

A LESSON OF HOPE.

Dr. Talmage Would Lift People Out of Despondency.

Shows Some of the Future Joy Which May Be the Portion of Everybody—Assurance from Heaven.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage would lift people out of despondency and bring something of future joy into earthly depression. The text is Hebrews 6:19, "Which hope."

There is an Atlantic ocean of depth and fullness in the verse from which my text is taken, and I only wade into the wave at the beach and take two words. We all have favorite words expressive of delight or abhorrence, words that easily find their way from brain to lip, words that have in them mornings and midnights, laughter and tears, thunderbolts and dewdrops. In all the lexicons and vocabularies there are few words that have for me the attractions of the last word of my text: "Which hope."

There have in the course of our life been many angels of God that have looked over our shoulders, or met us on the road, or charmed the darkness away, or lifted the curtains of the great future, or pulled us back from the precipices, or rolled down upon us the rapturous music of the heavens, but there is one of these angels who has done so much for us that we wish throughout all time and all eternity to celebrate it—the angel of Hope. St. Paul makes it the center of a group of three, saying: "Now abideth faith, hope, charity." And, though he says that charity is the greatest of the three, he does not take one plume from the wing, or one ray of luster from the brow, or one aurora from the cheek, or one melody from the voice of the angel of my text: "Which hope."

That was a great night for our world when in a Bethlehem caravanary the Infant Royal was born, and that will be a great night in the darkness of your soul when Christian hope is born. There will be chanting in the skies and a star pointing to the nativity. I will not bother you with the husk of a definition and tell you what hope is. When we sit down hungry at a table, we do not want an analytical discourse as to what bread is. Hand it on; pass it round; give us a slice of it. John speaks of hope as a "pure hope." Peter calls it a "lively hope." Paul styles it a "good hope," a "sure hope," a "rejoicing hope." All up and down the Bible it is spoken of as an anchor, as a harbor, as a helmet, as a door. When we draw a check on a bank, we must have reference to the amount of money we have deposited, but Hope makes a draft on a bank in which for her benefit all Heaven has been deposited. Hope! May it light up every dungeon, stand by every sickbed, lend a helping hand to every orphanage, loosen every chain, carry every forlorn soul and turn the unlighted room of the almshouse into the vestibule of heaven! How suggestive that mythology declares that when all other deities fled the earth the goddess Hope remained!

It was hope that revived John Knox when on shipboard near the coast of Scotland he was fearfully ill, and he was requested to look shoreward and asked if he knew the village near the coast, and he answered: "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory, and I am fully persuaded how weak that ever I now appear I shall not depart this life till my tongue shall glorify His holy name in the same place." His hope was rewarded, and for 25 more years he preached. That is the hope which sustained Mr. Morrell, of Norwich, when departing this life at 24 years of age he declared: "I should like to understand the secrets of eternity before to-morrow morning." That was the kind of hope that the corporal had in the battle when, after several standard bearers had fallen, he seized the flag and turned to a lieutenant colonel and said: "If I fall, tell my dear wife that I die with a good hope in Christ and that I am glad to give my life for my country." That was the good hope that Dr. Goodwin had in his last hour when he said: "Ah, is this death? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend!"

Philippe de Mornay, prime minister of Henry IV., when asked in his last hours whether he was certain of eternal felicity, replied: "I am as confident of it from the inconstancy of the spirit of God as ever I was of any mathematical truth from all the demonstrations of Euclid." That was the hope that cheered Varra, the converted native of the island of Almeo, when he said in his last moment: "The canoe is on the sea; sails are spread; she is ready for the gale. I have a good pilot to guide me and a good haven to receive me."

No better medicine did a man ever take than hope. It is a stimulant, a febrifuge, a tonic, a cathartic. Thousands of people long ago departed this life would have been living today but for the reason they let hope slip their grasp. I have known people to live on hope after one lung was gone and disease had seemed to lay hold of every nerve and muscle and artery and bone.

Alexander the Great, starting for the wars in Persia, divided his property among the Macedonians. He gave a village to one, a port to another, a field to another and all his

estate to his friends. Then Perdiccas asked: "What have you kept for yourself?" He answered triumphantly, "Hope." And, whatever else you and I give away, we must keep for ourselves hope—all comforting, all cheering hope. In the heart of every man, woman and child that hears or reads this sermon may God implant this principle right now.

Is your health gone? Then that is a sign that you are to enjoy a celestial health compared with which the most joyous and hilarious vitality of earth is invalidism. Are your fortunes spent? Remember you are to be kings and queens unto God and how much more wealth you will have when you reign forever and ever. I want to see you when you get your heavenly work dress on. This little bit of a speck of a world we call the earth is only the place where we get ready to work. We are only journey-men here, but will be master workmen there. Heaven will have no loafers hanging around. The book says of the inhabitants: "They rest not day or night." Why rest when they work without fatigue? Why seek a pillow when there is no night there? I want to see you after the pedestrianism of earth has been exchanged for powers of flight and velocities infinite and enterprises interstellar, interworld.

I suspect that the telescope of that observatory brings in sight constellations that may comprise ruined worlds which need looking after and need help saintly and missionary. There may be worlds that, like ours, have sinned and need to be rescued, perhaps saved by our Christ or by some plan that God has sought out for other worlds as wise, as potent, as lovely, as the atonement is for our world. The laziness which has cursed us in this world will not gain the land of eternal activities—so much tonic in the air, so much inspiration in the society, so much achievement after we get the shackles of the flesh forever off. Do not dwell so much on opportunities past, but put your emphasis on opportunities to come. Do not count the battles lost, but secure your musket for victories to come.

Am I not right in saying that eternity can do more for us than can time? What will we not be able to do when our powers of locomotion shall be quickened into the immortal spirit's speed? Why should a bird have a swiftness of wing when it is of no importance how long it shall take to make its aerial way from forest to forest, and we, who have so much more important errands in the world, get on so slowly? The roebuck outruns us, the hounds are quicker in the chase, but wait until God lets us loose from all limitations and hindrances. Then we will fairly begin. The starting post will be the tombstone. Leaving the world will be graduation day before the chief work of our mental and spiritual career. Hope sees the doors opening, the victor's foot in stirrup for the mounting. The day breaks—first flush of the horizon. The mission of hope will be an everlasting mission, as much of it in the heavenly hereafter as in the earthly now. Shall we have gained all as soon as we enter realms celestial—nothing more to learn, no other heights to climb, no new anthems to raise, a monotony of existence, the same thing over and over again for endless years? Not more progress in that world than we ever made in this. Hope will stand on the hills of Heaven and look for ever brightening landscapes, other transfigurations of color, new glories rolling over the scene, new celebrations of victories in other worlds, Heaven rising into grander heavens, seas of glass mingled with fire, becoming a more brilliant glass mingling with a more flaming fire. "Which hope?"

Do not have anything to do with the gloom that Harriet Martineau expressed in her dying words: "I have no reason to believe in another world. I have had enough of life in me and can see no good reason why Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated." Would you not rather have the Christian enthusiasm of Robert Annan, who, when some one said: "I will be satisfied if I manage somehow to get into Heaven," replied, pointing to a sunken vessel that was being dragged up the River Tay: "Would you like to be pulled into Heaven with two tugs like that vessel yonder? I tell you, I would like to go in with all my sails set and colors flying."

Again, let me introduce the element of hope to those good people who are in despair about the world's moral condition. They have gathered up appalling statistics. They tell of the number of divorces, but do not take into consideration that there are a thousand happy homes where there is one of marital discord. They tell you of the large number in our land who are living profligate lives, but forget to mention that there are millions of men and women who are doing the best they can. They tell you the number of drunkeries in this country, but fail to mention the thousands of glorious churches with two doors, one door open for all who will enter for pardon and consolation and the other door opening into the Heavens for the ascent of souls prepared for translation.

Those pessimists do not realize that two inventions of our times are going to make it possible under God to bring this whole world into salvable and millennial condition within a few weeks after those two inventions shall be turned into the service of God and righteousness, as they will be. I refer to the telegraph and the telephone. If you think that God allowed those two inventions to be made merely to get rapid information concerning the price of railroad stocks or to call up a friend and make with him a business engagement, you have a very abbreviated

idea of what can be done and will be done with those two instruments. The intelligence of the world is to be expanded, and civilization will overcome barbarism, and illiteracy will be literally fulfilled: "A nation born in a day."

Let Hope say to the foreboding: Do all you can with Bible and spelling book and philosophic apparatus, but toil with the sunlight in your faces or your efforts will be a failure. The pallor in the sky is not another phase of the night, but the first sign of approaching day, which is sure to come as to-night will be followed with to-morrow. Things are not going to ruin. The Lord's hosts are not going to be drowned in the Red sea of trouble. Miriam's timbrel will play on the high banks "Israel Delivered." High hope for the home! High hope for the church! High hope for the world!

I introduce the angel of Hope to those who have through disease lost Christian friends. "How could I find them," says a bereft soul, "up there in the land of the multitudinous?" You may find them by inquiry, by heavenly escort and by unflinching memory of the guard at the gate. "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven from God, having the glory of God, and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper, clear as crystal, and had a wall great and high, and had 12 gates and at the gates 12 angels. So, you see, there will be an angel guarding each gate. As you go in ask the armed guard. He saw your loved one pass through, and will know the direction to take and by what fountain or in what street of gold is the mansion prepared. The blessed Christ knows where your departed loved one is, and He will tell you if no one else will. Fifty ways of finding out the whereabouts of your ascended one, "but will I surely know Him when I get there, for he will be so changed?" Yes, for you will be just as much changed, and the old affinity will assert itself. The soul will be as easily distinguished by soul there as on earth the body is distinguished by the body.

Open that closed instrument of music in your parlor that has not been played on since the hand of the departed player forgot its cunning. Put up before you on the music board the notes of the hymn of Isaac Watts and sing "There is a Land of Pure Delight" or James Montgomery's hymn, "Who Are These In Bright Array?" or Fillemore Bennett's "Sweet Bye and Bye" or "Jerusalem the Golden." Take some tune in the major key—"Arie!" or "Mount Pisgah." While you play and sing the angel of Hope will stand by you and turn the leaves and join in the rapturous rendering. Reunion with the loved and lost! Everlasting reunion! No farewell at the door of any mansion! No good-by at any of the 12 gates! No more dark apparel of mourning, but white robe of exaltation! Now hop is on its knees, with face uplifted, but Hope there will be on tiptoe or beckoning you to follow, saying: "Come and hear the choir sing! Come and see the procession march! Come and see the river of life roll. Come with me over the hills that rise into everlasting heights." Celestial Alps and Himalayas hoisted into other Alps and Himalayas!

From this hour cultivate hope. Do so by reading all the Scriptural promises of the world's coming Edenization and doubt if you dare the veracity of the Almighty when He says He will make the desert rosinate, and the leopard and the kid will lie down in the same pasture field, and the lion, ceasing to be carnivorous, will become graminivorous, eating "straw like an ox," and reptilian venom shall change into harmlessness, so that the "weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." So much for the world at large.

Then cultivate hope in regard to your own health, your own financial prosperity, your own longevity, by seeing how in other people God mercifully reverses things and brings to pass the unexpected, remembering that Washington lost more battles than he gained, but triumphed at the last, and, further, by making sure of your eternal safety through Christ Jesus, understand that you are on the way to palaces and thrones. This life is a span long, ending in durations of bliss that neither human nor archangelic faculties can measure or estimate—redolence of a springtime that never ends and fountains tossing in the light of a sun that never sets. May God thrill us with anticipation of this immortal glee! "Which hope?"

I said in the opening of this subject that my text was only the wave on the beach, while the whole verse from which it is taken is an ocean. But the ocean tides are coming in, and the sea is getting so deep I must fall back, wading out as I waded in, for what mortal can stand before the mighty surges of the full tide of eternal gladness? "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard; neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Preacher Had Good Luck. Rev. Mr. Babcock, of Converse, Ind., whose wife had been blind for ten years, brought her to a specialist in Kokomo for treatment. He left her there for a few days, but on his return his wife was absent. He went to an auction sale of lots in the suburbs, in which one lot was given free. Mr. Babcock won the free lot. When he went back to the doctor's home he joyfully learned that his wife's sight had been completely restored.

FOR RURAL FREE DELIVERY

Some Final Instructions of Importance to the Patrons of the Route to Start December 2

The REGISTER has from time to time printed information as secured for the guidance of the patrons of the rural mail routes to be established here December 2. A final batch of important instructions has been received by Postmaster Henderson and a summary of them is given below.

Official authorization is given the Postmaster to start three routes out of Iola Monday, December 2. George L. Jones, J. W. Johnson and Ben F. Wright are the carriers at \$500 a year including horse hire, and O. L. Williams is substitute carrier.

Route Number 1 is as follows: Starting at post office, west 4 1/2 miles to Green's corner; north 1; west 1; north 1 1/2 to Jones's corner; west 1; south 2 1/2; east 1 to Eldridge corner; south 1 west 1 to Arnold's corner; south 1 east 2; north 1 to Bliss corner; east 1; south 1; east 1 to Butler's corner; north 2; east 2 1/2 to post office. Length of route 24 1/2 miles, area covered 30 square miles, 110 houses on route, population served 550. George L. Jones, carrier.

Route number 2 is as follows: Starting at post office east 1/2 mile; north 1; east 1; north 1; west 1; north 1 to Powell's corner; south 6 to Hall's corner; east 1 1/2; south 2 1/2; east 1; south 1/2; east 1 to post office; Length 24 1/2 miles; area 35 square miles; number houses 96; population 480. Ben F. Wright, carrier.

Route Number 3 is as follows: Starting at post office west 1/2 mile; north 1; east 1; north 1; west 1; west 2 to Powell's corner; south 6 to Hall's corner; east 1 1/2; south 2 1/2; east 1; south 1/2; east 1 to post office; Length 24 1/2 miles; area 35 square miles; number houses 96; population 480. Ben F. Wright, carrier.

Some important rulings: Star route has now in use Iola via Allendale to Wise will be discontinued and the post office at Allendale discontinued. Carrier No. 2 will take a closed pouch to and from the post office at Wise.

No change will be made in the routes as above established. All routes must be equipped with improved boxes and postmaster must report failures to comply with this order.

Carrier shall leave on their routes immediately after the arrival of the morning mail and return, as quickly as possible.

Carriers must make the trip every day in the year except Sunday, either in person or by substitute.

Stamped envelopes may be obtained with return card printed thereon as follows: "If not called for in—days, return to—Post office, Rural Route No.—." Carriers must not act as agents, salesmen or solicitors for express companies, letter-box manufacturers, whole sale houses, corporations (or firms or engage in any business) which interferes with the proper performance of their duties. They may act as news agents, sell papers, on their own account and accept and collect subscriptions. This order does not prohibit carriers performing private commissions to accommodate patrons so long as their doing so does not interfere with regular and prompt performance of duties.

General instructions are given to the postmaster as follows: You must see that the carriers leave promptly and return their collections promptly, reporting all delinquencies to the department. None but bonded carriers or substitutes must be trusted with the mails. Boxes used must not only protect the mail from the weather but from malicious depredations. Mail will not be delivered to any persons who have not put up such a box. Carriers will keep account and report number of pieces of mail handled. They will carry postage stamps, cards, stamped envelopes and money order blanks, and patrons may entrust to carriers addressed and stamped envelopes in which the carrier will enclose money orders to be used only at the post office. Postage on drop letters on rural routes will be two cents. Carriers must cancel all stamps on letters collected by them, whether for delivery on the route or at the office. No change is made in rates on papers or any other second class matter. The carrier will immediately furnish this office with the names of heads of families and number in family; of all families on his route.

Badges will be supplied carriers and worn on their caps while on duty. The badges contain the carrier's number and the substitute must wear it when on duty.

The department will not pay for carting or erecting boxes or posts.

A new feature will be started December 2 in rural delivery affairs, in the way of registering mail matter. This has not been done before. The carrier will have a receipt book and

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now since taking Cascarets I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."



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If the parcel is properly addressed and stamped and does not conflict with postoffice regulations the carrier will take it, collect the registering fee, give the sender a receipt and start it on its way. In case of error the parcel may be returned and for correction, either of address or amount collected. When a registered package is delivered to a patron his receipt will be taken by the carrier. The carrier has full instructions of the requirements and will give them on application.

Rural delivery is still an experiment in a sense and in order to make the routes in Allen county a success patrons and carriers must work together helping each other until the system is thoroughly in working order and fully understood. It has been found to be a great blessing elsewhere and if patrons show a willingness to comply with the government's rules it will prove so here. The carrier nor the post master do not make the rules. They are ordered to compel obedience to a lot of fixed rules. So don't cuss the carrier for an autocrat. Ask him about the rule and comply or hold a dignified silence.

A Good Offer.

This is the important season of the year for the reading farmer—the man who succeeds in his business. Now is the season when the year's business is summed up; when the great shows and sales of live stock are held; when farmers' institutes and boards of agriculture are in session; when the farm paper takes the place of what the active farmer has missed getting in his younger days at the agricultural colleges; when each farm in the West becomes, through his farm paper, an experiment station to him; when the experiences of others are brought together in the paper for his profit and without expense. Now is the time when the wide-awake farmer can read and think, and upon his reading and thinking will depend his success. The "old reliable" Kansas Farmer is full of good reading and abundant food for thought, and we are now able to offer it to our readers at club rates with the Weekly REGISTER for \$2.00 for both papers. This is vastly cheaper than being without it and it will show profits in next season's crops. Try it and see.

More Smelter Trust News.

The following from the Joplin News-Herald, concerning the two gentlemen from New York who visited here last week, will be of interest: "August Heckscher and W. P. Herdenbergh, of New York, J. H. Troutman, of Denver, Colo., and W. C. Wetherill, of Canon City, Colo., spent last week in Joplin looking after the interests of the New Jersey Zinc company, which now controls what is left of the property of the old Empire company in this city and vicinity. The company owns several hundred acres of mining land in Jasper and Newton counties and the visitors spent several days driving out to the various places, with a view, it is said, of soon beginning operations for a more thorough system of development. Mr. Troutman returned to Denver Saturday. Messrs. Heckscher and Herdenbergh left for the east yesterday morning, stopping at Wentworth to inspect properties in that camp. As the visitors were extremely reticent during their visit here their real object was not made known. It is said that the New Jersey company is one of the promoters of the proposed zinc trust and it is believed that one of the purposes of the trip west by the company's officials is to look over the ground to ascertain the feeling of the western smelters. The party came to Joplin from Iola, Kansas."

And it might be added that there are a good many little signs about the factories which indicate that the question is not settled as to whether the combination is formed or not. Improvements are being pushed to completion and it looks as if the final decision would be reached in the near future.

Great Luck Of An Editor

"For two years all efforts to cure Eczema in the palms of my hands failed," writes Editor H. N. Lester, of Syracuse, Kan., "then I was wholly cured by Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's the world's best for Eruptions, Sores and all skin diseases. Only 25c at Evans Bros.

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