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### FIGHTING AGAINST MISFORTUNE

The Great Need of Those Getting Old Is to Have Jesus Abide With Them-Ail the Troubles of Earth Will End in the Felicities of Heaven.

Washington, Oct. 7 .- In this ser

mon Dr. Talmage discourses upon the invitation given to Christ to stay overnight in the oriental village and makes some consolatory suggestions. The text is Luke xxiv, 29, "Abic with us, for it is toward evening." Two villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have starttheir errand in Jerusalem, have on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their heart. admiration and their joy, had basely massacred and entombed. with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelli-gent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass and before they are aware have come up in front of their house. They before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press us him their hospitalities. Night upon coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He can-not go much farther now. Why not stop there and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm, and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." The lamps are light-ed, the table is spread, pleasant socialities are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of the strange guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they and he hands a piece to each Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the stounded people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless won-

der, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus he vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.
With many of us it is a bright sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight The sun will after awhile of joy. near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak many of us stand in the very hour described in "For it is toward evening." The request of the text is ap-propriate for some in every communi-For with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have pass-ed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old They do not, however, like others to remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I'm not so old after all." They do indeed notice that they cannot lift quite as much as once. They cannot walk quite so fast. They cannot read quite so well without spec tacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems but a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within to remind them that it is toward

evening.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of re-ligion. When we stop on the down grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden times broke up the silence of the deaf with cadences of mercy. When the axmen of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate

beneficient Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approaching the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good natured when everything pleases or to be humble when there is nothing to puff us up or forgiving when we have not been assailed or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation.
Your nature at some time quaked
and groaned under the infernal force.
You felt that the devil was after You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fail in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen. In all the trembling of your soul, in all the infernal suggestions of satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous pasinfernal suggestions of satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour. You can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. You can sharpen that battleax with which you split the head of the helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all

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the crew howled in the Mediterraneau shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm when one word of recantawithes of the stake and put out the

kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition, who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." One of the forts of France was attacked and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning and that the soldiery in the morning and that the source, in the fort could be easily made to sur-render. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So when we are assaulted by temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not al-low us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

The prayer of the text is approsorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble. But there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making especial preparations for its One of your children has coming. lately become a favorite. The of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention not because it is any more of a treasure than, the others, but because it is becoming There is something in the frail. cheek, in the eye and in the walk

that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to te scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening. You have long rejoiced in the care

of a mother. You have done every-thing to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take last look at that face which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is being ebbed and the grave will soon hide her from sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy hearted. The light is fad-

ing from the sky, the air is chill. It is toward evening. You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood with the world. But there came complications; some-thing that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had happen proved traitor to your interests. sudden crash of national misfortune prostrated your credit. You may feel anxious about where you are standing and fear that the next turn of the commercial wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you certain defalcation. You

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think of the anguish of teiling your friends that you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house The misfortunes of life have accurumated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening. dark. It is toward evening.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He ex-tracts the thorn. He wipes the tear He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the Euroclydon toss the sea. Let the thunders roll. Soon all will be well Christ in the ship to soothe his triends. Christ on the sea to ston friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them, his grace comfort them, his light cheer them, his sacrifice free them, his glory enchant them. If earthly estake wings, he will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, he will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of our jo; and in the nooday of our prosperity, he will not forsake us when the luster has faded and it is toward even-

Listen to Paul's battle shout with misfortune. Hark to mounting Latimer's fire song. Look at the glory that hath reft the dungeon and filled the earth and heavens with the crash of the falling manacles of despotism. And then look at those who have tried to cure themselves by human prescriptions, attempting to hea angrene with patch of court plaster and to stop the plague of dying empires with the quackery of earthly wisdom. Nothing can speak peace to the soul, nothing can unstrap our crushing burdens, nothing can overome our spiritual foes, nothing car open our eyes to see the surrounding horses and chariots of salvation and fill all the mountains, but the voice and command of him who stopped one night at Emmaus.

to us all from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready. But we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest etyle of Christian. I knew a man

who used often to say at night, "I wish I might die before morning!" He is now an infidel. But there are times when we can and ought give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no by-path, no circuitous route. Die we must, and it will be to us a shamefel occurrence or a time of admirable behaviour. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail, and the close, and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgeous tapestry, but what does death care for bed curtains? You may hang the room with the finest works of art but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of a widowhood and orphanage -- does death mind

This ought not to be a depressing Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining, but yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. love to watch the clouds and bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven, but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a newer heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone bruise or festers with the thorn or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something etter than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any of you have in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place.

Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be a bright day when you push off from the planet or it may be dark night and while the owl is hooting from the forest. I know not the time; I know not the mode, but the days of our life are being subtracted away, and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days three days, two days, one day. Then hours, three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left, five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left, four seconds, three sec onds, two seconds, one second. Gone The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undisheveled Hair combed back to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trumpet to the ear, but you could not wake the deafness. No motion. No throb. No life. Still!

Still!
On earth with many of you the evening is the happiest part of the 24 hours. You gather about the stand. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch or look at the descending sun you



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thrill with the thoughts that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night. You are almost through with the

abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will not longer be misinterpreted or your honor filched. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities of heaven! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted! You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped way. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march! To ward evening. Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starvausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire the forests transfigured; delicate mist climbing the air. Your friends announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it: "Toward evening.

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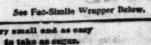
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