

## WATERING THE FLOCKS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SECOND SERMON  
AT THE HAMPTONS.

The World's Great Want is a Cool, Refreshing, Satisfying Draught—The Gospel Well Deep Enough to Quench the Thirst of All.

THE HAMPTONS, July 17.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., pastor at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, continues to enjoy the summer in this pleasant place. His sermon for today was on the text, "We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth, then we water the sheep."—Genesis xxi, 8.

A scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. They hear their bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what the fountain of joy about. But before that scene occurred, Jacob recounts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot, until all the flocks are gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth, then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around and we find the thirsting world. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountains, 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 all the flocks of sheep, 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 the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth, then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they look each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad 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. They want the people permanently leave our church because so many other people come to it. No 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 glad 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 the touch that gives them 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. Why not gather a great flock? All Brooklyn a flock; all New York in a flock; all London in a flock; all the world in a flock. This Gospel well is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the twelve hundred millions of the race. Do not let the church, by a spirit of exclusiveness, keep the world out. Let down all the gates, and let every man, woman, and child, scatter all the invitations. "Whosoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the heat. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come on. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning 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."

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 before the sheep can 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 common with sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chalice 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 a 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 come, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "Oh, 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 this water of life by the stone of an olden heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had said to 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 treated anybody as badly as you have treated God you would have made 500 apologies; yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been sent at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately apparelled you. Your health from him, your companion from him, your children from him, your home from him; all the bright surrounding of your life from him. O man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has treated anybody as badly as you have treated God you would have made 500 apologies; yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been sent at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately apparelled you. Your health from him, your companion from him, your children from him, your home from him; all the bright surrounding of your life from him. O man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has treated anybody as badly as you have treated God you would have made 500 apologies; yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been sent at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately apparelled you. 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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 death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease, my father used to go around as though looking for something; he would often get up from one room, without any seeming 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 about the time that I was in a room in the promise of this Gospel; and I come to them and offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this Gospel. Sit down, father or mother, sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come, David, the Davidist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the Psalmist: "They shall 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 some time 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 let 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 or 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 forever!"

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. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined this morning that no one shall go out of this house discontented. You are 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 lest 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 you and I say: "I will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medication. But I hope, when you have trouble, go to God rather than to God. De Quincy took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to drink dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, and in the quick transit to get away from their misfortune. 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. But some one says in the audience: "Not understand at 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 statutes and most emphatic interjection will evoke from us no more. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence no power on earth can break their taciturnity. But where, oh Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven whirling its blossoms in the bright air. Victors from the earth, showing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael, the angels and the line of choirs reaching across the hills. Seas of joy lashing 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 eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other joy has ever known. You are permitted to experience it. Out of that deep well of heaven the shepherd will dip re-union for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end, will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel the shepherdess at the well in Mesopotamia.

## A Bonanza in Honey.

Prison Director Sonntag recently moved into the Orr residence at San Rafael. During the late hot weather he was surprised to find streams of honey dripping from the eaves of his house. Bees were seen to come and go from the kitchen roof, and on removing a board Mr. Sonntag discovered a bonanza of honey ten feet long by two feet thick. He managed to take out 100 pounds. Before the find could be utilized the bees had to be killed, but at last accounts there were enough left to make that particular part of the residence uncomfortable.—*Alta California.*

—CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's cure. Sold by Smith &amp; Black Bros.

"A Few English Wayside Birds," as seen by American eye, will be sketched by Theodore H. Mead, in the *American Magazine* for August. The article will, it is hoped, show that most of the common birds of England are cheery little fellows, with none of the vices of the detested sparrow.

—For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Smith &amp; Black Bros.

## Taking the Hint.

New York Sun.  
"Father," said the farmer's boy, as he rested on his hoe, "they say the fish bite first rate now."

"No, do they?" responded the old man, "Well, you go on an' finish this patch o' corn an' I'll skip down to the creek an' see what kind o' luck I'll have."

—SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Smith &amp; Black Bros.

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## Presence of Mind.

From the *Independent Traveler.*  
"You want to marry my daughter, do you?" said the rich old parent to the gilded youth who had evidently hovered about the front parlor for the last three months, whether the gas was lit or not. "Yes, sir," said the youth, apparently much relieved.

"Very well," said the old gentleman with a self-satisfied chuckle, "you can have her. Here, by the way, are a few of her bills, which I may as well submit to you now as at any other time."

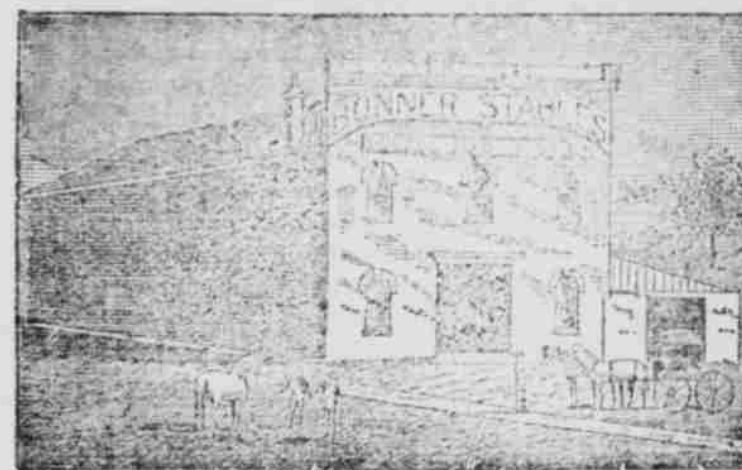
## A Great Movement.

According to the statistical report of the Sunday schools in the United States rendered at the late international convention held in Chicago, there has been an increase in the scholar membership of all the Sunday schools in the U. S. since 1884 of 365,645. It is interesting to know by what agencies this increase has been secured for it shows that a great missionary work has been done to bring an army of 365,000 into active membership with our Sunday schools. No more important work can be conceived of, for it has to do with the destiny of our entire country.

The three last annual reports of the American Sunday School union, the old undenominational society "that cares for the children" who are provided for by no one else, show that since 1884, it has brought 185,034 children into 4,947 new Sunday schools, a number equal to 5,000 more than one half of all the increase reported as having been secured by this and all other agencies during these three years. But this American Sunday School union did more than this—it aided 4,825 other schools which have 49,774 teachers and 515,714 scholars—so that in these three years it reached 2,872 communities and Sunday schools, and 700,748 children and youth and then resided and revisited these schools 9,245 times, besides making 92,584 visits to families, supplying 45,019 destitute persons with the scriptures and holding 27,247 religious meetings. That there is great need for more of just such work in our country, is evident from the fact that according to the international secretary's report there are but 8,084,478 scholars in all the Sunday schools in the United States that report to this convention, which the chairman of the executive committee said was five per cent too small. If five per cent were added, we have 8,436,201 scholars in all our Sunday schools. But the statement was made that 20 per cent should be deducted for those over 21 and under six years of age and those who attend more than one school and are counted twice; which deduction would leave 6,943,961 children and youth of school age in all our Sunday schools, while there are at least 9,000,000 more children of that age in our country, and very likely most of them attend no Sunday school.

Truly the American Sunday school union is doing a great work for present and future America, for which there is most urgent need. Any who would like to read this last annual report, or aid its work by gift of funds may send to F. G. ENGLISH, Supt., 154 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

## BONNER STABLES



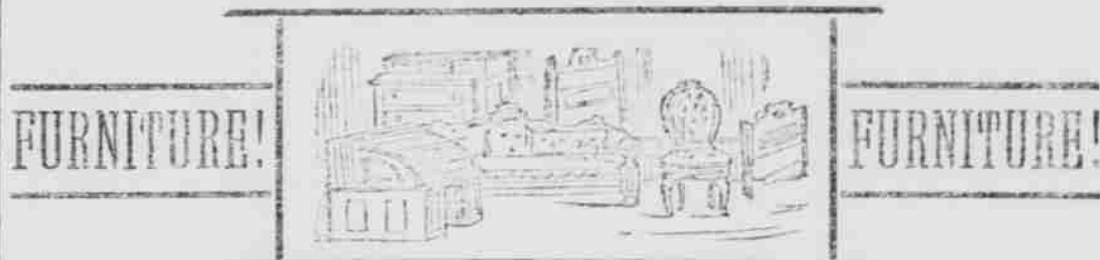
Have anything you want from a two wheeled go cart to a twenty-four passenger wagon.

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are always kept ready. Cabs or tight carriages, pall-bearer wagons and everything for funerals furnished on short notice. Terms cash.

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Proprietor.

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To Consult me before Buying.

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Ladies' Kid Button Shoes, formerly \$2.25, now \$1.25.  
Ladies' Peb. Goat Shoes, formerly \$2.75, now \$1.75.  
Ladies' A Calf Shoes, formerly \$2.25, now \$2.00.  
Ladies' Kid Opera Slippers, formerly \$1.60, now 75c.  
Men's Working Shoes, formerly \$1.75, now \$1.10.

## Choice Box of few old Goods left at less than half Cost

## Manufacturing and Repairing Neatly and Promptly done.

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## PETER MERGES.

## F. G. FRICKE &amp; CO.,

(SUCCESSOR TO J. M. ROBERTS.)

Will keep constantly on hand a full and complete stock of pure

## Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils,

Wall Paper and a Full Line of  
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## PURE LIQUORS.