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Now is the Time to Subscribe

ANXIETY AND WORRY

The Divine Sympathy for Those Who are in Trouble.

AN EVER PRESENT FRIEND IN GOD

Dr. Talmage's Prescription—Bind Up All Your Griefs Into a Bundle and Set Them on Fire With a Spark From God's Altar.

Washington, June 17.—Dr. Talmage, who has finished his tour in England and Scotland, where thousands thronged to hear him wherever he preached, is now on his way to Norway and Russia, in which countries he is already well known through the publication of translations of his sermons. In the following discourse, which he has sent for publication this week, he gives a prescription for all anxiety and worry, and illustrates the divine sympathy for all who are in any kind of struggle. The text is Matthew xiv, 12, "And his disciples went and told Jesus."

An outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a revengeful woman King Herod ordered the death of that noble, self-sacrificing prophet, John the Baptist. The group of the disciples were thrown into grief and dismay. They felt themselves utterly defenceless. There was no authority to which they could appeal, and yet grief must always find expression. If there be no human ear to hear it, then the agonized soul will cry it aloud to the winds and the woods and the waters. But there was an ear that was willing to listen. There is a tender pathos and at the same time a most admirable picture in the words of his text, "They went and told Jesus."

He could understand all their grief, and he immediately soothed it. Our burdens are not more than half so heavy to carry if another shoulder is put under the other of them. Here was John Christ, his brow shadowed with grief, standing amid the group of disciples, who, with tears and violent gesticulations and wringing of hands and outcry of bereavement, were expressing their grief. Raphael, with his skillful brush putting upon the wall of a palace some scene of sacred story, gave not so skillful a stroke as when the plain hand of the evangelist writes, "They went and told Jesus."

I feel that I bring to you a most appropriate message. I mean to bind up all your griefs into a bundle and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar. The prescription I give cures the sorrow of the world and will cure all your headaches. I have read that when Godfrey and his army marched out to capture Jerusalem, as they came over the hills, at the first flash of the pinnacles of the beautiful city, the army that had marched in silence lifted a shout that made the earth tremble. Oh, you soldiers of Jesus Christ, marching on toward heaven, I would that to-day, by some gleam of the palace of God's mercy and God's strength, you might be lifted into great rejoicing, and that as the prospect of its peace breaks on your enraptured gaze you might raise one glad hosanna to the Lord!

In the first place, I commend the behavior of these disciples to all burdened souls who are unpardoned. There comes a time in almost every man's history when he feels from some source that he has an errand. The thought may not have such heft as to fell him. It may be only like the flash in an evening cloud just after a very hot summer day. One must get rid of that impression will go to prayer, and other will stimulate himself by ardent spirits, and another man will dive deeper into secularities. But sometimes a man cannot get rid of these impressions. The fact is, when a man finds out that his eternity is poised upon a perfect uncertainty and that the next moment his foot may slip, he must do something violent to make himself forget where he stands or else fly for refuge.

Some of you crouch under a yoke, and you bite the dust, when this moment you might rise up a crowned conqueror. Driven and perplexed as you have been by sin, go and tell Jesus. To relax the grip of death from your soul and plant your unshackled feet upon the golden throne, Christ let the tortures of the bloody mountain transfix him. With the beam of his own cross he will break down the door of your dungeon. From the thorns of his own crown he will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory. In every tear on his wet cheek, in every gasp of his side, in every long, blackened mark of laceration from shoulder to shoulder, in the grave shattering, heaven storming death groan, I hear him say, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."

You will never get rid of your sin in any other way. And remember that the broad invitation which I extend to you will not always be extended. King Alfred, before modern timepieces were invented, used to divide the day into three parts, eight hours each, and then had three wax candles. By the time the first candle had burned to the socket eight hours had gone, and when the second candle had burned to the socket another eight hours had gone, and when all the three candles were gone out then the day had passed. Oh, that some of us, instead of calculating our days and nights and years by any earthly timepiece, might calculate them by the numbers of opportunities and mercies which are burning down and out, never to be relighted, lost at last we be amid the foolish virgins who cried, "Our lamps have gone out!"

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all who are tempted. I have heard men in midlife say they had never been led into temptation.

If you have not felt temptation, it is because you have not tried to do right. A man, hopped and handcuffed, as long as he lies quietly, does not test the power of the chain, but when he rises up and with determination resolves to snap the handcuff or break the hoop, then he finds the power of the iron. And there are men who have been for 10 and 20 and 30 years bound hand and foot by evil habits who have never felt the power of the chain because they have never tried to break it. It is very easy to go on down the stream and with the wind lying on your oars, but just turn around and try to go against the wind and the tide, and you will find it is a different matter. As long as you go down the current of your habit you seem to get along quite smoothly, but if after awhile you turn around and head the other way, toward Christ and pardon and heaven, oh, then how we have to lay to the oars! You have your temptation. You have one kind, you another, you another, not one person escaping.

It is all folly for you to say to some one, "I could not be tempted as you are." The lion thinks it is so strange that the fish should be caught with a hook. The fish thinks it is so strange that the lion should be caught with a trap. You see some man with a cold, phlegmatic temperament, and you say, "I suppose that man has not any temptation." Yes, as much as you have. In his phlegmatic nature he has a temptation to indolence and censoriousness and overeating and drinking, a temptation to ignore the great work of life, a temptation to lay down an obstacle in the way of all good enterprises. The temperament decides the styles of temptation, but lymphatic, you will have temptation. Satan has a grappling hook just fitted for your soul, man never lives beyond the reach of temptation.

A man who wanted a throne pretended he was very weak and sickly, and if he was elected he would soon be gone. He crawled upon his crutches to the throne, and having attained it he was strong again. He said, "It was well for me while I was looking for the scepter of another that I should stoop, but now that I have found it, why should I stoop any longer?" and he threw away his crutches and was well again. How illustrative of the power of temptation! You think you are weak and crippled influence, but give it a chance and it will be a tyrant in your soul; it will grind you to atoms. No man has finally and forever escaped temptation until he has left the world. But what are you to do with these temptations? Tell everybody about them? Ah, what a silly man you would be! As well might a commander in a fort, when he is looking for the enemy, tell the other that I should stoop, but now that I have found it, why should I stoop any longer?" and he threw away his crutches and was well again.

Now, what are such to do? Are they merely to look up into a barren sky and wonder why they are there? A blasted heath under stream, unsheltered by overhanging trees? Has God turned us out on the barren common to die? Oh, no, no, no! He has not. He comes with sympathy and kindness and love. He understands all our grief. He sees the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of it. He is the only one that can fully sympathize. Go and tell Jesus. Some of you have to explain it to your friends and we explain it to you and they try to sympathize; but they do not understand it. But Christ sees all over it an all through it.

It is often that our friends have no power to relieve us. They would very much like to do it, but they cannot disentangle our finances, they cannot cure our sickness and raise our spirits, they cannot get us out of the world. The disciples went with all power in heaven and on earth, and at our call he will walk our calamities and at just the right time in the presence of an approving earth and a resounding heaven will raise our dead. He is mightier than Herod. He is swifter than the storm. He is grander than the sea. He is vaster than eternity. And every sword of God's omnipotence will leap from its scabbard and all the resources of infinity be exhausted rather than that God's child shall not be delivered when he cries to him for rescue. Suppose your child was in trouble. How much would you endure to get him out? You would go through any hardship. You would say: "I don't care what it will cost. I must get him out of that trouble." Do you think God is not so good? He is. You see you are in trouble and having all power, will he not stretch out his arm and deliver you? He will. He is mighty to save. He can level the mountain and divide the sea and extinguish the fire and save the soul. Not dim of eye, not weak of arm, not feeble of resources, but with all eternity and the universe at his feet. Go and tell Jesus. Will you? Ye whose cheeks are wet with the night dew of the grave; ye who cannot look up; ye whose hearts are dried with the breath of sinners; in the name of the religion of Jesus Christ, which lifts every burden and wipes away every tear, and delivers every captive and lightens every darkness, I implore you now, go and tell Jesus.

If you go to him for pardon and sympathy, all is well. Everything will brighten up, and joy will come to the heart and sorrow will depart; your sins will be forgiven, and your foot will touch the upward path, and the shining messengers that report above what is done here will tell it, until the great army of God's rescuers with the glad tidings, if now, with contrition and full trustfulness of soul, you will only go and tell Jesus.

But I am oppressed as I think of those who may not take this counsel and may remain unblest. I cannot help asking what will be the destiny of these people? Xerxes looked off on his army. There were 2,000,000 men—perhaps the finest army ever marshaled. Xerxes rode along the lines, reviewed them, came back, stood on some high point, looked off upon the 2,000,000 men and burst into tears. At that moment, when every one supposed he would be in the greatest exultation, he broke down in grief. They asked him why he wept. "Ah," he said, "I weep at the thought that so soon all this host will be dead!" So I think of these vast populations of immortal men and women and realize the fact that soon the places which they now know they will know no more, and they will be gone—whither? whither?

unto him with your bruised soul in some humble, child prayer, saying: "I see thy wounds—wounds of head, wounds of feet, wounds of heart. Now, look at my wounds and see what I have suffered and through what battles I am going, and I entreat thee by those wounds of thine sympathize with me." And he will sympathize, and he will help. Go and tell Jesus.

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all the bereaved. How many in garb of mourning? How many emblems of sorrow you behold everywhere? God has his own way of taking apart a family. We must get out of the way for coming generations. We must get off the stage that others may come on, and for this reason the body of the child that was folded so closely to the mother's heart is put away in the cold and the darkness. The laughter freezes to the girl's lip, and the rose scatters. The boy in the harvest field of Shunam says, "My head! My head!" And they carry him home to die on the lap of his mother. Widowhood stands with tragedies of woe struck into the pallor of the cheek. Orphanage cries in vain for father and mother. Oh, the grave is cruel! With teeth of stone it clutches for its prey. Between the closing gates of the sepulcher our hearts are mangled and crushed.

Is there any earthly solace? None. We come to the obsequies, we sit with the grief-stricken, we talk patheetically to their souls; but soon the obsequies have passed, the carriages have left us at the door, the friends who stayed for a few days are gone, and the heart sits in desolation listening for the little feet that will never again patter through the hall, or looking for the entrance of those who will never come again, sighing into the darkness—ever and anon coming across some book or garment or little shoe or picture that arouses former association, almost killing the heart. Long days and nights of suffering that wear out the spirit and expunge the bright lines of life and give haggardness to the face and draw the flesh tight down over the cheek bone and draw dark lines under the sunken eye, and the hand is tremulous and the voice is husky and uncertain, and the grief is wearing, grinding, accumulating, exhausting.

Now, what are such to do? Are they merely to look up into a barren sky and wonder why they are there? A blasted heath under stream, unsheltered by overhanging trees? Has God turned us out on the barren common to die? Oh, no, no, no! He has not. He comes with sympathy and kindness and love. He understands all our grief. He sees the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of it. He is the only one that can fully sympathize. Go and tell Jesus. Some of you have to explain it to your friends and we explain it to you and they try to sympathize; but they do not understand it. But Christ sees all over it an all through it.

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A Young Girl

May be very old in suffering. She is very apt to neglect the earlier symptoms of disease. Often when she takes treatment it is the wrong treatment for her case. Very many young women write to Dr. Pierce and consult him by letter free. All such correspondence is strictly private, and womanly modesty is spared the shock of indecate examinations, unpleasant questioning and offensive local treatments.



"I suffered with female trouble," writes Miss Agnes McGowan, of 1221 Bank St., Washington, D. C. "I tried various remedies, but none seemed to do any permanent good. The doctors said it was the worst case of internal trouble they ever had. I decided to write to Dr. Pierce for help. I received his 'Favorite Prescription' a week before I began to feel better, and, as I continued, my health gradually improved. It is improving every day and I will continue to take the medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

LITTLE BEAUTY TALKS
By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

"LAUGH AND BE BEAUTIFUL"

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

In England the women are trying the laughter cure. According to one of my colleagues, who is a London beauty specialist, the advantage of this system are many. I give her theory, and I hasten to add that I have not had time to put it thoroughly into practice. Internal laughter consists of the movement of the muscles which make up the simple result of laughter, translated from the outside and made to act internally, thus producing its effects on the internal organs of the body.

These happy people who are used to laughing heartily know how sometimes they "shrink" until their sides ache, because they have brought into action unusual muscles, and they also know how much better they feel after the exercise that before.

This is exactly the same with internal laughter. The way it is done is very simple. You stand straight up, the knees pressed together, the heels touching each other and the toes pointed out, the waist drawn in, the head and shoulders pressed well back—the ideal position for beginning gymnastic exercises. Then close the lips tightly, set the teeth firmly together, take a long breath and fancy you have just heard the funniest story you ever heard in your life.

After a few minutes of this sort of exercise the quickened circulation produces a most delightful feeling of exhilaration. The blood is pumped rapidly through the arteries and veins, and the effect of the quickened circulation is found in the rapidity with which cold hands and feet get warm, and a delicious sense of well-being and peace with the world which follows the feeling of quickened health, suffuses the whole body. So much for the immediate effects.

The after effects are even more marked, for rapid circulation, with its burning up of noxious matter in the blood and its sweeping away of waste materials from the body, produces a marked change in the general nutrition, and therefore in the health of the body. It is not long before the digestion, which is sure to be more or less enfeebled when cold hands and feet are present, begins to improve from the exercise of the stomach, which is stimulated to do its work and keep the food constantly in motion, so that it is digested better and more quickly. Now, then, who'll join the internal laughter, health and beauty class?

When is a man like frozen rain? When he is hail (hale).

LODGES
A. F. WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 44, G. R. C. A. F. & A. M., meets on the first Monday of every month, in Masonic Hall, Fifth Street, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.
J. S. TURNER, W. M.
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THE A. O. U. W.
Every man should consider that his duty and obligation to his family require that he should observe the natural law, which prompts every living creature to take care of its own best way of providing for those dependent upon him in case he should be called away by death, than to take out an application for a Beneficiary Certificate in the A. O. U. W., for \$1,000.00 or \$2,000.00.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, having been appointed organist and chorale-master of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, piano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody, on and after Sept. 1st. Residence, Park street, directly opposite Dr. Battie's residence.

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J. B. O'LEARY—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office: King Street, opposite to Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

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