

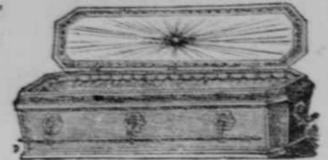
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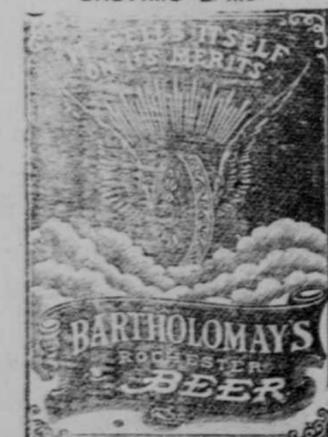
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CHRISTIAN WARFARE

**Dr. Talmage Draws a Lesson from
Joshua's Victories.**

Encouraging Words for Those En-
gaged in the Battles of Life—
God's Soldiers Never Turn
Backward.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfch, N. Y.]
Washington, Nov. 18.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage fol-
lows Joshua on his triumphal march
and speaks encouraging words to all
who are engaged in the battles of this
life; text, Joshua, 1:5: "There shall
not any man be able to stand before
thee all the days of thy life."

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradi-
tion says the Lord kissed him and in
that act drew forth the soul of the
dying lawgiver. He had been buried,
only one person at the funeral, 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 va-
cated 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
led 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 bat-
tling against darkness, wheeling the
sun and the moon into his battalion,
and the last against the king of ter-
rors, 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
Pulaski, 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
stood on one bank, and they look
across and see Joshua and the Israel-
ites, and they laugh and say: "Aha,
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 river Jordan.
Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the
chieftain, 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 glit-
tering box four feet long and 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 get-
ting 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 oleanders and tamarisks
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 cymbals and sing
the praises of the God of Joshua. But
no sooner have they reached the bank
than the waters begin to dash and
roar, and with a terrific rush they
break loose from their strange an-
chorage.

As the band 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. Those Canaanites may
eat us up. How if we want to go back?
Would it not have been a more com-
plete 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 re-
treat. He clears the path all the way
to Canaan. To go back is to die. The
same gatekeepers that swung back
the amethystine and crystalline gate
of the Jordan to let Israel pass
through now swing about the ame-
thystine and crystalline gate of the
Jordan to keep the Israelites from go-
ing back. Victory ahead, but water 30
feet deep behind, surging to death and
darkness and woe. But you say:
"Why did not these Canaanites, when
they had such a splendid chance,
standing on the top 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 end of the grove is a city. It is a
city with arbors a city with walls
seeming to reach to the heavens, to
buttress the very sky. It is the great
metropolis that commands the coun-

tain 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 swords, no shields, no bat-
tering ram. There shall be only one
weapon of war, and that a ram's
horn. The horn of the slain ram was
sometimes taken, and holes were pun-
ctured 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 instru-
ments, 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 instru-
ments seven times, and then at the
close of the seventh blowing of the
rams' horns on the seventh day the
peroration of the whole scene was to
be a shout, at which those great walls
should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude mu-
sical instruments pass all around the
city walls on the first day and score a
failure. Not so much as a piece of
plaster 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 unbeliev-
ing Israelites, "did I not tell you so?
Why, those ministers are fools. The
idea of going around the city with
these musical instruments and expect-
ing in that way to destroy it. Joshua
has been spoiled. He thinks because
he has overthrown and con-
quered the spring freshet he can over-
throw 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 wiseacres who stood with
their brows knitted and with the fore-
finger of the right hand to the fore-
finger of the left hand arguing it all
out and showing that it was not pos-
sible 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 mil-
itary position he would not have re-
ceived many votes. Joshua's stock
was down. 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 morn-
ing 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
around twice, 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 Israelitish
army straightening themselves up,
filling their lungs for a vociferation
such as was never 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 to-
gether the troops shout: "Down,
Jericho! Down, Jericho!" And the
long line of solid masonry begins to
quiver and to move and to rock. Stand
from under! She falls! Crash go
the walls and temples, the towers,
the palaces, the air blackened with
the dust. The huzza of the victorious
Israelites and the groan of the con-
quered Canaanites commingle, and
Joshua, standing there in the debris
of the walls, 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. She had been conspicu-
ous for her crimes. It is the house
of Rahab. Why was her house spared?
Because she had been a great sinner?
No, but because she repented, demon-
strating to all the ages that there is
mercy for the chief of sinners.

But 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 stand here while we go and cap-
ture 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 run like rein-
deer. The northern troops at Bull
Run did not make such rapid time as
these Israelites with the Canaanites
after them. They never cut such a
sorry figure as when they were on the
retreat. You who go out in the battles
of God with only half a force instead
of your taking the men of Ai the men
of Ai will take you. Look at the church
of God on the retreat. The Bornean
cannibals ate up Munson, the mission-
ary. "Fall back!" said a great many
Christian people. "Fall back, O church
of God! Borneo will never be taken.
Do you not see the Bornean canni-
bals have eaten up Munson, the mis-
sionary?" Tyndall delivers his lec-
tures at the University of Glasgow,
and a great many good people say:
"Fall back, O church of God! Do you
not see that Christian philosophy is go-
ing to be overcome by worldly philoso-
phy? Fall back!" Geology plunges
its crowbar into the mountains, and
there are a great many people who say:
"Scientific investigation is going to
overthrow the Mosaic account of the
creation. Fall back!"

But friends of God never have had
any right to fall back. Joshua falls
on his face in chagrin. It is the only
time you ever see the back of his head.
He falls on his face and begins to
whine, and he says: "O Lord God,
wherefore hast thou not all brought

this people over Jordan to deliver us
into the hands of the Amorites, to de-
stroy us? Would to God we had been
content and dwelt on the other side of
Jordan. For the Canaanites and all
the inhabitants of the land shall hear
of it and shall environ us round and
cut off our name from the earth." I
am very glad Joshua said that. Be-
fore it seemed as if he were a super-
natural being, and therefore could not
be an example to us, but I find he is a
man, he is only a man. Just as some-
times you find a man under severe op-
position or in a bad state of physical
health, or worn out with overwork,
lying down and sighing about being
defeated. I am encouraged when I hear
this cry of Joshua as he lies in the
dust. God comes and rouses him. How
does He rouse him? By complimentary
apostrophe? No. He says: "Get
thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon
thy face?" Joshua rises, and I want
you, with a mortified look. But his
old courage comes back. The fact was
that was not his battle. If he had
been in it he would have gone on
to victory. He gathers his troops
around him and says: "Now, let us go
up and capture the city of Ai. Let
us go up right away." They march
on. He puts the majority of the
troops behind a ledge of rocks in the
night, and then he sends comparatively
small regiments up in front of the
city. The men of Ai come out with a
shout. The small regiments of Israel-
ites in stratagem fall back and fall
back, and when all the men of Ai have
left the city and are in pursuit of these
scattered, or seemingly scattered, regi-
ments, Joshua stands on a rock—I see
his locks flying in the wind as he points
his spear toward the doomed city, and
that is the signal. The men rush out
from behind the rocks and take the
city, and it is put to the torch, and
then these Israelites in the city march
down, and the flying Israelites return,
and between these two waves of Is-
raelitish prowess the men of Ai are
destroyed, and the Israelites gain the
victory; and while I see the curling
smoke of that destroyed city on the
sky, and while I hear the huzza of the
Israelites and the groan of the Can-
aanites, Joshua hears something
louder than it all, ringing and echoing
through his soul: "There shall not any
man be able to stand before thee all
the days of thy life."

But Joshua was not quite through.
There was time for five funerals be-
fore the sun of that prolonged day
set. Who will preach their funeral
sermon? Massillon preached the fun-
eral sermon over Louis XVI. Who
will preach the funeral sermon of
those five dead kings—king of Jerusa-
lem, king of Hebron, king of Jeru-
salem, king of Lachish, king of Eglon?
Let it be by Joshua. What is his text?
What shall be the epitaph put on the
door of the tomb? "There shall not
any man be able to stand before thee
all the days of thy life." Before you
fasten up the door I want five more
kings beheaded, and thrust in—King
Aleohol, King Fraud, King Lust, King
Superstition, King Infidelity. Let
them be beheaded and hurl them in.
Then fasten up the door forever.
What shall the inscriptions and what
shall the epitaph be, for all Christian
philanthropists of all ages are going
to come and look at it? What shall
the inscription be? "There shall not
any man be able to stand before thee
all the days of thy life."

But it is time for Joshua to go
home. He is 110 years old. Washing-
ton went down the Potomac and at
Mount Vernon closed his days. Wel-
lington died peacefully at Apsley
house. Now, where shall Joshua rest?
Why, he is to have his greatest battle
now. After 110 years he has to meet
a king who has more subjects than
all the present population of the
earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls,
his parterre the graveyards and the
cemeteries of the world, his chariot
the world's hearse—the king of ter-
rors. But if this is Joshua's great-
est battle, it is going to be Joshua's
greatest victory. He gathers his
friends around him and gives his val-
dictory and it is full of reminiscence.
Young men tell what they are going
to do. Old men tell what they have
done. And as you have heard a grand-
father or great-grandfather seated by
the evening fire tell of Monmouth or
Yorktown and then lift the crutch
or staff as though it were a musket
to fight and show how the old battles
were won, so Joshua gathers his
friends around his dying couch, and
he tells them the story of what he
has been through, and as he lies there,
his white locks snowing down on his
wrinkled forehead, I ask if God has
kept His promise all the way through.
As he lies there he tells the story one,
two or three times—you have heard
old people tell a story two or three
times over—and he answers: "I go
the way of all the earth, and not one
word of the promise has failed, not
one word thereof has failed. All
has come to pass; not one word there-
of has failed." And then he turns to
his family, as a dying parent will,
and says: "Choose now whom you
will serve, the God of Israel or the
god of the Amorites. As for me and
my house, we will serve the Lord."
Dead, the old chieftain must be laid
out. Handle him very gently. That
sacred body is over 110 years of age.
Lay him out, stretch out those feet
that walked dry shod the parted Jordan.
Close those lips which helped
blow the blast at which the walls
of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that
lifted the spear toward the doomed
city of Ai. Fold it right over the
heart that exulted when the five kings
fell. But where shall we get the
burnished granite for the headstone
and the footstone? I bethink myself
now. I imagine that for the head it
shall be the sun that stood upon Gib-
son, and for the foot the moon that
stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

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grants on board and a heavy cargo.
During a violent hurricane in the In-
dian ocean the cargo shifted, throw-
ing the vessel over on her beam ends
and leaving her entirely helpless. A
panic ensued and before the ship's
officers could quell it 30 of the pas-
sengers had leaped over the side in
their terror. For days the ship drifted,
swept by the sea, and life was lost
daily. Finally it was decided to give
the steamer one more day and then
take to the boats, as the St. Levan
was sinking slowly. Then two of the
passengers—a young man and a young
woman, who had become engaged on
the voyage—hunted up the chaplain
and demanded to be married.
The chaplain declined at first, say-
ing they had much better spend their
time getting ready for the death that
seemed certain. The pair had no no-
tion of looking at the gloomy side
and said they would rather die as man
and wife if it was inevitable. Even-
tually the clergyman married them
before two witnesses, with a sinking
ship instead of a church, and the cries
of terrified passengers as a chorus.
The boats were resorted to two hours
later and all were taken off. Of the
750 souls on board only the newly
married couple and six other people,
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every boy in the islands. Was it the
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Japanese, a Portuguese of ancient line-
age who, at that cosmopolitan cross-
roads of the Pacific, won the coveted
prize? No, it was a full-blooded son of
that China which is now the political
problem of the world.

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