

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: When the Sun of Life Sets—The Christian Finds Fulfillment in the Time of Old Age—The Light of Eventide—Last Hours Illumined.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this subject Dr. Talmage puts a glow of gladness and triumph upon passages of life that are usually thought to be somewhat gloomy; text, Zachariah xiv, 7, "At evening time it shall be light."

While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath—murky, hurrying, portentous, but such as you often see when out on night parade, and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Each night the sailor blesses from the fore-castle, and the trapper on vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly and shepherd guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman campaign! Awful night among the cordilleras! Glorious night mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the coast toward which I hope we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbor.

My text may well suggest that, as the natural evening is often luminous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows, of old age, of the world's history, of the Christian life. "At eventide it shall be light."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet and work with a thousand arms, and the pickax struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its twenty per cent., and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of power. But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one poignant twang of the hand of disaster the harpstrings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calamities! The new book would not sell! A patent could not be secured for the invention! Stocks sank like lead! The insurance company exploded! "How much," says the Sheriff, "will you bid for this piano? How much for this library? How much for this family picture? How much? Will you let it go at less than half price? Going—going—gone!"

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What has become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the fall and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth? Did they when they were afflicted like Job curse God and want to die? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say, "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead, saying, "There never will be a resurrection?"

Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down; would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, blank and howling, smothering and choking their life out? No, no! At eventide it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite lustre. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and pines of gold and jasper and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven.

The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys, warbling heavenward. "It is good that I have been afflicted!" cried David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away!" exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!" exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventide it was light. Light from the cross! Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, out-gushing, everlasting light!

Again, the text shall find fulfillment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young, to have the sight clear and the hearing acute and the step elastic and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Midlife and old age will be denied many of us, but youth—we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow; that snow was not always on your head; that brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm; you have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hillside or threw off your hat for the race or sent the ball flying sky high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits and broad shoulders for burden carrying and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path, if you follow it long enough, will come under frowning crags and cross trebling causeway. Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally! You cannot hide it.

You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old—old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old unless

you are older than the mountains and older than the stars.

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field; the heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water; heaven above and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling or a bee humming or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow, silence among the hills. Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cool; the glory of heaven fills all the scene with love, joy and peace. At eventide it is light!

Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and the death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle and with the other she touches a grave. I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving Day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas Day came and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventide it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above your girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us, and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces there dashes upon us "Hosanna! Hosanna!"

"Throw back the shutters and let the sun in," said dying Scoville McCullum, one of my Sabbath-school boys. "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in." You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight! I have finished my course! I have kept the faith!"

Hugh McKall went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried: "Farewell sun, moon and stars! Farewell all earthly delights!" then went on the other side of the scaffold and cried: "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome, death! Welcome, glory!"

A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments, "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battle cry rang through all the caverns of the sepulcher and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come.

I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged and they became young; she touched the poor and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begin to use his arm again, when the blind Christian begins to see again, when the deaf Christian begins to hear again, when the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple.

Hungry men no more to hunger, thirsty men no more to thirst, weeping men no more to weep, dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour upon them this stupendous theme of the soul's disenchantment!

Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting: "Free! Free!" Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven, but eye hath not seen it; your ear has caught harmonies uncounted and indescribable—caught them from harp's trill and bird's carol and waterfall's dash and ocean's doxology—but ear hath not heard it.

How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it, seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it—the marvels of redeeming love!

Let the palms wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend; let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest!

Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified, and if with your scepters you cannot reach it and with your songs you cannot express it then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation: "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." The voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserve to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus—"

"Aye, aye," says the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant forever!

Ah, do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartrending. Yet light in the evening. As all the stars of the night sink their anchors of pearl in lake and river and sea so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Close the eyes of the departed one: earth would seem fame to its enchanted vision. To'd the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been transfigured.

Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment he exclaimed with illuminated countenance, "Light!" In the last instant of his breathing he lifted up his hands and cried: "Light! Light!"

Thank God for light in the evening! (Copyright, 1902, L. Klopach.)

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don't stay on or near the surface, but goes through the muscles and tissues to the bone and drives out all soreness and inflammation.



For a Lame Back, Sore Muscles, or, in fact, all Lameness and Soreness of your body there is nothing that will drive out the pain and inflammation so quickly as Mexican Mustang Liniment.

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Mexican Mustang Liniment overcomes the ailments of horses and all domestic animals. In fact, it is a flesh healer and pain killer no matter who or what the patient is.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DEWITT.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like. Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARK.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefits I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowker, Ph. G., 538 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results. Miss BESSIE WIEDMAIER.

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Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets. ANTON H. BLAUER.

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