REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "New Springs of Joy."

Text: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."—Joshua xv., 19.

The City of Debir was the Boston of antiqity—a great place for brain and books. Ca-b wanted it, and he offered his daughter hah as a prize to any one who would cap ture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man who could take the city would have, at any rate, two ele-ments of manhood—bravery and patriotism. ments of manhood—bravery and patriotism.

With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for,
Gen. Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into 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 faint hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a may. leves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbols may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and achesh parents are always sad when a londry cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is 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 mountainess and sloping southward toward the ous, and sloping 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 amidst 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

he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."

What a suggestive passage! The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us His world. I am very thankful He has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a larger 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, aloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by flery siroccos; it is "a south land," a swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indigenantly

of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that fifty thousand dollars than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who

contest than you and better? Some of the poorest ment I have ever known have been my provided the poorest business straits, but the ghastless of all embarrasements is that of the man who has large estates. The men who symmit suicide because of monetary loss, and any: "Poore and down and sees free these who cannot bear the burden any turn, because they have only a hundred to see the sees of the life, he says; "Behold, eight-three years have peased without any practice of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Ohn the sees of the

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. Oh these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from the thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs! It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with mainria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man

donyx, the fire of jacinth.

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. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul?" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap like the hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion; but I remember reading of that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion; but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God." "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." 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?

"Tis religion that can give

'Tis 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 Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she and his heart was almost orders was going, yet he gives her a "south land;" not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given m a "south land" in this world, and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world

springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in heaven.

It is very fortunate we cannot see heaven until we get into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or store or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. Iam glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there, and heard the song, and looked at their raptured faces, and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us because the painter sketches to her the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows?" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dediated to the King does not seem to be acceptable; for George II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence." Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words: "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, trying to write, says to his daughter write, says to his daughter: "Oh, trying to write, says to his daughter write, says 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 it gets to be night." harles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I used to go no further than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I living fountains of water." Oh, Savior dewithout any religion, and you know what I Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiogomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your manuch as a headache, or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it as for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is health in every cheek. There is health in every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and down and see us, and say: "Foor things away down in that ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the world." And when some Christian is hurled world." And when some Christian is hurled world." And when some Christian is hurled world." And when some Christian is hurled. us, and say: "Poor things away down in that world." And when some Christian is hurled

now, it is October with you, it is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this: If a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

out.
On Monday morning a friend of mine started from New York to celebrate her birthday with her daughter in Virginia. On Saturday of the same week, just after sunrise, I stood at the gate of Greenwood waiting for her slient form to come in. It is a long journey to take in one week—from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Washington, from Washington to Virginia, from Virginia into the great eternity. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it."

EVERYBODY in Constantinople is talking about the heroism of Lady White, wife of the British Ambassador. She had been suffering from an internal tumor, for the removal of which Dr. Sarell declared a dangerous operation to be necessary. Without consulting her husband or any one else, Lady White determined to undergo the operation; but in order not to disturb the carnival festivities, in which the English Embassy has this year taken a leading part, she said nothing of her intention, even to her husband; but quietly put all her affairs in order, made her will, and appeared cheerful and hospitable as usual as the presiding spirit of the Embassy ball, which took place on the last night of the carnival. The next day Pera society was startled by the announcement that Lady White was lying dangerously ill. This was all that was allowed to be made known; but the operation had been performed; whether successful or not was still a subject of doubt to the doctors attending her ladyship. For three days she lay between life and death. On the fourth she was declared to be out of danger, and then the truth leaked out. The admiration excited by Lady White's stoical courage is unbounded among people of all classes and nationalities in the Turkish capital.

THE wife of Admiral Febiger, who was killed at Washington lately in a runaway accident, had a pathetic life history. When a young and beautiful girl she was married to Lieut, Riley, a handsome young officer of the United States navy, and the wedding was a very swell society affair. It occurred in the evening, and was attended by the most noted people in official, social, army, and navy circles. The next morning Lieut. Riley left, under orders, and departed for a three years' cruise. His vessel was the President, and after she left New York she was never heard from again. Mrs. Riley remained a widow for fourteen years, her only comfort being the companionship of a son.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW's versatility as a diner-out was well demonstrated at New York the other evening. He was engaged to preside at the great birthday dinner given at Delmonico's. He was also booked to appear at the dinner given in honor of Minister Whitelaw Reid, at the Lotus Club. After starting the dinner at Delmonico's Mr. Depew jumped into a carriage and was driven to the Lotus. He joined the dinner at the roast. Being early called upon he made one of his delightful speeches, and then hastened back to Delmonico's. There he delivered a beautiful tribute to Grant's memory, and introduced the other speakers of the evening.

THE legend, "M. S., 1770," is inscribed on a tree which shades the residence of E. H. Ogletree, who resides near Crawfordsville, Ga. It was cut there by Moses Stevens in the year mentioned. Mr. Ogletree has the chain of titles from that date to the present. A correspondent noticed one of the old seals that was made of wax, and was so old that the date could scarcely be seen on it. The printing is antique, and is far behind the work that is turned out nowadays by amateur printers.

MRS. SIDNEY LEE, mother of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Governor of Virginia, has lately submitted to the cutting away of a part of the iris of one of her eyes with the hope of saving the sight thereof. Otherwise the poor lady will be blind, for the sight of the other eye was lost some time ago.

In the future every great iron-clad will have its suite, composed of a small fleet. This will consist of two firstclass torpedo boats, a fast gunboat ram, generally towed, and a very fast 200ton "turn-about torpedo catcher," fitted with the latest improvements for destroying torpedoes.

M. Coulon, Director of Posts and Telegraphy in France, has directed experiments to be made with a view to telephonic communication between Paris and London.

THE bank cashier who doesn't hand out a couple of thousand dollars of the bank's cash when a revolver is held to his eye is not a good financier, and deserves no sympathy if shot.

WANAMAKER is a Phil Armour kind of a man. He opens his stand at 7:30

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MAY 26.

Lesson Text: "Jesus Betrayed," Mark xiv., 43-54 -- Golden Text: Luke xxii., 48-Commentary.

43. "And immediately, while He yet spake." They were in Gethsemane, whither Jesus had gone after the supper. Entering the garden He left eight of the disciples and took Peter, James and John a little farther with Him; then withdrawing Himself a little farther even from them, He kneeled down, fell on His face and prayed; He prayed earnestly. He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. (Luke xxii., 44). He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears. (Heb. v., 7.) Three times He prayed, saying the same words, returning to the disciples after each prayer, and each time finding them asleep. When He returned from praying the third time He added the words of verse 42: "Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth Me is at hand," and these are the words referred to in the opening sentence of our lesson. is at hand," and these are the words referred to in the opening sentence of our lesson. After Judas, being pointed out as the betrayer, left them, and Jesus had instituted the supper, He then spoke the wonderful words of John xvi., xv., xvi., and prayed as recorded in John xvii., after which they sung a hymn and then went out to Gethsemane.

a hymn and then went out to Gethsemane.

44. "And he that betrayed Him had given them a token * * *." Judas, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons (John xvii., 3), and he had instructed them that the one whom they would see him kisswas He whom they were to take and lead away safely. away safely.
45. "And as soon as he was come,

46. "And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to Him, and saith, Master, Master, and kissed Him." How could Jesus, knowing it all, suffer Judas to come thus near to Him and kiss Him, only saying so meekly: "Judas, betrayest though the Son of Man with a kiss!" (Luke xxii., 48.) Oh, what long suffering! What entire yielding of Himself a sacrifice for sin! What complete requiredation of self! Can we by the grace of God yield ourselves so fully to Him that we will meekly accept even the hardest things as from Him and thus "Glorify the Lord in the

will meekly accept even the hardest things as from Him and thus "Glorify the Lord in the fires." (Isa. xxiv., 15.)

46. "And they laid their hands on Him and took Him." What unholy hands to lay upon the Holy One; criminals worthy to die eternal death, laying hold upon their Judge who was ready to pardon them, sinners needing salvation, laying hold upon the only one who could save them, that they might put Him out of the way; man, the creature, laying hold upon God, the Creator, because they hated Him; was there ever such a sight? They took Him, not because they were able, but only because He suffered them.

47. "And one of them that stood by drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear." John xviii., 10, says that Simon Peter did it, and that the servant's name was Malchus; Luke xxii., 51. says that Jesus touched his ear and healed him; and Matt. xxvi., 52-54, says that Jesus told the disciples that they that take the sword perish with the sword, and that if it was necessary He could ask and receive from His Father more than a legion of angels for each of them, but if thus protected and delivered how would the Scriptures be fulfilled! How much blundering work we do, that the Saviour has to undo, because we rush hastily in the energy of the flesh instead of seeking and yielding to the Spirit of Christ.

48. "And Jesus answered and said unto

and yielding to the Spirit of Christ.

48. "And Jesus answered and said unto them, Are ye come out as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take Me?" with swords and with staves to take Me?" Both Matthew and Luke record the same question. Let some father or mother say how they would feel if the law should send its officers to arrest their son as a thief, he being innocent. If ever we are shamefully treated or spoken against, let us think of Jesus and be patient for His sake.

49. "I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took Me not; but the scriptures must be fulfilled." Luke xxii., 53, aids: "This is your hour and the power of darkness." Such scriptures were being and about

ness." Such scriptures were being and about to be fulfilled as Psalms xxii., and lxix, Isaiah lili., etc., but His comfort as He looked up to His Father was: "Thou hast known My reproach, and My shame, and My dishonor. Mine adversaries are all before Thee." (Ps. lxix., 19). If people would say and do openly the mean and devilish things which they say and do behind one's back and in the dark, it would seem as if we could not be the could be the ch scriptures were being and about in the dark, it would seem as if we could better refute and resist them; but then we would not have the fellowship with Jesus in His sufferings which we have by being

His sufferings which we have by being treated as He was.

50. "And they all forsook Him and fled."
Thus His words came true, and the sheep of the flock were scattered (Matt. xxvi., 31; Zec. xiii., 7); He looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comforters but found none. (Ps. lxix., 20). Sometimes Christians say that it seems as if they had no right of few rights, or see if their their treatments. friends or few friends, or as if they had no friends or few friends, or as if their friends were all failing them, but never was human heart on this earth so lonely for human friendship and fellowship as the heart of Jesus Christ; His own brethren did not believe in Him iJohn vii., 5); His disciples for sook Him and fied sook Him and fled.

51, 52. "And there followed Him a certain 51, 52. "And there followed Him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; * * *" Because Mark is the only one who records this incident, some think that Mark himself was the young man; that he had been a wakened by the passing mob, and hastily throwing a sheet around him, had followed them, and now ventured to interpose on behalf of Jesus, or at least go with Him, but the mob laying hold of him, he left the linen cloth and fied from them naked. Peter had said that though he should die with Him, he would not in any wise deap die with Him, he would not in any wise deny Him (v. 31), but we know how that turned out, and now Peter with the rest had forsaken

Him (v. 31), but we know how that turned out, and now Peter with the rest had forsaken Him. This young man seems to be more courageous than all the disciples by following Jesus in this dark time of His desertion; but it is the way we hold out, and not the way we start, that talls; and so this would-be follower flees like the rest, and naked at that, for we are naked indeed when we turn our backs on Jesus (Rev. iii., 17).

53. "And they led Jesus away to the high priest." John xviii., 13, says that they bound Him, and led Him away; Isa. liii., 7, R. V., says: "As a lamb that is led to the slaughter." Think of their binding the hands that were ever stretched forth to bless, the hands that brought health to the leper, sight to the billed, speech to the dumb, and that took the little children up in His arms and blessed them. What had these hands ever done that they should be thus bound, and why doe He not exert just a little of the power He gave to Samson and burst those wretched cords and slay His enemies? Do you ask why? Then hear the answer and cause every Sunday-school scholar to hear it: "For your sake He suffered it, for your sake He let them bind Him and lead Him as a lamb to the slaughter, for your sake He let them crucify Him, that you by His sufferings might be delivered from the wrath to come and made a child of God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ." Do you believe it? Do you receive Him? If so, how much gratitude do you show Him; how much insuit and injury can you cheerfully bear for His sake; how much patience have you with those who do you wrong by word or deed?

54. "And Peter followed Him afar off." that is no way to foilow Jesus, and yet is it not just the way that many professing Christians follow Him?

"And he sat with the servants." Whosoever is not a servant of Christ is a servant of

"And he sat with the servants." Whosoever is not a servant of Christ is a servant of the devil, and these were no servants of Christ, and therefore no place for a servant of Christ, and therefore no place for a servant of Christ to be found sitting.

"And warmed himself at the fire." Better for him to have frozen to death outside than to warm himself at that fire and then do as he did. Where, O reader, do you like to warm yourself? Are you ever found enjoying the company of those who know not Christ? If you enjoy above all things the camp fire of His followers, do you by a word of testimony or a word of prayery throw on the least little stick to help make the fire burn? God grant us all to follow fully and not afar off,—Lesson Helper.



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