

The Waters of Life

Wealth Without Interest Is a Worthless Portion—
Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Washington, Nov. 20.—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the text, Joshua, xv., 19: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs." He said:

The City of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb was a man of letters. He offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to anyone who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir as thousands of this day who seek alliance for their children with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evils I would rather measure my happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocketbook. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart, for, however she is treated, a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man.

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their marital home. Suddenly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that when the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous and fertile, lying southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land," but Achsah wants an addition of property. She wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now, it is no wonder that Caleb, standing among the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. "Thou hast given me a south land. Give me also springs of water." And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.

The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah, in the fact, that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places, but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sin. It is a "south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp, is happy because the painter sketches so minutely the wrinkles on her face. Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painter he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take this trumpery out of my presence!"

Water Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave. When I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when I go to bed at night." Pick me out ten successful worldlings—and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the greatest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more, because they have only \$50,000 left.

Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it is a "south land," and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God:



Every woman wears a crown who is the mother of a healthy child. The crown of a puny, sickly, peevish baby bears a cross. It rests with every woman to decide whether she will be a mother of a healthy child or a mother of a puny child.

The woman who takes the right care of herself during the months preceding maternity may rest assured that her baby will be a strong, healthy, happy one. The woman who neglects herself during the months preceding maternity may rest assured that her baby will be a puny, sickly, peevish one. The woman who neglects herself during the months preceding maternity may rest assured that her baby will be a puny, sickly, peevish one.

The dealer who tries to persuade you to take some other medicine, than that you ask for, is a quack. The best doctors in Kansas City told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed I could not live. I wrote Miss Brookie Galloway, of Wilder, Johnson Co., Kan., I had alliteration and weakness, and each month I would get down in bed and suffer severely for twenty-four hours. Four bottles of your "Favorite Prescription" cured me.

For constipation—Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

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I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past. It makes a man all right with reference to the future. I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would this morning like to have access to the "nether springs of spiritual comfort"? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

"The religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live, 'Tis religion can supply Sweetest comfort when we die."

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though he was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land." Not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank thee that thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world, but more than all I thank thee for the upper springs in heaven!

It is very fortunate that we cannot see heaven until we get into it. O Christ, my Father, I could see what place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see you until I enter it. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the cracks into that good and which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We came near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who rings the bells or who plays the glads. Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water."

God, my Father, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the root of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God's rainbow with eternal victory! Hear it! They are never sick there. They are never tired there. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there.

I could stimulate you O Christian man, to the highest possible Christianity. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every stroke of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scorch the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Man of the world, will you not today make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water course? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here and glory hereafter? You and I need something better than this world can give us. The fact is that it cannot give us anything after awhile. It is a changing world. The Alleghenies are dying. The dews with crystalline malice are hammering away the rocks. Frosts and showers and lightnings are sculpturing Mount Washington and the Catskills. Niagara every year is digging for itself a quicker plunge. The body was taken home, and the shores are making mighty changes in bar and bay and frith and promontory. The earth itself, that was once vapor, after water—nothing but water—afterwards molten rock, cooling off through the ages, has now become a solid globe. Animals might live, and men might live, changing all the while, now crumbling, now breaking off. The sun, burning down gradually in its socket. Changing, changing, changing, until the last great change to come over the world even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible.

The Hindus believe that Brahma, the creator, once made all things. Then Brahma laid down to sleep 4,320,000 years. After that, they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it over again. But while Brahma may sleep, our God never slumbers nor sleeps, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up.

"Well," says some one, "if that is so, if the world is going from one change to another, then what is the use of my toiling for its betterment?" That is the point on which I want to guard you. Do not want you to become misanthropic. It is a great and glorious world. If Christ could afford to spend 33 years on it for its redemption, then you can afford to toil and pray for the betterment of the nations, and for the bringing of that glorious time when all people shall see the salvation of God. While therefore I want to guard you against misanthropic notions in respect to this subject I have presented to you this thought, that this world is a poor foundation to build on. It is a changing world, and it is a dying world. The shifting scenes and the changing sands are only emblems of all earthly

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WESTERN ONTARIO

Well-Known Downie Farmer Found Dead on the Roadside.

Prominent Chatham Man Dies at Hot Springs—A Shooting Accident at Woodstock—G. T. R. Sectionman Has Both Arms Broken—Kent To Bacon Growers Organize—Henry Wagner Dies of His Injuries.

The telephone fight is still being waged in Windsor.

Every foundry in Galt is working overtime. Some have night shifts.

The Windsor football club will play in Chatham on Thanksgiving Day.

Cornelius Duke, the well-known Norwich hotel-keeper, died on Saturday morning.

The Belle River board of trade is discussing the advisability of boring for gas in the village.

Miss Mary Chevalier, daughter of ex-Customs Officer Chevalier, was buried in Chatham yesterday.

St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, was started 60 years ago, and the congregation on Monday night celebrated the diamond jubilee.

The death is announced of Capt. John H. Molloy, who sailed the lakes for many years. He was the son of the late George Molloy, of Southwold, and was about 60 years of age.

William White and James Brady, the couple who broke in Rehder's store at the Paris station, have been sentenced to three and four years respectively at Kingston penitentiary.

Early on Monday morning fire broke out in the stables of the International Hotel, Courtwright. The large stables, driving shed, outhouses and small dwellings were consumed.

The Engineering Contract Company, of New York, has been given the contract for the E. and H. division of the Lake Erie Railway at Chatham. The work will cost about \$10,000.

Joseph Savoy's fish shanty, which has occupied a position in Sarnia Bay on the channel bank, just south of the Point Edward coal docks, for many years past, was burned on Monday evening.

The new Methodist Church at Merlin has been dedicated by Rev. E. N. Baker, chairman of the district. Over \$50 was taken in collection at the services, entirely wiping off the debt. The edifice cost \$4,500.

The funeral of James Naylor, age 64, of Essex, was held on Monday afternoon. Mr. Naylor died on Saturday night of heart disease. He was a justice of the peace and ex-mayor of Essex. He was one of the best-known business men of Sandwich South.

The Kent Tobacco Growers' Association has been fully organized, and negotiations are in progress for the establishment of a factory in Chatham, to use the product of the Kent county growers. This move is the result of alleged combine among Canadian buyers to keep down the price of the raw leaf.

Word was received from Chicago on Tuesday morning of a serious accident that had befallen Walter R. Clements, son of the late Mayor of Chatham. Mr. Clements' face was badly crushed by a falling elevator. He is now in hospital, where an early recovery is looked for.

As the result of injuries which he received while working in Clare Bros' foundry, in London, on Oct. 17, Henry Wagner, died in Galt hospital on Monday morning. He was carrying a ladle of molten metal, when he in some manner stumbled and a quantity of the contents was spilled over him.

Thomas Moore, who was supposed to have been robbed near St. Marys on Friday night, is now safely out, met with an accident, having been thrown out of his rig. He underwent an operation on Sunday, when the fractured portion of his skull was removed, and he is now resting easier, though still in serious condition.

The municipal council of the town of Galt and the Galt Gas Company have agreed upon the sum of \$67,750 for the gas and electric light plants. This the company will accept. A money bylaw will be submitted to the people, who will say yes or no to the question: "Shall Galt own and control the gas and electric light plants?"

John Thompson, a well-known farmer residing on lot 17, con. 8, Downie, a short distance below Avonport, was found dead on the road near St. Paul's Monday afternoon at about 4 o'clock.

The body was taken home, and the shores are making mighty changes in bar and bay and frith and promontory. The earth itself, that was once vapor, after water—nothing but water—afterwards molten rock, cooling off through the ages, has now become a solid globe. Animals might live, and men might live, changing all the while, now crumbling, now breaking off. The sun, burning down gradually in its socket. Changing, changing, changing, until the last great change to come over the world even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible.

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I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past. It makes a man all right with reference to the future. I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would this morning like to have access to the "nether springs of spiritual comfort"? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

"The religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live, 'Tis religion can supply Sweetest comfort when we die."

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though he was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land." Not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank thee that thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world, but more than all I thank thee for the upper springs in heaven!

It is very fortunate that we cannot see heaven until we get into it. O Christ, my Father, I could see what place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see you until I enter it. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the cracks into that good and which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We came near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who rings the bells or who plays the glads. Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water."

God, my Father, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the root of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God's rainbow with eternal victory! Hear it! They are never sick there. They are never tired there. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there.

I could stimulate you O Christian man, to the highest possible Christianity. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every stroke of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scorch the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Man of the world, will you not today make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water course? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here and glory hereafter? You and I need something better than this world can give us. The fact is that it cannot give us anything after awhile. It is a changing world. The Alleghenies are dying. The dews with crystalline malice are hammering away the rocks. Frosts and showers and lightnings are sculpturing Mount Washington and the Catskills. Niagara every year is digging for itself a quicker plunge. The body was taken home, and the shores are making mighty changes in bar and bay and frith and promontory. The earth itself, that was once vapor, after water—nothing but water—afterwards molten rock, cooling off through the ages, has now become a solid globe. Animals might live, and men might live, changing all the while, now crumbling, now breaking off. The sun, burning down gradually in its socket. Changing, changing, changing, until the last great change to come over the world even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible.

The Hindus believe that Brahma, the creator, once made all things. Then Brahma laid down to sleep 4,320,000 years. After that, they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it over again. But while Brahma may sleep, our God never slumbers nor sleeps, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up.

"Well," says some one, "if that is so, if the world is going from one change to another, then what is the use of my toiling for its betterment?" That is the point on which I want to guard you. Do not want you to become misanthropic. It is a great and glorious world. If Christ could afford to spend 33 years on it for its redemption, then you can afford to toil and pray for the betterment of the nations, and for the bringing of that glorious time when all people shall see the salvation of God. While therefore I want to guard you against misanthropic notions in respect to this subject I have presented to you this thought, that this world is a poor foundation to build on. It is a changing world, and it is a dying world. The shifting scenes and the changing sands are only emblems of all earthly