

DOVES AT THE WELL.

SERMON PREACHED AT ELMIRA, N. Y., BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Subject Rendered Appropriate by the Fact That They Are Holding an Interstate Fair There—Text of the Sermon, Genesis, xlii, 2.

ELMIRA, Sept. 6.—The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached here today to the immense multitude who have come to attend the New York and Pennsylvania exposition, which is being held here Sept. 1 to Sept. 8. It is a combined exposition of cattle, sheep, horses and valuable stock of all kinds from the two states. The sermon was preached on the fair grounds to a great audience of farmers, horsemen, drovers and stock raisers from near and far, as well as citizens from the adjacent cities. Secretary Stanley, of the Young Men's Christian Association of Elmira, presided. Dr. Talmage's text was Genesis xlii, 2. "And they said, we cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we will water the sheep."

THE HORSE THE KING OF BEASTS. There are some reasons why it is appropriate that I should accept the invitation to preach at this great interstate fair, and to these throngs of countrymen and citizens—horsemen just come from their fine chargers, the king of beasts, for I take the crown from the lion and put it on the brow of the horse, which is in every way nobler—and speak to these shepherds just come from their flocks—the Lord himself in one place called a Shepherd and in another place called a Lamb, and all the good are sheep—and preach to you gentlemen come up from the herds, your occupation honored by the fact that God himself thinks it worthy of immortal record that he owns "the cattle on a thousand hills." It is appropriate that I come, because I was a farmer's boy, and never saw a city until I was nearly grown, and, having been born in the country, I never got over it, and would not dwell in cities a day if my work was not appointed there. My love to you now, and when I get through I will give you my hand, for though I have this summer shaken hands with perhaps forty thousand people in twenty-one states of the Union, all the way through Colorado and north and south, I will not conclude my summer vacation till I have shaken hands with you. You old farmer out there! How you make me think of my father! You elderly woman out there with cap and spectacles! How you make me think of my mother!

And now, while the air of these fair grounds is filled with the bleating of sheep, and the neighing of horses, and the lowing of cattle, I cannot come, because I have a farmer's boy, and never saw a city until I was nearly grown, and, having been born in the country, I never got over it, and would not dwell in cities a day if my work was not appointed there. My love to you now, and when I get through I will give you my hand, for though I have this summer shaken hands with perhaps forty thousand people in twenty-one states of the Union, all the way through Colorado and north and south, I will not conclude my summer vacation till I have shaken hands with you. You old farmer out there! How you make me think of my father! You elderly woman out there with cap and spectacles! How you make me think of my mother!

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A THIRSTY WORLD. Oh, this is a thirsty world! Not for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying drink. We wander around and find the desert empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountain, but nearly nineteen centuries ago a Shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross, and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright, and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong and musical that rang through the ages: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

Now, a great flock of sheep today gather around this Gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty, and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying: "We cannot, until all these flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we will water the sheep."

THE GENTLENESS OF SHEEP. If a herd of wild animals come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when the flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by a bleating—they come together peacefully. We want a great multitude to come around the Gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. Not so did these oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it.

And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the Gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying as to be omitted. When the fall elections come the whole land is secured for voters, and if a man is too weak or sick to walk to the polls a carriage is sent for him; but when the question is whether Christ or the devil shall rule this world, how few there are to come out and seek the sick, and the lost, and the suffering, and the bereft, and the lame and induce their suffrage for the Lord Jesus.

Why not gather a great flock? All America is a flock. All the world is a flock. This well of the Gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the fourteen hundred million of the race. Do not let the church by a spirit of exclusiveness keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations, "Whosoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplanders, out of the snow. Come, Patagonians, out of the heat. Come in furs. Come, panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so now, at this well of salvation Christ our Shepherd will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of his affection, while all heaven will cry out, "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

THE WELL OF SALVATION. You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered; and I find on the well of salvation today impediments and obstacles, which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this Gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry, coming to a town pump, as compared to sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but it must be in an special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where ten thousand sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "O Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet. Give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

Here is another man who is kept back from the water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar, "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified."

If you treat anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made five hundred apologies—yes, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately appeared you. Your health from him, your compassion from him, your children from him, your home from him. All the bright surroundings of your life from him. Oh, man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God who gave you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martyrdom, and feel his warm life trickling on your forehead and cheek and hand, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

Heart of stone, relent, relent. Touched by Jesus' cross subdued: See his body, mangled, rent, Covered with a gore of blood. Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Crucified the Eternal Son.

TAKE THE STONE FROM THE WELL. Jacob, with a good deal of tug and push, took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that today my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up to the Gospel well. Yes, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undimmed longing in your soul. You tried money making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pleasure and voluptuousness, but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life.

There are men here who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy today, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this Gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes and it offers the most unfortunate man as much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus and of all of the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you today. In the far east there was a king who used once a year to get on a scales, while on the other side of the scales were placed gold and silver and gems; indeed, enough there to place the balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ today steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says: "All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity; all are yours." We don't appreciate the promises of the Gospel.

When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him: "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and the old man clasped his hands and in his dying moment said: "That's just the promise I have been waiting for. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promises!

COME ALL YE TROUBLED. Come, also, to this Gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at fifteen years of age with what your view of it is at forty, or sixty, or seventy. What a great contrast of opinion! Were you right then, or are you right now? Two

eyes placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place the cemetery is from what it used to be! Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and ran laughing up the mound, and you criticized in a light way the epitaphs.

But spend the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate as you went in with the procession, it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble, if I could gather all the griefs of all sorts from this great audience and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say, as a Christian man: "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away." "I don't want to have my property back again," you would say. "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out, "Comfort, give us comfort." For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursue of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come.

DISOLUTION OF THE BEREAVED. "Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health, and about their departed friends, and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their soul. Two persons have lived together for forty or fifty years and one of them is taken away, what desolation!

I shall not forget the cry of the late Rev. Dr. De Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and, after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife! The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!" To lean on a prop for fifty years, and then have it break under you! There were only two years' difference between the deaths of my father and mother. After my mother's decease my father used to go around as though looking for something; and he would often get up one room without any reason and go to another room, and then he would take his cane and start out and some one would say, "Father, where are you going?" and he would answer, "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something. Though he was a tender hearted man, I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years living together, it was hard to part.

And there are aged people today who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this Gospel; and I come to them and I offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this Gospel well. Sit down, father or mother, sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come, David, the psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the psalmist; "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright, he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in me." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah; "Down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee."

Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your failing eyesight and failing limbs. You get a little worried for fear sometime you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp at you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? Who do you think the Lord is? Are his granaries empty? Will he feed the raven and the rabbit, and the lion in the desert, and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. And do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say: "I am so near worn-out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not; if you were of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you today than he ever did, because you think more of him. May the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Paul the aged be your God for ever!

GATHER YOUR FLOCKS.

But I gather all the promises today in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined today that no one shall go away uncomfited. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering, as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician's test he touch the wound too roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician.

So I come to your timid and shrinking soul today, and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medicine. But people, lest they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God. De Quincy took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the Gospel.

THE THOUGHT OF HEAVEN.

But some one says, in the audience, "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with

the thought of heaven. However talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence no power on earth can break that taciturnity, but where, oh, Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle showing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In our group, God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael the archangel. Long line of choristers reaching across the hills. Seas of joy dashing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them.

Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well. No stone on the well's mouth while the shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture your children, and standing on the other side of the well of eternal rapture your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to create it.

A Mine of Honey.

Down at Temescal, San Bernardino county, near the famous San Jacinto tin mine, there is a veritable mine of honey. There is a large force of men employed at the tin mine, and they put in their idle time prospecting in the hills of the vicinity. One Sunday half a dozen of the miners applied to Colonel Robinson, the superintendent, for the privilege of using some giant powder and a few tools. He asked them what they wanted to do, and they replied that they had found a honey mine, and proposed to tap it. Laughing, he gave his consent and an order on the storekeeper for the desired articles, and, with a supply of pails and tubs, the men set out on their expedition.

They were gone all day, and along toward sundown a sorry looking procession came over the hill and made its way to the employees' headquarters. They had tapped the mine, there could be no question about that. They were sticky with honey from head to foot. Hair and beard dripped with it, like unto the appearance of Aaron when he was anointed, even so that the oil ran all over him and down to his feet. Their clothes were liberally plastered with a mixture of honey and mud; there was honey everywhere. But the tubs and buckets were full of honey as well, for a rich lead had indeed been struck.

The men, it appeared, had found a crevice in the rocks whence issued a constant stream of bees and from this they judged that there must be a large quantity of honey in the recesses of the cliff. The opening used by the bees was too small to admit of the passage of a human being and after carefully examining the place a tunnel was commenced a little way from the entrance and after this had been run the right distance an upraise was put in which by good luck struck the ledge of honey in its center. After a hot contest with the bees several hundred pounds of comb honey were taken out and the tunnel was then closed up. Several times since additional supplies of the sweet material have been taken from the cave.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Baron as a Car Driver.

Hundreds of street car conductors and drivers gathered at the morgue of the General hospital on the morning of July 30 to attend the funeral of their late comrade, Car Driver Erwin (Baron Frey von Schoenstein), the last male member of a very noble family.

The heavily draped hearse, drawn by four horses, was quite in contrast with the simple mourners who followed it and the costly metal casket in which the remains rested, hidden under many costly floral gifts.

When Baron Schoenstein became of age he inherited several million florins and big estates, which he squandered. Everything gone, he resigned his commission as first lieutenant in the dragoons, and when confronted by poverty he did not resort to the pistol, but took a more philosophic view of life, and accepted a position as supervisor of the street railways. Once in awhile, when brought into contact in a business way with those who in former years were only too glad to toady to him, the baron became offensive to such a degree that at last his employers found it necessary to reduce him to the rank of car driver.

This position he filled with military punctuality, and only once in awhile, when he received a small remittance from some relative, did he absent himself long enough to spend it.

The baron's widow and her brother, a captain in the dragoons, attended the funeral, the expenses of which were defrayed by well known Vienna courtesans, Herr Von Turba, the director of the tramway company, and several prominent officials attended the funeral.—Vienna Freie Presse.

Saved by Transfusion.

Transfusion has saved the life of Benjamin Clayton, who was admitted to the Pennsylvania hospital Sunday night suffering from a stab in the left forearm. When admitted to the hospital he was in a very weak condition from loss of blood, and the operation of tying the blood vessels with ligatures and closing the wound prostrated him so completely that he failed to respond to hypodermic stimulants, and as a last resource to save his life Dr. Scott determined upon transfusion. A solution consisting of sixteen grains of carbonate of sodium and ninety-eight grains of common salt, dissolved in a quart of distilled water and heated to a temperature of 102 degs., was prepared and injected into one of the veins of the forearm.

Owing to the smallness of the vein the solution did not flow well, and the patient, notwithstanding hypodermic injections of ether and whisky, continued to sink rapidly. A second attempt at transfusion was made, the solution being injected into a vein of the left foot, and an almost immediate change in his condition was noticed, and at 6 o'clock on Monday morning the crisis has passed, and from that time on his improvement was rapid, and he is now well enough to leave the hospital.—Philadelphia Record.

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