OUR THIRSTY WORLD A GIP

Waters of the Gospel Well Free to All Who Thirst.

WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME

The Well of the Gospel Is Deep Enough to Put Out the Burning Thirst of the Whele of the Human Race-Trust in God's Providence and All Shall Re-Well With You.

Washington, Aug. 11 .- In this discourse Dr. Talmage represents religion as a great refreshment and invites all the world to come and receive it; text, Genesis xxix, 8, "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." 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. I 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 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 It has always been a mysto me what he found to cry But before that scene occurred Jacob accests 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 shepherd 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 they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the

for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draft. We wander around, and we find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountain, but centuries ago a Shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross and 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 rain through the ages, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the wa-

Now, a great flock of sheep to-day 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 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 to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappo they only express it by sad bleating, they come together peaceably. 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. We have had people permanently leave church many other people come 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. into the highways and the to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the gospel of 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 illumina-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 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 this city in a flock, all New York in a flock, all London in a flock, all the world in a flock. This well of the gospel is deep en-ough to put out the burning thirst of the 1,600,000,000 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, Lapland-er, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the south. Come in Come panting under palm Come one. Come all. Come As at this will of Mesopo-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 phoge of his affection, while all hea-

cry out: "Behold, the



Will "go" until she drops, and think she's doing rather a fine thing. Very often the future shows her that she was laying the foundation for years of unhappiness. When the back aches, when there is irregularity or any other womanly ill, then the first duty a woman owes to herself is to find a cure for her

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sick women well.

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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 to-day 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 oth-It is as though you were thirsty and you were invited to slake your thirst at the town pump instead of sixting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. You want to get to heaven, but you 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 accob and Rachel and to be drinking out of the fountain where 10,000 sheep have been drinking before you. You will feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world and one day came across a well a thousand You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eterna life in any way and at any crying and in any kind of pitcher. Lord Jesus, I am of thirst! Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or gob-

> Away with all your hindrances pride from the well's mouth! Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart which ies 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 treated everybody 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 seated at God's table. Spring,

let! Give me the water of life!

care not in what it comes to me.

summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately appareled you. Your health from Him, your companion 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

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

throb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been The Answer is "NO"

importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of

a Saviour's martyrdom and feel his lifeblood trickling on your forehead and cheek and hands, methinks you

would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

There are men who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past,

unhappy to-day, to be unhappy for ever unless you come to this gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a

satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him and

throws all heaven into the bargain

The wealth of Croesus and of all the

Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable

shilling compared with the eterna

day. In the far east there was

king who used once a year to get on the scales, while on the other side

the scales were placed gold and sil-

ver and gems - indeed enough were placed there to balance the king

Then, at the close of the weighing

all these treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ to-

among the populace. But thrist to-day steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treas-ures of the universe, and he says, "All are yours; all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity— all are yours." We do not 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: "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 clapped his hands and in his dy-

ing 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

Come also to the gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you

of this life at 15 years of age with what your view is of it at 40 or 60

or 70. What a great contrast of opin-

ion! Were you right then or are you

right now? Two cups 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

was to you a grand city improve-ment, and you went out on the ex-ment, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran

from what it used to be! Once

sad place, and there is a flood rushing memories that suffuse

eye and overmaster the heart.

have been able to live through

If I could gather all the griefs

why the Lord took it away.

you have had trouble,

trouble!

grandeur, the magnificence of

have escaped. Compare your

romise!

fortunes that Christ offers you

deep, all absorbing and eternal

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rock, and there is no unrighteous-ness in him." Come, Isaiah, have 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 ailing eyesight and failing limbs. 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 forgot ten you because he has taken care of you for 70 or 80 years? He thinks more of you to-day 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 to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply. "Behold, happy 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." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." am determined that no one shall go out of this house uncomforted. 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 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 your timid and shrinking soul to-day and compel

you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not

wounds for many years, and he will

He has been healing

laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. give you gentle and omnipotent me-But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate when you But some one in the audience says, '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 trouble! God only knows how much am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven. However talkayou have had. It is a wonder you tive we may be, there will com-It is a wonder your nervous system time when the stoutest and most has not been shattered and you phatic interrogation will evoke from brain has not reeled. Trouble 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, O Chrisall sorts from these crowded streets and could put them in one scroll, tian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you morning of heaven waving its blossems in the bright air. Victors want? Would you like to have your fresh wom battle showing their scars. property back again? "No," you say Conquerors marching from gate to gate You among them. Oh, what as a Christian man: "I was becom ing arrogant, and I think that is gate a great flock God will gather around the celestial well. No stone on the well's mouth while the Shepherd wawant to have my pro-back." Well, would ters the speep. 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 world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven the Shepherd will dip reunion

for the bereaved, wealth for

poor, health for the sick, rest

the Lord's sheep will lie down the green pastures, and world with

the weary. And then all the flock of

out end we will praise the Lord that

on this summer Sabbath morning

we were permitted to study the story

FUND DIFFERENT

Olessed Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets With

Mr. James Beatty, of Kilworthy,

Ont., tells a typical story of how he

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He had been sick and ailing with
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tried different treatments and various

medicines all to no purpose. His stomach had broken down, his food

was no use to him and his whole sys-

He saw an advertisement in a To-ronto paper one evening in which the reasonableness of the treatment known as Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets

If a man can't digest his food be-

cause his stomach is tired out, how is

he going to get better unless his stomach can be rested? But how can

his stomach can be rested and his food go on being diegsted? Mr. Beatty found it out. Listen:

"If the work Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do for everybody is the same as they did for me they are the greatest medicine ever discovered. I saw them

medicine ever discovered. I saw them advertised in a Toronto paper and I happened to be in Mr. Homer's

act on the only sound principle in reatment of dyspepsia-Rest to the

tem of course got out of order.

of Jacob and Rachel at the well.

Mind Since.

perty you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say; "I couldn't take the responsibility bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience "Comfort. Give us com cry out: fort!" For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves the fountain where the Lord's sick, and bereft ones have come. "Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfor-tunes in the time of old age." Well, not have lived as long as you, but 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 sometime strikes through their souls. To lean on a prop for 50 years and then have it break under you! There are 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 world 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 60 years liv-ing together it was hard to part. And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is a perfect enchantment in the prom a perfect enchantment in the promises 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 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 accounting to offer them?

thing encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the psalmist; "they shall be fat and flourishing, to show

that the Lord is upright. He is my I store in Gravenhurst. I asked the clerk did he keep them in stock, they had run out of them. He told me that he would send for them, but I told him it was not necessary as I thought it wald be like other patent medicines. I found different. I went to Dr. Campbell's and got them there. They made another man of me. I use to have to be very particular what I ate and drank and above all dreaded Sunday. Now, thank God, I can eat what I choose and the doctor is in my own pocket in the shape of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

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world is a peculair place We kick both night and day. But when it comes to leaving it We sometimes want to stay.

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