which in child- strength of the fad for autographs was of clerks and customers besieged James Whitcomb Riley while he was modestly making some book purchases in a large department store.

"As soon as the Hoosier poet was sighted near the latest book counter the news quickly went the rounds of the clerks, and within a half hour Mr. Riley had outgingly signed his name to 100 card - Customers who were at the book stalls at the time or were attracted thither also took advantage of the opportunity and secured the signature of

"To one of the clerks Mr. Riley said that on the average he receives 200 letters a day asking for his autograph and many more personal requests while on his tours. When not in a humor for composition the poet, as a mental diversion, occupies himself in signing the thousands of cards which he yearly

The Dutch Queen.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands dislikes to be called "the little queen." She thinks the phrase reflects upon her kingdom, as she is 5 feet 11/2 inches in height. The queen of Spain but to you it was a cavern down which is only 5 feet 5 2-5 inches; the empress of Russia, 5 feet 21/2 inches; the emtations. But cheer up in the name of press of Germany and Queen Victoria the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. still smaller. Aside from her height, He is not going to forsake you. Did the the young Dutch queen is also of the Lord take that child out of your arms? best build. Her 211/2 inch waist meas-Why, he is going to shelter it better are and 42 inch bust give an admirable rafters of the barn and take just one heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the ing they will not miss it You take a confronted your first sorrow. You had have it all ready to greet you at your when for six long hours she wore the drink again out of the very bucket that no idea that the flush on your child's that love books. Blessed the broken heart ceremonial mantle of red velvet trim-

Religious and Irreligious Fishes. Fishes are supposed to have no religion. Probably they are greatly maligned in that as well as in other respects. Some years ago I was sailing down | St. Anthony, as you know, used to scene of beauty and grandeur, and while quence. A Jewish story is told-I can-

Other fishes, unlike their puritanical brother, do not observe the sacred day. into the sea.

There is one more point of absorbing | The fish which brought the tribute

Bonting Tigers In Persia.

The people of different countries have son's dying reminiscence, as she came | are called into play. The Chinese are

stage of life?" and they answered in the ground. I side, a man provided with

out in the fresh air; that you are in wall of a dungeon. God grant that our of the brate's unprotected position, and your place to hear God's name, and to dying pillow may be the closing of a with a result to stroke of the spear or

Mischievors to the End. In the box of Aughrim, in Ireland, it was a very common thing for gun barrels achieving high fame as the first Ameri- to be found, relies of the great battle can governor of Havana, owes his pres- there. There was a blacksmith who dug some of you on your lucrative profes- gained over General Shafter in the first material. One of them exploded in his furnace, when he exclaimed: "Bad luck He had long ago attained a fine rec- to your love of murther! Isn't the bat-

> Stockings made from human hair are worn by Chinese fishermen as the best preventive of wet feet. They are drawn over ordinary cotton stockings, being



dred thousand times each day. One hundred thousand supplies of good or bad blood to your brain. Which is it?

If bad, impure blood, then your brain aches. You are troubled with drowsiness yet cannot sleep. You are as tired in the morning as at night. You have no nerve Your foed does you bu little good. Stimulants, tonics, headache



will. It makes the liver, kidneys, skin and bowels perform their proper work. It removes all impurities from the blood. And it makes the blood rich in his lifegiving properties.

To Hasten Recovery.

You will be more rapidly cured you will take a laxative dose of Ayer's pills each night. They arouse the sluggish liver and thus cure biliousness.

Write to our Dectors. We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminest physicians in the United States. Write freely all the