POOR DOCUMENT

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A PRECIOUS BUNDLE.

LIFE AND THE MANY THINGS WHICH GO TO MAKE IT UP.

DR. TALMAGE'S UNIQUE SERMON

The Rev. Gentleman Tells of Many Bundles Which, Bound Together, Make the Sum Total of Man's Earthly and Heavenly Existence—The "Bundle of Life" Divinely Protected.

Washington, March 5.—Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning preached from the text I. Samuel xxv, 29, "The soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." He said:

Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic plea for the rescue of her inebriate husband, who died within ten days, addresses David the warrior in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically and intellectually and spiritually, is a valuable package or bundle, divinely bound up and to be divinely protected.

That phrase "bundle of life" I heard many times in my father's family prayers. Family prayers, you know, have frequent repetitions, because day by day they acknowledge about the same blessings and deplore about the same frailties and sympathize with about the same misfortunes, and I do not know why those who lead at household devotions should seek variety of composition. That familiar prayer becomes the household liturgy. I would not give one of my old father's prayers for 50 elocutionary supplications. Again and again, in the morning and evening prayer, I heard the request that we might all be bound up in the bundle of life, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was a Bible phrase.

Now, the more I think of it the better I like it. Bundle of life! It is such a simple and unpretending, yet expressive comparison. There is nothing like grandiloquence in the Scriptures. While there are many sublime passages in Holy Writ, there are more passages homely and drawing illustrations from common observation and everyday life. In Christ's great sermons you hear a hen clucking her chickens together and see the photograph of hypocrites with a sad countenance and hear of the grass of the field, and the black crows which our heavenly Father feeds, and the salt that is worthless, and the precious stones flung under the feet of swine, and the shifting sand that lets down the house with a great crash and hear the comparison of the text, the most unpoetical thing we can think of—a bundle. Ordinarily it is something tossed about, something thrown under the table, something that suggests garrets or something on the shoulder of a poor wayfarer. But there are bundles of great value, bundles put up with great caution, bundles the loss of which means consternation and despair, and there have been bundles representing the worth of a kingdom.

During the last spell of cold weather there were bundles that attracted the attention and the plaudits of the high heavens—bundles of clothing on the way from comfortable homes to the door of the mission room, and Christ stood in the snowbanks and said as the bundles passed: "Naked, and ye clothed me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Those bundles are multiplying. Blessings on those who pack them! Blessings on those who distribute them! Blessings on those who receive them!

With what beautiful aptitude did Abigail, in my text, speak of the bundle of life! Oh, what a precious bundle is life! Bundle of memories, bundle of hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of destinies! Once in a while a man writes his autobiography, and it is of thrilling interest. The story of his birthplace, the story of his struggles, the story of his sufferings, the story of his triumphs! But if the autobiography of the most eventful life were well written it would make many chapters of adventure, of tragedy, of comedy, and there would not be an uninteresting step from cradle to grave.

Bundle of memories are you! Boyhood memories, with all its injustices from playmates, with all its games with ball and bat and kite and sled. Manhood memories, with all your struggles in starting — obstacles, oppositions, accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes. Memories of the first marriage you ever saw solemnized, of the first grave you ever saw opened, of the first mighty wrong you ever suffered, of the first victory you ever gained. Memory of the hour when you were affianced, memory of the first advent in your home, memory of the roseate cheek faded and of blue eyes closed in the last sleep, memory of anthem and of dirge, memory of great pain and of slow convalescence, memory of times when all things were against you, memory of prosperities that came in like the full tide of the sea, memories of a lifetime. What a bundle!

I lift that bundle to-day and unloose the cord that binds it, and for a moment you look in and see tears and smiles and laughter and groans and noondays and midnights of experience, and then I tie again the bundle with heartstrings that have some time vibrated with joy and anon been thrummed by fingers of woe.

Bundle of hopes and ambitions also is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will harvest, or what reputation he will achieve, or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win. What makes college commencement day so entrancing to all of us as we see the students receive their diplomas and take up the garlands thrown to their feet? They will be Faradays in science; they will be Tennysons in poesy; they will be Willard Parkers in surgery; they will be Alexander Hamiltons in national finance; they will be Horace Greeleys in editorial chair; they will be Websters in the Senate. Or she will be a Mary Lyon in educational realms, or a Frances Willard on reformatory platform, or a Helen Gould in military hospitals. Or she will make home life radiant with helpfulness and self sacrifice and magnificent womanhood. Oh, what a bundle of hopes and ambitions! It is a bundle of garlands and scepters from which I would not take one sprig of mignonette nor extinguish one spark of brilliance. They who start life without bright hopes and inspiring ambitions might as well not start at all, for every step will be a failure. Rather would I add to the bundle, and if I open it now it will not be because I wish to take anything from it, but that I may put into it more coronets and hosannas.

Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think—to think of the past and through all the future, to think upward and higher than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abysm to fathom. Power to think right, power to think wrong, power to think forever, for, once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and eternity itself shall have no power to bid it halt. Faculties to love—filial love, conjugal love, paternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enthronement or choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thought of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David, and which we ought to see in every human, yet immortal, being!

Know, also, that this bundle of life was put up with great care. Any merchant and almost any faithful householder will tell you how much depends on the way a bundle is bound. The cord or rope must be strong enough to hold, the knot must be well tied. You know not what rough hands may toss that bundle. If not properly put together, though it may leave your hands in good order and symmetrical, before it reaches its proper destination it may be loosened in fragments for the winds to scatter or the rail train to lose.

Now, I have to tell you that this bundle of life is well put together—the body, the mind, the soul. Who but the omnipotent God could bind such a bundle? Anatomists, physiologists, physicists, logicians, metaphysicians, declare that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. That we are a bundle well put together I prove by the amount of journeying we can endure without damage, by the amount of rough handling we can survive, by the fact that the vast majority of us go through life without the loss of an eye, or the crippling of a limb, or the destruction of a single energy of body or faculty of mind. I subpoena for this trial that man in yonder view 70 or 80 years of age and ask him to testify that after all the storms and accidents and vicissitudes of a long life he still keeps his five senses, and, though all the lighthouses as old as he is have been reconstructed or new lanterns put in, he has in under his forehead the same two lanterns with which God started him, and, though the locomotives of 60 years ago were long ago sold for old iron, he has the original powers of locomotion in the limbs with which God started him, and, though all the electric wires that carried messages 25 years ago have been torn down, his nerves bring messages from all parts of his body as well as when God strung them 75 years ago. Was there ever such a complete bundle put together as the human being? What a factory! What an engine! What a mill race! What a lighthouse! What a locomotive! What an electric battery! What a furnace! What a masterpiece of the Lord God Almighty! Or, to employ the anticlimax and use the figure of the text, what a bundle!

Know also that this bundle of life is properly directed. Many a bundle has missed its way and disappeared because the address has dropped and no one can find by examination for what city or town or neighborhood it was intended. All great carrying companies have so many misdirected packages that they appoint days of vendue to dispose of them. All intelligent people know the importance of having a valuable package plainly directed, the name of the one to whom it is to go plainly written. Baggage master and expressman ought to know at the first glance to whom to take it.

This bundle of life that Abigail, in my text, speaks of is plainly addressed. By divine penmanship it is directed heavenward. However long may be the earthly distance it travels, its destination is the eternal city of God on high. Every mile it goes away from that direction is by some human or infernal fraud practiced against it. There are those who put it on some other track, who misplace it in some wrong conveyance, who send it off or send it back by some diabolic miscarriage. The value of that bundle is so well known all up and down the universe that there are a million dishonest hands which are trying to detain or divert it, or to forever stop its progress in the right direction. There are so many influences abroad to ruin your body, mind and soul that my wonder is not that so many are destroyed for this world and the next, but that there are not more who go down irremediably.

Every human being is assailed at the start. Within an hour of the time when this bundle of life is made up the assault begins. First of all, there are the infantile disorders that threaten the body just launched upon earthly existence. Scarlet fevers and pneumonias, and diphtherias and influenzas, and the whole pack of epidemics surround the cradle and threaten its occupant, and infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes was not more imperiled by the monsters of the Nile than every cradle is imperiled by ailments all devouring. In after years there are foes within and foes without. Evil appetite joined by outside allurements. Temptations that have utterly destroyed more people than now inhabit the earth. Gambling saloons and rummeries, and places where dissoluteness reigns supreme, enough in number to go round and round and round the earth. Discouragements, jealousies, revenges, malevolences, disappointments, swindles, arsons, conflagrations and cruelties which make continued existence of the human race a wonderment. Was any valuable bundle ever so imperiled as this bundle of life? Oh, look at the address and get that bundle going in the right way! "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul, and mind and strength." Heaven with its 12 gates standing wide open with invitation. All the forces of the Godhead pledged for our heavenly arrival if we will do the right thing. All angeldom ready for our advance and guidance. All the lightnings of heaven so many drawn swords for our protection. What a pity, what an everlasting pity, if this bundle of life, so well bound and so plainly directed, does not come out at the right station, but becomes a lost bundle, cast out amid the rubbish of the universe!

Know also that a bundle may have in it more than one invaluable. There may be in it a photograph of a loved one and a jewel for a carcanet. It may contain an embroidered robe and a Dore's illustrated Bible. A bundle may have two treasures. Abigail, in my text, recognized this when she said to David, "The soul of my lord is bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God," and Abigail was right. We may be bound up with a loving and sympathetic God. We may be as near to him as ever were emerald and ruby united in one ring, as ever were two deeds in one package, as ever were two vases on the same shelf, as ever were two valuables in the same bundle. Together in time of joy. Together on earth. Together in heaven. Close companionship of God. Hear him, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." And when those Bible authors compared God's friendship to the mountains for height and firmness they knew what they were writing about, for they well knew what mountains are. All those lands are mountainous. Mount Hermon, Mount Gilboa, Mount Gerizim, Mount Engedi, Mount Horeb, Mount Nebo, Mount Pisgah, Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount Lebanon, Mount Sinai, Mount Golgotha. Yes, we have the divine promise that all those mountains shall weigh their anchorage of rocks and move away from the earth before a loving and sympathetic God will move away from us if we love and trust him. Oh, if we could realize that according to my text we may be bound up with that God, how independent it would make us of things that now harass and annoy and discompose and torment us. Instead of a grasshopper being a burden a world of care would be as light as a feather, and tombstones would be marble stairs to the king's palace, and all the giants of opposition we would smite down hip and thigh with great slaughter.

A God away up in the heavens is not much consolation to us when we get into life's struggle. It is a God close by, as near to us as any two articles of apparel were near to each other in that bundle that you sent the other day to that shivering home, through whose roof the snow sifted and through whose broken window pane the night winds howled. It was sanctified irony and holy sarcasm that Elijah used when he told the idolaters of Baal to pray louder, saying that their god might be asleep, or talking, or on a journey, or gone a hunting, but our God is always wide awake, and always hears, and is always close by, and to him a whisper of prayer is as loud as an archangel's trumpet, and a child's "Now I lay me down to sleep" is as easily heard by him as the prayer of the great Scotchman amid the highlands when pursued by Lord Claverhouse's miscreants. The Covenanter said, "O Lord, cast the lap of thy cloak about these children of the covenant," and a mountain fog instantly hid the pursued from their bloodshirsty pursuers. I proclaim him a God close by. When we are tempted to do wrong, when we have questions of livelihood too much for us, when we put our darlings into the last sleep, when we are overwhelmed with physical distresses, when we are perplexed about what next to do, when we come into combat with the king of terrors we want a God close by. How do you like the doctrine of the text, "Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God?" Thank you, Abigail, kneeling there at the foot of the mountain uttering consolation for all ages, while addressing David. No wonder that in after time he invited her to the palace and put her upon the throne of his heart as well as upon the throne of Judah.

Know also that this bundle of life will be gladly received when it comes to the door of the mansion for which it was bound and plainly directed. With what alacrity and glee we await some package that has been foretold by letter; some holiday presentation; something that will enrich and ornament our home; some testimony of admiration and affection! With what glow of expectation we untie the knot and take off the cord that holds it together in safety, and with what glad exclamation we unroll the covering and see the gift or purchase in all its beauty of color and proportion. Well, what a day it will be when your precious bundle of life shall be opened in the "house of many mansions" amid saintly and angelic and divine inspection! The bundle may be spotted with the marks of much exposure. It may bear inscription after inscription to tell through what ordeal it has passed. Perhaps splashed of wave and scorched of flame, but all it has within undamaged of the journey. And with what shouts of joy the bundle of life will be greeted by all the voices of the heavenly home circle!

In our anxiety at last to reach heaven we are apt to lose sight of the glee or welcome that awaits us if we get in at all. We all have friends up there. They will somehow hear that we are coming. Such close and swift and constant communication is there between those uplands and these lowlands that we will not surprise them by sudden arrival. If loved ones on earth expect our coming visit and are at the depot with carriage to meet us, surely we will be met at the shining gate by old friends now sainted and kindred now glorified. If there were no angel of God to meet us and show us the palaces and guide us to our everlasting residence, these kindred would show us the way and point out the splendors and guide us to our celestial home, bowered and fountained and arched and illumined by a sun that never sets. Will it not be glorious, the going in and the settling down after all the moving about and upsettings of earthly experience? We will soon know all our neighbors, kingly, queenly, prophetic, apostolic, seraphic, archangelic. The precious bundle of life opened amid palaces and grand marches and acclamations. They will all be so glad we have got safely through.

Once there it will be found that the safety of that precious bundle of life was assured because it was bound up with the life of God in Jesus Christ. Heaven could not afford to have that bundle lost, because it had been said in regard to its transportation and safe arrival, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." The veracity of the heavens is involved in its arrival. If God should fail to keep his promise to just one ransomed soul the pillars of Jehovah's throne would fall, and the foundations of the eternal city would crumble, and infinite poverties would dash down all the chalices and close all the banqueting halls, and the river of life would change its course, sweeping everything with desolation, and frost would blast all the gardens, and immeasurable sickness slay the immortals, and the new Jerusalem become an abandoned city, with no chariot wheel on the streets and no worshipers in the temple—a dead Pompeii of the skies, a buried Herculaneum of the heavens. Lest anyone should doubt, the God who cannot lie smites his omnipotent hand on the side of his throne, and takes affidavit, declaring, "As I live, said the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Oh! I cannot tell you how I feel about it, the thought is so glorious.

Ladies Tell Each Other

of the comfort and security afforded to them by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Headaches and Backaches that come expectedly or unexpectedly are charmed away, and the rich, red blood made by

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

shows itself in the rosy cheeks and clear, bright eyes of those who use them. These pills are not a purgative; they give strength instead of taking it away. They act directly on the blood and nerves; invigorate the body; regulate the functions, and restore health and strength to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. Mothers anxious for the healthy development of their growing girls should insist upon their taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

IN A DECLINE.

Mrs. W. Goodwin, Argyle Sound, N.S., says:—"After the birth of my first child I was in poor health and unable to recover my strength. I had a severe pain in my left side and lung, which almost made it impossible for me to breathe. I had a bad cough day and night, and was troubled with night sweats, and on awakening found myself very weak. My complexion was sallow, and my appetite entirely gone. All my friends believed me in a decline. Our family physician attended me for a long time but I got no better. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting on this advice I bought a supply, and continued their use for a couple of months, when my health was fully restored. I am sincere in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

The wonderful success of this remedy has led to many attempts at imitation and substitution, but these never cured anyone. Refuse any package that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Put up in packages that look like the engraving on the right, the wrapper printed in red ink. Sold by all dealers, but if in doubt send to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50.

TRADE MARK DR WILLIAMS PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE REGISTERED

ONCE MORE DISCUSSED.

Québec and Ontario Orangemen Talk of the Manitoba Schools.

MONTREAL, March 8—At the annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Orange Lodge of Quebec, Grand Master Galbraith made the following reference to the Manitoba school question: "In political affairs little has transpired during the year calling for special notice, save that it is alleged that the hierarchy with the connivance of the government are accomplishing by stealth and in an underhand way the object sought to be obtained by coercion two or three years ago. I refer to the subjugation of the school system of a sister province to the dominion of Rome, and I have only to say in this connection that if these allegations are true, and we are now investigating the facts, our duty is obvious when the electorate is next appealed to. Many of us cast our political affiliations to the winds on a former occasion, and if the promises then made are ignored, as would appear, we are under no political obligation that I am aware of to support any party who have broken faith with us."

BARRIE, Ont, March 8—At a meeting of the Black Chapter of Orangemen last night the correspondence committee in presenting its report took up the Manitoba school questions, speaking in terms very similar to those expressed by Grand Master Galbraith at Montreal, and said the same practical condemnation should be meted out to those who have failed to carry out their promises regarding certain principles to those who were accused of favoring the continuance of Catholic schools in Manitoba.

QUIET AT SAMOA.

The Mataafa Government is Duly Recognized.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8—Dr John Raffael, late president of the municipal council of Apia, arrived here today on the steamer Alameda.

To an Associated Press representative he said that when he left Samoa everything was tranquil and that the Mataafa government was recognized as the provisional government by the three leading powers and it had the support of 90 per cent of the native population and a majority of the foreign population.

NO APPOINTMENT.

La Patrie Speaks of the Montreal Postmastership.

MONTREAL, March 8—La Patrie, Hon Mr Tarte's organ, announced tonight that no appointment has yet been made to the postmastership of Montreal. Several Liberal newspapers today announced that Hon James McShane had received the appointment.

AN OLD RESIDENT GONE.

Death of Mrs A. C. Purvis at Nauwigewauk.

NAUWIGEWAUK, March 6—On Wednesday morning, March 1, this place lost one of its oldest and most respected residents in the person of Mrs Ann C Purvis, relict of the late Thomas Purvis, who died suddenly at the age of 95 years. Mrs Purvis was a daughter of Major Ruloffson, one of the Loyalists, who first settled in this place. She leaves four sons and one daughter. She died in the house of her oldest son, Robert, where she had spent most of her married life time. Three of her sons, Ruloff, John and George are residents of the United States. Her daughter, Mrs Agnes Lockwood, resides in Nova Scotia. Mrs Purvis was wonderfully smart for her age; she retained all her faculties and was able to get up and dress, with slight assistance from her granddaughter Bessie, the morning she died. After dressing she complained of a pain in her breast and died in a few minutes, sitting in an easy chair, with her son Robert by her side. She was a devout Christian, having been a member of Christian church for many years. Mrs Purvis's sister, Mrs Benjamin Dodge, died some years ago at the respected age of 98. There are a few old landmarks left here. Among them are Mrs John Duffy, Mrs Wm Hill, Mr Benjamin Appleby, all being well up in the nineties.

THE DYNAMITE CARTRIDGES

Which Did Such Execution at Toulon Were Foreign Make.

TOULON, March 8—It turns out that the twelve dynamite cartridges found behind the Toulon arsenal yesterday are of foreign manufacture.

M Lockroy, minister of marine, in an interview regarding the explosion of the naval powder magazine at La Gonbran, between La Seyne and Toulon, early Sunday morning intimates that the experts now have very little doubt that it was due to foul play. He thinks it was possibly caused by some clock work arrangement, provided with a detonator, hidden in a powder keg.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Trial Size 25c Now Out

A trial of a good article establishes its goodness. The merits of the preparation will do the rest. All druggists. Large bottle, 60 cts.

IN THE STORM.

Tug Loses Her Barges in the Hurricane.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass, March 7—The tug Clara Clarita, Capt Beed, bound south around the Cape with two light barges, had a hard time getting under the lee of Wood End during the gale early this morning and just managed to reach a safe anchorage before the storm reached its highest point. Captain Beed stated today that the storm came up so quickly that it took him four hours to get inside of Wood End, where he left the barges at anchor and then ran into the inner harbor.

After the sea had subsided, this noon, Captain Beed went out after the barges and brought them up the harbor.

The Clarita will probably sail tonight or early tomorrow morning provided she can procure sufficient water. The schooners Zephyr and Carrier Dove were disabled off the cape during last night's gale and were compelled to put in here for repairs.

BRITAIN'S IMPORTS

From Canada for February Show an Increase.

TORONTO, March 8—A special London cable to the Globe says: Trade returns for February show increases in the principal imports from Canada in Canadian bottoms as follows: Wheat, fifteen thousand pounds; flour, six thousand; bacon, twelve thousand; hams, eleven thousand; eggs, one thousand. They also show the following decreases in imports from Canada in Canadian bottoms: Cattle, four thousand pounds; sheep, one thousand; peas, thirteen thousand; corn, one thousand; butter, twenty-nine thousand; fish, seventy-three thousand; pulp, five thousand; lumber, two thousand; horses, two thousand. The United States also show decreases in most of their lines except in that of butter.

Missouri Pacific Trust Bonds.

NEW YORK, March 8—Goldman, Sachs & Co today announced that they had completed negotiations by which $6,000,000 of the Missouri Pacific 5 per cent trust bonds, owned by the estate of the late Jay Gould were sold to a syndicate of capitalists. This sale covers nearly half of the entire issue, of which $14,376,000 are now outstanding.

Soldier Punished for Various Crimes.

SANTIAGO, March 8—Major Edward Wilson, of the third immune regiment, who was recently tried by court martial on charges of forgery, falsifying records and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentlemen, has been convicted and sentenced to dismissal from the service, forfeiture of pay and allowance and confinement for one year at hard labor in the penitentiary.