REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Stormy Passage." (Preached at Capernaum, in the Holy Land.)

TEXTS: "*Entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum.*"—John vi., 17; "*And He arose and rebuked the wind and the sea.*"—Mark iv., 39.

Here in this seashore village was the temporary home of that Christ who, for the most part of His life, was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power, and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! It has been the wish of my life—I cannot say the hope, for I never expected the privilege—to stand on the banks of Galilee. What a solemnity and what a rapture to be here! I can now understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

> It is not that the wild gazelle
> Comes down to drink thy tide,
> But He that was pierced to save from hell
> Oft wandered by thy side.
> Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
> Thou calm reposing sea;
> But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
> Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

I can now easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. From the gentle way this lake treated our boat when we sailed on it yesterday, one would have thought it incapable of a paroxysm of rage, but it was quite different on both the occasions spoken of in my two texts. I close my eyes, and the shore of Lake Galilee as it now is, with but little signs of human life, disappears, and there comes back to my vision the lake as it was in Christ's time. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, grooved, so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake, and countrymen in fish smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. O, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation.

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessel, ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and His head touched the pillow, than He is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm, as it comes on with great stride, and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge.

Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto Him: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from His beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward He cries: "Peace!" Looking downward He says: "Be still!"

The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars relight their torches. The tempest falls dead and Christ stands with His feet on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship; for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! We must always have Christ in the ship. Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have Christ in every enterprise, Christ in every voyage.

There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After a while the storm comes and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his lifeboat and the long boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down—no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it Arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your hold; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing.

These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say, if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in the fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from our own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say? Some young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity; the young men in the same store, antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, try to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad, saying: "You're a pretty Christian!" Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Or, you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. The question was asked: "Who are those nearest the throne?" And the answer came back: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation—great flailing, as the original has it; great flailing, great pounding—and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened! Take courage. You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials and He will deliver you. My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much frightened.

In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They say: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the various errors going over the church of God; we are going to founder; the church is going to perish; she is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by iniquity in our day, and think the church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say: "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread, until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say: "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After a while the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight: he does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ; He seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord; He will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after a while the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse Himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects; they are affrighted in our day about revivals. They say: "Oh! this is a strong religious gale; we are afraid the church of God is going to be upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it;" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship Captain, with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say some day, coming upon deck: "Throw overboard all the cargo;" and the sailors should say: "Why, Captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the Captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat. Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, that such gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England, and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century a revival broke out at Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily upon his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall slowly through between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as the cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly!" And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom, as the cane kept falling and falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said: "But the grace of God can stop you as I stopped that cane;" and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh, for gales from heaven to sweep all the continents! The danger of the church of God is not in revivals.

Again, my subject impressed me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here He is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired He looks; what sad dreams He must have! Look at His countenance; He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at Him, He is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, He falls asleep; He is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear Him say: "Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at His feet, and the tempests folding their wings in His presence; He is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble, and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat and say: "Oh, Christ! weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross." A man, a man. But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say: "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, Thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin!" A man, a man, a God, a God.

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest.

It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The [illegible] managing th[illegible] demoralized; y[illegible] His foot on the [illegible] feet. Oh, yes [illegible] You have ha[illegible] little child tak[illegible] est child of the household, [illegible] the most curious questions, and [illegible] you with the greatest fondness, and [illegible] spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolate castle, the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and the crumbling stairways. Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket or in the locket didn't look as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church. Or your property gone, you said: "I have so much bank stock. I have so many government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in My keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest. There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death; all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears—calm, satisfied and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our guide.

> Into the harbor of heaven now we glide;
> We're home at last, home at last,
> Softly we drift on the bright, silvry tide,
> We're home at last.
>
> Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
> We stand secure on the glorified shore;
> Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
> We're home at last.

"Splitting a Stampeded Buffalo Herd."

On the occasion in question my brother and cousin were on their way homeward. They were just mounting one of the long, low swells into which the prairie was broken when they heard a low, muttering, rumbling noise, like far-off thunder. It grew steadily louder, and, not knowing what it meant, they hurried forward to the top of the rise. As they reached it they stopped short in terror and amazement, for before them the prairie was black with madly rushing buffaloes.

Afterward they learned that another couple of hunters, four or five miles off, had fired into and stampeded a large herd. This herd, in its rush, gathered others, all thundering along together in an uncontrolable and increasing panic.

The surprised hunters were far away from any broken ground or other place of refuge; while the vast herd of huge, plunging, maddened beasts was charging straight down on them not a quarter of a mile distant. Down they came! thousands upon thousands, their front extending a mile in breadth, while the earth shook beneath their thunderous gallop, and as they came closer their shaggy frontlets loomed dimly through the columns of dust thrown up from the dry soil. The two hunters knew that their only hope for life was to split the herd, which, though it had so broad a front, was not very deep. If they failed they would inevitably be trampled to death.

Waiting until the beasts were in close range, they opened a rapid fire from their heavy breech-loading rifles, yelling at the top of their voices. For a moment the result seemed doubtful. The line thundered steadily down on them, then it swayed violently, as two or three of the brutes immediately in their front fell beneath the bullets, while the neighbors made violent efforts to press off sideways. Then a narrow wedge-shaped rift appeared in the line, and widened as it came up closer, and the buffaloes, shrinking from their foes in front, strove desperately to edge away from the dangerous neighborhood; the shouts and shots were redoubled; the hunters were almost choked by the cloud of dust through which they could see the stream of dark huge bodies passing within rifle-length on either side; and in a moment the peril was over, and the two men were left alone on the plain, unharmed, though with their nerves terribly shaken. The herd careered on toward the horizon, save five individuals who had been killed or disabled by the shots.—*St. Nicholas.*

Hen Fruit.

The standard yield and weight of eggs for the different varieties of domestic fowl is about as follows: Light Brahmas and partridge Cochins, eggs 7 to the pound, lay, according to treatment and keeping, from 80 to 100 per annum, often more if kept well; dark Brahmas, 8 to the pound, about 70 per annum; black, white, and buff Cochins, 8 to the pound—100 is a large yeld per annum; Plymouth Rocks, 8 to the pound, lay 100 per annum; Houdans, 8 to the pound, lay 150 per annum—non-sitters; La Fleche, 7 to the pound, lay 130 per annum—non-sitters; black Spanish, 7 to the pound, lay 150 per annum; Dominiques, 9 to the pound, lay 130 per annum; game fowl, 9 to the pound, lay 130 per annum; Crevecœurs, 7 to the pound, lay 150 per annum; Leghorns, 9 to the pound, lay 150 to 200 per annum; Hamburgs, 9 to the pound, lay 170 per annum; Polish, 9 to the pound, lay 150 per annum; Bantams, 16 to the pound, lay 60 per annum; turkeys, 5 to the pound, lay from 30 to 60 per annum; ducks' eggs vary greatly with different species, but from 5 to 6 to the pound, and from 14 to 28 per annum according to the age and keeping; geese 4 to the pound, lay 20 per annum; Guinea fowls, 11 to the pound, lay 60 per annum.

A new phosphate company has been organized in Florida with the object of developing an extensive tract of phosphate land in that State.

The importation of pure-bred horses from England into this country is reported as on the increase.

[illegible] remains [illegible] nice and [illegible] day, to-[illegible] nothing b[illegible] bones [illegible] at last, an[illegible] go to the mak[illegible] phates.

But the American is a wasteful [illegible] ture, and a *World* reporter, commenting in a party of ladies on the pretty and unique red dresses which are so prevalent among the school children this winter, was a bit astonished at the reply which it invited.

The ladies cast curious, quizzical glances at each other and then one of them, who has the right to thus address the scribe, ejaculated:

"Why, you goose! don't you know? Those gowns are souvenirs of the Washington Centennial. Everybody decked his store or house-front with bunting, and those cute little gowns are made of the bunting of the first of your country's colors. The blue will come later; the white has served a little already during the summer."

The reporter rejoined with heartiness that the New York mother was getting wise, and was evincing a laudable desire to economize.—*New York World.*

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle *free of cost.* It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The Large Bottles are 50c. and $1.

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There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

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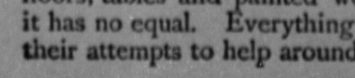

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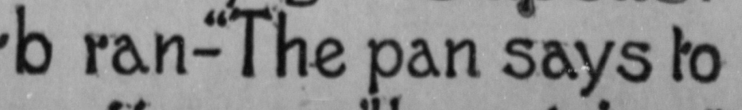

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