# WORD OF THE LORD

## Dr. Talmage on the Divinity and Power of Christ.

## WILD THEORIES OF UNBELIEF

### Does It Require More Faith to Be an Infidel Than a Christian? Verily It Seems So.

BROOKLYN, April 23.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today preached his twenty-fourth anniversary sermon. Subject, "A Brooklyn Pastorate." The occasion was an unusually interesting one, and the great audience was visibly impressed during the services. Over the pulpit in flowers were the figures "1869" and "1893." The text was Revelation iv. 4. "And round about the throne were four and twenty seats, and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders."

This text I choose chiefly for the numerals it mentions—namely, four and twenty. That was the number of elders seated around the throne of God, but that is the number of years seated around my Brooklyn ministry, and every pulpit is a throne of blessing or blasting, a throne of good or evil. And today in this my twenty-fourth anniversary sermon 24 years come and sit around me, and they speak out in a reminiscence of gladness and tears. Twenty-four years ago I arrived in this city to shepherd such a flock as might come, and that day I carried in on my arms the infant son who in two weeks from today I will help ordain to the gospel ministry, hoping that he will be preaching long after my poor work is done.

A MARVELOUS WORK.

We have received into our membership over 5,000 souls, but they, I think, are only a small portion of the multitudes who, coming from all parts of the earth, have in our house of God been blessed and saved. Although we have as a church raised $1,100,000 for religious purposes, yet we are in the strange position of not knowing whether in two or three months we shall have any church at all, and with audiences of 6,000 or 7,000 people crowded into this room and the adjoining rooms we are confronted with the question whether I shall go on with my work here or go to some other field. What an awful necessity that we should have been obliged to build three immense churches, two of them destroyed by fire.

*A misapprehension is abroad that the financial exigency of this church is past. Through journalistic and personal friends a breathing spell has been afforded us, but before us yet are financial obligations which must promptly be met, or speedily this house of God will go into worldly uses and become a theater or a concert hall. The $12,000 raised cannot cancel a floating debt of $140,000. Through the kindness of those to whom we are indebted $90,000 would set us forever free. I am glad to say that the case is not hopeless. We are daily in receipt of touching evidences of practical sympathy from all classes of the community and from all sections of the country, and it was but yesterday that by my own hand I sent for contributions gratefully received nearly 50 acknowledgments east, west, north and south.*

Our trust is in the Lord who divided the Red sea and "made the mountains skip like lambs." With this paragraph I dismiss the financial subject and return to the spiritual. This morning the greatness of God's kindness obliterates everything, and if I wanted to build a groan I do not know in what forest I would hew the timber, or from what quarry I would dig the foundation stone, or who would construct for me an organ with a tremolo for the only stop. And so this morning I occupy my time in building one great, massive, high, deep, broad, heaven piercing hallelujah. In the review of the last 24 years I think it may be useful to consider some of the characteristics of a Brooklyn pastorate.

DEMANDS OF A BROOKLYN PASTORATE.

In the first place I remark that a Brooklyn pastorate is always a difficult pastorate. No city under the sun has a grander array of pulpit talent than Brooklyn. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, all the denominations send their brightest lights here. He who stands in any pulpit in Brooklyn preaching may know that he stands within 15 minutes' walk of sermons which a Saurin, and a Bourdaloue, and a John M. Mason, and a George Whitefield would not be ashamed of. No city under the sun where a poor sermon is such a drug on the market.

For forty years Brooklyn has been surcharged with homiletics, an electricity of eloquence that struck every time it flashed from the old pulpits which quaked with the powers of a Bethune, and a Cox, and a Spencer, and a Spear, and a Vinton, and a Farley, and a Beecher, not mentioning the names of the magnificent men now manning the Brooklyn pulpits. So during all the time there has been something to appeal to every man's taste and to gratify every man's preference.

Now, let me say to all ministers of the gospel who are ambitious for a Brooklyn pulpit that it is always a difficult pastorate. If a man shall come and stand before any audience in almost any church in Brooklyn, he will find before him men who have heard the mightiest themes discussed in the mightiest way. You will have before you, if you fail in an argument, 50 logicians in a fidget. If you make a slip in the use of a commercial figure of speech, there will be 500 merchants who will notice it. If you throw out an anchor or furl a sail in the wrong way, there will be ship captains right off who will wonder if you are as ignorant of theology as you are of navigation! So it will be a place of hard study. If you are going to maintain yourself, you will find a Brooklyn pastorate a difficult pastorate.

THOSE TALENTED JOURNALISTS.

I remark still further, a Brooklyn pastorate is always a conspicuous pastorate. The printing press of the country has no greater force than that on the seacoast. Every pulpit word, good or bad, wise or ignorant, kind or mean, is watched. The reportorial corps of these cities is an organized army. Many of them have collegiate education and large culture, and they are able to weigh oration or address or sermon. If you say a silly thing, you will never hear the end of it, and if you say a wise thing it will go into perpetual multiplication. There is no need of decrying that fact. Men whose influence has been built by the printing press spend the rest of their lives in denouncing newspapers. The newspaper is the pulpit on the wing. More preaching done on Monday than on Sunday. The omnivorous, all eyed printing press is ever vigilant.

Besides that, a Brooklyn pastorate is always conspicuous in the fact that everybody comes here. Brooklyn is New York in its better mood. Strangers have not seen New York until they have seen Brooklyn. The East river is the chasm in which our merchants drop their cares, and their anxieties, and their business troubles, and by the time they have greeted their families in the home circle they have forgotten all about Wall street and Broadway and the shambles. If they commit business sins in New York during the day, they come over to Brooklyn to repent of them.

Everybody comes here. Stand at the bridge entrance or at the ferry gates on Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, or Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock and you see north, south, east, west—Europe, Asia, Africa, New Zealand, Australia—coming to Brooklyn to spend the Sabbath, or part of it in the persons of their representatives—some of them fresh from the sea. They have just landed, and they want to seek the house of God publicly to thank the Lord for their deliverance from cyclone and fog banks off Newfoundland. Every song sung, every prayer offered, every sermon preached in New York and Brooklyn and all along this sea coast in some shape goes all round the world. A Brooklyn pastorate is at the greatest altitude of conspicuity.

A PLACE FOR SHORT PASTORATES.

Again I remark that a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity. I bethink myself of but three ministers of the gospel now preaching here who were preaching when I came to Brooklyn. Most of the pulpits around me have changed seven or eight times since my arrival.

Sometimes the pastorate has been brief for one reason and sometimes for another reason. Sometimes the ministers of the gospel have been too good for this world, and heaven has transplanted them. Sometimes they changed places by the decree of their denomination. Sometimes they came with great blare of trumpets, proposing to carry everything before them, and got extinguished before they were distinguished. Some got preached out in two or three years and told the people all they knew. Some with holy speed did in a short time work which it takes a great many years to do.

Whether for good or bad reasons a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity, not much of the old plan by which a minister of the gospel baptized an infant, then received him into the church, after he had become an adult married him, baptized his children, married them and lived on long enough to bury almost everybody but himself. Glorious old pastorates they were. Some of us remember them—Dr. Spring, Peter Labaugh, Dominie Zabriskie, Daniel Waldo, Abram Halsey.

When the snow melted from their foreheads, it revealed the flowers of an unfading coronal. Pastorates of 30, 40, 50, 55 years' continuance. Some of them had to be helped into the pulpit or into the carriage, they were so old and decrepit, but when the Lord's chariots halted one day in front of the old parsonage they stepped in vigorous as an athlete, and as we saw the wheels of fire whirling through the gates of the sunset we all cried out, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

I remark again, a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by its happiness.

No city under the sun where people take such good care of their ministers. In proportion as the world outside may curse a congregation stands close up by the man whom they believe in. Brooklyn society has for its foundation two elements—the Puritanic, which always means a quiet Sabbath, and the Hollandish, which means a worshipful people. On the top of this an admixture of all nationalities—the brawny Scot, the solid English, the vivacious Irish, the polite French, the philosophic German—and in all this intermingling of population the universal dominant theory that a man can do as he pleases provided he doesn't disturb anybody else.

A BRACING CLIMATE.

A delightful climate. While it is hard on weak throats, for the most of us it is bracing. Not an atmosphere made up of the discharged gases of chemical factories or the miasma of swamps, but coming pasting right off 4,000 miles of Atlantic ocean before anybody else has had a chance to breathe it! All through the city a society of kind, genial, generous, sympathetic people. How they fly to you when you are in trouble! How they watch over you when you are sick! How tender they are with you when you have buried your dead! Brooklyn is a good place to live in, a good place to die in, a good place to be buried in, a good place from which to rise in the beautiful resurrection.

In such a city I have been permitted to have 24 years of pastorate. During these years how many heartbreaks, how many losses, how many bereavements! Hardly a family of the church that has not been struck with sorrow. But God has sustained you in the past, and he will sustain you in the future. I exhort you to be of good cheer. O ye of the broken heart, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I wish over every door of this church we might have written the word "Sympathy"—sympathy for all the young.

We must crowd them in here by thousands and propose a radiant gospel that they will take on the spot. We must make this place so attractive for the young that a young man will come here on Sabbath morning, put down his hat, brush his hair back from his forehead, unbutton his overcoat and look around wondering if he has not by mistake got into heaven. He will see in the faces of the old people not the gloom which some people take for religion, but the sunshine of celestial peace, and he will say, "Why, I wonder if that isn't the same peace that shone out on the face of my father and mother when they lay dying?"

And then there will come a dampness in his eyes through which he can hardly see, and he will close his eyes to imprison the emotion, but the hot tear will break through the fringes of eyelashes and drop upon the coat sleeve. He will put his head on the back of the pew in front and sob, "Lord God of the old people, help me!" We ought to lay a plot here for the religious capture of all the young people in Brooklyn.

A CITY OF DEEP SYMPATHIES.

Yes, sympathy for the old. They have their aches and pains and distresses. They cannot hear or walk or see as well as they used to. We must be reverential in their presence. On dark days we must help them through the aisle and help them find the place in the hymnbook. Some Sabbath morning we shall miss them from their place, and we shall say, "Where is Father So-and-so today?" and the answer will be: "What, haven't you heard? The King's wagons have taken Jacob up to the palace where his Joseph is yet alive."

Sympathy for business men. Twenty-four years of commercial life in New York and Brooklyn are enough to tear one's nerves to pieces. We want to make our Sabbath service here a rescue for all these martyrs of traffic, a foretaste of that land where they have no rents to pay, and there are no business rivalries, and where riches, instead of taking wings to fly away, brood over other riches.

Sympathy for the fallen, remembering that they ought to be pitied as much as a man run over with a rail train. The fact is that in the temptations and misfortunes of life they get run over. You and I in the same circumstances would have done as badly. We should have done worse perhaps. If you and I had the same evil surroundings and the same evil parentage that they had and the same native born proclivities to evil that they had, you and I should have been in the penitentiary or outcasts of society. "No," says some self righteous man, "I couldn't have been overthrown in that way." You old hypocrite, you would have been the first to fall!

We want in this church to have sympathy for the worst man, remembering he is a brother; sympathy for the worst woman, remembering she is a sister. If that is not the gospel, I do not know what the gospel is. Ah, yes, sympathy for all the troubled, for the orphans in their exposure, for widowhood with its weak arm fighting for bread, for the household which erst resounded with merry voices and pattering feet now awfully still—broad winged sympathy, like the feathers of the Almighty; warm blooded sympathy, everlasting sympathy; sympathy which shows itself in the grasp of the hand, in the glittering tear of the eye, in the consoling word of the mouth; sympathy of blankets for the cold, of bread for the hungry, of medicine for the sick, of rescue for the lost. Sympathy!

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OF HEALTH.

Let it thrill in every sermon. Let it tremble in every song. Let it gleam in every tear and in every light. Sympathy! Men and women are sighing for sympathy, groaning for sympathy, dying for sympathy, tumbling off into uncleanliness and crime and perdition for lack of sympathy. May God give it to us! Fill all this pulpit with it from step to step. Let the sweep of these galleries suggest its encircling arms. Fill all the house with it, from door to door, and from floor to ceiling, until there is no more room for it, and it shall overflow into the street, and passersby on foot and in carriage shall feel the throb of its magnificent benediction.

Let that be our new departure as a church. Let that be my new departure as a pastor. Sympathy! Gratitude to God demands that this morning I mention the fact that during all these 24 years I have missed but one service through sickness. When I entered the ministry, I was so delicate I did not think I would preach three months, but preaching has agreed with me, and I think the healthiest thing in all the earth is the religion of Jesus Christ. Bless the Lord, O my soul! What ingrates we are in regard to our health!

I must, in gratitude to God, also mention the multitudes to whom I have been permitted to preach. It is simply miraculous, the attendance morning by morning, night by night, and year by year, and long after it has got to be an old story. I know some people are dainty and exclusive in their tastes. As for myself, I like a big crowd. I would like to see an audience large enough to scare me! If this gospel is good, the more that get it the better.

Many have received the gospel here, but others have rejected it. Now, I tell you what I am going to do with some of my dearest friends who have hitherto rejected the gospel. You are not afraid of me, and I am not afraid of you, and some day, O brother, I will clasp your hands together, and I will turn your face the other way, and I will take hold of your shoulders, and while you are helpless in my grasp I will give you one headlong push into the kingdom of God. Christ says we must compel you to come in. I will compel you to come in. Can I consent to anything else with those men, who are as dear to me as my own soul? I will compel you to come in.

THE PAST HAS LESSONS FOR THE FUTURE.

Profiting by the mistakes of the past, I must do better work for you and better work for God. Lest I might, through some sudden illness or casualty, be snatched away before I have the opportunity of doing so, I take this occasion to declare my love for you as a people. It is different work if a pastor is placed in a church already built up, and he is surrounded by established circumstances. There are not 50 people in this church that have not been brought into the church through my ministry. You are my family. I feel as much at home here as I do in my residence on Clinton street. You are my family—my father, my mother, my sister, my son, my daughter. You are my joy and crown, the subject of my prayers.

Your present and everlasting welfare is the object of my ambition. I have no worldly ambition. I had once. I have not now. I know the world about as well as any one knows it. I have heard the hand clapping of its applause, and I have heard the hiss of its opposition, and I declare to you that the former is not especially to be sought for, nor is the latter to be feared. The world has given me about all the comfort and prosperity it can give a man, and I have no worldly ambition. I have an all consuming ambition to make full proof of my ministry, to get to heaven myself and to take a great crowd with me. Upon your table and cradle and armchair and pillow and lounge and nursery and drawing room and kitchen may the blessing of the Almighty God come down!

During these 24 years there is hardly a family that has not been invaded by sorrow or death. Where are those grand old men, those glorious Christian women, who used to worship with us? Why, they went away into the next world so gradually that they had concluded the second stanza or the third stanza in heaven before you knew they were gone. They had on the crown before you thought they had dropped the staff of the earthly pilgrimage.

And then the dear children. Oh, how many have gone out of this church! You could not keep them. You folded them in your arms and said: "O God, I cannot give them up! Take all else, take my property, take my reputation, but let me keep this treasure. Lord, I cannot bear this."

THE LAND OF NO PARTING.

Oh, if we could all die together! If we could keep all the sheep and the lambs of the family fold together until some bright spring day, the birds a-chant, and the waters a-glitter, and then we could altogether hear the voice of the good Shepherd and hand in hand pass through the flood! No, no, no, no! Oh, if we only had notice that we are all to depart together, and we could say to our families: "The time has come. The Lord bids us away." And then we could take our little children to their beds and straighten out their limbs and say: "Now, sleep the last sleep. Good night until it is good morning." And then we could go to our own couches and say: "Now, altogether we are ready to go. Our children are gone; now let us depart."

No, no! It is one by one. It may be in the midnight. It may be in the winter and in the snow coming down 20 inches deep over our grave. It may be in the strange hotel and our arm too weak to pull the bell for help. It may be so suddenly we have no time even to say goodby. Death is a bitter, crushing, tremendous curse.

I play you three tunes on the gospel harp of comfort. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." That is one. "All things work together for good to those who love God." That is the second. "And the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." That is the third. During these 24 years I have tried as far as I could by argument, by illustration and by caricature to fill you with disgust with much of this modern religion which people are trying now to substitute for the religion of Jesus Christ and the religion of the apostles.

I have tried to persuade you that the worst of all cant is the cant of skepticism, and instead of your apologizing for Christianity it was high time that those who do not believe in Christianity should apologize to you, and I have tried to show that the biggest villains in the universe are those who would try to rob us of this Bible, and that the grandest mission of the church of Jesus Christ is that of bringing souls to the Lord—a soul saving church.

But now those years are gone. If you have neglected your duty, if I have neglected my duty, it is neglected forever. Each year has its work. If the work is performed within the 12 months, it is done forever. If neglected, it is neglected forever.

When a woman was dying, she said, "Call them back." They did not know what she meant. She had been a disciple of the world. She said, "Oh, call them back!" They said, "Who do you want us to call back?" "Oh," she said, "call them back, the days, the months, the years I have wasted. Call them back!" But you cannot call them back; you cannot call a year back, or a month back, or a week back, or an hour back, or a second back. Gone once, it is gone forever.

When a great battle was raging, a messenger came up and said to the general, who was talking with an officer, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." The general kept right on conversing with his fellow officer, and the messenger said again, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." Still the general kept right on, and the messenger lost his patience, not having his message seemingly appreciated, and said again, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." The general then looked at him and said, "Take another." Ah, forgetting the things that are behind, let us look to those that are before. Win another castle; take another standard; gain another victory.

Roll on, sweet day of the world's emancipation, when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the wood shall clap their hands, and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar will come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be unto the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that cannot be cut off."

## SAW A SEA SERPENT

### Monster of the Deep Described in Lake Michigan.

There is a sea serpent in Lake Michigan. So, at least, the officers and men at Fort Sheridan think since the strange and exciting event that befell Capt. Brinkerhoff and Lieut. Blauvelt the other afternoon. The enlisted men are sure that a fearful and unknown monster is lying in wait for unfortunates off the shore that a wave of good resolutions has spread over the post. Sewers, house and convivial soldiers have totally reformed, and no others have signed the pledge for the Sprinkling.

The captain and the lieutenant, says the Chicago Tribune, saw the monster. Capt. H. K. Brinkerhoff is one of the oldest and most respected officers in the army. He commanded Company A of the Fifteenth infantry. He lives in one of the handsomest residences provided for the officers of the post. It is the last house on the "row" through the northwest part of the grounds. It stands within a hundred feet of the brow of the bluff around the base of which the waters roll and break. From the large bay windows of the captain's house a sweeping view of the lake is obtained, a view interrupted in summer by the foliage of massive oaks, whose limbs, now thickly outlined against the sky, present no particular obstacle to the eye. The captain sat at a second-story window reading and now and then scanning the water.

A black speck on the waves directly off his house attracted his attention. It was evidently coming toward shore, and as it approached it grew rapidly in size. It disappeared beneath a wave and reappeared again, a huge object that gave signs of life.

The captain isn't an excitable man, but at that moment he felt a queer sensation. He flung away his book, caught up a field glass, and ran toward the edge of the bluff.

Lieut. W. P. Blauvelt, of Company G of the Fifteenth, occupies a residence directly opposite Capt. Brinkerhoff. The latter called to him:

"O, Blauvelt, come out and look at this thing in the lake!"

"What is it?" the lieutenant asked.

"I don't know. Come and see. Fetch your glass and hurry up."

The two officers hurried forward to the edge of the bluff and leveled their glasses.

Standing under a big oak tree on the bluff in the gray twilight an afternoon,

AS HE LOOKED THROUGH THE GLASS.

or two later, Capt. Brinkerhoff described what he and Lieut. Blauvelt saw to a reporter.

"Right there," said he, pointing to a ripple on the surface of the lake, "the creature poked its head up and we saw it plainly with our naked eyes and through our glasses. The head was very large, dark above and light colored underneath. We could not see the features distinctly, but it looked like an alligator's head. The creature appeared to be benumbed or disabled. From that point it drifted south to an icefloe near that pier," and the captain indicated a pier 800 feet to the south.

"It got entangled in the ice," he continued, "and began to struggle. The effort seemed to revive it. It disappeared, but quickly came to the surface again at the identical spot where we had first got a good view of it. It looked toward us for an instant and then turning around made its way directly out into the lake. It described almost a letter S with its body in turning and we got an excellent view of it. The serpent, or whatever it was, I estimated to be thirty feet long. I could not describe it, except that it looked like a huge alligator deprived of its legs. The color, as I have said, was dark above and light on the under portions of its body.

"The creature went swiftly through the water for several hundred feet due east. Then it turned suddenly, its body again describing the letter S, and headed for the shore, aiming evidently at a point a quarter of a mile north of us. It changed its intention, however, and turning about, passed out of our sight toward Waukegan."

## STOCKADES OF TUSKS.

### A Century's Supply of Ivory Heaped Up in the Interior of Africa.

"The ivory trade shows a most remarkable increase," Commercial Agent Mohun writes from the Congo to the state department. "Ivory is the most valuable article exported. It all comes from the high Congo, both north and south of the river. Steamers bring it as far as Stanley pool, and from there to Matadi (two hundred and fifty miles) native carriers bring it on their backs. I have seen in one day five hundred carriers come to Matadi, each man carrying a tusk averaging sixty-five pounds in weight. When tusks weigh two hundred pounds, which not infrequently happens, four men carry them.

"Most of the ivory now coming down is known as 'dead ivory.' Some of the elephants from which these tusks came were killed one hundred years ago and the kings of villages have been storing it, placing the last tusks brought in on top of the pile, and when they required some goods from the coast traders the tusks from the bottom layers were taken. This system has prevailed for years, and it is estimated that there is enough ivory stored in the interior to supply the world for the next century. It is estimated, but upon whose authority I cannot discover, that there are still at least two hundred thousand elephant in central Africa.

"The only 'live' or new ivory which now comes down is that procured by hunters attached to the different trading houses. I may add that live ivory commands a higher price than the dead. A state expedition visited a native king some months ago in the interior. Upon leaving the commanding officer presented the king with a uniform coat, cocked hat and sword. The king, in return, presented the officer with one hundred and fifty tusks of ivory, averaging two hundred and twenty pounds each, and provided carriers to take them to the river. These people do not recognize the value, and laugh at the traders for buying. Some of these kings have stockades of ivory built around their dwellings."

### Kept Alive by Absorption.

"Nothing like it on record," say physicians of the curious case of Eva Wesch, of Dayton, Ky., just across the river from Cincinnati. Early in January the child became covered with red rings. No apparent discomfort arose from them. Within a day she began to swell, and in a few hours had reached three times her proper dimensions and has remained so ever since. The swelling made it impossible for her to swallow even the smallest amount of food, and all this time she has been kept alive by absorption. Three times daily she is covered from head to foot with corn cooked to a gruel in milk. The child appears to thrive on this diet, is good natured and amuses herself with dolls and pictures. She is so huge that she cannot move, but rejoices all the time in bed. Physicians do not know what is the matter nor how to treat the case.

### Forethought.

She—But love won't buy my clothes.
He—Your father's love will.—Life.

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