Fort Worth Daily Gazette.

DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING COMPANY. FORT WORTH, TEXAS, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1885. VOL. XI: NO. 55.

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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Great Brooklyn Divine's First Sermon On His Return From a Summer Tour in Europe.

Appeal to the Masses, Illustrated by Powerful Allegories—Storm Signal of the Soul.

"Lest That by any Means, When I Have Preached to Others, I Myself Should be Castaway."

CASTAWAYS.

Special to the Gazette.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Dr. Talmage, who has just returned from Europe, delivered to-day a sermon on Castaways, at the Tabernacle, to a crowded audience. He gave out the familiar hymn beginning, "Out on the ocean all boundless we ride," after which he read and expounded the tenth chapter of Acts. His text was: "Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."—1 Corinthians ix, 27. The following is a complete report of the sermon:

The apostle, in the text, indicates that some religious teachers may fail to reach the heaven to which they point others. Gown and surplice and cardinal's red hat are no security. Cardinal Wolsey, after having been petted by kings, and having entertained foreign embassadors at Hampton court, died in darkness. One of the most eminent ministers of religion that this country has ever known plunged into sin and died, his heart, in post-mortem examination, found to have been not figuratively, but literally, broken. O ministers of Christ, because we have diplomas of graduation and bands of ordination on the head, and address consecrated assemblages, that is no reason why we shall necessarily reach the realm celestial. The clergyman must go through

THE SAME GATE OF PARDON

as the layman. The preacher may get his audience into heaven, and he himself miss it. There have been cases of shipwreck where all on board escaped excepting the captain. Alas! if, having "preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." God forbid it!

I have examined some of the commentaries to see what they thought about this word "castaway," and I find that they differ in regard to the figure used, while they agree in regard to the meaning. So I shall make my own selection, and take it in a nautical and sea-faring sense, and show you that men may become spiritual castaways, and how finally they drift into that calamity.

We are a sea-board town. You have all stood on the beach. Many of you have crossed the ocean. Some of you have managed vessels in great stress of weather. There is a sea-captain; and there is another; and yonder is another; and there are a goodly number of you who, though once you did not know the difference between a brig and a bark, and between a diamond-knot and a sprit-sheet-all knot, now you are as familiar with a ship as you are with your right hand, and, if it were necessary, you could take a vessel clear across the mouth of the Mersey without the loss of a single sail. Well, there is a dark night in your memory of the sea. The vessel became unmanageable. You saw it was scudding toward the shore. You heard the cry, "Breakers ahead! Land on the lee bow!" The vessel struck the rock, and you felt the deck breaking up under your feet, and you were a castaway, as when the Hercules drove on the coast of Caffraria, as when the Portuguese brig went staving, splitting, grinding, crashing on the Goodwins. But whether you have followed the sea or not, you all understand the figure when I tell you that there are men who by their sins and temptations are thrown helpless. Driven before the gale! Wrecked for two worlds!

CAST AWAY! CAST AWAY!

By talking with some sailors I have found out that there are three or four causes for such a calamity to a vessel. I have been told that it sometimes comes from creating false lights on the beach. This was often so in olden times. It is not many years ago, indeed, that vagabonds used to wander up and down the beach, getting vessels ashore in the night, throwing up false lights in their prescence and deceiving them, that they might despoil and ransack them. All kinds of infernal arts were used to accomplish this. And one night, on the Cornish coast, when the sea was coming in fearfully, some villains took a lantern and tied it to a horse and led the horse up and down the beach, the lantern swaying to the motion of the horse, and a sea-captain in the offing saw it and made up his mind that he was not anywhere near the shore, for he said, "There's a vessel: that must be a vessel, for it's a movable light," and he had no apprehension until he heard the rocks grating on the ship's bottom, and it went to pieces, and the villains on shore gathered up the packages and the treasures that were washed to the land. And I have to tell you that there are a multitude of souls ruined

BY FALSE LIGHTS ON THE BEACH.

In the dark night of man's danger, religious error goes up and down the shore shaking its lantern, and men look off and take that flickering and expiring wick as the signal of safety, and the cry is, "Heave the main-topsail to the mast! All is well!" when sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape. So there are all kinds of lanterns swung on the beach—philosophical lanterns, educational lanterns, humanitarian lanterns. Men look at them and are deceived, when there is nothing but God's eternal lighthouse of the Gospel that can keep them from becoming castaways. Once, on Wolf Crag lighthouse, they tried to build a copper figure of a wolf with its mouth open, so that, the storms beating into it, the wolf would howl forth the danger to mariners that might be coming anywhere near the coast. Of course it was a failure, and so all new inventions for the saving of man's soul are unavailing. What the human race wants is light bursting forth from the cross standing on the great headlands—the light of pardon, the light of comfort, the light of heaven. You might better go to-night and destroy all the great lighthouses on the dangerous coasts—the Barnegat lighthouse, the Fastnet Rock lighthouse, the Sherryvore lighthouse, the Longship's lighthouse, the Holyhead lighthouse—than to put out God's great ocean lamp—the Gospel. Woe to those who swing false lanterns on the beach till men crash in and perish!

CAST AWAY! CAST AWAY!

By talking with sailors, I have heard also that sometimes ships come to this calamity by the sudden swoop of a tempest. For instance, a vessel is sailing along in the East Indies, and there is not a single cloud on the sky; but suddenly the breeze freshens, and there are swift feet on the ratlines, and the cry is, "Way! haul away there!" but, before they can square the booms and tarpaulin the hatchways, the vessel is groaning and creaking in the grip of a tornado, and falls over into the trough of the sea, and, broadside-on, rolls on to the beach and keels over, leaving the crew to struggle in the merciless surf. Cast away! cast away! And so I have to tell you that there are thousands of men destroyed through the sudden swoop of temptations. Some great inducement to worldliness, or to sensuality, or to high temper, or to some form of dissipation, comes upon them. If they had time to examine their Bible, if they had time to consult with their friends, if they had time to deliberate, they could stand it; but the temptation came suddenly—a euroclydon on the Mediterranean, a whirlwind of the Caribbean. One awful surge of temptation, and they perish. And so we often hear the old story, "I hadn't seen my friend in a great many years. We were very glad to meet. He said I must drink, and he took me by the arm and pressed me along, and filled the cup until the bubbles ran over the edge, and in an evil moment all my good resolutions were swept away, and, to the outraging of God and my own soul, I fell."

Or the story is, "I had hard work to support my family. I knew that by one false entry, by one deception, by one embezzlement, I might spring out free from all my trouble; but the temptation came upon me so fiercely I could not think. I did wrong, and having done wrong once, I could not stop."

Oh, it is the first step that costs; the second is easier, and the third, and on to the last. Once having broken loose from the anchor, it is not so easy to tie the parted strands. How often it is that men perish for the reason that temptation comes from some unexpected quarter! As vessels lie in Margate road, safe from southwest wind, but the wind changing to the northeast, they are driven helpless and go down. Oh, that God would have mercy upon those upon whom there comes the sudden swoop of temptation, that they perish not, becoming, for this world and the world to come,

CAST AWAY! CAST AWAY!

By talking with sailors I have found out also that some vessels come to this calamity through sheer recklessness. There are 3,000,000 men who follow the sea for a living. It is a simple fact that the average of human life on the sea is less than twelve years. This comes from the fact that men by familiarity with danger sometimes become reckless—the captain, the helmsman, the stoker, the man on the lookout—become reckless, and in nine out of ten shipwrecks it is found out that some one was awfully to blame. So I have to tell you that men lose their souls through sheer recklessness. There are thousands of my friends in this house to-night who do not care where they are in spiritual things. They do not know whether they are sailing

TOWARD HEAVEN OR TOWARD HELL,

and the sea is black with piratical hulks that would grapple them with hooks of steel, and blindfold them, and make them "walk the plank." They do not know what the next moment may bring forth. Drifting in their theology. Drifting in their habits. Drifting in regard to all the future. No God, no Christ, no settled anticipations of eternal felicity; but all the time coming nearer and nearer to a dangerous coast. Some of them are on fire with evil habit, and they shall burn on the sea, the charred hulk tossed up on the barren beach of the lost world. Many of them with great troubles, financial troubles, domestic troubles, social troubles, but they never pray for comfort. With an aggravation of sin that stirs up the ire of God, they pray for no pardon. They do not steer for the lightship that dances in gladness at the mouth of heaven's harbor, reckless as to where they come out, drifting farther from God, farther from early religious influences, farther from their present happiness,

VARTING FROM HEAVEN.

And, what is the worst thing about it is, that they are taking their families along with them; and if one vessel perhaps they will all perish; and if one goes, the probability is they will all go. Yet no anxiety. As unconscious of danger as the passengers on board the Arctic one moment before the Vesta crashed into her. Wrapped up in the business of the store, not remembering that soon they must quit all their earthly possessions. Absorbed in their social position, not knowing that very soon they will have attended the last levee, and whirled in the last schottish. They do not deliberately choose to be ruined; neither did the French frigate Medusa aim for the Argalu Banks, but there it went to pieces. O ye reckless souls! I wish that to-night I could awake you up with some great perturbation. The perils are so augmented, the chances of escape are so few; you will die just as certainly as you sit there, unless you bestir yourself. I fear, my brother, you are becoming a castaway. You are making no effort, you are putting forth no exertion for escape. You throw out no oar. You take no soundings. You watch no compass. You are not calculating your bearings while the wind is abaft, and yonder is a long line of foam bounding the horizon, and you will be pushed on toward it, and thousands have perished there, and you are driving in the same direction. Ready, about! Down helm! Hard down! or in the next five minutes, or four minutes, or three minutes, or two minutes, or one minute,

YOU MAY BE A CASTAWAY.

Oh, unforgiven soul! if you could see your peril before God to-night, on account of your lifetime sin and transgression, there would be fifty men who would rush through this aisle crying for mercy, and there would be fifty who would rush through that aisle crying for mercy, and they would be as men are when they rush across the deck of a foundering ship, and there would be thousands of arms tossed up from the galleries; and as these Christian men rose up to help them, it would be as when a vessel drives on the rocks and on the shore—the command is, "Man the lifeboat! Man the lifeboat! Pull, my lads, pull! A steamer with two hundred on board making the last plunge!" Why does your cheek turn pale, and your heart pound until, listening, you can hear it? It is because, my dear brother, you realize that, owing to your lifetime sin and rejection of God's mercy, you are in peril. And I really believe there are thousands of people in this house this moment saying within themselves:

"WHAT SHALL I DO?"

Do? Do? Why, my brother, do what any ship does when in trouble. Lift a distress-signal. There is a flash and a boom. You listen and you look. A vessel is in trouble. The distress-gun is sounded, or a rocket is sent up, or a blanket is lifted, or a bundle of rags—anything to catch the eye of the passing craft. So if you want to be taken off the wreck of your sin, you must lift a distress-signal. Ribs. Lift your hand. Cry out for mercy. The publican lifted the distress-signal when he cried, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Peter lifted the distress-signal when he said, "Lord save me—I perish!" The blind man lifted the distress-signal when he said, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened!" The jailer lifted the distress-signal when he said, "What must I do to be saved?" And help will never come to your soul until you lift such a signal as that. You must make some demonstration, give some sign, make some heaven-piercing outcry for help, lifting the distress-signal for the church's prayer, lifting the distress-signal for heaven's pardon. Pray! pray! The voice of the Lord to-night sounds in your ears, "In Me is thy help." Too proud to raise such a signal,

TOO PROUD TO BE SAVED.

There was an old sailor thumping about in a small boat in a tempest. The large vessel had gone down. He felt he must die. The surf was breaking over the boat, and he said: "I took off my life-belt that it might soon be over, and I thought somewhat indistinctly about my friends on shore, and then I bid them good-bye like, and I was about sinking back and giving it up, when I saw a bright star. The clouds were breaking away, and there that blessed star shone down on me, and it seemed to take right hold of me; and, somehow—I cannot tell how it was—but somehow, while I was trying to watch that star, it seemed to help me and seemed to lift me." O, drowning soul! see you not the glimmer between the rifts of the storm-cloud? Would to God that that light might lay hold of you to-night!

"Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

O, ye castaways! God is doing everything to save you.

Did you ever hear of Lionel Lukin? He was the inventor of the insubmergible life-boat. All honor is due his memory by sea-faring men as well as by landsmen. How many lives he saved by his invention! In after-days that invention was improved, and one day there was a perfect life-boat, the Northumberland, ready at Ramsgate. The life-boat being ready to test it the crew came out and leaped on the gun-wale on one side to see if the boat would upset; it was impossible to upset it. Then, amidst the huzzas of excited thousands, that boat was launched, and it has gone and come, picking up a great many of the shipwrecked. But I have to tell you to-night of a grander launching, and from the dry-docks of heaven. Word came up that a world was beating on the rocks. In the presence of the potentates of heaven the life-boat of the world's redemption was launched. It shoved off the golden sands amidst angelic hosannas. The surges of darkness beat against its bow, but it sailed on, and it comes in sight to-night. It comes for you and comes for me. Soul! soul! get into it.

MAKE ONE LEAP FOR HEAVEN.

In 1833 the Isabella came ashore off Hastings, England. The air was filled with sounds—the hoarse sea-trumpet, the crash of the axes and the bellowing of the tornado. A boat from the shore came under the stern of the disabled vessel. There were women and children on board that vessel. Some of the sailors jumped into the small boat and said, "Now, give us the children." A father who stood on the deck took his first-born and threw him to the boat. The sailors caught him safely, and the next, and the next, to the last. Still the sea rocking, the storm howling. "Now," said the sailors, "now, the mother;" and she leaped, and was saved. The boat went ashore; but before it got to the shore the landsmen were so impatient to help the suffering people that they waded clear down into the surf, with blankets, and garments, and promises of help and all.

I have to hope

that a great many of the families might be saved, and saved altogether. We are going to be that child for Christ, that one live for that other. Give us the mother, give us the father, the whole family. They must all come in. All heaven wades in to help you. I claim this whole audience for God. I pick not out one man here not one man there: I claim this whole audience for God. There are some of you who, thirty years ago, were consecrated to Christ by your parents in baptism. Certainly I am not stepping over the right bound when I claim you for Jesus. Then there are many here who have been seeking God for a good while, and am I not right in claiming you for Jesus? Then, there are some here who have been further away. I saw you come in to-night in clusters—two, three, four men together—and you drink, and swear, and you are bringing up your families without any God to take care of them when you are dead. And I claim you, my brother: I claim all of you. You will have to come to-night to the throne of mercy. God's Holy Spirit is striving now with you irresistibly. You will have to pray some time: why not begin now while all the ripe and purple clusters of Divine promise bend over into your cup, rather than postpone your prayer until your chance is past, and the night drops and the sea washes you out, and forever and forever and forever you become a castaway?

NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

The Rev. Jeremiah O. Sullivan is Consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Mobile, Ala.

A Hot Sectional Fight Waging for Door-Keeper of the Next House of Representatives.

The Government Directors Conclude Their Investigation of the Rock Springs Massacre.

AN IMPOSING CEREMONY.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The consecration of Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan, pastor of St. Peter's Catholic church of this city, as bishop of the diocese of Mobile, Ala., took place at that church to-day. The ceremony of consecrating a bishop usually takes place in a cathedral, but at the urgent request of Father O'Sullivan the archbishop consented to perform the ceremony at the church of the bishop-elect, in the presence of his congregation. The same ceremony which for more than 1800 years has at intervals been performed in various parts of the world was to-day performed for the first time at the capital of the nation, and in a little unpretentious church on Capitol hill. The church and main altar were elegantly adorned with flowers, while hundreds of lighted candles formed crowns and triangular waves of light. On the right of the main altar was the throne for the archbishop, over which hung a canopy of maroon cloth trimmed with a fringe of the same color. On the left was the small altar for the bishop-elect, which was tastefully draped with lace and adorned with flowers and candles. Hayden's mass, No. 5, was sung by a choir of forty voices with orchestral accompaniment. At the elevation, the brilliantly lighted altar, the archbishop, assistant bishop, deacons and sub-deacons, in their golden vestments, the bishop-elect in white and gold, the altar boys in purple cassocks and white surplices, a number of acolytes in white alpaca cassocks with red collars, cuffs and sashes, and white surplices, holding large lighted candles, the glittering pontifical cross, more than fifty priests in black cassocks and white surplices, all reverently kneeling with bowed head, while the host and chalice were held aloft, formed a solemn and impressive scene.

Most Rev. Archbishop James Gibbons of Baltimore was the consecrator and celebrator of the mass, with Right Rev. J. J. Keane, bishop of Richmond, Va., and Right Rev. H. P. Northcup, bishop of Charleston, S. C., as assisting consecrating bishops. After the imposing procession, which entered the church had reached the altar, the ceremonies began by the senior bishop addressing the consecrator:

"Most Reverend Father: Our holy mother, the Catholic church, requires of you to raise this priest here present to the burthensome office of a bishop."

The consecrator asked: "Have you the apostolic commission?"

"We have."

The consecrator: "Let it be read."

The document was presented to the consecrator's notary by the senior assisting bishop and read by him. When he concluded reading the commission, the archbishop said: "Thanks be to God."

The oath of duty and fidelity was then administered to the bishop-elect by the consecrator.

After the completion of the additional solemn ceremonies the consecrator stood uncovered at the altar, and when a hymn was finished the consecrator said prayers. The consecrator and assisting bishops then stood uncovered at the gospel side of the altar. All the others knelt down and the new bishop went to the middle of the altar wearing his mitre, and having his crosier in his left hand, made the sign of the cross on the altar and then on his breast and gave his blessing to all assembled in the church.

The consecrator and assistants took their mitres, turned their faces towards the apostle side of the altar, to which the new bishop went, and turning towards them said: "For many years." He advanced and did the same at the middle of the altar and again at the feet of the consecrator, who, as he rose, gave him the kiss of peace, as did the assistants.

The procession then re-formed and left the church. Thus ended the first consecration of a Catholic bishop in Washington.

SCENE OF THE RECENT BLOODSHED.

ROCK SPRINGS, W. T., Sept. 20.—The situation here remains unchanged. The government directors concluded their investigation yesterday after hearing the personal testimony of the Chinamen who were witnesses to the massacre and the burning of their quarters. The testimony of the Chinamen could not be obtained in the presence of the Chinese contingent in the presence of the protection from the government the assurance of these assurances they remained. Under ward and told a plain and simple story of what occurred on the day of the outbreak, some portions of which were pathetic beyond expression. The government directors have gone west. They spent Sunday in Salt Lake City. Mr. Bromley and Mr. Dickinson joined them in Salt Lake to-day. They will return here on Monday. The presence of the government directors and the Chinese consuls with the military stationed here has largely restored public confidence and Mr. D. O. Clark, superintendent of the mines, has issued the following notice:

"Notice is hereby given that work will be resumed Monday morning, September 21. All miners and other employes are expected to return to their places at that time, with assurance from the company that they will receive while at their work and at their homes such protection from the civil and military authorities as will insure their personal safety. All employes who do not desire to

Continued on Fifth page.