

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE DIVINE'S SUN-DAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "God's Second Gift"—The World is Too Much With Us—The Better Life and the Advantages of Religion—The Story of Caleb and Othniel.

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 Debr was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Ahsah as a prize to any one who would capture 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 elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debr as thousands in this day who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental requirements. Of two evil I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocket-book. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debr 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 faint-hearted a woman herself may be she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that.

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Ahsah are about to go to their own home. However loudly the gymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Ahsah, 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 a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Ahsah 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 amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that that 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."

The fact is that as Caleb, the father, gave Ahsah, 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 Ahsah 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 sorrow, swept by fiery strokes; it is "a south land," a 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 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 dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpet 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, 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." Charles 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 need to go no farther than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

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. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiognomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps, and making no appeal to God for help or comfort many of them are tossed every whit. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house 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 worry since you won that \$50,000 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 commit suicide, because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more because they have only \$50,000 left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited. Yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows, and the prayer which Ahsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God, we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate! We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs. Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion. David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St.

Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up to an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, pecking out for him green pastures by still waters. If he walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard. If he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams. If he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cupbearers. If he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say: "Look at that odd fellow with the worn-out coat." The angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry, "Get off my front steps!" The doorknockers of heaven cry, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to that potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

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 thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." 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 malaria, 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 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 as a hart, and the dumb sing. They say 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 moment 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?

"Is 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 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 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 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! I am 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 stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now. Let us stay!" And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if once we got there, 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 crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks forth from beneath the throne. Another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple. Another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! 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."

O Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory! Hear it! They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic or thrust neuralgia. 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 is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of this 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 spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us and say: "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurried into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one whose strength is going away and we shake our heads forebodingly they cry: "I'm glad he is worse. He has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas

about that future world untwisted, our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, O Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration! 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 thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Man of the world, will you not to-day 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 watercourses? Why let your tongue be consumed of thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs—comfort here and glory hereafter?

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Save From Moloch's Fire—How Rum is Smuggled Into Alaska—The Strict Laws of the United States Violated—Seventy Vile Saloons in Juneau.

List to those in anguish moaning, Bound in Moloch's fire, Can you see, with soft hands folded, Loved ones thus expire?

Or above the men who bind them— For their blood-stained gold— Spread aloft your country's banner, Freedom's aegis hold?

Freedom! Oh, what mad perversion! Freedom to enslave! License, rather, to the demon Of the fiery wave.

Blasting all the sweet affections With his breath of hate; Homes that glow with light of Eden, Making desolate.

Rouse, ye freeman! Man the engine Of a mighty law! Let the hearts of evildoers Tremble yet with awe!

Not one fainting victim only— See, a host expire! Thousands are the voices calling: "Save from Moloch's fire!"

"Turl his throne, a burning mountain, To unfathomed sea! Break his iron yoke forever! Let us, too, be free!"

—Temperance Banner.

Gladstone on Temperance.
Mr. Gladstone once said, in words which have become proverbial, that the intemperance of the United Kingdom was the source of more evils than war, pestilence and famine; and to this it must be added that the intemperance that reigns in that and other nations does not come periodically like war, but year by year remains in permanent activity. Its havoc is not sporadic, but universal, and it is not intermittent, but continuous and incessant in its action.

The Liquor Curse in Alaska.
One of the least fortunate acts of the United States Congress in regard to Alaska has been the enactment of a most rigid prohibitory law as to alcoholic liquors, says David Starr Jordan in the Atlantic. This is an iron-clad statute forbidding the importation, sale, or manufacture of intoxicants of any sort in Alaska. The primary reason for this act is the desire to protect the Indians, Aleuts and Eskimos from a drug of which they are excessively fond and which destroys them. But a virtuous statute may be the worst kind of law, as was noted long ago by Confucius. This statute has not checked the flow of liquor in Alaska, while it has done more than any other influence to destroy the respect for law. In general, men who "are not in Alaska for their health" are hard drinkers, and liquor they will have. It is shipped to Alaska as "Florida water," "Jamaica ginger," "bay rum." Demijohns are placed in the centre of flour barrels, sugar barrels, in any package which may contain them. With all this, there is a vast amount of outright smuggling which the Treasury Department tries in vain to check. All southeastern Alaska is one vast harbor, with thousands of densely wooded islands, mostly uninhabited. Cargoes of liquors can be safely hidden almost anywhere, to be removed piece by piece in smaller boats. Many such cargoes have been seized and destroyed, but the risk of capture merely serves to raise the price of liquor. Once on shore the liquor is safe enough. Upwards of seventy saloons are running openly in Juneau, and perhaps forty in Sitka. Most of these houses are the lowest of their kind, because, being outlaws to begin with, the ordinary restraints of law and order have no effect on them.

Notes of the Crusade.
There are 5000 temperance societies in London.

Nearly all trouble experienced with men in the army originates with the bottle.

What magnificent abilities in restraint of appetite in a "civilized state" the millions of American white drunkards show!

A temperance association composed of members of the Six Nations is doing much to check intemperance among the Indians. It requires more than one key to open the door of success. Sobriety alone can not unlock the portal, but it is one of the keys.

The number of drunkards in the United States to-day vastly exceeds the whole number of "children of the wilderness" when America was discovered.

Of what use is honesty and ability without the strength of will to control the passions and appetites that, given free rein, will drag us forward to destruction?

Some men are puppatic, some are dogmatic, some are bulldogmatic. Let us be bulldogmatic in our warfare against rum—never yielding an inch whether the warfare is aggressive or defensive.

Nobody thinks of repealing the laws against murder or burglary, though they are as constantly, if not frequently, violated as are the laws of Maine and Vermont against the sale of alcoholic liquors for use as beverages.

I was on the street. A man recovering from a debauch was moaning to himself: "I must quit! I must reform! I must stop!" "Don't say dat, boss," put in a colored man, "Dat's no good. Say: 'I am quit! I is reformed! I've done gone stopped!' Do it now, boss, and den you won't forget it."

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