

Strength is one of the distinguishing attributes of a healthy man. In one of the most beautiful poetic flights known to literature, the inspired singer finds no finer figure to express the sun's majestic rising than "rejoicing like a strong man to run a race."

Who has not known such a man, the picture of health, hardy and athletic, suddenly begin to fail? At first he has a slight cough, which he laughs at. Presently the cough becomes deep seated. The scales tell him he is losing flesh. A little later and the lungs bleed. He grows weaker and more and more emaciated. Each day sees some circumstance of his activities, until at last he does not leave the house, and friends shake their heads and say, "Poor fellow! Who would ever have believed it possible?"

But what are the doctors doing all this time! Doing their best probably, but usually doing no lasting good. The emaciation grows more marked, the weakness more apparent, until at last the sick man hears the sentence, "There's no hope."

It is just at this very point of hopelessness that the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proven the first step to health to many a sufferer. It cures the cough, stops the hemorrhage, heals the lungs, puts sound flesh upon the body, and sends the man back to the activities of life as strong as ever. It's a wonderful statement, but it is literally true, that "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured time and time again when all other means had absolutely failed to benefit.

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**THE DOCTOR WAS WRONG.**  
"When I commenced taking your medicine, eighteen months ago, my health was completely broken down," writes Mrs. G. J. Sanderson, of Chesapeake, Calvert Co., Md. "At times I could not even walk across the room without pain in my chest. The doctor who attended me said I had lung trouble and that I would never be well again. At last I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's medicine. I bought a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and took it, and soon commenced to feel a little better. Then you directed me to take both the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription,' which I did. After I had taken eighteen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' twelve of the 'Favorite Prescription' and five vials of 'Pellita' I am now almost entirely well, and do all my work without any pain whatever, and can run with more ease than I could formerly do."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages and 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of customs and mailing only. Send so one-cent stamps for the book in cloth binding or only 21 stamps if paper covers are desired. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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**FOR THE FIRST TIME**

REASONS WHY MEN MAKE SO MANY MISTAKES IN LIFE'S JOURNEY.

**REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.**

**In Walking the Earthly Pilgrimage, Men Are Traveling New Paths, For They Have Not Pursued This Way Before.—They Should, Therefore, Follow the Divine Leading—It May Be the Only Opportunity.**

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1901, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Dep't. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Washington, Dec. 15.—This discourse is a most unusual presentation of things that take place in many lives, and Dr. Talmage pleads for merciful interpretation of human behavior. The text is Joshua iii, 4, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

In December, 1889, I waded the river Jordan, and, although the current was strong, I was able to bear up against it, but in the time of spring freshet, when the snows on Mount Lebanon melt, nothing but a miracle would enable any one to cross the river. It was at the dangerous springtime that Joshua and the officers of his army uttered the words of my text to the people who were in a few hours to cross the Jordan. About that crossing, we say but little, because on a previous occasion we discoursed concerning that piling up of the waters into crystal barricade. We only speak of the march to the brink of the river. No stranger thing has ever occurred in all history.

The ark of the covenant was a brilliant chest of acacia wood, overlaid with gold, on the top of which were two winged figures facing each other. It was five feet long and three feet wide. Poles were thrust through the rings at the side, and by these poles the ark was lifted. This splendid box was to be carried three-quarters of a mile ahead of the hosts of Israel on the way to the crossing. That distance between the box and the advancing thousands must be kept because of reverence. There was a sanctity in that divine symbol that they must observe by keeping off three-quarters of a mile away. They must watch that glittering box and follow; otherwise they would lose their way and not arrive at the right place for crossing. They had never been there before, and they must be guided. For that reason Joshua utters the words of my text, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." And the subordinate officers at the head of the regiments repeated it, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

What was truthfully said of the ancient Israelites may be truthfully said of us. We are making our first and last journey through this world. It is possible, as some of my good friends believe, that this world will be corrected and improved and purified and floralized and emparadised as to climate and soil and character until it shall become a heaven for the ransomed, but I do not think it. I have an idea that heaven is already built somewhere. Our departed friends could not wait until this world is fixed up for saintly and angelic residence. Having once gone out of the world, I do not think we will come back, except as ministering spirits to help those who remain in the earthly struggle or perhaps to look at the grandiose spectacle of a burning planet.

But, leaving that theory aside, we are very sure that we are for the first time walking the earthly pilgrimage. "Ye have not passed this way before." Every minute is a new minute, every hour a new hour, every century a new century. Other folks have gone over the same road we are traveling, but it is our first trip. New appearances, new temptations, new sorrows, new joys—that is the reason so many lose their way. They meet some one on the road of life and ask for direction, and wrong direction is given. We have all been perplexed by misdirection after asking the way to some place we wished to visit. Some one said to us, "Take the first road to the right and, having gone a mile on that road, take the first road on the left, and you will soon reach your destination." We took the advice, but our informer forgot to turn in the road or forgot one of the roads leading to the left, and we took the wrong road and were lost in the woods, and night came on, and we were put to great irritation and trouble.

The fact is, I blame no one for making lifetime mistakes. I pity them instead of blaming them. There are so many wrong roads, but only one right one. You cannot in mid-life draw upon your youthful experiments for wisdom, for midlife is so entirely different from youth. You cannot in old age draw upon midlife experiences, for the two stages of existence are so diverse. What is wisdom for one man to do would be folly for another to undertake. A man of nerve and pluck is not qualified to advise a man timid and shrinking. An achievement that would be easy for you might be impossible for another. Human advice is ordinarily of little value. People review their own successes or failures and then tell us what is best for us to do, not realizing that our circumstances are different, our temperament is different, our physical and mental and moral capacities are different. Most of the great mistakes that have been made have been made under such misadvice.

So, also, it may be said to every nation. "Ye have not passed this way before." The American republic is going through its own experiences. Could we go back twenty years ago have we had a different condition? It is a question that every citizen has asked himself. So problems made under such conditions in this country have come from now to turn out for the future as the

prophecies made fifty years ago by the greatest of American statesmen when he declared on yonder capital hill that it was unwise to think of civilization or prosperity on the other side of the Rocky mountains, and according to his belief the Pacific coast would be the perpetual abode of barbarians and mountain lions, and we must not think of annexing those forbidding regions.

Ye, our entire world is on a new pathway. It may be swinging in the same old orbit as when, by the hand of the Almighty immensity was sprinkled with words, but it has been rocked with earthquakes and scorched with volcanic fires and whelmed with tidal waves and wrought upon by climatic changes—cities sunk, and islands lifted, and mountains avalanched into valleys. So it is another world than that which was first started in the solar system. Yet it is all the time changing and will keep changing until the hour of its demolition. Of this beautiful world, this lustrous world, this glorious world, it may be said, "Ye have not passed this way before."

What is the practical use of this subject? Instead of putting so much stress upon human advice and instead of asking of the past what we ought to do, follow the divine leading as the men of Joshua followed the golden lidded chest of acacia, which was the symbol of the divine presence. Not human, but divine, leadership, Joshua, not consulting with his colonels and lieutenants, but consulting with God—the God of individuals, the God of nations, the God of worlds.

That three-quarters of a mile distance between the ark or sacred box and the front column of Joshua's troops might impress me. It was a forceful way of teaching reverence for the Almighty. They needed to learn that lesson of reverence as we all need to learn it. Irreverence has cursed all nations, and none more than our own. Irreverence in the use of God's name. Hear you it not on the streets and in social groups, and is not a profane word sometimes thought necessary to point jocosity? Irreverence for the Scriptures, the phraseology of the Bible often introduced into the most frivolous conversation and made mirth provoking. Irreverence for the oath in courtroom or custom-house or legislative hall by its administration. Irreverence for the holy Sabbath by the way it is broken in pleasure excursion and carousal. Irreverence on the part of children for their parents, insolence being substituted for obedience. Irreverence for rulers, which induces vice cartoons and assassination. Irreverence in church during prayer, cursing of song and sermon by loud, artistic or literary criticism, and in prayer time either bowing the head or bending the knee nor standing as one does in the presence of an earthly ruler, thus showing more respect for a man than to the King of kings. We ask not for resolutions or circumlocutions or prostrations, but when prayer is offered let us either bow the head or bend the knee or let us in some way prove that we are not indifferent. In how many places have presumption and foolhardiness taken the place of reverence! That three-quarters of a mile between the chest of acacia covered with gold and mounted with wings—a symbol of the divine presence—and the marching regiments of Joshua suggest a reverence that is woefully lacking in social life, in legislative hall and religious assemblage. A farmer went to the wheat-field, taking his son with him. The child said, "These stalks that stand straight up must have the best grain. Those stalks that bend over cannot be worth anything." Then the father broke off two of the tops of the stalks and said, "Child, that one that bends clear over has the best soil."

But though Joshua's host observed the three-quarters of a mile command, they followed the ark and you will do well to follow the divine leading, as the path you tread now has not yet been trodden. "Ye have not passed this way before." Many of you are suffering from just such annoyances as have not occurred in all your history. There have been meannesses practised upon you or you have received slights or you are the subject of misinterpretations or you are in the midst of sore disappointments or there are demands made upon your strength and time more than you can meet or some physical ailment is laying siege to your castle of health or you are under embarrassments that you cannot mention even to nearest friends. You say: "Well, I never saw anything like this. I never expected such treatment as this. I never thought it possible to be placed in such circumstances." And when you say all that you are only translating the words of the text into your own phraseology. If you had suffered something like this before, you would have known what to do, but here is a flank movement for which you are not ready.

As you have had no experience of this kind upon which to draw for wisdom and as you cannot fully state all the circumstances to any human ear, go to God and tell Him all about it. He knows already, but it will relieve you and help you if you tell Him. That is what he has been doing ever since the world got into trouble by disobedient behavior on the banks of the Euphrates. If in the first chapter of the Bible we see the gate through which the woes of the world entered, in the third chapter of the Bible we see the opening of the gate through which they are to be driven out. Promises by the scores and hundreds and thousands. Sacrificial lambs foretelling the Lamb of God. Rock stricken into gushing floods, typical of the fact that the world's thirst is going to be slaked. Pillar of fire hoisted above wilderness march. Star of hope over birthplace in a barn. Sepulchers rent open. Trumpets of deliverance sounded. All heaven to take part in the rescue of our plan-

et. The Infinite God listening with an ear in which a whisper 10,000 miles away is as audible as thunder.

We talk about the great discoveries of the age, the electric power, the steam power, the telescopic and microscopic power, but do not say anything about the discoveries we all make year by year and day by day. There are surprises all the time. It is a new road we are traveling. "Ye have not passed this way before."

But closely allied is the other fact which we hinted at in the opening—that we will not pass this way again. This is our only opportunity for doing certain things that ought to be done. On all sides there are griefs that we ought to solace, hunger we ought to feed, cold that we ought to warm, kind words that we ought to speak, generous deeds that we ought to perform. All that you and I do toward making this world better and happier we must do very soon or never do at all. Joshua and his troops never came back over the way they were marching toward the crossing of the Jordan. The impress of the sandal or the bare feet of each soldier showed in what direction he was going, but never did the impress of the sandal of any one of them show that he had returned. We are all facing eternity to come. There is no retreat. Alertness and fidelity would not be so important if we could truthfully say: "I will be back here again. The things I neglect now I will do the next time I come. I will be reincarnated, and I will resume my earthly obligations. Having then more knowledge than I have now, I will discharge my earthly duties better than I can now discharge them. I do not give solemn farewell to these obligations and opportunities, but a smiling and cheery goodbye until I see them again." No, we cannot say that. There will be no new and corrected edition of the volume of earthly life. After we make exit from the stage at the close of the fifth act we cannot re-enter. How many millions of people have lived and died I know not, but of all the human race who have gone only seven persons that I now think of have returned, the son of the widow of Zarephath, the young man of Nain, the ruler's daughter, Tabitha, Eutychus, Lazarus and Christ. Among all the ages to come I do not suppose there will be one more who will return to this life, having once left it.

At this point I ask you to notice the fact that my text does not call attention to the crossing of the Jordan, but to the way leading thereto. We all think much of our crossing of the Jordan when the march of our life is ended, but put too little emphasis on the way that leads to the crossing. What you and I need most to care about is the direction of the road we are traveling. We need have no fear of the crossing if we come to it in the right way. In other words, we need not care about death if our life has been what it ought to be. We will die right if we live right. That was a glorious thing that Montmorency, constable of France, said when dying from his wounds in battle. Some one standing by advised him to show the same courage in dying that he had shown during his lifetime. To this he replied, "Gentlemen and fellow soldiers, I thank you all very kindly for your anxious care and concern about me, but the man who has been enabled to endeavor to live well for four score years past can never need to seek now how to die well for a quarter of an hour."

What an absurdity it would have been for Joshua and his men to have asked each other questions like these: "How can we cross the Jordan if we get there? Will not the water be too deep to allow us to wade? Will we not all be so saturated that we may lose our lives by exposure? How many of us can swim? Had we not better wait until the annual freshet has subsided?" No such folly did they commit. They were chiefly anxious about the way that they had "not passed before" and were ignorant of and to keep their eyes on the golden covered acacia box, was mounted, which was the ark of the covenant.

O hearer, stop bothering about your exit from sublunary scenes! By the grace of God get your heart right and then go ahead. If the Lord takes care of you clear on to the bank on this side of the river, I think you can trust him to take you from bank to bank, from the willows on this side the stream to the palms on the other side, from the last kiss of sorrowing ones on this side to the welcome, saintly cherubic, seraphic, defric on the other side. Keep your eye on the ark, and, whatever betides, you will go through all right.

One Easter morning Massena, the marshal of France, appeared with 18,000 armed men on the heights above the town of Feldkirch. There were no arms to defend the town, and the inhabitants were wild with terror. Then the old dean of the church cried out: "My brothers, this is Easter Day! We have been depending on our own strength, and that fails. Let us turn to God. Ring the bells and have service as usual." Then the bells rang out sweetly and mightily from the church towers of Feldkirch, and the people thronged to the houses of prayer for worship. The sound of the bells made the enemy think that the Austrian army had come in to save the place, and Massena and his 18,000 soldiers retreated. By the time the bells had stopped ringing there was not one soldier in sight. So put your trust in God, and when hosts of troubles and temptations march for your overthrow ring all the bells of hope and faith and Christian triumph, and the threatening perils of your life will fall back, and your deliverance will be celebrated all up and down the skies. The God who led you through the way you never passed before will be with you at the crossings.

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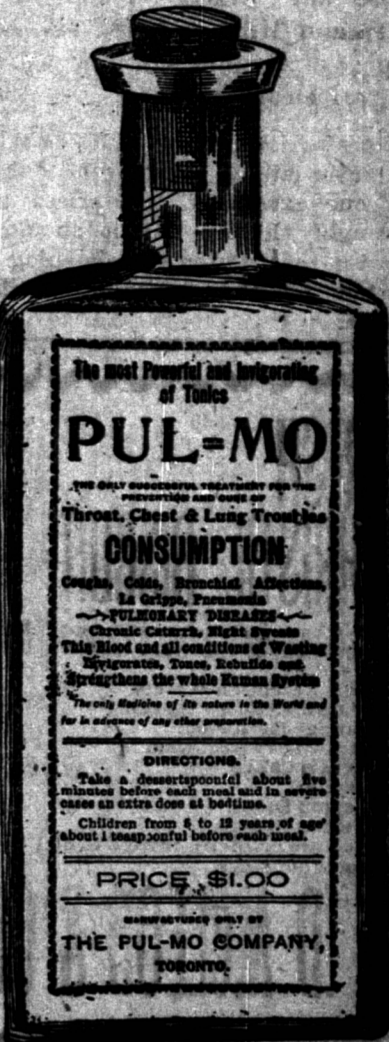
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