

REV. DR. PALMISTO

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Dumb Spirit."

Text: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."—Mark ix, 25.

Here was a case of great domestic anguish. The son of the household was possessed of an evil spirit which, among other things, paralyzed his tongue and made him speechless. When the influence was on the patient he could not say a word. Articulation was impossible. The spirit that captured this member of the household was a dumb spirit—so called by Christ—a spirit abroad today in Geneva and in every New Testament time. Yet in all of the realms of sermology I cannot find a discourse concerning this dumb devil which Christ charged upon my text, saying, "Come out of him."

There has been much destructive superstition abroad in the world concerning possession by evil spirits. Under the form of belief in witchcraft, the delusion swept the continents. Persons were supposed to be possessed with some evil spirit which made them able to destroy others. In the sixteenth century in Geneva 160 persons were burned to death as witches. Under one judge in Lorraine 900 persons were burned to death as witches. In one neighborhood of France 1000 persons were burned. In two centuries 300,000 persons were slain as witches. So mighty was the delusion that it included among its victims some of the greatest intellects of all time, such as Chief Justice Matthew Hale and Sir Edward Coke, and such renowned ministers of religion as Cotton Mather, one of whose books, Benjamin Franklin said, shaped his life—and Richard Baxter and Archbishop Cranmer and Martin Luther, and other writers and preachers, Lord Bacon. That belief, which has become the laughing stock of all sensible people, counted its disciples among the wisest and best people in Sweden, Germany, England, France, Spain and New England. But while we reject witchcraft any man who believes the bible must believe that there are diabolical agencies abroad in the world. While there are infernal spirits to be seen there are infernal spirits to be heard, to be felt and to be destroyed. Christ was speaking to a spiritual existence when, standing before the afflicted one, he said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of him."

Against this dumb devil of the text, I put you on your guard. Do not think that this agent of evil has put his blight on those who, by commission or omission, have uttered the golden gates of speech bolted and barred. Among those who have never spoken a word are the most gracious and lovely and talented souls that were ever incarnated. The chaplains of the asylums for the dumb can tell you enchanting stories of those who never called the name of father or mother or child, and many of the most devout and prayerful souls will never utter a word that speak the name of God or Christ. Many a deaf mute have I seen with the angel of intelligence seated at the window of the eye, who never came forth from the door of the mouth.

What a miracle of loveliness and knowledge was Laura Bridgman, of New Hampshire! Not only without faculty of speech, but without hearing and without sight, all these faculties removed by sickness when two years of age, yet becoming a wonder at needwork, at the piano, at the sewing machine, and an intelligent student of the Scriptures, and commanding philosophers who came from all parts of the world to study the phenomenon. Thanks to Christianity for what it has done for the amelioration of the condition of the deaf and the dumb. Back in the ages they were put to death as having no right, with such paucity of equipment, to live, and for centuries they were classed among the idiotic and unspeakable. But in the thirteenth century came the Ponce, the Spanish monk, and in the sixteenth century came Juan Pablo Bonet, another Spanish monk, with dactylology or the finger alphabet, and in our own century we have had John Braddock and Dea Mitnell and Ackery and Peet and Gallaudet, who have given uncounted thousands of those whose tongues were forever silent the power to speak on the air, by a manual alphabet their thoughts about this world and their hopes for the next. We rejoice in the brilliant inventions in behalf of those who were born dumb.

One of the most impressive audiences I ever addressed was in the far west two or three years ago—an audience of about 600 persons who had never heard a sound or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them. I congratulated that audience on two advantages they had and over the most of us—the one that they escaped hearing a great many disagreeable things, and on the other that they escaped saying things they were sorry for afterward. Yet after all the alleviations a shacked tongue is an appalling limitation. But we are not this morning speaking of congenital mutes. We mean those who are born with all the faculties of vocalization and yet have been struck by the evil one mentioned in the text—the dumb devil to whom Christ called when He said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

There has been apotheosis of silence. Some one has said that silence is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and the direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a woman in this house to-day who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became a target for raillery. Perhaps it was in the store days when there was a hymn going and the clerical was a group, or it was in the factory at the noon spell, or it was out on the farm under the trees while you were resting, or it was in the classroom, or it was in a social circle, or it was in the street on the way home from business, or it was on some occasion which you remember without me describing it. Some one got the laugh on the bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy, or made a pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you utter. What kept you silent, modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both your lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some one should malign your father or mother or wife or husband or child you would flush up quick, and either with an indignant word or doubled up fist make response. And yet here is our Christian religion which has done so much for you and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet when it was attacked you did not so much as say "I differ, I object, I am sorry to hear you say that." There is another side to this.

You Christian people ought in such times as these to go armed, not with earthly weapons, but with the sword of the Spirit. You ought to have four or five questions with which you could confound any man who attacks Christianity. A man ninety years old was telling me a few days ago how he put his fight as a scoffer. My aged friend said to the skeptic, "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the bible?" "Yes," said the man; "it is a fine story, and an interesting story as I ever read."

On your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who for you went through the agonies of assassination on the rocky bluff back of Jerusalem, you dare not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few tossings so that next time you will be ready.

Say to the scoffer: "My dear sir, will you tell me what makes the difference between the condition of woman in China and the United States? What do you think of the sermon on the mount? How do you like the golden rule laid down in the Scriptures? Are you in favor of the ten commandments? In your large and extensive reading have you come across a lovelier character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triumphant deathbeds of infidels and atheists? How do you account for the fact that among the United States in Christian lands there were such persons as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Babington Macaulay, William Penn, Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Horace Bushnell, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Admiral Farragut, Ulysses S. Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Charles Dickens, John Stuart Mill, Daniel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion? Among the innumerable colleges and universities of the United States, how many were started by infidels and now supported by infidels? Down in your heart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the United States religion? When do you have the most rapturous views of the new world? Go to him with a few such questions and he will get so red in the face as to suggest apoplexy, and he will look at his watch and hurry off to his work, and you will put him in a sweat that will beat a Turkish bath. You will put him on a rout compared with which our own at all. Arm yourself, not with arguments but interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a man as you, shall such a woman as you surrender to one of the United States religion? Will you let the pit—the dumb devil spoken of in the text?"

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exercised when He said, "I charge thee to come out of him," takes people by the whole. In the most responsive religious audience have you noticed how many people never sing at all? They have a book, and they have an opportunity, and they know how to read. They know many of the tunes, and yet are silent while the great raptures of music pass by. Among those who sing not one of the hundred songs loud enough to hear his own voice. They hum it. They give a sort of religious grunt. They make the lips go, but it is inaudible. With a voice strong enough to stop a car on one block away, all the way to the praise of God is about half a whisper. With enough sopranos, enough altos, enough basses to make a small heaven between the four walls, they let the opportunity go unimproved.

The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied about two thousand fold. If the minister rises and gives out the hymn; the organ begins; the choir or precentor leads; the audience are standing so that the lungs may have full expansion, and mighty harmony is about to ascend, when the evil spirit speaks in my text, "Thou dumb devil—spread his two wings, over the lips of one-half the audience and the other wing over the lips of the other half of the audience, and the voice roll the throats from which they started, and only here and there anything is heard, and nine-tenths of the holy power is destroyed; and the dumb devil, as he flies away, says: 'I could not keep his word in my text; that hymn, and I could not keep Lowell Mason from composing the tune to which it is set, but I smote into silence or half silence the lips from which it would have spread abroad to bless neighborhoods and cities, and then mount the wide open heaven.' Give the long meter doxology the full support of Christendom, and those four lines would take the whole earth for their own.

During the cotton famine in Lancashire, England, when the suffering was something terrific, as the first wagon load of cotton rolled in, the starving people smoked the horses and drew the load themselves, until all Lancashire joined in a triumphant victory, their cheeks sopping with tears. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," played by the marine band. "For the Saviour which is now sounding across Christendom. How much more hearty would be in our songs, and how easily we could drive back the dumb devil from all our worshiping assemblies, if we could realize that nearly all our hymns have a stirring history.

That glorious hymn, "Stand Up for Jesus," was suggested by the last words of Dudley Treg, who was dying from having his right arm torn off in a thrashing machine. That hymn, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," heard through a telephone, converted an obstinate soul. "Shall We Meet at the River?" was a hymn sung in our Brooklyn Prospect Park, at the children's May anniversary, and then started to encircle the world. "Where is My Wand'ring Boy Tonight?" is a song that has saved hundreds of dissipated young men. Tom, the drummer boy in the army, was found crying, and an officer asked him what was the matter? "Oh," he said, "I had a sister who died last night, and I was very young, and my mother never was herself again and she died soon after. Last night I dreamt I was killed in battle, and that mother and father came down to meet me. After the next battle was over, some one crossed the field heard a voice that he recognized as the voice of Tom, the drummer boy, singing 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' But at the end of the first verse the voice became very feeble, and at the end of the second verse it stopped, and they went up and found Tom, the drummer boy, leaning against a stump and dead."

The hymn, "O, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing," was suggested to Charles Wesley by Peter Bohler, who, after his conversion, said, "I had better keep silent about it." "Well," said Wesley, "if you had ten thousand tongues you had better use them for Christ." And then that angel of hymnology passed the words:

O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My Redeemer's praise,
The glories of His God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That soothes our souls,
The music in the sinner's ears,
The life and health and peace.
While much of the modern music is a religious doggerel, a concerted nonsense, a sacred tomfoolery, I would like to see some great musician of our time lift the lute and marshal Luther's Judgment Hymn, Yarmouth, Dundee, Ariel, Brattle Street, Cambridge, Pleyel's Hymn, Harwell, Antioch, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, with a few fragments of mighty tunes made in our time, and storm Asia, Africa and America for the kingdom of God. But the first thing to do is to drive out the dumb devil of the text from all our churches.
Do not, however, let us lose ourselves in generalities. Not one of us but has had our lives sometimes touched by the evil spirit of the text—this awful dumb devil. We have just one opportunity of saying a Christian

word that might have led a man or woman to a Christian life. The opportunity is fairly put before us. The word of invitation or consolation or warning came to the inside gates of the mouth, but there it halted. Some hindering power locked the jaws together so that they did not open. The tongue lay flat as still in the bottom of the mouth as though struck with paralysis. We were mute. Though God had given us the vital organs adequate for speech, and our lungs were filled with air which, by the command of our will, could have made the laryngeal muscles move and the vocal organs vibrate, we were utterly and fatally silent. For all time and eternity we missed our chance.

Or it was a prayer meeting, and the service was thrown open for prayer and remembrance, and there was heard half-everything silent as a graveyard at midnight. Indeed it was a graveyard at midnight. An embarrassing pause took place that put a wet blanket on all the meeting. Men, bold enough on business exchange or in worldly circles, shut their eyes as though they were praying in silence, but they were not praying at all. They were busy hoping someone else would do it for them. Some flushed under the awful pause and made their fans move rapidly, flutter. Some brother with no cold coughed, by that sound the deliberation of the committee was made plain. But what killed it all—the dumb devil.

This is the way I account for the fact that the happiest places on earth are some prayer meetings, and that some who keep any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual refrigerators. Religion kept on ice. How many of us have not agreed to an engagement and then stood a statue a figure of the god Opportunity. The sculptor had made the hair fall down over the face of the statue so as to completely cover it, and there were wings to the feet. When asked why he so represented Opportunity, the sculptor answered, "The face of the statue is thus covered up because we do not recognize Opportunity when it comes. The wings are there to show that Opportunity is swiftly gone."

But do not let the world deride the church because of all this, for the dumb devil is just as conspicuous in the world. The two great political parties do not see how a man keeps any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual refrigerators. Religion kept on ice. How many of us have not agreed to an engagement and then stood a statue a figure of the god Opportunity. The sculptor had made the hair fall down over the face of the statue so as to completely cover it, and there were wings to the feet. When asked why he so represented Opportunity, the sculptor answered, "The face of the statue is thus covered up because we do not recognize Opportunity when it comes. The wings are there to show that Opportunity is swiftly gone."

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Be out and up, and down for righteousness would take the whole earth for their own. O God of God's mercy, hang out your colors from masthead. Show your passport if you have one. Do not smuggle your soul into a harbor of heaven. Spend out for God! This morning close up the chapter of lost opportunities, and open it to the East River and open a new chapter. Before you get to the door on your way out this morning, read the chapter of lost opportunities, and ask him to join you on the road to heaven. Do not drive up to heaven in a two-wheeled "sulky" with room only for one, and that yourself, but get the biggest Gospel wagon on wheels and pile it full of sinners and neighbors, and shout till they hear you all up and down the skies. "Come with us, and we will do you good, for the Lord hath promised us a good land, a good city, a good country, a good inheritance. Let us go and possess it." "The history of the world is the history of the world, and will be the glory of the world."

Perhaps you may do as much as the Scotch sailor who just tipped his cap and used on broken sentence, by which the world is made. Are you still resorting with potent influences. Do something for God, and do it right away, or you will never do it at all.

Time flies away fast.
How few we never remember;
How soon our life time passes;
Grows old with the year.
That dies with the next December.

Animals That Do Not Drink.
Many animals never drink, but absorb sufficient moisture from their tissues, from the air or from their food. Mr. Blanchard in his book on Abyssinia, says that neither the dromedary nor Bennett's gazelle (two allied species) ever drink. Darwin states, in his "Voyage of a Naturalist," that unless the guanaco, or wild llama of Patagonia, drink salt water, in many localities they must drink none at all. The large and interesting group of sloths are alike in never drinking. A parrot is said to have lived in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, for fifty-two years without a drop of water. It is often said that rabbits in a wild state never drink. The late Rev. J. G. Wood doubted whether this idea was correct, and recorded the fact that they feed on the herbage when it is heavy with dew, and therefore practically drink when eating. In the autumn and winter, when sheep are feeding on turnips, they require little or no water.—New York Dispatch.

Rosewood is Naturally Black.
Many people suppose that rosewood takes its name from its color, but this is a mistake. Rosewood is not red nor yellow, but almost black. Its name comes from the fact that when first cut it exhales a perfume similar to that of the rose, and, although the dried rosewood of commerce retains no trace of this early perfume, the name lingers as a relic of the early history of the wood.—Boston Transcript.

"EVERY WORD TRUE"

He reiterates his statements, produces additional proof and clearly defines his position.
(N. Y. Sun.)

It would be difficult to measure the interest and comment, not to say excitement, which the published letter of Dr. R. A. Gunn, which appeared in the paper yesterday, has occasioned. The prominence of the doctor and the unusual nature of the letter have both tended to add interest to the subject and make it really the talk of the town. Dr. Gunn called upon me at his residence, No. 124 West Forty-seventh street, yesterday afternoon. I found the reception room crowded, and it was only after an hour's waiting that I succeeded in obtaining an interview.

Dr. Gunn is a distinguished looking man, and impressed me at once by his manly bearing and air of sincerity. I took the seat he courteously offered me, and said: "Are you aware, doctor, of the commotion your letter has caused?" Dr. Gunn smiled and replied: "Things out here are very quiet, and it is not a common thing for physicians to introduce and cordially recommend medicines other than those in the Materia Medica. History is full of instances of scientists who have introduced discoveries they believe to be valuable, and have been denounced for so doing, and yet these same discoveries are blessing the world to-day. I hope I have the manhood and courage to be true to my convictions, and that is why I so openly and unhesitatingly endorse Warner's Safe Cure as being the greatest of modern discoveries for the cure of diseases which have baffled the best medical authorities. I believe it is especially efficient in all female troubles." "Can you specify any particular cases, doctor?" I asked.

"Nearly ten years," he replied. "My attention was originally called to the Safe Cure by a serious case of Bright's disease, which was considered hopeless, and yet, much to my surprise, under its use the patient recovered. I have tried it in other cases since then constantly, and my original faith in its power has been confirmed. I have seen patients recover from inflammation of the bladder, gravel and Bright's disease when all other treatment had failed, and I have found it especially efficient in all female troubles." "Can you specify any particular cases, doctor?" I asked.

"That is a delicate thing to do," the doctor replied; "but, as I always keep a written record of my cases, I can accommodate you. The doctor opened his desk and produced his record book. Turning over the leaves he said: "Here is a case of a gentleman who was a great sufferer from inflammation of the bladder of long standing. He had consulted a number of physicians without benefit. When first consulted I myself tried the usual methods of treatment, but without success, and I finally advised him to try Warner's Safe Cure. He felt better from the start, and in a few weeks was entirely cured." The doctor turned a few pages further and then said: "Here is another case. It is that of a gentleman who had frequent attacks of renal calculi, which, as you know, is gravel forming in the kidneys. He had never been able to get rid of his stones, and yet, much to my surprise, under the use of Warner's Safe Cure, he was cured. He became very weak, and about the fourth month suddenly became blind, had convulsions and finally fell into a state of coma, caused by uræmic or kidney poisoning. Several physicians who saw her said she could not live, and in this view I fully concurred. As she could still swallow I said, as a last resort, that they might try Warner's Safe Cure. They did so, and to the surprise of every one she recovered. She has since given birth to a living child, and is perfectly well."

"These are certainly most wonderful cases, doctor," said, "and while I do not for a moment question their authenticity, I should consider it a great favor if you would give me their names. I think the importance of the subject would fully justify it." "In the interest of other sufferers I think you are correct," Dr. Gunn finally observed, after a moment's thought. "Both the lady and her husband are so rejoiced, so grateful, over the recovery of the lady, that she is only glad to have their names put in the paper. Mrs. Eaves, wife of the well known conymer. She was not only restored, but is in perfect health to-day."

I thanked the doctor for his courteous reception, for the valuable information imparted, and I feel assured that his generous and humane nature will prevent him from feeling other than glad at seeing this intercourse published for the benefit of suffering humanity.

The Canadian Pacific road will abandon its route through Ontario on account of snow and pass through Minnesota and Wisconsin.
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Delinquent Tax List.

At Cotta, in Saxony, persons who did not pay their taxes last year are published in a list which hangs up in all the restaurants and saloons of the city. Those that are on the list can get neither meat nor drink at these places under penalty of loss of license.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer \$100 for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: Send for Circulars and Testimonials. Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

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