

TALMAGE'S SERMON.**AN ELOQUENT AND IMPRESSIVE DISCOURSE.****"The Lord Hath Made Bare His Holy Arm"—A Wonderful Reserve of Power—Achievements Without Effort—On the Winning Side.****The Bare Arm of God.**

Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject, "The Bare Arm of God," the text being Isaiah 34: 16, "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 over-arching 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 becomes what it ought to be, and he foresees it all 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 thunder-bolts than He has ever flung, more light than He has ever distributed, more blue than that with which He has over-arched the sky, more green than that with which He has over-arched 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 manufacturing. 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 pose! 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 fire-flies 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 arm: He did not even put forth His robe arm; He did not lift so much as a finger. The flint out of which He struck the noonday 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 unique? Out of a word came and warmth and light! Out of a word building a fire-place for all the nations of the earth to warm themselves by! Yes, seven other worlds, five of them inconceivably larger than our own, and seventy-nine asteroids, or worlds on a smaller scale. The warmth and light for this great brotherhood, great sisterhood, great family of worlds, eighty-seven larger or smaller worlds, all from that one magnificent trope, made out of the one word "Light." The sun 880,000 miles in diameter, I do not know how much grander a solar system God could have created if He had put forth His robe arm, to say nothing of an arm made bare! But this I know, that our noonday sun is a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word "Light."

"But," says 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 must have cost God some exertion?" The upheaval of an arm either robed or 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 illusion of the painter to the woven hangings of tapestry as they were known long before David's time. Far back in the ages what 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 Gobelin manufacture of tapestry in Paris—alas, now no more—you will need wondrous things as you saw the wooden needle or broach 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 triumphs 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 tapestried them with stars; that God's fingers embroidered them with worlds.

A Great Undertaking.

My text makes it plain that the recitation 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 unsheathed and unhindered 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 deep. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenter 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 huzzing on the docks the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that steamer breaks her shaft and is slipping slowly along toward harbor, when Carribooan 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 midships.

Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessel of the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Ay, our world that God built so beautiful, and which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and with the chant of paradisaical bowers, has been sixty centuries pounding in the skerries 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 and launch her. So I am not surprised that though in the drydock of one word our world was made it will take the unsheathed 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 galaxy 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, seem 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 fetish 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 tinkled robes of their representatives cannot hide from the world that those religions are the authors of funeral pyres, and juggernaut crushing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chinese shoe torture, and the aggregated massacres of many centuries. They have their heels 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 Americans or English or Scotch merchants whose loose behaviour in heathen cities has been rebuked 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 these 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 dobauchees and miscreants. If such dobauchees and miscreants who Satan could 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 noisiness, 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!
For on thy strength, the nations shake!

Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy arm, the out-stretched arm, but the bare arm!

The Niagara of Inebriety.

There stands also the arch demon of alcoholism. Its throne is white and made of beached human skulls. On one side of that throne of skulls kneels in obedience and worship democracy, and on the other side republicanism, and the one that kisses the cancerous and gangrened foot of this despot the offense gets the most benedictions. 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 nightfall flood of sickness and insanity and domestic ruin and crime and bankruptcy and sore empties into the hearts, and the homes, and the churches, and the time, and the eternity of a multitude beyond all statistics to number or describe. All nations are maimed and sacrificed with baleful, stimulus, or killing narcotic. The pulque of Mexico, the cashew of Brazil, the hashesh of Persia, the opium of China, the guano of Honduras, the wedro of Russia, the soma of India, the aguardiente of Morocco, the arak of Arabia, the music of Syria, the raki of Turkey, the beer of Germany, the whiskey of Scotland, the ale of England, all the drinks of America, are doing their best to stupefy, in a dement, impoverish, brutify and slay the human race. Human power, unless re-enforced from the heavens, can never extirpate 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 rice 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 800,000,000 which runs out upon the United States in 1894, for that is what it costs, as I say, that we 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 diaphanous all the groans that have been uttered by the suffering victims of this holocaust, or into one shield all the signs of centuries of dissipation, or from the wicket of one immense prison have looked upon as 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 blast our vision; the sound would forever stun our souls. Go on with your temperance literature; go on with your temperance platform; go on with your temperance laws. But we are not looking 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 grog-shops all around the world. Down, thou accursed bottle, from the throne, into the dust, thou king of the demi-john! Marched by thy lips, thou wine nap, with fires that shall never be quenched!

Plenty of Ammunition.

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 to-day 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 down 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 world to be done will put back the sleeve of his right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world—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. Eleven hundred can-

nons on the hills. Artillery on the heights Givonne, and twelve German batteries on the heights of La Mouchelle. The crown prince of Saxony watched the scene from the heights of Malry. 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 "four 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 look 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 already done. "Halleluiah, his dominion shall be established without a pang. Behold, those hemispheres without a sin! Why, those deserts, Arabian desert, American desert and Great Sahara desert, are all irrigated into gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one groan. 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 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 Idenah or Millional Gardens or Paradise Regained, or Heaven! And to God, the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever. Amen."

FIRST BABY IN WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. Mary Emily Donelson Wilcox is the Claimant for This Honor.

The recent advent of a baby within the door of the Executive Mansion has brought forward numerous claimants for the honor of being the oldest living and the first child born in the White House. The first of these honors is properly the possession of Mrs. Mary Emily Donelson Wilcox who was born at the Executive Mansion during Andrew Jackson's first administration, the second child born within its walls, but the oldest now living, writes Alice (Frances M.) Collins in the Ladies' Home Journal. To her President Jackson gave the name "The Sunshine of the White House." Mary Emily Donelson Wilcox was the eldest child of Andrew Jackson Donelson and his wife Emily, and was born in the large corner room of the White House fronting on Pennsylvania avenue, the room in which Mrs. Harrison died.

Her christening was an event. It was performed according to the ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church, though read by a Presbyter an minister, the Rev. Mr. Gallagher. The daughter of the Secretary of State, Miss Cora Livingstone, was chosen as godmother, while Mart Van Buren and President Jackson officiated as godfathers. When the baby was brought into the room, Mr. Van Buren attempted to take her in his arms, but on her objecting President Jackson took her and held her throughout the ceremony. She enjoyed the sprinkling greatly, laughing and cooing with pleasure at the drops of water. When in the course of the ceremony the clergyman read the question: "Do you, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and all his grims?" Jackson stiffened himself grimly and replied in his most emphatic tones:

"I do, sir; I renounce them all!" bringing a smile to the faces of those who knew what was the more ritualistic reply. A lady who was present said, after the ceremony: "The President renounces the devil for the baby but not for himself," to which Jackson responded laughingly:

"I don't mind my enemies thinking me a devil if my friends find me the reverse."

Among the guests at the christening were Robert E. Lee, then a young lieutenant of engineers, and his wife, nee Mary Custis. The ceremony was held in the East room—where, according to the contemporary gossip, Mrs. Madison hung her linen to dry—which was gayly illuminated and decorated with flowers.

She Ordered Clam Chowder.

Lady—Once last summer I saw some boys "treading for clams" as they called it. They were all dirty-looking boys; they were barefooted—feet unwashed most likely—and they were walking through the mud at low tide. When they felt a clam with their feet they lifted it out with their toes. It just made me sick. I hope your clams are not caught that way. Waiter—In course not, ma'am. The man you furnishes clams to this restaurant fishes for 'em with a silver spoon.—New York Weekly.

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