"BEHOLD ALSO THE SHIPS."

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON TO THE NAVAL POSTS.

Decoration Day Services in the Brooklyn | teries of the land and you will garland the Their Exemplar.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., to preach a ate to the occasion, as often in the annual | navy | commemoration but little had been said of those who served in the navy. An American flag adorned the pulpit, and the congregation | sailors in new rig singing: sang with great spirit:

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty.

Dr. Talmage's text was from James iii, 4-

"Behold also the ships," He said: If this exclamation was appropriate about 1860 years ago, when it was written concerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the dry docks for purposes of peace the Arizona, of the Guion line; the City of Richmond, of the Inman line; the Egypt, of the National line; the Germanic, of the White Star line; the Circassia, of the Anchor line; the Etruria, of the Cunard line, and the Great Eastern, with hull 680 feet long-not a failure, for it helped | from home and kindred, whom they love as lay the Atlantic cable, and that was enough glory for one ship's existence-and in an age which for purposes of war has launched the screw sloops like the Idaho, the Shenandoah, the Ossipee, and our ironclads like the Kalamazoo, the Roanoke and the Dunderberg, and those which have already been buried in the deep like the Monitor, the Housatonic, the Weehawken and the Tecumseh, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepulchers, 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 port holes 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 Kearsage lay across the bows of the Alabama and sink it, teaching foreign nations they had better keep their hand off our American fight, or as we see the ram Albemarle, of the Confederates, running out and in the Roanoke, and up and down the coast, throwing everything into confusion as no other craft ever did, pursued by the Miami, the Ceres, the Southfield, the Sassacus, the Mattabesett, the Whitehead, the Commodore Hull, the Louisiana, the Minnesota and other armed vessels, all trying in vain to catch her until Capt. Cushing, 21 years of age, and his men blew her up, himself and only one other escaping, and as I see the flagship Hartford, and the Richmond and the Monongahela, with other from the war times. You are not as stalwart gunboats, sweep past the batteries of Port as you would have been but for that nervous deen and the Mississippi flows forever free to all northern and southern craft, I cry out with patriotic emotion that I cannot suppress, if I would, and would not if I could: "Behold also the ships."

At the annual decoration of graves north and south among Federals and Confederates full justice has been done to the memory of those who fought on the land in our sad contest, 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, commodores, 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 toward sea. Let all land lubbers go ashore. Full speed now!

Four belis! Never since the sea fight of Lepanto, where 800 royal galleys, manned by 50,000 warriors, manned by 120,000 men, and in the four hours of battle 8,000 fell on one side and 25,000 on the other; yea, never since the day when at Actium, thirty-one years before Christ, Augustus, with 260 ships, scattered the 220 ships of Mark Antony and gained universal dominion as the prize; yea, since the day when at Salamis the 12,000 galleys of the Persians, manned by 500,000 men, were crushed by Greeks with less than a third of that force: yea, never since the time of Noah, the first ship captain, has the world seen such a miraculous creation as that of the American

navy in 1861. There were about 200 available seamen in all the naval stations and receiving ships, and here and there an old vessel. Yet orders were given to blockade 3,500 miles of sea coast, greater than the whole coast of Europe, and, beside that, the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Mississippi and other great rivers, covering an extent of 2,000 more miles, were to be patrolled. No wonder the whole civilized world burst into guffaw of laughter at the seeming impossibility. But the work was done, done almost immediately, done thoroughly, and done with a speed and consummate skill that ship quaked under the recoil of the 100eclipsed all the history of naval architecture. What brilliant achievements are suggested by the mere mention of the names of the rear admirals! If all they did should be written, every one, I suppose that even the

world itself could not contain the books that should be written. But these names have received the honors due. The most of them went to their graves under the cannonade of all the forts, navy yards and men of war, the flags of all the shipping and capitals at half

But I recite to-day the deeds of our naval heroes who 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 cost, I recall the unrecited fact that the men of the navy | tion review the war shipping of our three 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 bring them on a bar, and a fog might overthrow all the plans of wisest commodore and admiral, and accident might leave them, not on the land ready for an ambulance, but at the bottom of the sea, as when the torpedo blew up the Tecumseh, in Mobile bay, and nearly all on board perished. They were at the mercy of the At-lantic and Pacific oceans, which have no mercy. Such tempests as have wrecked the Spanish armada might any day swoop upon Dupont commanding; yonder, the flag-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 flagship Black Hawk, Admiral Porter comof most of those who fell on the land .. But manding: yonder, the flag steamer Benton, 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 manding. And now all the squadrons of

lines 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. How will you find their graves for this national decoration? Nothing but the archangel's shall shake the continents in honor of peace trumpet shall reach their lowly bed. A few and the eternity of the American union! of them have been gathered into naval ceme-Tabernacle-Survivors of the Navy Ad- | sod that covers them, but who will put flowvised to Take Admiral Farragut as ers on the fallen crew of the exploded Westfield and Shawsheen, and the sunken Southfield and the Winfield Scott? Bullets threat-BROOKLYN, May 22.—As this is the time | ening in front, bombs threatening from above, for the decoration of the graves of those who | torpedoes threatening from beneath and the fell in the war, the naval posts invited the ocean with its reputation of 6,000 years for sermon at the Brooklyn tabernacle appropri- saying it required a special courage for the

> It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the Narrows,

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, smokestack 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 much as we love wife and parents and children. Not waiting until you are dead to put upon your graves a wreath of recognition, this hour we put on your living brow the garland of a nation's praise,

O, men of the Western Gulf squadron, of the Eastern Gulf squadron, of the South Atlantic squadron, of the North Atlantic squadron, of the Mississippi squadron, of the Pacific squadron, of the West India squadron and of the Potomac flotilla, hear our thanks! Take the benediction of our churches. Accept the hospitalities of the nation. If we had our way we would get you not only a pension, but a home and a princely wardrobe, and an equipage and a banquet while you live, and after your departure a catafalque and a mausoleum of sculptured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day. 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 towards 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!

With such anticipation, O veterans of the American navy! I charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry 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 Morris 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 afterwards found that she sank from weakness through injuries ir previous service. Her plates had been knocked loose in previous times. So you have, in nerve and muscle and bone and dimmed eyesight and difficult hearing and shortness of breath, many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of twenty-three years ago that is telling on you. Be of good cheer. We owe you just as much as though your life blood had gurgled through the scuppers of the ship in the Red river exat sinrise, Sept. 6, 1571, met 250 royal galleys, pedition 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 manis poor, and all that talk about the country never forgetting those who fought for it is an untruth. It does forget. Witness how the veteran sometimes had to turn the handorgans on the street to get their families a living. Witness how ruthlessly some of them have been turned out of office that some bloat of a politician might take their place. Witness the fact that there is not a man or woman now under 30 years of age who has any full appreciation of the four years' martyrdom of 1861 to 1865 inclusive. But while men may forget, God never forgets. He remembers the swimming hammock. He remembers the forecastle. He remembers the frozen ropes of that January tempest. He remembers the amputation without sufficient ether. He remembers the horrors of that deafening night when forts from both sides belched on you their fury and the heavens glowed with the ascending and descending missiles of death, and your pounder, while all the gunners, according to command, stood on tiptoe, with mouth wide open, lest the concussion shatter hearing or brain. 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 cost of England the royal family have inspected the British navy, maneuvered before them for that purpose. In the Baltic sea the czar and ezarina 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 imaginagreat conflicts, 1776, 1812 and 1865. 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 Capt, 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 Wabash, Admiral commanding; yonder, the flagship Philadelphia, Admiral Dahlgren command-

since we were a nation. Grandest fleet the world ever saw. Sail on before all ages! Run up all the colors! Ring the bells! Yea, open all the port holes! Unlimber the guns and load and fire one great broadside that and the eternity of the American union!

But I lift my hand, and the scene has vanished. Many of the ships have dropped under the crystal pavement of the deep, sea monsters swimming in and out the forsaken cabin, and other old craft have swung into the navy yards and many of the brave spirits who trod their decks and gone up to the Eternal fortress, from whose casements and embrasures may we not hope they look down shipwreck lying all around, am I not right in | to-day with joy upon a nation in reunited brotherhood?

At this annual commemoration I bethink that most of you who were in the naval service during our late war 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 48. Many of you have passed into the sixtles and the seventies; therefore it is appropriate that I hold two great lights for your illumination-the example of Christian admirals consecrated to Christ and their country-Admiral Foote and Admiral 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 our Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote held 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, on board the sloop of war Natchez, impressed by the words of a Christian sailor, he gave his spare time for 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 all his goodness to me. He has been very good 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 admiral will be honored 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. Capt. Pennington, an honored elder of this church, was with him in most of his battles and had his intimate friendship, and he what I had heard elsewhere, that Farragut was good and a 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 war ship Brooklyn, that was to lead the squadron, turned back he said he was at a loss to know whether to advance or retreat, and he says: "I prayed: 'Oh, 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 from his flagship Hartford! "My dearest wife, I write and leave this letter to 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 and all your sis-

ters and their children." 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 read than over his casket, and well did all the forts in New York harbor thunder as his body was brought to our 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 pemp of our autumnal forests.

Ye veterans who sailed and fought under him, take your admiral's God and Christ for your God and Christ. After a few more conflicts you too will rest. For the few remaining fights with sin, and death, and hell make ready. Strip your vessel for the fray; hang the sheet chains over the side. Send down the topgallant masts. Barricade the wheel: Rig in the flying jib boom. Steer straight for the shining shore, and hear the shout of the great Commander of earth and heaven as he cries from the shrouds: "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

English Official Simplicity.

Some persons are skeptical about centenarians, but the English commissioners of customs are not. There was a clerk in their department who retired on a pension forty-two years ago. The confiding board went on C. H. Parnele, paying the annuity till last month, by which time the annuitant was apparently 100 years | 11, B. Windham, old. This abnormal longevity does not seem to have induced the commissioners to make inquiries. If they had done so they would have discovered that the nominal recipient of the pension had been dead thirty-five years, and that the money was really going to his son, a mere junior of 79. It is almost a pity that the fraud has been found out, says The Pall Mall Gazette. It would have been interesting to see how long the customs board would have gone on paying the pension. Perhaps about 1930 or thereabouts, when the pensioner would have been 150 years old, they might have begun to grow suspicious.-Boston Herald.

Chipping Irving's Tombstone. I confess I heard not without a secret pleasure that the relic hunters so chip and hammer the stone that marks Irving's grave as to make its frequent renewal necessary. It did not seem to me a grievous wrong, nor in any true sense a profanation of the grave, but rather a testimony to the lovableness of Irving's character and an evidence of thwide extent of his fame, that, from filling the circle of the educated and refined among his countrymen, has now come to include that the sea gives up its dead. The section with the while loving arms might carry the men all departments, from smallest tugboat to lower stratum of our common hum mightiest man of war, are in procession, which has only instinctive and, so to so the bodies of those who dropped from the ratwho fought on the sea for the source of the country in the common hum mightiest man of war, are in procession, decks and rigging filled with the men mechanical ways of expressing its feeling the bodies of those who dropped from the ratlower stratum of our common humanity which has only instinctive and, so to speak,



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