

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Would Secure the Re-enforcement of Religion and the Pulpit—The Modern Sunday Newspaper.

BROOKLYN, June 17.—At the service in the Tabernacle this morning, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for the subject of his discourse, "Pulpit and Press Made Allies."

His text was Luke xvi, 8 "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." He said: "Secretly and in the darkness, men of the world grab occasions while Christian people let the most valuable occasions drift by unimproved."

That is the meaning of our Lord when he says "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

A marked illustration of the truth that man is in the slowness of the Christian religion to take possession of the secular printing press. The opportunity is open and has for some time been open, but the ecclesiastical courts and the churches and the ministers of religion are for the most part allowing the golden opportunity to pass unimproved.

That the opportunity is open I declare from the fact that the secular newspapers are glad of any religious facts or statistics that you present them. Any animated and stirring article relating to religious themes they would gladly print. They thank you for any information in regard to churches. If a wrong has been done to any Christian church or Christian institution you could go into any newspaper of the land and have the real truth stated. Dedication services, ministerial ordinations and pastoral installations, corner stone laying of a church, anniversary of a charitable society will have reasonable space in any secular journal, if it have previous notice given.

But, I had some great injustice done me there is not an editorial or a reportorial room in the United States into which I could not go and get myself set right, and that is true of any well known Christian. Already the daily secular press during the course of each week publishes as much religious information and high moral sentiment as does the weekly religious press. Why then does not our glorious Christianity embrace these magnificent opportunities? I have before me a subject of first and last importance. How shall we secure the secular press as a mightier re-enforcement to religion and the pulpit?

The first thing toward this result is cessation of indiscriminate hostility against newspaperdom. You might as well denounce the legal profession because of the lawyers, or the medical profession because of the quacks, or merchant because of the swindling bargain makers, as to slandering newspaper men because there are recalcitrant editors and unfair reporters and unclean columnists. Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, was about to destroy his types and extinguish the art because it was suggested to him that printing might be subordinated to the service of the devil, but afterward he bethought himself that the right use of the art might more than overcome the evil use of it, and so he spared the type and the intelligence of all following ages.

have any difficulty in remembering Nathan's thrust. "Thou art the man." Our Felix in remembering Paul's point blank utterance on righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, nor the English king any difficulty in remembering what the court preacher said, when during the sermon against sin the preacher threw his handkerchief into the king's face to indicate whom he meant. The tendency of criticism in the theological seminaries is to file off from our young men all the sharp points and make them too smooth for any kind of execution. What we want, all of us, is more point, less humdrum. If we say the right thing in the right way the press will be glad to echo and re-echo it. Sabbath school teachers, reformers, young men and old men in the ministry, what we all want if we are to make the printing press an ally in Christian work is that which the reporter spoken of suggested—points, sharp points, memorable points. But if the thing be dead when uttered by living voice, it will be a hundredfold more dead when it is laid out in cold type.

Now, as you all have something to do with the newspaper press either in issuing a paper or in reading it, either as producers or as consumers, either as sellers or purchasers of the printed sheet, I propose on this Sabbath morning, June 17, 1888, a treaty to be signed between the church and the printing press, a treaty to be ratified by millions of good people if we rightly fashion it, a treaty promising that we will help each other in our work of trying to illumine and felicitate the world, we by voice, you by pen, we by speaking only that which is worth printing, you by printing only that which is fit to speak. You help us and we will help you. Side by side these two potent agencies until the Judgment Day, when we must both be scrutinized for our work, healthful or blasting. The two worst of men in that day will be the minister of religion and the editor if they wasted their opportunity. Both of us are the engineers of long express trains of influence, and we will run them out of a depot of light or tumble them off the embankments.

What a useful life and what a glorious departure was that of the most famous of all American printers, Benjamin Franklin, whom infidels in the penury of their resources have often fraudulently claimed for their own, but the printer who moved that the Philadelphia convention to open with prayer, the resolution lost because a majority thought prayer unnecessary, and who wrote at the time he was viciously attacked, "My rule is to go straight forward in doing what appears to me to be right, leaving the consequences to Providence," and who wrote this quaint epitaph showing his hope of resurrection, an epitaph that I hundreds of times read while living in Philadelphia.

The Body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer (Take the cover of an old book. Its contents sort out, And scrip of its letters are gliding, Lies here food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost, For it will (as he believed) appear once more. In a new And more beautiful edition, Corrected and Amended By The Author

That Providence intends the profession of reporters to have a mighty share in the world's redemption is suggested by the fact that Paul and Christ took a reporter along with them, and he reported their addresses and reported their acts. Luke was a reporter, and he wrote not only the book of Luke, but the Acts of the Apostles, and without that reporter's work we would have known nothing of the Pentecost, and nothing of Stephen's martyrdom, and nothing of the resurrection, and nothing of the calling and anointing of Paul and Silas, and nothing of the shipwreck at Malta. Strike out the reporter's work from the Bible and you will have a large part of the New Testament. It makes me think that in the future of the kingdom of God the reporters are to bear a mighty part.

About thirteen years ago a representative of an important newspaper took his seat in this church, one Sabbath night, about five years from the front of this pulpit. He took out pencil and reporter's pad, resolved to capture the whole scene. When the music began he began, and with his pencil he derided that, and then derided the prayer, and then derided the reading of the Scriptures, and then he derided the sermon. But, he says, for some reason his hand began to tremble, and he rallying himself, sharpened his pencil and started again, but broke down again, and then put pencil and paper in his pocket and began to pray. At the close of the service he came up and asked for the prayers of others and gave his heart to God, and, though still engaged in newspaper work, he is an evangelist, and hires a hall at his own expense and every Sabbath afternoon preaches Jesus Christ to the people. And the men of that profession are going to come in a body throughout the country, and know hundreds of them, and a more genial or highly educated class of men it would be hard to find, and though the tendency of their profession may be toward skepticism, an organized, common sense Gospel invitation would fetch them to the front of all Christian endeavor. Men of the pencil and pen, in all departments, you need the help of the Christian religion. In the day when people want to get their newspapers at three cents, and are hoping for the time when they can get any of them at one cent, and, as a consequence, the attitude of the printing press are by the thousand ground under the cylinders, you want God to take care of you and your families. Some of your best work is much better done, as Milton's "Paradise Lost," for which the author received \$25, and the immortal poem, "Hobbes' Ladder," of Thomas Campbell when he first offered it for publication, and in the column called "Notices to Correspondents" appeared the words "To T. C.—The lines commencing 'On Linden when the sun was low are not up to our standard. Poetry is not T. C.'s forte."

Let through and powers and kingdoms be Obedient, mighty God, to thee; And over land and stream and main, Now wave the scepter of Thy reign. O, let that glorious anthem swell, Let none to host the triumph tell, Till not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.

A FEW STRAY ITEMS.

To lazy men. Half a loaf is the first start to no bread. The latest fad among New York girls is getting up a collection of dummy cats for house decoration.

The "chef" of one of the finest hotels in the south, which is widely known for the excellence of its cuisine, is a woman.

The British army authorities are pushing experiments in military cycling. A regular bicycle corps has been formed, with 100 men, of whom eleven are officers.

If ever there was a victim of misplaced confidence in this self-seeking world it is the man who imagines that he is making the congregation believe that he is wide awake while he is taking a little nap in church.

A St. Louis physician places the cocaine habit ahead of all others for destructive results. A man can get over drinking. He can give up morphine, but when cocaine takes hold of him he is gone. Cocaine is said to be worse than alcohol and opium put together. It completely destroys a man's will power and will make a villain of the most honest man in the world.

The Archduke Charles Louis, the brother of the emperor of Austria, has been splendidly feted during his visit to Madrid. A banquet was given at the palace, followed by a reception, both being in every way worthy of the old reputation of the court of Spain. The hall of columns, in which the banquet took place, was lighted by 2,000 large candles, which were in the silver candelabra, and the queen wore white ostrich plumes and her jewels for the first time since the king's death.

Near Piedmont, S. C., the other day, a strangely horrible accident occurred. A little son of the miller in charge of Richardson's mill was fishing on the bank near where an upright shaft ran from the water wheel to the connections above. The boy jerked his rod, having gotten a "bite," and the line was caught around the rapidly revolving shaft and around his arm at the same time. Before the unfortunate little fellow could untangle the strong cord from about him it had cut off his arm near the elbow as clean and sharp as if by a knife. The wounded youth is still living.

Professor Virchow, at Cairo, lately was set at the door of his hotel by a band of donkey boys, eager to hire their steeds for his excursions about the city. "Take mine, sir," cried one, "he's a very good donkey." "He's no good! Mine's better! Mine's a Gladstone donkey!" cried a second, mistaking the stranger for an Englishman or Irishman. But a third was a better ethnologist, and he shouted "Don't take him, sir! Gladstone donkey's no good! Take mine! He's a Bismarck donkey!" And that appeal won the day.

The crack Ninth company of the Seventh regiment is to see how ungraceful it can look when on skirmish drill. A regimental company is all grace when on parade, and the photographs and engravings have always given symmetry and charming attitudes. With the snap camera things are different. The Ninth company, while on its recent skirmish drill near Yorkers, was taken in action. It held all sorts of ways, at least any way to get in a shot, men clambering over rail fences or crouching on the turf or dodging behind bushes and trees as they advanced, were taken instantly, and the attitudes brought out in the negatives are of the bear, non, snake, dog, cat, turtle and kangaroo character. They will be hung up in the company's room.

An Adventure with a Tiger. As we walked along through the jungle I failed to keep up with the other members of the party, who had got on some distance ahead, when suddenly I heard a rustle in the underwood, and almost at the same moment an enormous tiger presented himself and prepared to spring upon me. I had never seen a more magnificent beast, and I could not help admiring him, notwithstanding the danger of my position.

But there was no time to be lost. I immediately presented my rifle and fired. As I luck would have it neither shot struck, and in another second the tiger was on me and had thrown me down, his claws buried in my left shoulder. I had no particular sensation of fear, and I remember thinking quite calmly as I lay on the ground, the tiger's hot breath coming against my face. "It's all up with me now." But at that moment my faithful little Mungo came to the rescue. He bit the tiger's tail so severely that the beast immediately released his hold and turned round to seize its new adversary.

But Mungo, as sharp and wary as he was plucky, was off in the tall grass in an instant. The tiger followed, but the dog had the advantage over him, as it could run through the grass and under the brushwood at a pace which the other could not keep up with. In fact, it was almost comical to see how the great creature bounded about in its useless chase after the dog.

But I knew that the tiger, disappointed of seizing Mungo, would soon be back again to attack his master, so I reloaded my gun and stood awaiting his return. In a short time he was before me once more, and again I leveled my gun as well as I could, considering the pain in my left shoulder. The first shot missed, but the second struck the tiger in the shoulder, crippled him, and made him roll about in agony. Believing as rapidly as possible, I went nearer to him, almost very deliberately, and this time gave him his quietus. Surely had I done so before Mungo came bounding up to me, looking into my face, and whining as if with joy at seeing me safe.—Chambers Journal.

Ticked for Gen. Israel Putnam. In the office of the Henry Hill Publishing company of Norwich, in a dusty nook, is the big clock that used to tick for Gen. Israel Putnam, and that the bluff revolutionary soldier had to wind nightly with a crooked iron key nearly as big and heavy as a wagon wheel. It is seven feet five inches tall, the case is of polished cherry, and the dim, decorated face is bigger than the full moon looks to be. About the dial the woodwork projects in the shape of a miniature square house, with curved, ornamental pieces at the top and with pilasters on each side. The clock reveals the days of the month as well as the daily time. Inside the case a four foot pendulum swings leisurely to a loud swinging time, and five pound leaden weights on double cords make the massive machinery revolve. With the clock goes a written attestation, pasted on its back, from the seller to the owner, of its genuineness.—Cor. New York Sun.

leap and the printing press. The ordination of the former on my head, the pen of the latter in my hand, it is appropriate that I publish the bands of such a marriage. Let them from this day be one in the magnificent work of the world's redemption.

Let through and powers and kingdoms be Obedient, mighty God, to thee; And over land and stream and main, Now wave the scepter of Thy reign. O, let that glorious anthem swell, Let none to host the triumph tell, Till not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.

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