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SPEAK FOR THE RIGHT.

Dr. Talmage Calls For a More Vociferous Religion.

DIABOLICAL AGENCIES ACTIVE

Silence Is Not Golden While There Are Evils to Denounce—Be Ready With Tongue When Christianity Is Assailed—Lift Up the Voice In Prayer and Song.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls for a more demonstrative religion and a hearty speaking out on the right side of everything; text, Mark x. 25, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

Here was a case of great domestic anguish. The son of the household was possessed of an evil spirit, which among other things paralyzed his tongue and made him speechless. When the sufferer saw Jesus he pointed to his son and by a wave—articulation was impossible. The spirit that captured this member of the household was a dumb spirit—so called by Christ—a spirit abroad today and as lively and potent as in New Testament times. Yet, in all the realms of sermonology, I cannot find a discourse concerning this devil which Christ charged upon in my text, saying, "Come out of him."

There has been much destructive superstition abroad in the world regarding possession by evil spirits. Under the form of belief in witchcraft this delusion swept the continents. Persons were supposed to be possessed with some evil spirit which made them able to control others. In the fifteenth century in Geneva 1,500 persons were buried to death as witches. Under one judge, in Lorraine, 900 persons were hanged to death as witches. In one neighborhood of France 1,600 persons were burned. In two centuries 200,000 persons were slain as witches so mighty was the delusion that it included among its victims some of the greatest intellects of all time, such as Chief Justice Matthew Hale and Sir Edward Coke, and such renowned ministers of religion as Cotton Mather, on of whose books Benjamin Franklin said shaped his life, and Richard Baxter and Archbishop Cranmer and Martin Luther, and among writers and philosophers Lord Bacon. That belief which has become the laughing stock of all sensible people pounded its disciples among the wisest and best people of Sweden, Germany, England, France, Spain and New England. But while we reject witchcraft, any man who believes the Bible must believe that there are diabolical agencies abroad in the world. While there are unclean spirits to bless there are infernal spirits to hinder, to poison and to destroy. Christ was speaking to a spiritual existence when standing before the afflicted one of the text he said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of him."

Witches of Evil.

Against this dumb devil of the text I put you on your guard. Do not think that this agent of evil has put his blight on those who in confession of the creed organs have had the golden gates of speech bolted and barred. Among those who have never spoken a word are the sweet prelude and many bold and talented souls that were ever incarnated. The chaplains of the asylums for the dumb can tell you enchanting stories of those who never could use the name of father or mother or child, and many of the most devout and prayerful souls will never in this world speak the name of God or Christ.

Many a deaf mute have I seen with the angel of intelligence seated in the grandeur of the eye, who never came forth from the door of the mouth. When the calends of loveliness and knowledge was Laura Bridgman of New Hampshire, not only without faculty of speech, but without hearing and without sight, all those faculties removed by sickness when 2 years of age, yet becoming a wonder at needlework, at the piano, at the bowling machine and an intellectual student of the Scriptures and confounding philosophers, who came from all parts of the world to muse the phenomenon. Thanks to Christianity for what it has done for the amelioration of the condition of the deaf and the dumb. Back to the ages they were put to death as heirs so right with such paucity of equipment, to live, and for centuries they were classed among the idiotic and unsafe. But in the sixteenth century came Pedro Ponce, the Spanish monk, and in the seventeenth century came Juan Pablo Bonet, another Spanish monk, with dactylology, or the finger alphabet, and in the next century we have had John Braidwood and Dr. Mitchell and Ackerly and Peet and Gallaudet, who have given to uncounted thousands of those whose tongues were forever silent the power to spell out on the air by a manual alphabet their thoughts about this world and their hopes for the next. We laugh at the brilliant inventions in behalf of those who were born dumb. One of the most impressive audiences I ever addressed was in the city of Paris, an audience of about 600 persons, who had never heard a sound or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them. I congratulate that audience on two advantages they had over the most of us—the one that they escaped hearing a great many disagreeable things and on the other that they escaped saying a great many more sorry for afterward. Yet after all the alleviations a shackled tongue is an appalling limitation. But we are not this morning speaking of congenital mutes. We mean those who are born with all the faculties of vocalization and yet have been struck by the evil one mentioned in the text, the dumb devil to whom Christ called, when he said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

Silence Is a Crime.

There has been apotheosization of silence. Some one has said silence to ladies, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and the direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a man or woman who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became in danger, for sullicry. Perhaps it was over in the store some day when there was not much going on and the clerks were in a group, or it was in the factory at the noon spell, or it was out on the train under the trees while you were resting, or it was in the clubroom, or it was in a social circle, or it was in the street on the way home from business, or it was on some occasion which you remember without my describing it. Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the professing Christian, and anyone could begin to pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started, and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you speak. What kept you silent? Modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a lie or an oath that put the sting of death into your father or mother or wife or husband or child, you would flush up quick and either with an indignant look or a rolled up fist make rebuke. And yet here is our Christian religion, which has done so much for you and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet when it was attacked you did not so much as say, "I differ. I object. I am sorry to hear you say that. There is another side to this." You Christian people dumb in such times as these, go armed, not with carnality weapons, but with the sword of the Spirit. You ought to have four or five questions with which you could confound any man who attacks christianity. A man says the dumb devil is telling you how to fight a scoffer. My quick friend said to the skeptic "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible?" "Yes," was the curt reply. "It is a fine story and as interesting a story as I ever read." "Well now," said my old friend, "suppose that account of Joseph stopped with Genesis xxxvii." "Oh," said the man, "then it would not be entertaining." "Well, now," said my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and it is not fair to think that when we hear the last half things may be consistent and that then we may find that God was right?"

Interrogation Points.

Oh, friends, better load up with a few interrogation points. You cannot afford to be silent, when God and the Bible and the Judge of eternity are assailed. Your silence gives consent to the boldness of your Father's house. You allow a dun to be cast on your mother's good name if you do not, in behalf of the Lord, who for you went through the agonies of assassination on the rocks bluff back of Jerusalem, you dared not face one scoffer's jokes. Better load up with a few questions, so that next time you will be ready. Say to the scoffer "Modern sir, will you tell me what makes the difference between the condition of woman in China and the United States? What do you think of the sermon on the mount? How do you like the golden rule laid down in the decalogue? What is your idea of the Ten Commandments? In your large and extensive reading have you come across a lower character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triumphant deathbeds of infidels and atheists? How do you account for the fact that among the out and out believers in Christianity were such persons as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Babington Macaulay, William Penn, Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Sir Isaac Newton, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Admiral Farragut, Ulysses S. Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Chief Justice Marshall, John Adams, Daniel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion? Among the immemorable colleges and universities of the earth will you name me three started by infidels and now supported by infidels? Down in your heart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion? When do you have the most rapturous joy in the world?" Go at him with a few such questions, and he will get so red in the face as to suggest apoplexy, and he will look at his watch and say he has an engagement and must go. You will put him in a sweat that will beat a Turkish bath. You will put him on a root compared with which our troops at Hull Run mode no time at all. Arm yourself not with arguments, but interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a man as you, shall such a woman as you, surrender to one of the meanest spirits that ever smoked up from the pit—the dumb devil spoken of in the text?

Lift Up the Voice.

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exorcised when he said "I charge thee to come out of him" takes people by the wholesale. In the most responsive religious audience have you noticed how many people never sing at all? They have a book, and they have a voice, but they know how to read. They know many of the tunes and yet are silent while the great raptures of music pass by. Among those who sing not one out of a hundred sings loud enough to hear his own voice. They hum it. They give a sort of whispered treble. They make the lips go, but it is inaudible. With a voice strong enough to stop a street car one block away, all they can afford in the praises of God is about half a whisper. With enough organines, enough altos, enough basses to make a small heaven between the four walls, they let the opportunity go by unimproved. The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied about two thousand times, and then another clerk and gives out the hymn, the organ begins, the choir or precentor leads, the audience are standing so that the lungs may have full expansion, and a mighty harmony is about to ascend when the evil spirit spoken of in my text—the dumb devil—spreads his two wings, one upon the lips of one-half the audience and the other wing over the lips of the other half of the audience, and the voices roll back into the throats from which they started, and only here and there anything is heard, and nine-tenths of the holy power is destroyed, and the dumb devil on he ear says, says, "I could not keep Isaac Watts from writing that hymn, and I could not keep Lowell Mason from composing the tune to which it is set, but I made into silence the baleful silence the lips from which it would have spread abroad to bless neighborhoods and cities and then mount the wide open heavens." Give the long meter doxology the full support of Christendom and those four lines would take the whole earth for God.

The Power of Song.

During the cotton famine in Lancashire, England, when the suffering was *something* terrible, as the first wagon load of forted rolled in the starving people unhooked the horses and drew the load themselves, singing until all Lancashire joined in with triumphant voices, their thanksgiving and praise. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." When Commodore Perry, with his warship, the Mississippi, lay at the head of Japan, the sailors joined the chorus with "Old Hundred;" played by the marine band. Glorious "Old Hundredth," composed by William Franc of Geneva! In a war poem of 10 o'clock at night, *the four fellows far* from home and wounded and sick and dying, one prisoner started the "Old Hundredth Doxology," and then a wave of voices joined, then all the prisoners on all the floors took up the acclaim until the building, from foundation to top stone, fairly shook with the glorious ascription. A British man-of-war lying off a foreign coast heard a voice singing that doxology and immediately guessed and guessed aright that there was an Englishman in captivity on the Mohammedans, and in the small boats the sailors rowed to shore and burst into a psalm-song and set the captive free. I do not know what time the trumpets of resurrection shall play, but it may be the doxology which is now sounding across Christendom, and with much more hearty we would be in our songs and how easily we could drive back the dumb devil that now has us in shipping assistedness if we could realize that nearly all our hymns have a stirring history. That glorious hymn, "Stand Up For Jesus," was suggested by the last words of Dudley Tyng, who was dying from having his right arm torn off by a thrashing machine. That hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me, Let Me Hide Myself In Thee," was written in a wayside cleft in the rock by Augustus Montague Toplady. That hymn, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight" is a song that has saved hundreds of disheartened young men.

Tom, the drummer boy in the army, was found crying, and an officer asked him what was the matter. "Oh," he said, "I had a dream last night. My sister died ten years ago, and my mother never saw herself again, and she died when I was a little child. And then I was killed in battle and that mother and sister came down to meet me." After the next battle was over some one counted a dead drummer boy. But he recognized as the voice of Tom, the drummer boy, singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." But at the end of the first verse the dumb devil came very near, and at the end of the second verse it stopped, and they went up and found Tom, the drummer boy, leaning against a stump and dead.

Drive the Dumb Devil.

That hymn "O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing" was suggested to Charles Wesley by Peter Bohler, who, after a conversation, said, "I had better keep silent about it." "No!" said Wesley. "If you had 10,000 tongues, you had better use them for Christ." And then that angel of hymnology penned the words.

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

While much of the modern music is a religious service is conducted not in sense, a sacred imbecility, would like to see some great musician of our time lift the baton and marshal Luther's Judgment Hymn, Yarmouth, Dundee, Ariel, Brattlestreet, Uxbridge, Pleyel's Hymn, Harwell, Antioch, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, with a few regiments of mighty tunes sung by our people, and storm Asia, Africa and America for the kingdom of God. But the first thing to do is to drive out the dumb devil of the text from all our churches.

Do not, however, let us lose ourselves in generalities. Not one of us but has had our lives sometimes subjected to the evil spirit of the text—this awful dumb devil. We had just one opportunity of hearing a Christian word that might have led a man or woman into a Christian life. The opportunity was fairly put before us. The word of invitation or consolation or warning came to the inside gate of the mouth, but there it halted. Some hindering power locked the jaws together so that they did not open. The tongue lay flat and still in the bottom of the mouth as though stuck with paralysis. We were mute. Though God had given us the physiological apparatus for speech and our lungs were filled with air which, by the command of our will could have made the laryngeal muscles move and the vocal organs vibrate, we were wickedly and fatally silent. For all time and eternity we missed our chance. Or it was a prayer meeting, and the service was thrown open for speech and our lungs were filled with dead halt—everything silent as a graveyard at midnight. Indeed, it was a graveyard and midnight. An embarrassing pause took place that put a wet blanket on all the meeting. Men, bold enough on business exchange or in worldly circles, shut their eyes as though they were praying in silence, but they were not praying at all. They were busy hoping somebody else would do his duty. The women flushed under the awful pause and made their fans more rapidly flutter. Some brother, with no cold, coughed, by that sound trying to fill up the time, and then there was silence. But what kind of it? The dumb devil. This is the way I account for the fact that the shapliest places on earth are sometimes the most silent. Under the very influence of the Spirit of God a man keeps any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual incubators in which kept on low heat many of us have just as germs of usefulness in a sculptor's studio stood a figure of the god Opportunity. The sculptor had made the hair fall down over the face of the statue so as to completely cover it, and there were wings to the feet. When asked why he so represented Opportunity, the sculptor answered, "The face of the statue is thus covered up because we do not recognize Opportunity when it comes and the wings to the feet show that Opportunity is swiftly gone."

Aggressive Christianity.

But do not let the world decide the church because of all this, for the dumb devil is just as conspicuous in the world. The great political parties assemble at the proper time to build platforms for the candidates to stand on. A committee of each party is appointed to make the platform. After proper deliberation the committees come in with a ringing report, "whereas" and "whereas" and "wherefore." Pronouncinuments of what shall with the one idea of getting the most votes. All expenditure in regard to the great moral evils of the country ignored. No expression in behalf of temperate living, for that would lose the vote of the liquor traffic. No expression in regard to the anti-canal attempt at the demolition of the Lord's day. No recognition of God in the history of nations, for that would lose the vote of atheists. But "whereas" and "whereas" and "whereas." Nine cheers will be given for the platform. The dumb devil of the text puts one wing over the one platform and the other wing over the other platform. These great conventions are opened with prayer by their chaplains, but they avoided latitudes and told the honest truth in their prayers, they would say "O Lord, we want to be postmasters and consuls and foreign ministers and United States district attorneys. For that we come here and for that we will strive till the election next November. Give us office or we die. Forever and ever. Amen." The world, to say the least, is no better than the church on this subject of silence at the wrong time. In other words, is it not time for Christianity to become *pronounced* and *aggressive* as never before? Take sides for God and salutary and righteousness. "If the Lord be God, follow him, if Baal, then follow him." Have you opportunity of rebuking a sin? Rebuke it. Have you a chance to cheer a disheartened soul? Cheer it. Have you a useful son to speak? Speak it.

Lord, up and awake, up and down for righteousness. If your ship is afloat on the Pacific ocean of God's mercy, hang out your colors from masthead and from every spar. If your ship is on the ocean of spiritual peril, signal it to Jesus. Have you a passenger on board your ship to whom you would not say, "Come with us and we will do you good, for the Lord hath promised good concerning Israel?" The opportunity for good which you may consider insignificant may be tremendous for results; as when on the sea Captain Haldane was at the ship's crew with an oath that wished them all in perdition, and a Scotch sailor touched his cap and said, "Captain, God bless prayer, and we would be badly off if your wish were answered." Captain Haldane was convicted by the sailor's remark and converted and became the instrument of the salvation of his brother Robert, who had been an infidel, and then Robert became a minister of the gospel, and under his ministry the godless Felix Neff became the world renowned missionary of the cross, and the worldly Merle d'Aubigne became the author of "The History of the Reformation" and spoke the glory of the church for all ages. Perhaps you may do as much as the Scotch sailor who just tipped his cap and used one heaven-sent prayer by which the earth and the heavens are still resounding with potent influences. Is something for God, and do it right away or you will never do it at all.

Time flies away fast.
The while we never remember,
Each day and hour we lose
Is Greenfield with the year
That flies with the best December!
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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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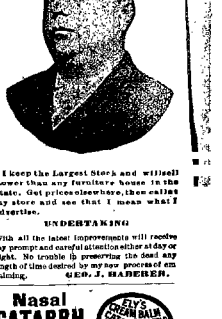

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