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DEPARTED VOICES CALL.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SERMON AT LAKESIDE, O.

The Influence of Empty Chairs—Father's, Mother's, Baby's: All Urge the Living to Lead Better and Nobler Lives—A Powerful Appeal.

LAKESIDE, O., July 19.—For many years people have gathered in multitudes at this season of the year for a great outdoor assembly. The grounds are a short sail from Sandusky. The place beautiful beyond description. Dr. Talmage preached this morning to this delightful place to a vast multitude. His subject was the "Vacant Chair," and his text, I Samuel xx. 18, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Set on the table the cutlery and the chased silverware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner to-day. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a king's banquet they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, perhaps audibly, "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior? I invited him. I expected him. What! a vacant chair at the king's banquet?"

The fact was that David, the warrior, had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before Jonathan had coaxed David to go and occupy that place at the table, saying to David in the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. You remember who bought it and who admired it. And that hymn book—you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle—you remember who rocked it. And that Bible—you remember who read out of it. And that bed—you remember who slept in it. And that room—you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty voiced as the vacant chair.

I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there was a great clatter of wine pitchers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table. Millions have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adams' vacant chair in the house of representatives, and at Henry Wilson's vacant chair in the vice presidency, and at Henry Clay's vacant chair in the American senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor castle, and at Thiers' vacant chair in the councils of the French nation; but all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chairs in your own household. Have these chairs any lessons for us to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

First I point out to you the father's vacant chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They somehow feel more at home, and sometimes when you are in their place and they come into the room, you jump up suddenly and say, "Here, father, here's your chair." The probability is, it is an armchair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. His hair is a little frosty, his gums a little depressed, for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps a cane chair and old fashioned apparel, for though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsense. Grandfather never had much admiration for new fangled notions. I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation; an aged man was at the table, and the son was presiding, and the father somewhat abruptly addressed the son and said, "My son, don't now try to show off because the minister is here!"

Your father never liked any new customs or manners; he preferred the old way of doing things, and he never looked so happy as when with his eyes closed he sat in the armchair in the corner. From the wrinkled brow to the tip of the slippers, what placidity! The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes told the same story twice; but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not get very much in the way. Sometimes the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poorhouse, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grave.

A SACRED PLACE.

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good night kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace, and in the throne room, the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It was a beautiful chair, but the most significant part of it was the letter "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced? Speak out! old armchair.

History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games; and when they came back, these three sons, with their garlands, put them on their father's brow, and the old man was so rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And are you, O man, going to bring a wreath of joy and Christian usefulness and put it on your father's brow, or on the vacant chair, or on the memory of one departed? Speak out, old armchair! With reference to your father, the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

MOTHER'S CHAIR.

I go a little further on in your house and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Ah! what a chair that was. It was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how. I cannot tell, but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick days of children other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake—kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined.

That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grog shop to get the intoxicating draft, did you not hear a voice that said, "My son, why go in there?" And louder than the boisterous encore of the place of sinful amusement, a voice saying, "My son, what do you do here?" And when you went into the house of abandonment, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" And you were provoked with yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What! a prayerless pillow! Man! what is the matter?" This, You are too near your mother's rocking chair.

"Oh, pshaw!" you say. "There's nothing in that; I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born; I'm three thousand miles off from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that; you are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that; that chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that; it is all the mightier for that; it is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers, it speaks, it weeps, it carols, it mourns, it prays, it warns, it thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and he cried out: "Oh, mother! mother! what your life could not do your death shall effect. This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother, the words of my text were fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

AN INVALID'S USEFULNESS.

I go on a little further, and I come to the invalid's chair. What! How long have you been sick? "Oh, I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." Is it possible? What a story of endurance! There are in many of the families of my congregation these invalids' chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world, but that invalid's chair is the mighty pulpit from which they have been preaching, all these years, trust in God. The first time I preached here at Lakeside, Ohio, amid the throngs present there was nothing that so much impressed me as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her afterward, "Madam, how long have you been prostrated?" for she was lying flat in the chair. "Oh," she replied, "I have been this way fifteen years." I said, "Do you suffer very much?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I suffer very much. I suffer all the time. Part of the time I was blind. I always suffer." "Well," I said, "can you keep your courage up?" "Oh, yes," she said. "I am happy, very happy, indeed." Her face showed it. She looked the happiest of any one on the ground.

Oh, what a means of grace to the world, these invalid chairs. On that field of human suffering the grace of God gets its victory. Edward Payson, the invalid, and Richard Baxter, the invalid, and Robert Hall, the invalid, and the ten thousand of whom the world has never heard, but of whom all heaven is cognizant. The most conspicuous thing on earth for God's eye and the eye of angels to rest on is not a throne of earthly power, but it is the invalid's chair. Oh! these men and women who are always suffering but never complaining—these victims of spinal disease and neuralgic torture and rheumatic excruciation will answer to the roll call of the martyrs and rise to the martyr's throne and will wave the martyr's palm.

But when one of these invalids' chairs becomes vacant, how suggestive it is! No more bolstering up of the weary head. No more changing from side to side to get an easy position. No more use of the bandage, and the cataplasm, and the prescription. That invalid's chair may be folded up, or taken apart, or set away, but it will never lose its queenly power; it will always preach of trust in God and cheerful submission. Suffering all ended now. With respect to that invalid the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

BABY'S PLACE.

I pass on and I find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied I think it is the most potent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate, it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldliness of the place and keeps you young to sixty, seventy and eighty years of age! If you have no child of your own, adopt one; it will open heaven to your soul. It will pay its way. Its crowing in the morning will give the day a cheerful starting, and its glee at night will give the day a cheerful close. You do not like children? Then you had better stay out of heaven, for there are so many there they would fairly make you crazy! Only about five hundred millions of them! The old crusty Pharisees told the mothers to keep the children away from Christ. "You bother him," they said; "you trouble the Master." Trouble him! He has filled heaven with that kind of trouble.

A pioneer in California says that, for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada county, there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. But the Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together, and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration and poem and a boisterous brass band, and while the band was playing an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes on the eastern coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with homesickness as they heard the babe cry.

But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist and said, "Stop that noisy band and give the baby a chance." Oh, there was pathos in it, as well as good cheer in it. There is nothing to arouse and melt and subdue the soul like a child's voice. But when it goes away from you the high chair becomes a higher chair, and there is desolation all about you.

In three-fourths of the homes of this congregation there is a vacant high chair. Somehow you never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night; no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high chair? It is to call you higher. What a drawing upward it is to have children in heaven! And then it is such a preventive against sin. If a father is going away into sin he leaves his living children with their mother; but if a father is going away into sin what is he going to do with his dead children floating about him and hovering over his every wayward step? Oh, speak out, vacant high chair, and say: "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldliness. I am watching you. I am waiting for you." With respect to your child, the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

DEPARTED VOICES

My hearers, I have gathered up the voices of your departed friends and tried to intone them into one invitation upward. I set in array all the vacant chairs of your homes and of your social circle, and I bid them cry out this morning: "Time is short. Eternity is near. Take my Saviour. Be at peace with my God. Come up where I am. We lived together on earth, come let us live together in heaven." We answer that invitation. We come. Keep a seat for us, as Saul kept a seat for David, but that seat shall not be empty. And oh, when we are all through with this world and we have shaken hands all around for the last time, and all our chairs in the home circle and in the outside world shall be vacant, may we be worshiping God in that place from which we shall go out no more for ever. I thank God there will be no vacant chairs in heaven.

There we shall meet again, and talk over our earthly heartbreaks. How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn out never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid room in the midnight—alone.

Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the east they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would today bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne. Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike in on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

Nine Rules for Bathers.

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration.

Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if after having been a short time in the water it causes a sense of chilliness and numbness of the hands and feet.

Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water.

Don't remain too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak would better bathe two or three hours after a meal—the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast.

Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Warm Weather Don'ts.

Don't suppose that you can cool off the atmosphere by transforming your stomach into a refrigerator. When you consider how small your stomach is in comparison with the atmosphere, you must see the inutility of the undertaking.

Don't lay too much stress on the fan. It is a question whether or not the exertion required to vibrate the fan does not heat the blood more than the breeze produced by the fan cools it. Especially when you are at the theater or other places of public assembly, don't use your fan unless you have a spite against the person immediately in front of you, and you are moved to present him or her with what is commonly known as a stiff neck.

Don't throw open the window when you enter the steam car in a heated condition unless you are anxious to help the practice of some physicians, deserving or otherwise, or unless you have a feeling that the person in the seat behind is peculiarly sensitive to drafts.—Boston Transcript.

Returned Forty Years After.

There has arrived at Memel, a seaport town of Prussia, a bent, white haired and careworn man whose coming produced a great sensation. He was Gustav Gebhardt, who forty years ago was a butcher in Memel, and was accused of having committed a double murder and was condemned to death. On the morning set for the execution his cell was found empty and he could never be tracked.

After some years a respectable citizen, when on the point of death, confessed to his pastor that he was the murderer, and not Gebhardt. Advertisements of this news were inserted in native and foreign papers, summoning Gebhardt to return to Memel, but nothing was heard of him. At last, however, the facts reached his ear and he returned to his home.—Exchange.

Two Edged Advice.

"Humph! Gay weather reports these. This paper says, 'Take your umbrella today,' and the sun is shining brightly."

"That's good advice. You don't want to be sunstruck, do you?"—New York Epoch.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken "sick, and suffered as no one but a "dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time "I was a great sufferer. Every-"thing I ate distressed me so that I "had to throw it up. Then in a "few moments that horrid distress "would come on and I would have "to eat and suffer "again. I took a "little of your medicine, and felt much "better, and after "taking a little more "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I "have never had the first sign of it. "I can eat anything without the "least fear of distress. I wish all "that are afflicted with that terrible "disease or the troubles caused by "it would try August Flower, as I "am satisfied there is no medicine "equal to it."

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Stock Holders Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stock holders of the Gold Mountain and Dry Gulch Consolidated Gold & Silver Mining company will be held at the office of said company in Salem, Oregon, at 2 p. m. Saturday, August 15, 1891, for the purpose of electing (5) five directors for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may properly come before such stock holders meeting.

R. B. CANNON, President.
SETH R. HAMMER, Secretary.
Salem, Ore., July 11, 1891. 7 16 5t

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