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# PRASE FOR HEROES.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON DEWEY'S HOME COMING.

"BEHOLD ALSO THE SHIPS."

The Glory of the Navy—The Preacher Describes the Great Naval Deeds of Olden and More Recent Times—He Lauds Their Heroic Deeds and Their Bravery and Devotion.

New York, Oct. 1.—To-day, "Dewey Sunday," the great admiral still being the city's guest, and the whole nation stirred with the magnificent reception accorded to him and the gallant sailors of the Olympia, Rev. Dr. Talmage in this sermon, preaching to a vast audience in the gospel tent, Fifty-sixth street and Broadway, appropriately recalls for devout and patriotic purposes some of the great naval deeds of olden and more recent times; text, James, iii, 4, "Behold also the ships."

If this exclamation was appropriate about 1872 years ago, when it was written concerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake George, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the drydocks for purposes of peace the Oceanic of the White Star line, the Lucania of the Cunard line, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of the North German Lloyd line, the Augusta Victoria of the Hamburg-American line, and in an age which for purposes of war has launched screw sloops like the Idaho, the Shenandoah, the Ossipee and our ironclads like the Kalamazoo, the Roanoke and the Dunderberg, and these which have already been buried in the deep, like the Monitor, the Housatonic and the Weehawken, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepulchers, and the Oregon and the Brooklyn, and the Texas and the Olympia, the Iowa, the Massachusetts, the Marietta of the last war, and the scarred veterans of war shipping, like the Constitution or the Alliance or the Constellation, that have swung into the naval yards to spend their last days, their decks now all silent of the feet that trod them, their rigging all silent of the hands that clung to them, their portholes silent of the brazen throats that once thundered out of them.

If in the first century, when war vessels were dependent on the oars that paddled at the side of them for propulsion, my text was suggestive, with how much more emphasis and meaning and overwhelming reminiscence we can cry out as we see the Kearsarge lay across the bows of the Alabama and sink it.

Full justice has been done to the men who at different times fought on the land, but not enough has been said of those who on ship's deck dared and suffered all things. Lord God of the rivers and the sea, help me in this sermon! So ye admirals, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boatswains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates and seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, we might as well get under way and stand out to sea. Let all landlubbers go ashore. Full speed now! Four bells!

I recite to-day the deeds of our naval heroes, many of whom have not yet received appropriate recognition. "Behold also the ships." As we will never know what our national prosperity is worth until we realize what it costs, I recall the unrecited fact that the men of the navy in all our wars ran especial risks. They had not only the human weaponry to contend with, but the tides, the fog, the storm. Not like other ships could they run into harbor at the approach of an equinox or a cyclone or a hurricane, because the harbors were hostile. A miscalculation of a tide might leave them on a bar, and a fog might overthrow all the plans of wisest commodore and admiral, and the accident might leave them not on the land ready for an ambulance, but at the bottom of the sea, as when in our civil war the torpedo boat blew up the Tecumseh in Mobile bay and nearly all on board perished. They were at the mercy of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which have no mercy. Such tempests as wrecked the Spanish armada might any day swoop upon the squadron. No hiding behind the earthworks, no digging in of cavalry spurs at the sound of retreat. Mightier than all the fortresses on all the coasts is the ocean when it bombards a flotilla.

In the cemeteries for Federal and Confederate dead are the bodies of most of those who fell on the land. But where those are who went down in the war vessels will not be known until the sea gives up its dead. The Jack Tars knew that while loving arms might carry the men who fell on the land and bury them with solemn liturgy and the honors of war, for the bodies of those who dropped from the ratlines into the sea or went down with all on board under the stroke of a gunboat there remained the shark and the whale and the endless tossing of the sea which cannot rest. Once a year, in the decoration of the graves, those who fell in the land were remembered. But how about the graves of those who went down at sea? Nothing but the archangel's trumpet shall reach their lowly bed. A few of them were gathered into naval cemeteries of the land, and we every year garland the sod that covers them.

It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the Narrows, sailors in new rig singing.

A life on the ocean wave, A home on the rolling deep, The colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean and the guns at quarantine firing a parting salute. But the poetry is all gone out of that ship as it comes out of that engagement, its decks red with human blood, wheelhouse gone, the cabins a pile of shattered mirrors and destroyed furniture, steering wheel broken, smoke-

stack crushed, a hundred pound Whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders splintered and decks plowed up and smoke-blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who are gasping their last gasp far away from home and kindred, whom they love as much as we love wife and parents and children.

It is considered a gallant thing when in a naval fight the flagship with its blue ensign goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its admiral standing in the shrouds watching and giving orders. But I have to tell you, O veterans of the American navy, if you are as loyal to Christ as you were to the government, there is a flagship sailing ahead of you of which Christ is the admiral, and he watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and he leads you toward the harbor, and all the broadsides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye whose garments were once red with your own blood shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in heaven!

While we are heartily greeting and banqueting the sailor patriots just now returned we must not forget the veterans of the navy now in marine hospitals or spending their old days in their own or their children's homesteads. O ye veterans, I charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the war times. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nervous strain and for that terrific exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity. The sinking of the Weehawken off Mooris Island, Dec. 6, 1863, was a mystery. She was not under fire. The sea was not rough. But Admiral Dahlgren from the deck of the flag steamer Philadelphia saw her gradually sinking, and finally she struck the ground, but the flag still floated above the wave in the sight of the shipping. It was afterward found that she sank from weakness through injuries in previous service. Her plates had been knocked loose in previous times. So you have in nerve and muscle and dimmed eyesight and difficult hearing and shortness of breath many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of many years ago that is telling on you. Be of good cheer. We owe you just as much as though your lifeblood had gurgled through the scuppers of the ship in the Red River expedition or as though you had gone down with the Melville off Hatteras. Only keep your flag flying, as did the illustrious Weehawken. Good cheer, my boys! The memory of man is poor, and all that talk about the country never forgetting those who fought for it is an untruth. It does forget. Witness how the veterans sometimes had to turn the hand organs on the street to get their families a living. Witness how ruthlessly some of them were turned out of office that some blot of a politician might take their place. Witness the fact that there is not a man or woman now under 45 years of age who has any full appreciation of the four years' martyrdom of 1861 to 1865, inclusive. But, while many may forget, God never forgets. He remembers the swinging hammock. He remembers the fore-castle. He remembers the frozen ropes of that January tempest. He remembers the amputation without sufficient ether. He remembers it all better than you remember it, and in some shape reward will be given. God is the best of all paymasters, and for those who do their whole duty to him and the world the pension awarded is an everlasting heaven.

Sometimes off the coast of England the royal family have inspected them for that purpose. In the Baltic sea the Czar and Czarina have reviewed the Russian navy. To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy I go out with you on the Atlantic Ocean, where there is plenty of room, and in imagination review the war shipping of our four great conflicts—1776, 1812, 1865 and 1898. Swing into line all ye frigates, ironclads, fire rafts, gunboats and men-of-war! There they come, all sail set and all furnaces in full blast, sheaves of crystal tossing from their cutting prows. That is the Delaware, an old Revolutionary craft, commanded by Commodore Decatur. Yonder goes the Constitution, Commodore Hull commanding. There is the Chesapeake, commanded by Captain Lawrence, whose dying words were, "Don't give up the ship," and the Niagara of 1812, commanded by Commodore Perry, who wrote on the back of an old letter, resting on his navy cap, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Yonder is the flagship Washab, Admiral Dupont commanding; yonder the flagship Minnesota, Admiral Goldsborough commanding; yonder the flagship Philadelphia, Admiral Dahlgren commanding; yonder the flagship San Jacinto, Admiral Bailey commanding; yonder the flagship Black Hawk, Admiral Porter commanding; yonder the flag steamer Benton, Admiral Foote commanding; yonder the flagship Hartford, David G. Farragut commanding; yonder the Olympia, Admiral Dewey commanding; yonder the Oregon, Captain Clark commanding; yonder the Texas, Captain Philip commanding; yonder the New York, Rear-Admiral Sampson commanding; yonder the Iowa, Captain Robley D. Evans commanding.

All those of you who were in the naval service during the war of 1865 are now in the afternoon or evening of life. With some of you it is 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and it will soon be sundown. If you were of age when the war broke out, you are now at least 60. Many of you have passed into the septuages. While in our Cuban war there were more Christian commanders on sea and land than in any previous conflict, I would revive in your minds the fact that at least two great admirals of the civil war were Christians. Foote and Farragut. Had the Christian religion been a cowardly thing they would have

had nothing to do with it. In its faith they lived and died. In Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote held regular meetings and conducted a re-prayer meetings and conducted a revival on the receiving ship North Carolina and on Sabbaths, far out at sea, followed the chaplain with religious exhortation. In early life, aboard the sloop-of-war Natchez, he pressed by the words of a Christian sailor, he gave his spare time for the two weeks to the Bible and at the end of that declared openly, "Henceforth, under all circumstances, I will act for God." His last words while dying at the Astor House, New York, were: "I thank God for his goodness to me. He has entered heaven to me." When he entered heaven, he did not have to run a blockade, for it was amid the cheers of a great welcome. The other Christian admirals will be honored on earth until the day when the fires from above shall lick up the waters from beneath and there shall be no more sea.

Oh, while old ocean's breast Bears a white sail And God's soft stars to rest Guide through the gale, Men will him ne'er forget, Old heart of oak— Farragut, Farragut— Thunderbolt stroke!

According to his own statement, Farragut was very loose in his morals in early manhood and practiced all kinds of sin. One day he was called into the cabin of his father, who was a shipmaster. His father said, "David, what are you going to be anyhow?" He answered, "I am going to follow the sea." "Follow the sea," said the father, "and be kicked about the world and die in a foreign hospital?" "No," said David; "I am going to command like you." "No," said the father; "a boy of your habits will never command anything." And his father burst into tears and left the cabin. From that day David Farragut started on a new life.

Captain Pennington, an honored elder of my Brooklyn church, was with him in most of his battles and had his intimate friendship, and he confirmed, what I had heard elsewhere, that Farragut was good and Christian. In every great crisis of life he asked and obtained the Divine direction. When in Mobile Bay the monitor Tecumseh sank from a torpedo and the great warship Brooklyn, turned back, he said he was at a loss to know whether to advance or retreat, and he says: "I prayed, 'O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?' And a voice commanded me, 'Go on,' and I went on." Was there ever a more touching Christian letter than that which he wrote to his wife in his flagship Hartford? "My dearest wife, I write and leave this letter for you. I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning if God is my leader, and I hope he is, and in him I place my trust. If he thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to his will in that as all other things. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me. May his blessings rest upon you and your dear mother."

Cheerful to the end, he said on board the Tallapoosa, in the last voyage he ever took, "It would be well if I died now in harness." The sublime Episcopal service for the dead was never more appropriately rendered than over his casket, and well did all the forts of New York harbor thunder as his body was brought to the wharf, and well did the minute guns sound and the bells toll as in a procession having in its ranks the president of the United States and his cabinet and the mighty men of land and sea the old admiral was carried, amid hundreds of thousands of uncovered heads on Broadway, and laid on his pillow of dust in beautiful Woodlawn, Sept. 30, amid the pomp of our autumnal forests.

But just as much am I stirred at the scene on warship's deck before Santiago last summer, when the victory gained for our American flag over Spanish oppression the captain took off his hat and all the sailors and soldiers did the same and silently they offered thanks to Almighty God for what had been accomplished, and when on another ship the soldiers and sailors were cheering as a Spanish vessel sank and its officers and crews were struggling in the waters and the captain of our warship cried out, "Don't cheer; the poor fellows are drowning." Prayers on deck! Prayers in the fore-castle! Prayers in the cabin! Prayers in the hammocks! Prayers on the lookout at midnight! The battles of that war opened with prayer, were pushed on with prayer and closed with prayer, and to-day the American nation recalls them with prayer.

We hail with thanks the new generation of naval heroes, those of the year 1898. We are too near their marvelous deeds to fully appreciate them. A century from now poetry and sculpture and painting and history will do them better justice than we can do them now. A defeat at Manila would have been an indelible disaster. Foreign nations not overfond of our American institutions would have joined the other side, and the war so many months past would have been raging still, and perhaps a hundred thousand graves would have opened to take down our slain soldiers and sailors. It took this country three years to get over the disaster at Bull Run at the opening of the civil war. How many years it would have required to recover from a defeat at Manila in the opening of the Spanish war I cannot say. God averted the calamity by giving triumph to our navy under Admiral Dewey, whose coming up through the Narrows of New York harbor day before yesterday was greeted by the nation whose welcoming cheers will not cease to resound until to-morrow, and next day in the capital of the nation the jeweled sword voted by congress shall be presented amid booming cannonade and embannered hosts.

A sharp pencil is sure to make its mark in the world.

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THE FAST STEAMER

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Commencing THURSDAY, MAY 11th, will run on the following time-table until further notice:

Leave COBOCONK	6:40 a.m.
" FENELON FALLS	8:45 "
" STURGEON POINT	9:15 "
Arrive LINDSAY (see wharf)	10:50 "
Leave LINDSAY	3:30 p.m.
Arrive STURGEON POINT	4:15 "
" FENELON FALLS	4:45 "
" COBOCONK	6:30 "

# SCHEDULE OF FARES:

	Single	Return
Cobocok to Lindsay	70c	\$1.00
Cobocok to Fenelon Falls	35c	50c
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SEASON OF 1899.

THE TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION CO. (LIMITED)

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Bobcaygeon, Lindsay and Sturgeon Point

will run Single Trips as follows:—

Leave Bobcaygeon at	8:00 a.m.
Arrive at Lindsay at	10:30 a.m.
RETURNING WILL	
Leave Lindsay at	3:40 p.m.
Arrive at Bobcaygeon at	5:30 p.m.
Sturgeon Point, Single Fare, 35c.	
" " Return " 50c.	
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