SATAN'S FALSEHOOD.

"All That a Man Hath Will He Give for His Life."

Would You Like to Live Your Life Over Again?

Rev. Dr. De Witt Talmage's Sunday Morning Discourse.

BROOKLYN, March 9.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., preached in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, this morning on the subject "Would You Like to Live Your Life Over Again?" His text was Job, ii., 4: "All that a man hath will he give for his life." He said:

That is untrue. The Lord did not say it, but Satan said it to the Lord, when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils." And Satan has been the author of all eruptive disease since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satanic remark—"All that a man hath will he give for his life." Many a captain who has stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers got off and he drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle valve or his foot on the brake until the most of the train was saved while he went down to death through the open drawbridge; many a fireman who plunged into a blazing house to get a sleeping child out, sacrificing his life in the attempt, and thousands of martyrs who submitted to fiery stake and knife of massacre and headman's axe and guillotine rather than surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true, when it says: "All that a man hath will he give for his life." But

SATAN'S FALSEHOOD

was built on a truth. Life is very precious, and if we would not give up all there are many things we would surrender rather than surrender it. We see how precious life is from the fact that we do everything to prolong it. Hence all sanitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all fear of draughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggle in crisis of accident. An admiral of the British navy was court martialed for turning his ship around in time of danger and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard he said: "Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around and admit that it was damaged, but do you want to know why I turned it? There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sailor worth all the vessels of the British navy." No wonder he was vindicated. Life is indeed very precious. Yea, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to repeat it, they would like to try it again. They would like to go back from 70 to 60, from 60 to 50, from 50 to 40, and from 40 to 30, from 30 to 20. I proposed for very practical and useful purposes, as will appear before I get through, to discuss the question we have all asked of others, and others have again and again asked of us.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE YOUR LIFE OVER AGAIN?

The fact is that no intelligent and right-fearing man is satisfied with his past life. We have all made so many mistakes, stumbled into so many blunders, said so many things that ought not to have been said, and done so many things that ought not to have been done, that we can suggest at least 95 per cent. of improvement. Now would it not be grand if the good Lord would say to you: "You can go back and try it over again. I will by a word turn your hair to brown or black or golden, and smooth all the wrinkles out of your temple and cheek, and take the bend out of your shoulders, and extirpate the stiffness from the joint and the rheumatic twinge from the foot, and you shall be 21 years of age and just what you were when you reached that point before." If the proposition were made I think many thousands would accept it. That feeling caused the ancient search for what was called

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

the waters of which taken would turn the hair of the octogenarian into the curly locks of a boy, and however old a person who drank at that fountain he would be young again. The island was said to belong to the group of the Bahamas, but lay far out in the ocean. The great Spanish explorer, Juan Ponce de Leon, fellow-voyager with Columbus, I have no doubt felt that if he could discover that Fountain of Youth he would do as much as his friend had done in discovering America. So he put out in 1512 from Porto Rico and cruised about among the Bahamas in search of that fountain. I am glad he did not find it. There is no such fountain. But if there were and its waters were bottled up and sent abroad at $1,000 a bottle the demand would be greater than the supply, and many a man who has come through a life of usefulness, and perhaps sin, to old age would be shaking up the potent liquid, and if he were directed to take only a teaspoonful after each meal would be so anxious to make sure work he would take a tablespoonful, and if directed to take a tablespoonful would take a glassful. But some of you would have to go back further than to 21 years of age to make a fair start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that period. Yea, in order to get a fair start some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started 100 years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again and your father lived his life over again and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered up place this world would be, a place filled with

MISERABLE ATTEMPTS AT REPAIRS.

I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance and then for them to pass off and give another generation a chance. Besides that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a stale and stupid experience. The zest and spur and enthusiasm of life comes from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man in mid-life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or into the teens, what a nuisance you would be to others and what an unhappiness to yourself. Your contemporaries would not want you, and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life stirred your healthful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interrogation, would only call forth from you a disgusted "Oh, pshaw!" You would be

BLASE AT THIRTY,

and a misanthrope at 40 and unendurable at 50. The most insane and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life. It is amusing to hear people say: "I would like to live my life over again, if I could take my present experience and knowledge of things back with me and begin under these improved auspices." Why, what an uninteresting boy you would be with your present attainments in a child's mind. No one would want such a boy around the house. A philosopher at 20, a scientist at 15, an archæologist at 10 and a domestic nuisance all the time. An oak crowded into an acorn. A Rocky Mountain eagle thrust back into the egg from which it was hatched. Beside that if you took life over again, you would have to take its deep sadness over again. Would you want to try again the griefs and the heartbreaks and bereavements through which you have gone? What a mercy that we shall never be called to suffer them again! We may have others bad enough, but those ones never again.

BETTER GO FORWARD THAN BACKWARD

even if we had the choice. The greatest disaster I could think of would be for you to return to boyhood in 1890. Oh, if life were a smooth Luzerne or Cayuga lake, I would like to get into a yacht and sail over it, not once, but twice—yea a thousand times. But life is an uncertain sea, and some of the ships crash on the icebergs of cold indifference, and some take fire of evil passion, and some lose their bearings and run into the Skerries, and some are never heard of. Surely on such a treacherous sea as that one voyage is enough. Beside all this, do you know if you could have your wish and live over again it would put you so much further from reunion with your friends in heaven? If you are in the noon of life or in the evening of life you are

NOT VERY FAR FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

at which you are to meet your transported and emparadised loved ones. You are now, let us say, twenty years or ten years or one year off from celestial conjunction. Now, suppose you went back in your earthly life 20 years, or 40 years or 50 years, what an awful postponement of the time of reunion! It would be as though you were going to San Francisco to a great banquet and you got to Oakland, four or five miles this side of it, and then came back to Hoboken or Harlem to get a better start; as though you were going to England to be crowned, and, having come in sight of the mountains of Wales, you put back to Sandy Hook in order to make a better voyage. The further on you get in life, if a Christian, the nearer you are to the renewal of broken up companionship. No; the wheel of time

TURNS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION,

and it is well it turns so fast—365 revolutions in a year and forward, rather than 365 revolutions in a year and backward. But hear yet! hear ye! while I tell you how you may practically live your life over again and be all the better for it. You may put into the remaining years of your life all you have learned of wisdom in your past life. You may make the coming ten years worth the preceding 40 or 50 years. When a man says he would like to live his life over again because he would do so much better, and yet goes right on living as he has always lived, do you not see he stultifies himself? He proves that if he could go back he would do almost the same as he has done. If a man eat green apples some Wednesday in cholera time and is thrown into fearful cramps and says on Thursday, "I wish I had been more prudent in my diet; oh, if I could live Wednesday over again," and then on Friday eats apples just as green, he proves that it would have been no advantage for him to live Wednesday over again." And if we, deploring our past life and with the idea of improvement, long for an opportunity to try it over again, yet go on

MAKING THE SAME MISTAKES,

and committing the same sins, we only demonstrate that the repetition of our existence would afford no improvement. If green apples before and it would be green apples over again. As soon as a ship captain strikes a rock in the lake or sea he reports it and a buoy is swung over that reef and mariners henceforth stand off from that rock. And all our mistakes in the past ought to be buoys warning us to keep in the right channel. There is no excuse for us if we split on the same rock where we split before. Going along the sidewalk at night where excavations are being made, we frequently see a lantern on a framework, and we turn aside, for that lantern says, keep out of this hole. And all along the pathway of life lanterns are set as warnings, and by the time we come to mid-life we ought to know where it is safe to walk and where it is unsafe. As I supposed it would be, there are multitudes of young people listening to this sermon on whom this subject has acted with the force of a galvanic battery. Without my saying a word to them, they have soliloquized, saying: "As one cannot live his life over again, and I can make only trip, I must look out and make no mistake; I have

BUT ONE CHANCE

and I must make the most of it." My young friends, I am glad you make this application of the sermon yourself. When a minister toward the close of his sermon says: "Now a few words by way of application," people begin to look around for their hats and get their arms through one sleeve of their overcoats, and the sermonic application is a failure. I am glad you have made your own application and that you are resolved, like a Quaker of whom I read years ago, who, in substance, said: "I shall be along this path of life but once and so I must do all the kindness I can and all the good I can." My hearers, the mistakes of youth can never be corrected. Time gone is gone forever. An opportunity passed the thousandth part of a second has by one leap reached the other side of a great eternity. In the autumn when the birds migrate you look up and see the sky black with wings and the flocks stretching out into many leagues of air, and so to-day I look up and see two large wings in full sweep. They are the wings of the flying year. That is followed by a flock of 365, and they are the flying days. Each of the flying days is followed by 24, and they are the flying hours, and each of these are followed by 60, and these are the flying minutes. Where did this great flock start from? Eternity passed. Where are they bound? Eternity to come. You might as well go a-gunning for the quails that whistled last year in the meadows, or the robins that last year caroled in the sky, as to try to fetch down and bag one of the past opportunities of your life. Do not say, "I will lounge now make it up afterwards." Young men and boys you

CAN'T MAKE IT UP.

My observation is that those who in youth sowed wild oats, to the end of their short lives sowed wild oats, and that those who start sowing Genesee wheat always sow Genesee wheat. And then the reaping of the harvests is so different. There is grandfather now. He has lived to old age because his habits have been good. His eyesight for this world has got somewhat dim, but his eyesight for heaven is radiant. His hearing is not so acute as it once was, and he must bend clear over to hear what his little grandchild says when she asks him what he has brought for her. But he easily catches the music raised from supernal spheres. Men passing in the street take off their hats in reverence, and women say: "What a good old man he is." Seventy or 80 years all for God and for making this world happy. Splendid! Glorious! Magnificent! He will have hard work getting into heaven because those whom he helped to get there will fill up and crowd the gates to tell him how glad they are at his coming until he says: "Please to stand back a little till I pass through and cast my crown at the feet of him whom having not seen I love." I do not know what you call that. I call it

THE HARVEST OF GENESEE WHEAT.

Out yonder is a man very old at 40 years of age, at a time when he ought to be buoyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with the world and the world out with him. Down and falling deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the street, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and of what he will be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, but there he is a bloated carcass waiting for the shovels of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he sowed.

HARVEST OF WILD OATS!

"There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Young man, as you cannot live life over again, however you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right. There is in this august assembly I wot not, for we are made up of all sections of this land and from many lands, some young man who has gone away from home, and perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do not go to sea! Don't go to-night wherever you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your father will be glad to see you, and your mother. I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parents a present of their wayward boy, repentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter and you to carry the letter, saying: "By the blessing of God on my sermon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus." My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years. I say to you, young man, captive of waywardness and sin: Your father is waiting for you. Your mother is waiting for you. Your sisters are waiting for you. God is waiting for you. Go home! Go home!

Blaze at Bothwell.

BOTHWELL, Ont., March 10.—The residence of Daniel Campbell was burned down about 7 o'clock last evening. The greater part of the contents was saved. Loss, about $1,500; insured in the Phœnix of England for $800.

A Baby in a Barrel-Boat.

SMITHVILLE, Tenn., March 10.—The mail carrier between here and Sparta reports that a barrel was found floating down the Caney Fork River and caught at the mouth of Indian Creek, containing a live baby about a week old. It had floated 60 or 70 miles, but was in good condition when found.

"Me Hang!, Me Hang!"

NORRISTOWN, Pa., March 10.—Annie Chomo, indicted with John Kenderosh for the murder of her husband, John Chomo, at Pottstown last November, committed suicide in her cell yesterday by hanging herself with a silk kankerchief, which she tied to a bar of the cell door. The keeper's attention was attracted by the cries of her 3-months-old child. Kenderosh's trial commenced on Thursday, and he was acquitted Saturday. After his acquittal the woman became very melancholy, and before being taken from the court room cried out: "Me hang; me hang!" Shortly before she committed the deed she had her babe in her arms singing to it.

The Behring Sea Dispute.

OTTAWA, March 10. — Negotiations in reference to a settlement of the Behring Sea dispute have proceeded so far that Canadian Government has telegraphed to the British Government to instruct Capt. Warren, of Victoria, to proceed to Washington forthwith and give evidence in reference to the claims of the British vessels seized in Behring Sea. Warren was owner of the steamer Thornton, which was seized by the United States revenue cutter Corwin in the fall of 1886. He claims damages of about $40,000.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Chicago Will Raise $10,000,000 for Expenses.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The Chicago committee, which is in Washington to consult with the sub-committee of the House Committee on the World's Fair, were promptly on hand at an early hour, and discussed with the sub-committee for two hours the details of the bill, going over about four sections of it. The Chicago committee pledged the members of the Fair Committee that Chicago would raise $10,000,000 with which to erect all the necessary buildings and pay the expenses of the Fair, and will only ask the United States Government to make the necessary appropriation to erect its own buildings and take care of its own exhibits. The committees hope to finish it by Monday.

HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST!

A Mother and Her Seven Children Burned to Death.

MONTREAL, March 10.—A terrible disaster occurred yesterday morning at Cote St. Michel, a small village ten miles from here on the St. Lawrence, whereby a woman, the wife of a farmer named Collerette, and his seven children lost their lives by burning. At 5 o'clock the man lighted his fire, leaving beside the stove a can of coal oil, and went out to attend to his farm duties. On looking back he found his house in flames, and from the fierceness of the flames he was unable to rescue his family, and his wife and seven children—four boys and three girls—were burned to death before his eyes. Collerette himself now lies at the point of death from the dreadful burns received in his efforts to rescue his family.

Miss Switzer made a very happy reply, when all joined in singing the above hymn, after which "God Save the Queen" closed what all present pronounced an almost perfect evening.

Frenchmen can properly be called "knights of the table." They are good judges in all its refinements and delicacies. In order to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in good order they give pre-eminence to ANGOSTURA BITTERS. When you buy them be sure it is the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Son.

Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

IMPORTANT!

Remarkable Restoration to Health of Well Known Canadians whose Cases were Given up as Incurable.

From the few of the hundreds of letters we have received from those who have been restored to health and strength by the use of that wonderful discovery, Paine's Celery Compound, we make a few extracts. We hope that the thousands of Canadian men and women who are suffering from nervous and wasting diseases, will profit by these true and plain statements of facts.

D. S. Davidson, of Montreal, suffered for years with nervous dyspepsia, pain in his back, and sleeplessness. He tried doctors without relief, was losing flesh rapidly, and had about given up heart when he commenced the use of Paine's Celery Compound. "Now," he says, "I am a new man. I sleep well and my food does not hurt me."

Mr. Jas. Johnson, 302 St. Charles Borromee Street, Montreal, was weak and nervous, had no appetite, and could not rest at night. His nerves were soothed and strengthened by Paine's Celery Compound, and he soon became well and strong.

Annie Gourley, of River Beaudette, P. Q., found the Compound a certain cure for weakness, and now feels as well as she ever did.

A customer of Harrison Bros., druggist, Hamilton, Ont., told them that he was entirely cured of nervous weakness by the use of two bottles of the Compound, after everything else has failed.

The little child of Mrs. G. E. Meredith, 76 D'Arcy St., Toronto, was cured of St. Vitus' Dance by Paine's Celery Compound.

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FOR THE HAIR.

Restores the Color, Beauty and Softness to Gray Hair, and

IS NOT A DYE.

AT ALL CHEMISTS. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE

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COD LIVER OIL

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WHEAT PHOSPHATES.

Miscible with Milk or Water and Just as Palatable.

Retainable on the most delicate Stomach, and digested with ease.

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF

Consumption, Bronchitis, Scrofulous and Wasting Diseases, Coughs, Colds and Lung Affections, AND AS A FLESH-MAKER IT HAS NO EQUAL.

For Sale by All Chemists.

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FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Phillips' Phospho-Muriate of Quinine Compound } The Tonic of the day

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READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS in from 1 to 20 minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisment need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a cure fo Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the excruciating pain, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD."

AUGUSTA, GA. Jan. 14, 1888.

DR. RADWAY—I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market without effect, when finally I grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and to my surprise was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without R. R. R. for its weight in gold. My mother was cured for its weight in gold. My mother was cured for its weight in gold. My mother was cured