

TALMAGE TO HIS FLOCK.

THE REVEREND DOCTOR PREACHES AT THE TABERNACLE.

"As the Hart Panteth After the Water Brooks, So Panteth My Soul After Thee, O God!"—A Sermon Suggested by a Visit to the Adirondacks.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 9.—The great organ, improved and enlarged, rolled out with new power the long meter doxology at the opening of the service in the Brooklyn Tabernacle today. The great auditorium was thronged and overflowing. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., has returned from his summer vacation, during which he has spoken in many parts of the country, and shaken hands, he says, with about a hundred thousand people. He closed his tour by a visit to the Adirondacks in upper New York state, and spending some time among the hunters. This morning he expounded passages illustrative of Solomon's acquaintance with natural history.

His text was, Psalm xli, 1: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." The great preacher said:

David, who must sometime have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says: "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jatted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the deers, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Jacob, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the roe to that of the stag, saying: "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying: "The slothful man rosteeth not that which he took in hunting." But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the door of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, bears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after?" Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wind of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize, plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time, by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But how is the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool water that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

I have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on me. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Talking a few days ago with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a reindeer, I said to the hunter in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister; you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and sniff the breeze and start for the Raquet, or Loon, or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the 'runaway,' with rifle loaded ready to blaze away. My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches are real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheeks glow and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game; its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow strings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horns, used as a restorative, taken from the name of the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, its enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes of sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems done, advancing into other projections of existences, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. It is velocity embodied. Timidity impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle, and bone, and color, and attitude, and locomotion, whether couching in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt shot through the forest, or a living bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper. It is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pads and, with its sharp edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death, the water from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, fly to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know at different times, if not now have had troubles after their sharp muzzled hounds, evil troubles, all devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, you de-

preciated them; or they overreacted you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and sulk and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the laryngitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gospel, and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of harriers. A few days ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters near by: "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered: "A deer hurt him." And I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers, you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you, but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness and the best medicine is religion. I know you play a wretched, only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valentinianism, while others put their trust in God and came up from the very shadow of death, and have lived comfortably twenty-five years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Good Hope. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with its swift feet than with its horns.

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures." "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of divine comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, "he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and drink from the deer shed his horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers; be as wise as, next spring, will be all the reindeer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between Sandy Hook, New York, and Golden Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare: "We have all ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable." Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misadventure, is inscrutable. Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a