

JOSHUA'S BATTLES.

Talmage Draws from them Lessons in Christian Warfare.

ENCOURAGING WORDS

For Those Engaged in the Battles of Life, God's Soldiers Never Turn Backward.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage follows Joshua on his triumphal march and speaks encouraging words to all who are engaged in the battles of this life; text, Joshua, v. 1. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says that the Lord kissed him and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried, the same one who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness until he has some one ready to replace him. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place. Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the start, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." God fulfilled this promise, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet, the next with a stone wall, the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards and the next battling against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last against the king of terrors, death—five great victories.

As a rule when the general of an army starts out in a war he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his own courage up and rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts, but the first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Palisade, or the assault of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting, and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank, and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say, "Alas, they cannot disturb us until the freshets fall! It is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water, and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "What is the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among those troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the Jordan, and Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chief, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan. One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they touch the rim of the water with their feet than, by an Almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the cleaving and laminae and willows and pull themselves up a bank 30 or 40 feet high, and having gained the other bank they clap their shields and their spears and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters break to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage.

As the head of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—they rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say, "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have staid parted? Because perhaps we may want to go back." O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. The Canaanites are on the one side, and we are on the other. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated? My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gaucy keepers that saw the Jordan part and the crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. Victory ahead, but water 30 feet deep behind, surging to death and darkness and woe. But you say, "Why did not those Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance, standing on the bank of the bank 30 or 40 feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise, and he was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the foot of the grove is a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey and once by Herod the Great and once again by the Mohammedans, but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no words, no boasting, no Canaanites, no use of weapons of war and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken, and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude, rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days—and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the ram's horns on the seventh day the perforation of the whole scene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

ter broke loose from the wall, not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "did I not tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it. Joshua has been spoiled. He thinks because he has overthrown and conquered the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Do you not see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It is not philosophic." And I suppose there were many wise acres who stood with their knitted brows and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forehead of the left hand arguing it all out and showing that it was not possible that such a cause could produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have stood up well. The second day the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city and again a failure. The third day and a failure, fourth day and a failure fifth day and a failure, sixth day and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all five times, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure. There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelites arraying themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as never was heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host, "Shout for the Lord hath given you the city." All together the troops shout, "Down, Jericho! Down, Jericho!" And the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to crack. Sand from under! She falls! Crash go the walls and temples, the towers, the palaces, the air blackened with the dust. The huzzas of the victorious Israelites and the groans of the conquered Canaanites mingle, and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great kindly deeds? No. Some beautiful girl, the daughter of a noble? No. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw the red cord they knew it was the sign of the living God. The red cord of the divine cord of a Saviour's deliverance, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God, and no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, and the trumpets of judgment day and the hills and the mountains, the metal bones and ribs of nature shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow and heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below. Thou, unimagined, shalt be the rains smile And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

Mr. Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai. It must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says, "Joshua, we can do that without you. It is going to be a very easy job. You must stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites are like soldiers. The morning comes, and the horns of the trumpets are blown at Jericho. But no sooner do they reach the bank than the waters break to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage.

As the head of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—they rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say, "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have staid parted? Because perhaps we may want to go back." O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. The Canaanites are on the one side, and we are on the other. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated? My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gaucy keepers that saw the Jordan part and the crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. Victory ahead, but water 30 feet deep behind, surging to death and darkness and woe. But you say, "Why did not those Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance, standing on the bank of the bank 30 or 40 feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise, and he was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

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The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day and score a failure. Not so much as a piece of pine,

and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down, and the flying Israelites return, and between those two ways of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory, and while I see the curtain, the sky, and hear the huzzas of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than that all, ringing and echoing through his soul. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

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KRUGER IN FRANCE.

The Old Hero Received With Great Demonstration.

A PATHETIC PICTURE

Was Presented by the Good Old Man as He Declares His People Will Die Fighting.

President Kruger, of the Dutch Republics of South Africa, arrived in Marseilles, France, Thursday, and was received by the entire population with great demonstration. The delirium of enthusiasm which marked every step of his progress from the time he landed from the ship until the hotel was reached was a revelation even to the people of Marseilles themselves. It fully equalled if it did not surpass the frantic demonstrations of patriotism with which France opened her arms to Maj. Marchand at Toulon on his return from Fasoda.

Yet the grandeur of this demonstration, perhaps, ranks second in importance to the emphatic manifesto of "no compromise," which Mr. Kruger delivered in a low voice but with vibrating gestures of the right hand, energizing the hearts of all within hearing. The last sentences of his declaration were uttered with a vigor and decision which bore out his reputation as the incarnation of iron will and stubborn resistance. His mere delivery of a declaration of such far-reaching importance, as it came as a surprise event to his most intimate political advisers who up to the last were in ignorance of his determination.

An unfortunate occurrence at the hotel on the main boulevard alone marred the character of the demonstration, which up to that moment had been unanimously and exclusively a tribute of sympathy to the hero of the war of independence. "Vive les Boers" and "Vive la liberte," were the cries that formed a hurricane of cheering and swept over the city. Unfortunately the highly reprehensible foolishness of half a dozen persons in throwing small coins into the crowd as Mr. Kruger passed, acted like magic in conjuring up an anti-British outbreak, which it is not the purpose of this paper to discuss. The police to prevent becoming a serious disturbance. The hotel remained for the rest of the day in a state of siege while at one time a procession several thousand strong marched in the direction of the British consulate, shouting, "Down with the English," and raising other threatening cries. The result was that a strong police force was compelled to disperse the demonstration, although it was not found necessary to make more than a few temporary arrests. Throughout the evening, however, large bands of students and other youths marched up and down in front of Mr. Kruger's hotel and of the hotel which was the scene of the unfortunate incident, cheering in chorus for Mr. Kruger and denouncing England. These demonstrators were more noisy than dangerous, and the police wisely left them to relieve their feelings by shouting, instead of interfering with them, which might have created disorder.

Mr. Kruger was borne on an irresistible wave of enthusiasm from the landing stage to his hotel. The broad streets and boulevards through which the route lay presented a perfect sea of human beings, all gathered there prompted by the unanimous desire to welcome the aged Boer statesman. From the moment the white 12 oared barge left the side of the Gelderland with Mr. Kruger, he appeared to be in the midst of a storm of adulation, surrounded by the Boer representatives, including Dr. Leyds and Messrs. Fischer and Wessels, a storm of cheering broke and never ceased until Mr. Kruger entered his hotel. Even then a vast concourse of people remained in front of the building until Mr. Kruger appeared on the balcony. His thousands of admirers, who continued cheering until they were hoarse with shouting. Replying to the addresses of welcome of the presidents of the Paris and Marseilles committees, Mr. Kruger spoke in Dutch and in a low voice, accompanying his words with energetic movements of his hand, which he held in his right hand. He said: "I thank the president of the Marseilles committee and the president of the central committee of the independence of the Boers for their welcome. I thank all this population assembled in great concourse to greet me, for although I am weak from mourning for the misfortunes of my country, and although I have not come to seek festivities, still, I nevertheless, except with all my heart, these demonstrations for I know they are dictated to you by the emotions which are inspired in you by our trials and by your sympathy for our cause, which is that of liberty, which awakened you. I am truly proud and happy at having chosen as my point of landing a port in France, to set foot on free soil and to be received by you as a free man. But my first duty is to thank your government for all the tokens of interest that again only recently it was pleased to give me. I believe England, had she been better informed, would never have consented to this war, and since the expedition of Jameson, who wished to seize the two republics without the necessity of firing a rifle shot, I have never ceased to demand a tribunal of arbitration which, up to now, has always been refused.

"The war waged on us in the two republics reached the limits of barbarism. During my life I have had to fight many times the savages of the tribes of Africa, but the barbarians we have had to fight now are worse than the others. They even urge the Kafirs against us. They burn the farms we worked so hard to construct, and they drive out our women and children, whose husbands and brothers they have killed or taken prisoners, leaving them unprotected and roofless, and often without bread to eat. But, whatever they may do, we will never surrender. We will fight to the end. Our great, imperishable confidence reposes in the eternal in our God. We know our cause is just and if the justice of men is wanting to us, He, the eternal, who is master of all people, and to whom belongs the future, will never abandon us."

A Fishy Story. A dispatch from Jacksonville, Fla., says the most daring and unique highway robbery in the history of the south was committed in the center of the city on a principal thoroughfare late one night. John S. Smith, a young business man, was on his way home, when he was cornered by a man and a woman, a well-dressed white woman stepped in front of him and help him up. He did not know, however, he had been robbed until he had left her. Then he found that in the cleverest professional manner she had extracted three \$100 bills and five \$20 bills, a total of \$400, from his pocketbook.

Means a Scarcity. A dispatch from Manchester, England, says that cotton men there think that Neil's estimate of the cotton crop means a scarcity, and that before September the spinners mostly will be working on short time.

pression that Mr. Kruger intends to accept a compromise from the British government. His announcement was greeted with a roar of cheers and cries: "Vive Kruger, vive les Boers, vive la liberte."

The sun was shining down on Mr. Kruger and he held his hat to shade his eyes from the glare, which, apparently, was painful to his eyes. As he stood in this attitude, his head slightly bowed, with his hair brushed back, he was an unutterably pathetic figure, which at once won the sympathy and reverence of every person present.

The speechmaking over, a procession was formed and Mr. Kruger was escorted to his hotel amid the acclamations of the crowds, which Mr. Kruger repeatedly acknowledged.

Soon after arriving at the hotel, in response to a thunderous ovation, he appeared on the balcony and repeatedly bowed, but in some ten minutes elapsed without a sign of abatement in the enthusiasm he spoke a few words, which were interpreted in French by Dr. Leyds and were followed by a renewal of the frenzy. Finally, to testify his gratitude, he took in his hand a corner of the French tri-color that was flying from the balcony between the Transvaal and Free State flags and pressed it to his breast again and again. The enthusiastic people cheered him until he withdrew to his rooms, which he had half filled with bouquets and garlands presented by his admirers.

The prefect and mayor then called to pay their respects, the latter making an eloquent speech in sympathy with the Boers.

Mr. Kruger replied briefly, declaring himself deeply touched by the unexpressed warmth of his reception in Marseilles and by the sympathy of the French people.

After luncheon and a little repose Mr. Kruger descended to the hall of the hotel, where he received the delegations. This proved too fatiguing and he asked that the addresses be presented to him in writing and then withdrew again to his apartments, where he passed the evening quietly, receiving no one.

Dr. Leyds represented him at the banquet given in his honor, where all the Boer officials and members of the pro-Boer committees were present, and read the following message from him:

"I am fatigued and am in mourning. Moreover, I never attend banquets. Otherwise I should have liked to have been present with you and to thank you. I shall never forget the warm welcome I have had in your beautiful city. Your reception of me has surpassed all I could have expected even from the city which gave France her admirable national hymn, that 'Marseillaise' which is the song of all those whose independence is threatened and who are struggling against invaders."

"I would that your acclamation could have been heard by all those Boers in South Africa who are encamped in our mountains. They would thank you from the bottom of their hearts. I thank you in their behalf."

"Could I have been with you I should have expressed my thanks to you and I have now raised my glass in honor of her worthy president, M. Lubeat."

Dr. Leyds then said: "In the name of President Kruger I have the honor to drink to the health of the president of the French republic."

A Narrow Escape. T. N. Coffey, of Charleston, Illinois, a prominent young attorney and Democratic politician, has just escaped destruction in what seems a miraculous manner. He gave out Friday the details of an attempt on his life by means of a "present" from some unknown person, a box containing dynamite. It came to his office by express last week and he opened the package while the express messenger was still there. The label was typewritten and said: "Sample puzzle box. To open pull string with quill. Jerk, the result will be surprising." Coffey gave the details of the attempt on his life by means of a "present" from some unknown person, a box containing dynamite. It came to his office by express last week and he opened the package while the express messenger was still there. The label was typewritten and said: "Sample puzzle box. To open pull string with quill. Jerk, the result will be surprising." 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