

**TALMAGE'S SERMON.**

**"THE SHEEP ASTRAY" CHOSEN FOR SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.**

Golden Text: "Wave No Tarned Every-one to His Own Way, and the Lord Hath Laid on Him the Iniquity of Us All"—Isaiah, liii, 6.



NCE more I ring the old Gospel bell. The first half of my next text is an indictment: All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? that is too general; that sweeps too wide a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house and says: "There is a blasphemer; and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My next text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, All we, like sheep, have gone astray. I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh! my sins, my sins!" and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the east, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry, as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways: either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us get astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ put us on short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of a distant stream, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God, through Jesus Christ, gave our soul, and we wandered on, and we wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread, and we found garbage. The further we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the club house when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associates? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you—perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life.

There is a happy land Far, far away. Where saints immortal reign, Upright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him! The world afforded you no luxurious pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried: "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success. Poor pasturage for your soul you find in the world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze at the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow On Nature's barren soil; All we can boast till Christ we know, Is vanity and toil.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hounds get over into the pasture-field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer gets after it. There is nothing so

thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. Oh! man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the fountaining of your earthly failures, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!" Sinal's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "The Sestopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble, the cannonade, and the conflagration, and the multiplication, and the multitude of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, him of the bloody sweat, him of the resurrection throne, him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." "Oh!" says some man, "that isn't generous, that isn't fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street—both hale, hearty and well—I ask you to carry me, you say rightly, "Walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades, saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen, and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything bemoaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh! no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts, then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt, cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabres of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God. Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of his fingers.—He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon his knee, and then with a dead lift he raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will a man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Appennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other. How much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime? Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights; I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts; put them on my shoulder, put them on my heart." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled with sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamery and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is as black as midnight. They write under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

Some one comes here to-day and I stand aside. He comes up three steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place he spreads abroad his hands, and they were nailed. You see his feet; they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say: "Art thou weary?" "Yes," he says, "weary with the world's woe." I say: "Whence comest thou?" He says: "I came from Calvary." I say: "Who comes with thee?" He says: "No one; I have trodden the wine-press alone." I say: "Why comest thou here?" "Oh!" he says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people." And he kneels. He says: "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And, conscious of my own sins first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says: "Yes, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst thou bear any more?" He says: "Yes, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst thou bear more?" He says: "Yes, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly, and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God, and I say: "Canst thou bear more?" "Yea," he says, "more." But he is departing. Clear the way for him, the Son of God. Open the door and let him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abyss, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take your sins to-day? or, do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" I know not how near some of you have come to crossing the line. A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath: "Before next Saturday night one of his audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night, I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said: "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh! no," the other replied: "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last. To-day the Savior calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off, he jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "whosoever will, let him come;" whosoever, whosoever, whosoever!

While God invites, how best the day, How sweet the Gospel's charming sound; Come, sinner, haste, O! haste away While yet a pardoning God is found.

- To Make a Happy Home.**
1. Learn to govern yourselves, and to be gentle and patient.
  2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayer, penitence and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
  3. Never speak or act until you have prayed over your words or acts, and concluded that Christ would have done so in your place.
  4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, the gift of silence is much more valuable.
  5. Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect, and which we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.
  6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second that makes the quarrel.
  7. Beware of the first disagreement.
  8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
  9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever an opportunity offers.
  10. Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.
  11. Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

**A Grand King.**

Rev. Dr. Ferguson, at a gathering of the Scottish Temperance league, in Glasgow, pertinently said: "The visit of the three African chiefs has been a great blessing and a great help to the temperance cause. They have been going through our land giving object lessons in this, that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, whether he be black or white. I could use of them the words of the Song of Solomon: 'They are black but comely, comely with meekness, with humility, Christian comeliness, and also temperance firmness. What better can I call it than temperance mission-ary zeal? for they have come to us to teach us, and to teach the queen and Mr. Chamberlain a great lesson in prohibition. I think that the lesson has gone to the heart of the country with this impression, that if we prohibit drink in King Khama's territory should it not be prohibited at home?'"

**Potties and Religion.**

Carry your religion into your potties; call no man master but the Lord Jesus Christ; vote against corruption, against bribery, against bossism, against the rum power, and even though you vote alone, you will not be throwing away your vote. It will be registered in the estimation of God, and some day He will reward you openly.—Rev. E. C. Sweetzer.

**A Thankful Spirit.**

Thanksgiving is the vital breath of a thankful spirit. It is silly to say: "I am thankful if I never choose to express it." It is not all of life to breathe, and it is not all of thankfulness to give thanks, but if we cease to breathe we shall cease to live, and if we cease to express the gratitude we feel we shall soon have no gratitude to express.

**HIGH PRICE FOR POTATOES.**

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., pay high prices for new things. They recently paid \$300 for a yellow rind watermelon, \$1,000 for 30 bu. new oats, \$300 for 100 lbs. of potatoes, etc., etc. Well, prices for potatoes will be high next fall. Plant a plenty. Mr. Wideawake! You'll make money. Salzer's Earliest are fit to eat in 28 days after planting. His Champion of the World is the greatest yielder on earth and we challenge you to produce its equal.

If you will send 14 cents in stamps to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, free, ten packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Spurry, Giant Incarnate Clover, etc., and our mammoth catalogue. Catalogue 5c for mailing, w.n.

**A Strange Logical Process.**

"It is a wonder to me," said Willie Washington, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. There are people who can decide in an instant what it would take others a long time to consider. I met a man the other evening who is that way."

"Was he a lawyer?"

"I don't know. But he had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' replied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"—Washington Star.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

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**Honesty of Church-Goners.**

A Houlten, Me., church-goer thinks it is a high recommendation for church-going people that his watch and chain, which he dropped in his pew, were found there two days later.

Among the 1,000 persons making up the population of Alfred, Maine, are twenty-four between the ages of 80 and 90 years.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.**

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winkler's Soreness Bearer for Children Teething.

**Wade—Prof. Garner is in Africa again, talking with monkeys. Butcher—Giving pink tea?—Puck.**

**a million killed**

would make no impression on the number of the germs of consumption that exist in one affected lung. All germs are little enough, but those which cause consumption are very minute. Cod-liver oil won't kill them. We don't know a remedy which will. The germs float in the air and we can't keep from breathing them into our lungs. Then why don't all of us have consumption? Because a healthy throat, sound lungs, and a strong constitution won't allow the germs to gain a foothold.

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