

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.

His text was Psalm xlii, 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.

I have just come from the Adirondacks and the breath of the balsam spruce and pine is still on me. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score.

My friends, 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, and I said to the hunter in rough corduroy, "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?"

He said, "O, 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 snuff the breeze and start for the Racquet, or Loon, or Saranac, and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the 'runaway' with rifle loaded ready to blaze away."

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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 stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his trouble.

Well now, let all those who have come 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.

Well now, let all those who have come 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.

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."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are sored 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 heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply another against tooth.

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antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides inclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the bank of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their neck in the rapids.

Would you be young again? So would not I; One tear of memory given, Onward I'll lie; Life's dark wave ferded 'er, All but at rest on shore; Say, would you plunge once more, With home no sigh?

Yes; for some people in this world there seems no let-up. They are pursued from youth to manhood, and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, and Earl of Yarborough's hounds, and the Duke of Rutland's hounds, and Queen Victoria pays \$8,500 per year to her master of buckhounds.

But what is a relief for all those pursuits of trouble, and annoyance, and pain, and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of three letters—G-o-d, the one for whom David longed, and the one whom David found.

You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Saranac lake and tried to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass, as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep, and high, and broad, and immense, and infinite, and eternal than God.

For him I thirst; for his grace I beg; on his promise I build my life. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men, blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to Heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me.

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in the fifteenth verse: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." O Christian men and women, persuaded of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be over. If ever a whelp looks ashamed and ready to slink out of sight it is when in the Adirondacks a deer by one long, tremendous leap from the Tupper lake gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little while out, deflated, swims out again and cringes with humiliated yawn at the feet of his master.

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter and amid the ice floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings. He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him and found out where he had lived, and took him to his home and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him, and, as had been agreed, at his first appearance bells were rung and guns were discharged and banquets spread, and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming a kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet, and the bell men to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chimes click at the feast, and the bells clang from the towers, it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's song, where he compared Christ to a reindeer coming down in the night to pasture on the plains, would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel."

A Pathetic Tale from Australia. The other day a leading Sydney solicitor received instructions from London to hunt up a young man who had quitted London ten years previously, and a draft for £300 was inclosed to pay his passage home. After a course of advertising a member of a charitable society called in and directed the solicitor to a certain hotel in lower Alexandria, Sydney. The solicitor, knowing the "lay" of the country, judiciously sent his clerk down to catch the fever instead of doing it in person.

That well dressed young man explored the barbarous region, dodging through back lanes and over mud pies and among broken fences that hung wearily and lopsidedly amid abysses of mud, and at last he arrived at a hut which boasted a box and a pile of rags and straw for its sole furniture. A weary woman, who had once been handsome, and who under happier auspices would be handsome again, begged that they should not be turned out of their dismal abode until her husband was better, and a hollow eyed invalid stretched on a pile of rags in the corner echoed the petition. And these two were the heirs to a fortune of £30,000.—Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.

Men Servants the Rage. Men servants are now the rage among rich people. Families that formerly employed girls are discarding them now in favor of neat, handy, good looking men. These are kept in swallowtails all the time, and they answer the door, wait on table, clean the knives and forks, brush boots and clothes and go out with the carriage as footmen. The result of this has been that there are twice the number of women out of employment here now than ever before. The intelligence offices are overcrowded with them.—New York Star.

Lord Tennyson has passed upon his 80th year with a light heart.

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