

# STRONG IN INFIRMITY.

Dr. Talmage Tells How the Disabled Hunters Bring Down the Most Game.

The World Full of Talented Blind, Lame, and Sick Men of Distinction.

The Examples Set by Milton, Homer, Ossian, and Prescott—The Lame Take the Prey.

BROOKLYN, May 27.—At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., read the account of the man helpless at the beautiful gate of the temple. He then gave out the hymn beginning—

"A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way."

The subject of the eloquent doctor's discourse was: "Disabled Hunters—Bringing Down the Most Game." His text was from Isaiah, chapter xxxiii, verse 23, "The lame take the prey." Following is the sermon:—

The utter demolition of the Assyrian host was here predicted. Not only robust men should go forth and gather the spoils of conquest, but even men crippled of arm and crippled of foot should go out and capture much that was valuable. Their physical disadvantages should not hinder their great enrichment. So it has been in the past, so it is now, so it will be in the future. So it is in all departments. Men labor under seemingly great disadvantages and amid the most unfavorable circumstances, yet making grand achievements, getting great blessing for themselves, great blessing for the world, great blessing for the church, and so "the lame take the prey."

Do you know that the three great poets of the world were totally blind? Homer, Ossian, John Milton. Do you know that Mr. Prescott, who wrote that enchanting book "The Conquest of Mexico," never saw Mexico, could not even see the paper on which he was writing? A frame-work across the sheet, between which, up and down, went the pen immortal.

Do you know that Gambassio, the sculptor, could not see the marble before him, or the chisel with which he cut it into shapes bewitching? Do you know that Alexander Pope, whose poems will last as long as the English language, was so much of an invalid that he had to be sewed up every morning in rough canvas in order to stand on his feet at all?

Do you know that Stuart the celebrated painter, did much of his world real work in the shadow of the dung on, where he had been unjustly imprisoned for debt? Do you know that Demosthenes, by almost superhuman exertion, just had to conquer the lisp of his own speech before he conquered assemblies, with his eloquence? Do you know that Bacon struggled all through his life with a terrible sickness, and that Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott went limping on their feet through all literature, and that many of the great poets and painters and orators and historians and heroes of the world had something to keep them back, and pull them down, and impede their way, and cripple their physical or their intellectual movement, and yet that they pushed on and pushed up until they reached the spoils of worldy success and amid the huzzas of nations and centuries "the lame took the prey?"

You know that a vast multitude of these men started under the disadvantage of obscure parentage. Columbus, the son of the weaver; Ferguson, the astronomer, the son of the shepherd; America the prey of the one; worlds on wheels the prey of the other. But what is true in secular directions is more true in spiritual and religious directions, and I proceed to prove it.

There are in all communities many invalids. They never know a well day. They adhere to their occupations but they go paunting along the streets with exhaustions, and at evening they lie down on the lounge with aching joints and aching limbs. They have tried all prescriptions, they have gone through all the cures which were proclaimed infallible, and they have come now to surrender to perpetual ailments. They consider they are among many disadvantages, and when they see those who are buoyant in health pass by, they almost envy their robust frames and easy respiration.

But I have noticed among that invalid class those who have the greatest knowledge of the Bible, who are in nearest intimacy with Jesus Christ, who have the most remarkable exultations to prayer, and who have most exultant anticipations of heaven. The temptations which weary us who are in robust health they have conquered; they have drawn among the spoils of the conquest. Many who are alert and active and swifly later in life, have been among the lame that take the prey. Robert Traill an invalid; Edward Taylor an invalid; Richard Baxter an invalid; Samuel Johnson an invalid. It is interesting when you want to call to mind those who are most Christ-like, you think of some darkened room in your father's house from which there went forth an influence potent for eternity.

A step further. Through raised letters

the art of printing has been brought to the attention of the blind. You take up the Bible for the blind and you close your eyes, and you run your fingers over the raised letters, and you say, "Why, I never could get any information in this way. What a slow, lumbering way of reading! God help the blind."

And yet I find among that class of persons, among the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, the most thorough acquaintance with God's word. Shut out from all other sources of information, no sooner does their hand touch the raised letter than they gather a prayer. With-out eyes they look of upon the kingdoms of God's love. Without hearing, they catch the ministry of the skies. Dumb, yet without pencil, or with irradiated countenance, they declare the glory of God.

A large audience assembled in New York at the anniversary of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and one of the visitors with chalk on the blackboard wrote this question to the pupils: "Do you not find it very hard to be deaf and dumb?" And one of the pupils took the chalk and wrote on the blackboard this sublime sentence in answer: "When the song of the angels shall burst upon our enraptured ear, we will scarce regret that our ears were never marred with earthly sounds." Oh! the brightest eyes in heaven will be those that never saw on earth. The ears most alert in heaven will be those that in this world heard neither voice of bird, nor theme of harp, nor choir of bird, nor doxology of congregations.

A lad who had been blind from infancy was cured. The oculist operated upon the lad and then put a very heavy bandage over the eye, and after a few weeks had gone by the bandage was removed, and the mother said to her child, "Willie, can you see?" He said, "Oh, mamma, is this heaven?" The contrast between the darkness before and the brightness afterward was overwhelming. And I tell you the glories of heaven will be a thousand fold brighter for those who never saw anything on earth. While many with good vision closed their eyes in night, and many who had a good artistic and cultured ear went down and discarded these afflictions of mine, the Lord in the trouble and the calamity sorrows their advantage, and so "the lame took the prey."

In the seventh century there was a legend of St. Modobert. It was said that his mother was blind, and one day while looking at his mother he felt so sympathetic for her blindness that he rushed forward and kissed her blind eyes, and the legend says, her vision came immediately. That was only a legend, but it is a truth, a glorious truth, that a kiss of God's eternal love has brought to many a blind eye eternal illumination.

A step further. There are those in all communities who toil mightily for a livelihood. They have sweat wages. Perhaps they are diseased, or have physical infirmities, so they are hindered from doing a continuous day's work. A city mis-soury finds them in the dark alley, with no fire, with thin clothing with very coarse bread. They never rise in the street car; they cannot afford the five cents. They never see any pictures save those in the show window on the street, from which they are often so led, and looked at by some one who seems to say in the look, "Move on! what are you doing here looking at pictures?"

Yet many of them live on mountains of transfiguration. At their rooms, to be he who felt the five thousand breaks the bread. They talk of ten of the good things that are coming. This world has no charm for them. But Heaven entrances their spirit. They often divide their scant crust with some fallen wretch who knocks at their door at night and on the blast of the night wind as the door opens to let them in, is heard the voice of Him who said, "I was hungry and ye fed me." No cohort of heaven will be too bright to transport them. By God's help they have vanquished the Assyrian host. They have divided among them the spoils. Lame, lame, yet they took the prey.

I was riding along the country road one day and I saw a man on crutches. I overtook him. He was very old. He was going very slowly. At that rate it would have taken him in two hours to go a mile. I said, "Wouldn't you like to ride?" He said, "Thank you I would. God bless you." When he set his saddle, he said, "You see, I am very lame and very old, but the Lord has been a good Lord to me. I have buried all my children. The Lord gave them, and the Lord had a right to take them away. Blessed be His name. I was very sick, and I had no money, and my neighbors came in and took care of me, and I wanted nothing. I suffer a great deal with pain, but then I have so many mercies left. The Lord has been a good Lord to me." And before we had got far, I was in doubt whether I was riding him a ride or he was riding me a ride! He said, "Now, if you please, I'll get out here. Just help me down on my crutches, if you please. God bless you. Thank you, sir. Good morning. Good morning." Swarthy men had gone the road that day. I do not know where they came out, but every hobble of that old man was toward the shining gate. With his old crutch he had struck down many a Sinner's temptations which his master led you a lame, so fearful, so awfully lame, but he took the prey.

A step further. There are in all communities many orphans. During our last war, and in the years immediately following, how many children we heard say, "Why, my father was killed in the war." Have you ever noticed, I fear you have not, how well those children have turned out? Starting under the greatest disadvantages, no orphan was ever left for them what their father would have done had he lived. The kindness of one night, by the light of a lamp, in the swamp, writing a letter to a woman sharp shooter's wife, tended the letter which was never folded, never posted, and never read.

These children came up under great disadvantages. No father to light their way through life. Perhaps there was in the old family Bible an old yellow letter pasted fast, which told the story of the

father's long march, and how he suffered in the hospital, but they looked still further on in the Bible, and they came to the story of how God is the father of the fatherless, and the widow's portion, and they soon took their father's place in that household. They battled the way for their mother. They came on up, and many of them have in the years since the war taken positions in church and state. While many of those who suffered nothing during those times have had sons go out into lives of infidelity and vagabondage. These who started under so many disadvantages because they were so early bereft, these are the lame who took the prey.

A step further. There are those who would like to do good. They say, "Oh! if I had wealth, or if I had eloquence, or if I had high social position, how much I would accomplish for God and the church!" I stand here today to tell you that you have great opportunities for usefulness.

Who built the Pyramids? The king who ordered them built? No; the plain workmen who added stone after stone and stone after stone. Who built the dikes of Holland? The government that ordered the enterprise? No; the plain workmen who carried the earth and piling their trowel on the wall. Who are those who have built these vast cities? The capitalists? No; the carpenters, the masons, the plumbers, the plasterers, the tinner, the roofers, dependent on a day's wages for a livelihood. And so in the great work of assuaging human suffering and enlightening human ignorance and halting human iniquity, the chief part is to be done by ordinary men, with ordinary speech, in an ordinary manner, and by ordinary means. The trouble is that in the army of Christ we all want to be captains and colonels and brigadier generals. We are not willing to march with the rank and file and to do duty with the private soldier. We want to belong to the reserve corps, and read about the battle while warming ourselves at the camp fires, or on furlough at home, our feet upon an ottoman, we sagging back into an arm chair.

As you go down the street, you see an execution, and four or five men are working and piling twenty or thirty logs on the rail looking over at them. That is the way it is in the church of God today; where you find one Christian hard at work, there are fifty men watching the job.

Oh! my friends, why do you not go to work and preach this gospel? You say, "I have no pulpit." You have. It may be the carpenter's bench, it may be the mason's wall, the robe in which you are to preach this gospel may be a shoemaker's apron. But woe unto you if you preach this gospel somewhere, somewhere, somehow! If this world is ever brought to Christ it will be through the unanimous and long-continued efforts of men who, waiting for no special endowment, consecrate to God what they have. Among the most useless people in the world are men with ten talents, while many a one with only two talents, or no talents at all, is doing a great work, and so "the lame take the prey."

There are thousands of ministers of whom you have never heard—in log cabins in the West, in mission chapels at the East—who are warring against the legions of darkness, successfully warring. Trade-distributors, month by month undraining the citadels of sin. You do not know their going or their coming; but the outfalls of their ministry are heard in the palaces of Heaven. Who are the workers in our Sabbath schools through out this land today? Men celebrated, men of high rank, men of vast estate? For the most part not that at all. I have noticed that the chief characteristic of the most of those who are successful in the work is that they know their Bibles, are earnest in prayer, and anxious for the salvation of the young, and Sabbath by Sabbath are willing to sit down unserved and tell of Christ and the resurrection. These are the humble workers who are recruiting the great army of Christian youth—not by might, not by power, not by proud argument, not by brilliant orations, but by the blessing of God on plain talk, and a humble story, and silent tear, and anxious look. "The lame take the prey."

Oh! this work of saving the youth of our country, how few appreciate what it is! This generation tramping on to the grave—we will soon all be gone. What next? An engineer on a locomotive going across the Western prairies day after day, saw a little child come out in front of a car in a way to him; so he got in the habit of waving back to the little child, and it was the day's joy to him to see this little one come out in front of the car and wave to him while he answered back.

One day the train was belated and it came on to the dusk of the evening. As the engineer stood at his post he saw by the headlights that little girl on the track, waving her way to him did not come, looking for the train, knowing nothing of its peril. A great horror seized upon the engineer. He reversed the engine. He gave it in charge of the other man on board, and then he came down over the engine, and he came down on the cowcatcher. He said, though he had reversed the engine, it seemed as though it were going at lightning speed, fast and fast, though it was really slowing up, and with almost supernatural clutch he caught that child by the hair and lifted it up, and when the train stopped and the passengers gathered around to see what was the matter, there the little child lay, faintly dead, away, the little child alive and in his swarthy arms.

"Oh," you say, "that was well done." But I want you to exercise some kindness and some appreciation toward those in the community who are snatching the little ones from under the wheels of temptation and sin, and saving them from under their feet the trains of eternal disaster, bringing them up into respectability in this world, and into glory for the world to come. You appreciate what the engineer did, why can you not appreciate the greater work done by every Sabbath school teacher this afternoon?

Oh! my friends, I want to impress upon myself and upon yourselves that it is not the number of talents we possess, but the use we make of them.

God has a royal family in the world. Now, if I should ask, "Who are the royal families of history?" you would say, "House of Hapsburg, House of Stuart, House of Bourbon." They live in palaces, and had great equipage. But who are the Lord's royal family? Some of the many serve you in the household, some of them are in unlighted garrets, some of them will walk this afternoon down the street, on their arm a basket of crooked nails; some of them are in the almshouse, despondent and rejected of men, yet in the next great day, wait it will be found that some of us who faced so un-pleasantly every day are hurried back into discomfiture, there are the lame that will take the prey.

One step further. There are a great many people discouraged about getting to heaven. You are brought up in good families, you had Christian partridge, but you frankly tell me that you are a thousand miles away from the right track.

My brother, you are the one I want to preach to this morning. I have been looking for you. I will tell you how you got astray. It was not maliciousness on your part. It was perhaps through the gentleness and sociability of your nature that you fell into sin. You wandered away from your duty, you unconsciously let the house of God; you admit the gospel to be true, and yet you have so grievously and so prolongedly wandered, you say rescue is impossible.

It would take a week to count up the names of those in heaven who were on earth worse than you tell me you are. They were the whole round of iniquity, they disgraced themselves, they disgraced their household, they despaired of return because their reputation was gone, their property was gone, but in some hour like this they heard the voice of God, and threw themselves on the divine compassion, and they rose up more than conquerors. And I tell you there is one reason why I like to preach this gospel, so free a gospel, so tremendous a gospel. It takes a man all wrong, and it makes him all right.

In a former settlement where I preached, a member of my congregation took the house of God, quiet respectable circles, went into all styles of sin, and was slain of his iniquity. The day for his burial came, and his body was brought to the house of God. No one of his comrades who had destroyed him were over near along the street on the way to the burial, saying, "Come, let us go and hear Father's sermon on this old sinner." Oh! I had nothing but tears for the dead, and I had nothing but invitations for the living. You see I could not do any otherwise. "Christ Jesus came to seek and save that which was lost." Christ in his dying prayer said: "Father, forgive them," and that was a prayer for you, one for me. Oh! start on the road for heaven today. You are not happy. The thirst of your soul will never be slaked by fountains of sin. You turn everywhere but to God for help. Right where you are, call on him. He knows you. He knows all about you. He knows all the odds against which you have been contenting in life. Do not go to him with a long rigamarole of prayer, but just look up and say, "Help! Help!"

But you say, "My hand trembles so from my disposition, I can't even take hold of a hymn-book to sing." Do not worry about that, my brother; I will give out a hymn at the close so familiar you can sing it without a book. But you say, "I have such terrible habits on me, I can't get rid of them." My answer is, Almighty grace can break up that habit, and will break it up. But you say, "The wrong I did was to one dead and in Heaven now, and I can't correct that wrong." You can correct it. By the grace of God, go into the presence of that one, and the apostle's you ought to have made on earth make in Heaven.

"Oh," says some man, "if I should try to do right, if I should turn away from my evil doing into the Lord, I would be just dead. I would be driven back, nobly would have any sympathy for me." You are mistaken. Here, in the presence of the church on earth and in heaven, I give you to lay the right hand of Christian fellowship. God sent me here today to preach this, and He sent you here to hear this. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought, and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon."

Though you may have been the worst sinner, you may become the best saint, and in the great day of judgment it will be found that "where sin abounded, grace does much more abound," and while the spoils of an everlasting kingdom are being awarded for your pursuit, it will be found that "the lame took the prey." Blessed be God that we are this Sabbath, one week nearer the oblation of all the inequalities of this life and all its disquietudes.

Years ago, on a boat on the North River the pilot gave a very sharp rattle to the bell for the boat to slow up. The engineer attended to the machinery and then came up with some alarm on his face to see what was the matter. He saw it was a moonlight night and there were no obstacles in the way. He went to the pilot and said, "Why did you ring the bell that way?" "Why do you want to stop? There's nothing the matter." And the pilot said to him, "There is a man gathering on the river, don't you see that? And there is night gathering on the river, and I can't see the way." Then the engineer, looking around, and seeing a bright moonlight, looked into the face of the pilot, and saw that he was dying, and then that he was dead.

Remember that when our last moment comes we may be found at our post doing our whole duty, and when the minutes of our lives gather on our eyelids, may the good Pilot take the wheel from our hands and guide us into the calm harbor of eternal rest!

"Drop the anchor, fast the sail,  
I am safe within the rail."  
How the Marceubans Live.  
Going ashore early before sunrise, our

first visit was made to the market place, to see what Marceubans live upon. A better and a cheaper market would be hard to find. Excellent beef, good pork and fowls averaged ten cents a pound, and all varieties of tropical fruit abounded at corresponding prices. The fish were in bunches were green green heads two or three feet long, with brown warts all over them and vicious black beads of eyes. They snapped at us like dogs as we passed, and when teased with a stick clung to it like bull terriers.

There were iguanas, whose delicious white flesh is eagerly eaten by all classes. It tastes like chicken, but is more delicate. Of course considerable hunger would be needed to make them appetizing to a stranger who should recognize them in a stew. Further on an animal with head and tail like a rat, feet like an alligator and a coat of mail like an iron plate, a man-of-war was wasted to a post. It received a poke it rolled itself promptly into a ball, head and all being quite covered by its plates, and thus defied further attack. This was an armadillo, also a tidbit when properly stewed or roasted.

Monkeys were scarce in the market; and the old schoolbook fable of travelers making use of them to get coconuts from lofty trees, by shying coconuts at them and dodging nuts that came down in return, came to mind as I watched the antics of these poor brutes waiting their turn to be sold. The fact is, monkeys are very shy of their human cousins, and retreat from civilization with all speed.

Coconut trees do not grow wild, but require careful cultivation and constant care, being planted for profit or for ornamentation near houses, so that a monkey is almost as likely to be found upon an apple tree as on a cocoa palm. And owners of plantations would probably welcome any stranger, whether two or four handed, who attempted to steal their fruit, very much in the same manner as they would with us. I fear that the story of monkey usefulness is exaggerated, not to say mythical.

The "Small Means" Department.  
A large clothing store at Vienna, Austria, has just introduced a new "department for small means." It is located in the underground, and contains second-hand goods. All those attending to fashion and appearance buy new clothes every season, their last season's wardrobe being very good yet. They return the latter at a comparatively low figure, and pay the difference between it and the price they are charged for their new, fashionable clothes. These returned goods of the preceding season go to the "small means" department, and are sold at a little advance, enough to cover expenses. In that department workmen, clerks and others are thus able to buy good clothes at very low figures.

—A hen is a good egg producer, but it takes a man to lay a corner stone.

An Explanation.

What is this "nervous trouble" with which so many seem now to be afflicted? If you will remember a few years ago the word Malaria was comparatively unknown,—to-day it is as common as any word in the English language, yet this word covers only the meaning of another word used by our forefathers in times past. So it is with nervous diseases, as they and Malaria are intended to cover what our grandfathers called Biliousness, and all are caused by troubles that arise from a diseased condition of the Liver which in performing its functions finding it can not dispose of the bile through the ordinary channel is compelled to pass it off through the system, causing nervous troubles, Malaria, Bilious Fever, etc. You who are suffering can well appreciate a cure. We recommend Green's August Flower. Its cures are marvelous.

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of an old bachelor. "I do. I've proof of it." "In what way?" "I was refused by five girls when I was a young man."

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at Royster's Drug Store. Large bottles \$1.

Drop the anchor, fast the sail,  
I am safe within the rail.

How the Marceubans Live.

Going ashore early before sunrise, our