

GOD'S LAW OF KARMA

WHICH IS THE SANSCRIT TERM FOR PERFECT JUSTICE.

LOVE'S AUTOMATIC PERFECTOR.

Dr. St. Paul Warder: "Be Not Deceived, God is Not Mocked, Whatsoever a Man Soweth That Shall He Also Reap" Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Sin of Unfaithfulness.

Washington, March 27.—What I take to be the highest of English to express is summed up in the Sanscrit term "Karma." The doctrine is simple and is contained in all the passages of the Scriptures. One of the passages of the letter Rev. Dr. Talmage chose as his text to-day, and he presented a most powerful sermon thereon. His text was: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." He said:

In the greatest sermon ever preached—a sermon about 15 minutes long according to the ordinary rate of speaking—a sermon on the Ministry of (Love), the preacher sitting while he spoke, according to the ancient mode of oratory, the people were given to understand that the same yardstick that they employed upon others would be employed upon themselves.

There is a great deal of unfaithfulness in human conduct. It was to advise that unfaithfulness that Christ uttered the words of the text, and in the same breath he rebuked the Pharisees. In estimating the misbehavior of others we must take into consideration the pressure of circumstances. It is never right to do wrong, but there are degrees of culpability. When you neglect to keep the record in that regard, there have been episodes and maraudings and scoundrelisms and moral deficits all the way back, whether you call it kleptomania or pyromania or dipsomania or whether it be a mild form and amount to mere trifles.

In the first place, in estimating the misbehavior of others we must take into consideration the hereditary tendency. There is such a thing as good blood, and there is such a thing as bad blood. There are families that have had a moral twist in them for a hundred years back. They have not been careful to keep the family record in that regard. There have been episodes and maraudings and scoundrelisms and moral deficits all the way back, whether you call it kleptomania or pyromania or dipsomania or whether it be a mild form and amount to mere trifles.

There is in England a school that is called the Princess Mary school. All the children in that school are the children of convicts. The school is under high patronage. I had the pleasure of being present at one of their anniversary, presided over by the Earl of Kintore. By a wise law in England after parents have committed a certain number of crimes and thereby shown themselves incompetent to bring up their children the little ones are taken under parental influence and put in reformatory schools, where all gracious and kindly influences shall be brought upon them.

Some morning at 10 o'clock the bank door is not opened, and there is a card on the door signed by an officer of the bank, intimating there is trouble, and the name of the defaulter or the defrauder heads the newspaper column, and hundreds of men say, "I'm glad he's found out at last." Hundreds of other men say, "Just as I told you." Hundreds of other men say, "We couldn't possibly have been tempted to do that—no conjunction of circumstances could ever have overthrown me." And there is a superabundance of indignation, but no pity. The heavens full of lightning, but not one drop of mercy.

Wait for the alleviating circumstances. Perhaps he may have been the dupe of others. Before you put all the blame upon him find out if he has not been brought up in a commercial establishment where there was a wrong system of ethics taught; find out whether that man has satisfied with his honest earnings and in the temptation to please he has gone into that ruin into which enough men have fallen, and by the same temptation, to make a procession of many miles. Perhaps some sudden sickness may have unbalanced him. He is wrong, he is awfully wrong and he must be condemned, but there may be mitigating circumstances.

Lord that you have not been thrown under the wheels of that juggernaut. In Great Britain and in the United States in every generation there are tens of thousands of persons who are fully developed criminals and incarcerated. I say in every generation. Then I suppose there are tens of thousands of persons not found out in their criminality. In addition to those there are tens of thousands of persons who not positively becoming criminals nevertheless have a criminal tendency. Any one of all those thousands, by the grace of God, may become Christian and resist the ancestral influence and open up a new chapter of behavior, but the vast majority of them will not, and it becomes all men, professional, unprofessional, ministers of religion, judges of courts, philanthropists, and Christian workers, to recognize the fact that there is a hereditary evil rolling on through the centuries. I say, of course, a man can resist this tendency, just as in the ancestral line mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis, there was wicked Reboham and a despotic Manasseh there afterward came a pious Josiah and a glorious Christ. But, gentlemen, you must recognize the fact that these influences go on from generation to generation. I am glad to know that there is a river which has produced nothing but malaria for a hundred miles may after awhile turn the wheels of factories and help support industrious and virtuous populations. And the last day will be found out that there are men who have gone clear over into all the forms of iniquity and plunged into utter abandonment, who before they yielded to the temptation resisted more evil than many a man who has been moral and upright all his life.

But supposing now that in this age, when there are so many good people, that I come down into this audience and I feel the very best man in it. I do not mean the man who would style himself the best, for probably he is a hypocrite, but I mean the man who before God is really the best. I will take you out from all your Christian surroundings. I will take you back to the place where you were born, in a degraded home. I will put you in a cradle of iniquity. Who is bending over that cradle? An intoxicated mother. Who is that swearing in the next room? Your father. The neighbors come in to talk and their jokes are unclean. There is not to the house a Bible or a moral treatise, but only a few scraps of an old picture.

After awhile you are old enough to get out of the cradle, and you are struck across the head for naughtiness, but never in any kindly manner reprimanded. After a while you are old enough to go abroad, and you are sent out with a basket to steal. If you come home without any spoil, you are whipped until the blood comes. At 15 years of age you go out to fight your own battles in the world. You are left to care no more for you than the dog that has died of a fit under the fence. You are licked and cuffed and buffeted. Some day, rallying your courage, you resent some wrong. A man says: "Who are you?" I know who I am. Your father had free lodgings at Sing Sing. Your mother, she was up for drunkenness at the criminal court. Get out of my way, you low lived wretch!

My brother, suppose that had been the history of your advent and the history of your earlier surroundings. Would you have been the Christian man you are to-day, seated in this Christian assembly? I tell you nay. You would have been a vagabond, an outlaw, a murderer on the scaffold waiting for your crime. All the considerations ought to make us merciful in our dealings with the wandering and the lost.

Again, I have to remark that in our estimation the misdoing of people who have fallen from high respectability and usefulness we must take into consideration the conditions of their circumstances. In nine cases out of ten a man who goes astray does not intend any positive wrong. He has trust funds. He risks a part of those funds in investment. He says: "Now, if I should lose that investment I have of my own property five times as much, and if this investment should go wrong I could easily make it up. I could five times make it up." With that wrong reasoning he goes on and makes the investment, and it does not turn out quite as well as he expected, and he makes an attempt to invest and arrange to pay at the same time all his other affairs fail, and his hands are tied. Now he wants to extricate himself. He goes a little further on in the wrong investment. He takes a plunge further ahead. For he wants to save his wife and children, he wants to save his home, he wants to save his membership in the church. He takes one more plunge, and all is lost.

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against that unfortunate it shall be shown now whether he has the power to stand." Fifteen years go by. The wheel of fortune turns several times, and you are in a crisis that you never could have anticipated. Now all the grace of dark angelic counsel, and they chuckle and they chatter and they say: "Aha, here is the old fellow who was so proud of his integrity and who bragged he couldn't be overcome by temptation and was so superior in his demonstrations of indignation at the defalcation 15 years ago! Let us see!"

God lets the man go. God, who had kept that man under his protecting care, lets the man go and try to help himself the man go, the powers of darkness pounce upon him. I see you some day in your office in great excitement. One of two things you can do—be a pauper and a beggar from school, your family dethroned in social influence; the other thing is you can step a little aside from that which is right, you can only just go half an inch out of the proper path, you can only have a little rise and fall, and you will have all your life fair and right. You will have a large property. You can leave a fortune for your children and endow a college and build a public library in your native town. You halt and wait and halt and wait until you reach the white. You are ready to risk it. Only a few strokes of the pen now. But, oh, how your hand trembles, how dreadful it trembles! The die is cast. By the strangest and most awful conjunction of circumstances any one could have imagined, you are proclaimed bankrupt, commercial annihilation, exposure, crime. Good men mourn and devils hold carnival, and you see your own name at the head of the newspaper column in a whole congress of exclamation points, and while you are reading an editorial paragraph it occurs to you how much this story is like that of the defalcation 15 years ago, and a clap of thunder shakes the window sill, saying, "With what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again and try to help yourself."

Oh, Henry, sighed Mrs. Wellwood. "I'm so ill I can't hold up my head. I wish you had come home earlier. I've been so lonely." "Sorry, my dear," said her fond husband. "It's particularly unfortunate that you're ill to-night. You know we are expected to be at the church this evening to help open the annual bazaar. Don't you think that you'll be better after you've had a nap of ten?"

"No," the sweet little woman replied, "the thought of ten is nauseating. There isn't any use trying to fight it off. I never get over these attacks inside of twenty-four hours. You must write a note to the pastor, explaining our absence. It's too bad, but it can't be helped."

Mr. Wellwood sat down and looked thoughtful for a little while. Finally, as if he had just remembered it, he exclaimed: "By the way, I got a couple of passes for the theatre to-night. How unlucky we are! I guess I'll go over and give them to the Brownings. It would be too bad to waste them."

Just then it was announced that tea was ready and Henry Wellwood went down to the dining-room alone. He had just nearly half through eating when his wife entered and sat down. "Why, you said 'I thought you didn't care to take tea to-night!'"

"I feel a good deal better than I did a little while ago," she replied. "When the doctor had finished tea he went out to the hall and began putting on his overcoat."

"What are you going to do, Henry?" Mrs. Wellwood inquired. "I'm going to take these tickets over to the Brownings."

mean, and the man in dying said: "God is just. I shot your father just here 20 years ago." A bishop said to Louis XI. of France, "My men iron cage for all those who do not think as we do—an iron cage in which the captive can neither lie down nor stand straight up." It was fashionable after the fashion of punishment.

ME TOOK A LONG SMOKE. Englishman Consumed Eighty-Six Cigars in Nine Hours. A man well known in turf circles, says Pearson's Weekly, made a curious wager in the year 1860, in which he backed himself to smoke one pound weight of strong foreign cigars within twelve hours. The conditions were that the cigars should be smoked, one at a time to within an inch of the end, the backer of time, as in the case of some pigeon matches, finding two weeks.

MRS. WELLWOOD'S HEADACHE. The Secret of a Painful Intermittent Affliction Made Plain. "Oh, Henry," sighed Mrs. Wellwood. "I'm so ill I can't hold up my head. I wish you had come home earlier. I've been so lonely."

Twinkling of the Stars. A discovery of much interest to astronomers has been made by Dr. L. L. J. See, who is in charge of Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, A. T. The cause of the twinkling of the stars has always been a mystery, some of the theories advanced having stood the test of thorough investigation.

A Simple Remedy for Burns. Dr. Thierry of the Charity hospital of Paris has found perchance that picric acid is a curative for superficial burns. The pain is almost instantaneously suppressed after bathing the burn with a solution of this acid.

THE RIVER SEINE. At Least One-Twentieth of the Paris Population is Always Fishing. The Seine is the most versatile of rivers. Most people seem to think that it is only to cross over, because of the frequent bridges; or, if they read the papers, that it is mostly used by persons of a theatrical turn to commit suicide in. But it has many uses. It is a sewer; it is a highway for floating omnibuses or fly-boats, which carry more people between different parts of the city than any ten tramways; it is a navigable stream for deep-water craft.

What One Horse Can Eat. "An old horse with an inordinate appetite is one of the curiosities I found on a recent trip to eastern Kentucky," said Col. Andrew Yates last night. "This horse had been once ridden by a mail rider in West Virginia, and had to go in a jog from daylight till after dark each day, except Sunday. But after long service 'old Bawley' was traded off to a farmer living over on the Kentucky side of the mountains."

Extraordinary Hymns. The national hymns of China are of such extraordinary length that it is stated that half a day would be required to sing them through.

Touching Confidence. The doctors in Sweden never send bills to their patients, the amount of remuneration being left entirely to the generosity of the latter.

A Russian Custom. Russian families, when moving to new homes, kindle the fire on the hearth with coals brought from the old residence.

Lost. A trade journal tells of a man whose pocket watch was so small that it disturbed the map of his silk hat.

Cheap Motor Travelling. An Englishman has just completed a journey of 1,600 miles on a motor car through England and Scotland. He was five weeks travelling and used 114 gallons of oil, which made his travelling cost him 8 shillings (1 1/2 cents) a mile.—Scientific American.

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