

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Christ Hushing the Tempest on the Sea of Galilee.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following in the Tabernacle at Brooklyn, taking for his text, Mark iv, 35-39; describing Christ stilling the tempest:

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 almost any other space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the tree of rigorous climate.

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.

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, tacking 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 Savior'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.

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 longboat; 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 a while, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the decks are crowded with practical 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 boat, 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.

I can come into this audience today 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 persecutions; 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?"
To this the answer came back:
"These are they who came up out of great tribulation"—great sailing, as the original has it; great sailing, great pounding—and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb."

My subject also impresses me with the fact that some people 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 frightened. Perhaps more.

In all ages very good people get very much frightened. 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 affrighted by iniquity in our day, and think the Church of Jesus Christ is going to be overturned, and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects; they are affrighted 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."

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!

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 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 doest 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 troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do 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 house 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 overturned. 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 it 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 can see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well. Jesus is 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, silvery tide;
We're home at last.

Glorify God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glorify God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

Wants a Halt Called.

Let's quit talking about America being the asylum for the oppressed of all nations of the earth. It was a very pretty figure of speech in the youthful days of the republic, but the oppressed nations are now giving us more than a belly-full. Ten thousand emigrants, speaking almost as many languages, landed at Castle Garden last Saturday. Such cargoes as that will soon put anarchists into every city, town, village and hamlet in the country and leave a few to spare to the rural districts. Let's send word to Europe that the asylum business is played out.—*Indianapolis Saturday Herald.*

Owl Eyes.

A young man residing in Lincoln, Placer county, Cal., is credited with eyes possessing the peculiarities of those of an owl. He can see but little in daylight, scarcely at all in the sunlight, but at night his vision is perfect; he can penetrate the darkness with his peculiarly shaped and nocturnally constructed eyes and distinguish objects at long distances when the ordinary individual can not see his hand before him. His wonderful sight has been tested by many, and as a guide at night he has no equal.

A Careless Traveler.

The carelessness of traveling Englishmen was illustrated at Salt Lake, Utah. A marquis inquired of the Walker House clerk the other night: "Say, my friend, do you know what has become of me brown valise? I can't afford to lose that y'know. It has awl me money an' jewelry in it." When asked where he saw it last he said: "I saw it fired up on tawp the bus, y'know." The valise soon reached the hotel, having come on a different bus from the one the Englishman rode in.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer takes snuff when traveling in hot regions.

New York hotels employ about one thousand chambermaids.

Pie Alley in Boston.

I said something, some time since, about Pie alley, a strange way leading from Washington street to Williams court, where newsboys and bootblacks largely congregate, writes a Boston correspondent of the Providence Journal. But it appears that some characteristics of that old thoroughfare escaped me, and as a voracious historian I feel bound to complete the record. One peculiarity of social life in Pie alley is the exchange of books, which takes place here with something of the regularity attending the transfer of securities at the stock-exchange. About 1 o'clock it is in order for any urchin who has completed the perusal of one of those blood-curdling romances, which make up the literature of street gamins, to offer it in barter for any tale that he has not read. The merchantable value of this soiled and ragged paper-covered fiction is less regarded than the merits of the tale. A story which reeks with gore, abounds in hairbreadth escapes, and is generally to the liking of these exacting readers, commands a ready exchange, and is easily disposed of for another of its kind; there is constant reference to the testimony of those who have read the book, and opinions are delivered with an engaging frankness which is in its way the ideal of literary criticism. The whole is like a delicious satire upon the literary tastes of the town, and is a most amusing thing to witness.

Another peculiarity of Pie alley is the custom that obtains in the restaurants of receiving deposits in exchange for meals. The prices for food are not large when measured by the standards of opulence, but not infrequently it happens that a gamin has neither money, postage-stamps, nor horse-car tickets wherewith to pay his scott. In such a case the obliging proprietors are willing to receive knives, marbles, or any of the innumerable trifles which so naturally accumulate in the pockets of boys that they almost seem to grow there. These things are sometimes redeemed when increase of pecuniary resources allows the customer who has put them in pawn to pay his original liability; quite as often they become in the end the property of the restaurant. The whole business is conducted with as much good faith as attends the transfer of real estate; and the practice is a great convenience to the street Arabs. As for the caterers of Pie alley, it is to be inferred that they know how to make their account out of the trade.

Distribution of the Megalith.

Nothing in the ancient history of man is of more considerable interest than are those monuments, at once rudely grand and mysteriously simple, which have been designated megalithic. They may be simply raised stones, isolated menhirs, cromlechs arranged in a circle, or artificial caves formed by placing flat flags horizontally on standing supports. Dolmens or covered passages were usually buried under masses of earth or stones so as to form a veritable tumuli; but they always present the common character of being constructed in rough block, virgin of all human labor.

Megaliths are important on account of their number and their dispersion. They are to be found, with a likeness running through them all, in places most remote from one another, on different continents. At Carnac and at Kermarin are immense rows of stones, of which the menhirs of the Khasias of India appear like exact copies. Similar domes are standing in Palestine, Ireland, and Hindostan. Megaliths can be found in Peru, and among the aboriginal monuments of North America, in Spain and Denmark, in the Orcaides and the islands of the Mediterranean, on the shores of the Dead sea and of the Baltic, at the foot of Mount Sinai, and in Iceland, at the edge of the eternal glaciers. The dolmens raised upon the top of a tumulus in Algeria may be compared with those standing in the department of the Aveyron or with those in Kintyre, Scotland, and Roskilde in Scandinavia; the cromlech of Maytura, in Iceland, with that at Halskov, in Denmark; the circle at Peshawur, in Afghanistan, with the circle of Stennis, in one of the Orcaides; the tombs of the Neilgherries with the chondets that are found in Africa; the cromlechs of Algeria, with those of Aschenrade, on the Dwina, the triliths of Stonehenge with those of Tripoli, or those mentioned by Palgrave as in Arabia. Even a superficial study will disclose the relations that exist between the covered passages of Provence and the megaliths of Brittany, and between these and analogous constructions in Spain and Algeria. A common thought, and an identical funeral rite, are revealed.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

City and Country Girls.

It is one of the principles of modern sentiment that fine complexions are a country product. Pink-and-white faces are invariably connected with fields and farm houses, and a fair and blooming skin is counted the country girl's heritage, in contradistinction of that of her town sister. The country girl has not only got a better complexion than the town girl—she has a decidedly worse complexion. Take a company of town girls and a company of country girls—where will you find the smooth, clear, fresh-looking faces? Generally among the former. And the thick, colorless, lifeless skins? Generally among the latter. This is a fact that any one can verify by observation.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

MISSING LINKS.

Zola's ordinary income is over \$60,000 a year.

Governor Beaver gives his pension of \$45 a month to charity.

Congressman Cox will build a \$20,000 house in Washington, this summer.

The oldest son of Anthony Trollope has just published his first novel, "My Own Love Story."

James Speed, who was Lincoln's Attorney-General, is 80 years of age, but he still practices law in Louisville, Ky.

William O'Brien has a very peculiar delivery when speaking in public. He emits each word between his teeth as though biting it.

Mr. Denny, Minister to China, in a letter to his brother, says that he finds it difficult to support the dignity of his position on his small salary.

A young Chinaman employed by a cigar firm on Park row, New York, has won the second prize for ornamental drawing at the Cooper Institute.

The late G. L. Goodale of Angola, Indiana, was a cousin by marriage to President Garfield, and it was for him that the latter once worked as a canal-hand.

Professor Oscar Linz, the African traveler, attributes his good health in that climate to abstention from raw fruit, and to his use of water only after it was boiled.

William Lee, senior member of the Boston publishing house of Lee & Shepard, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance to the book trade.

An irreverent Washington reporter says that Kapiolani, the Hawaiian sovereign, knows what the English word "champagne" means, and "uses it to the Queen's taste."

There is one thing, says the Springfield Union, confidentially, about Queen Victoria that ought to be mentioned in full-face caps, this jubilee year—she never banged her hair.

Professor Palmer, of Harvard, has obtained answers from most of the members of the Senior class as to their expenses, from which it appears that one-third of them spend under \$700 a year, one-half under \$1,000 and three-fourths under \$1,200.

The maiden name of Daniel Webster's second wife was Catherine Leirroy, and in Boston recently a divorce case was tried in which the parties bore these names, but were in no way related to the original families. The first Daniel did not figure in divorce courts.

An intelligent Chinaman says there is no equivalent for the word "boom" in his language. This is a soothing and restful fact to dwell upon. But it may be presumed also that no Chinese community with which travelers have made the reading public acquainted would know what to do with such a word if it existed.

The new residence now being erected at Rhinecliff, N. Y., by Levi P. Morton will be a magnificent building, 114 feet long and 81 deep. The house will be built of brown sandstone and wood. It will command a view of the Hudson River for miles as it runs through a country of mountainous grandeur.

The late C. Wyllys Betts, of New York, bequeathed to Yale College a cabinet of rare and ancient coins, some old cannon recovered from lost ships of the Spanish Armada, five antique carved wooden chests made in Connecticut in the seventeenth century, and an old oak chair brought from Lancaster Castle.

Senator Palmer's Washington house cost him \$85,000, and he says the servants have the best rooms in it. Their rooms are on the fourth story, looking on McPherson Square. The house contains twenty-five rooms in all, and the elevator is as commodious as that of a good-sized hotel. There are nine bath-rooms in the mansion.

Clarke, a union veteran residing in New York, was a signal-boy on Admiral Farragut's flagship at Mobile. A shell from the rebel guns rolled up behind the Admiral, and the boy seeing the danger promptly rolled it overboard, when it exploded in the water. He is now so poor that the Farragut medal voted him by Congress for his bravery, has been pledged for a small loan.

Captain Legare J. Walker, Deputy Collector of the port of Charleston, South Carolina, who was wounded at Appomattox, has just had the ball removed. It was so firmly imbedded that it required considerable force to remove it. It was found to be split from its apex almost down to its base, and in the split is a portion of Captain Walker's hip-bone as firmly fixed as the filling of a tooth.

Delaware shad fishermen haven't much faith in the government efforts to propagate these fish. Old Captain Gossar probably voiced the average sentiment when he said: "Let the government keep its tarnal 'Fish hawks' an' sich, to him. All the government has to do ter make shad thicker 'n Jersey skeeters is ter make laws as 'll let God 'n the shad tend the prop'gatin' wnk theire'sels. They knows their business!"

Fred Douglas and Theodore Tilton are almost inseparable companions in Paris, and are often seen dining and strolling in the boulevards. Mr. Douglas expects to return to the United States next fall, and will probably take an active part in the next Presidential campaign.