

# THE PRICE OF ONE'S LIFE

MAN WILL GIVE UP ALL HIS POSSESSIONS TO SAVE IT.

## LIVING LIFE OVER AGAIN

Not the Best Way to Ease the Discontent of the Human Heart—Last Sermon on Last Sunday of the Year Furnishes Dr. Talmage With Food For Retrospect of Years That Are Gone.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Dyer, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 31.—In this sermon at the close of the old year he preaches deals with the discontent in the human heart, which often inspires the wish that we might live life over again. The text is Job ii, 4, "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

This question naturally arises on this last Sunday of the year: "Would we like to live our lives over again? Would we like to have the year of 1905 again greet us in the swaddling clothes of a new-born babe? Would we like to make the plea of the old when in rhyme he sang these now familiar lines:

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight!

Make me a child again just for to-night.

Some of us frankly admit that we would like to live our past years over again. Others just as frankly state that they do not so desire. Benjamin Franklin belonged to the first group. In one of his letters to his son he wrote thus: "I should have no objection to a repetition of my life from its beginning, only asking the advantages authors have in a second edition to correct some faults of the first. So I might, besides correcting the faults, change some minister accidents and events of it for others more favorable. But, though this was denied, I should still accept the offer." But perhaps Benjamin Franklin would not have written thus if he had taken all the possibilities into account. I would like to show you in this sermon that God's way of giving only one earthly life to one man is the best way. May God help us to-day as we, on this last Sunday of the year, take a retrospect of the years that are gone.

No man, in the first place, could take the journey of life over again unless he took with it the dangers that he escaped in his first experience, which might be fatal to him in his second, nor could he be sure of achieving again the successes that he had before. I have been told that when gold was discovered in California every boat in New York harbor that could be bought or rented was drafted into the service to carry to the western shore those who were possessed by the gold fever. So anxious were men to dig in California hills that they were ready to risk their lives in any old hulk. Some three or four hundred crazy crafts in the year 1850 rounded Cape Horn. Some of these tubs were not fit to sail across Lake Michigan on a summer day. One, I have been told, was nothing but a ferryboat. But, strange to say, all those crazy boats reached California in safety. Not one was wrecked that year. Many an iron boat with screw propeller has since been destroyed upon the dangerous rocks of South America. But during the first year of the California gold fever not one boat was lost, on the voyage. We know not how we have weathered the financial and the domestic storms, but we have. We know only too well how fierce the cyclones have blown off our Cape Horns. But having weathered them once and realized what the dangers were, we have grave doubts whether we should ever be able to weather them again.

Do you not remember that awful struggle you had to get established in business? Night after night you used to walk the floor. Then, when you just got a foothold and things seemed to be coming your way, do you not remember those years of panic and hard times? Would you like to live those years over again? Your business partner broke down that time with nervous prostration. He died in an insane asylum. Your own brain was almost crazed. Your hair is white to-day from those trials. Would you like to live them over again? How do you know you would come through them next time as successfully as you have done? You know that it seemed a good chance that your father's old time came to your rescue at that time, or that old was discovered upon your farm land, which land you could never give away before and which land you were almost tempted to let go to facilitate the taxes. Would you

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thousands of the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Let it cure you. "Last winter I coughed for three months and thought I was going into Consumption. I took all sorts of medicines, but nothing did me any good until I used Shilo's Consumption Cure. Four bottles cured me. This winter I had a very bad cold, was not able to speak, my lungs were sore on the side and back. Six bottles of Shilo made me well again. I have given it to several people and every one of them have been cured."—Dr. Joseph, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

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like to be caught again in that railroad accident? Perhaps you were on a train that was wrecked, in which many passengers were crushed or mangled. You do not know how it happened. You were sitting in the car reading. Suddenly the engine gave a shriek; the brakes were jammed hard down. Then you awoke in a dazed condition. "You heard gruntings and prayers being uttered all about you. You escaped, like Job, by the skin of your teeth. The man who sat within three feet of you was dead or, what is worse, physically mangled for life. If you had to go through that accident again, would you be physically well and whole as you are to-day? Oh, no! Most of us do not wish to run again the risks we ran during our past lives. Financial risks, domestic risks, physical risks! They nearly destroyed us. We could not be sure that we should have the same chances for success over again if we had to meet the same dangers. Most of our friends who have been destroyed were wrecked by a chance trivial as a hair. Most of us, if not all of us, tremble when we look back upon our past spiritual temptations. It is absurd for some of us to say if we had our lives to live over again we would do any differently from what we did in the days that are gone. In all probability we would do just the same as we did in the past if not worse. Why? Because to-day, with all our experiences and shortcomings, we are going ahead sinning all the time.

Does knowledge about the dietary and gastronomic laws make the physician careful about what he eats and how he eats? Oh, no. Doctors can prescribe all kinds of diets for their patients, but they are proverbial iconoclasts at all the shrines of health when they apply those laws to their own tables. Their doctrine is, "Do not eat as I do, but eat as I say." Let a convention of physicians assemble, and they will have the most intellectual papers read before them upon the proper treatment of dyspepsia. Then they adjourn and go to the table and eat twice as much as they ought to eat and eat that un-masticated food in half the time they ought to eat it. Then they will return to their homes and have their meals at irregular hours. The physician would never let his dyspeptic patients eat as he does. He knows what he ought to do, but he does it not. Now, if we had to live our lives over again in all probability we would do in reference to temptation just as the average physician does in reference to his well known gastronomic laws. We would fall before temptation as he yields to the temptation of the palate. And for one would be very much surprised if we would turn out again spiritually as well as we have done.

I force myself to this belief for a second reason. We had but little experience in the past. But we did have some experience and knowledge of sin. We did not fall into sin as a trap is sprung upon the unwary bird. We walked straight over the precipice of sin with our eyes wide open. For many years you were addicted to drink. You have been in the past a drunkard. You are a reformed one now. You know all the miseries and horrors of a drunkard's life. But tell me about your first glass. Did you not have just as much a horror of liquor then as you do now? Did you not lie awake all night long, feeling that fiery

liquor burning its way down your throat and into your heart after your first drink? Yet did that experience lead you to forswear drink? Did you not return to your tempter again and again? You have been a desecrator of the Sabbath day. You can see the awful results of what a godless Sabbath is upon your present life. Why do you not make Sunday a holy day? Did the sin of a broken Sabbath ever appear to you more heinous than when on the first Sabbath you stayed away from church and went with some sinful boys picnicking in the woods? Ah, Christ was right when in the parable of Dives and Lazarus he represented the rich man in hell who had asked him to send Lazarus back to earth to warn his five brothers "lest they come into this place of torment" as receiving the answer from Abraham, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." If we deliberately sinned when we first went through life we should surely deliberately sin if we went through life a second time. In all probability if we had life to live over again we would not turn out spiritually as well as we have already done.

Then consider another fact. If we were going to live our lives over again we would have to change things. Instead of being seventy, sixty, fifty or forty years of age we would have to become ten, twenty or thirty years of age. What does that mean? Why, it means when we call back our fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers and run around again as a curly-headed child we would have to give up our wives and husbands and children and grandchildren. Would you like to do that? Of course if you were a little girl of eleven years of age you could not have a husband and a lot of babies as you have now. Of course if you were a schoolboy you could not have a couple of other schoolboys running around and calling you "papa" and asking you what they should do. Were you happier when you were young than you are now? I doubt it. I doubt if the opportunity of being ordered around by your teachers and by your parents and by your older brothers and sisters were laid alongside of your present opportunities you would say, "Give me back my youth!" I think that you would say, "Let me stay as I am. I would prefer to be a man rather than a boy or a wife and a mother rather than a little child being put to sleep in a cradle bed."

We loved and still do love our fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers. But do we not also love and cling to our wives and husbands and children? We seem to grow a bigger baby about them every day. When we go away from home now we long to get back, just as we did when we were children. How would you like to go back to childhood and live ten, twenty or thirty years before you had the pleasure of domestic life that you have now? Are you sure that you would not be a wife and a mother as you are now? You know how faithfully she has clung to you. She is like a sapling. She knows how to bend before the angry tornadoes; but, like the sapling, she never loses her anchorage. When the storm of anger subsides she rights herself and compels you to do the same. I do not believe there is another woman in all the world who is more fitted to be the companion of your life than she has been. If I were you I would not want to go back to childhood and risk losing her. It was hard enough in the beginning to win her. All her school friends were amazed to see her choose you when, from a worldly standpoint, so many suitors had laid siege to her heart and hand. Then the babies! How could we give them up, even for a little while? I once read of a little girl who, with her brother, was watching a knife grinder sharpening some scissors. Her father, quite nearsighted and deaf, turned to the boy and said: "My son, here is some money. Ask the organ grinder to play another tune." With that the boy began to laugh. His sister turned upon him a look of sharp rebuke as she answered, "Yes, father, we will." Then she turned and gave the organ grinder another pair of scissors to sharpen, and the nearsighted and deaf father turned smilingly away, thinking he had made his children happy, whereas, in fact, it was the daughter who had made the father happy. So when we grow older our children have a habit of covering up our weaknesses. We do not know why it is, but we are growing more and more dependent upon them every day. Ah, yes, those boys and girls of ours, how much they are to us! The hair may be gray upon our heads, the hand may be feeble, but we would not have raven locks and stout limbs if we had to be separated from them even for a year. If we went back to childhood days, could we improve our lot? Could we have any better children than are now blessing our lives?

Our past lives cannot be lived without surrendering the present; but, thank God, we can live out the future with the present and the past to a great extent combined into one. And we can combine the present and the past in the year which is to come by guarding against the most awful mistake we made in past years. We have tried to fight the battle of life alone. We have tried to conquer in our own strength rather than in the strength of the Lord God Almighty, who has always promised to sustain us if we would put our trust in him. We can now grip a hold of the arm of the Almighty God if we will. And oh, my friends, if we put our trust in Christ do you not believe that with his help we could during the coming years overcome many of the mistakes of the past? We can make the past, purified of its evils, live and breathe again in the future. We can! Yes, we can! If we only enter the new year with Christ's help we should be able to undo many of the wrongs of the past, besides taking advantage of the blessed opportunities of the future.

Not only that, but still another blessing may be ours. In Christ we may be able to live again during the years of the coming eternally with those who have made the past years for us so happy. We shall not be at that time like the old lady who lived for many years in the city of Los Angeles. She died there at eighty-four years of age in November, 1905. When she died it was found out that for the last twenty-eight years of her life she had concealed in her attic the dead body of her oldest daughter. This was the body of a young girl of twenty-seven years, who had breathed her last in the far east, and her body had been shipped from Amherst, Mass., to the home of her mother in the far west. For nearly thirty long years this broken-hearted mother had clung to the body of her child and carried it wherever she went. So some of us have been clinging to the dead bodies of our loved ones which were buried many, many years ago. But if we will only give our hearts to Christ here and now on the last Sunday of the year Christ will some day give our loved ones alive back to us. Then we will not have to choose between wife and mother or husband and father or brother and child. Then we shall have them all together again. Then the past and the present and the future shall be united in one. Then father and mother, brother and sister, wife and husband, children and grandchildren shall all assemble together before the throne of God to forever sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Oh, my friends, will you let your past life live again in Christ?

Thus in closing this sermon on the last Sunday of the year I do not feel a sense of sadness such as I have often felt upon similar occasions in the past. Whenever I have attended the watchman's meetings of previous New Year's eves the ringing of the bell when the clock struck 12 has always sounded to me like the tolling of a dirge. It has been to me a death-knell. It has been like the tolling of the bell when the hearse enters the cemetery. As the clock struck 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, it seemed to call: "Dead and gone! The years of 1900 and 1901 and 1902 and 1903 and 1904 and 1905 are dead and gone! They are dead and gone forever! Hear ye living! Dead and gone forever! But as I hear the clock striking the midnight hour to-night it will not be a dirge, but a promise of reunion. It will ring: "The year of 1905 is not dead and gone forever. Thou shalt meet it with its sanctified joys and sorrows. The clock must strike again smiling with the faces of those who have made thy past twelve months happy and blessed. Thou shalt meet the year of 1905 coming forth to greet thee, O Christian, with the sacred years of 1890 and 1880 and 1870 by its side. All these years shall live again if thou wilt put thy faith in Christ and have him live in thee and thou in him." My friends, on this last Sunday of the year, wilt thou have the midnight bell toll for thee a dirge or ring out for thee a gospel triumph? You can here and now decide if you shall live over again your happy past. Thou blessed past with our hallowed dear ones? Art thou alive? Shall it come forth to greet us at the day of judgment and, purified of all evil, live with through all the coming eternities? It will. Thou year of 1905, go forth and assemble for us the dear years that are gone. Assemble them to greet us when, like Christ, we shall rise from our ascension mound, and time for us shall be no longer except as we spend that time with Christ.

### The Waiter Brought It.

A Toronto man took a well-known clergyman in to lunch at a well-known buffet, upstairs, a few days ago. As he had given the order for both of them the clergyman picked up the menu card and began looking at it. "I'm blind as a bat," he observed on finding that he could not read it. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, who had been standing by.

### Shared Scott's Secret.

There were many queer characters in Ballantyne's printing house in Edinburgh, and one of them declared that he knew who wrote the Waverley Novels, "almost as soon as the master," Mr. James Ballantyne. "I had just begun a new sheet of 'Guy Rammerring,' he would say, 'one night awhile after twelve, and all the compositors had left, when in comes Mr. Ballantyne himself, with a letter in his hand and a lot of types. 'I am going to make a small alteration,' Sandy' said he. 'Unblock the form, will you? I'll not keep you many minutes.' 'Well, I did as I was bidden, and Mr. Ballantyne looked at the letter, and altered three lines on one page, and one line on another. 'Unblock the form, will you? I'll not keep you many minutes.' 'That will do now, Sandy,' I think," were his words, and off he went, never thinking he had left the letter lying on my bank. I had barely time to get a glimpse at it when he came back, but I kept the hand press and the stick, and it was Walter Scott! I had a great long ballant (ballad) in Sir Walter's ain hand o' write at home, so that I was nae stranger to it. So you see, gentlemen, I kent the grand secret when it was a secret."—London Chronicle.

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### Cages For Grasshoppers.

There is a regular business in Italy of making little wire cages for grasshoppers. The insect is regarded as lucky, and if one can be kept alive in the cage for a month it is believed the year will be prosperous. The superstition arose from this incident: A cardinal of the Medici family invited a bishop to dine with him in his garden. The cardinal handed the bishop a glass of wine. A grasshopper fell from a tree into the wine, and the bishop did not drink it. The cardinal, after afterward found to have been poisoned.

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Little thread stockings should be washed in tepid water tinted with a little blue, and soap should only be used for the feet. Rinse in clear water, allowing a piece of ammonia the size of a bean to every gallon of water. Dry quickly in fresh air, but not in the sun. If this is impossible, roll up tightly and wring in a clean cloth, letting a fold of the cloth come between each fold of the stocking.

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Some doctors go so far as to say that indigestion is the national disease of America. There is but one national remedy for indigestion and that remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills—accelerate the action of the gastric glands and give tone to the digestive organs. They strengthen the kidneys and liver, cleanse and purify the blood and thus add general tone to every organ of the body. Food and strength are fast restored and the patient can eat and digest any food he pleases. Test Dr. Hamilton's Pills yourself.—25c per box or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers.

### Stove Care.

Put a quantity of stove polish into a dish; add equal parts of water and turpentine and a few drops of varnish; mix this well together and apply with a small paint brush; let the polish dry and then rub briskly with a stove brush. This will give a glossy polish that will last from one spring until the next. This should not be used on the top of a cook stove but is in use every day, for the odor would be rather offensive when the polish was first put on. It is an excellent polish for stoves that are not used throughout the summer.

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