

GOD'S SECOND GIFT.

DR. TALMAGE SAYS THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

Life is Good, but Life is Not God's Greatest Gift—Man Cries, Like Caleb's Daughter, For the Upper Springs—The Better Life.

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WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Taking for his text an oriental scene seldom noticed, Dr. Talmage discusses the spiritual advantages of religion for this world and the next; 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."

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one 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.

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, rises it up in 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—angle of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking 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 worst 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 doorknobs of heaven cry, "Come, ye blessing of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the 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.

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 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, 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.

The Source of Happiness. 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 drooping, I heard an old man in the parlor 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 joyous 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?

The religion that can give sweetest pleasures while we live. The religion that 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

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.

The Vanities of Life.

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, 83 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 Achsah 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."

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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!

The Gates Ajar.

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 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 love! Upper springs of love! 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 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 is 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 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 say, "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurled 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, "Today, Florence." "Today? So soon? I am so glad!"

The Day of Deliverance. 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 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 courses? Why let your tongue be consumed of 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. Do you know that even the mountains on the back of a thousand streams are leaping into the valley. The Alleghenies are dying. The dews with crystalline mallet 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 sea all around the earth on its shifting shores is making mighty changes in bar and bay and frith and promontory. Some of the old sea-coasts are midland now. Off Nantucket, eight feet below low water mark, are found now the stumps of trees, showing that the waves are conquering the land. Parts of Nova Scotia are sinking. Ships today sail over what, only a little while ago, was solid ground. Near the mouth of the St. Croix river is an island which, in the movements of the earth, is slowly but certainly rotating. All the face of the earth changing—changing. In 1831 an island springs up in the Mediterranean sea. In 1866 another island comes up under the observation of the American consul as he looks off from the beach. The earth all the time changing, the columns of a temple near Bizot show that the water has risen nine feet above the place it was when these columns were put down. Changing! Our Colorado river, once vaster than the Mississippi, flowing through the great American desert, which was then an Eden of luxuriance, has now dwindled to a small stream

creeping down through a gorge. The earth itself, that was once vapor, afterward molten rock, cooling off through the ages until plants might live and 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, an intimation of the last great change to come over the world even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible.

The End of the Earth.

The Hindoos believe that Brahma, the creator, once made all things. He created the water, then moved over the water, out of it lifted the land, grew the plants and animals and men on it. Out of his eye went the sun. Out of his lips went the fire. Out of his ear went the air. Then Brahma laid down to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years. After that they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it over again, bringing up land, bringing up creatures upon it, then lying down again to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years, then waking up and destroying the world again—creation and demolition following each other, until after three hundred and twenty sleeps, each one of these slumbers four thousand three hundred and twenty million years long, Brahma will wake up and die and the universe will die with him—an intimation, though very faint, of the great change to come upon this physical earth spoken of in the Bible, 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. I 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 of the bringing on of the 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, I want you to take this thought home with you: 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 expectation. Life is very much like this day through which we have passed. To many of us it is storm and darkness, then sunshine, storm and darkness, then afterward a little sunshine, now again darkness and storm. Oh, build not your hopes upon this uncertain world! Build on God. Confide in Jesus. Plan for an eternal residence at Christ's right hand. Then, come sickness or health, come joy or sorrow, come life or death, all is well, all is well.

In the name of the God of Caleb and his daughter, Achsah, I this day offer you the "upper springs" of unending and everlasting rapture.

Great Britain's Dependencies. Says Professor Bryce, "More by a series of what may be called historical accidents than from any deliberate purpose Great Britain has acquired vast transmarine possessions." This is peculiarly true of the British settlements and protectorates in Africa and the far east. The English have no possessions in north Africa. The sphere of their influence and dominion in the dark continent extends from Cape Verde on the west and the gulf of Aden on the east to the Cape of Good Hope. England's scattered colonies and dependencies in this district have an area of more than 2,500,000 square miles and a population estimated at from 10,000,000 to 40,000,000. To Great Britain more than to any other nation belongs the credit of bringing this unknown land into contact with European civilization. British enterprise and capital have done much to develop its abundant resources. British traders, hunters, soldiers and missionaries have traversed its wilds and sailed its rivers and lakes. Along with other blessings that England has brought to Africa her share in suppressing the slave trade should not be forgotten.—Chautauquan.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcer, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruption, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by The DuPre Drug Co.

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ESTABLISHED 1870. THREE FAMOUS GLASSES ARE NEVER PEPPERED. CAUTION

"These famous glasses for sale by S. B. Crawley & Co.

VISITING A SHRINE.

Lieutenant Rawlinson's Daring Entry Into the Sacred City of Kum.

Kum, a walled city of Persia, ranks second to Meshed in sanctity, on account of the famous shrine of Masuma Fatima, sister of the Imam Riza, a famous saint of the Mohammedans. While Lieutenant Rawlinson was on his way to Teheran he heard much of this sacred city and the glories of the shrine, which, it was said, no European had ever entered. Death, so rumor whispered, would be the portion of the audacious infidel who should be discovered within its precincts.

To a young and ardent spirit a dangerous adventure is an irresistible attraction. Young Rawlinson determined to visit the shrine. Disguised as a Persian pilgrim, thousands of whom annually journey to the sacred city, he joined the crowd of pilgrims. His knowledge of Persian and of the customs of the country enabled him to pass undetected through the temple gates and to make his way to the tomb of the saint. The guardian gave him the customary form of words and he repeated them.

But his curiosity almost caused his detection. Attracted by magnificent suits of steel armor which hung on the walls, he was gazing at them, when suddenly he found that he had turned his back upon the sacred shrine where in the saint was entombed.

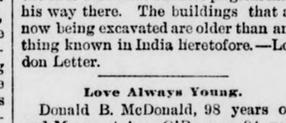
A thrill of alarm startled him, but the discourtesy, impossible to a "true believer," had not been noticed. If it had been, there would probably have been no further career for the young lieutenant, who subsequently became the decipherer of Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions and, and died the renowned orientalist, Sir Henry Rawlinson.—Youth's Companion.

Discovery of the Home of Buddha. Far away on the border of Nepal the home of Guatama Buddha has been discovered. Buddha lived about 500 B. C. and was the son of the rajah of Kapilavastu. A pillar, inscribed by the Emperor Asoka in the third century B. C., marks the city's site. The ruins are all of brick and are covered with jungle and so extensive that their exploration will require years. The city was destroyed during Buddha's lifetime. It was a mass of ruins in A. D. 410, when the first Buddhist Chinese pilgrim made his way there. The buildings that are now being excavated are older than anything known in India heretofore.—London Letter.

Love Always Young. Donald B. McDonald, 98 years old, and Margaret Ann O'Reagan, 84 years old, of Reno, Mich., were married the other day. McDonald had been married three times in Canada and is the father of 14 children. The bride had been married twice and is the mother of ten children. The wedding was performed in the presence of great-grandchildren of both bridegroom and bride.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier, Great Nerve Tonic, Stomach Regulator. To thousands its great merit is KNOWN.

FOR \$20 CASH You can buy one of M. L. Alexander's Favorite Silent and Light Running Sewing Machines And The Ledger for one year. Full description of machine can be had at this office.



This machine is guaranteed for five years by M. L. Alexander, the dealer in Planos and Organs, Greenville, S. C. Send money to the Ledger by Express or Money Order and the machine will be shipped on ten days trial. If machine is not satisfactory we will pay return freight and refund the money.

Ohio River and Charleston Railway Co. TIME TABLE OF THE Ohio River and Charleston Railway Company, combined with the South Carolina and Georgia Railroad. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 16th, 1898.

Table with columns: NORTH BOUND, Eastern Time, SOUTH BOUND. Lists stations like Charleston, Kingsville, Camden, etc.

NORFOLK NOON TRAIN. Daily Except Sunday. Lv. Atlanta, central time... 11:20 Ar. Norfolk, eastern time... 1:15

Chesapeake Line Steamers in daily service between Norfolk and Baltimore. Nos. 51 and 52—Daily. Washington and Southwestern Vestibule Limited. Through Pullman sleeping cars between New York and New Orleans, via Washington, Atlanta and Montgomery, and also between New York and Memphis, via Washington, Atlanta and Birmingham. First class throughfare connects between Washington and Atlanta. Dining cars serve all meals en route. Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars between Greensboro and Norfolk. Close connection at Norfolk for OLD POINT COMFORT arriving there in time for breakfast.

Nos. 53 and 54—United States Fast Mail runs solid between Washington and New Orleans, via Southern Railway, A. & W. V. R. R. and L. & N. E. R., being composed of large cars and coaches, through without change for passenger of all classes. Pullman drawing room sleeping cars between New York and New Orleans, via Atlanta and Montgomery. Leaving Washington each Wednesday a tourist sleeping car will run through between Washington and New York, via New York and Washington, southbound Nos. 11 and 37, northbound Nos. 37 and 11.

FRANKS GANNON, J. M. CULP, Third V.P. & Gen. Mgr., Trm. Mgr., Washington, D. C. S. H. ARNOLD, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Ass'n Gen'l Pass. Agt., Washington, D. C.

EVERY-DAY HEROISM!

Struggling through life, cursed with catarrh, is a common experience. However heroic the fight catarrh generally wins.

Under some name or other it gets the best of us. Frank E. Ingalls, Waco, Tex., and thousands of others have been permanently cured of catarrh by Dr. Hartman's successful remedy Pe-ru-na. Here is Mr. Ingalls' letter:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O. DEAR SIR:—"Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin have cured me of one of the worst cases of catarrh any one ever had. My case was so severe that I was compelled to discontinue my business, that of conductor on a railroad; but I am now entirely well."

Ordinary treatment of catarrh is for local relief. Cures are not expected. Dr. Hartman's method eradicates catarrh absolutely. Get his latest book and learn how to combat this insidious disease. The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O., will mail Dr. Hartman's books free on application.

H. A. Scott, Burt, Tenn., writes: "I feel very thankful to my Maker and your great medicine that I am cured. I would not be without Pe-ru-na in the house."

Pe-ru-na has been curing catarrh for forty years. It plucks out the roots of catarrh and builds people up. All druggists sell it.

Ask any druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Almanac for the year 1899.

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OSBORNE'S Business College. Augusta, Ga. Actual Business. No Text Books. Short time. Cheap board. Send for Catalogue.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY. SCHEDULE OF PASSENGER TRAINS IN EFFECT OCT. 16, 1898.

Table with columns: Northbound, Daily, No. 12, No. 39, No. 18, No. 24. Lists stations like Atlanta, E. T., Atlanta, E. T., etc.

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