

## USES OF STRATAGEM.

### DR. TALMAGE ADDRESSES HIS COMRADES OF THE THIRTEENTH.

**Victorious Retreat—The Triumph of the Wicked Is Short—Theaters and Drinking Saloons to Be Turned Into Asylums, Art Galleries and Churches.**

PRESKILL, N. Y., July 22.—Chaplain T. De Witt Talmage preached today to the Thirteenth regiment of the New York state national guards, now encamped here. The regiment assembled at 3 p. m., when people from the neighboring country, towns and cities were present in immense numbers. A military band conducted the musical part of the service. Chaplain Talmage's sermon, which was on "Uses of Stratagem," was based on Josh. viii, 7: "Then ye shall rise up from the ambush, and seize upon the city." He said:

Men of the Thirteenth regiment, and their friends here gathered, of all occupations and professions, men of the city and men of the fields, here is a theme fit for all of us.

One Sabbath evening, with my family around me, we were talking over the scene of the text. In the wide open eyes and the quick interrogations and the blanching cheeks, I realized what a thrilling drama it was. There is the old city, shorter by name than any other city in the ages, spelled with two letters—A, I—Al. Joshua and his men want to take it. How to do this is the question. On a former occasion, in a straightforward, face to face fight, they had been defeated; but now they are going to take it by ambush. General Joshua has two divisions in his army—the one division the battle worn commander will lead himself, the other division he sends off to encamp in an ambush on the west side of the city of Al. No torches, no lanterns, no sound of heavy battalions, but 30,000 swartly warriors moving in silence, speaking only in a whisper; no clicking of swords, no rattling of shields, just the watchword of Al discover, and the stratagem be a failure. If a roystering soldier in the Israelitish army forgets himself, all along the line the word is "Hush!" Joshua takes the other division, the one with which he is to march, and puts it on the north side of the city of Al, and then spends the night in reconnoitering in the valley. There he is, thinking over the fortunes of the coming day with something of the feelings of Wellington the night before Waterloo, or of Meade and Lee the night before Gettysburg. There he stands in the night and says to himself: "Yonder is the division in ambush on the west side of Al. Here is the division I have under my especial command on the north side of Al. There is the old city slumbering in its sin. Tomorrow will be the battle. Look! the morning already begins to tip the hills. The military officers or as look out in the morning very early, and while they do not see the division in ambush they behold the other division of Joshua, and the cry, "To arms! To arms!" rings through all the streets of the old town, and every sword, whether hacked and bent or newly welded, is brought out, and all the inhabitants of the city of Al pour through the gates, an infuriated torrent, and their cry is: "Come, we will make quick work with Joshua and his troops." No sooner had these people of Al come out against the troops of Joshua than Joshua gave such a command as he seldom gave, "Fall back!" Why, then, could not believe their own ears. Is Joshua's courage failing him?

The retreat is beaten and the Israelites are flying, throwing blankets and canteens on every side under this worse than Bull Run defeat. And you ought to hear the soldiers of Al cheer, and cheer, and cheer. But they huzza! too soon. The men, lying in ambush, are straining their vision to get some signal from Joshua that they may know what time to drop upon the city. Joshua takes his furnished spear, gliding in the sun like a shaft of doom, and points it toward the city; and when the men up yonder in the ambush see it, with hawk like swoop they drop upon Al, and without stroke of sword or stab of spear take the city and put it to the torch. So much for the division that was in ambush. How about the division under Joshua's command? No sooner does Joshua stop in the flight than all his men stop with him, and as he wheels their wheel, for in a voice of thunder he cried "Halt!" One strong arm driving back a torrent of flying troops. And then, as he points his spear through the golden light toward that fated city, his troops know that they are to start for it. What a scene it was when the division in ambush which had taken the city marched down against the men of Al on the one side, and the troops under Joshua doubled up their enemies from the other side, and the men of Al were caught between these two hurricanes of Israelitish courage, thrust before and behind, stabbed in breast and back, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of God's indignation. Woe to the city of Al! Cheer for the triumph of Israel!

Lesson the first: There is such a thing as a victorious retreat. Joshua's falling back was the first chapter in his successful besiegement. And there are times in your life when the best thing you can do is to run. You were once the victim of strong drink. The demijohn and the decanter were your fierce foes. They came down upon you with greater fury than the men of Al upon the men of Joshua. Your only safety is to get away from them. Your dissipating companions will come around you for your overthrow. Run for your life! Fall back! Fall back from the drinking saloon. Fall back from the wine party. Your fight is your advance. Your retreat is your victory. There is a saloon down on the next street that has almost been the ruin of your soul. Then why do you go along that street? Why do you not pass through some other street rather than by the place of your calamity? A spoonful of brandy taken for medicinal purposes by a man who twenty years before had been reformed from drunkenness, hurled into inebriety and the grave one of the best friends I ever had. Your retreat is your victory. Here is a converted infidel. He is so strong now in his faith in the Gospel he says he can read anything. What are you reading? Bolingbroke! Andrew Jackson Davis' tracts! Pyralis's Glasgow University address! Drop them and run. You will be an infidel before you die unless you quit that. These men of Al will be too much for you. Turn your back on the rank and file of unbelief. Fly before they cut you with their swords and transfix you with their javelins.

There are people who have been well nigh ruined because they risked a foolhardy expedition in the presence of mighty and overwhelming temptations, and the men of Al made a morning meal of them. So also there is such a thing as victorious retreat in the religious world. Thousands of times the kingdom of Christ has seemed to fall back. When the blood of the Scotch covenanters gave a deeper dye to the heather of the highlands; when the Vaudois of France chose extermination rather than make an unchristian surrender; when on St. Bartholomew's day mounted assassins rode through the streets of Paris crying: "Kill! Kill! Blood letting is good in August! Kill! Death to the Huguenots! Kill!" when Lady Jane Grey's head rolled

at the executioner's block, when Calvin was imprisoned in the castle, when John Knox died for the truth; when John Bunyan was rotting in Bedford jail, saying: "If God will help me, and my physical life continues, I will stay here until the moss grows on my eyebrows rather than give up my faith," the men of retreat for the church were days of victory.

The Pilgrim Fathers fell back from the other side of the sea to Plymouth Rock, but now are marshaling a continent for the Christianization of the world. The Church of Christ, falling back from Piedmont, falling back from Rue St. Jacques, falling back from St. Denis, falling back from Wurtemberg castles, falling back from the Brussels market place, yet all the time triumphing. Notwithstanding all the shocking reverses which the church of Christ suffers, what do we see today? Three thousand missionaries of the cross on heathen ground, sixty thousand ministers of Jesus Christ in this land; at least two hundred millions of Christians on earth. All nations today kindling in a blaze of revival. Falling back, yet advancing until the old Wesleyan hymn will prove true:

The Lion of Judah shall break the chain,  
And give us the victory again and again!

But there is a more marked illustration of victorious retreat in the life of our Joshua, the Jesus of the ages. First falling back from an appalling height to an appalling depth, falling from celestial hills to terrestrial valleys, from thrones to manure, yet that did not seem to suffice him as a retreat. Falling back still further from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, back from Jerusalem to Golgotha, back from Golgotha to the mausoleum in the rock, back down over the precipices of perdition until he walked amid the caverns of the eternal captives and drank of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God amid the Abahs and the Jezabels and the Belshazzars. O men of the pulpit and men of the pew, Christ's descent from heaven to earth does not measure half the distance. It was from glory to perdition. He descended into hell. All the records of earthly retreat are as nothing compared with this falling. Santa Anna, with the fragments of his army flying over the plateaus of Mexico, and Napoleon and his army retreating from Moscow in the awful snows of Russia are not worthy to be mentioned with this retreat, when all the powers of darkness seem to be pursuing Christ as he fell back, until the body of him who came to do such wonderful things lay pulseless and stripped. Methinks that the city of Al was not so emptied of its inhabitants when they went to pursue Joshua as perdition was emptied of devils when they started for the pursuit of Christ, and he fell back and back, down lower, down lower, down lower, down lower, until he seemed to strike the bottom of oburgation and scorn and torture. Oh! the long, loud, jubilant shout of hell at the defeat of the Lord God Almighty!

But let not the powers of darkness rejoice quite so soon. Do you hear that disturbance in the tomb of Arimathea? I hear the sheet rending! What means that stone hurled down the side of the hill? Who is this coming out? Push him back! the dead must not stalk in this open sunlight. Oh, it is our Joshua. Let him come out. He comes forth and starts for the city. He takes the spear of the Roman guard and points that way. Church militant marches up on one side and the church triumphant marches down on the other side. And the powers of darkness being caught between these ranks of celestial and terrestrial valor, nothing is left of them save just enough to illustrate the direful overthrow of hell and our Joshua's eternal victory. On his head be all the crowns. In his hand be all the scepters. At his feet be all the human hearts; and here, Lord, is one of them.

Lesson the second: The triumph of the wicked is short. Did you ever see an army in a panic? There is nothing so uncontrollable. If you had stood at Long Bridge, Washington, during the opening of our sad civil war, you would know what it is to see an army run. And when those men of Al looked out and saw those men of Joshua in a stampede, they expected easy work. They would scatter them as the equinox the leaves. O, the glee and the jubilant descent of the men of Al upon the men of Joshua! But their exhilaration was brief, for the tide of battle turned, and these quondam conquerors left their miserable carcasses in the wilderness of Bethaven. So it always is. The triumph of the wicked is short. You make \$30,000 at the gaming table. Do you expect to keep it? You will die in the poisons. You made a fortune by iniquitous traffic. Do you expect to keep it? Your money will scatter, or it will stay long enough to curse your children after you are dead. Call over the roll of bad men who prospered and see how short was their prosperity. For a while like the men of Al they went from conquest to conquest, but after a while disaster rolled back upon them and they were divided into three parts: misfortune took their property, the grave took their body, and the lost world took their soul. I am always interested in the building of theatres and the building of dissipating saloons. I like to have them built of the best granite and have the rooms made large, and to have the pillars made very firm. God is going to conquer them, and they will be turned into asylums, and art galleries, and churches. The stores in which fraudulent men do business, the splendid banking institutions, where the president and cashier put all their property in their wives' hands and then fail for \$300,000—all these institutions are to become the places where honest Christian men do business.

How long will it take your boys to get through your ill gotten gains? The wicked do not live out half their days. For a great splash in the newspapers, but after a while it all dwindles down into a brief paragraph: "Died suddenly, July 23, 1888, at 33 years of age. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, from his late residence on Madison square. Interment at Greenwood." Some of them jumped off the docks. Some of them took prussic acid. Some of them fell under the snap of a Derringer pistol. Some of them spent their last days in a lunatic asylum. Where are William Tweed and his associates? Where are Ketchum and Swartwout, absconding scoundrels? Where is James Fisk, the libertine? Where is John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, and all the other misdeeds? The wicked do not live out half their days. Disembogue, O world of darkness! Come up, Hildebrand and Henry II and Robespierre, and with blistering and blaspheming and ashen lips hiss out: "The triumph of the wicked is short!" Alas for the men of Al when Joshua stretches out his spear toward the city.

Lesson the third: How much may be accomplished by lying in ambush for opportunities. Are you hypocritical of Joshua's maneuver? By you that it was cheating for him to take that city by ambush? Was it wrong for Washington to kindle camp fires on New Jersey Heights, giving the impression to the opposing force that a great army was encamped there when there was none at all? I answer, if the war was right, then Joshua was right in his stratagem. He violated no flag of truce. He broke no treaty, but by a lawful ambuscade captured

the city of Al. Oh, that we all knew how to lie in ambush for opportunities to serve God. The best of our opportunities do not lie on the surface, but are secreted; by tact, by stratagem, by Christian ambuscades, you may take almost any castle of sin for Christ. Come up toward men with a regular besiegement of argument, and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their hearts is set ajar, or they are off their guard, or their severe caution is away from home, and then drop in on them from a Christian ambuscade. There has been many a man up to his chin in scientific portfolios which proved there was no Christ and no divine revelation, his pen a scimitar flung into the heart of theological opponents, who, nevertheless, has been discomfited and captured for God by some little three-year-old child, who has got up and put those very arms around his shewy neck and asked some simple question about God and heaven.

Oh, make a flank movement; steal a march on the devil; cheat that man into heaven. A five dollar treatise that will stand all the laws of homiletics may fail to do that which a penny tract of Christian entreaty may accomplish. Oh, for more Christians in ambuscade, not lying in idleness, but waiting for a quick spring, waiting until just the right time comes. Do not talk to a man about the vanity of this world on the day when he has bought something at "twelve" and is going to sell it at "fifteen." But talk to him about the vanity of the world on the day when he has bought something at "fifteen" and is compelled to sell at "twelve." Do not rub a man's disposition the wrong way. Do not take the imperative mood when the subjunctive mood will do just as well. Do not talk in perverted style to a phlegmatic, nor try to tickle a torrid temperament with an icicle. You can take any man for Christ if you know how to get at him. Do not send word to him that tomorrow at 10 o'clock you propose to open your batteries upon him, but come on him by a skillful, persevering, God directed ambuscade.

Lesson the fourth: The importance of taking good aim. There is Joshua, but how are those people in ambush up yonder to know when they are to drop upon the city, and how are these men around Joshua to know when they are to stop their flight and advance? There must be some signal—a signal to stop the one division and to start the other. Joshua, with a spear on which were ordinarily hung the colors of battle, points toward the city. He stands in such a conspicuous position, and there is so much of the morning light dripping from that spear tip, that all around the horizon they see it. It was as much as to say: "There is the city. Take it. Take it now. Roll down from the west. Surge up from the north. It is ours, the city of Al. God knows and we know that a great deal of Christian attack amounts to nothing simply because we do not take good aim. Nobody knows and we do not know ourselves which point we want to take, when we ought to make up our minds what God will have us to do, and point our spear in that direction and then hurl our body, mind, soul, time, eternity at that one target. In our pulpits and pews and Sunday schools and prayer meetings we want to get a reputation for saying pretty things, and so we point our spear toward the flowers; or we want a reputation for saying sublime things, and we point our spear toward the stars; or we want to get a reputation for historical knowledge, and we point our spear toward the past; or we want to get a reputation for great liberality, so we swing our spear all around; and it strikes all points of the horizon, and you can make out of it whatever you please; while there is the old world, proud, rebellious and armed against all righteousness; and instead of running any further away from its pursuit, we ought to turn around, plant our foot in the strength of the eternal God, and lift the old cross and point it in the direction of the world's conquest till the redeemed of earth, marching up from one side and the glorified of heaven marching down from the other side, the last battlement of sin is compelled to swing out the streamers of Emanuel. Oh, church of God, take aim and conquer.

I have heard it said: "Look out for a man who has only one idea; he is irresistible." I say: Look out for the man who has one idea, and that a determination for soul saving. I believe God would strike me dead if I dared to point the spear in any other direction. Oh, for some of the courage and enthusiasm of Joshua! He flung two armies from the tip of that spear. It is sinful for us to rest, unless it is to get stronger muscle and fresher brain and purer heart for God's work. I feel as if I may head the hands of Christ in a new ordination. Do you not feel the same omnipotent pressure? There is a work for all of us. Oh, that we might stand up side by side and point the spear toward the city! It ought to be taken. It will be taken. Our cities are drifting off toward loose religion or what is called "liberal Christianity," which is so liberal that it gives up all the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, so liberal that it surrenders the rectitude of the throne of the Almighty. That is liberality with a vengeance. Let us decide upon the work which we, as Christian men, have to do, and in the strength of God, go to it.

It is comparatively easy to keep on a parade amid a shower of bouquets and hand clapping, and the whole street full of enthusiastic huzzas; but it is not so easy to stand up in the day of battle, the face blackened with smoke, the uniform covered with the earth plowed up by whizzing bullets and bursting shells, half the regiment cut to pieces and yet the commander crying, "Forward, march!" Then it requires old fashioned valor. My friends, the great trouble of the kingdom of God in this day is the coward. They do splendidly on a parade day, and at the communion, when they have on their best clothes of Christian profession; but put them out in the great battle of life, at the first sharp-shooting of skepticism they dodge, they fall back, they break ranks. We confront the enemy, we open the battle against fraud, and lo! we find on our side a great many people that do not try to pay their debts. And we open the battle against intemperance, and we find on our own side a great many people who drink too much. And we open the battle against profanity, and we find on our own side a great many people who make hard speeches. And we open the battle against infidelity, and lo! we find on our own side a great many men who are not quite sure about the Book of Jonah. And while we ought to be massing our troops and bringing forth more than the united courage of Austerlitz and Waterloo and Gettysburg, we have to be spending our time in hunting up ambuscades. There are a great many in the Lord's army who would like to go out on a campaign with satin slippers and holding umbrellas over their heads to keep off the heavy dew, and having rations of canvas back ducks and lemon custards. If they cannot have them they want to go home. They have on their best clothes of Christian profession. I believe that the next few months will be the most stupendous year that heaven ever saw. The nations are quaking now with the coming of God. It will be a year of success for the men of Joshua, but of doom for the men of Al. You put your ear to the railroad track and you can hear the train coming miles away. So I put my ear to the ground and I hear the thundering of the light-

ning train of God's mercies and judgments. The mercy of God is first to be tried upon this nation. It will be preached in the pulpits, in theatres, on the streets, everywhere. People will be invited to accept the mercy of the Gospel, and the story and the song and the prayer will be "mercy." But suppose they do not accept the offer of mercy—what then? Then God will come with his judgments, and the grasshoppers will eat the crops, and the freshets will devastate the valleys, and the defalcations will swallow the money markets, and the fires will burn the cities, and the earth will quake from pole to pole. Year of mercies and of judgments. Year of invitation and of warning. Year of jubilee and of woe. Which side are you going to be on? With the men of Al or the men of Joshua? Pass over this Sabbath into the ranks of Israel. I would clap my hands at the joy of your coming. You will have a poor chance for this world and the world to come without Jesus. You cannot stand what is to come upon you and upon the world unless you have the pardon and the comfort and the help of Christ. Come over. On this side is your happiness and safety, on the other side is disquietude and despair. Eternal defeat to the men of Al! Eternal victory to the men of Joshua!

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### BITS OF GOOD READING.

Tramps were never so numerous in California as now.

The latest Maxim gun fires three-pound shots at the rate of sixty to the minute.

A jubilee statue of the queen, to be erected in Bristol, weighs four tons. It is by Mr. Boehm.

The latest arrangement in Paris for a wedding at home is a floral umbrella, under which the happy pair stand.

Four figs taken from a tree in Cherokee, Cal., weighed one pound seven ounces, one of them weighing eight ounces.

According to The Critic, riding by moonlight atop of a herdic is the hot weather diversion most in favor with Washington swelldom.

The coins struck at the Berlin mint during the reign of the late Emperor Frederick are already scarce and at a big premium.

A Cincinnati druggist has killed a patient by making a mistake in putting up a prescription, the first mistake in eight years and in 200,000 prescriptions.

The National Telephone company, of Scotland, has several submarine cables of seven, eight and nine miles in length which give perfect satisfaction.

The prize of 10,000 francs offered by the city of Paris for the best musical composition was kept back for the reason that none of the compositions was considered worthy of it.

Chattanooga, Tenn., is prospecting quietly for oil and natural gas, and if either is discovered hugs herself in the conviction of becoming a new and greater Pittsburg.

A bale of Egyptian cotton weighing 688 pounds and one of East Indian growth weighing 469 pounds have attracted attention at the doorway of the New York Cotton Exchange.

A brigade was divided into two battalions for a sham fight at Aldershot. Just before operations were to begin it was discovered that one of the battalions had been supplied with ball ammunition instead of blank.

A Providence, R. I., foundry is engaged in casting the largest mining pump in the world for the Calumet and Hecla, of Michigan. A single section of it has been completed, and weighs twenty tons. The unwasting of the mine will be done sooner than was expected.

A workman named Garin, convicted of stealing five Telco cartridges, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and five years' surveillance. A much heavier sentence would have been imposed if there had been evidence that he meant to sell them to a foreign power.

Prizes are offered by the American Meteorological Journal, Ann Arbor, Mich., for the best original essays on tornadoes, for the best description of a tornado. The first prize is \$200; the second \$50. Among the writers whose works deserve special mention \$50 more will be divided.

The bad luck of the English navy never stops. The Benbow, the most powerful ship yet built, has just been commissioned. The coal bunkers were closed during a thunder storm to prevent the ignition of any foul gas. After it was over two stokers went to the bunkers with lights. The gas which had been accumulating exploded, and both were seriously injured, one of them fatally.

The Novosti publishes a startling account of systematic piracy along the Russian coast. This is confirmed by the experience of a Finland steamer, which ran aground this spring at Dago. The inhabitants along the coast tried all they could to make use of the opportunity for robbing the vessel. The Novosti says that proper harbors have been built, with false lighthouses, to lead vessels aground. It is only quite lately that a lighthouse was discovered only a few miles from Revel.

If the alligator hunters keep up the vigorous warfare they have lately inaugurated in the vicinity of Panosoffee, Fla., against the reptiles the streams thereabout will be bereft of them. When the business first commenced some time ago, they were only two or three at it, but now their name is legion, and they find it no longer profitable to hunt on the lake and outlet and are going gradually farther down the river. The business is paying, as two men get on an average fifteen to twenty gators a night, and the hides bring from fifty cents to \$1.25 each, according to length.

**Egypt's Ancient Porphyry Quarries.**

The ancient porphyry quarries of Egypt, worked by the Egyptians and the Romans, are to be re-explored by an Englishman, Mr. Brindley, who has acquired a concession from the khedive. These quarries are situated beyond the watershed of the Nile valley, about ninety-five miles from the river, and are reached by caravan journey from Keneh in traveling along the flank of the Gebel Dukhan. The great porphyry quarry is 3,600 feet above the level of the sea, and there are remains of an ancient town with workshops near it. Spotted and gray and brecciated porphyries are obtained from this part. Mr. Brindley intends to transport the porphyry to the Red sea, a distance of twenty-five miles, instead of to the Nile, as in ancient times. It may be mentioned that these quarries, long forgotten, were rediscovered by Burton and Wilkinson in 1828.—Woman.

**A Protection to Bottlers.**

The New York legislature at its last session so amended the law as to containers as to protect the owners of bottles, boxes, siphons and kegs by prohibiting their use or sale by other parties. Hereafter all traffic in containers is met with a heavy penalty, and junk dealers especially are prohibited from handling any of the articles, having marks or devices branded, stamped, engraved, blown or otherwise produced. The owners are required for their own safety to file a description of their trade marks and containers in the office of the county clerk and with the secretary of state.—Scientific American.

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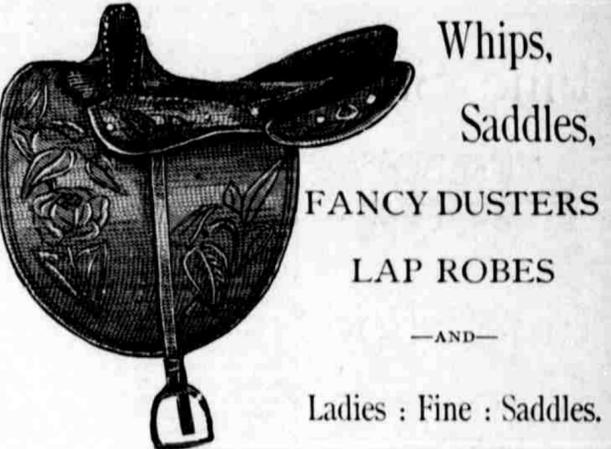
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