

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MIGHTY HUNTERS" WAS LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"He Was a Mighty Hunter Before the Lord" — Genesis 10:9 — Spiritual Archery and the Arrow of the Gospel.



OUR day, hunting is a sport; but in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts, it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunny day with a patent breech-loading...

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw, and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as Gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven.

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunders who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters: at the very moment when he ought to be most quiet, he is cracking an alder, or falling over a log and frightening away the game.

The archers of olden times studied their art. They were precise in the matter. The old books gave precise directions as to how an archer should go, and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that there were more institutions established in all the towns and cities of our land, where men might learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery, and known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good, you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the long-bow. They would take the arrow of polished wood, and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bow-string of plaited silk. The broad fields of Agincourt, and Solway Moss, and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bow-string. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of a dove of God's Spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down four hundred million souls. Paul knew

how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bow-string, and its whirr was heard through the Corinthian theaters, and through the courtrooms, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out, "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his scepticism; if it strike a man in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did the Emperor Julian of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "O Gallilean, Thou hast conquered!"

If you want to be a skillful in spiritual archery, you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunted go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there, a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So, many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are down in that cellar; yonder they are up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church the Gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and city missionary sometimes catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or a roebuck. The trouble is, we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in some street or highway expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hands. We are expecting that the prairie-fowl will light on our church-steeples. It is not their habit. If the church should wait ten millions of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddles, bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and kid-gloves, and put on the hunting-shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, that they avoid the hook, and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder in Upper Saranac and Big Tupper Lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a lion cry in the moonlight they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the people who come to our churches. What are we doing for the thousands upon thousands that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses, that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God, to go into eternity—no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day surging up from the lower depths, a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our beautiful churches; and it blots out all this scene from my eyes today, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abyss of suffering and wee. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the churches of Thyatira and Corinth and Laodicea, because of their sloth and stolidity, he will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake missionary church, that can take the full meaning of that command, "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter stand with trembling hand or shouder that flinches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if, when out hunting for the bear, he should stand shivering with terror on an ice-berg? What would have become of Du Chailu and Livingstone in the African thicket, with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within twenty paces of you and it has its eye on you and it has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there!"

Courage, O ye spiritual archers! There are great monsters in iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not of the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the church of God, that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it, how many of us hide under the church-pew or the communion table! There is so much invested in it that we are afraid to assault it; millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floor and Italian-top tables, and chased ice-coolers, and in the strychnine, and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, and the nux vomica, that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold eight hundred hogheads of wine, and only three times in a hundred years it

has been filled. But, as I stood and looked at it, I said to myself: "That is nothing—eight hundred hogheads. Why our American vat holds two million, five hundred thousand barrels of strong drinks, and we keep two hundred thousand men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled." Oh! to attack this great monster of intemperance, and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness, requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform, you must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform. I think it was in 1783 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were ten thousand armed men in that hunting party. There were camels and horses and elephants. On some princes rode, and royal ladies, under exquisite housings, and five hundred coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros, the deer, and elephant fell under the stroke of saber and bullet. After awhile the party brought back trophies worth five thousand rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country, the million membership of our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar, and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men! Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

I am sure that there are some here who at some time have been hit by the Gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper; just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Scroon Lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track today, impenitent man! not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye chased and panting souls! here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst! Stop that chase of sin today. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop. Is there in all this house anyone who can refuse the offer that comes from the heart of the dying Son of God? Why, do you know that there are, in the banished world, souls that, for that offer you get today, would fling the crown of the universe at your feet, if they possessed it? But they went out on the mountains, the storm took them, and they died.

There is in a forest in Germany a place they call the "deer-leap"—two crags about eighteen feet apart, between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer-leap" because once a hunter was on the track of a deer; it came to one of these crags; there was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up, and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course, it fell, and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain, it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says, "I won't walk in that path; I will take my own way." He comes on until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back, now, and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! He misses the mark and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men! angels! devils! what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the sinner's death-leap.

"As Unto the Lord." "I envy you," said one Christian worker to another at their first meeting. "I envy you the privilege of being in the work all the time."

"Are you not in it all the time?" asked the person addressed, in a surprised tone.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "I have to work for my living."

"As to that," said her friend, "I support my family by dressmaking, but bless you, I am in the work all the time! The cutting, the fitting, the basting and sewing are all a part of it, for I do it 'as unto the Lord.' I used to fret under the 'burden,' as I called it, until the Lord asked me if I could not support my family 'for Him,' and I said, 'Yes, Lord, I can do it for you.' Since then it has been a joy. It is his work, and it brings me every day opportunities for testimony which perhaps I could have in no other way. Yes, my business is a part—and a delightful part—of my work for the Lord, and so I am in His work all the time!"

"Therefore, whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—Volunteers' Gazette.

Hero-worship is simply our admiration of great men. And there is no nobler feeling in the breast of man than this admiration for one who has done great things. It is the grandest influence in a man's life. The Christian rests upon it. Christianity is hero-worship. And the greatest of all heroes is the man Jesus.—Rev. J. H. Prugh, Latheran, Pittsburg, Pa.

Life is in no man's hand, and it is sacrilege to seek even to touch it. The suicide cannot approach it; the microscope cannot explain it; it comes and goes at the beck of a viewless hand and an irresistible power.—Rev. Wallace Nutting.

AN EDUCATOR SPEAKS

HE DWELLS ON THE FUTURE WITH OLD TIME ENTHUSIASM.

From the Progress, Sullivan, Ill. Oscar Hughes is one of the leading teachers of Moultrie county, and is now in charge of the school at Bruce, Ill. He has been teaching since 1887, except for a time when his health was too bad to permit his doing any work. To a Progress reporter Mr. Hughes gave the following account of his case: "My trouble dates back to 1890, and was due to close application to my school work and insufficient amount of out-door exercise. I commenced teaching in 1887, and after closely applying myself for three years I found my nervous system impaired, and as a natural consequence the disorder of my digestive organs followed, which resulted in chronic gastritis and dilation of the stomach.

"For three years I was treated by eminent specialists, but obtained no relief. I can say without exaggeration that I have taken a bucket full of medicines from specialists without receiving any benefit. My sufferings were almost unbearable. Being disposed to continue my work in the school room, I kept on until I was a wreck in body and mind.

"I at last came to a stage when I could sleep only a few hours at night, and I then found myself unable to continue my school work, and I discontinued it. In the spring of 1892 I gradually grew worse, and was reduced to almost a skeleton, weighing only 123 pounds, whereas my weight in good health is one hundred and seventy-five pounds. I commenced the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the first of June, 1895, and after using only six boxes I found to my great joy that my case was not hopeless.

"I resumed my school work at the beginning of this school year, and my health has improved until I consider myself a well man. It gives me pleasure to say a word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for he who directs the sufferer to a fount of healing is truly a philanthropist.

The Progress can vouch for the truthfulness of what Mr. Hughes says. His condition for the past three or four years has been well known and his recovery has been an agreeable surprise to his friends. He is now as cheerful and interesting a man as can be found anywhere, and he says he looks into the future with his old-time enthusiasm, and he seemed glad of the opportunity to give his testimonial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

He Was Too Lazy to Live. One of the laziest men Iowa has yet produced died recently in the Fort Madison penitentiary as a result of his attempt to escape labor. A convict named Allport several months ago cut off one of his fingers to keep from working, but the injury soon healed and he had to resume work again. Of late he had worked but little, always being done before noon, but he concluded he would not work at all and to keep from it inflicted an injury upon himself which had a result more fatal to him than he probably anticipated. Recently to escape work he poured a quantity of very strong lye on his arm and the result was a sore as big as a man's hand. But the lye was so strong that it ate its way into the flesh and destroyed the blood vessels. The result was lockjaw, from which he died.—Fort Madison (Iowa) Democrat.

Half-Pare Excursions. The Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain route will sell round trip tickets on July 7 and 21, at one fare plus \$2 to certain points in Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana. Tickets limited to 21 days from date of sale, with stop-over privileges. For particulars, address Blaseil Wilson, D. P. A., 111 Adams street, Chicago.

Ode to Napoleon. When booms spring up like mushrooms in a night, And to conventions warring bosses come, Just let them keep this motto square in sight, "The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb."

Identified by His Glass Eye. William Moran, of Wellston, Ohio, was so badly mangled by a railroad train that it was only by a glass eye that the body was identified.

Pink's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—O. L. Baker, 6239 Regent Bq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 4, '95. In the new Hotel Cecil, in London, there is a telephone in each room. Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c. Vaseline and yellow ochre are used as dressing for russet shoes. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Linen Oxford ties are designed for wear with linen gowns. Higginson's Ointment for Itching, Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Itchy Feet, Quittance, Piles, Sores. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct. Liverpool has the largest total debt of any town in England. P.T.S. stopped free and permanently cured, 30 days after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise sent. Write for circulars. ELEANOR GARLAND & HUSBANDS, 200 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. In the United States forty persons out of each 100 are color blind.

A STORY OF GOLD And Description of Cripple Creek. Every Page Illustrated. Price 50 Cents. Cut out this ad and send with 25 cents (stamps or silver) and book will be mailed postpaid. O. W. CRAWFORD, 1312 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

"Mend it or End it," has been the rallying cry of reform, directed against abusive municipal or social. For the man who lets himself be abused by a cough the cry should be modified to: Mend it, or it'll end you. You can mend any cough with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS. but sell direct to the purchaser at wholesale prices. Write for circulars. ELEANOR GARLAND & HUSBANDS, 200 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. XI, NO. 27. When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

BATTLE AX advertisement featuring an illustration of a man carrying a large ax on his back. Text includes: "BIG AND GOOD. BattleAx PLUG. Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money. No doubt about that. But once in a while it isn't. For instance, there's 'BATTLE AX.' The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, 'mighty good.' There's no guess work in this statement. It is just a plain fact. You can prove it by investing 5 cents in 'BATTLE AX.'"

Columbia Bicycles advertisement. Text includes: "19 Years' Experience. Just think of the wealth of wisdom and experience, accumulated during 19 years of building good bicycles, that comes to you for the \$100 you pay for. STANDARD OF THE WORLD. The buyer of a Columbia has no uncertainty. He knows its quality and workmanship are right—the Columbia scientific methods make them so. \$100 TO ALL ALIKE. Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you will sign any Columbia agent; by mail from us for two 2-cent stamps. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know."

FREE HOMES advertisement. Text includes: "FREE HOMES From Uncle Sam. Nearly 2,000,000 Acres of Government Land Now Open to Settlement. IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS. They are fertile, well-watered, heavily timbered, and produce grain, cotton, fruit and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is healthy, and the soil is rich. For particulars and location of land, write to the nearest land office. E. V. S. POWELL, Commissioner of Land, Little Rock, Ark. 1000 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. 1000 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. 1000 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa."