

AS HOUNDED DEER Where Troubled of Earth May Quench Their Thirst.

Dr. Talmage Sees in the Forest an Example of Hope.

A Lesson From the Life of David as Presented by Dr. Talmage.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—Dr. Talmage, drawing his illustrations from a deer hunt in his discourse calls the pursued and troubled of the earth to come and slake their thirst at the deep river of divine comfort; text Psalms xlii. 1. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

BIBLE ALLUSIONS TRUE. My friends, that is the reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its parables are real parables. Its metaphors are real metaphors and its similes are real similes.

of Long lake, it is very picturesque. But only when after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling neck, and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from the 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 of the text, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

DEER AT BAY. 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 who are in anywise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happened to meet at different times of my journey have had trouble after them, sharp muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them. They depreciated you, and you depreciated them. They were not worth a farthing, and you tried, in Wall Street parlance to get a corner on them, or you have had bereavement, and instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement. You charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure, or you charge on the compasses of the railroad company through which the accident occurred, or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily blame the neuralgia, or the hayfever, or the rheumatism, or the headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation and slaking your thirst, and cooling your body and soul 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.

I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunter nearby, "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered, "A deer hurt him." And I saw he had a great swollen nose and a lacerated head, showing where the antlers had struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers, you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill-health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you; but, as the text is not worth while, you only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valentianism, while others put their trust in God and came up from the very shadow of death and have lived comfortably 25 years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but with him, is better off than a godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Cod.

SHED YOUR HORNS. But many of you have turned your back on that comfort of 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 around and lower your head, and it is simply antler shedding. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The reindeer sheds its horns to this resurrection of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises he has hung it on the stag's horns, and a proverb in the far east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find it, where the deer sheds her horns. My brothers, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers; be as deer as next spring will be all the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

THE WORLD TOO UNCERTAIN. For Him I thirst; for His grace I beg; on His promise I build my all. 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 the world, for 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 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 in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Life to me 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 pestered. But I want more of Him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until, with all the agonies of my body, mind and soul I can cry out,

Raw from Her Toes to Her Knees

DR. CHASE MAKES A WONDERFUL CURE

Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover Place, Toronto, makes the following statement: My mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered a summer and winter with Rheuma in her feet. She found that the pain seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, she almost hopeless of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results. She is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a remnant of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval P.O.

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SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived. Oct 4—Sch. Beulah, 80, Watson, from Thompson, N. B. Oct 4—Sch. Beulah, 80, Watson, from Thompson, N. B. Oct 4—Sch. Beulah, 80, Watson, from Thompson, N. B. Oct 4—Sch. Beulah, 80, Watson, from Thompson, N. B.

CANADIAN PORTS.

At Quebec, Sept. 30 (at Chatham), ship St. Albans, Lovett, from Plymouth. At Chatham, Oct. 3, ship John J. Hill, McLellan, from Baltimore, bark Hercules, Boston, from Larze.

BRITISH PORTS.

At Barbados, Oct. 3, ship Stocco, Reid, from Paraguaná, ordered to Ship Island. At Barbados, Sept. 30, bark Thomas, Paulkner, from Barbados, to ship to Boston. At Barbados, Sept. 17, bark St. Helena, Hopkins, from Halifax, N. B. (and to ship to Jamaica).

FOREIGN PORTS.

At Liverpool, Oct. 3, ship Osmann, McDonnell, from Liverpool, to ship to Boston. At Liverpool, Oct. 3, ship Osmann, McDonnell, from Liverpool, to ship to Boston.

DEATH.

For Cheshire, N.B.: D. J. Sawyer, for Hillsboro, N.B. OGDEN, Me. Oct 4—Ard, sch. Carle Bell, from Philadelphia. GLOUCESTER, Mass., Oct 4—Ard, sch. Hattie L., from Salmon River, N.S. HULL, N.S., Oct 3—Ard, bark Capricorn, from Halifax. BONA, Sept 29—Ard, bark Conte Gera Eze, from Halifax.

MEMORANDA.

GIBRALTAR, Sept 28—Passed back to Bahia, from Bahia, to Cape Verde. LUGER, Sept 28—Passed back to Bahia, from Bahia, to Cape Verde.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

WASHINGTON, Sept 30—Notice is given by the Light House Board that on or about Oct. 10, a light of the fourth order, flashing white every 4 seconds, will be established in the lower reaches of the Chesapeake on the foundation of the former tower on the north-eastern side of the South Channel, in New York Lower Bay, Boston Harbor, and Delaware Bay.

BIRTHS.

KEIRSTEAD—At Hasbelden's Point, Sept. 30th, to the wife of J. V. Keirstead, a daughter, KETI—On Oct 2nd, at Hasbelden, to the wife of W. Keirstead, a son.

MARRIAGES.

HARDING-STEVENS—At the residence of Harold Perkins, uncle of the bride, Oct. 3, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Harry Harding of St. John's, N. B., to Irene M. Stevens of St. John's, N. B.

DEATHS.

CLARK—Infant, of heart trouble, Emily E. Clark, wife of Tucker Clark, Oct. 7, in the 20th year of her age, leaving a husband, three sons and two daughters to survive her.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Ointment, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the cure for rheumatism.