

# 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, 1895.



IBERIAS, Gallies and Gennesaret were three names for the same lake. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance. The surrounding hills, high, terraced, sloping, green, were so many hanging gardens of beauty. The streams rumbled 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 boats, 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 luxurious 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 petals, 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

of the destined port of heaven you could not have heard the cry of warning 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 sorrow 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 sea kneels at his presence, and the winds fold their wings at his command, I say: "He is God! He is God!" The hand that set up the stately 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." "Ecce 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." "Ecce 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 Christian 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 Christian. 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.

**Religion and Reform.** Seven Pines, near Richmond, Va., is a prohibition town, each purchaser of a lot being required to sign an article forbidding the title if liquor is ever sold on the premises. Special rates are also given to total abstainers. The New York Sun says that 6,000 of the 7,000 saloons in New York are controlled directly or indirectly by one of the great liquor monopolies, and the saloon keeper is practically subject to the demands of these monopolists. Mr. Norwood, the agent of the American Bible Society in Venezuela, reports exceptionally large sales of the scripture by his colporteurs in parts of the country which have never before been visited by any Bible society agent.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I.—OCT. 6—"THE TIME OF THE JUDGES."

Golden Text: "The Lord Raised Up Judges Which Delivered Them"—Judges 2-16—Partial Conquest and the Consequences Thereof.



**INTRODUCTORY:** This section includes the first five chapters of Judges. The name of the book is derived from the fact that it is a record of the doings of the Judges. Its author is unknown, but whoever wrote and compiled this history, doubtless used records made about the time the events took place. According to Jewish tradition the author was Samuel. The period covered by the book foots up 280 years, 1427-1146 B. C. Samuel was born in 1146. The book is not a continuous story, but a grouping of important events. The Judges formed temporary heads in particular centers, or over particular groups of tribes—Barak, in the north of Israel, Gideon in the center, Jephthah, on the east of Jordan, Samson, in the extreme southwest. Nevertheless, the Judges are represented as exercising jurisdiction over Israel as a whole. Time.—The date of the meeting at Bochim (vs. 1-5) is unknown. Joshua died about B. C. 1425. The remainder of the lesson is a general view of the period of the judges. Place.—Bochim, probably near Shiloh, where the tabernacle was set up (Josh. 18: 1), and which was the religious capital. Joshua died at Timnath-herah, a few miles south of Shechem.

1. And an Angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim, and said, I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I swore unto your fathers; and I said, I will never break my covenant with you. 2. And ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land; ye shall throw down their altars, but ye have not obeyed my voice. Why have ye done this? 3. Wherefore I also said, I will not drive them out from before you; but they shall be as thorns in your sides, and their gods shall be a snare (tempter) unto you. 4. And it came to pass, when the Angel of the Lord spake these words unto all the children of Israel, that the people lifted up their voice and wept. 5. And they called the name of that place Bochim; and they sacrificed there unto the Lord. 6. And when Joshua had let the people go, the children of Israel went every man unto his inheritance to possess the land. 7. And the people served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua, who had seen all the great works of the Lord, that he did for Israel. 8. And Joshua, the son of Nun, the servant of the Lord, died, being a hundred and ten years old. 9. And they buried him in the border of his inheritance in Timnath-heres, in the mount of Ephraim, on the north side of the hill Gaash. Note 1. That their duty was to drive the Canaanites wholly out of the land and to take full possession at the beginning. It was best that they should not be annihilated at once before the Israelites could take possession (Deut. 7: 22), lest the wild beasts increase too

fast in the wild lands; but the Israelites should have continued the warfare till the land was possessed only by God's own people (Deut. 7: 23). Note 2. This was the easiest time to accomplish this work. The Canaanites were scattered, discouraged, broken in strength, and with God's aid could have been easily overcome. Note 3. Since the Israelites had not done this, the next best thing for them was a course of discipline by means of their sins. When they refused the divine teacher and his lessons of victory, courage, heroism, fidelity, then they must go to school to a different and severer teacher, and from annoyances, temptations, dangers, and evil men gain discipline and learn the lessons of obedience and righteousness. On account of their neglect, they were led into idolatry and other sins, and were troubled for a thousand years. A thorough conquest at first would have saved them ages of suffering and sinning.

**PILLAR OF ASHTOROTH.** fast in the wild lands; but the Israelites should have continued the warfare till the land was possessed only by God's own people (Deut. 7: 23). Note 2. This was the easiest time to accomplish this work. The Canaanites were scattered, discouraged, broken in strength, and with God's aid could have been easily overcome. Note 3. Since the Israelites had not done this, the next best thing for them was a course of discipline by means of their sins. When they refused the divine teacher and his lessons of victory, courage, heroism, fidelity, then they must go to school to a different and severer teacher, and from annoyances, temptations, dangers, and evil men gain discipline and learn the lessons of obedience and righteousness. On account of their neglect, they were led into idolatry and other sins, and were troubled for a thousand years. A thorough conquest at first would have saved them ages of suffering and sinning.



**PLAIN TALK.** (From Ram's Horn.) Nine people out of ten work too much and pray too little. The wisest men have never in any age been the best men. Everything we do will be great when it is what God wants done. The Christian who does not walk by faith will have many falls. Before Jesus offered rest to men, he showed that he had rest to give. Christ went without sleep to pray, but he never lost any sleep in worry.

# JEFF DAVIS IN PRISON

Charles S. Tripler's Story of His Pleasant Life at Fort Monroe.

From the San Francisco Alta. I was in 1865 First Lieutenant in the Twelfth United States Infantry, and in the absence of my Captain, commanded E Company of the First Battalion of that regiment. Early in October I was ordered to Fort Monroe, and reported for duty to Gen. N. A. Miles. My rank as Lieutenant subjected me to detail as officer of the guard, as such I had for the twenty-four hours of my detail immediate charge of our distinguished prisoner, my orders being "not to allow him out of my sight during my tour of duty." Mr. Davis was confined to a room in Carroll Hall, which was designed as quarters for Lieutenants, who are entitled to two rooms only, so all the rooms, except the mess hall and library, are in suites of two rooms each. The doorways were all grated with iron, and a sentry walked before each on a pile of cocoa matting some four inches thick. The officer of the guard was not allowed to leave the room unless relieved by the officer of the day, nor to sleep at all during his twenty-four hours of duty. The grated windows were locked, the keys being in the custody of the officer of the day. As was the custom on my first day of duty as officer of the guard I was introduced by my predecessor to Mr. Davis, thus: "Mr. Davis, Mr. Tripler of the Twelfth. Mr. Davis said: "Are you Stuart Tripler?" I said: "Yes, sir." He then said he remembered my grandmother (Mrs. Hunt) and had very pleasant recollections of my father (Surgeon Tripler of the army). We had that first day no further conversation until the time came for his daily walk around the parapet. At that time the officer of the day came accompanied by two negro prisoners, unlocked the door, when Mr. Davis, dressed in smock-colored clothes, with a Raglan overcoat and a soft, high-crowned, black felt hat, stepped into my room. Gen. Miles entered at this time with the daily papers, which were placed on a table in Mr. D.'s room. The prisoners commenced at once to clean up the room, and we left in the following order: Mr. Davis and officers of the guard, ten paces behind two sentries, a couple of paces behind them the officer of the day, and lastly, some distance off, Gen. Miles strolled along reading.

We took our time, and Mr. Davis, by his instructive and most entertaining conversation, rendered this a most delightful duty. He seemed to know everything. He had the unusual faculty of drawing a young man out and making him show his best side. We would sometimes stop abreast of the water battery, in front of the commanding officers' quarters, and recline on the crest of the works, where he would relate pleasant stories of the old army, ask after common friends, and often give me points in my profession which were invaluable. To show how small a matter he would notice and speak of, there were a number of trees growing along one of the fronts of casements which bore clusters of white berries. Mr. Davis said: "Lieut. Tripler, I saw you riding a nice-looking horse the other day, but it is out of condition. Those berries you see there are one of the best condition medicines I know of, and you can find them all over the South; remember that; it's worth knowing." On our return Dr. Cooper's servant came in with Mr. Davis' lunch. All his meals were supplied from Dr. Cooper's table, and Mrs. Cooper was a notable housewife, and the markets of Fort Monroe were well supplied; you may be sure Mr. Davis did not suffer. The only request he ever made me during the time I was stationed there was to bring him a few apples each time I came on guard, which I did. I rather think he asked me for the sake of letting me think I was doing him a favor in return for his exceeding kindness to my grandmother when he was secretary of war. He could make a request in such a way that you felt he had conferred a favor on you in preferring it. C. C. Clay was confined in the rooms directly beneath Mr. Davis, but had Mrs. Clay with him, and was not guarded as Mr. Davis was. Mrs. Clay used to send sometimes a pitcher of punch to Mr. Davis. My orders not forbidding it, the pitcher was always passed in. Mr. Davis was supplied with good cigars by his friends. I know they were good, because Mr. Davis remarked that "smokers are degenerate and I can't enjoy a cigar alone," and offered me one nearly every night, after he had assumed his most satanic-looking night robes—he wore a red flannel nightgown, cap and drawers. He was never annoyed, insulted, or worried during his stay. Gen. Miles was coldly civil, and others "officially polite." I, perhaps, and as was natural, was more kindly disposed, but I never exceeded my instructions. I think Mr. Davis will himself give the lie to the exaggerated accounts of his sufferings. Imprisonment is not pleasant under the most favorable circumstances, and no fallen chief of a great movement could have expected or received more considerate treatment than did Mr. Davis.

A little story comes from El Paso, Texas, which has a very perceptible moral. The city has just gotten a new jail; and the first persons to occupy it are some parties who monkeyed with the contracts for the building and undertook to defraud the public out of \$50,000. Northern immigration is flowing into North Carolina in a small but steady stream. Most of the new comers are farmers or mechanics, and the majority go to the western part of the State. Recently Dr. Clark Whittier purchased 60,000 acres of land there, about one third of Swain county. He will divide it into a thousand farms of 60 acres each, and settle them with 1,000 families.

**Keep Your Weather Eye Open.** Fraud loves a shining mark. Occasionally spurious imitations spring up of Hostenetzer's Stomach Bitters, the great American family remedy for chills and fever, dyspepsia, colic, biliousness, hiccoughs, nervousness, neuralgia, rheumatism and kidney disorder. These imitations are usually very local affairs full of high wines. Look out for the firm signature on the genuine label and vignette of St. George and the Dragon.

A Soap for this purpose is made by heating one pound of cocoon oil to 96 degrees F., adding half pound caustic soda and mixing thoroughly. Then heat half pound white Venetian turpentine, add to the soap and again mix thoroughly. The mixture is covered and left four hours, then heated again and one pound of ox gall is added to it and well stirred. Next pulverize some perfectly dry curd soap and add it to the gall soap in sufficient quantity to make it solid—one or two pounds of curd soap will be needed. When cold the mass should be pressed into cakes.

# Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, prevalence of fevers and other diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and bodily health vigorous by taking

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