

THE BARE ARM OF GOD

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S IMPRESSIVE SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

The Lord Hath Made Bare His Holy Arm—A Wonderful Reserve of Power. Achievements Without Effort—On the Winning Side.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 21.—Singularly appropriate and impressive was the old gospel hymn as it was sung this morning by the thousands of Brooklyn Tabernacle, led on by organ and organ:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject, "The Bare Arm of God," the text being Isaiah lii. 10. "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

It almost takes our breath away to read some of the Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that I have been for some time getting my courage up to preach from it. Isaiah the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the jubilate of our planet redeemed and cries out, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm." What overwhelming suggestiveness in that figure of speech, "The bare arm of God!" The people of Palestine to this day wear much hindering apparel, and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our land when a man proposes a special exertion he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you will find that most of the toilers have their coats off and their sleeves rolled up.

Isaiah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world became what it ought to be, and he foresees it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty, not as we ordinarily think of him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of his robe rolled back to his shoulder, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

THE CREATION OF LIGHT. Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderbolts than he has ever flung, more light than he has ever distributed, more blue than that with which he has overarched the sky, more green than that with which he has emeralded the grass, more crimson than that with which he has burnished the sunsets. I say it with reverence, from all I can see, God has never half tried.

You know as well as I do that many of the most elaborate and expensive industries of our world have been employed in creating artificial light. Half of the time the world is dark. The moon and the stars have their glorious uses, but as instruments of illumination they are failures. They will not allow you to read a book or stop the ruffianism of your great cities. Had not the darkness been persistently fought back by artificial means, the most of the world's enterprises would have halted half the time, while the crime of our great municipalities would for half the time run rampant and unrebuked; hence all the inventions for creating artificial light, from the flint struck against steel in centuries past to the dynamo of our electrical manufactures. What uncounted numbers of people at work the year round in making chandeliers and lamps and fixtures and wires and batteries where light shall be made, or along which light shall run, or where light shall pool! How many bare arms of human toil—and some of those bare arms are very tired—in the creation of light and its apparatus, and after all the work the greater part of the continents and hemispheres at night have no light at all, except perhaps the fireflies flashing their small lanterns across the swamp.

MADE WITH HIS FINGERS. But see how easy God made the light. He did not make bare his robe; he did not even put forth his robe; he did not lift so much as a finger. The flint out of which he struck the non-day sun was the word, "Light." "Let there be light!" Adam did not see the sun until the fourth day, for though the sun was created on the first day, it took its rays from the first to the fourth day to work through the dense mass of fluids by which this earth was compassed. Did you ever hear of anything so easy as that? So nique? Out of a word came the blazing sun, the father of flowers and warmth and light! Out of a word building a fireplace for all the nations of the earth to warm themselves by! Yes, seven other worlds, five of them inconceivably larger than our own, and 79 asteroids, or worlds on a smaller scale! The warmth and light for this great brotherhood, great sisterhood, great family of worlds, 87 larger or smaller worlds, all from that one magnificent fireplace, made out of the one word—Light. The sun 886,000 miles in diameter, I do not know how much grander a solar system God could have created if he had put forth his robe, to say nothing of an arm made bare! But this I know, that our wordy sun was a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word—Light.

"But," says some one, "do you not think that in making the machinery of the universe, of which our solar system is comparatively a small wheel working into mightier wheels, it take have cost God some exertion? The upheaval of an arm either robed or an arm made bare?" No; we are distinctly told otherwise. The machinery of a universe God made simply with his fingers. David, inspired in a night song, says so—"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers."

THE TESTIMONY OF DAVID. A Scottish clergyman told me a few weeks ago of dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle walking out with a friend one starry night, and as the friend looked up and said, "What a splendid sky!" Mr. Carlyle replied as he glanced upward,

"Sad sight, sad sight!" Not so thought David as he read the great Scripture of the night heavens. It was a sweep of embroidery, of vast tapestry, God manipulated. That is the alms of the psalmist to the woven hangings of tapestry as they were known long before David's time. Far back in the ages of white enchantment of thread and color, the Florentine velvets of silk and gold and Persian carpets woven of goats' hair! If you have been in the Gobelins factory of tapestry in Paris—alas, now no more!—you witnessed wondrous things as you saw the wooden needle or brooch going back and forth and in and out; you were transfixed with admiration at the patterns wrought. No wonder that Louis XIV bought it, and it became the possession of the throne, and for a long while none but thrones and palaces might have any of its work! What triumph of loom! What victory of skilled fingers! So David says of the heavens that God's fingers wove into them the light; that God's fingers tapstried them with stars; that God's fingers embroidered them with worlds.

How much of the immensity of the heavens David understood I know not. Astronomy was born in China 2,800 years before Christ was born. During the reign of Hoang-Ti astronomers were put to death if they made wrong calculations about the heavens. Job understood the refraction of the sun's rays and said they were "turned as the clay to the seal." The pyramids were astronomical observatories, and they were so long ago built that Isaiah refers to one of them in his nineteenth chapter and calls it the "pillar at the border."

The first of all the sciences born was astronomy. Whether from knowledge already abroad or from direct inspiration, it seems to me David had wide knowledge of the heavens. Whether he understood the full force of what he wrote, I know not, but the God who inspired him knew, and he would not let David write anything but truth, and therefore all the worlds that the telescope ever reached or Copernicus or Galileo or Kepler or Newton or Laplace or Herschel or our own Mitchell ever saw were so easily made that they were made with the fingers. As easily as with your fingers you mold the wax, or the clay, or the dough to particular shapes, so he decided the shape of our world, and that it should weigh six sextillion tons and appointed for it all its worlds and decided their color—the white to Sirius, the ruddy to Aldebaran, the yellow to Pollux, the blue to Altair, marrying some of the stars, as the 2,400 double stars that Herschel observed, administering to the whims of the variable stars as their glance becomes brighter or dim, preparing what astronomers called, "the girle of Andromeda" and the nebula in the sword handle of Orion. Worlds on worlds! Worlds under worlds! Worlds above worlds! Worlds beyond worlds! So many that arithmetics are of no use in the calculation! But he counted them as he made them, and he made them with his fingers! Reservation of power! Suppression of omnipotence! Resources as yet untouched! Almightyness yet undemonstrated! Now I ask, for the benefit of all disheartened Christian workers, if God accomplished so much with his fingers, what can he do when he puts out all his strength and when he unlimbers all the batteries of his omnipotence? The Bible speaks again and again of God's outstretched arm, but only once, and that in the text of the bare arm of God.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING. My text makes it plain that the rectification of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unlimbered fore-arm of the Almighty! The reason of that I can understand. In the shipyards of Liverpool or Glasgow or New York a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the cabin, the masts and all the appointments of this great palace of the world. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and the artisans toil on the craft so many hours a day, each one doing his part, until with flags flying, and thousands of people buzzing on the decks, the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that steamer breaks her shaft and she is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers until every joint is loose, and every spar is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts midsides.

Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessel off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Aye! Our world that God built so beautiful, and which started out with all the flags and which started with the chant of Edenic foliage and with the chant of Edenic foliage, has been 60 centuries pounding in the shrieks of sin and sorrow, and to get her out, and to get her off, and to get her on the right way again, will require more of omnipotence than it required to build her. So I am not surprised that though in the drydock of one world our world was made it will take the unsleeved arm of God to lift her from the rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text and its comparison with other texts that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this bankrupt world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as when it started.

EVILS TO OVERCOME. Now, just look at the entrenched difficulties in the way, the removal of which, the overthrow of which, seemed to require

the bare right arm of omnipotence. There stands heathenism, with its 800,000,000 victims. I do not care whether you call them Brahmins or Buddhists, Confucians or fetich idolaters. At the World's fair in Chicago last summer those monstrosities of religion tried to make themselves respectable, but the long hair and baggy trousers and trinketed robes of their representatives cannot hide from the world the fact that those religions are the authors of funeral pyre, and juggernaut crushing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chinese shoe torture, and the aggregated massacres of many centuries. They have their beels on India, on China, on Persia, on Borneo, on three-fourths of the acreage of our poor old world. I know that the missionaries, who are the most sacrificing and Christlike men and women on earth, are making steady and glorious inroads upon these built up abominations of the centuries. All this stuff that you see in some of the newspapers about the missionaries as living in luxury and idleness is promulgated by corrupt American or English or Scotch merchants, whose loose behavior in heathen cities has been reformed by the missionaries, and these corrupt merchants write home or tell innocent and unsuspecting visitors in India or China or the darkened islands of the sea these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaries, who, turning their backs on home and civilization and emolument and comfort, spend their lives in trying to introduce the mercy of the gospel among the downtrodden of heathenism. Some of those merchants leave their families in America or England or Scotland and stay for a few years in the ports of heathenism while they are making their fortunes in the tea or rice or opium trade, and while they are thus absent from home give themselves to orgies of dissoluteness such as no pen or tongue could, without the abolition of all decency, attempt to report. The presence of the missionaries, with their pure and noble households, in those heathen ports is a constant rebuke to such debauches and miscreants. If Satan should visit heaven, from which he was once roughly but justly expatriated, and he should write home to the realms pandemoniac, his correspondence published in Diabolos Gazette or Apollyonic News, about what he had seen, he would report the temple of God and the Lamb as a broken down church, and the house of many mansions as a disreputable place, and the cherubim as suspicious of morals. Sin never did like holiness, and you had better not depend upon satanic report of the sublime and multipotent work of our missionaries in foreign lands. But notwithstanding all that these men and women of God have achieved, they feel and we all feel that if the idolatrous lands are to be Christianized there needs to be a power from the heavens that has not yet descended, and we feel like crying out in the words of Charles Wesley:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake. Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy arm, the outstretched arm, but the bare arm!

AN ECCLESIASTICAL JOKE. There, too, stands Mohammedanism, with its 176,000,000 victims. Its Bible is the Koran, a book not quite as large as our New Testament, which was revealed to Mohammed when in epileptic fits, and resuscitated from those fits he dictated it to scribes. Yet it is read today by more people than any other book ever written. Mohammed, the founder of that religion, a polygamist, with superfluity of wives, the first step of his religion on the body, mind and soul of woman, and no wonder that the heaven of the Koran is an everlasting Sodom, an infinite seraglio, about which Mohammed promises that each follower shall have in that place 79 wives, in addition to all the wives he had on earth, but that no old woman shall ever enter heaven. When a bishop of England recently proposed that the best way of saving Mohammedans was to let them keep their religion, but engraft upon it some new principles from Christianity, he perpetrated an ecclesiastical joke, at which no man can laugh who has ever seen the tyranny and domestic wretchedness which always appear wherever that religion gets foothold. It has marched to set up its filthy and accursed banner in America, and what it has done for Turkey. A religion that brutally treats womanhood ought never to be fostered in our country. But there it is a religion so absurd or wicked that it did not get disciples, and there are enough fools in America to make a large discipleship of Mohammedanism. This corrupt religion has been making steady progress for hundreds of years, and notwithstanding all the splendid work done by the Jesuits, and the Goodells, and the Blisses, and the Van Dykes, and the Posts, and the Misses Bowns, and the Misses Thompsons, and scores of other men and women of whom the world was not worthy, there it stands, the giant of sin, Mohammedanism, with one foot on the heart of woman and the other on the heart of Christ, while it mumbles from its misinstructed its stupendous blasphemy: "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Let the Christian printing press at Beyrout and Constantinople keep on with their work and the men and women of God in the mission fields toil until the Lord crowns them, but what we are all hoping for is something supernatural from the heavens, as yet unseen, something stretched down out of the skies, something like an arm uncovered, the bare arm of the God of nations!

THE NIAGARA OF INEBRIETY. There stands also the arch demon of alcoholism. Its throne is white and made of bleached human skulls. On one side of that throne of skulls kneels in obscenity and worship demerol, and on the other side republicanism, and the one that kisses the cancerous and gangrened foot of this despotic disease gets the most benedictions.

PLENTY OF AMUNITION. But I have no time to specify the manifold evils that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspapers, and heard from some pulpits a disheartenment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world for God, and that all Christian work would collapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath class, or distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer meetings, or preach in a pulpit, as Satan is gaining ground. To rebuke that pessimism, the gospel of smashup, I preach this sermon, showing that you are on the winning side. Go ahead! Fight on! What I want to make out today is that our ammunition is not exhausted; that all which has been accomplished has been only the skirmishing before the great Armageddon; that not more than one of the thousand fountains of beauty in the King's park has begun to play; that not more than one brigade of the innumerable hosts to be marshaled by the rider on the white horse has yet taken the field; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe, but that the time is coming when he will rise from his throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palace of eternity, and come down the stairs of heaven with all conquering step, and halt in the presence of expectant nations, and flashing his omnipotent eyes across the work to be done will put back the sleeve of his right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare his arm. Who can doubt the result when according to my text Jehovah does his best; when the last reserve force of omnipotence takes the field; when the last sword of eternal might leaps from its scabbard? Do you know what decided the battle of Sedan? The hills a thousand feet high. Arrievon on the heights of Givonne, and 12 German batteries on the heights of La Mancell. The crown prince of Saxony watched the scene from the heights of Mairy. Between a quarter to 6 o'clock in the morning and 1 o'clock in the afternoon of Sept. 2, 1870, the hills dropped the shells that shattered the French host in the valley. The French emperor and the 80,000 of his army captured by the hills. So in this conflict now raging between holiness and sin "our eyes are unto the hills."

A GREAT VICTORY. Down here in the valleys of earth we must be valiant soldiers of the cross, but the Commander of our host walks the heights and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all heaven will open its batteries on our side, and the commander of the hosts of unrighteousness with all his followers will surrender, and it will take eternity

to fully celebrate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Our eyes are unto the hills." It is so certain to be accomplished that Isaiah in my text looks down through the field glass of prophecy and speaks of it as already accomplished, and I take my stand where the prophet took his stand and look at it as all done. "Hallelujah, 'tis done." Seal those cities without a tear! Look! Those continents without a pang. Behold! Those hemispheres without a shiver! Why, those deserts, Arabian desert, American desert, and Great Sahara desert, are all irrigated in gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one grain. All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have dropped out of them the rigors of the cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is a universal spring! Let us change the old world's name. Let it no more be called the earth, as when it was reeking with everything pestiferous and malevolent, scarlet with battlefields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubescent with beauty, let us call it Immanuel's Land or Beniah or millennial gardens or paradise regained or heaven! And to God, the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever. Amen.

FRENCHMEN TAKE TO ROWING. The unexpected defeat of a London rowing club eight on the Seine last autumn by a French crew has put fresh spirits into Gallic oarsmen, and as a consequence we shall in all probability see some French crews at Henley regatta this year. The Bas Seine Rowing Club of Paris will enter crews for the grand challenge cup (eights), Stewards' challenge cup (fours), and the silver goblets (pairs). M. Boudin of the same club will probably start in the diamond sculls. A Canadian sculler has also sent in an entry for the last named event, so that the regatta, which is fixed for the first Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in July, promises this year to be particularly interesting. No doubt the English clubs will do their best to atone for the disaster on the Seine last October.—London News.

ERIE MEDICAL CO. BUFFALO, N. Y. DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS COLDS AND CROUP. GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE. HAVE YOU GOT PILES. PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS.

There is a Hudson river, an Ohio, a Mississippi of strong drink rolling through this nation, but as the rivers from which I take my figure of speech empty into the Atlantic or the gulf this mightier flood of sickness and insanity and domestic ruin and crime and bankruptcy and woes empties into the hearts, and the homes, and the churches, and the time, and the eternity of a multitude beyond all statistics to number and describe. All nations are mauled and scarified with baleful stimulus, or killing narcotic. The pulque of Mexico, the cawhu of Brazil, the hashesh of Persia, the opium of China, the guava of Honduras, the vodka of Russia, the soma of India, the aguardiente of Morocco, the arak of Arabia, the mastic of Syria, the raki of Turkey, the beer of Germany, the whisky of Scotland, the ale of England, the all drinks of America, are doing their best to stupefy, inflame, demerol, impoverish, brutalize and slay the human race. Human power, never extirpated the evils I mention. Much good has been accomplished by the heroism and fidelity of Christian reformers, but the fact remains that there are more splendid men and magnificent women this moment going over the Niagara abyss of inebriety than at any time since the first grape was turned into wine and the first head of rye began to soak in a brewery. When people touch this subject, they are apt to give statistics as to how many millions are in drunkards' graves, or with quick tread marching on toward them. The land is full of talk of high tariff and low tariff, but what about the highest of all tariffs in this country, the tariff of \$900,000,000 which ran put upon the United States in 1891, for that is what it cost us? You do not tremble or turn pale when I say that. The fact is we have become hardened by statistics, and they make little impression. But if some one could gather into one mighty lake all the tears that have been wrung out of orphanage and widowhood, or into one organ diapason all the groans that have been uttered by the suffering victims of this holocaust, or into one whirlwind all the sighs of centuries of dissipation, or from the wicket of one immense prison all those whoop us the glaring eyes of all those whom strong drink has endangered, we might perhaps realize the appalling desolation. But, no, no, the sight would forever blot our vision; the sound would forever stun our souls. Go on with your temperance literature; go on with your temperance platforms; go on with your temperance laws. But we are all hoping for something from above, and while the bare arm of suffering, and the bare arm of invalidism, and the bare arm of poverty, and the bare arm of domestic desolation, from which rum hath torn the sleeve, are lifted up in beggary and supplication and despair, let the bare arm of God strike the breweries, and the liquor stores, and the corrupt politics, and the license laws, and the whole inferno of greghops all around the world. Down, thou accursed bottle, from the throne! Into the dust, thou king of the demijohn! Parched thy lips, thou wine cup, with fires that shall never be quenched!

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BALD HEADS! What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald. Skookum Root Hair Grower. THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 57 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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