

# SWORD OF ELEAZAR.

IT INSPIRES DR. TALMAGE TO A POWERFUL SERMON.

As the Soldier of Old Gripp'd His Weapon, So Should We Hold the Bible—Grasp Tightly the Two Edged Sword of Truth.

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WASHINGTON, April 9.—In the first notice concerning Dr. Talmage that Pastor Charles H. Spurgeon of London wrote the great English minister said he was glad to find a preacher that believed something. This discourse of Dr. Talmage is in that vein and urges close adherence to the old gospel; text, II Samuel xxiii, 10, "And his hand clave unto the sword."

What a glorious thing to preach the gospel! Some suppose that because I have resigned a fixed pastorate I will cease to preach. No, no. I expect to preach more than I ever have. If the Lord will, four times as much, though in manifold places. I would not dare to halt with such opportunity to declare the truth through the ear to audiences and to the eye through the printing press. And here we have a stirring theme put before us by the prophet.

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole regiment with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host. "Fall back!" Eleazar, having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of his sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

### Held in Firm Grasp.

I propose to show you how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords, but Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grasp of the gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written near 19 centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than 20,000 copies every week and more than 1,000,000 copies a year! I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the office or the factory or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible, but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel and with Eleazar's grip hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and heaven.

### Friend of All Good.

Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel.'" And the eloquent writer says, "Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar!'"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that is wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on! Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say: "I guess it is; I don't

know. Perhaps it is; perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it may be, figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the apostolic creed, but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing and ascended to nothing and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians and in the forgiveness of nothing and the resurrection of nothing and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory, I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ and in the holy catholic church and in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting. Amen!" Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth—the sword of righteousness.

### Forget Self.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of self abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them! They are so tired, and they are so astounded, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who, in order to achieve worldly success, will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown in the American Revolution a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table, for it was long before the merciful discovery of anesthetics. He said: "No; don't fasten me to that table. Get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said, "Now, go to work as I begin to play," and for 40 minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation?

### Weak Christians.

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written, but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and, totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood, he wrote the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ! How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand; oh, my hand, my hand! Don't you see there is blood on the sword!" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

### Must I be carried to the skies

On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
Or sailed through bloody seas?

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation or were burned or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, 18 men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ! We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early, so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the

salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

### Strike Hard For Right.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines—that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword, the sword took hold of him.

Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rosewater and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are 10,000 battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in Morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right name. You have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Girgashites and let those poor wretches go and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Abahs here, Herods here, Jezebels here, the massacre of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church today. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housings, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender. Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshiper if he will not please to say "amen" and "halleluiah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticize our sermons or criticize our prayers or criticize our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

### Strong to the End.

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb, but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after awhile they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States today many aged ministers of the gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word standing opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are "a minister without charge." They were a heroic race. They had small salaries and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments, but they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the gospel now into a prayer meeting or occasional pulpit or a sick-room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

### I had in my parish in Philadelphia

a very aged man who in his early life had been the companion and adviser of the early presidents, Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meetings without propping, he would throw his arm around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone, his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room, and he said, "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said, "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

### No Retiring From the Conflict.

Oh, if there ever was any one who had a right to retire from the conflict, it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a

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And April showers are moistening the earth, we would beg of you to bear in mind that we have been hard at work preparing . . . . .

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very appropriate inscription. Look at that flag of old General Joshua. On it Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, city of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag, the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, 110 years old. He is lying flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts as he says, "Behold, this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfill his promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Otesa. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the cornship broke up, he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day, when he is 68 years of age and ill from the prison cell of the Mamartine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels and describing the rheumatism afflicting his limbs or the neuralgia piercing his temples or the thirst that fever his tongue? Oh, no! His last words are the battle shout for Christendom, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay a-dying. It was Saturday morning, 4 o'clock. Just three years before that day my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been homesick to join her company. He was 88 years of age. Ministers of the gospel came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." They bathed his brow and they bathed his hands and they bathed his feet and they succeeded in straightening out the feet, but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. What was the matter with the thumb and the fingers of that old hand? Ah, it had so long touched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword."

### The Grip of Truth.

I intend this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react and while you take the sword the sword will take you. You notice that the officers of the northern army every year assemble, and you notice that the officers of the southern army every year assemble. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve and says, "There; I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And another soldier pulls down his collar and says, "There; I was wounded on the neck." And another soldier says, "I have had no use of that limb since the gunshot fracture." Oh, my friends, when the battle of life is over and the resurrection has come and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any scars showing our bravery for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look at those scars. Ignatius will be there, and he will point out the place where the tooth and paw of the lion seized him in the Coliseum, and

John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first scorched the foot on that day when his spirit took wing of flame from Constance. M'Millan and Campbell and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpur, and they will show where the daggers of the sepoys struck them. The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those there who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidences of earthly exhaustion. And Christ, with his scarred hand waving over the scarred multitude, will say: "You suffered with me on earth. Now be glorified with me in heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant, and St. John will play, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship? No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in all this battle for God and the truth we grasped the sword so firmly and struck so hard that the sword and the hand stuck together and the hand clave to the sword. Oh, my Lord Jesus, rouse us to thy service. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die. They see the triumph from afar And seize it with the eye.

### When that illustrious day shall rise

And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

### The Automobile in Surgery.

In taking X ray pictures at the patient's house it is no longer necessary in large cities to transport large electric batteries from the office. New York physicians call up an automobile over the phone, and as it stands at the door attach to its storage battery wires leading to the sickroom, and the skiagraph is taken without further trouble.—Medical Record.

### Just a Word, Boys.

Fight your own battles in life. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of anyone, and you'll succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will ever help you because no one will be so heartily interested in your own affairs. The first step will be such a long one perhaps, but carving your own way up the mountain you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had \$5,000 given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with a well earned dollar or two.

### Rheumatism Cured.

My wife has used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism with great relief, and I can recommend it as a splendid liniment for rheumatism and other household use for which we have found it valuable.—W. J. Cuyler, Red Creek, N. Y.

Mr. Cuyler is one of the leading merchants of this village and one of the most prominent men in this vicinity.—W. G. Philpitt, Editor Red Creek Herald. For sale by C. E. Helton.

### Who is to Blame.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys.

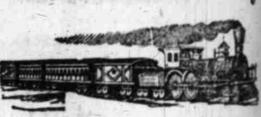
If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, and it is afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

If the adult has rheumatism; pain or dull ache in the back; if the water passes in irregular quantities; or if irregular intervals or has a bad odor; if it stains the linen or vessel the color of rust; if the feet swell; if there are puffy or dark circles under the eyes; your kidneys are the cause and need doctoring. Treatment of some diseases may be delayed without danger, not so with kidney disease.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy promptly cures the most distressing cases. Its mild and extraordinary effect is soon realized. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet telling all about it sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention that you read this generous offer in the GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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# Southern Railway



IN EFFECT DECEMBER 4, 1898.

This condensed schedule is published for the information and is subject to change without notice to the public.

### Trains leave Greensboro, N. C.:

- 7:05 a. m.—No. 37 daily, Washington & Southwestern Limited for Charlotte, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and all points south and southwest. Connects at Charlotte for Columbia, Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville and Tampa. Through Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans. New York to Memphis; New York to Tampa. Dining Car and Vestibule Coach Washington to Atlanta.
- 7:35 a. m.—No. 11 daily, for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points South. Connects at Salisbury for Asheville, Knoxville and Chattanooga. Through sleeper New York to Nashville. Through Dining Car and Vestibule Coach Washington to Atlanta.
- 7:55 a. m.—No. 35 daily, United States Mail for Washington, Richmond and all points North. Carries through Pullman Sleeping Car to New York. Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car on Mondays via New Orleans and Southern Pacific, San Francisco to Washington.
- 8:10 p. m.—No. 8 daily, for Danville, Richmond and local stations.
- 12:06 p. m.—No. 36 daily, United States Mail for Washington, Richmond and all points North. Carries through Pullman Sleeping Car to New York. Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car on Mondays via New Orleans and Southern Pacific, San Francisco to Washington.
- 12:30 p. m.—No. 35 daily, United States Mail for Washington, Richmond and all points North. Carries through Pullman Sleeping Car to New York. Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car on Mondays via New Orleans and Southern Pacific, San Francisco to Washington.
- 10:43 p. m.—No. 36 daily, Washington and Southwestern Limited for Washington and all points North. Pullman sleepers to Richmond, Washington and New York.
- 6:45 p. m.—No. 7 daily, for Charlotte and local points.
- 8:10 a. m.—No. 8 daily, for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points. Connects at Seaside with train for Tarboro, Norfolk and local points; at Weldon for Newbern and Morehead City.
- No. 16 leaves Greensboro 12:10 p. m. daily for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points; at Raleigh, Norfolk and points east. Pullman Sleeper Greensboro to Norfolk.
- 10:50 p. m.—No. 12 daily, for Raleigh, Norfolk and points east. Pullman Sleeper Greensboro to Norfolk.
- 8:15 a. m.—No. 105 for Winston-Salem and local points. Daily to Winston-Salem. Daily except Sunday to Wilkesboro.
- 12:20 p. m.—No. 107, daily except Sunday to Winston-Salem.
- 7:33 p. m.—No. 100 daily for Winston-Salem. First sections of all scheduled freight trains carry passengers between points at which they are scheduled to stop.

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