

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S SERMON IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subject: "Shamgar's Oxgoad."

Text: "After him was Shamgar, which slew of the Philistines 600 men with an oxgoad."—Judges iii, 31.

One day while Shamgar, the farmer, was plowing with a yoke of oxen, his command of whom he was changed to the shout of battle. Philistines, always ready to make trouble, march up with wood and spear. Shamgar, the plowman, had no sword and would not probably have known how to wield it if he had possessed one. But fight he must go down under the stroke of the Philistines. He had an oxgoad—a weapon used to urge on the team; a weapon about eight feet long, with a sharp iron at one end to puncture the beast and a wide iron chisel or sickle at the other end, which to scrape the clumps of soil from the plowshare. Yet with the iron scraper at one end of the oxgoad and the iron scraper at the other it was not such a weapon as one would desire to use in battle with the Philistines. But God helped the farmer, not leaving the oxen to look after themselves he charged upon the invaders of his homestead.

Some of the commentators, to make it easier for Shamgar, suggest that perhaps he led a regiment of farmers into the field, but the oxgoad only one of many oxgoads. But the Lord does not need any of you to help in making the Scriptures, and Shamgar, with the Lord on his side, was mightier than 600 Philistines with the Lord against them. The battle opened. Shamgar, with muscle strengthened by open air and plowman's reaper and thrasher's toil, uses the only weapon at hand in his battle with the Philistines. He stands with the oxgoad, standing with the iron scraper at one end of it and now thrusting with the iron scraper at the other, and now bringing down the whole weight of the iron scraper upon the heads of the enemy. The Philistines are in a panic and the supernatural forces come in and a blow that would not under other circumstances have prostrated or slain left its victim lifeless. Until, when Shamgar, swordless, from the field he counted 100 dead, 200 dead, 300 dead, 400 dead, 500 dead, 600 dead—all the work done by an oxgoad with iron—prong at one end and an iron shovel at the other. The Philistines were slain, and the farmer with an awkward weapon of war spread abroad and lionized him, until he was hoisted into the highest place of power and became the third of the mighty judges of Israel. So you see that Shamgar was not the only man lifted from plow to throne.

For what reason was this unprecedented and unparalleled victory of a farmer's oxgoad put into this Bible, where there was no spare room for the unimportant and the trivial?

It was, first of all, to teach you and to teach me and to teach all past ages since then, and to teach all ages to come, that in the war for God and against sin we ought to put to the best use of the weapons we happen to have on hand. Why did not Shamgar wait until he could get a war charger, with neck arched and back compared to a neck, and carrying the battle-axe, or until he could get war equipment or could drill a regiment, and wheeling them into line command them forward to the charge? To wait for that would have been defeat and annihilation. So he takes the best weapon he could lay hold of and that is the oxgoad. We are called into the battle for the right and against wrong, and many of us have not just the kind of weapon we would prefer. It may not be a sword of argument. It may not be the spear of sharp thrusting. It may not be the battering ram of denunciation.

But there is something we can do and some forces we can wield. Do not wait for what you have not, but use what you have. Perhaps you have not eloquence, but you have a smile. Well, a smile of encouragement has changed the behavior of tens of thousands of wanderers and brought them back to God and enthralled them in heaven. You cannot make a persuasive appeal, but you can set an example, and a good example has saved more souls than you could count in a year if you counted all the time. You cannot give \$10,000, but you can give a request, as the widow of the gospel, whose two mites, the smallest coins of the Hebrews, were bestowed in such a spirit as to make her more famous than all the contributions that ever adorned all the temples and universities of all Christendom. Of all time you have very limited vocabulary, but you can say "yes" or "no," and a firm "yes" or an emphatic "no" has traversed the centuries, and will traverse eternally, and give good influence. You may not have the courage to confront a large assemblage, but you can tell a Sunday-school class of two—a boy and a girl—how to find Christ, and one of them may become a saint, and start influences that will red-empt India, and the other a Florence Nightingale, who will illumine battlefields covered with the dying and the dead.

That was a tough case in a town of England where a young lady, applying for a Sabbath-school class, was told by the superintendent she would have to pick up one out of the street. The worst of the case brought from the street was one who was fitted out with respectable clothing by the superintendent. But after two or three Sabbaths she disappeared. He was found with his clothes in tatters, for he had been fighting. The second time Bob was well clad for school. After coming once or twice he again disappeared, and was found in rags, consequent upon fighting. The teacher was disposed to give him up, but the superintendent said, "Let us try him again," and the third suit of clothes was provided him. Thereafter he came and he was converted, and joined the church, and started for the gospel ministry, and became a foreign missionary, preaching and translating the Scriptures. Who was the boy called Bob? The illustrious Dr. Robert Morrison, great on earth and greater in heaven. Who is teacher was I know not, but she used the opportunity opened and great has been her reward. You may not be able to load an Army of gun, you may not be able to load a Hotchkiss shell, you may not be able to shoulder a glittering musket; but use anything you can lay your hands on. Try a blacksmith's hammer or a merchant's yardstick or a mason's trowel or a carpenter's plane or a housewife's broom or a farmer's oxgoad. One of the surprises of heaven will be what grand results came from how simple means. Matthias Joyce, the vile man, became a great apostle of righteousness, not from hearing John Wesley preach, but from seeing him kiss a little child on the palpit stains.

Again, my subject springs upon us the thought that in calculating the prospects of religious attempt we must take omnipotence and omniscience and omnipresence and all the other attributes of God into the calculation. Whom do you see on that plowed field of my text? One says, "I see Shamgar." Another says, "I see 600 Philistines." My hearer, you have missed the chief personage on that battlefield of plowed ground. I also see Shamgar and 600 Philistines; but, more than Shamgar, and mightier than all and more overwhelming than all, I see God. Shamgar with his unaided arm, however muscular, and with that humble instrument made for agricultural purposes and never constructed for combat, could not have wrought such a victory. It was omnipotence above and beneath and back of and at the point of the oxgoad. Before that battle was over the plowman realized this, and all the 600 Philistines realized it, and all who visited the battlefield afterward appreciated it. I want in heaven to hear the story, for it can never be fully told on earth—perhaps some day may be set apart for the rehearsal, while you have a distant story of how God blessed upward and humble instruments alike. Many an evangelist has come into a town given up to worldliness. The pastors say to the evangelist: "We are glad you have come, but it is a hard field, and we feel sorry for you." The members of our churches play progressive euchre and go to the theatre and bet

at the horse races, and gayety and fashion have taken possession of the town. We have advertised your meetings, but are not very hopeful. God bless you. This evangelist takes his place on platform or pulpit. He never graduated at college, and there are before him twenty graduates of the best universities. He never took a lesson in elocution, and there are before him twenty trained orators. Many of the ladies present are graduates of the highest female seminaries, and one slip in grammar or one mispronunciation will result in surprised giggle. Amid the general chit that pervades the house the unpretending evangelist opens his Bible and takes for his text, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." Opera glasses in the gallery curiously scrutinize the speaker. He tells in a plain way the story of the blind man, tells two or three touching anecdotes, and the general chit gives way before a strange warble.

He clasped his hands and took the first honor at Yale and who is a prince of prophecies finds his spectacles becoming dim with a moisture suggestive of tears. A worldly mother, who had been bringing up her sons in the galleries in utter godlessness as an ex-handkerchief to her eyes and begins to weep. Highly educated men who came to criticize and pick to pieces and find fault with the good-headed canon. What is that sound in the gallery? It is a sob, and the sobs are catching, and all along the wall and all up and down the audience there is deep emotion, so that when at the close of the service anxious souls are invited to special seats in the gallery, they come up by scores and kneel and repent and rise up pardoned; the whole town is shaken and places of evil amusement are sparsely attended and run home lose their patrons, and the churches are thronged, and the whole community is cleansed and elevated and rejoiced. What power did the evangelist bring to bear to capture that town for righteousness? Not one brilliant epigram did he utter. Not one graceful gesture did he make. Not one rhetorical climax did he pile up. But there was something about him that people had not taken in the estimate when they prophesied the failure of that work. They took the evangelist into the calculation the omnipotence of the Holy Ghost. It was not the flash of a Damascus blade. It was God, before and behind and all around the oxgoad.

When people say that crime will triumph and the world will never be converted because of the seeming insuperable odds of the means employed, they count the 600 armed Philistines on one side and Shamgar, the farmer, awkwardly equipped, on the other side, not realizing that the chariots of God are 30,000, and all heaven, cherubim, seraphim, archangels, devils, is on what otherwise would be the weak side. Napoleon, the author of the saying, "God is with the weakest," did not realize that the chariots of God are 30,000, and all heaven, cherubim, seraphim, archangels, devils, is on what otherwise would be the weak side. Napoleon, the author of the saying, "God is with the weakest," did not realize that the chariots of God are 30,000, and all heaven, cherubim, seraphim, archangels, devils, is on what otherwise would be the weak side. Napoleon, the author of the saying, "God is with the weakest," did not realize that the chariots of God are 30,000, and all heaven, cherubim, seraphim, archangels, devils, is on what otherwise would be the weak side.

As for my subject springs upon us the thought that in God's service it is best to use weapons that are particularly suited to us. Shamgar had, like many of us, been brought up on a farm. He knew nothing about javelins and bucklers and helmets and breastplates and greaves of brass and cataphracts and ballists and iron scythes fastened to the axes of chariots. But he was familiar with the fall of the thrashing floor and knew how to pound with that, and the ax and the wood and knew how to beat with that. The oxgoad of the plowman and knew how to thrust with that. And you and I will do best to use those means that we can best handle, those weapons with which we can make the most execution. Some will do best with the pen; some with the voice, some by extemporaneous speech, for they have the whole vocabulary of the English language half way between their brains and tongues, and other will do best with manuscript spread out before them. Some will serve God by the plow, raising wheat and sowing and giving liberally of what they sow to charity, and other will do best as merchants, and out of their profits will devote a tenth to the Lord; some as physicians, prescribing for the world's ailments; and some as attorneys, defending innocence and obtaining rights that otherwise would not be recognized; and some as sailors, helping bridge the seas; and some as teachers and pastors. The kingdom of God is dreadfully retarded by so many of us attempting to do that which we cannot do, reaching up for broadsword or falchion or bayonet or scimiter or Enfield rifle or Paixhan's gun, while we ought to be content with an oxgoad. I thank God that there are one of thousands of Christians whom you never heard of and never will hear of, who see them in the high places of heaven, who are now in a quiet way in homes and schoolhouses and in praying circles and in every nook and cranny of the world, who are never heard of and never will hear of, who see them in the high places of heaven, who are now in a quiet way in homes and schoolhouses and in praying circles and in every nook and cranny of the world, who are never heard of and never will hear of.

DO AWAY WITH TYPEWRITERS.

Louisville Men Take Dispatches From the Wire on a Linotype.

A unique and successful experiment was made at Louisville, Ky., when the telegraph news was taken from the wire directly by a typewriting machine operator. The introduction of the typewriter into the telegraph business has been a means of greatly facilitating the transmission of the press service, and several newspapers of Louisville connected with the Evening Post and the Associated Press have been experimenting with a view to doing away with the typewriter and substituting the linotype machine, thus setting the news for the paper directly from the wire. One of the Associated Press rooms was run into the Evening Post composing room, and B. G. Boyle, managing editor of the Post, and Richard Cogan, chief operator of the Associated Press, who are both telegraph and linotype operators, succeeded in receiving dispatches and putting them in type directly from the wire. The experiment made proves that the telegraph can be worked successfully with the typewriter and a maximum rate of 100 words of fifty words a minute maintained. In an hour's work an average speed of thirty words a minutes was maintained.

STRANGE FISHES IN A CAVE.

Quarrymen Discover an Interesting Subterranean Cavern.

Starbuck, Penn., a little village on the Erie Railway, between Deposit and Susquehanna, is interested in the discovery made of a subterranean cavern. Some quarrymen, in removing a layer of flagstones, found the cavern, through which ran a stream of water of greenish hue containing speckled green fishes. The fishes are at least three feet and propel themselves by their tail. They invariably swim backward and have a motion not unlike that of a fresh-water crab. Several fish were sent to the Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners as curiosities. The quarry was located in a bed of limestone rock in an unfrequented place. When the layer had been removed it was further observed that the internal walls of the cavern were lined with translucent stalactites and stalagmites imperfectly formed. People there are discussing the possibility of its being another "mammoth" cave.

THE CATCH OF CAVIAR.

The World's Record Beaten at the Put-In-Bay Hatchery.

A report from Put-In Bay, Ohio, says that the hatch at the fish hatchery at that place has this year's record in the number of eggs taken in one season at one station. During the season, which has just ended, there have been taken at this station 115,000,000 whitefish eggs, 11,000,000 cisco or lake herring, 404,000 pike perch, besides lake trout, grass pike, yellow perch and other varieties. Besides the eggs and fry shipped away, 8,400,000 whitefish, 11,000,000 cisco and 200,000,000 pike perch fry have been sent into the waters of Lake Erie. When fish eggs so plentiful, there should be no scarcity of Russian caviar this season.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JUNE 16.

Lesson Text: "Peter and the Risen Lord," John xxi, 4-17—Golden Text: John xxi, 17—Commentary.

Seven of the disciples had, under the leadership of Peter, gone a fishing. But although they toiled all night they took nothing. Perhaps Peter thought of another night when they had labored in vain, but in the morning the Master filled two boats. He was now no longer with them, and perhaps it was His absence and their need that led them at this time to turn to the old occupation. In the morning one stood on the shore whom they knew not and asked them if they had any more. They were compelled to confess their emptiness and helplessness as they answered no. They should have trusted Him untrusting as when He was visibly with them. But they were like ourselves, very slow to learn and full of doubts and fears and unbelief.

At His word they cast the net once more, and as on a former occasion when He called them to forsake all they catch a multitude of fishes. He changes not. His power is ever the same. If we truly trust Him, we might always be filled with joy and peace (Rom. xv, 13) and know somewhat of "satisfaction with the favor and full with the blessing of the Lord" (Deut. xxxiii, 28). John, whose Jesus loved, was the first to recognize the Lord. There must have been some unbelief about the fishing business, else he might have known Him sooner. He was unbelief on the part of Mary that would lead her to know Him (chapter xv, 14), for had she believed His words she would never have looked for the body of a dead Christ. The two who walked with Him to Emmaus and knew Him were also full of unbelief (Luke xxiv, 16). Jesus would not unbelief blinds the eyes (Heb. iii, 19).

As soon as Peter heard John say, "It is the Lord," he at once cast himself into the sea to go to Jesus, while the other disciples were still in doubt. Peter had led all in this going fishing, perhaps he wanted a word with the Lord alone, that he might take the blame upon himself and clear the others. As he had led out, he led in, the first to know Him, how could he so easily doubt, as is seen in the case of Manasseh (II Chron. xxxiii, 16, 17).

Without any efforts of theirs, and without any of the fish they had caught, their nets were empty. Peter, who was so well as well have trusted the Lord to care for them, for he had testified that when He sent them without purse or scrip or shoes they had lacked nothing (Luke xxii, 35). He would provide for all who truly serve and follow Him, according to Phil. iv, 19. We wonder if the fire of coals made Peter think of another fire of coals when he got into trouble (chapter xviii, 18).

Jesus said unto them, Bring of the fish which you have now caught. As if they had done it. He wrought through them and gave them the credit of doing it. That is the way He does still. He works in us, and we do His good pleasure (Phil. ii, 13), and then promises to reward us for the works which we allowed Him to do through us (Rev. xxii, 12). Is not His name truly "Wonderworker?"

On the former occasion the net broke (Luke v, 6), but not so now, although it contained 153 great fishes. In II Chron. ii, 17, we read that there were 153,000 strangers in the land in the days of Solomon, whom he employed to get materials for the temple. We know that the sea represents peoples and Nations (Rev. xvii, 15), and that from the Nations the Lord is gathering out a people for His name, to form a great spiritual temple, a dwelling place for God (Eph. ii, 21, 22), and that Peter was the first to open the door to the Nations (Acts xv, 14).

Jesus said unto them, Come and break your fast. They were evidently hungry, had been fasting for some time, and no one seemed to care. So it looked as if they must do something, but their somewhat was in vain till He commanded. Without Him all our efforts will amount to nothing (John xv, 5). He was visibly before them now, and they saw His provision for their need of confidence in Him when invisible kept them from saying much.

Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise. He is always serving and supplying and caring for His people. The Son of Man, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister (Matt. xx, 28), is still our High Priest with girded breast (Rev. i, 13), whose love and power combine for the best interests of all who are His. He who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? (Rom. viii, 32)

This is the third appearance to the disciples recorded by John, see chapter xx, 12. It is probably the second appearance since the resurrection, it is the third to any number of the disciples, the other four being to Mary, who first saw Him; then to the other women, and afterward to Peter and the two who walked to Emmaus, or possibly to the two before He appeared to Peter.

Lovest thou Me more than these? Did He ask Peter whether he loved Him more than these other disciples loved Him, because Peter had made the strongest professions of love before the crucifixion (Math. xxvi, 33, 35; John xiii, 37), or did He ask Peter whether he loved the service of Christ, while the others were busy with their own and fasting, more than food for the body such as had now been provided? We all need to remember that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word of God (Math. iv, 4), and that it is possible to esteem the words of His mouth more than our necessary food (Job xxiii, 12).

Lovest thou Me? The second time the question comes, but He does not add "more than these." He sometimes bears patiently in public as to how much they love the Lord. I confess it always makes me feel that they would do better to testify to the great love of God to them, for I love Him, I fear, scarcely a thing to be talked of in public. Let us manifest our love by caring for His sheep and lambs; by doing to others as He would do were He here; by acting on John's admonition, "Let us not love in words, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth" (I John iii, 18).

Lovest thou Me? The third time the question comes, for it is a heart searching one. Would Peter think of his three-fold denial? Why was he grieved? How little we think of how we grieve the Lord! Let us pray Ps. cxxxix, 23, 24, margin. Peter had offered to die for Christ. Jesus now tells him that he shall have that privilege (verses 18, 19); has he love enough for that? Have you?—Lesson Helper.

Horse Meat Not Labeled.

Dr. Salmon, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Agricultural Department, speaking of the report that a large horse slaughtering and packing industry had been started in Portland, Oregon, said that there was no law compelling such meats to be labeled, as in cases of oleomargarine when sold as butter. Dr. Salmon says that the department had endeavored to secure legislation similar to the oleomargarine law, which would compel dealers in horse meat to have it labeled so that consumers need not be deceived.

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surprises in the English Titled World.

THE GUNMAKER OF ILLION.

JEFFERSON M. CLOUGH REFUSES A TEMPTING OFFER FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

The English titled world is full of surprises and almost fairy-like transformations such as this. There is the Earl of Stamford, who was a school-teacher when the death of a distant relative landed him in the House of Peers; while the present Earl of Haddington worked, not even as an apprentice, but as a mere boy, with a mechanic, when his father was suddenly called upon to assume the title and enter into possession of the entailed estates of a cousin whom they had never known. There are peers who have started in life as carpenters, others who have been railroad conductors when called to the Upper House; while there are several instances of the heirs to earldoms, and even marquises, having been found before the mast on sailing ships, and on ranches, where they were serving as cowboys, as was the case with Lord Shannon, who was sought in vain for over two years in the Western States and in the wilds of Canada.

The colonies present yet even stranger metamorphoses, where we find Sir George Dibbs, the Prime Minister of an Australian colony, promoting to the Governorship of a great penitentiary a man who had been his particular warder when he had served a twelve-months' term in that very jail. Sir John Thurston, who has just reached England, and who holds the office of Her Majesty's High Commissioner for the Western Pacific and Governor of the Fiji Islands, commenced life as the assistant in a small grocery store in an Australian country town called Mudgee. He subsequently succeeded his boss in the ownership of the store, but failed, whereupon he went for a trading cruise in the Pacific. The ship on which he sailed was wrecked and he was one of a boat's crew that succeeded in reaching Fiji, where he settled, eventually becoming British Consul, and on the annexation of the islands by Lord Stanmore, their first Governor.—San Francisco Examiner.

Tan Shoes Still Fashionable.

Tan shoes are still very fashionable, and what is called seal leather is reckoned exceptionally stylish. Half high styles are, of course, adapted to summer, and choice is given between side buttons and strings. Pointed toes are, if possible, sharper than ever and often necessitate the wearing of lengths quite beyond the foot.—Boston Transcript.

Highest of all in Leaving Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

New Version of Turpin.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IMPERIA GRAMMUM

IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR DYSPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

IN THESE DAYS, when so many means of earning a livelihood are closed, save to the working classes, it is interesting to hear, says the Pall Mall Gazette, of the revival of so old a profession as that of the road. This being the age of machinery, one need not be surprised to learn that the bicycle has been substituted for the Bonny Black Besses of a century ago. The original formula, "Your money or your life," is, however, maintained intact, and the Old York road is once again the scene of the highwayman's operations. The pistol, too, is still the proper weapon, and in other respects the traditions of the craft are carefully preserved. "The Doncaster police were communicated with, but have not made any arrest," is a sentence that reminds one of the days when watchmen were overturned in their boxes. Throughout the account is picturesque. The cyclist-outrights' bicycles were "on the roadside," while their riders disputed the passage of Mr. Lovejoy. The latter shook up his gallant "safety" (henceforth a misleading title), and attempted to run the gauntlet, but a bullet took him in the right of the thigh. He, however, escaped to "his native city" of York, preserving his purse virgin.

Magnetism of Tongues.

A pair of wrought-iron tongs, or a piece of hoop heated and bent until the ends form a circuit like the feet of tongs, will magnetize a knife blade laid upon them and rubbed with another piece of steel. The cause is not yet satisfactorily explained.—New York Journal.

Dr. PIERCE'S

PLEASANT

PELLETS

CURE

SICK HEADACHE,

BILIOUSNESS,

CONSTIPATION,

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