

INFLUENCES FOR GOOD

Talmage Calls the Roll of Those Once Antagonistic.

Instantly Now Using to Defend Herself Weapons Once Used Against Her—Temptations of the Traveler.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls the roll of influences once antagonistic now friendly to the Gospel and urges Christian workers. Text, Samuel, 21:9, "There is none like that; give it me."

David fled from his pursuers. The sword runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David and to slay him. He goes into the house of a priest and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use weapons, tells David that he will supply him but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that he had carefully wrapped up and away—the very sword that God formerly used—and he takes it out of that sword, and while he is unpeeling the sharp, glittering, metal blade it flashes upon David's face and he says, "There is none like that; give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand a sword which has been used against me and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, friends, that is not the first or last sword once used by giant Philistine iniquity which is to be put into the possession of Jesus and of His glorious church. I think, as well as God may help me, show you that many a weapon which has been used against the army of God is yet to be captured and used on our side, and I only imitate when I stretch out my hand and that blade of the Philistine cry: "There is none like that; give it me!"

Remark first that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. We know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of a laboratory and out of its laboratory said: "Now, we will see by the very structure of the earth and by the movement of the heavenly bodies that the Bible is a book that Christianity as we have it is a positive imposition." The men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, in the hands of the Philistines, one day Christianity, looking at itself, happened to see the old sword that these atheistic sciences had been using against the Bible, and cried out: "There is none like that; give it me!" And Copernicus and Galileo and Kepler and Isaac Newton and Herschel and O. M. Mitcham forth and told the world that their ransacking of the earth and heavens they had found overwhelming evidence of the God whom we worship, and this old Bible began to shake from the Koran and Shaster and Avesta with which it had been covered up and lay on the desk of the bar and in the laboratory of the unsharpened and unanswered, while the tower of the midnight heavens rang a silver chime in its praise.

Worldly philosophy said: "Matter eternal. The world always was, did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks and finds that the world was gradual, and if gradually made there it had been some point at which process started. Then who started it? And so that objection was over, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said: "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book. All the story in the Old Testament, again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts an army. An army walks; locusts do not. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." "Wait," Christian philosophy, and in 1863 the southwestern part of this country Christian men went out to examine the march of the locusts. There men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locusts an army, and it was found that all newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to be a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No army ever went in straighter flight than locusts come, not even turning for the wind. If the wind rises, locusts drop and then rise again. It has gone down, taking the line of march, not varying a foot. The Bible is right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said: "All that is about the light 'turned as clay to the wheel' is simply an absurdity." Worldly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy says: "Wait a little while," it goes on and makes discoveries that the atmosphere curves around the rays of light around the sun. How is it as the clay to the wheel? The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that illusion about the foundations of the

earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth has no foundation." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundations" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still! If the world had stopped an instant the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy; "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hands in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig and the higher up astronomy can soar all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science and from the highest towers have hung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity now from the observatories at Albany and Washington stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying: "There is none like that; give it me." I was reading of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens, and the Lord God has through some swinging world flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have mercy, Lord God!"

Again, I remark that the traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amid thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home who when he is abroad has his honor fished and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering place have ruined many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purpose of trade because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent here in the way of keeping the Sabbath when they get into Spain on the Lord's day always go out to see the bullfights. Plate said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles lest it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world which was adverse to that which is good is to be brought on our side. These mail trains, why, they take our Bibles; these steamships, they transport our missionaries; these sailors, rushing from city to city all around the world, are to be converted into Christian heralds and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The Gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson and Thompson and Burkhardt have come back and talked to us about Siloam and Capernaum and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the ford at which Jordan was passed, the Red sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel. I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

I am not shocked, as some have been, at the building of railroads in the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. How many who could not afford muleteers now easily buy tickets from Constantinople to Joppa! Then let Christians travel! God speed the rail trains and guide the steamships this night panting across the deep in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of Him who from wave cliff to wave cliff trod bestirred Tiberius. The Japanese come across the water and see our civilization and examine our Christianity and go back and tell the story and keep that empire rocking till Jesus shall reign.

Where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run, And the firearms with which the infidel traveler brought down the Arab horseman and the jackals of the desert have been surrendered to the church, and we reach forth our hand, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!"

So it has also been with the learning and eloquence of the world. People say: "Religion is very good for aged women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music, Canova and Angelo in sculpture, Raphael and Reynolds in painting, Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine, Cowper and Scott in poetry, Grotius and Burke in statesmanship, Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy, Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with Scriptural allusions. Through senatorial speech and through essayist's discourse flash thunders and Calvary speaks and Siloam sparkles.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the courtroom and in the senate chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood

before the literary societies at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while responding to Hayne nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American revolution, but on that day when in the famous Girard will case he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side come over to our side. Captured for God! "There is none like that; give it me."

So also has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing press and the platform on the side of Christianity, but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins or examines the chiseled pillars of Thebes and Nineveh and Pompeii and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art, and it is a fact now that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amid those ruins are not fit to be looked at, and they are looked up. Now Paul must have felt when, standing amid those impurities that stared on him from the wall, and pavements and bazaars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death.

Much of the art of the world has been in the possession of the vicious. What to unclean Henry VIII was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffreys, the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment"? What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world on the wrong side. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes over to Rome, looks at the picture and brings back to his American studio much of the power of these old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ" and comes back to the American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the "Last Judgment." The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel and prays God for preparation for that day when

Shriveling like a parched acroll, The flaming heavens together roll.

Our Sunday school newspapers and walls are adorned with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. Oh, that we might in our families think more of the power of Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than 20 sermons on a devotion. One patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist will be more to your child than 50 sermons on forbearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. What has become of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Ghirlandajo's crayon? Captured for the truth. "There is none like that; give it me."

So I remark it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth the people that followed Him for the most part had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one—Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach at Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange or in the bazars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of His followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities to-day are the Christian bankers, and if to-morrow at the beard of trade any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers to-day are the Christian merchants, and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed, and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause.

Now, if what I have said be true, away with all downheartedness! If science is to be on the right side and the traveling disposition of the world on the right side and the picture making on the right side and the business acumen and tact of the world on the right side, then, O Lord, is the kingdom! Oh, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army and led by such a commander and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said be true, then Christ is going to gather up for Himself out of this world everything that is worth anything, and there will be nothing but the scum left. We have been rebels, but a proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your crimes may have been, "whosoever will, let him come." Oh, that this hour I could marshal all the world on the side of Christ! He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so kind, He is so loving, so sympathetic! I cannot see how you can stay away from Him. Come now and accept His mercy. Behold Him as He stretches out the arms of His salvation, saying: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God." Make final choice now. You will either be willows plucked by the water courses or the chaff which the wind driveth away.

The Blouse the Substitute for the Shirt Waist

There Is a Vogue for White That Is Especially Seen in These Charming Garments

Fashionable Blouses and Gowns Are Made of White

EVERY variety of fabric is utilized to-day. Not only for the blouse, but for jacket and skirts. If not for the garment itself, then for a trimming. The favorite blouse of the season is white, and the word "shirt," in connection with them, is passe, even for the most ordinary waist, as the blouse is artistic and really of very extravagant construction, made either of white organdie or white mousseline de soie. Others are of dotted Swiss, French muslin and the soft summer silks. These are relieved with dainty narrow black or white velvet or satin ribbons. Then there is a new China silk, with perpendicular lines of open work like drawn work, with a dainty interwoven design.

The vogue for white, especially in blouses, has passed into the "rage" stage, and everything worth noticing in this line seems to be in this color. One of these white blouses is a very chic affair of white mousseline, made with clusters of three tucks and a white gold and blue Persian trimming between. The Persian trimming is to the waist line, with the tucks to form a yoke. A tucked collar, with the Persian trimming at the top. The new bishop sleeves, with tucked cuff edged with the trimming. A pointed girdle of white taffeta, with an enormous jeweled buckle in the back.

Another of these dainty white blouses is of organdie. Of this the front is entirely tucked, with narrow straps crossing each other, finished with gold buttons across the front to form a yoke. Below this the organdie is in clusters of tucks and slightly flared. A new P'aignon stock collar finishes the throat. The sleeves are tucked at the top in clusters, with a deep bell shape at the wrist.

Not only are practically all of the handsomer blouses of white, but

perfection in the way of calicoes, but the merchants are importing others that are beautiful.

The French send us true prints—that is, cotton of a soft finish, its background white, with clear pale blue rings and black dots thereon, or faint yellow cottons that are printed in black rings and blue dots. From England we gladly receive the true old-style cottons, sprigged over with



OF WHITE ORGANDIE.

the same quaint and daring mixtures of very bright flowers that are seen on Minton and old-fashioned simple Worcestershire china. Most of these English and French calicoes are woven with borders that are happily utilized in the make-up of the country costume, for it is hardly the best taste to use lace and embroidery in the garnishment of a simple print dress.

From our own looms they are turning out the loveliest cotton goods flowered over in bold brocade and cretonne designs. Furthermore, these American calicoes are treated with a rich surface finish that gives them the gloss of silk, but does not injure the simplicity and softness of the fabric.

No woman need feel any hesitancy about wearing these delightful cotton goods. They are comparatively cheap, to be sure, but their finish and colorings have given them a prestige that is being felt even in circles where cost is considered of minor importance, and many charming gowns made of them will be seen at both seashore and country resort during the summer.

Some Little Novelties That Are Shown in the Shops.

DURING a recent shopping expedition I saw many a number of attractive novelties that appealed to me. In fact, one sees these new and novel offerings everywhere, and many of them are quite attractive from a practical point of view. Let me mention a few that I noticed:

Of all the great variety of petticoats I have seen, none are more at-



OF EMBROIDERED BATISTE.

tractive than those made of white lawn batiste and nainsook and trimmed with embroidery and lace. Of course the rage is for silk skirts, but a number of these dainty batiste garments will be worn.

There is a novelty strapping being shown in white applique gowns. It is of white suede cloth, and while it is rather pretty, it serves no practical use.

Something new in underwear is a combination garment of finest nainsook, which supplies the place of corset cover, undershirt and drawers, and is especially desirable in every way except in price.

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ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the estate of David Weaver, late of Union township, Snyder county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims against the said estate will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

A. H. TROUTMAN, Administrator.

April 1, 1901. Port Trevorton, Pa.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of John A. Dietrich, late of Franklin township, Snyder county, Pa., deceased, have been issued in due form of law to the undersigned, to whom all indebted to said estate should make immediate payment and those having claims against it should present them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN WITTMAYER, Executor. Jacob Gilbert, Atty' at Law, Middleburgh, Pa. April 5, 1901.

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