

SPIRITUAL ARCHERY.

THE OMNIPOTENT ARROW OF THE GOSPEL.

Dr. Talmage's Discourse at the Tabernacle—He Tells His Hearers How They, Like Nimrod, May Become "Mighty Hunters Before the Lord."

BROOKLYN, June 28.—Many of the families belonging to the church of which the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., is pastor, have gone to the country for the summer, but still the great throngs of people that for eighteen years have been seen in and around Brooklyn Tabernacle on Sabbath days, are found there. It is estimated that about 300,000 strangers have visited this church during the past year. The hymn sung this morning was: Salvation, oh, the joyful sound!

"The pleasure to our ears; A sovereign law for weary world, A cordial for our fears."

Dr. Talmage's text was: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."—Genesis x, 9. He said:

In our day hunting is a sport; but in the lands and times infested with wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the patriot. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breech loader to shoot reed birds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and tigers and bears. My text sets forth Nimrod as a hero when he presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sunburned face, and arm bunched with muscle—"A mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrow, with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as gospel hunting, by which those who have been lying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said: "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of gospel truth; and I pray God there may be many a man in this congregation who shall begin to study gospel archery, of whom it may after a while be said: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! Religious blinders, who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy hunter who goes along with skillful hunters; at the very moment he ought to be most quiet he is cracking an air or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned the lesson of which I read at the beginning of the service, how that the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God. Jesus, in the wilderness, was breaking bread to the people. I think it was good bread; it was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after he had broken the bread, said to the people: "Beware of the yeast, or of the leaven, of the Pharisees!" So natural a transition it was, and how easily they all understood him. But how few Christian people who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men! Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through this country some years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room, he said: "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said: "Yes, all but De Witt." "Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace, and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye, I should have been amazed when he told me that story; but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep are.

The archers of old times studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave specific directions as to how the archer should go, and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of his right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that we might learn the art of doing good and become "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

In the first place, if you want to be effective in doing good, you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the long bow. They would take the arrow of polished wood and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bowstring of plaited silk. The broad fields of Agincourt and Solway Moss and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bowstring. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down 400,000,000 souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bowstring, and his whir was heard through the Corinthian theatres, and through the court room, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that struck in Luther's heart when he cried out: "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strike him in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying: "Oh, Galilee, thou hast conquered."

In the army of the Earl of Pembroke there are old corsairs which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior, and out through the backplate. What a symbol of that Gospel which is sharper than a two edged sword, piercing

to the dividing asunder of soul and body, and of the joints and marrow! Would to God we had more faith in that gospel! The humblest man in this house, if he had enough faith in him, could bring 100 souls to Jesus—perhaps 500. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it, I believe more and more in it. What are men about that they will not accept their own deliverance? There is nothing proposed by men that can do anything like this gospel. The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson is the philosophy of icebergs; the religion of Theodore Parker was a siren song of the desert, covering up the soul with airy manna; the religion of Romaine is the romance of believing nothing; the religion of Thomas Carlyle is only a condensed London fog; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spencers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that are groping in the dark. But where there is one man who has rejected that gospel for another, who is thoroughly satisfied and helped and contented in his skepticism, and I will take the car tomorrow and ride 500 miles to see him. The full power of the gospel has not yet been reached. As a speaker, I mean to take his hand and catch the ball flying through the air, just so easily will this gospel after a while catch this round world flying from its orbit and bring it back to the heart of Christ. Give it full swing, and it will pardon every sin, heal every wound, cure every trouble, emancipate every slave, and ransom every nation. Ye Christian men and women who go out this afternoon to do Christian work, as you go into the Sunday schools and the lay preaching stations and the penitentiaries and the asylums, I want you to feel that you bear in your hand a weapon, compared with which the lightning has no speed, and avalanches have no heft, and the thunderbolts of heaven have no power; it is the arrow of the omnipotent gospel. Take careful aim. Pull the arrow clear back until the head strikes the bow. Then let it fly. And may the slain of the Lord be many.

Again, if you want to be skillful in spiritual hunting you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one must be alone in the forest. From the California stages you see, as you go over the plains, here and there, a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ, and of most value to the church, are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. Youder they are down in that cellar, youder they are up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church, the gospel arrow has to be pointed at them. The tract distributor and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary glimpse of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is, we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in Schermerhorn street, expecting that the third antelope will come up and out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie fowl will light on our church steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait 10,000,000 of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the church wants now is to lift their feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid gloves, and put on the hunting shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while younder Upper Saratoga and Big Tupper's lake, where the first swing of the gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside world to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the midnight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the 70,000 people of Brooklyn, who, they say, come to church. What are we doing for the 700,000 that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God, to go into eternity—no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear today surging up from the lower depths of Brooklyn a groan that comes through our Christian assemblies and through our Christian churches; and it blots out all this scene from my eyes today, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abyss of suffering and woe. Sometimes I think, that just as God blotted out the church of Thyratira and Corinth and Laodicea, because of their sloth and stolidity, he will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide awake missionary church, that can take the full meaning of that command: "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in Gospel hunting, you must have courage. If the hunter stand with trembling hand or shoulder that finches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if, when out hunting for the bear, he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Dr. Chastin and Livingston in the African thicket, with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within twenty paces of you, and it has its eyes on you, and it has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there."

Courage, O ye spiritual hunters! There are great monsters of iniquity prowling around about the community. Shall we not in the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the Church of God that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it, how many of us hide under the church pew or the communion table? There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it; millions of dollars in barrels

in vats, in spigots, in cork-creeves, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian top tables, and chased ice coolers, and in the strychnine, and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, and the mus vomiting, that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked up with wondering eyes on the "Heldberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold 800 hogsheads of wine, and only three times in 100 years has it been used. But I stood and looked at it, I said to myself: "That is nothing—800 hogsheads. Why, our American vat holds 4,500,000 barrels of strong drinks, and we keep 300,000 men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled. Oh, to attack this great monster of intemperance, and the hundred monsters of fraud and uncleanness, requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform, you must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for such a purpose as to attack the base, but for Christian reform. I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 armed men in that hunting party. There were camels, and horses, and elephants, and a sportsman who throws up ladders, under exquisite housings, and 500 coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros, and deer, and elephant, fell under the stroke of the saber and bullet. After a while the party brought back to their tents fifty thousand rapeseed having left the wilderness of India gashed with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country, the million membership of our churches would band together and hunt in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar, and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men. Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

I remark again: If you want to be successful in hunting you must not only bring down the game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a reindeer or whipping up a stream for trout, and letting them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest—

If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the gospel, but bring them into the church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side the skies. Fetch them in; do not let them lie out in the open air, but bring them in and sympathize, and help. That is the meaning of the church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord! not only bring down the game, but bring it in.

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that he would not let his hands be idle, we do not want that enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls? If Donatian practiced archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheatre, with a hand out, the fingers outstretched, and then the king could shoot an arrow through his nostril without wounding him, what did he care for? He ought not to be so subject to ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!" But let me say you will never give any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put it in their hands, and the arrow, they elevated the other end, and it went the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer; if it were just his size, then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own power.

Other words, the first thing in preparation for Christian work is personal consecration. Oh! for a closer walk with God. A calm and heavenly frame. A light to shine upon the road. That leads me to the Lamb. I am sure that there are some here who at some time have been hit by the gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper, just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Scroon lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track to-day, impenitent man! not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye chased and panting souls, here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst! Stop that chase of sin today. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop. There is mercy for you—mercy that pardons; mercy that seals; mercy that saves. Here is the house any one who can refuse the offer that comes from the heart of the dying Son of God?

Facing Death Frivolously. "It is more than passing strange to me," said a down town minister, "how little the immediate prospect of death seems to affect some people. The disposition of their immortal souls seems but secondary as compared with their appearance in the coffin and their funeral arrangements. The other day I was called to the bedside of a young lady who was very ill. While I was there the physician gravely shook his head and said the patient would die that night. She looked a little put out, and when the doctor went I asked if I might pray, and was requested to wait a few moments. I retired to another room, and to my surprise I heard the young woman ask her mother for some paper, with which she proceeded to put up her hair, remarking at the same time: 'Mamma, do not take the paper out of my hair until I am in the coffin, for I might as well look as nice as I can, since there will be so many come to see me.' Ah, you newspaper men always smile at such things, but it was simply awful to me."—Philadelphia Call.

Tied Their Tails Together. A small boy seeing two Chinese looking in a Kearney street shop window the other day slipped up behind them and tied their cues together. When they learned what had happened they rushed after their tormentor, who stood grinning from behind a telegraph pole, but as they took opposite sides of the pole in passing they were brought up with a jerk that threw them down, and it was not until the services of a police officer had been secured that they could take their several ways amid an amused throng of spectators. —San Francisco Examiner.

There is complaint at Cornell that the townspeople find the lectures by distinguished lecturers so attractive that they take all the best seats in the hall to the exclusion of the students.

children, and tell them to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God, a sympathetic God, a loving God; and that none to him than the fathers of heaven, more to him than the throng on which he sits, more to him than are the temples of celestial worship, is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door latch of his father's house. Hear all ye nations! Break for the worst hubber. Medicine for the worst ailments. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor from the worst storm.

Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful interest, entitled "Around the World," describes a tomb in India of marvelous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing at that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from a height of 150 feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing.

How many souls here to day, in the tomb of sin, will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God, the echo would drop from afar—not struck from the marble epula of a great departed man, but sounding from the warm bosom of angels, flying with the news; for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

A MYSTERIOUS STONE FORT.

One of Tennessee's Antiquities—Work of the Mound Builders. There is nothing in Tennessee, or in the south, whose antiquity is so mysterious and entirely beyond the domain of decent speculation as the old stone fort, which is about a mile and a half below the town of Manchester. The two prongs of Dark river come within, say, two hundred yards of each other, and then widen out, making a territory of perhaps one thousand acres in the forks of the river, and below the Narrows. At the Narrows the fort commences by a stone wall, now covered with earth, and running from the river to the other, and the walls are built along the banks of both rivers down to a point where a canal had been cut from one river to the other. There a wall is made from one river to the other, perhaps a quarter of a mile. On the outside of this wall is a hollow, and in this hollow is the sign of the fort, or, as it is evidently intended to protect the fort by both the wall and the canal.

From the upper to the lower wall at places there are high bluffs on both rivers. Wherever this bluff—precipitous—is found there is no wall, but wherever there is no natural barrier the wall is built. The entrance to the fort was at the upper end, and the gateways show that the builders were doing their work intelligently. The entrance is by a narrow passway, with walls on either side and offsets so as to prevent the enemy on the outside from having a direct entrance for muskets, and so as to protect those on the inside from missiles from the outside. The fort contains forty-seven acres, and is, or was when the writer first saw it, heavily timbered, many of the trees of large size growing on top of the walls.

One man, a Murray, who settled there about 1808, cut one of the trees from the top of the wall and found it to be 500 years old. One mile up the river from the fort is an immense mound—the largest one, perhaps, in the country—making it probable that the fort was built by the mound builders. Beyond this masonry there is nothing to be seen. One man, who was a man of high intelligence, claimed to have conferred with the Indians of different tribes, but none of them could give him any account of it, either by tradition or otherwise. This fort is one of the many evidences that in this country, at some remote period, there was a race of people of more stability and intelligence than the roving Indians which the first settlers found.—Nashville American.

The Popular Tandem Tricycle.

I noticed in a walk through the park a few days ago that the tricycle is becoming very popular, and more especially the machine with the tandem gear. It is the proper thing for a lady, and gentleman to use one of these tandems, and many couples were spinning along merrily over the hard walks of the park. Some of the ladies wore jaunty little caps and blue flannel dresses trimmed with white braid. The other was very pleasing. These tricycles are much more expensive than the bicycles. A good one costs in the neighborhood of \$300, and some come as high as \$500. It will be remembered that an American artist and his wife made a trip through England and the continent on one of these machines not long ago. The trip was described in one of the magazines, and of course that gave a boom to tricycle riding. The labor of working these machines is about equally divided between the two riders and they are especially well adapted to long distance riding, but are not so much in reach of any one not having a good bank account.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SHAKER BOY!

SHAKER BOY is a Dark Bay pacer, 17 1/2 hands high, weighing 1,200 pounds. His close, compact form and noted reputation for endurance makes him one of the best horses of the day. He has a record of 2:36, and paced the fifth heat of a race at Columbus, Ohio, in 2:25. He was bred in Kentucky, sired by Gen'l Ringgold, and his dam was Tecumseh. He has already got one colt in the 2:30 list—a marvellous showing for a horse with his chances—and stamps him as one of the foremost horses in the land.

The old pacing Pilot blood is what made Mand S. Jay Eye See, and others of lesser note trot. The pacer Blue Bull sired more trotters in the 2:30 list than any other horse in the world, and their net value far exceeds all horses in Cass county. Speed and bottom in horses, if not wanted for sporting purposes, are still of immense benefit in saving time and labor in every occupation in which the horse is employed. It is an old saying that "the who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor;" why less a benefactor he who produces a horse, which, with some care and expense, will with ease travel double the distance, or do twice the work of an ordinary horse. It costs no more to feed and care to raise a good horse than a poor one. The good are always in demand, and if sold bring double or treble the price of the common horse.

SHAKER BOY will stand the coming season in Cass county, at the following places and times: W. M. Loughridge's stable at Murray, Monday and Tuesday of each week. Owner's stable, one mile east of Eight Mile Grove, Wednesday and Thursday. Louis Korrell's, at the foot of Main street, Plattsburgh, who has a splendid and convenient stable fitted up for the occasion, Friday and Saturday.

TERMS: To insure mare with foal, \$10.00, if paid for before foaling, and if not, \$12.00. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible, if any occur. Any one selling mare will be held responsible for fees of service.

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