# HUSHING THE TEMPEST.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

**Followers of Christ Must Not Always Expect Smooth Sailing—The Church Is Not Injured by Revivals—Reminiscence of the Late Rev. John Livingston.**

BROOKLYN, June 5.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., preached in the Tabernacle this morning a sermon entitled "The Tempest." Service began with the exposition of appropriate passages of Scripture, after which the great congregation sang the hymn:

"Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home."

The text was Mark iv, 36-39, describing Christ stilling the tempest. He said:

Tiberias, Galilee, Gennesaret—three names for the same lake. No other gem ever had so beautiful a setting. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance: the surrounding hills high, terraced, sloped, groved, so many hanging gardens of beauty, the waters rumbling down between rocks of gray and red limestone, flashing from the hills and bounding into the sea. 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 the 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. Oh, what a wonderful, what a beautiful lake!

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 vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla bearing messengers of life and light 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 cliff 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 with 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. Many of you in these days of revived commerce are starting out in new financial enterprises. I bid you good cheer. Do all you can do. Do it on as high a plane as possible. You have no right to be a stoker in the ship if you can be an admiral of the navy. You have no right to be a colonel of a regiment if you can command a brigade; you have no right to be engineer of a boat on river banks or near the coast if you can take the ocean steamer from New York to Liverpool. 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, Christ in every ship.

There are men here who ask God to help them at the start 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. Here are young men just starting out in life. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadow. 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? Young man, take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help—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 with 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 to history when I can come into this audience to-day and find a score of illustrations of the truth of this subject. That young man in the 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, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad, saying: "You're a pretty Christian." Does this young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Here is 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! Oh, child of God! take courage. You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all these 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 affrightened. Perhaps more.

In all ages very good people get very much affrightened. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the spiritualistic societies; 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 affrightened by iniquity in our day, and think the church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrightened 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 is spun until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spiders' web, and the spiders say: "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After awhile 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 spiders' web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain.

So men come spinning their sophistries and skepticisms 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 affrightened in other respects; they are affrightened 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 affrightened whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches.

As though a ship captain with 5,000 bushels of wheat for a cargo would say, some day, coming upon deck: "Throw overboard all cargo;" and the sailors would 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 5,000 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 these 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 on 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 very slowly through between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, though impenitent, thou art falling now—falling away from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that 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 the gales from heaven and Christ on board the ship! The danger of the church of God is not in revivals.

Again, my subject impresses 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: "O 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: "O 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 disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and he puts his foot on the storm and it crouches at his feet. Oh, yes, Christ can hush the tempest.

You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the falling arches and the crumbling stairways.

Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your trubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; the 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 their thunders, all the shipwrecks have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ hushed the tempest. Your little one was taken away. 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 life, 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, 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 hushing the tempest.

"Into the harbor of heaven now we glide;
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright, silv'ry 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."

## ODDS AND ENDS.

It is actually believed in Berlin that were it not for the strict prohibition of his doctors the emperor would dance at every ball he attends.

Russia imports annually raw cotton to the value of $43,000,000.

A Chicago canning company has concluded a contract for 1,500,000 kilos of canned meat for the French army and 3,000,000 for the navy.

A man in the duchy of Anhalt has wagered 2,000 marks that within two years he can copy the whole of the Bible, punctuation and all, without a single mistake.

A solid citizen of Wisconsin was so mad on returning home to find that during his absence his wife had had the shade trees in front trimmed so that their beauty was ruined that he refused to sleep in the house, spent the night in the barn, caught cold and died.

One of the most remarkable thefts on record is reported from Whatcom, Washington territory, where a thief stole an entire orchard, just planted, hiding his work for a time by sticking willow twigs in holes where the fruit trees had been.

One of the leading banks of New York was in a novel predicament the other day. The cashier locked the safe Monday night with a confused idea that it was Saturday, and set the time lock for forty-two instead of sixteen hours. A broker's firm which went for some securities it had on deposit could not get them.

"Silotwor" is a new explosive ten times the strength of gunpowder, exploding without smoke or noise. A Russian invented it.

It is said that 1,500,000 copies of George W. Peck's "Bad Boy" books have been sold.

It seems that the business of the American Tract society has fallen off one-half in fifteen years.

Mr. Dion Boucicault wants the actors to build a commodious central club house, where they can receive visits from managers and transact other professional business, without depending upon hotel barrooms or dramatic agencies.

Mr. Abell, of the Baltimore Sun, with twenty millions or more at his back, is said to be the richest newspaper man in the world.

Mrs. Grant has so far received $394,459 as profits on the sale of "Grant's Memoirs."

### Charges of Plagiarism.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard notes that charges of plagiarism are easy to make and difficult to disprove; that it is quite impossible for anybody to write anything that does not in some way touch on ground which has been already trodden by others; that the human mind never thinks a new thought, and that the most it can do is to present an old one in a new aspect.—Harper's Bazar.


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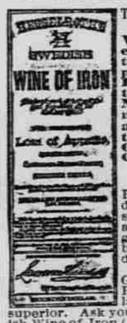


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