

**We Must be Trained for the Struggle.
Silence and Discipline—One Fall is not
the End—The Strength That Comes
From God**

Squeamishness and fastidiousness were never charged against Paul's rhetoric. In the war against evil he took the first weapon he could lay his hand on. For illustration, he employed the theater, the arena, the foot race, and there was nothing in the Isthmian game, with its wreath of pine leaves, or Pythian game, with its wreath of laurel palm, or Nemean game, with its wreath of parsley, or any Roman circus, but he felt he had a right to put it in sermon or epistle, and are you not surprised that in my text he calls upon a wrestling bout for suggestiveness? Plutarch says that wrestling is the most artistic and cunning of athletic games. We must make a wide difference between pugilism, the lowest of spectacles, and wrestling, which is an effort in sport to put down another on floor or ground, and we, all of us, indulged in it in our boyhood days if we were healthful and plucky. The ancient wrestlers were first bathed in oil, and then sprinkled with sand. The thrower decided the victory, and many a man who went down in the first throw or second throw in the third throw was on top and his opponent under. The Romans did not like this game very much, for it was not savage enough, no blows or kicks being allowed in the game. They preferred the foot of hungry panther on the breast

In wrestling the opponents would bow in apantax at suaviter, advance face to face and take down both feet solidly, take each other by the arms and push each other backward and forward until the work began in real earnest, and there were contortions and strangulations and violent struggles. One would strike the foot of the other, tripping him up, or, with struggle that threatened apoplexy or death, the defeated fell, and the shouts of the spectators greeted the victor. I guess Paul had heard some of this, and, as the soul with the temptation, and the struggle of heavenly forces against Apollyonic powers, and he dictates my text to an amanuensis, and his amanuensis writes, "I will not be overcome of evil, but I will overcome evil." I think the amanuensis goes on with his work I hear the groan and laugh and shout of earthly and celestial belligerents. "We wrestle not against principalities, and powers, and mights of darkness, as the darkness of this world, against the spiritual wickedness in high places."

I notice that as these wrestlers advanced to throw each other they bowed only to the other. It was a civility, not only in Germany, but in all the wrestling bouts at Clerkenwell, England, and in the famous wrestling match during the reign of Henry III in St. Giles' Field between men of Westminster and people of London. However rough a man may be, he never contem- plated giving his opponent, they ap- proached each other with politeness and suavity. The genuflexions, the affability, the courtesy in no wish hindered the decisiveness of the contest. Well, Paul, I have seen the same kind of a struggle between right and wrong we must not forget to be gentle- men and ladies. Affability never hin- ders, but always helps. You are power- less as soon as you get mad. Do not call rumsellers murderers. Do not call infidels fools. Do not call high priests hypocrites. Do not call all card players and theater goers children of the devil. Do not say that the dance breaks through into hell. Do not deal in vituperation and billingsgate and contempt and adjectives dynamic. The other side can beat us at that. The other side has more obsequious- tion and humstrone.

We are in the strength of God to throw flat in its back every abomination that curses the earth, but let us approach our mighty antagonist with suavity. Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alcmena, will by a precursor of smiles have slain his monster, and we shall perform his "12 labors." Let us be wisely strategic in religious circles as attorneys in courtrooms, who are complimentary to each other in the opening remarks, before they come into combat. I am having a gun so hot at the touchhole that it explodes, killing the one that sets it off. There are some reformatory meetings to which I always decline to go and take part, because they are apt to become demagogic and temper-tantrums. I like to hear a man swear, even though he swear on the right side. The very Paul who in my text employed in illustration the wrestling match, behaved on a memorable occasion, when he was surrounded by translators of the Bible made an unintentional mistake when they represented Paul as insulting the people of Athens by speaking of "the unknown god whom ye ignorantly worshiped." Indeed, the charge against him with ignorance, the original indicates he complimented them by suggesting that they were very religious, but as they confessed that there were some things they did not understand about God, he promised to say some things concerning him, beginning where they had left off. The same Paul who said in one place, "Be courteous," and who had noticed the bow preceding the wrestling match, here proceeds practically to throw down the rocky side of the Acropolis the whole Parthenon of idolatries, Minerva and Jupiter smashed up with the rest of them. In this holy war polished rifles go off in every direction but blood is raised. Let our wrestlers bow down to God in the struggle which will leave all perdition under and all heaven on top.

Remember also that these wrestlers went through severe and continuous course of preparation for their work.

They were put upon such diet as would best develop their muscle. As Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The wrestlers were put under complete discipline—bathing, gymnastics, struggling, and wrestling. They were trained in strength and gave quickness to dodge of head and trip of foot; stooping to lift each other off the ground; suddenly rushing forward; suddenly pulling backward; putting the left foot and being righted; and the right foot and being left. They were trained to throw their opponent off his balance, and training for days and weeks and months so that when they met it was giant clutching giant. Ah, my friends, if we do not want ourselves to be thrown in this wrestle with the sin and error of the world, we must get into the Christian principle, by holy self-denial, by constant practice, by submitting to divine supervisal and direction. Do not begrudge the time and the money for that young man who is in preparation for the ministry, spending two years in grammar school and four years in college and three years in theological seminary. I know that nine years are a big slice to take off of a man's active life, but if you realized the height and strength of the arch-angels of evil in our time with which he had to contend, you would not think nine years of preparation were too much. An uneducated ministry was excusable in other days, but not in this time, loaded with schools and colleges. A man who wrote the other day in a letter to me and said, "He called to preach the gospel," he called the word "God" with a small "g." That kind of a man is not called to preach the gospel. Illiterate men, preaching the gospel, quote for their own encouragement the Scriptures, "I will fill it," and "He will fill it, I fill it." Yes! He will fill it with wind. Preparation for this wrestling is absolutely necessary. Many years ago Dr. Newman and Dr. Sunderland, on the platform of Brigham Young's tabernacle at Salt Lake City gained the mastery by their wrestling. They had been skillful wrestlers for God. Otherwise Brigham Young, who was himself a giant in some things, would have thrown them out of the window. Get ready in Bible classes. Get ready in Church and Sunday School. Get ready by giving testimony in obscure places, before giving testimony in conspicuous places.

You gang around with Bagster's Bible with flaps at the edges under your arm does not qualify you for the work of an evangelist. In this day of profuse gab remember that it is not merely capacity to talk, but the fact that you have something to say that is sought by your audience. The audience which you are to go with a smile on your face and illumination on your brow, but out of which you will not come until all your physical and mental and moral and religious energies have been taxed to the utmost and you are left with no strength, no money expended, or a prayer unsaid, or a sympathy unwept. In this struggle between right and wrong accept no challenge on the platform or in newspaper unless you are prepared. Do not misapply the story of Goliath the great, to David and his slings. David was practicing with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and 1,000 times had he swirled a stone around his head before he aimed at the forehead of the giant and tumbled him backward, crushed the big foot of Goliath would almost have crushed you, the crushed form of the son of Jesse.

Notice how the success of a wrestler depends on his having his feet well planted before he grappled his opponent. Much depends upon the way the wrestler stands. Standing on an uncertain piece of ground or bearing all his weight on right foot or all on left foot is too dangerous a position. A slight cuff of his antagonist will cause him to fall. A stroke of the heel of the other wrestler will trip him. And in this struggle for God and righteousness, as well as for our own souls, we want our feet firmly planted in the gospel of the Holy Spirit and of Ages. We will not do to believe the Bible, spots, or think some of it true and some of it untrue. You just make up your mind that the story of the garden of Eden is an allegory, and the epistle of James an interpolation, and that the miracles of Christ can be accounted for on natural grounds, without any belief in the supernatural. At the same time you are interlocked in a wrestle with sin and satan you will go under and your feet will be higher than your head. It will not do to have one foot on a rock and the other on the sand. The old book would long ago have gone to pieces if it had been vulnerable. But if the miller's tale of the last twenty-five years within the last twenty-five years not one chapter has been omitted, and the omission of one chapter would have been the cause of the

He goes into the vestibule of the church and stops there, not feeling well

enough dressed to go among the worshippers, and he hears the minister say, "You will find the words of my text in Luke, the nineteenth chapter and tenth verse. The Son of Man is come to seek and save the lost." "lost." The listener in the vestibule says: "If any man was ever lost, I am lost, and the Son of Man came to save that which is lost, and he has found me and He will take me out of this lost condition. Oh, Christ, have mercy on me, and let me go in and be saved. I now to enter the main audience room, and he sits down on the first seat by the door, and when at the close of the service the minister comes down the aisle the poor man tells his story, and he is encouraged and invited to come to the altar, and he goes to the altar for membership in a Christian church, and he feels the omnipotence of what Peter, the apostle, said when he spoke of those "kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." Yet he is to have one more wrestling, for he has not yet had his fight, and he goes into it, not in his own strength, for that has failed him twice, but in the strength of the Lord God Almighty. The old habit seizes him, and he seizes it, and the wrestlers bend backward and forward from side to side in awful struggle, until at last the moment comes when he has gained, with both arms infused with strength from God, he lifts that habit, swings it in air and hurls it into the perdition from which it came and from which it never again will rise. Victory! The story of his triumph is told in the story of the Lord Jesus Christ! Hear it all ye wrestlers! It threw him twice, but the third time he threw it, and, by the grace of God, threw it so hard he is as safe now as if he had been ten years in heaven. Oh, how so glad that Paul in his text suggests the wrestler and the power of the third throw.

But notice that my text suggests that the wrestlers on the other side in the great struggle for the world's redemption have all the forces of demonology to help them, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

All military men will tell you that there is nothing more unwise than to underestimate an army. In estimating

what we have to contend with, the most of the reformers do not recognize the biggest opposers. They talk about the agnosticism, and the atheism, and the materialism, and the nihilism, and the occultism, the Brahmanism, and the Mohammedanism. But the more agile and organized and endowed wickedness of our day. But these are only a part of the hostilities arrayed against God and the best interests of the world. The hosts are far more numerous than the visible. It is not so much the bottle; it is the demon of the bottle. It is not so much the roulette table; it is the demon of the roulette table. It is not so much the act of stock gambling; it is the demon of stock gambling. It is the great host of spiritual antagonists led on by Azazel or Lucifer or Beelzebub or Asmodeus or Ahrimanes or Abaddon, just as you please to call them. I do not mean to say that the human agencies of evil are backed up by Plutonic agencies? If it were only a common war steed, with panting nostril and flaunting mane and clattering hoof, rushing upon us, perishing upon us, and trampling upon us, and hurl him back upon his haunches, but it is the black horse cavalry of perdition who dash down and their riders swing swords which, though invisible, cleave individuals and homes and nations. I do not mean to say that he suggested that we wrestle, not with pygmies, but with giants that will down us, unless the Lord Almighty is our coadjutor. Blessed by God that we have now, and further on will have in millions, the help of

THE OVERTHROW OF THE

The time is coming—I know it will quicken your pulses when I mention it—when the last mighty evil of the world will be grappled by righteousness and thrown Which of the great evils of the world shall I name? I know not, whether war, or revenge, or greed, or lust, or intemperance, or gambling, or Sabbath desecration. It will not be "the survival of the fittest," but the survival of the worst. It will be the evil the most thoroughly entrenched, the most completely self-enforced, most patronized by wealth and fastidious pomp, most applauded by all the principalities and powers and rulers of darkness. It will stand with grim visage looking down upon the graves of all the other slain abominations—its heavy tread upon the shambles of despair and surmounted by such a bibliography as this, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," "The wages of sin is death," "Her house inclineth unto death and her paths unto the dead," "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, that the end thereof are death," I imagine we may have arrived at the time when we may say, Yonder stands the last and only great evil of all the world to be wrestled down. It stands not only looking upon the graves of all the entombed and epitaphed iniquities of the world, but ever and anon gazing upward in defiance of the heavens and scorn of its flint at the Almighty, saying: "Nothing can put me down. I have seen all the other enemies of the human race wrestled down and destroyed, but there is no arm or foot, human or angelic or divine that can throw me down, I will rule the world." I swear by all the thrones of diabolism that I will ruin this generation. Come on, all ye churches and all ye reformatory institutions and all ye legislatures and all ye thrones. I challenge you. I plant my feet on this red hot rock of evil and I will sweep down with my arms for the mightiest wrestle and the world has ever seen. Come on. Come on."

Then righteousness will accept the challenge, and the two mighty wrestlers will grapple, while all the galleries of earth and heaven look down from one side and all the fiery chasms of perdition look up from the other. And the two wrestlers strive to advance and turn this way and that, and now the monster, evil, seems the mightier of the two, and now righteousness seems about to triumph. The prize is worth a struggle, for it is not only the prize of a crown, but of the rescue of a world, and a wreath put on the brow by him who promised, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown." Three worlds—earth, heaven and hell—hold their breath while watching the issue of this struggle, when with one mighty swing of an arm muscled with omnipotence righteousness hurls the last evil, first on its knees and then on its face, and then rolling off and down, with a crash wider than that with which Samson hurled the temple of Dagon, and not like the fall of his pillars, but more like the throwing of satan out of heaven, as described by John Milton:

Him the Almighty power flung
 Headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
 With hideous ruin and combustion,
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantine chains and penal fire
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to
 arms.
 Nine times the space that measures
 day and night
 To mortal man he, with his horrid
 crew,
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery
 gulph,
 Confounded, though immortal,

Aye, that suggests a cheering thought—that if all the realms of demology are on the other side, all the realms of angelology are on our side, among them Gabriel, and Michael the archangel, and the angel of the new covenant, and they are now talking over the present awful struggle and final glorious triumph, talking amid the alabaster pillars and in the ivory paces, and along the broad ways and the grand avenues of the capital of the universe, and amid the fountains with rainbows like the "rainbow round the throne," and as they take their morning ride in the chariots with white horses bitted with

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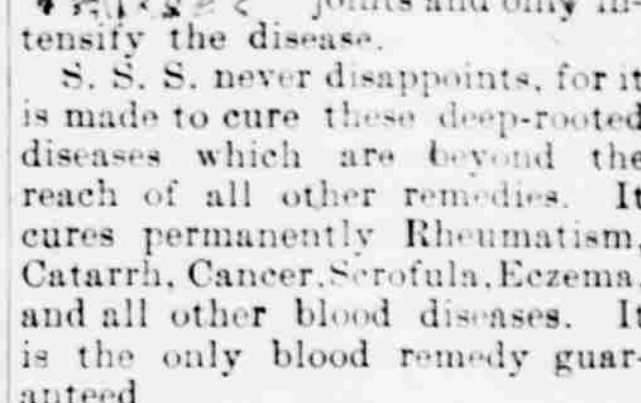
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If the people generally knew the true cause of Rheumatism, there would be no such thing as liniments and lotions for this painful and disabling disease. The fact is, Rheumatism is a disordered state of the blood—it can be reached, therefore, only through the blood. But all blood remedies can not cure Rheumatism, for it is an obstinate disease, one which requires a *real blood remedy*—something more than a mere tonic. Swift's Specific is the only real blood remedy, and it promptly goes to the very bottom of even the most obstinate case.

A few years ago I was taken with inflammatory Rheumatism which, though mild at first, gradually grew so intense that I was for weeks unable to walk. I tried several prominent physicians and took their treatment faithfully, but was unable to get the slightest relief. In fact, my condition seemed to grow worse, the pains spread over my entire body, and from November to March I suffered agony. I tried many patent medicines, but none relieved me. Upon the advice of a friend, I decided to try S. S. Before allowing me to take it, however, my guardian, who was a chemist, analyzed the remedy, and pronounced it free of potash or mercury.



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HAD A FRUGAL MIND, AS MANY HOUSEWIVES HAVE NOWADAYS, BUT THEY DO LOVE TO DECORATE THEIR HOMES WITH HANDSOME FURNITURE, AND THEY CAN DO IT, WHEN WE ARE OFFERING SUCH RICH AND ELEGANT DINING ROOM, PARLOR AND BED ROOM SUITES AT PRICES THAT WILL ENABLE THE MOST ECONOMICAL TO BRIGHTEN UP THEIR HOMES WITH FURNITURE THAT WAS SOLD FOR DOUBLE THE PRICE A SHORT TIME AGO.

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SECOND AND MARKET STREETS

gold that were seen by John in vision and prophecy, and while waiting in temples for the one hundred and forty and four thousand to chant, accompanied by harpers and trumpeters, and thunderings and hallelujahs like the voice of many waters. Yes, all heaven and earth are full of such places of wickedness!" spoken of in my text are not so high as the high places of heaven, where there are enough reserve forces if our earthly forces should be overpowered, or in cowardice fall back, to sweep down some conquering army, and take all of earth for God before the city clock could strike 12 for noon. And the cabinet of heaven, the most august cabinet in the universe, made up of three—God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost—are now in session, and they are waiting to see what we are with, and they are going to see us through, and they invite us, as soon as we have done our share of the work, to go up and see them and celebrate the final victory, that is more sure to come than tomorrow's sunrise. (W. H. C. 10:10) "The great angelic hymn comes upon me and the strong tide of Scotch ballads rolls through my arteries."

Its a bonnie, bonnie
livin' in
An sunny
traiv'll
But in vain we look for something
here to which our hearts may cling,
For its beauty is as naething tae the
palace o' the King.

We like the gilded summer, wi' its
merry, merry tread,
An we sigh when hoary winter lays
its beauties wi' the dead,
For, tho' bonnie are the snowflakes an
the doon on winter's wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna touch the
palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven an nae
desolation sea,
An nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i'
the city o' the free;
There's an everlastin daylight an a
never fadin spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the
palace o' the King.

We see oor freen's await us ower yon-
ner at his gate;
Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken it's
gettin late;
Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin, let
us raise oor voice an sing,
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair,
I' the palace o' the King.

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The good old North State has been wrenched from the party of corruption and misrule which has had her by the throat for four years in the legislative branch of the government, and for two years in all its branches. Never has a more signal victory been won, never in her history has the state showed such a perfect landslide. So far as we are able to judge at this writing, the entire state, from mountain to seashore, has taken its part in the good work.—Greensboro Record.

Incendiary Fire
The alarm of fire from box 46, at Third and Nun streets, yesterday morning at 8:39 o'clock, was on account of fire at the residence of the Rev. J. B. Harrell, No. 413 Church street. The fire caught in a wardrobe and it is believed that it was of incendiary origin. The house which belonged to Mr. Alex Sholar, of Savannah, was damaged to the extent of \$300. Harrell's furniture was damaged to the extent of \$25.

While the furniture was being removed, Mr. Harrell was in the street, and one of the family's dogs was killed. The fire started in the kitchen, and their clothing and other articles were all heavily damaged.

Son.

...can always
...hand and fin
...much trouble an
and is pleasant to take. For sale b
R. R. Bellamy.

Raleigh News and Observer: Vance Station, Vance County, November 8.—News reached here at 10:30 a. m. tonight that the new railroad, a publican trust, running on the new fusion railroad, crowded with negroes and whites, while crossing the White Supremacy railroad at Whitman's Station, was run into and completely wrecked. The train carrying the Lightning Express No. 1388, Fusion engine No. 96 was derailed and Engineer Holton and Fireman Ayer both were instantly killed. Conductor Russell Brakeman Thompson, Porter James Brown, Agent Lockyer, Passenger Sawyer and President Pritchard of the P. F. railroad, all killed or mortally wounded.—Somebody hung crape at Jim Forsyth's door Tuesday night as a reminder of the great his party had received. As a result he came out yesterday morning and it did not tall to get into a fight. No damage was done.—John R. Smith: "Who the Lord loveth he also chasteneth." That is what John R. declined to discuss the result.

Kinston Free Press Rev. T. H. Sutton preached his last sermon as pastor of the M. E. church at LaGrange on Sunday night. The board of directors of a new church have expressed a desire for his return next year.—Mr. Will Brinson, engineer on the Atlantic and North Carolina freight line, going to Goldsboro, was knocked down by the colored hands on the train at the Kinston depot yesterday. Mr. Brinson was near the engine, attempting to light it, when the negro snaked up and struck him. After the negro was killed, Mr. Brinson he ran away for parts unknown.

Charlotte Observer: Dr. J. M. Henderson died yesterday about 2 o'clock at his residence on South Church street, after several months' illness. The deceased was about two miles north of Charlotte. He was a son of David Henderson, and was related to the large family by that name in this county.