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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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GREAT NEEDS OF TO-DAY.

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Special to the Kansas City Times.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 10.—At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., after expounding passages of scripture, gave out the hymn beginning:

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
How He said for your faith in His excellent word!

The text of the sermon was I. Samuel, xiii, 19-21: "Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel, for the Philistines said, 'Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears.' But all the Israelites went down to the Philistines to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his axe, and his mattock. Yet they had a file for the mattock, and for the coulters, and for the forks, and for the axes, and to sharpen the goads." Dr. Talmage spoke as follows:

What a galling subjugation for the Israelites! The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmiths, and torn down all the blacksmiths' shops, and abolished the blacksmiths' trade in the land of Israel. The Philistines would not even allow these parties to work their valuable mines of brass and iron, nor might they make any swords or spears. There were only two swords left in all the land. Yea, these Philistines went on until they had taken all the grindstones from the land of Israel, so that if an Israelitish farmer wanted to sharpen his plow or his axe he had to go over to the garrison of the Philistines to get it done.

ALL PRECAUTIONS IN VAIN.

There was only one sharpening instrument left in the land, and that was a file. The farmers and the mechanics having nothing to whet up the coulter and the goad, and the pickaxe, save a simple file, industry was hindered, and work practically disgraced. The great idea of these Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarmed. They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not save any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If they got the iron welded they would have no grindstones on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge. O, you poor weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you!

But these Philistines were not forever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan on his hands and knees climbs up a great rock beyond which were the Philistines; and his armor-bearer, on his hands and knees climbs up the same rock, and these two men with their two swords hew to pieces the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. Two men of God on their knees, mightier than a Philistine host on their feet!

GIVING WAY TO THE ENEMY.

First—I learn first from this subject, how dangerous it is for the church of God to allow the weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These enemies might again and again have obtained a supply of swords and weapons, as, for instance when they took the spoils of the Ammonites; but the Israelites seemed content to have no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grindstones, no active iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. I see the farmers tugging along with their pickaxes and ploughs, and I say: "Where are you going with those things?" They say: "O, we are going over to the garrison of the Philistines to get these sharpened." I say: "You foolish men, why don't you sharpen them at home?" "O," they say, "the blacksmiths' shops are all torn down and we have nothing left us but a file."

So it is in the church of Jesus Christ to-day. We are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools and colleges and the arts and the sciences and the literature and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand and then to keep them. You know it is making this boast all the time; after a while when the great battle of sin and righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we will be as badly off as these Israelites without any swords to fight with and without any sharpening instruments.

SCIENTIFIC CHRISTIANS WANTED.

I call upon the superintendent of literary institutions to see to it that the men who go into the class rooms to stand beside the Leyden jars and the electric batteries and the microscopes and telescopes be children of God, not Philistines. The Carlyleian, Emersonian and Tyndallian thinkers of this day are trying to get all the intellectual weapons of this century in their own grasp. What we want is scientific Christians to capture the scholarship and philosophic Christians to capture the philosophy and lecturing Christians to take back the lecturing platform. We want to send out against Schenkel and Strauss and Renan and Theodor Christlieb of Bonn, and against the infidel scientists of the day a God-worshiping Silliman and Hitchcock and Agassiz. We want to capture all the philosophical apparatus and swing around the telescopes on the swivel until through them we can see the morning star of the Redeemer and with mineralogical hammer discover the Rock of Ages and amid the flora of all realms find the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.

A LEARNED CLERGY NEEDED.

We want a clergy learned enough to discourse of the human eye, showing it to be a microscope and telescope in one instrument, with eight wonderful contrivances, and lids closing thirty thousand or forty thousand times a day; all its muscles, and nerves, and bones showing the infinite skill of an infinite God and then winding up with the peroration: "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" And then we want to discourse about the human ear, its wonderful integuments, membranes, and vibration, and its chain of small bones, and its auditory nerve, closing with the question: "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" And we want some one able to expound the first chapter of Genesis, bring to it the geology and the astronomy of the world, until as Job suggested: "The stones of the field shall be in league" with the truth, and the stars in their course shall fight against Sisera. O, church of God, go out and recapture these weapons! Let men of God go out and take possession of the platform. Let any printing presses that have been captured by the enemy be recaptured for God; and the reporters and the type-setters, and the editors, and the publishers swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth. Ah, my friend, that day must come, and if the great body of Christian men have not the faith or the courage, or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan on his busy hands and on his praying knees, climb up on the Rock of Hinderance, and in the name of the Lord God of Israel slash to pieces those literary Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God then they must be smitten down.

GREAT RESOURCES UNDEVELOPED.

Second—Again: I learn from this subject what a large amount of the church's resources is actually hidden, and buried, and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was a very rich land, this land of Israel. It says: "The stones are iron, and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass;" and yet bundreds and thousands of dollars' worth of this metal was kept under the hills. Well that is the difficulty with the church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If one half of its energy could be brought out it might take the public iniquities of the day by the throat and make them bite the dust. If human eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, it would in a few years persuade this whole earth to surrender to God. There is enough undeveloped energy in this one church to bring all Brooklyn to Christ—enough of undeveloped Christian energy in the United States to bring the whole world to Christ; but it is buried under strata of indifference, and under whole mountains of sloth. Now is it not time for the mining to begin, and the pickaxes to plunge, and for this buried metal to be brought out and put into the furnaces, and be turned out howitzers and cartines for the Lord's host? The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless. The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hills.

TOO MANY CHRISTIANS USELESS.

O, is it not time for the church of God to rouse up and understand that we want all the energies, all the talent, and all the wealth enlisted for Christ's sake? I like the nickname that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the commander. They called him "Old Forwards." We have had enough retreats in the church of Christ; let us have a glorious advance. And I say to you as the general said when his troops were affrighted; rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted up his voice until twenty thousand troops heard him, crying out, "Forward, the whole line!"

We want all the laymen enlisted. Ministers are numerically too small. They do the best they can. They are the most overworked class on earth. Many of them die of dyspepsia because they can not get the right kind of food to eat, or getting the right kind, are so worried that they take it down in chunks. They die from consumption coming from early and late exposure. If a novelist or a historian publishes one book a year, he is considered industrious. But every faithful pastor must originate enough thought for three or four volumes a year. Ministers receive enough calls in a year from men who have maps, and medicines, and lightning rods, and pictures to sell to exhaust their vitality. They are bored with agents of all sorts. They are set in draughts at funerals, and poisoned by the unventilated rooms of invalids, and waited upon by committees who want addresses made, until life becomes a burden to bear.

MINISTERS ALL OVERWORKED.

It is not hard study that makes ministers look pale. It is the infinity of interruptions and botherations to which they are subjected. If I die before my time, it will be at the hand of committees that want an address or a lecture. A man called on me to give him a lecture by which he might pay the expenses of his wedding trip. If there were fifty hours in each day of the year, and I worked forty of them, I could not do the work of this one parish; and I am not behind most clergymen in disposition to toil. Numerically too small. It is no more the work of the pulpit to convert and save the world than it is the work of the pew. If men go to ruin there will be as much blood on your skirts as on mine. Let us quit this grand farce of trying to save the world by a few clergymen, and let all hands lay hold of the work. Give us in all our churches two or three aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches to-day five or ten men are compelled to do all the work. A vast majority of churches are at their wits' end how to carry on a prayer meeting if the minister is not there, when there ought to be enough pent up energy and religious force to make a meeting go on with such power that the minister would never be missed. The church stands working the pumps of a few ministerial cisterns until the buckets are dry and choked, while there are thousands of fountains from which might be dipped up the waters of eternal life.

ALL THE LAYMEN'S HELP NEEDED.

Before you and I have the sod pressing our eyelids we will, under God, decide whether our children shall grow up amid the accursed surroundings of vice and shame, or come to an inheritance of righteousness. Long, loud, bitter will be the curse that scorches our grave if, holding within the church to-day enough men and women, we act the coward or drone. I wish I could put enough moral explosives under the conventionalities and majestic stupidities of the day to blow them to atoms and that then, with fifty thousand men and women from all the churches, knowing nothing but Christ and a desire to bring all the world to Him, we might move upon the enemy's works. For a little while heaven would not have trumpets enough to celebrate the victory.

Third—Again, I learn from this subject that we sometimes do well to take advantage of the world's sharpening instruments. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes, and their goads, and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states it—the text which I read at the beginning of the service—that they had no other instruments now with which to do this work, and the Israelites did right when they went over to the Philistines to use their grindstones. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grindstones? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side let us go over and employ it for Christ's sake. The fact is, we fight with too dull weapons and we work with too dull implements. We hack and we maul when we ought to make a keen stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men, and among sharp literary men, and find out what their tact is, and then transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art it will do us good to rub against it.

USING THE WORLD'S GRINDSTONE.

In other words, let us employ the world's grindstone. We will listen to their music, and we will watch their acumen, and we will use their grindstones, and will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their rail trains to carry our Christian literature and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries. That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get of Dr. Gamiliel, but afterward, standing on Mars hill and in crowded thoroughfare, quoted their poetry and grasped their logic, and wielded their eloquence, and employed their mythology, until Dionysius, the Areopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his tremendous powers. That was what gave Thomas Chalmers his power in his day. He conquered the world's astronomy and compelled it to ring out the wisdom and greatness of the Lord until, for the second time the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. That was what gave to Jonathan Edwards his influence in his day. He conquered the world's metaphysics, and forced it into the service of God, until not only the old meeting house of Northampton, Mass. but all Christendom felt thrilled by his Christian power.

ONLY THE VERY BEST WANTED.

Well, now, my friends, we all have tools of Christian power. Do not let them lose their edges. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no coulter that can not rip up the globe. We want no axe that can not fell the trees. We want no goad that can not start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grindstones we can find though they be in possession of the Philistines, compelling them to turn the crank while we bear down with all our might on the swift revolving wheel, until all our energies and faculties shall be brought up to a bright, keen, sharp, glittering edge.

Fourth—Again: my subject teaches us how what a small allowance Philistine iniquity puts a man. Yes, these Philistines shut up the mines, and then they took the blacksmiths, then they took the grindstones, and they took everything but a file. O, that is the way sin works; it grabs everything! It begins with robbery and ends with robbery. It despoils this faculty and that faculty and keeps on until the whole nature is gone. Was the man eloquent before, it generally thickens his tongue. Was he fine in personal appearance, it mars his visage. Was he affluent, it sends the sheriff to sell him out. Was he influential it destroyes his popularity. Was he placid and genial and loving, it makes him scientific and cross; and so utterly is he changed that you can see he is sarcastic and rasping, and that the Philistines have left him.

PHILISTINE PROMISES ALL NAUGHT.

O, "the way of the transgressor is hard!" His cup is bitter. His night is dark. His pangs are deep. His end is terrific. Philistine iniquity says to that man: "Now, surrender to me, and I will give you all you want—music for the dance, swift steeds for the race, imperial couch to slumber on, and you shall be refreshed with the rarest fruits in baskets of filagree." He lies. The music turns out to be a groan. The fruits burst the rind with rank poison. The filagree is made up of twisted reptiles. The couch is a grave. Small allowance of rest, small allowance of peace, small allowance of comfort. Cold, hard, rough—nothing but a file. So it was with Voltaire, the most applauded man of his day:

> The Scripture was his just book, whe ce he drew
> Boo mors to gall the Christ' n and the Jew.
> An infidel when well, but when sick?
> O, then a text would touch him to the quick!

Seized with hemorrhage of the lungs in Paris, where he had gone to be crowned as the idol of all France, he sends a messenger to get a priest that he may be reconciled to the church before he dies. A great terror falls upon him. He makes the place all 'round about him so dismal that the nurse declared that she would not for all the wealth of Europe see another infidel die. Philistine iniquity had promised him all the world's garlands, but in the last hour of his life, when he needed a solacing, sent tearing across his conscience and his nerves a file. So it was with Lord Byron, his uncleanliness in England only surpassed by his uncleanliness in Venice, then going on to end his brilliant misery at Missolonghi, fretting at his nurse Fletcher, fretting at himself, fretting at the world, fretting at God; and he who gave the world "Childe Harold" and "Sardanapalus" and "The Prisoner of Chillon" and "The Siege of Corinth" reduced to nothing but a file. O, sin has a great facility for making promises, but it has just as great facility for breaking them!

THE ONLY REALLY CHEERFUL LIFE.

A Christian life is the only cheerful life, while a life of wicked surrender is remorse, ruin and death. Its painted glee is sepulchral ghastliness. In the brightest days of the Mexican empire Montezuma said he felt a gnawing at his heart something like a canker. Sin, like a monster wild beast of the forest, sometimes licks all over its victim in order that the victim may be more easily swallowed; but generally sin rasps and galls, and tears, and upbraids and flies. Is it not so, Herod? Is it not so, Hildebrand? Is it not so, Robespierre? Aye; aye! It is so, it is so. "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down." History tells up that when Rome was founded, there were twelve vultures flying through the air; but when a transgressor dies the sky is black with whole flocks of them. Vultures! vultures! vultures! When I see sin robbing so many of my hearers, and I see them going down day by day and week by week, I must give a plain warning. I dare not keep it back lest I rob the salvation of my own soul. Rover and pirate pulled down the warning bell on Inchcape Rock, thinking that they would have a chance to despoil vessels that were crushed on the rocks; but one night his own ship crashed down on this very rock, and he went down with all his cargo. God declares: "When I say to the wicked thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, that same man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hands."

MORE STRONG METAL CALLED FOR.

Fifth—I learn from this subject what a sad thing it is when the church of God loses its metal! These Philistines saw that if they could only get all the metallic weapons out of the hands of the Israelites, all would be well, and therefore they took the swords and the spears. They did not want them to have a single metallic weapon. When the metal of the Israelites was gone, their strength was gone. This is the trouble with the church of God to-day. It is surrendering its courage. It has not got enough metal. How seldom it is that you see a man taking his position in power in pulpit or in a religious society, and holding that position against all opposition and all trial, and all persecution, and all criticism. Go forth in the service of Christ and do your whole duty. You have one sphere. I have another sphere. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge, Selah." We want more of the determination of Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very wonderful man, but he got on his knees and clambered up the rock, and with the help of his armor-bearer he hewed down the Philistines; and a man of very ordinary intellectual attainments on his knees can storm a city for God and for the truth. We want something of the determination of the general who went into the war, and as he entered his first battle his knees knocked together, his physical courage not quite up to his moral courage, and he looked down at his knees and said: "Ah, if you knew where I was going to take you, you would shake worse than that!"

DOING THE LORD'S BIDDING.

There is only one question for you to ask and for me to ask—what does God want me to do? Where is the field? Where is the prayermeeting? Where is the pulpit? And, finding out what God wants us to do, go ahead and do it—all the energies of our body, mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking. O my brethren, we have but little time in which to fight for God! You will be dead soon. Put in the Christian cause every energy that God gives you. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave whither we are all hastening." Opportunities of usefulness gone forever; souls that might have been benefited three months ago never again coming under our Christian influence. O, is it not high time that we awake out of sleep? Church of God, lift up your head at the coming victory! The Philistines will go down and the Israelites will go up. We are on the winning side. I think just now the king's horses are being hooked up to the chariot, and when he does ride down the sky there will be such a hosanna among his friends and such a wailing among his enemies as will make the earth tremble, and the heavens sing. I see now the plumes of the Lord's cavalrymen tossing in the air. The archangel before the throne has already burnished his trumpet, and then he will put its golden lips to his own, and he will blow the long, loud blast that will make all the nations free. Clap your hands, all ye people! Hark! I hear the falling thrones and the dashing down of demolished iniquities. Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"There is one thing," said Yellowly, "that shows the glory of this country. Every man has it in his power to make his daughter a lady." "How is that?" asked Brownley. "He can make her a saleslady."