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The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preached at the Tabernacle, Brooklyn, N. Y., on "The Mightiest Weapon is the Gospel."

"There is none like that; give it me." The preacher said:

David fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David, and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest, and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him; but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliath formerly used—and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade, it flashes upon David's mind that this was the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hand off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword, and says: "There is none like that; give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword that has been used against me, and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ, and of his glorious church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side; and I only imitate David when I stretch out my hand toward the blade of the Philistine, and cry: "There is none like that; give it me!"

SCIENCE IS SOMETIMES FALSELY USED.

I remark, first, that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory, and said: "Now, we will prove, by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition.' Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth and cried out: "There is none like that; give it me!" And Copernicus, and Galileo, and Kepler, and Isaac Newton came forth and told the world that, in their ransacking of the earth and heaven, they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship; and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran, and Shaster, and Zendavesta with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the towers of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

THE WORDS OF WORDLY PHILOSOPHY.

Wordly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started; then, who started it? and so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said: "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." "Wait!" said Christian philosophy; and in 1868, in the southwestern part of this country, Christian men went out to examine the march of the locust. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locust like an army; and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went with straighter flight than the locusts come—not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said: "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal' is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy said: "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the clay to the seal." The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that illusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth has no foundations." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundation" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

GOD IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy, "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis, and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hand in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig and the higher up astronomy can soar, all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science, and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity to-night, from the observatories of Albany and Washington, stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!" I was reading this afternoon of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens, and the Lord God has, through some swinging world, flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have mercy, Lord God!"

A WORLD OF TRAVELERS.

Again, I remark, that the traveling disposition of the world, which was averse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amidst thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home who, when he is abroad, has his honor filched and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering place has damned many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purposes of trade because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent at home in the way of keeping the Sabbath, when they get into Spain, on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles, lest it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to that which is good, is to be brought on our side. These rail trains, why, they are to take our Bibles; these steamships, they are to transport our missionaries; these sailors rushing from city to city all around the world, are to be converted into Christian heralds and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The Gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson, and Thompson, and Burckhardt have come back and talked to us about Siloam, and Capernaum, and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel; I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

I am not shocked at the idea of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. If we cannot afford to pay for muleteers now, perhaps when the rail train goes we can afford to buy a ticket from Constantinople to Joppa, and so we will get to see the Holy Land. Then let Christians travel! God speed the rail trains, and guide the steamships this night panting across the deep in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of him who from wave cliff to wave cliff trod the stormed Tiberias. The Japanese come across the water and see our civilization, and examine our Christianity, and go back and tell the story, and keep that empire rocking until Jesus shall reign

Where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run.

And the firearms, with which the infidel traveler brought down the Arab horseman and the jackals of the desert, have been surrendered to the church, and we reach forth our hands, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!"

RELIGION GOOD FOR EVERY ONE.

So it has also been with the learning and the eloquence of the world. People say: "Religion is very good for women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music; Canova and Angelo in sculpture; Raphael and Reynolds in painting; Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine; Cowper and Scott in poetry; Crotius and Burke in statesmanship; Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy; Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with scriptural allusions. Through senatorial speech and through essayist's discourse Sinai thunders and Calvary pleads and Siloam sparkles.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the court room and in the senate chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while he was consuming Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American revolution, but on that day when, in the famous Girard will case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side came over to our side. Where is Gibbon's historical pen? Where is Robespierre's sword? Captured for God. "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, also, has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing press and the platform on the side of Christianity; but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins, or examines the chiseled pillars of Thebes, and Nineveh, and Pompeii, and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art; and it is a fact now, that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amidst those ruins are not fit to be looked at and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt, when, standing amidst those impurities that stared on him from the walls and the pavements and the lazars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death.

In later days the palaces of kings were adorned with pictures. But what to unclean Henry VIII was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffries, the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment?" What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world still on the side of superstition and death. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes across the water, looks at the pictures, and brings back to his American studio much of the power of those old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ," and comes back to his American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the "Last Judgment." The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel, and prays God for preparation for that day when,

Shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll.

THE POWER OF CHRISTIAN PICTURES.

Our Sunday school newspapers and walls are adorned with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. Oh that we might, in our families, think more of the power of Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist will be more to your child than fifty sermons on forbearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. What has become of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Chirlandajo's crayon? Captured for the truth. "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, I remark, it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the people that followed him, for the most part, had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one. Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach of Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange, or in the bazars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of his followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities today are the Christian merchants and the Christian bankers; and if to-morrow, at the Board of Trade, any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus, he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers today are the Christian merchants; and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when, in commercial circles, the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices, and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the Queen of Sheba her glory and the wise men of the east their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of our cities and rejoice at the prospect that their tact, and ingenuity, and talent will, after a while, all be brought into the service of Christ. It will be one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that: give it me!"

BE DOWNHEARTED NO LONGER.

Now, if what I have said be true, away with all downheartedness! If science is to be on the right side, and the traveling disposition of the world on the right side, and the learning of the world on the right side, and the picture making on the right side, and the business acumen and tact of the world on the right side—thine, O Lord, is the kingdom! Oh, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and led by such a commander, and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said is true, then Christ is going to gather up for himself out of this world everything that is worth anything, and there will be nothing but the scum left. A proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your sins may have been, "whosoever will, let him come." Oh, that I could marshal all this audience on the side of Christ. He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so kind—he is so lovely, so sympathetic. I cannot see how you can stay away from him. Come now and accept his mercy. Behold him as he stretches out the arms of his salvation, saying: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God." Make final choice now. You will either be willows planted by the water courses or the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Praying Mantis.

The genuine lover of animals finds in their acts and habits an endless fund of amusement. it is said that there are many extraordinary insects in Japan, but for real eccentricity the praying mantis is supreme among them. He is thus described by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, who is evidently capable of noting all the creature's points.

Now and then a praying mantis would call, and his performances would amuse me for an hour; a large, top heavy creature, first cousin to the grasshopper; delightfully out of drawing, with a slim waist in the wrong place, protruding eyes, which give an expression of preternatural wakefulness, a pair of arms twice too long, and hands a size too large. These, when he is molested, he clasps together, as if in mute petition.

He has a round little mouth, of the "prunes and prism" order. His energy and vital power do him credit, in such a climate, and are a reproach to languid mortals. He climbs, with much difficulty, up the paper window screen, and totters along the ceiling, his great eyes gazing inquiringly at the queer haunt of man. Suddenly he loses his hold and falls flop upon your head. You seize him, and are about to punish his temerity.

At once he puts his hands together; his eyes assume a sad, deprecatory expression; his round mouth seems to say: "I can't speak, or I would. Let me go. Surely you would not harm one who is so anxious to improve his mind!"

Such a plea is not to be resisted, and accordingly he is released. Presently he resumes his investigations, and tumbles into a jam pot, from which he has to be rescued and his wings gently cleaned. He is a comical visit or, vastly entertaining in his way awkward and restless, but doing injury to no one.—Youth's Companion.

English Railroad Morals.

Herbert Spencer, the English philosopher, who has gone deeply into sociological questions, is at the head of a league to secure railway reform in Great Britain, and his study of the subject throws a good deal of light into dark places. According to his statements the history of English railways since 1845 shows an elaborate system of tactics by which the companies have been exploited by the few at the cost of the many. He asserts that within the past decade there has been more corruption by railroads in the house of commons than has ever occurred in the federal or state legislatures of the United States; that today there are over 180 members of parliament who are simply agents of railroads and similar corporations, and that most of these are lawyers who have been elected by the roads they serve. These members proclaim openly the number of votes they can control in the house. Members of both houses are canvassed openly, and railway legislation is very costly. Parliamentary expenses have varied from $3,000 to $15,000 a mile, most of which has gone into the pockets of parliamentary lawyers. Mr. Spencer expresses the opinion that the Union Pacific scandal, which brought out Oakes Ames' note book with the names of several congressmen who had received stock, would have been considered a perfectly legitimate transaction in England.—San Francisco Bulletin.

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THE FAITH OF THE BRAHMIN.

His Belief Concerning God, Jesus Christ and the Future State.

The faith of the enlightened Brahmin is on a very different level from that of the common people. If you ask concerning his own belief he will tell you that he believes in one God; according to his particular school he believes you that God is everything, or that he unites with matter to become everything. All proceed from him and all effort should be directed to reabsorption into him. Good acts tend to this result by the gradual putrification in successive incarnations of Karma, or the residuum of unconquered passions and unexpiated sins after death. Bad acts debase men more and more.

"What happens to devil worshipers and other such outcast races?" asked a friend of mine. "They go to hell," was the prompt reply. Observing my look of astonishment at the sweeping condemnation, the Brahmin with whom we were talking took it to indicate a doubt of the accommodation, and hastened to add, "Oh, we have twenty, thirty, plenty of hells." Shiva, Vishnu, and the other gods and goddesses are regarded as embodiments of the various divine attributes or incarnations to reveal the divine will and to deliver men from evil.

Many Brahmins would have no particular objection to acknowledge Christ in some such way as this. As one said to me, "I do not know his history as well as my own sacred books, but if what is told of him is true I believe that he must have been a saint if not a divine incarnation." Another thought that each race had its own revelation. "We," he said, "have Krishna, you have Christ. You say that your Christ was crucified—our Krishna was shot." It may be said that such men as these are not far from Christianity.

On the contrary, the vice chancellor of the Calcutta university aptly compared a contest with them to the encounter of Cœur de Lion and Saladin in the "Talisman." The sharp sword of the crusader is unavailing to sever a silken cushion which adapts itself to every stroke. You ask why, if their own faith is so elevated, they leave the masses to idol worship. "Ignorant people and females," you are told, "cannot at once comprehend the universal presence. We teach them first that God is in the image—so he is, for he is everywhere—and from that we go on to explain that he pervades the universe."

It is doubtful if the "ignorant people and females" ever get beyond the first stage. One Hindoo ascetic, with an extraordinary love of quotation and devotion to Thomas a Kempis, cited not only Roman Catholic arguments, but also Tyndall's "Theory of Atoms," in defense of idol worship. He demonstrated thereby that nothing, not even the leg of a table, was unchangeable; that, therefore, the divine effluence animated all things, and that the perfectly enlightened mind could see and worship the omnipresent as well in that piece of wood as in any other object visible or invisible.—The Nineteenth Century.

ABSENT MINDEDNESS.

The Fellow Who Forgets Is As Unreliable As He Who Knows Nothing.

The man who does not have his mind with him when it is most wanted is not much better equipped than the man who has no mind. At times the absent minded man is as unfortunate as a crippled man or a fool. A man runs away from a bear because he has no gun. Another man may run away from a bear because he is forgetting he has his gun with him loaded and ready to shoot. The fool would probably stay with the bear and be hugged to death. Years ago, when chestnuts were new and boiled, it was related that a mother put her child in a pot of boiling water with vegetables and carefully took up a leg of mutton in her arms to nurse. The incident is probably as untruthful as a campaign lie, but it goes to show a certain mechanical presence of muscle and an almost entire absence of mind.

The poor spring poet spoke a positive truth when he said he could write like Shakespeare if he had a mind to. What he said was not all brag. To be useful a man must not only be the possessor of a mind, he must have it with him when it is wanted. A thoughtful and studious young captain of a holiday militia company was drilling his command on the levee. Marching toward the river and too near he gave the word "about"—and then forgetting what he was himself about, forgot to say "face." The company kept on marching to the water, and the first four fell in the river before getting the complete command to change direction. Upon that the balance of the troop mutinied and discarded the tactics of the absent minded drillmaster.

The man with habitual presence of mind is most apt to do and say the right thing at the right time. The absent minded man cannot trust himself and never knows what important thing he may forget to do. The memory of a man has much to do with his mind. A good working memory is of immense value. The memory is the mind's store house.

It may be said of a man, in a general way, "Oh, he has read everything, seen everything and knows everything." If he knows how to use the lumber in the memory storehouse of his mind he is well equipped for an argument or a story. If he cannot get at what he knows, and cannot use it at the proper moment, he is mentally lame. Absent mindedness is an infirmity, and the absent minded man is to be pitied, and not laughed at.—New Orleans Picayune.

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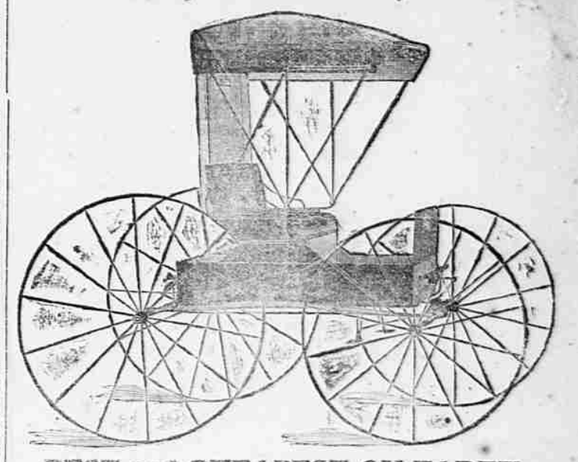

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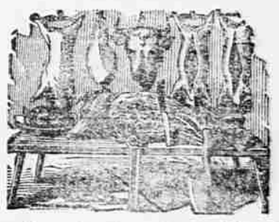
JEFFERSON,  TEXAS.

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