



DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE DELIVERS A COLUMBUS MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

The Discovery of America Had Many Remarkable Features, but It Was Above All a Religious Discovery—Many Lessons to Be Drawn from It.

At the Tabernacle.

The subject last Sunday was, "Half a Planet," the text being Deuteronomy III, 27, "Lift up thine eyes westward."

So God said to Moses in Bible times, and so He said to Christoforo Colombo, the son of a wool-comber of Genoa, more than four hundred years ago. The nations had been looking chiefly toward the East. The sculpture of the world, the architecture of the world, the art of the world, the philosophy of the world, the civilization of the world, the religion of the world came from the East.

But while Columbus, as his name was called after it was Latinized, stood studying maps and examining globes and reading cosmography, God said to him, "Lift up thine eyes toward the West." The fact was it must have seemed to Columbus a very lopsided world with a cart with one wheel, like a scissor, with one blade, like a sack on one side of a camel, needing a sack on the other side to balance it. Here was a bridge of a world with no bridgehead. When God makes a half of anything He does not stop there. He makes the other half. We are all obliged sometimes to leave things only half done. But God never stops half way, because He has the time and the power to go all the way.

He was called a land grabber, a liar, a cheat, a fraud, a deceiver of nations. Speculators robed him of his good name, courtiers depreciated his discoveries, and there came to him ruined health and imprisonment and chains, of which he said while he rattled them on his wrists, "I will wear them as a momento of the gratitude of princes." Amid keen appreciation of the world's abuse and cruelty, and with body writhing in the tortures of gout, he groaned out his last words, "In manus tuas Domine commendabo spiritum meum." "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

What most impresses me in all that wondrous life, which for the next twelve months we will be commemorating by solemn and grand military parade and World's Fair and Congress of Nations, is something I have never heard stated, and that is that the discovery of America was a religious discovery and in the name of God. Columbus, by the study of the prophecies, and by what Zechariah and Micah and David and Isaiah had said about the "ends of the earth," was persuaded to go out and find the "ends of the earth" and he felt himself called by God to carry Christianity to the "ends of the earth." Then the administration of the last supper before they left the Gulf of Cadiz, and the evening prayers during the voyage, and the devout ascription as soon as they saw the New world, and the doxologies with which they landed confirm me in saying that the discovery of America was a religious discovery.

Athelias has no right here; infidelity has no right here; vagabondism has no right here. And as God is not apt to fail in any of His undertakings (at any rate I have never heard of His having anything to do with a failure), America is going to be Gospelize, and from the Golden Gate of California to the Narrows of New York harbor, and from the top of North America to the foot of South America, from Behring straits to Cape Horn, "this is going to be Immanuel's land. All the forms of irreligion and abomination that have ensnared other parts of the world will land here—yea, they have already landed—and they will wrangle for the possession of this hemisphere, and they will make great headway and feel themselves almost established.

But God will not forget the prophecies which encouraged Columbus about the "ends of the earth seeing the salvation of God," nor the Christian anthem which Columbus led on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, on the coast of San Salvador. Like that flock of land birds which met the Santa Maria and the Pinta and the Nina far out at sea, indicating to the commanders of that fleet that they were approaching some country, so a whole flock of promises and hopes, golden winged and songful, this morning alighted around us, assuring us that we are approaching the glorious period of American evangelization.

There is the Santa Maria, only ninety feet long, with four masts and eight anchors. The captain walking the deck is 57 years old, his hair white, for at 35 he was gray, and his face is round, his nose aquiline and his stature a little taller than the average. I know from his deformed step and the set of his jaw that he is a determined man. That is Captain Christopher Columbus. Near by, but far enough off not to run into each other, are the smaller ships, the Pinta and the Nina, about large enough and safe enough to cross the Hudson River or the Thames in good weather.

There are two doctors in this fleet of ships and a few landsmen, adventurers who are ready to risk their necks in a wild expedition. There are enough provisions for a year. "Captain Columbus, where are you sailing for?" "I do not know." "How long before you will get there?" "I cannot say." "All ashore that are going!" is heard, and those who wish to remain go to the land.

Now the anchors of the three ships are being weighed, and the ratlines begin to rattle and the sails to unfurl. The wind is dead east, and it does not take long to get out to sea. In a few hours the adventurers wish they had not started. The ships begin to roll and pitch. Oh, it is such a delightful sensation for landsmen! They begin to bother Captain Columbus with questions. They want to know what he thinks of the weather. They want to know when he thinks he will probably get there. Every time when he stands taking observations of the sun with an astrolabe they wonder what he sees and asks more questions. The crew are rather grouty, some of them came on under four months' advance pay and others were impressed into the service.

For sixteen days the wind is dead east, and that pleases the captain because it blows them farther and farther away from the European coast and farther on toward the shore of another country, if there is any. After awhile there comes a calm day, and the attempt is made to fathom the ocean, and they cannot touch bottom though the line and lead run down 200 fathoms. More delightful sensations for those who are not good sailors! A fathom is 6 feet, and 200 fathoms 1,200 feet, and now that it may be many hundred feet deeper.

To add interest to the voyage on the twentieth day out a violent storm sweeps the sea, and the Atlantic ocean tries what it can do with the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina. Some of you know something of what a seacock can do with the Umbria, the Majestic, the Tenton and the City of Paris, and you must imagine what the ocean could do with those three small ships of olden time. You may judge what the ocean was then by what it is now; it has never changed its heart. It canals like the morning, but often it is the archangel of wrath, and its most rollingick is a shipwreck. The mutinous crew would have killed Columbus had it not been for the greater opinion on shipboard that he was the only one that could take them back home in safety.

The promise of a silk waistcoat and forty dollars in money to the man who should first discover land appealed them somewhat, but the indignation and blasphemy and threats of assassination must have been awful. Yet God sustained the great sailor commanding the

santa Maria. Every evening on shipboard they had prayers and sang a vesper hymn. But after all the patience of those on board the ships had been exhausted, and the great captain or admiral had been cursed by every anathema that human lips could frame, one night a sailor saw a light moving along the shore, and then moving up and down, and then disappearing.

On Friday morning at two o'clock, just long enough after Thursday to make it sure that it was Friday, and so give another blow at the world's ideas of unlucky days—on Friday morning, Oct. 12, 1492, a gun from the Pinta signaled "land ahead." Then the ships lay to and the boats were lowered, and Captain Christopher Columbus first stepped upon the shore amid the song of birds and the air of a surge of redolence and took possession in the name of the Father, and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

The voyage that began with the sacrament ended with "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." From that day onward you say there can be nothing for Columbus but honors, rewards, rhapsodies, palaces and world wide applause. Not so! On his way back to Spain the ship was so wrecked by the tempest and so threatened with destruction that he wrote a brief account of his discovery and put it in a cask and threw it overboard that the world might not lose the advantage of his adventures. Honors awaited him on the beach, but he undertook a second voyage, and with it came all maligning and persecution and denunciation and poverty.

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An Incident of Gambetta's Downfall.

A trifling circumstance rendered the situation more tense. The Mayor of Belleville, a Gambetta, got up, in the interest of his party, a popular banquet in the Lime Tree Garden at Menilmontant, the most democratic part of his arrondissement. The great orator was there to explain his policy, in a way to meet the attacks which the press was beginning to make. In the invitations, of which about 900 were issued, the hour stated was 7 o'clock. This was understood to mean half-past 7. But the dinner was not served until after half-past 8. Gambetta had not come. The landlord insisted upon waiting no longer. Two places were kept vacant at the table of honor. At 9 "the guests of the evening" and Spiller entered to fill them. Whether, habilitated at the Palais Bourbon to the dishes of Trompette, he had grown too dainty for the plain cooking of Menilmontant, or for what other reason, it does not appear, they had both dined with a few friends at a restaurant. They did not at the banquet even go through the polite comedy of pretending to eat. No apology was offered either at the time, nor afterward in the press; a polite fib, though a transparent one, would have calmed irritation. Punctuality, it was remarked *sotto voce*, was the politeness of Kings; but the elect of the millions thought themselves higher than born sovereigns. The speech which followed the banquet was listened to with icy coldness. The world did not do him justice while he was alive, and why should it be expected to do him justice after he was dead? Columbus in a dungeon! What a thought! Columbus in iron! What a spectacle!

Another look at that career of the admiral of the Santa Maria persuades me that it is not to be expected that this world will do its hard workers full justice. If any man ought to have been treated well from first to last, it was Columbus. He had his faults. Let others depict them. But a greater soul the centuries have not produced. This continent one, would have calmed irritation. Punctuality, it was remarked *sotto voce*, was the politeness of Kings; but the elect of the millions thought themselves higher than born sovereigns. The speech which followed the banquet was listened to with icy coldness. The world did not do him justice while he was alive, and why should it be expected to do him justice after he was dead? Columbus in a dungeon! What a thought! Columbus in iron! What a spectacle!

The wife of Robert Murray, after whom Murray Hill, New York, was named, never has received proper credit for detaining at a very rich luncheon the officers of the opposing army until Washington and his army could escape. Mrs. Murray saved American independence. How the wrong men and the wrong women get credit that does not belong to them, while God's heroes and God's heroines go ungarlanded! You have heard of the brave words of dying bachelors, but you probably never heard of what a private soldier said, fallen at Rossbach, and bleeding under a shell wound in his mouth, and who, through suffering dreadfully from thirst, when a cup of water was offered him, declined to drink, saying, "My mouth is all bloody, sir, and it might make the tin cup bad for others." The world knows little or nothing of the bravest words and the bravest deeds.

I am one of the last letters which Columbus sent to his son, he wrote this lamentation: "I receive nothing of the revenue due me, live by borrowing. Little have I profited by twenty years of service with such toils and perils, since I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep, I have no recourse but the inn, and for the most part times have not wherewithal to pay the bill." Be not surprised, my hearer, if you suffer injustice. You are in the best of the company—the men and women who wrought mightily for God and the world's improvement, and got it for chiefly misrepresentation and abuse while they lived, although afterward they may have had a long row of carriages at the obsequies and a gilt-edged set of resolutions unanimously adopted for the consolation of the bereft household. Do for him to stand by, and he has pursued his course, bearing with it other men less renowned.—*Century Magazine*.

Staking a Life on a Card.

The long and prosperous career of Flotow, the composer, was temporarily clouded in 1864 by the death of his youngest brother, which took place under painful dramatic circumstances.

He was rather what is emphatically called a "wild" fellow, and a practical joke which he perpetrated in a half-drunk state was taken as an insult by the whole body of the Mecklenburg deputies, of whom he himself was one.

De Flotow agreed to meet any single antagonist selected by lot. This, as it happened, turned out to be a certain Count Z., one of the deputies who resented the offense most keenly.

De Flotow's asking him if he thought a stupid joke worth fighting about and receiving an emphatic answer in the affirmative, "Be it so," he said; "and, if you attach any value to life as I do, we will fight in the American fashion—I staking my life against yours in a game of scat or five points; the loser to blow out his brains in twenty-four hours."

The proposition was agreed to, cards were brought and the two men commenced their terrible game. The score stood at four points on each side, when Count Z. turned the king. "You have won, sir," said De Flotow, rising, "I will pay before noon to-morrow. Next day he slept till 11. After breakfast he took a turn in the park, and was observed by his valets gazing for some minutes at the facade of the ancestral mansion; after which he hid his face in his hands for a moment, as if weeping. He then pulled out his watch! It wanted but five minutes of noon. M. De Flotow entered his study. At 12 precisely the report of a pistol shook the window-panes. He had punctually killed himself.—*Century Magazine*.

Three Bottles of Swamp-Root Produced a Positive Cure.

I had inflammation of the bladder and kidneys, with intense pain in my back and a frequent desire to pass water, which was highly colored and full of sediment. Physicians pronounced my case chronic kidney troubles and stated it was beyond cure.

JACOB OSWALT, Knightsville, Ind.

A Business Young Man.

Young Drestbeef (of Chicago)—Will you marry me, Miss Fosdick?

Miss Fosdick—Really, Mr. Drestbeef, it is too sudden. You must give me time to consider."

Young Drestbeef—Very well, I'll let you have an option on me for one week.

Have You Asthma?

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure free. In worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

Noah's Joke.

"Provisions are running pretty low, pop," said Sam, on the thirtieth day out. "What are we going to do about it?"

"I don't know," said Noah, with a wink at Japhet, "unless we eat Ham."—*Brooklyn Life*

For a COUGH or SORE THROAT the best medicine by far is HALE'S FAMOUS HONEY of HOREHORN and TAR. Price 25¢ a bottle. Send to Dr. Hale, 100 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Way Out.

Angelina Hamfate—It's no use. We can't draw. I've got a divorce. I've scratched my rival. I've lost my diamonds and found them. Now what can I do to make the miserable people come?

Her Manager—Act a little.—The Jewish Circular.

For indigestion, constipation, sick headache, weak stomach, disordered liver or the Beechman's Pills. For sale by all druggists.

WHENEVER the devil sees a real good man he sets about making a dozen hypocrites.

ONE of the hardest castes for Satan to overcome is the home where I live is king.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$200 trial bottle free to Fit. Send to Dr. Kline, 100 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

No MAN can please God by accident. He must want to do it, and plan to do it.

His True Title.

A man who lived in an ambush is more dangerous than one who attacks us in the open field, and for whose assaults we are, in a measure, prepared. That dangerous enemy to health, malaria, must be encountered fully armed. Its thrusts are sudden, unexpected and deadly, and can only be guarded against with certainty by fortifying the system with a course of defensive medication. The sure defense against chills and fever, bilious remittent, damp ague, and ague cake is Hostel's Stomach Bitters, which is also an estimator of the most obstinate form of malaria which resist the action of ordinary specifics, and the virus of which remains in the system even when the more violent symptoms are subdued. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, and kidney troubles are always relieved by this medicine.

Keep Off the Enemy.

A man who lived near the Barrys was devoted to the harp, and "practiced" with commendable industry. But some people do not enjoy music.

The other day Miss Barry said:

"Uncle Charles, the Bells says 'harper,' but don't you know that the newspaper critics usually write 'harpist.' I wonder which form is the more correct. If you were speaking of Mr. Cross in the next house, which should you call him, a harper or a harpist