

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S SERMONS.

Subject: "Expurgation of the Scriptures."

Text: "Let God be true, but every man a liar."—Romans 1:25.

The Bible needs reconstruction according to some inside and outside the pulpit. It is no surprise that the world bombards the Scriptures, but it is amazing to find Christian ministers picking at this in the Bible and denying that until many good people are left in the fog about what parts of the Bible they ought to believe and what parts to reject.

It does not seem to be a commendable business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside. Now, this old Gospel ship, what with the roaring of earth and hell around the stem and stern and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and the captain says he will see it through.

When I see professed Christians in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out the breaches...

My own balance. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that He is present now, there is nothing in the holy Scriptures to arouse skepticism in my heart. Here I stand a fossil, fallen off the shelf of an antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the glorious nineteenth century believing in a whole Bible from lid to lid!

I am opposed to this proposed expurgation of the Scriptures for the fact that in proportion as the people become self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated, they like the book and the woman, and the man or a woman distinguished by his or her sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed.

These Bibles were in use twenty, forty, fifty, perhaps 100 years in the generations. Today take down those family Bibles and find out if there are any chapters which have been erased by lead pencil or pen, and if in any margins you can find the words, "This chapter not fit to read."

It is a plain matter of history that Tischendorf went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that he saw there in the waste-basket for kindling for the three a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fifteen years had passed and earnest entreaty and prayer and coaxing and purchase on his part that that copy of the Holy Scriptures was put into the hand of the Emperor of Russia—that that copy so marvelously protected.

of other books into the sepulcher of forgetfulness have only brightened the fame of this. There is not one book out of 100 that lives for years. Any publisher will tell you that. There will not be more than one book out of 20,000 that will live a century. Yet here is a book, much of it 1600 years old and much of it 4000 years old and with more rebound and resilience and strength in it than when the book was first put upon parchment or papyrus.

This book saw the cradle of all other books, and it will see their graves. Would you not think that an old book like this, some of it forty centuries old, would come along hobbling with age and on crutches? Instead of this, more potent than any other book of the time. More copies of it printed in the last ten years than of any other book—Walter Scott's Waverley Novels, Macaulay's "History of England," Disraeli's "Endymion," the works of Tennyson and Longfellow, and all the popular books of our time.

I can easily understand how people brooding over the description of uncleanness in the Bible may get morbid in mind until they are as full of it as the wings, and the beak, and the nostril, and the claw of a buzzard, and are full of the odors of a carcass, but what is wanted is not that the Bible be disinfected, but that you, the critic, have your mind and heart washed with carbolic acid.

You cannot make me believe that the Scriptures, which this moment lie on the table of the purest and best men and women of your age, and which were the dying speech of your fathers, and which, save in them a faint which the strongest microscope of honest criticism could make visible. If men are uncontrollable in their indignation when the integrity of wife or child is assailed, and judges and jurors as far as possible, and even under such provocation, what ought to be the overbearing and long resounding thunders of condemnation for any man who will stand in a Christian pulpit and assail the more than virgin purity of inspiration, the well beloved daughter of God.

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture galleries in Dresden and in Venice and in Rome and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be expurgated. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's "Mona Lisa." Perhaps you could put more pathos into Rubens's "Descent from the Cross." Perhaps you could change the feet of the angels in Turner's "Slave Ship."

Now, let us divide off. Let those people who do not believe the Bible and who are critics of it and that part of it go clear over to the other side of the line, stand behind the devil's gins. There can be no compromise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the out and out opposition of infidelity rather than the work of these hybrid theologians, these mongrel ecclesiastics, these half-converted people, who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the miracles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures.

Young man, do not be ashamed of your Bible. There is not a virtue but it commands, there is not a sorrow but it comforts, there is not a good law on the statute book of any country, but it is the best of the Ten Commandments. There are no braver heroes and no more noble in the earth than the heroes and the heroines which it biographies. Of all the works of Dore, the great artist, there is not a more impressive as his illustrated Bible. What scenes of Abraham's faith or Edenic beauty, of dominion Davidic or Solomonian, of miracle or parable, of nativity or of crucifixion or of last judgment but the skillful pencil, and from all the pencil to canvas immortal, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the National Gallery of London compressed within two volumes of Dore's illustrated Bible. But the Bible will come to be regarded as a masterpiece of art, when all the dross that has been gathered and all the armories have become academies and all the lakes have become Geneserats with Christ walking them, and all the cities have become Jerusalems with hovering Shekinah; cymbals of praise and the round earth a footstool to throned Omnipotence to all lands and all ages and all centuries and all eyes will be the best specimen of Bible illustrated.

The National Baseball Association of Great Britain has begun its career, and the game at Balham, England, received the prestige conferred by the presence of United States Ambassador Bayard. When it comes to sanctifying our national game there are no flaws in Mr. Bayard's patriotism. There is still some doubt that the effort to popularize baseball in England is to be taken seriously. The names of the contesting teams at Balham indicate a certain flippancy on the part of the management that is not at all promising. The "Typewriters" were pitted against the "Whiskies," and the latter team won the game. There may be nothing in a name, or there may be a great deal. In a country that takes itself, its amusements, and in fact the earth, very seriously it is a dangerous experiment to introduce a novel athletic contest under such names as those chosen for the contesting baseball nines at Balham. Typewriters and whisky are not characteristically American. There are typewriters in all countries, and whisky is made in Iceland and Scotland.

It is not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman that in this very shape that God made it, it is better than anything else that ought to please us. The evidences which have swept thousands of their annihilation.

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THE JOYOUS RIVALRY.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Not Fatal -- A Criticism -- To the Point -- Overheard in Boston -- A Genial Temperament -- Etc., Etc. NOT FATAL.

"Tommy fainted at the club the other night. We thought he was going to die." "Well, did he kick the bucket?" "No; he only turned a little pale."

A CRITICISM. "It's terrible," said Plodding Pete, "de way folks wastes time. It hurts me feelin's to see it goin' on."

TO THE POINT. He tried to press his cheek to hers. She tried her cheek to save; And said, "Come round to-morrow eve. Here's 10 cents for a shave."

OVERHEARD IN BOSTON. Blindleson--Lollita, I think it is about time you put baby in short clothes.

A GENIAL TEMPERAMENT. "They're nothink like takin' things good-naturedly," said Meandering Mike.

PARDONABLE CURIOSITY. "Charley, dear," said Mrs. Hunniman, "I don't think I take enough interest in things that men care for. Won't you tell me something about baseball?"

"Of course. Anything that I can." "I've noticed that sometimes when a club gets beat it's because the umpire doesn't do right."

"Yes." "And sometimes because the weather isn't right." "Yes."

"And sometimes because the audience doesn't do right." "Yes."

"Well, Charley, dear, what I want to know is what the players have to do with the game?"

IT LOOKED THAT WAY. "Pillam's bill came back to-day," said the bookkeeper.

"What did he have to say?" asked the merchant. "He didn't have anything to say. It was his widow who did the saying. She writes: 'Don't you think that in sending a bill to a man who has been buried three months you are rather running it into the ground?'"

QUIETING HER DOWN. Little Dick—I wanted to say something nice to Miss Antigue, so I told her she didn't look her age; but I guess I did wrong, 'cause she got sort o' huffy. You go in an quiet her down a little, so she'll be in good humor when mamma comes in.

Little Dot—What will I say? Little Dick—Say she mustn't mind me, and tell her she does look her age.

AFTER THE GAME. Drummer—Who is that man sneaking along by the fence? He looks as though he were afraid of being sand-bagged.

Native—That is the umpire of the ball game which has just been lost by the home nine.

HIS VIEW. Hanover—Is Miss Wriggley fond of music? Loyola—Well, judging from the way she thumps the piano I should say not.

THE PEACEFUL HAVE NO HISTORY. Mrs. Norris—Is this book I have written down most of the little incidents of our married life. Old Bonder—Ah, sort of family scrap book, eh?

THE WRETCH! Mrs. Van Jay—My dear, what would you do if I should be taken from you? Van Jay—Give away the pug.

ADVANTAGE OF EDUCATION. Rounds—Do you speak any foreign languages? Founds—Yes; he lives and four dead.

Rounds—Good. Founds—And interpret me. She's just returned from her finishing course ladies' seminary.

THE ABSURD ONE. Kindly Old Gentleman—My dear girl, are you going to Little Giel (what a pretty name!)—Of course I suppose I could.

BATTLES.

Capt. Magdon in the New York and Express: "A layman has no conception of the awful nature of battle in modern naval vessels. Even cruisers have steel sides, and the of the inclosed spaces is very confined. The din made by the impact of a projectile against the metal sides is awful beyond description. I wore cotton in my ears, but in spite of that an still deaf from that cause. The work even when the temperature of engine-rooms was above 200 Fahrheit. The skin of our hands and arms was actually roasted off, and my man was blinded for life, the lighting actually seared out."

Late in the action, after my hair had been burned off and my eyes so paired by infected blood that I could only see out of one of them, and the only by lifting the lid with my finger. I was desirous of seeing how the enemy was delivering his fire. As I groped my way around the protected deck 100-pound shell pierced the armor about eighteen inches in front of my man. In a second my hand touching the steel was so burned that part of the armor was left upon the armor. That how intense is the heat engendered the impact of a shot, and how rapid the steel conducts that heat.

One shell struck an open gun-battery of the Chen Yuen early in the action and glancing thence, passed through the open port. Seven gunners were killed and fifteen wounded by the shot. Early in the fight the Maxim gun in our foretop was silenced. The hole pierced by a shell could be seen from the deck. After the fight we found the officer and men on duty there all dead and frightfully mangled. That a shell had wrought the havoc.

The detonations of the heavy cannon and the impact of hostile projectiles produce concussions that actually rend the clothing off. The Chinese soldiers deserve all credit for their courage and obedience in that action. No duty too difficult or dangerous. When the Chen Yuen's foremast was ablaze from Jap shells I ordered several officers across the shell-swept place to fight the fire. They shirked that duty, but when I called upon the men to volunteer follow me they did it promptly, and the ship was saved. It was while on the duty that a shell passing between my legs threw me aloft and let me drop upon the deck with such violence that I became unconscious and was out the fight. All of the officers, however, were not cowards. On my ship several who had been educated in the country, and they were as brave and voted as men could be. Others, however, were in the safest place they could find amidsthips.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the mucous surfaces of the system. Write for free pamphlet. Manufactured by F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Two children, each fifteen years old, were married in Dalton, Ga.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cure all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

The average amount of sickness in human life is ten days per annum.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. A bottle for 25 cents.

Pilo's Cure for Consumption is an Asthma medicine.—W. B. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

afflicted with sore eyes. Dr. Isaac Thomas' Eye-Water. Druggists sell at 25 cents per bottle.

If You are Tired. All the time, without special exertion, tired in the morning as when you retire at night, you may depend upon it, your blood is impure and is lacking in vitality. Why it does not supply strength to nerves and muscles, you need Hood's Sarsaparil. To purify and enrich your blood. A few bottles of this great medicine will give you strength and vitality because it will make pure blood. Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IMPERIAL GRANUM IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS.

JOHN GAMBEL & SONS, New York.

DR. J. C. WALKER'S PAIN EXPELLER. This medicine is a great relief in all cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, headache, toothache, etc. It is a purely vegetable preparation and is perfectly safe for all ages.

DR. J. C. WALKER'S CURE FOR BRUISES AND SWELLINGS. This medicine is a great relief in all cases of bruises, swellings, etc. It is a purely vegetable preparation and is perfectly safe for all ages.

DR. J. C. WALKER'S CURE FOR COLIC AND DIARRHOEA. This medicine is a great relief in all cases of colic, diarrhoea, etc. It is a purely vegetable preparation and is perfectly safe for all ages.