DR. TALMAGE TELLS OF GOSPEL RE-FRESHMENT.

Shows How We May Elude the Pursuing Hounds of Trouble and Safely Reach the Lake of Divine Solace and Rescue.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, Oct. 15 .- The gospel as a great refreshment is here set forth by Dr. Talmage, under a figure which will be found particularly graphic by those who have gone out as hunters to find game in the mountains; text, Psalm xlii, 1, "As the hart panteth

after the water brooks." David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to 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 jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes, washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump 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 slothtook in hunting."

lonely cave where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears 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 he seemed unable to get up, and I said crackling in the brushwood and the loud breathing of some rushing won- with that dog?" They answered, "A der of the woods, and the antlers of a deer hurt him," and I saw he had a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, great swollen paw and a battered head, and by an instinct which all hunters showing where the antiers struck him. recognize it plunges into a pond or And the probability is that some of lake or river to cool its thirst and at you might give a mighty clip to your the same time, by its capacity for pursuers. You might damage their swifter and longer swimming, to get business, you might worry them into away from the foaming harriers.

True to Nature. is myself! Saul after me, Absalom hurt a hound. Better be off for the after me, enemies without number aft- Upper Saranac, into which the mouner me. I am chased, their bloody muz- tains of God's eternal strength look zles at my heels, barking at my good down and moor their shadows. As for name, barking after my body, barking your physical disorders, the worst after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the strychnine you can take is fretfulness, hounds! But look there!" says David. and the best medicine is religion. "That hunted deer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is tree at and came up from the very shadow of 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 lungs. Some of you have been for a brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

Some of you have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on you. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being siain by the score. Once while there talking 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 deer 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 ter is, and when they hear danger in have been drinking out of them. they the distance they lift their antiers and snuff the breeze and start for Racquet or Loon or Saranac, and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the runway with rifle loaded ready to blaze of them as a continuous river, saying,

like the Bible so much. Its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches 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 cheek 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, its name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. By putting aside its usefulness this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns a coronal branching into every possible curve, and, after it seems done, ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, 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 couched in the grass among the shadows or a living bolt shot through the forest or turning at bay to of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns. uncertain a world, too evanescent a 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

able to picture. When, 20 miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lilypads, 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 stag leaps from cliff to 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, "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 lifted in mighty challenge to earth and who are in any wise pursued run to sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine | had been smoothed by invisible hands, solace and rescue. The most of the and the fat sides inclose the richest men and women whom I happen to pasture that could be nibbled from know, at different times, if not now, the bank of rills so clear they seem to have had trouble after them, sharp muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all stamp of its foot defies the jack shootdevouring troubles. Many of you have ing lantern and the rifle, the horn and made the mistake of trying to fight | the hound, that deer they will have if them. Somebody meanly attacked you, they must needs break their neck in and you attacked them. They depreciated you, and you depreciated them, stuff in your make up, if you were a or they overreached you in a bargain, bifurcated nothing, if you were a forand you tried, in Wall street parlance, lorn failure, you would be allowed to to get a corner on them. Or you have go undisturbed, but the fact that the had a bereavement, and instead of be- whole pack is in full cry after you is ing submissive you are fighting that proof positive that you are splendid bereavement. You charge on the doc- game and worth capturing. Therefore tors who have failed to effect a cure, sarcasm draws on you its "finest or you charge on the carelessness of bead;" therefore the world goes gunthe railroad company through which ning for you with its best Winchester the accident occurred. Or you are a breechloader. Highest compliment is chronic invalid, and you fret and wor- it to your talent or your virtue or your ry and scold and wonder why you can- usefulness. You will be assailed in not be well like other people, and you proportion to your great achievements. angrily charge on the neuralgia or the The best and the mightiest Being the ful man roasteth not that which he laryngitis or the ague or the sick world ever saw had set after him all headache. The fact is you are a deer the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, But one day David, while far from at bay. Instead of running to the wa- and they lapped his blood after the the home from which he had been ters of divine consolation and slaking. Calvarean massacre. The world paid driven and sitting near the mouth of a your thirst and cooling your body and nothing to its Redeemer but a bramsoul 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.

Some time ago I saw in the Adironto some hunters, "What is the matter ill health, you might hurt them as much as they hurt you; but, after all, David says to himself: "Aha! That it is not worth while. You only have know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism. while others put their trust in God death and have lived comfortably 25 years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a godless man with two 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. There are whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see 30 lakes, and there are said to be over 800 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 animal, and they know where the wa- them, and, though for ages the pursued 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 "There is a river the streams whereof My friends, that is one reason why I 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."

Be Wise as the Deer. trouble, and you are soured with your now which you will have." The eldest ciety, and you are fighting a pursuing vase of gold, on which was written the world, and troubles, instead of driv- word "Empire," and when opened it ing you into the cool lake of heavenly was found to contain human blood. comfort, have made you stop and turn The second son, making the next round and lower your head, and it is choice, chose the vase of amber, insimply antler against tooth. I do not scribed with the word "Glory," and blame you. Probably under the same when opened it contained the ashes of circumstances I would have done those who were once called great. The worse. But you are all wrong. You third son took the vase of clay and, need to do as the reindeer does in Feb- opening it, found it empty, but on the ruary and March-it sheds its horns, bottom of it was inscribed the name The Rabbinical writers allude to this of God. King Nimrod asked his courtresignation of antlers by the stag lers which vase they thought weighed when they say of a man who ventures the most. The avaricious men of his his money in risky enterprises he has court said the vase of gold, the poets bung it on the stag's horns, and a said the one of amber, but the wisest proverb in the far east tells a man men said the empty vase, because one who has foolishly lost his fortune to letter of the name of God outweighed go and find where the deer shed his a universe. horns. My brother, quit the antag- For him I thirst, for his grace I beg. onism of your circumstances, quit on his promise I build my all. Withmisanthropy, quit complaint, quit out him I cannot be happy. I have pitching into your pursuers. Be as tried the world, and it does well wise as next spring will be the deer enough as far as it goes, but it is too

wronged of the world-and if in any ness. I have nothing against this assembly between the Atlantic and Pa- world. I have been one of the most cific oceans it were asked that all who forunate or, to use a more Christian had been badly treated should raise word, one of the most blessed of menboth their hands, and full response blessed in my parents, blessed in the hemlocks at the foot of St. Regis is should be made, there would be twice place of my nativity, blessed in my

as many hands lifted as persons present-I say many of you would declare, "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we become the victims of malignment or invalidism or mishap 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 antlers have dropped out of heaven, and the the rapids. So if there were no noble

Pursuing Dogs.

Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasdacks a dog lying across the road, and | ure is in anticipation of the next world, and they would, if they could, express their own feelings in the words of the Baroness of Nairn, at the close of her long life, when asked if she would like to live her life over again:

> Would you be young again? So would not I. One tear of memory given Onward I'll hie. Life's dark wave forded o'er, All but at rest on shore, Say, would you plunge once more, With home so nigh? If you might, would you now Retrace your way. Wander through stormy wilds, Faint and astray? Night's gloomy watches fled; Morning, all beaming red; Hope's smile around us shed, Heavenward, away!

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 the Earl of Yarborough's hounds and the Duke of Rutland's hounds, but all of them put together do not equal, in number or speed or power to hunt down, the great kennel of hounds of which Sin and Trouble are owner and

But what is a relief for all those pursued 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-yea, a chain of three lakes-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 Schroon lake and try 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. His comfort-why, it embosoms all distress. His arm-it wrenches off all bondage. His handit wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement-it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future, and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever.

Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons: "Here are But many of you have turned your three vases, and one is of clay, another back on that supply and confront your of amber and another of gold. Choose circumstances, and you are fighting so- son, having the first choice, chose the

But very many of you who are world. I am not a prejudiced wit-

RANKIN

10 Mills Make I Cent, 10 Cents Make I Dime, 10 Dimes Make I Dollar

#10.00 Buys Our Best All Wool, Italian Lined Suit!

Sewed with Fast Dye Silk, the buttons guaranteed to remain in place.

These garments are cut by perfect patterns, made by experienced labor, and are all in all one of the best values of the season.

EXAMINATION FREE.

RANKIN, CHISHOLM, STROUD & REES.

300 SOUTH ELM ST., GREENSBORO.

SALESMEM: J. W. Crawford, W. H, Rees, H. B. Donnell, Will R. Rankin, J. T. Rees.

STROUD

health, blessed in my fields of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, 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 among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever present help I should be wretched and terror struck. But I want more of him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul I can cry out, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

Through Jesus Christ make this God your God, and you can withstand any thing and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you-as in time of earthquake, when an old Christian woman, asked whether she was scared, answered, "No; I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world," or as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant, asked if he did not fear he would break, answered. "Yes, I shall break when the Fiftieth Psalm breaks 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. pursued 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 sink out of sight, it is when in the Adirondacks a deer by one long, tremendous plunge into big Tupper lake gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little way, but, defeated, swims out again and cringes with humiliating yawn at the feet of his master. And how abashed and ashamed will all your earthly troubles be when you have dashed into the river from under the throne of God and the heights and depths of heaven are between you and your pursuers! Eternal Water Brooks.

We are told in Revelation xxii, 15, "Without are dogs," by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in a door, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs." I have seen dogs and owned dogs that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watchdogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places and for years have been the only protection of wife and child, some of name than Babe. How would and local stations. Pullman In the shepherd dogs that drive back the the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flock from going too near the precipice and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon, lest, in removing the cancer, he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect, and dogs that we caressed in our childhood days, or that in later time lay down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes called 'specifics', usually kept in were desolated-I say if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that

the world-yea, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces-shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs." No place there for harsh critics or backbiters or despoilers of the reputation of others. Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures, and "there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy

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 cance and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him, 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 kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterors of heaven to spread the banquet and the belimen to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chalices click at the feast and the bells clang from the turrets 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 in the night 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 art upon the mountains of Bether?"

Parental Love.

Papa and mamma speak of their

"She is twenty-seven years old to-morrow," sighs papa. "Yes," sighs mamma.

"I suppose she weighs 250 pounds at least," falters papa, and mamma falters.

"I've been thinking," says papa, with an effort, "that we perhaps ought now to give her some other for Columbia, Augusta, Sati Girlie do?"

"At least."

"It seems so cold and formal!" exclaims mamma, and burst into

After all, there is nothing like parental love, which is, perhaps, in some respects fortunate.

On the 10th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. Donahoe, pastor M. E Church, South, Pt. Pleasant, W. Va., contracted a severe cold which was attended from the beginning by violent coughing. He says: "After resorting to a number of sothe house, to no purpose, I pur-Cough Remedy, which acted like a carry passengers between points at which charm. I most cheerfully recommend it to the public." For sale have chased and torn and lacerated by C. E. Holton, Druggist.



goods, and to the outsider all qualities; only about big profits. Choose your druggist carefully

your i deas: they may bring you

COPP & CO., Patent Attorneys. Washington 16

riows of public buildings, martis #

us to-day. We can help you



This condensed schedule is published

Trains leave Greensboro, N. C.: 7:05 a. m. -No. 37 daily, Washington &

mingham, Memphis, Montgomerr, Min Orleans and all points south and Connects at Charlotte for Columbia Pullman Sleeper New 1018 New York to Memphis: New York a Bridge Dining Car and Vestibule Coach Total to Atlanta,

7:37 a. m.-No. 11 daily, for Charlette at Asheville, Knoxville and Chattanoga. sleeper New York to Nashville. 8:10 a. m .- No. 8 daily, for Danville, El

and local stations. 12:06 p. m .- No. 36 daily. United Mail for Washington, Richmond North. Carries through Pal Room Buffet Sleeper New Orlean Jacksonville to New York. Sleeping Car on Mondays vi Southern Pacific, San Francis

7:24 p. m.-No. 35 daily, Th Mail for Charlotte, Atlanta al York to Jacksonville; Charle ham; Charlo'te to Augusta Sieeper Wednesday Washington P

10:43 p. m.-No. 38 dally, Southwestern Limited for Wash points North. Pullman Sleepers to B Washington and New York.

6:45 p. m.-No. 7 daily, for Charlette a 8:10 a. m.- No. 8 daily, felt Bald of and local points. Connects at Scilla w for Tarboro, Norfolk and local points. boro for Newbern and Morchesq Cas-

No. 16 leaves Greenshoro 12:10 p. m. da 10:50 p. in,-No, 12 daily, for Rale 2 and points east. Pullman Sicepti 8:15 a. m .- No. 165 for Winston. Daily except Sunday to Wilkeslord

12:20 p. m .- No. 107, darly except Sand 7:32 p. m.-No. 109 daily for Winston First sections of all scheduled free JOHN M. CULP.

Traffic Manager.

Traffic Manager.

Add. Washington

W. A. TURK, Gen. Pas. Agt., Washington R. L. VERNON, T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.