

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CHRISTIAN FIDELITY THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

"He Was a Mighty Hunter Before the Lord."—Text, Genesis X, Verse 9.—The Archers of Olden Times—Awkward Christian Work.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopach, N. Y.) Washington, May 12.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges all Christian workers to increased fidelity and shows how much effort at doing good falls through lack of adroitness; text, Genesis x, 9, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

In our day hunting is a sport, but in the lands and the times infested of wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breechloader to shoot redbirds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and panthers and bears. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far east people, elephant mounted, chased the tiger. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. And Moses, in my text, sets forth Nimrod as a hero, when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face, and arm bunched with muscle, "a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practicing archery.

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 pay and sharp tusks 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. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said, "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of gospel truth, and I pray God that there may be many a man enlisted in the work who shall begin to study gospel archery of whom it may after awhile be said, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

Awkward Christian Work.

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 blunderers 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 he ought to be most quiet he is crackling an alder or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned how the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was very good bread. It was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after he had broken the bread, said to the people, "Beware of the yeast or of the leaven of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was, and how easily they all understood him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men!

The archers of olden time studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special 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 the left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold 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! I am glad that there are institutions established in many cities of our land where men may learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery and become known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

How to Be Effectual.

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 longbow. They would take the arrow of polished wood and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bowstring of plaited silk. The bloody fields of Agincourt and Solway Moss and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bowstring. 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 the 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 400,000,000 of souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to the bowstring, and his whir was heard through the Corinthian theaters and through the courtroom until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that struck the Luther's heart when he cried out:

"Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strikes a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strikes him in the heel it will turn his step; if it strikes him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "O Galilee, thou hast conquered!"

Spiritual Archery.

If you want to be skillful in spiritual archery you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter 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 cleans 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 the most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in our 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 the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing on some street or road expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie fowl will light on our church steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait 10,000,000 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. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddles and bows and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid gloves and put on the hunting shirt. We want a pulpit on wheels. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's 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 it 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 mouse in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the midnight, 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 comparatively few people who go to church. What are we doing for the millions who 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?

Must Have Courage.

I remark further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery, you must have courage. If the hunter stands with trembling hand or shoulder 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 iceberg? What would have become of Du Chailin and Livingstone in the African thicket with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within 20 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 of iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not in 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 eyes 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 we are afraid to assault it. Millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floors 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 800 hogheads of wine, and only three times in 100 years it has been filled. But as I stood and looked at it I said to myself: "That is nothing—800 hogheads. Why, our American vat holds 10,200,000 barrels of strong drinks, and we keep 300,000 men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled."

The Great Monster.

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 cracked brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform! I think it was in 1723 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 armed men in that hunting party. There

were camels and horses and elephants. On some princes rode and royal ladies under exquisite housings, and 600 coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros and deer and elephant fell under the stroke of the saber and bullet. After awhile the party brought back trophies worth 50,000 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 millions of membership of our churches would band together and how 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 remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery you need not only bring down game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a roebuck or whipping up a stream for trout and letting them lie in the woods.

Bring Them to Church.

If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the gospel, but bring them into the church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side the skies. Fetch them in; do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. That is the meaning of the church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord, not only bring down the game, but bring it in.

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls! If Domitian practiced archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheater with a hand out, the fingers spread apart, and then the king could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practice ought we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!" But let me say you will never work any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer. If it were just his size, then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing in preparation for Christian work is personal consecration.

Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame, A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!

I am sure there are some men 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 Schron lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track today, O impatient 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! There is mercy for you—mercy that pardons, mercy that heals, everlasting mercy. The 12 gates of God's love stand wide open. Enter and be forever safe.

NEED A GOOD APPETITE.

Sometimes We Need a Change of Food and of Scene.

How frequently we hear the remark made, when a person's indisposition is spoken of, "Oh, he can't have much the matter with him. He eats well and therefore he must be all right." As a matter of fact, although a good appetite is sometimes considered as a test of the state of the health, it is not an invariable test, for often those who are seriously ill have good appetites. This is the case with many consumptives and others, but a person with a bad appetite is not in good health—there is something wrong with him. Appetite and hunger are generally used synonymously, but hunger is more than appetite; it is imperious, but is allayed after eating. What is the best thing to do when the appetite wanes? The usual remedy is a tonic, sometimes it takes the shape of too frequent "nips" of gin and bitters, sherry and bitters, or some other compound. For a want of appetite the real remedies needed are often rest and sleep, together with fresh air. Overwork when feeble is a cause of loss of appetite. A change of food is a good remedy; sometimes the regimen has not been varied enough, and the system becomes overburdened with one kind of material, and another kind is deficient. An entire change of food may work wonders. A change of scene, of thought, and of environment are some of the best means to restore a jaded appetite for food. Outdoor exercise, work, sea-bathing—all these have a good effect, and promote those changes in the body which make a demand for food imperative. These remedies are all natural ones, and if rightly used can do no harm. Of course it requires judgment to decide which remedies are needed in each case, but if the normal instincts are heeded they will often tell what to do—it is generally best to trust to them.

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him,

A WEEK IN ILLINOIS.

RECORD OF HAPPENINGS FOR SEVEN DAYS.

The Bill Limiting the Laying of Taxes to 5 Per Cent for Municipal Purposes Is Now a Law—Charges Against a Preacher.

Tax Limit Bill Now a Law.

Gov. Yates has signed five bills passed by the late legislature, as follows: Senate bill 214—Limiting levy of taxes by municipalities for municipal purposes to 5 per cent. House bill 723—Chicago local improvement bill; amending law providing for making local improvements by special assessment. House bill 184—Appropriating \$250,000 for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1902. Senate bill 169—Making it a felony to threaten to kidnap persons or destroy property for purpose of extorting money or other valuable consideration. House bill 585—Providing that county boards may take territory from one town and add it to another upon petition signed by majority of owners of property when both towns lie wholly without and not adjoining limits of incorporated village or city, so long as town is not left with less than sixteen square miles territory. Speaker Sherman has concluded signing all house and senate bills. This finished his official duties in Springfield, and he has returned to his home in Macomb.

Charges Against a Preacher.

A story printed by a paper in Waukegon charges that Rev. S. A. Harris, who was pastor of the Milburn Congregational church for some years up to December last, when he was suspended for six months, has failed to return to his duties, and that a number of country people believe he has been the cause of the loss of all their savings. Some time ago, it is said, Harris promoted an organization known as the Harris Provident Savings Fund company, and his representations concerning the interest to be realized by people investing money for him to speculate with were so rosy that he was given in all over \$100,000 by farmers and others throughout the district. It is claimed that to some of these depositors Harris gave as security promissory notes and to others bonds on the town of Gilman, which are said to be practically worthless.

Stovepipe Fall Stops Prayer.

A stovepipe fell on the Holiness worshippers at Duke M. Farson's noon-day meeting in the First Methodist church, Chicago, and caused a rush for the doors. Andy Dolbow, reformed prizefighter and evangelist, leaped upon the platform and quieted the audience, while other evangelists cried "Glory to God" and "Praise God." Mr. Farson clapped his hands and shouted encouragement, while the Rev. S. C. Reese pressed a Bible to his breast and, walking up and down the aisle, cried to the unbelievers to be saved. These manifestations were succeeded by the regular Holiness convention listening to a declaration of doctrine, presented by Rev. W. T. Hogue of the Free Methodists.

Surveyors for Big Extension.

The Chicago and Eastern Illinois railway has a large corps of engineers, under Col. Henry S. Carroll, Carrollton, the veteran railway man who built the Quincy, Carrollton and Eastern railway, surveying for an extension of the road from Findlay, through the cities of Brighton, Dorchester, Gillespie, Litchfield and Assumption to Sullivan, on the main line of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railway. The proposed route will pass through some of the richest coal lands in the state.

Asks the Chief to Resign.

Mayor Phillips of Springfield asked the resignation of Chief of Police H. Scott Castles and four other members of the police force. They are asked to resign because in the republican primaries they worked for the nomination of John Black for mayor. A number of other changes will be made in the police and fire departments. Henry Hornajag will be appointed chief of police.

Governor Yates Files 9 Vets.

Governor Richard Yates has sent to the secretary of state seventy senate bills to which he has attached his signature. Among the number are found the various appropriation bills and the omnibus appropriation bill. The amendment to the election law, providing for the filling of vacancies in elective offices, was vetoed by the governor.

Courthouse Bids Rejected.

The board of supervisors of Taylorville rejected all bids for the construction of the proposed new court house. This practically means that Christian county will be without a building of that kind for several years. The old court house was torn down several months ago.

Makes Good Clay-Bird Score.

At the shoot of the Illinois Gun club, held at Springfield, Thomas Hall of Loomis made the remarkable record of scoring 97 out of a possible 100 at inanimate objects. He is a promising contestant for the big meet to be held at Springfield May 21 and 22.

Codes Appointed from Roodhouse.

Congressman T. J. Selby has appointed John Roy Starkey, son of John W. Starkey of Roodhouse, a cadet to West Point from the sixteenth district.



Cuba's Prospective President.

Tomas Estrada Palma, the leading candidate for president of the new Cuban republic, has been ever associated with the cause of Cuba Libre, and was for a long time the manager of the junta in New York. His life has been an active one, spent in the service of his country and devoted to the principles of liberty and political equality he imbibed from the study of American institutions. A native of Cuba, he is descended from an ancient family of Castile. He was born at Bayamo in 1835, studied law in Spain and determined when a youth to free Cuba from the yoke of the dons. In 1877 he partly realized his ambition when he was elected president of the Cuban republic. He now bids fair to be made the head of a republic which will be more than the dream of a patriot. After his election he served in the field during the ten years' war, in which over 200,000 Spanish soldiers

Oil King of Texas.

Oil kings are being made and made in Texas at present at a rate which makes it somewhat unsafe to announce the coronation of one for fear he may be deposed almost instantly by some contrary turn of fortune. But there seems to be at least one little man who has kept his place long enough to deserve a permanent niche in the temple of fame. His name is D. R. Beatty, and the first big gusher in the famous Beaumont district was opened up by him, and still bears his name. He leased the ground on which the Beatty gusher was dug for \$10, and it has already returned to his company a total of more than a million and a quarter of dollars. Mr. Beatty's time since the excitement began has been taken up with the buying and selling of oil lands. He of his companies, which are practically owned and controlled by him, have hundreds of acres of oil lands under lease, and the way they do business may be judged from the fact that one day last week he refused first \$75,000 and later \$90,000 for the lease of a single acre of land near one of the big gushers which he has developed. Mr. Beatty is personally a delicate little man, only five feet six inches in height, and since Jan. 11, when the Beatty gusher started the Texas oil boom, he has been living under a nervous tension which might break down a giant.

Dr. Carl Herslow.

Dr. Carl Herslow, who is generally mentioned as the successor of the present Swedish-Norwegian minister of state, Baron von Otten, is a prominent member of the riksdag. The new army bill is certain to meet with defeat unless the king consents to universal suffrage, and this is the measure advocated by Dr. Herslow. The present administration is sure to resign, whatever the result will be, and as Dr. Herslow has repeatedly been requested to take a seat in the cabinet, everything points to him as the future minister of state for the two countries. Dr. Herslow is the editor-in-chief of Sydsvenska Dagliga Skallpoten, one of the leading newspapers in Sweden, and it is the first time in the history of Sweden that a man from this profession will occupy the high position of a cabinet minister, a convincing proof of the progress of democratic ideas in Sweden. For several years Dr. Herslow was the speaker of the second chamber, and has long been considered the leading statesman of Sweden. His platform, "a just division of citizens' privileges and duties and the right to offer his



TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA.

fell. At the close of that strife he refused to swear allegiance to the king and exiled himself in Honduras, where he married and became postmaster-general and otherwise conspicuous as a statesman. In 1883 he came to America, established an educational institution, and as soon as the last revolution appeared threw himself into it heart and soul.

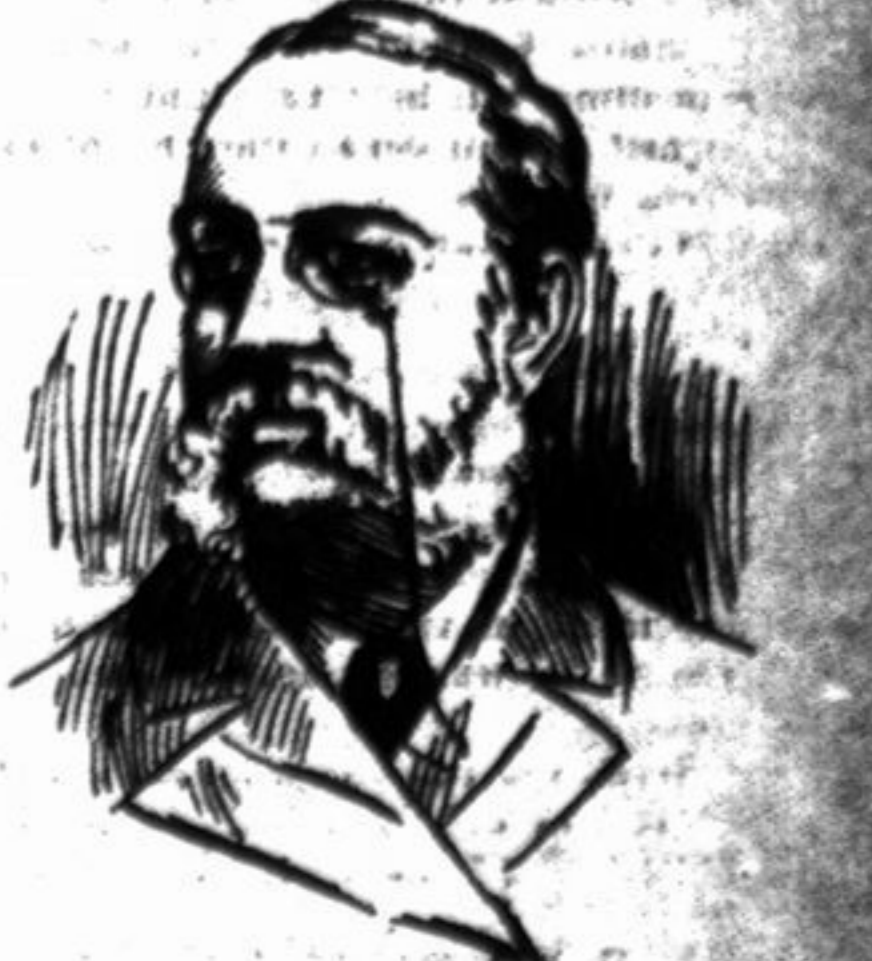
The Referendum in Boston.

The statistical department of Boston has recently issued some noticeable facts showing the comparative interest taken by electors in that city in referenda as against ordinary voting contests, during the decade from 1890 to 1899. While it appears therefrom that in general somewhat less interest is shown in referenda than in electoral contests, it appears on the other hand that interest in the former has distinctly increased during that period. For the five years 1896-99 the mean per cent of actual to possible votes were 69.23 on license, 66.31 on all other questions, and 67.53 on all referenda, while the corresponding per cent for the principal offices were: For mayor, 80.12; for street commissioner, 71.36; for aldermen, 68.43; for councilmen, 67.52; for school committee, 62.80. On questions other than license submitted to referendum, the highest per cent of the possible vote was cast in 1899 respecting the restoration of car tracks in Tremont street, and was 75.63. There were in all, aside from license, ten questions submitted to referendum, and there was an almost steady increase of interest shown. The lowest per cent of the possible vote, 28.40, was cast in 1894, and the highest, 75.63, in 1899. The mean per cent in respect to license also increased from 67.15 in the first half of the decade to 69.23 in the last half. These facts indicate that in Boston at least the referendum is a practicable and an increasingly popular method of settling public questions.

Son of Sitting Bull.

The eldest son of the Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull, is now a thrifty and prosperous bootblack in Philadelphia.

His Indian name is Mootesuma, but he is known to his friends and patrons as Harry Parker. He is a graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, where he took high honors in the classics and as an athlete. When he left college he found it difficult to get a position where he could use his education, but he determined that he would not remain idle. Without waiting time he promptly set up in business as a bootblack, and he now owns and conducts one of the most prosperous stands in Philadelphia. He has saved considerable money and is about to open several branch stands in other parts of a city. Mootesuma is married in Winoosh, a full blood Sioux girl, whose father was one of the great chiefs of the tribe, and they have two children.



DR. HERSLOW.

He for his country as a soldier should also be accompanied with the right to vote," has made him the idol of the Swedish people.

Germany and Monroe Doctrine.

An English paper, whose wish is evidently to please the thoughtless, says that the German emperor is preparing for war on the Monroe doctrine. He wants South America, and he wants it bad. For this he is building a great navy; and his fancy he already bears the thunder of his guns as they rock on the mighty sea. A Paris paper laughs at the idea and then says: "The German navy is not young, while the Monroe doctrine is young yet, and youth will have its day. Let the Kaiser build his navy and aim his cannon at the Monroe doctrine. When he does there will be war, and war on a generous and satisfying scale. And when the war is over the Kaiser will have a chance to sit down and figure up his assets and liabilities, among which assets should not be forgotten the title of 'war hero.' Meanwhile the United States of America will continue to be the business of the old world, and incidentally may have a little navy of their own, which fact should not be lost sight of by those who fancy out a plan of conquest for your Uncle Sam."