DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

CLEVELAND-"OFF TRACK-HOW TO GET ON AGAIN."

The Gospel in Handshaking-Christian People Do Not Give Proper Encouragement to the Outcast Who is Will-

ing to Return. CLEVELAND, Dec. 5 .- The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached here to-day. Following is his sermon: Subject, "Off the Track; How to Get on Again."

Text: Proverbs xxiii, 35 :"When shall I

awako? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of who, intuite desires to return. With a wish for something better he said: "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity!" But seized upon by uneradicated habit and forced down hill by uneradicated habit and forced down hill by his passions he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life —complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gove astray, how is he to get back! That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this morning to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agouized soul, are ready to hear such a discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incar-cerated. Now, if there be any in this house, come with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be exthy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand, and call them brother. Look up. There is glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of gospel deliverance. The church is ready to spread a banquet at your return, and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles of your return, and then how you are to sur-mount those obstacles.

The first difficulty in the way of your re turn is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up; it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad. Which most affected you? Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years. Some of them are pure and some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed cer-tain courses of conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield! Ah! my friends, we have to take but a moment of self-inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation. But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward beaven. Force of moral gravitation is in every one of us, but there is power in God's grave to overcome that force of moral gravi-

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of ovil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil haldts. I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, raining him, body, mind and soul. If that man, being an intalligent way and leave that man, being an intelligent man, and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so! The fact that he does not give it up proves it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our hearts, and our bad habits, we are sailing down stream, but the moment we try to turn we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream.

Take a man given to the habit of using tobacco, as most of you do, and let him re-solve to stop, and he finds it very difficult. Twenty-one years ago I quit that habit, and I would as soon care to put my right hand in the fire as once to indulge in it. Why! Because it was such a terrific struggle to get over it. Now, let a man be advised by his physician to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a line of figures. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it timt has rolled a wave of woo over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has tried to stop smoking! After a while he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor doesn't understand my case. I am going back to my old habit." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to smoking.

Oh! the fact is, as we all know in our own

experience that habit is a taskmaster; as long as we obey it it does not chastise us, but let us resist and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone breaking juggernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night and to-sed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil limbit, coming down through the rapids and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it is to arrest them. God only can arrest them. Suppose a man, after five or ten or twenty years of evil doing, resolves to do right? Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries, "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine store. It was one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand to hand fight with inflamed, tantalizing and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their

poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death leap. How many there are who resolve on a better life and say: "When shall I awake?" but, seized on by their old habits, cry: "I will try it once more; I will seek it yet again!" Years ago there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from the air hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place. But one young man with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out: "One round more!" He swept around, and went down; and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way, It is the one round morn.

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. Destring to reform he says: "Now, I will shake off my old associates, and I will find Christian companionship." And he apus at the church door some Sabbath day, and the usher greets him with a look, as much as to say: "Why, you here? You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this sent right down by the door!" intake this seat right down by the door!" Instead of saying: "Good morning; I am glad you are here. Come; I will give you a first rate seat, right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer meeting, and some Christian man, with more seal than common sense, says: "Glad to see you. The dying third was eaved and I suppose there is mercy." thief was saved, and I suppose there is mercy for you!" The young man, disgusted, chilled throws himself back on his dignity, resolved he never will enter the house of God again. Perhaps not quite fully disgusted about reformation, he sides up by some highly re-spectable man, he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street. Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand offers him the tip end of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the

Oh, how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good, honest handshaking! Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt that thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind and soul, an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable. We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live 1,000 miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there came to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people almost threw up their hands in horror, as much as to say: "Isn't it shocking!" How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself! They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. O ye, who curl your lip with scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, and the refined, and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination! It is not because you are naturally any bet ter, but because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles, and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

I think men also are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership, and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God, and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of church he is going to join. O, my friends! it is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechisms, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist lovefeasts, and Baptistries, to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a life boat puts out for him, and the man in the boat rays to the man out of the boat:
"Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of re-ligion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? O. you ought to have, my brother! an illumined face, and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way. Take hold of the same book with him, though his dissipations shake the book, remembering that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

Now. I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and how the shackles may be unriveted, and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be

First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly, and tell him those habits you have, and ask Him if there is any help in all the resources of ommipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs" and "abs" and Gorever and forever amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot cry for help just look and live. I remember in the late war I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle, and I said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh! it is no small thing, when a man is norvous, and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms arms around about him and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then, as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts his right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him

that dieth." Blessed be God for such a gospel as this! "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God there is a full loaf for every one that wants it; bread enough and

muzzles fearing away at the flanks of one | to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master Street hospital in Philadelphia was opened during the war a telegram came saying: "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night, be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or Massachu-setts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then also I counsel you, if you want to get back, to quit all your bad associations. One unholy infinacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed. Among the 1,400,000,000 of the race not one instance. Go home to-day, open your desk, take out letter paper, stamp and envelope, and then write a letter something like this:

"My old companions: I start this day for heaven. Until I am persuaded you will join me in this, farewell."

Then sign your name, and send the letter with the first post. Give up your had companions, or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three bad companions What chance is there for that but one. young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, halting in front of a grog shop, urging him to go in, he resist-ing, violently resisting, until after a while they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also, seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. If you find no other human ear willing to If you find no other human ear-willing to listen to your story of struggle, come to me, and I will, by every sympathy of my heart, and every prayer, and every prayer, and every toil of my hand, stand beside you in the arruggle for reformation; and as I hope to have my own sins forgiven and hope to be acquitted at the judgment seat of Christ, I will not betray you. First of all, seek God; then seek Christian counsel. Gather up all the energies of body, mind and soul, and, appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming prac-tices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now, and you are lost. Push on end you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying: "Sparta has conquered." Though our struggle to get rid of sin may seen ... be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Oh, what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to send home to their parents in the ntry these holidays go to the postoffic which are coming. every day or two to whether there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear! You might send them for a holiday sent this season a book from one of our best publishing houses, or a complete wardrobe from the importer's palace, it would not please them half as much as the news you might send home to-corrow that you had given your heart to C.... I know how it is in the country. The ...ight comes on. The cattle stand under the rack through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses just having frisked up from the meadow at the nightfall, stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under the feathers. In the old farmhouse at night no candle is lighted, for the flames clap their hands about the great black log, and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying the state of the state of the same thinking. nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of. After awhile the father breaks the silence and says: "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town to-night?" and the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him, trust him still." Then at 8 o'clock—for they retire early in the country—they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on

Some one said to a Grecian general: "What was the proudest moment in your life?" He thought a moment, and said: "The proudest moment in my life was when I sent home word to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered your evil habits, by the grace of God, and become eternal victor. Oh, despise not parental anxiety!

The time will come when you will have neither father or mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had you to, and want give the work you mever thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born—better if in the first hour of his life, in-stead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismar cemetery rending the hair and wringing the hands and crying: "Mother! mother!" that to-day by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God for-

The brown beard and hair of Carl Schurz is becoming plentifully sprinkled with gray, but otherwise his appearance shows no sign of the wear and tear of age.

On the 31st of May last the approximate number of sheep in New Zealand was 15,-200,000, being an increase of 654,000 on the previous year.

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My decision is that, for purposes of taxation under the Internal Revenue laws, this Tonic, so made, may be classed as a proprietary medicinal tonic, subject to stamp tax, and that sales there-

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BENJ. P. IZLAR ESQ., PROBATE JUDGE THEREAS, R. V. Dannerly has made HEREAS, R. V. Dannerly has made suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of Elizabeth Minniken: THESE ARE THEREFORE to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and Creditors of the said Elizabeth Minniken, deceased, that they be and appear, before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Orangeburg Court House on the 16th day of December, next, after publication here. December, next, after publication here of, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to shew cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand, this 26th day of November, Anno Domini, 1886.

BENJ. P. IZLAR,

Dec 2- Probate Judge O. C.

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Finally I was induced to use B. B. B., which was about the 1st of February, and

which was about the 1st of February, and continued its use until the latter part of April. The offensive discharge decreased at once and the hardness around the cancer disappeared. It improved my general health and I rapidly gained flesh and strength. The discharge gradually decreased and the cancer became less and less is also with nothing remains event a sear in size until nothing remains except a scar to tell the tale of a once dangerous cancer. All who have seen me since I have com-All who have seen me since I have commenced the use of B. B. B. bear testimony of my great improvement, and the scar on my face shows that it cured the cancer. I find that B. B. B. comes squarely up to what it is recommended, and I cannot say too much in praise of this wonderful medicine. I have tried them all but B. B. B.

cine. I have tried them all but B. B. B. stands at the top as a blood purifier.

The above is copied from the Athens,

Ga.) Banner-Watchman, being the volunteer language of Mr. James A. Greer, which Editor Gantt indorses:

"Mr. Greer is an honest, upright citizen of Athens, who had a bad cancer, and his numerous triends thought that he could be appeared by a property of the country of the cou not live very long, as the eancer was grad-ually sapping the foundation of his con-stitution, but now looks well and hearty.

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