THE LATE DR. TALMAGE

Memorial Sermon by His Son, Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Chicago says:—On Sunday morning in the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church the Rev. Frank Talmage, D.D., delivered a sermon in which he paid a touching and timely tribute to his late distinguished father. The text was I. Kings xix, 20, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father."

Affection's most sacred form of salutation is a kiss. We bow to an acquaintance, we shake hands with a friend, but we press the lip against the lip of one whom we love. This statement is especially true when applied to Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who was about to leave home and go forth into the great wide world. Elisha was summoned to carry on the work of Elijah. Already the horses were being harnessed to the chariot of fire for the old prophet's famous journey from earthly struggle to heavenly triumph. His successor, starting out on his arduous task, desires first to imprint on his father's face the kiss of farewell.

The salutation of the kiss is even more sacred when used by one who is standing by the open casket of a father whose eloquent tongue has often spoken the golden words of the gospel to countless throngs — who with a pen guided by a spirit sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, has every week proclaimed the divine message to millions upon millions of readers who were wearied with sin and heavy with trouble. My father's work for nearly twenty years has been the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to guide great multitudes through the dark wilderness of earth toward the brightness of

THE PROMISED LAND.

Many pens are writing eulogies upon the lifework of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. Perhaps a few words may be welcome from his son. I speak as one having authority. For over twenty years I was his constant companion. When he was at home, I rarely left his study until after the midnight hour. Twice with him I visited the European cities. Once we circled the globe. Together we sailed forth from the Golden Gate of the Pacific. Side by side we have seen the light at the entrance of New York harbor beckon us into the Narrows, welcome to us as was the Star of Bethlehem to the three astrologers wandering over the sea of sand. But no more will we have sweet companionship. The world becomes instantly changed to the son who is compelled to let his parent sleep among the flowers and who bears a summons to more strenuous service. Before I start forth anew for my life's work I would, with filial emotion, ask a moment for the tribute of personal affection as Elisha spake to Elijah in reference to Shaphat: "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father, Then I will follow thee."

My father was the most original and yet the most natural man I ever knew. Original in the sense that he always did everything in a way different from anyone else. He wrote differently, he lectured differently, he preached differently. If two persons stood before him at the nuptial altar, his marriage ceremony was unique. It was impossible to compare him to anyone else. The mold used for the formation of his character was a special one. There has never been another like unto it since he lay in his humble cradle in the

BOUND BROOK FARMHOUSE.

Yet my father was natural in the sense that he never strove to be original and different from every one else. It was in his personality that he was different. He was the same in the home as in the pulpit, on the street as upon the lecture platform. He was the same original and yet natural character when writing to one of his children as he was when penning an article for the press. He uttered the message which was given to him as naturally and yet with the dissimilarity that characterizes the notes of the birds of the forest. As the brown winged thrush lifts his treble note when he is awakened by the rising sun, as a goldfinch chirrups when hopping between the garden rows, as a Baltimore oriole sings when he swings backward and forward upon the tree branch which overhangs the brook, each bird is melodious in his own way, yet each singing a different song. He was so different from other men that for many years the American pulpit could not understand him. Under the scrutinizing eye of the theological critic there could be found no heretical flaw in his sermons. When he arose to preach, a solemn stillness like the expectant hush of the coming judgment day silenced his auditors. Every eye was focused upon that tall, straight form and broad, massive brow. Each ear was alert to catch the first word which fell from those wondering lips. But though the buildings in which he preached in our own and other lands were always crowded to hear him, though great multitudes were brought to decision for Christ under his preaching in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, where he passed the most active years of his life's ministry, yet for years he was a misunderstood man.

WITH ONE WAVE OF HIS HAND

he swept away all the cobwebs which had accumulated around the traditional methods of sermonic oratory. With his mighty original personality he broke the shackles of ecclesiastical slavery. He proved to the world that the ministers of the twentieth century could plead with sinners to come to Christ with the energy and enthusiasm and intensity with which the lawyer could plead for the life of a defendant falsely charged with murder. He proved to the religious world that it was not so important what kind of a white linen operating gown the gospel surgeon wore as it was that the nerve of the operator be firm and the hand steady that held the keen, sacred blade with which he cut at the cancer of sin. He dispensed with the ministerial gown and hurled from the church the old fashioned pulpit, but he still clung to the old truths. He spoke the gospel message in its simplicity. Because the story was so simply told it was told with originality.

He was a genius ,but he developed every one of his ten talents by the hardest kind of mental and physical application. No labor for him was too full of drudgery. Morning, noon and night found him in his study. He took physical exercise not for pleasure, but to fit himself for the pulpit. He lived not to eat, but he ate so that he could live. He placed his standard very high, and into every sermon he put his best thought. He used to say to me: "Frank, do not make the mistake of many literary men. They say to themselves, I will save that thought and put it into another speech or article. Give to the world

THE BEST YOU HAVE.

Crowd everything in that strengthens an argument, but always strive for quality and not for quantity." When a theological student, I wanted to occupy for some weeks the pulpit of a small country church. He uttered his protest, saying, "You ought to spend at least three months upon your first sermon, writing upon it from six to ten hours a day." What a testimony is this to his own careful work, coming from the cold lips which are now closed in the casket. What a homiletic lecture it is for the young ministers, for the young lawyers and budding statesmen who maintain that the oratorical art is a divine gift which has no need for struggling upon the rough mountain side of drudgery. What a clarion note it is, summoning all men and women to do their best under all conditions. The lesson is as powerful for the merchant of ten talents as for the clerk of two talents. To him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

There is, however, a warning that comes from my father's intense application to work which deserves the attention of all those who are bending their physical, mental and spiritual energies to accomplish something in life's struggle. About twenty-five years ago the first danger signal was lifted when insomnia, like a hideous spectre, sat at the foot of his bed and refused to let him sleep. Night after night he would be up four and five times walking the floor. After awhile the children became used to it. We would greet him at breakfast, saying, "Father, how did you sleep ?" and when he answered, "Not very well," he would look so fresh and vigorous that we, too, were deceived, and we would hope that he had slept better than he thought he did. But he could not be induced to spare himself. He over-estimated his reserve of strength. My father ought to have lived with that magnificent body at least fifteen years longer. Had he economized his strength the best years of his life might have been those last fifteen years.

HE DIED FROM OVERWORK.

Domestic bereavement fell upon him, and people who saw only his outward cheerfulness had no conception how deeply the iron had entered his soul. When my father was dying he continually talked about the boy who had been his pride, his eldest son, who is now sleeping by his side as he once sat at his feet. He was a noble lad, a brilliant young lawyer. We carried him out one cold winter day and laid him away to rest under a soft quilt of snow. My father went back to his work. He said, "I dare not lay it down even for an hour lest the effort to take it up again should be too great for me." He took up his cross in the same cheerful, hopeful spirit as before, though the wound in his heart never healed. He always carried a scar which was cut by the gravedigger's spade. Yes, he had his troubles, but he always maintained a brave heart and made the most out of life by being cheerful.

My father's best sermon was the daily life which he lived in his own home. I bear my testimony to the fact that from my boyhood until the time that I entered my own parsonage and was ordained by him for my own pulpit I had before me the example and upon me the sweet influence of a Christian home. There never was in America a happier or more prayerful home than that of which he was the head. The children idolized him. The example he set before them was that of a consecrated Christian gentleman always anxious to do what Christ would have him do. There was no bitterness in the nursery. From him we learned how to forget as well as to forgive. Among all the men I have known in various walks of life I never knew a human being who was like him in the characteristic that he could never bear a grudge against any one. An enemy might do everything in his power to destroy him, but my father never struck back. If he could, he would not only forgive, but he would go any distance to

SERVE AED HELP AN ENEMY.

It was because my father's sermons were the products of a Spirit filled life that the millions were able to find comfort in him. Whenever he would take a lecture trip the people would crowd about him by the thousands, uttering such greetings as "I read your sermon upon 'Recognition of Friends in Heaven' to my mother when she was dying;" "I read this or that when I was in a certain trouble, and the sermon brought light to my soul." Let no hearer or reader of this sermon think for one instant that my father's work was a man made work. My father's work was a divinely inspired work. He was called as certainly to do his work as Paul and Peter and John were called to do theirs. He was inspired by prayer and communion with God, and just as certainly may we in our work be inspired if we plead for the gift of the Holy Spirit.

Would you go with me into the death chamber ? His passing away was as he himself would have had it if his own wish had been consulted. He practically died in the harness. One Sunday he was preaching in Mexico, the next on his deathbed. For five long weeks he lingered, but God mercifully benumbed the worn-out and tired brain. He suffered not at all. He awoke long enough to recognize and at times call for his wife and children. But conversation was an impossibility between him and the members of his family during the weary days and nights he was sick. We were all there ; all except those of the family who had preceded him to the other side and who were waiting to give him a welcome. We repeated the old verse so often spoken by his own lips :

When round my dying bed assemble
those I love.

A dear old family friend uttered a sweet prayer. That was all. We watched and waited until his mortal life was lifted into the heavenly life. There were a few tears, a few callings of goodby. He slipped away so quietly we could not tell when he was gone. He was asleep. The tired heart ceased to beat. The old sweet restful look came back to the loving face. We laid him away for a little while in the family plot in beautiful Greenwood. As I lifted my hand over the open grave to pronounce the benediction, I said to myself, "So may we all live and labor, that when our work is done we may go to our rest in the full conviction that when we awake it will be like this glorified spirit in the likeness of his Lord."

LEIGH SHIRT WAIST.

The Leigh Shirt Waist is the model waist of the season. It is quite plain and has three forward turning plaits on the neckband. There is no yoke or other trimming or complications about it. As a pattern it is most desirable because from it all waists may be modelled and no end of tucking and decorations may be wrought upon it before placing the pattern on the cloth.

Quantities of material required: 32 and 34 bust measure will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide.

36 bust measure will require three and three-fourths yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide.

38 and 40 bust measure will require four yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide.

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON
MAY 11.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xii., 1-19. Golden Text, Ps. xxxiv, 7.

1, 2. Now, about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church, and he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword.

From the time that the devil, the murderer and liar (John viii, 44), put it into the heart of Cain to kill Abel he has ever shown his hatred of God and the people of God by using his worst weapon, death (Heb. ii, 14), and that even against the Son of God Himself. It was a good day for James, for he was instantly with the Lord in the enjoyment of the very far better.

3-5. And because he saw it pleased the Jews he proceeded further to take Peter also.

Being Passover time, he kept Peter in prison under the care of four companies of soldiers, intending after that season to kill him also to still further please the Jews—some of the same Jews, no doubt, who were pleased to crucify the Lord Jesus and stone Stephen and all the while profess to be doing God service. Yet God lives, the only living and true God, and all power is His, and He permits these things to be, and He is not discouraged, and the kingdoms of this world shall yet be the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ (Rev. xi, 15). We can do what the church did for Peter, earnestly and unceasingly cry unto God and be ready to lay down our lives for Christ.

6. Peter was sleeping between two soldiers bound with two chains.

A double guard, a strong prison, chains, gates, and, as far as human vision could see, death for Peter on the morrow, yet Peter slept, and doubtless quietly, for he was in Christ and Christ in God. The wall of fire was round about him, and with him all was well whether he remained in the mortal body or not (Col. iii, 3; Zech. ii, 5, 8; Isa. iii, 10). It is grand to see God and not circumstances nor people ; to see circumstances and people only through God and be still and know that He is God (Ps. xlvi, 10; Rom. viii, 28, 29.)

7-9. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison.

Before Peter could realize it his chains were off, his sandals were on, his garment about him, and he was following the angel out of the prison, the soldiers still soundly sleeping, but Peter thought it was all a beautiful vision which God had granted him. How great and glorious is the ministry of angels who minister unto the heirs of salvation! (Heb. i, 14.)

10, 11. When Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent His angel and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews.

On they went past the first watch and the second, and the iron gate opened of its own accord—perhaps other angels swung it open at the approach of the angel followed by Peter — and still on they went through one street, well away from the prison, before the angel left Peter. Then, being left alone and finding himself in the night out on a street of the city, he began to realize that it was no dream, but that he was actually a free man by the mighty power of an angel of God.

12. He came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark, where many were gathered together praying.

This he did as soon as, having come to himself, he considered the matter. He knew just where to go, for on a previous occasion when he and John had been released from prison and from the power of the rulers, it is written that "being let go they went to their own company" (Acts iv, 23).

13-15. Thou art mad. It is his angel.

What strange words for a company of praying believers when they are told that their prayers are answered and Peter is at the door knocking for admission. Rhoda was so glad that she forgot to open the door for him, and they were so amazed that they could not believe her. We might not wonder to have the world count the believer mad (Isa. lix, 15, margin; Hos. ix, 7; John x, 20), but for believers, and such as these, to count each other mad is more strange. May we not be so slow to act upon Jer. xxxiii, 3, or to live in Ps. lxii, 5.

16, 17. Go show these things unto James and to the brethren.

Peter continued knocking, the only thing he could do, for doors did not open to him as prison gates to the angel, and in due time they opened to him and were astonished to see him. He, quieting them told them all that the Lord had done for him and bade them tell James and the others. This is the James of chaptee xv, 13, who seems to have been president of the council at Jerusalem, James the brother of John having been slain (verse 2). Every redeemed soul has been delivered from prison and death far worse than any Herod could afflict with, and how gladly we should tell of the deliverance God has wrought for us (Ps xl, 1-3), but how few seem glad to tell it to His glory that He may be magnified.

18, 19. Herod's soldiers put to death, and Herod himself dying such an awful death (verse 23), while Peter was delivered from their hands, reminds us of that morning when Daniel came forth from the den of lions, but his enemies were put into the same den never to come forth. It makes us think of the glorious morning of our Lord's appearing (Ps. xlix, 14; xxx, 5; xlvi, 5 margin; cxxx, 6, etc.) for the deliverance of His people and of the unbelievers for whom there shall be no morning, but only the outer darkness forever (Isa. viii, 20, R.V.).

READING CAMPS.

Of Great Benefit to the Lumbermen of the Country.

The promoters of the Canadian Reading Camp movement have just published another pamphlet on "Library Extension in Ontario Reading Camps and Club Houses," including the second annual report of the movement. The pamphlet is prefaced with an extract from Carlyle's Sartor Resartus on "The Diffusion of Education"; "Two men I honor, and no third. First the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou were our Conscript, on whom the lot fell and fighting our battles were so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; incrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labor; and thy body like thy soul was not to know freedom," etc.

Free books are but one factor of the scheme. The separate buildings to serve for the purpose of reading and recreation rooms are the principal feature. The avowed aim of the friends of this work is to induce the Provincial Government to place two or three reading camps under the direct supervision of a duly qualified teacher who would surprise and conduct evening classes in these camps and adapt them to local conditions.

Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick, of Nairn Centre, secretary of this movement, stated in last year's report that several men had learned to read with comparatively little assistance; further experiments this season, he says, have fully demonstrated the practicability of instruction. If evening classes are desirable in towns and cities where there are

SO MANY PRIVILEGES,

they cannot fail, he argues, to be helpful where there are no social literary or religious opportunities. Mr. Fitzpatrick claims that pictures, music, reading aloud from the best authors, innocent games and the use of magic lanterns will counteract the benumbing influence of hard labor, and awaken the necessary enthusiasm. That the employers in the lumbering and mining industries are themselves the principal promoters of this work is enough to prove its feasibility.

Over one-third of the revenue of the Province is derived from the woods and forests alone, to say nothing of that from the mineral resources of the country. It is all right to endow libraries and schools in the older parts of the Province, says Mr. Fitzpatrick, but why should the men who play so prominent a part in the exploitation of this wealth not share in the direct benefits as well as others? The free reading camp, with duly qualified instructors, would be a most useful adjunct to the free school, and free public library.

The Ontario Library Association and the Ontario Teachers' Association, at their recent sessions, both passed strong resolutions urging upon the Department of Education the extension of this important phase of public education. Until adequate provision is made by the Ontario Government for this important branch of public education, the promoters should receive the most generous support of the public.

Free copies of the above-mentioned pamphlet may be had on application to John Dougal & Son, Montreal.

PUNISHED FOR FINDING GOLD.

Not all the old documents and records relating to the early history of Australia have been destroyed, as many suppose, and in a recent search among some family papers a curious item was brought to light bearing upon the discovery of gold at the antipodes, says the London Chronicle. According to this, gold was first found by a convict near Parramatta in 1789. The unfortunate fellow was at once charged with having stolen a watch and "boiled it down," and being convicted by the rude court of those early days, was given 150 lashes for his pains. In later years the record of this incident was closely examined by an undoubtedly competent authority, who was quite convinced of the genuineness of the convict's story. In the early part of the last century the prisoners working on the roads toward the Blue mountains often came across the yellow metal, but the reports were always suppressed purposely by the authorities.