

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOLLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY

SERMON.

TEXT: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes. Then said his wife unto him, Hast thou still retained thine integrity? Curse God, and die."—Book of Job, 1, 7, 8 and 9.

A story oriental and marvelous. Job was the richest man in all the east. He had camels and oxen and asses and sheep, and what would have made him rich without anything else, seven sons and three daughters. It was the habit of these children to gather together for family reunion. One day Job is thinking of his children and wishes to be together at a banquet at the elder brother's house.

While the old man is seated at his tent door he sees some one running, evidently, from his manner, bringing bad news. "What is the matter now?" "Oh," says the messenger, "a foraging party of Sabeans has fallen upon the oxen and the asses, and destroyed them and butchered all the servants except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. "What is the matter now?" "Oh," he says, "the Chaldeans have captured the camels and slain all the camel drivers except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. "What is the matter now?" "Oh," he says, "a hurricane struck the four corners of the tent where your children were assembled at the banquet, and they are all dead."

But the chapter of calamity has not ended. Job was smitten with elephantiasis, or black leprosy. Tumors from head to foot—forehead ridged with knobs and festering sores—out-nostrils excoriated—voice destroyed—intolerable exhalations from the entire body, until with none to dress his sore, he sits down in the ashes with nothing but pieces of broken pottery to use in the surgery of his wounds. At this moment, when the lightning all encouragement, and all consolation, his wife comes in, in a fret and a rage, and says: "This is intolerable. Our property gone, our children slain, and now you covered up with this loathsome and disgusting disease. Why don't you swear? Curse God and die!"

Job knew right well that swearing would not cure one of the tumors of his agonized body, would not bring back one of his destroyed camels, would not restore one of his dead children. He knew that profanity would only make the pain more unbearable, and the poverty more distressing, and the bereavement more excruciating. But, judging from the profanity abroad in our day, you might come to the conclusion that there was some great advantage to be reaped from profanity.

Blasphemy is all abroad. You hear it in every direction. The drayman swearing at his cart, the lawing firm impugning the long line of troublesome figures. Swearing at the store, swearing in the loft, swearing in the cellar, swearing on the street, swearing in the factory. Children swear. Men swear. Women swear. Swearing is so rough calling on the Almighty in the low restaurant, clear up to the reckless "Oh Lord!" of a glittering drawing-room; and the one is as much blasphemy as the other.

There are times when you cry out to the Lord by reason of our physical agony or our mental distress, and that is only through our weak hand toward the strong arm of a father. It was no profanity when James A. Garfield, in the Washington depot, cried out: "My God, what does this mean?" There is no profanity in calling out upon God in the day of trouble, in the day of darkness, in the day of physical anguish, in the day of bereavement; but I am speaking now of the triviality and of the recklessness with which the name of God is sometimes used. The whole land is cursed with it.

A gentleman coming from the far west sat in the car day after day behind two persons who were imprecating profanity, and he made up his mind that he would make a record of their profanities, and at the end of two days several sheets of paper were covered with these imprecations, and at the close of the journey he handed the manuscript to one of the persons in front of him. "Is it possible," said the man, "that we have uttered so many profanities the last few days?" "It is," replied the gentleman. "Then," said the man who had taken the manuscript: "I will never swear again."

But it is comparatively unimportant thing if a man makes a record of our improprieties of speech. The more memorable consideration is that every improper word, every oath uttered, has a record in the book of God's remembrance, and that the day will come when all our crimes of speech, if unrepented of, will be our condemnation. I shall not to-day deal in abstractions. I hate abstractions. I am going to have a plain talk with you, my brother, about a habit that you admit to be wrong.

saying: "I only swear once in a great while. I must do that just to clear myself out." The habit comes also from the profuse use of bywords. The transition from a word which may be perfectly harmless to imprecation and profanity is not a very large transition. It is "my stars!" and "mercy on me!" and "good gracious!" and "by George!" and "by jove!" and you go on and on with a little while, and then you swear. These words, perfectly harmless in themselves, are next door to imprecation and blasphemy. A profuse use of bywords always ends in profanity. The habit is creeping up into the highest styles of society. Women of no patience with flat and unvarnished profanity. They will order a man out of the parlor indulging in blasphemy, and yet you will sometimes find them with fairly fan to the lip, and under chandeliers which bring no blush to their cheek, taking out their lips the holiest of names in utter triviality.

Why, my friends, the English language is comprehensive and capable of expressing all shades of feeling and every degree of energy. Are you happy? Noah Webster will give you ten thousand words with which to express your exhilaration. And you are rightly indignant? There are whole armies in the vocabulary, righteous vocabulary and scorn, sarcasm, and irony, and caricature, and wrath. You express yourself against some meanness or hypocrisy in all the oaths that ever smoked up from the pit, and I will come right on after you and give a thousandfold more emphasis of demerit to the same meanness and the same hypocrisy in words across which no alms has ever trailed, and into which the fires of hell have never shot their forked tongues—the pure, the innocent, God honored Anglo-Saxon in which Milton sang and John Bunyan dreamed and Shakespeare dramatized.

There is no excuse for profanity when we have such a magnificent language—such a flow of good words, potent words, mighty words, words just to suit every crisis and every case. Whatever be the cause of it, profanity is on the increase, and if you do not know it, it is because you have not been hardened by the din of imprecations so that you are not stirred and moved as you ought to be by profanities in these cities which are enough to bring a hurricane of fire from the north and sweep you away.

Do you know that this trivial use of God's name results in perjury? Do you know that people who take the name of God on their lips in recklessness and thoughtlessness are committing the crime of perjury? Make the name of God in the oath in the court room, and it has no power when in court room and in legislative assembly it is employed in solemn adjuration! See the way sometimes they administer the oath: "Help you God—kiss the book!" Smuggling, which is always a violation of the oath, becomes in some cases a grand larceny. You know that "How is it possible for you to sell these goods so very cheap? I can't understand it." "Ah!" he replies, with a twinkle in the eyes, "the custom house tariff of these goods isn't as much as it might be. An oath does not mean as much as it would were it not for the God used in reverence and in solemnity. Why is it that so often jurors render unaccountable verdicts and judges give unaccountable charges, and useless railroad cases pass in our State capitals, and there are most unjust charges made in tariffs tariff lifted from one thing and put upon another?"

What is an oath? Anything solemn! Anything that calls upon the Almighty? Anything that marks an event in a man's history? Oh, no! It is kissing the book! That is the habit, I tell you plainly—and I talk to hundreds and thousands of men to-day who will thank me for my utterance—I tell you, my brother—I talk to you not professionally but just as one brother talks to another on a very important theme—I tell you there is no habit that so depletes a man's nature as the habit of profanity. You might as well try to raise vineyards and orchards on the sides of Mount St. Helens, or raise anything good on a heart from which there pours out the scoria of profanity. You may swear yourself down; you cannot swear yourself up. When the Mohammedan finds a piece of paper he cannot read, he puts it aside very cautiously, and he reads it with a reverence which the rest of us do not. That is one extreme. We go the other. Now what is the cure of this habit? It is a mighty habit. Men have struggled for years to get over it. There are men in this house of God who will give half their fortune to get rid of it. And God man was in the delirium of a fever. He had for many years lived a most upright life and was honored in all the community, but when he came into the delirium of the fever he was in the delirium of profanity, and they could not understand it. After he came to his right reason he explained it. He said: "When I was a young man I was very profane. I heard the habit, but I had to get over it. I never heard me say an improper word, but it has been an awful struggle. The tiger is chained, but he is alive yet."

If you would get rid of this habit, I warn you, my friends, to dwell upon the uselessness of it. Did a volley of cannon ever do a heavy load? Did they ever extirpate meanness from a customer? Did they ever collect a bad debt? Did they ever cure a toothache? Did they ever stop the twinge of the rheumatism? Did they ever help a man to take one step in the right direction? Come now, tell me, ye who have had the most experience in this habit, how much have you made out of it? Five thousand dollars in all your life? No. One hundred? No. One hundred? No. One dollar? No. One cent? No. If the habit be so utterly useless, away with it.

But you say: "I have struggled to overcome the habit a long while, and I have not been successful. You say that I must get my own strength, my brother. I never want God, it is in such a crisis of his history. God alone by His grace can emancipate you from trouble. Call upon Him day and night that you may be delivered from this habit. Remember also in the habit that it is the habit that it arouses God's indignation. The Bible reiterates from chapter to chapter, and verse after verse, that it is accursed for this life and that it makes a man miserable for the rest of his life. There is no denying the catalogue that is so often peremptory, and suddenly punished in this world as the sin of profanity. There is not a city or a village but can give an illustration of a man struck down by the moment of imprecation. A couple of years ago, briefly related in this sermon, I gave some instances in which God had struck swears down at the moment of their profanity. That sermon brought to me from many parts of this land and other lands, the names of men who had had instantaneous visitation from God and other phenomena. My opinion is that such cases occur somewhere every day, but for various reasons they are not reported.

In Scotland a club assembled every week in Scotland a club assembled every week for purposes of wickedness, and there was a competition as to which could use the most horrid oath, and the man who succeeded was to be President of the club. The competition went on. A man uttered an oath which confounded all the comrades, and he was made President of the club. His tongue began to swell, and it protruded from his mouth, and he could not draw it in, and he died, and the physician said: "This is the strangest thing we ever saw; we never saw any account in the books like unto it; we can't understand it. I understand it. He cursed God and died."

At Catskill, N. Y., a group of men stood in a blacksmith's shop during a violent thunder storm. There came a crash of thunder, and some of the men trembled. One man said: "Why, I don't see what you are afraid of. I am not afraid to go out in front of the shop and defy the Almighty. I am not afraid of lightning." And he laid a wager on the table that he would go out, and he shook his hat at the heavens, crying: "Strike if you dare!" And instantly he fell under a bolt. What destroyed him? Any mystery about it? Oh, no. He cursed God and died. Oh, my brother, God will not allow this sin to go unpunished. There are men of writing with manifold sheets, and that a man writing on one leaf writes clear through ten, fifteen or twenty sheets, and so every profanity we utter goes right down through the leaves of the book of God's remembrance. It is no exceptional sin. Do you suppose you could count the profanities of last week—the profanities of office, shop, factory?

They cursed God, they cursed His word, they cursed His only begotten Son. One morning, on Fulton street, as I was passing along, I heard a man swear by the name of Jesus. My hair lifted. My blood ran cold. My breath caught. My foot halted. Do you not suppose that God is aggravated? Do you not suppose that God is grieved about it? Do you not suppose that there is a cave in which his culprits were incarcerated, and he listened at the top of that cave, and he could hear every groan, he could hear every sigh, and he could hear every whisper of those who were imprisoned. He was a tyrant. God is not a tyrant, but he bends over this world, and he hears everything—every voice of praise, every voice of imprecation. He hears it all. The oaths seem to die on the air, but they have eternal echo. They come back from the ages to come.

Listen! Listen! "All blasphemers shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." And if, according to the theory of some, a man commits in one world the sins which he committed in this world—if unpardoned, unregenerated—think of a man's going on cursing in the name of God to all eternity!

The habit grows. You start with a small oath, you will come to the large oath. It is a man who with an oath between his teeth. Voltaire only gradually came to his tremendous imprecations; but the habit grew on him until in the last moment, supposing Christ stood at the bed, he exclaimed: "Crush that man to death! Crush that man to death! Crush that man to death! Crush that man to death!" brother, you begin to swear and there is nothing impossible for you in the wrong direction.

Who is this God whose name you are using in swearing? Who is eternal? Is he a tyrant? Has he ever saved you? Has he ever tyrannized over you? No. He has loved you, he has sheltered you, he watched you last night, he will watch you to-night. He wants to love you, wants to help you, wants to save you, wants to comfort you. It is not God who is the author of your trouble. He has housed them from the blast, and he wants to shelter you. Will you spit in his face by an imprecation? Will you ever thrust him back by an oath?

What is this Jesus whose name I heard in the imprecation? Has he pursued you all your life long? What vile thing has he done to you that you should so dishonor his name? Why, he was the Lamb whose blood simmers in the fires of sacrifice for you. He is the author of your redemption. He has pursued you might put it on. He has pursued you all your life long with mercy. He wants you to love him, wants you to serve him. He comes with streaming eyes and broken heart and blistered feet to save you. On the cross our doom is handed out into the sea to take you off the wreck.

Where is the hand that will ever be lifted in imprecation again? Let that hand, now blood tipped, be lifted that I may see it. Not that I do not know the voice that is uttered in dishonoring the name of that Christ? Let it speak now. Not one. Not one. Oh, I am glad to know that all these vices of the community, and these crimes of our city will be gone. Society is going to be made more pure, more righteous, more godly, more merciful, and this crime, this iniquity, and all the other iniquities will vanish before the rising of the sun of righteousness upon the nation.

There was one day in New England memorable for the darkness of the night. A hardy ever saw such an evening. The clouds which had been gathering all day unlimbered their batteries. The Housatonic, which flows quietly, save as the paddles of pleasure parties rattle the oar locks, was washed into foam, and the waves hardly knew where to lay themselves. "Oh! what a time it was! The hills jarred under the rumbling of God's chariot. Blinding sheets of rain drove the cattle to the bars, or beat against the window pane as they sought for shelter. The trees of the crown of their crowns of gold at the feet of the storm king. When night came in it was a double night, and into its locks were twisted the leaves of upland oak and the shreds of canvases torn from the masts of the beached shipping. It was such a night as makes you thank God for shelter, and open the door to let in the spaniel howling outside with terror. We went to sleep under the full blast of heaven's storm, and the morning brought us a world of uplifted voices, in chorus that filled the mountains, praising the Lord. We woke not until the fingers of the sunny morn touched our eyelids. We looked out the window and the world was all in a glow of glory. The clouds of heaven were pillars of cloud set against the sky looked like the castles of the best built for heavenly hierarchs on the beach of the azure sea. All the trees sparkled as though there had been some great grief in heaven, and the sun shone with a glory that was an angel's tear. It seemed as if our Father had looked upon the earth. His wayward child, and stooped to her wet cheek and kissed it. So will the darkness of sin and crime over our heads, and the morning of the light shall gladden the city, and strike the forests of Maine and the masts of Mobile, and all between. And one end resting on the Atlantic coast and the other resting on the Pacific beach, God will spring a new covenant from the heavens, and an everlasting covenant that the world shall never more see a deluge of crime.

"But," says some one, "preaching against the evils of society will accomplish nothing. Do you not see that the evils go right on?" I answer, we are not at all discouraged. It seemed hazardous for Moses to stretch his hand over the Red Sea. What power could that have over the waters? But the east wind blew all night; the waters gathered into two glittering palisades on either side of the shore, and the sea was pulled back upon their crystal bits. Wheel into line, oh Israel! March! March! Pearl crash under their feet. The shout of hosts mounting the beach answers the shout of hosts mid sea, until, as the last line of the sea, the sea is a plain. The cymbals clang and the cymbals clap, and as the waters whelm the pursuing foe the swift fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered, and the sea is a plain. So we go forth, and stretch out the hand of prayer and Christian effort over these dark, boiling waters of crime and sin. "Aha! Aha!" says the deriding world. But wait. The winds of divine help will begin to blow; the way will be opened for the great army of the redeemed; the glittering treasures of the world's beneficence will line the path of our feet; and to the other shore we will be greeted with the clash of all heaven's cymbals; while those who resist and deny and pursue will fall under the sword of God, and there will be nothing left of them but here and there, cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, and, thrust out from the surf, the breathless nostril of a riderless charger.

"PNEUMONIA."

Why not Call this Terrible Scourge by its Rightful Name?

(New York Telegram.) Many a strong well-built man leaves home to-day; before night he will have a chill and in a few hours will be dead!

This is the way the dreaded pneumonia takes people off.

The list of notable men who are its victims is appalling.

It sweeps over the land like a scourge and destroys poor and rich alike.

Everyone dreads it. Its coming is sudden, its termination usually speedy.

What causes it? Pneumonia, we are told, is invited by a certain condition of the system, indicated if one has occasional chills and fevers, a tendency to cold in the throat and lungs, rheumatic and neuralgic pains, extreme tired feelings, short breath and pleuritic stitches in the side, nervous unrest, scalding sensations, or scant and discolored fluids, hiccups, flatulencies, sour stomach, distressed look, puffing eye sacs, hot and dry skin, loss of strength and vitality.

These indications may not appear together. The disease, however, is latent, and for years, the person not realizing that they are nature's warning of a coming calamity.

In other words, if pneumonia does not claim as a victim the persons having such symptoms, sooner or later it will be fatal malady certainly will.

A celebrated New York physician told the Tribune that pneumonia was a secondary disorder, the exposure and cold being simply the agent which develops the disease, already dormant in the system, because the kidneys have been but partially doing their duty. In short, pneumonia is but an early indication of a bright's diseased condition. This impaired action may exist for years without the patient suspecting it, because no pain is felt in the back or in their kidneys, and often it can be detected only by chemical and microscopical observations.

Nearly 150 of the 740 deaths in New York City the first week in April (and in six weeks 750 deaths) were caused by pneumonia.

The disease is very obstinate, and if the accompanying kidney disorder is very far advanced, recovery is impossible, for the kidneys give out entirely, and the patient is literally suffocated by water.

How to prevent pneumonia is to maintain a vigorous condition of the system, and thus prevent its attacks, by using whatever will radically and effectually restore full vitality to the kidneys, for if they are not sound pneumonia cannot get a footing in their locality, and often it can be detected only by chemical and microscopical observations.

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German Student Beer-Drinkers.

A writer in a late number of the Cornhill Magazine describes at length the German Kneipe, or beer-drinking club for German students. In some of the German universities these beer-drinking clubs have regular sessions, and the drinking is carried on with much formality, and the quantity consumed is well-nigh incredible.

"It is no uncommon thing," says this writer, "for a student to drink from twenty to thirty pints of beer in the course of a single club meeting. What would appear quite impossible is accomplished in a way as disgusting as can well be conceived. The difficulty," this writer adds, "is met by artificially creating a vacuum.

The beer-honorable, full to bursting point, makes a momentary exit from the club-room, and sticks a finger in his throat. The titillation of the uvula produces a result that may be better imagined than described, and the beery champion returns to his place relieved of his previous potatoes and ready for fresh onset.

No young man can go through such drinking bouts in his college life and not deteriorate morally and physically. It is to that sort of "personal liberty" and general demoralization that we should drift rapidly in this country but for the temperance teaching which here obtains, and if the beer-makers and venders were allowed unrestricted sway.

—National Temperance Advocate.

Chronic Cough and Colds.

And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest.

It is a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CORNELL, M. D., Manchester, Ct.

In a recent interview with a reporter, a leading New York liquor dealer said that the whisky was the most dangerous liquor in the market; that it was more easily adulterated than any other spirits, and that it usually contained seven different substances, all dangerous to the health and life of the consumer.

"Ah me!" sighed Potts, "I'm tired of living, the world is hollow, ambition, 'I know the symptoms." "Come now," said his chum, "I know the symptoms."

It's all your liver—that's very plain.

You need not suffer, for help is easy; Pierce's Pellets go right to the place.

"A friend to the bilious," I well might call them—There's nothing better; they'll suit your case."

Potts ceased his sighing and bought the "Pellets."

No more he mourneth his hapless lot! His face is cheerful, his heart is lightsome, His melancholy is quite forgot!

Force in matters of opinion can do no good, but it is very apt to do hurt; for no man can change his opinions when he will, or be satisfied in his reason that his opinion is false because discontinued.

—Jeremy Taylor.

Popular Education.

We sympathize with the feeling which often leads citizens to boast that no child born in this country need grow up in ignorance, and yet it is a fact that many people who have learned to read and write have never taught themselves to think. A man who suffered from catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, scrofula, or "liver complaint," might read, till his eyes dropped out, but these and many other diseases have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but if he did not take the lesson to himself, his time would be thrown away.

Says a writer: "I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of the mothers shall occasionally be visited on the children, as well as the sins of the fathers."

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

Reason and kindness are the great promoters of that harmony and hilarity which generate friendship and affection.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye-water. Druggist sell at 25c. per bottle.

THOSE ACHES down your Back and through your Limbs MEAN RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA OR KINDRED ILLS. It Cures at once. Dr. JACOBS' OIL. DRUGGISTS & DEALERS: THE CHAS. A. VONDELL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Hurry Up! Temperance brothers and sisters, hurry up! The great army of outcasts of helpless women and innocent children look to you for aid to emancipate them from the worse than death in which they are now plunged. Agitate for "sweeter, purer laws." Already a broad streak of light is in the horizon. In the name of God, Almighty God, do not slacken one single effort for right, until the line of dawn shall have broadened into the light of perfect day.

The American saloon of to-day stands at the bar of American civilization for its verdict. The testimony is in, and of such a nature that we no longer ask anything but done with it! Society has laws for its protection, and in the exercise of personal liberty you cannot oppose the good of society. The safety of the State and the protection of the pure is the demands of temperance reform.—Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop.

THOSE ACHES down your Back and through your Limbs MEAN RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA OR KINDRED ILLS. It Cures at once. Dr. JACOBS' OIL. DRUGGISTS & DEALERS: THE CHAS. A. VONDELL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

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