

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

STRIKING LESSON FOR MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

"And There Were Also with Him Other Little Ships, and There Arose a Great Storm"—Mark. iv: 36-37—Delivered Sunday, Sept. 22, 1896.



IBBRIAS. Galilee and Gennesaret were three names for the same lake. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance. The surrounding hills, high, terraced, sloping, gorged, were so many banging gardens of beauty. The streams tumbled down through rocks of grey lime stone, and flashing from the hillside, bounded to the sea. In the time of our Lord the valleys, headlands, and ridges were covered thickly with vegetation, and so great was the variety of climate, that the palm tree of the torrid and the walnut tree of rigorous climate were only a little way apart. Men in vineyards and olive gardens were gathering up the riches for the oil-press. The hills and valleys were starred and crimsoned with flowers, from which Christ took his text, and the disciples learned lessons of patience and trust. It seemed as if God had dashed a wave of beauty on all the scene until it hung dripping from the rocks, the hills, the oleanders. On the back of the Lebanon range the glory of the earthly scene was carried up as if to set it in range with the hills of heaven.

No other gem ever had so exquisite a setting as beautiful Gennesaret. The waters were clear and sweet, and thickly inhabited, tempting innumerable nets, and affording a livelihood for great populations. Bethsaida, Chorazin and Capernaum stood on the bank, roaring with wheels of traffic and flashing with splendid equipages, and shooting their vessels across the lake, bringing merchandise for Damascus and passing great cargoes of wealthy product. Pleasure boats of Roman gentlemen, and fishing smacks of the country people who had come down to cast a net there, passed each other with nod and shout and welcome, or side by side swung idly at the mooring. Palace and luxuriant bath and vineyard, tower and shadowy arbor, looked off from the calm, sweet scene as the evening shadows began to drop, and Hermon, with its head covered with perpetual snow, in the glow of the setting sun looked like a white-bearded prophet ready to ascend in a chariot of fire. I think we shall have a quiet night! Not a leaf winks in the air, or a ripple disturbs the surface of Gennesaret. The shadows of the great headlands stalk clear across the water. The voices of evening-tide, how drowsily they strike the ear—the splash of the boatman's oar, and the thumping of the captured fish on the boat's bottom, and those indescribable sounds which fill the air at nightfall. You hasten up the beach of the lake a little way, and there you find an excitement as of an embarkation. A flotilla is pushing out from the western shore of the lake—not a squadron with deadly armament; not a clipper to ply with valuable merchandise; not piratic vessels with grappling-hook, to hug to death whatever they could seize, but a flotilla laden with messengers of light, and mercy, and peace. Jesus is in the front ship; his friends and admirers are in the small boats following after. Christ, by the rocking of the boat and the fatigues of the preaching exercises of the day, is induced to slumber, and I see him in the stern of the boat, with a pillow perhaps extemporized out of a fisherman's coat, sound asleep. The breeze of the lake runs their fingers through the locks of the worn-out sleeper, and on its surface there riseth and falleth the light ship, like a child on the bosom of its sleeping mother! Calm night. Starry night. Beautiful night. Run up all the sails, and ply all the oars, and let the boats—the big boat and the small boats—go gliding over gentle Gennesaret.

The sailors prophesy a change in the weather. Clouds begin to travel up the sky and congregate. After a while, even the passengers hear the moan of the storm, which comes on with rapid strides, and with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The boat, caught in the sudden fury, trembles like a deer at bay, amid the wild clangor of the hounds. Great patches of foam are flung through the air. The loosened sails, flapping in the wind, crack like pistols. The small boats poised on the white cliff of the driven sea tremble like ocean petrels, and then plunge into the trough with terrific swoop until a wave strikes them with thunder-crack, and overboard go the cordage, the tackling, and the masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the stern of the boat, and shout amid the hurricane, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great Personage lifted his head from the fisherman's coat, and walked out to the prow of the vessel, and looked upon the storm. On all sides were the small boats tossing in helplessness, and from them came the cries of drowning men. By the flash of lightning I see the calmness of the uncovered brow of Jesus, and the spray of the sea dripping from his head. He has two words of command—one for the wind, the other for the sea. He looks into the tempestuous heavens, and he cries, "Peace!" and then he looks down into the infuriate waters, and he says, "Be still!" The thunders beat a retreat. The waves fall flat on their faces. The extinguished stars rekindle their torches. The foam melts. The storm is dead. And while the crew are untangling the cordage and the cables, and baling out the water

from the hold of the ship, the disciples stand wonder-struck, now gazing into the calm sky, now gazing into the calm face of Jesus, and whispering one to another, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

I learn, first, from this subject that when you are going to take a voyage of any kind you ought to have Christ in the ship. The fact is, that these boats would have all gone to the bottom if Christ had not been there. Now, you are about to voyage out into some new enterprise—into some new business relation; you are going to plan some great matter of profit. I hope it is so. If you are content to go along in the treadmill course and plan nothing new, you are not fulfilling your mission. What you can do by the utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, that you are bound to do. You have no right to be colonel of a regiment if God calls you to command an army. You have no right to be stoker in a steamer if God commands you to be admiral of the navy. You have no right to engineer a ferry-boat from river bank to river bank if God commands you to engineer a Cunarder from New York to Liverpool. But whatever enterprise you undertake, and upon whatever voyage you start, be sure to take Christ in the ship. Here are men largely prospered. The seed of a small enterprise grew into an accumulated and overshadowing success. Their cup of prosperity is running over. Every day sees a commercial or a mechanical triumph. Yet they are not puffed up. They acknowledge the God who grows the harvest, and gives them all their prosperity. When disaster comes that destroys others, they are only helped into higher experiences. The coldest winds that ever blew down from snow-capped Hermon and tossed Gennesaret into foam and agony could not hurt them. Let the winds blow until they crack their cheeks; let the breakers boom—all is well, Christ is in the ship. Here are other men, the prey of uncertainty. When they succeed, they strut through the world in great vanity, and wipe their feet on the sensitiveness of others. Disaster comes, and they are utterly down. They are good sailors on a fair day, when the sky is clear and the sea is smooth; but they cannot out-ride a storm. After awhile the packet is tossed abeam's end, and it seems as if she must go down with all the cargo. Push out from the shore with lifeboat, long-boat, shallop, and pinnace. You cannot save the crew. The storm twists of the masts. The sea rises up to take down the vessel. Down she goes! No Christ in that ship.

I speak to young people whose voyage in life will be a mingling of sunshine and of darkness, of arctic blast and of tropical tornado. You will have many a long, bright day of prosperity. The sky is clear, the sea smooth. The crew exhilarant. The boat staunch will bound merrily over the billows. Crowd on all the canvas. Heigh, ho! Land ahead! But suppose that sickness puts its cup to your lips; suppose misfortune with some quick turn of the wheel, hurts you backward; suppose that the wave of trial strikes you athwart-ships, and bowsprit shivered, and halliards swept into the sea, and gangway crowded with piratical disasters, and the wave beneath, and the sky above, and the darkness around are filled with the clamor of the voices of destruction. Oh! then you will want Christ in the ship.

I learn, in the next place, that people who follow Christ must not always expect smooth sailing. When these disciples got into the small boats they said: "What a delightful thing this is! Who would not be a follower of Christ when he can ride in one of these small boats after the ship in which Jesus is sailing?" But when the storm came down these disciples found out that following Jesus did not always make smooth sailing. So you have found out and I have found out. If there are any people who you think ought to have a good time in getting out of this world, the apostles of Jesus Christ ought to have been the men. Have you ever noticed how they got out of the world? St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death against a pillar. St. Matthew was struck to death by a halberd. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less had his brains dashed out with a fuller's club. St. Matthias was stoned to death. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. John Huss in the fire, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they always find smooth sailing? Why go so far? There is a young man in a store in New York who has a hard time to maintain his Christian character. All the clerks laugh at him, the employers in that store laugh at him; and when he loses his patience they say: "You are a pretty Christian." Not so easy is it for that young man to follow Christ. If the Lord did not help him hour by hour he would fail. There are scores of young men today who would be willing to testify that in following Christ one does not always find smooth sailing. There is a Christian girl. In her home they do not like Christ. She has had to work for a silent place in which to say her prayers. Father opposed to religion. Mother opposed to religion. Brothers and sisters opposed to religion. The Christian girl does not always find it smooth sailing when she tries to follow Jesus. But be of good heart. As seafarers, when winds are dead ahead, by setting the ship on starboard tack and bracing the yards, make the winds that oppose the course propel the ship forward, so opposing troubles, through Christ, veering around the bowprit of faith, will waft you to heaven, when, if the winds had been abaft, they might have rocked and smug you to sleep, and while dreaming of the destined port of heaven you could not have heard the cry of warn-

ing and would have gone crashing into the breakers.

Again, my subject teaches me that good people sometimes get very much frightened. From the tone and manner of these disciples as they rushed into the stern of the vessel and woke Christ up, you know that they are fearfully scared. And so it is now that you often find good people wildly agitated. "Oh!" says some Christian man, "the infidel magazines, the bad newspapers, the spiritualistic societies, the importation of many foreign errors, the church of God is going to be lost, the ship is going to founder! The ship is going down!" What are you frightened about? An old lion goes into his cavern to take a sleep, and he lies down until his shaggy mane covers his paws. Meanwhile, the spiders outside begin to spin webs over the mouth of his cavern, and say: "That lion cannot break out through this web," and they keep on spinning the gossamer threads until they get the mouth of the cavern covered over. "Now," they say, "the lion's done, the lion's done." After awhile the lion awakes and shakes himself, and he walks out from the cavern, never knowing there were any spiders' webs, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. Let the infidels and the skeptics of this day go on spinning theories, spinning them all over the place where Christ seems to be sleeping. They say: "Christ can never again come out; the work is done; he can never get through this logical web we have been spinning." The day will come when the Lion of Judah's tribe will arouse himself and come forth and shake mightily the nations. What then all your gossamer threads? What is a spider's web to an aroused lion? Do not fret, then, about the world's going backward. It is going forward.

You stand on the banks of the sea when the tide is rising. The almanac says the tide is rising, but the wave comes up to a certain point, and then it recedes. "Why," you say, "the tide is going back." No, it is not. The next wave comes up a little higher, and it goes back. Again you say the tide is going out. And the next time the wave comes up a little higher, and then to a higher point. Notwithstanding all these recessions, at last all the shipping of the world knows it is high tide. So it is with the cause of Christ in the world. One year it comes up to one point, and we are greatly encouraged. Then it seems to go back next year. We say the tide is going out. Next year it comes up to a higher point and falls back, and next year it comes to a still higher point and falls back; but all the time it is advancing, until it shall be full tide, "and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea."

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ is God and man in the same person. I go into the back part of that boat and I look on Christ's sleeping face, and see in that face the story of sorry and weariness, and a deep shadow comes over his face, and I think he must be dreaming of the cross that is to come. As I stand on the back part of the boat looking on his face, I say: "He is a man! He is a man!" But when I see him come to the prow of the boat, and the winds fold their wings at his command, I say: "He is God! He is God!" The hand that set up the starry pillars of the universe wiping away the tears of an orphan! When I want pity and sympathy, I look at him, and I say: "O Lord Jesus, thou weary One, thou suffering One, have mercy on me." "Ecco homo!" Behold the man! But when I want courage for the conflict of life, when I want some one to beat down my enemies, when I want faith for the great future, then I come to the front of the boat, and I see Christ standing there in all his omnipotence, and I say, "O Christ, thou who couldst hush the storm, can hush all my sorrows, all my temptations, all my fears." "Ecco Deus!" Behold the God!

There is one storm into which we must all run. When a man lets go this life to take hold of the next, I do not care how much grace he has, he will want it all. What is that out yonder? That is a dying Christiana rocked on the surges of death. Winds that have wrecked magnificent flotillas of pomp and worldly power come down on that Christian soul. All the spirits of darkness seem to be let loose, for it is their last chance. The wailing of kindred seems to mingle with the swirl of the waters, and the scream of the wind, and the thunder of the sky. Deep to deep, billow to billow; yet no tremor, no gloom, no terror, no sighing for the dying Christiana. The fact is that from the back part of the boat a voice sings out: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." By the flash of the storm the dying Christian sees that the harbor is only just ahead. From heavenly castles voices of welcome come over the waters. Peace drops on the angry wave as the storm subsides itself to rest like a child falling asleep amid tears and trouble. Christ hath hushed the tempest.

Did Good Work.
Rev. Archibald G. Brown has received into the East London Tabernacle, in the thirty years of his pastorate, 6,000 members. The present membership aggregates 2,400. This church is located not far from the famous White-chapel district, and is composed mainly of poor people. Mr. Brown recently sailed for China, in search of health.

Japanese M. E. Church.
The first Japanese church in America was recently dedicated in San Francisco. It belongs to the Methodist denomination, and has about 300 members, who contributed largely toward the building of the edifice. The assistant minister and the organist are Japanese, and the church organization will be managed by the Japanese members.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF FUNNY FOLK.

The Up-to-Date Girl and Her Balloon Steeves—Morrissey McMulligan Plays a Desperate Part and Wins—The Traump and the Mermaid.

Y comely, fin-de-siecle love To-day is just as fair to me As when we roamed, with stars above, Along the secret-keeping sea; My arm would seek her plant walek And linger there in honeyed bliss; And O, 'twas Paradise to taste The nectar of the twilight kiss!

We're lovers still, just as of old, But ah! a shadow's come between; She does not deem me overbold, And beats her heart for me, I wean. I try to reach her melting lips, But cannot; this my spirit grieves. The fashions all my love eclipse—I can't get near here for her sleeves! —T. C. Harbaugh in Truth.

IN THE LAND OF INVENTIONS.



1. Where dux oye git an th' lectricity?



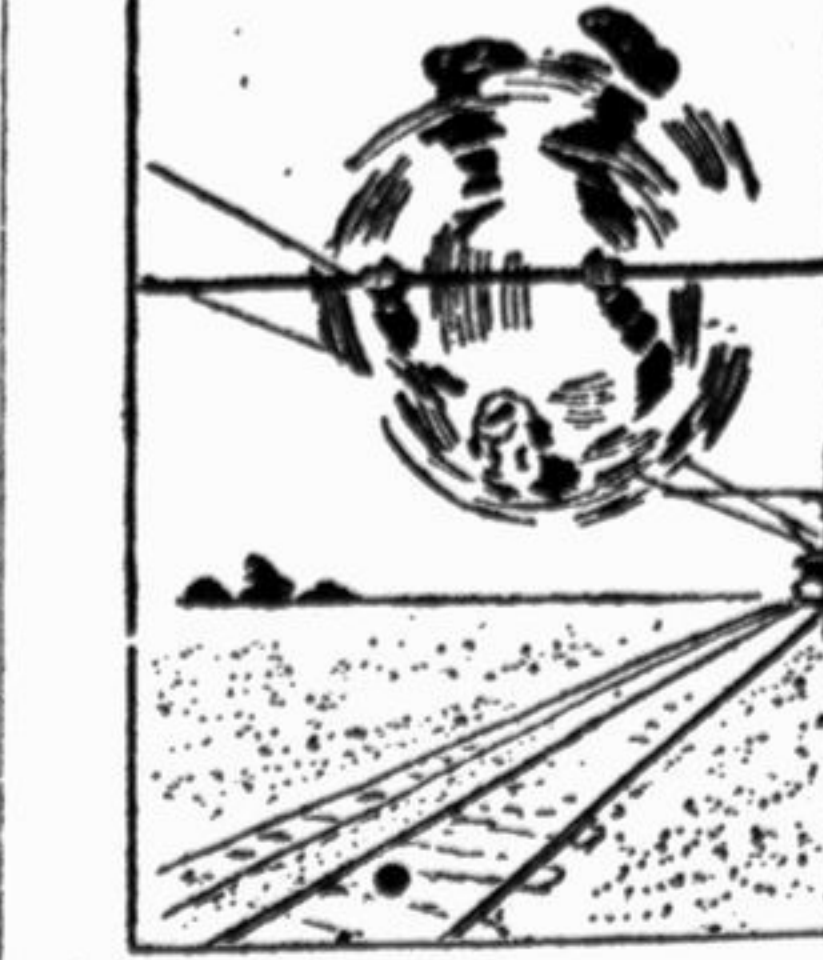
2. It's quare ways they has here, but o'yl' thry it.



3. Shure oye hears it comin'.



4. Phat in—



5. —!



6. —!

A Pretty Mystery.
Just why it is so there's nobody knows. But its truthfulness none have denied. The young lady's shoe that is apt to disclose The daintiest foot and the prettiest hose Will the oftensee come untied. —Good Roads.



The Very Ideal.
Mermaid—Come with me to the coral groves and I will give thee pearls and jewels rare. Traump—And git wet! Say, Mermy, keep yer foots.—Truth.

of the visitors at Sharon Springs held out soft hands to be examined and were daily astonished by the prophecies of future love, money or matrimony. During a lull in the business of palmistry, and after I had secured the aged man's confidence I asked: "My aged friend, as between man and man, tell me, is there anything in it?" "Cert'n, cert'n. They's on the average, about 50 cents a head intew it." He winked laboriously took up his basket, and crawled under the wagon with the other animals.

Too Rich.
"These travelers," sighed the heathen monarch, "give me a pain." "They are very rich," murmured the grand vizier. "Yes." The royal brows knit in a frown. "They are rich, and, moreover, our stomach is not what it used to be." The court did not fail to notice during reflection that his majesty helped himself to cold tourist but once.—Detroit Tribune.

Saw Nothing in It.
American—You've heard the story, I suppose, of that countryman of yours who said, "Yes, hundreds of times," when somebody asked him if he had ever known a man to marry the sister of his widow? Visiting Englishman—No; let's hear it.—Chicago Tribune.

An Innumerable Obstacle.
Mrs. Flatley—No, I'm sure I could never ride a bicycle. Mr. Flatley—Nonsense; you could do it easy enough if you only really tried. Mrs. Flatley—Yes, but John, how could I ever tell whether my hat was on straight or not?—Brooklyn Life.

WHAT HE WAS THERE FOR.

The Young Soldier's Idea Was That He Had to Put Down the Rebellion.

"When the war was on," remarked an ex-Congressman to a Star writer, "and I felt pretty sure that it was to be so ninety days affair, I went to work to recruit a company and see what I could do toward settling it. I live in a community whose men were as willing to take a few risks in that line as myself, and it wasn't any trouble at all to pick up enough men for a company. I had any number of enthusiasts at my command, but one boy about 16 years old had more enthusiasm than all of us combined. He wasn't very handsome and he wasn't very good, but he was full of hurrah, and that was what was wanted, because I felt that hard times were before us and all the surplus effervescence would be worked off as soon as we got into the field.

"This particular young fellow I thought would be about the first to cave, for he talked like a man that was more mouth than sand, and I can't say that I had much confidence in him, except for temporary purposes. Well, I got the company together in short order and it wasn't very long until we were ordered to the front with the regiment. One night, shortly after we got into fighting country, we came within range of the Johnnies. They were somewhere on the other side of a small stream, with a bridge over it, and my company was sent forward to protect the bridge. As we moved forward there was no sign of the enemy, and we didn't expect him for a mile, at least, when suddenly we sprung him in a clump of woods not 300 yards in front of us.

"I threw my men into line of battle at once to storm the woods, for it was not big, and I knew that not more men than I had could be hidden there, and I was at that time ready to fight four or five times as many men as I might meet. I waited, however, for some sign before making a move, when all at once a long line of light shot out from the woods and the bullets splattered all around us and two or three of my men went down. This had a cooling effect, and I concluded it was not my time yet to charge, so I let the boys return the fire. They did it with a will, too, and in a very short time the woods were still and the enemy had got out. I ordered my men to cease firing, and the order was obeyed, except as to one man down about the middle of the line, who kept banging away, regardless. I spotted him and made a rush down his way.

"Here, you blamed fool," I exclaimed, "what do you mean by firing? Didn't you hear the order to cease?" "It was my young enthusiast about five paces in advance of the line, and he banged away again and dropped his gun.

"What do you mean by that?" I said, getting hot. "Excuse me, cap," he responded, with the easy familiarity of the volunteer, "but I fined this army to put down the rebellion, and dod bob my skin if I ain't goin' to do it as soon as I can, and right here, too, if you give me half a chance, and he pulled up his gun and had to threaten him with my sword before I could quiet him. It wasn't bravado, either," continued the captain, "for the first man to fall had dropped dead at his feet in the rank in front of him, and what is more it hadn't been an hour before the scrap that the man killed and the young fellow had had a squabble for the place in the front rank held by the man who went down."

DAMAGES FOR LIBEL.

A Virginia Paper Brought to Terms by the American Book Company.
A dispatch from Norfolk, Va., says: "The American Book company of New York has just gained a signal victory in the courts of Virginia and has received an absolute and complete judgment after a long and exhaustive trial by special jury in the Circuit court of this city. The Pilot newspaper of this city, upon the awarding of the contract for school books to the American Book company, printed a long article written and prepared by an agent and attorney for Ginn & Co., of New York, in which it was charged that the state superintendent had been bribed by the American Book company. The Pilot was immediately sued for libel, and after a five weeks' trial, which created an immense amount of interest throughout the state, a verdict for punitive damages was recently awarded, and the jury found that the statements made were false and a deliberate libel. Not only so, but the company, upon unimpeachable evidence, was proved to have dealt honorably and uprightly in every particular in their negotiations with the state officials. It was further proved at the trial that no better terms had been made with any other state for school books. In fact, the attorney-general of Virginia stated that the American Book company seemed to throw upon their whole business to us, and after full and complete examination of all the original contracts made with the various states he pronounced himself as absolutely satisfied that the prices were the same in all cases and that no discrimination whatever had been made against the state of Virginia. Furthermore he mentioned that some of the statements of the American Book company had been accepted until every one of them had been absolutely verified by direct reference to the governors of some fifteen states, with whom contracts had been made. This proved conclusively that the representations of the American Book company were correct in toto. This celebrated case has thus ended in a complete triumph in every respect for the American Book company, and has shown in clear contrast the clean and business-like methods in which they carry on their great industry as compared with the attempted use of political pulls and misstatements by their opponents."—Chicago Tribune.

Art Note.
First Lady (with large conversational aperture)—Can't you make the mouth a little smaller? Photographer—Great Scott! Do you want a picture without any mouth at all? I've pared it down three inches already.
Whipped for Talking Too Much.
Four men called on Mrs. Susan Cook near Yarnon, Ala. The other night and whipped her around for a long time and she said she talked too much for a woman.