

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A SHATTERED FAITH LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Some Are Broken Pieces from the Ship" — Acts, Chapter XLVII, Verse 44 — Saving the Wrecked on Life's Tempestuous Sea-

NEVER off Goodwin Sands, or the Skerries, or Cape Hatteras, was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean hurricane, was the grain ship on which two hundred and seventy-six passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Clitta Vecchia. After a two-weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled, and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscarred man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors: nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overturned cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddles they had on those old boats, and hoisted the mainsail so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes—tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to the starboard, now over to the larboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arms around a mast, he cries: "All is well, God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash! went the prow, with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash! went the timbers, till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves two hundred and seventy-six immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore, and had learned to swim and with their chins just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet, they put out for the beach, and reach it. But alas for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long sea-sickness.

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take that image of Castor and Pollux." "Take that plank from the lifeboat." "Take anything, and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on there! Almost ashore; keep up your courage. Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There, another plank comes in, with a life clinging fast to it. There, another piece of the shattered vessel, with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes; there comes in last of all, for he had been overseeing the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out: "Thank God, all are here!"

I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster Catechisms, and I wish you all did; but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them; and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are today kept out of the kingdom of God because they cannot believe anything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me: "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death when he has a good chance before death is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore, rather than wait for a plank that may be thrown to you after death? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them, rather than

run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way." You say: "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology." I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great siegeworks of ecclesiastical battle. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the Gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl-strung beach of heaven.

Says some other man: "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them; for I say to myself: "If I love Christ and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved; and if I do not love Christ, and live a bad life, I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different." I floundered along while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever since.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me: "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah! don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet; they both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes and the owner of the house lives a week after; will the burglar be at the gate of heaven, waiting, when the house-owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred: I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shooting at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say: "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere from that which others adopt, but you are not, therefore, hindered from action. Because your theory of light is different from others, do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different, you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to wharfrage, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" Then go to your room, and all alone, with your door locked, give your heart to God, and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than fifty in the shade.

"But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matter afterward. "But there are so many inconsistent Christians!" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act. "But I don't believe in the Old Testament!" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the Book of Romans." Then come in on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Savior of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest, and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel-piece where it belongs, and that floor-timber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor, and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing, while trying to mend his ship goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. O my brother, let your smash-up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a splintered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, got his gardens made. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out he was living at Caprera, a very rough and uncultivated island home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave nine million people free government, under Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, after being absent two years from Caprera, returned, and when he approached it, he found that his home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as a surprise, been Edenized. Trimmed shrubbery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of barrenness, and the old rocky pier in which he once lived had given

way to a pictured mansion. And I tell you if you will come and enlist under the banner of our Victor Emmanuel, and follow him through thick and thin, and fight his battles, and endure his sacrifices, you will find after awhile that he has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny scepticisms to a garden all abloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamt of. From a tangled Caprera of sadness into a paradise of God.

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm book. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associates who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are "all at sea," and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was lifted that he wished to disregard, and he put his sea-glass to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal." Oh, my hearer, put this field-glass of the Gospel no longer to your blind eye, and say, I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and he is all you need to see.

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship Knickerbocker, of the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Crammer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a life-boat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line thrown the poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows all who can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge, to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over him from one side and the wave of hellish fury rolled over him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of the tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

You admit you are all broken up, one decade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half-century, perhaps three-quarters of a century gone. The hour hand and the minute hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be twelve and your day ended. Clear discouraged are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all our lives that are worth anything to sin and the devil, and then at last make God a present of a first-rate corpse. But the past you cannot recover. Get on board that old ship you never will. Have you only one more year left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some great mission to some other world, where you can somewhat atone for your lack of service in this.

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deprecation something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldliness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ and shall enter heaven through his mercy; but alas, alas! that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship."

The Porcupine's Quills. The current opinion that a porcupine throws its quills at an enemy is not supported by facts, says the Portland Oregonian: The spines of the porcupine are very loosely attached to the body and are very sharp—as sharp as a needle. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine, and stick there, coming away from the animal without any pull being required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spines, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working farther in with every movement of the muscles.

Theory About Quinine. It is claimed that the tree from the bark of which quinine is obtained furnishes no quinine except in malarial regions. If the tree is planted in a malarial district it will produce quinine; if it is planted in a non-malarial district it will not produce quinine. It is, therefore, inferred that quinine is a malarial poison, drawn from the soil and stored up in the bark of the tree.

The devil has an iron collar on every man who thinks more of the saloon than he does of his home.

GEN. HARRISON HAPPY

DAUGHTER BORN TO THE EX-PRESIDENT.

Important Event Happened at Five O'clock Sunday Morning—Mother and Child Both Doing Well—The General Says He Is Out of Politics.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison at 5 o'clock Sunday morning. Dr. Jameson, in attendance, pronounces that the child weighs eight and one-half pounds and is robust. He stated that both mother and child were doing nicely.

It is said that in the early summer the ex-President will take his wife and little daughter to the Adirondacks, where he owns a splendid estate. In conversations with friends recently he has frequently declared that he is glad to be out of politics. There was a time last spring when he was almost persuaded to contest the nomination with McKinley, but he has often said since that he was glad he was not led into the fight.

BEROVITCH PASHA, TURKISH GOVERNOR OF CRETE.



HANNA TO BE SENATOR.

Gov. Bushnell So Declares in a Signed Statement.

Gov. Bushnell of Ohio Sunday night gave out the following to the press: "It has been my intention to make no announcement in relation to the action I would take in the matter of an appointment to fill the prospective vacancy in the Ohio representation in the United States senate until the vacancy actually existed. But, on account of the manifest interest of the people and their desire to know what will be done, I deem it best now to make the following statement:

"When Senator Sherman resigns to enter the cabinet of President McKinley, I will appoint to succeed him, the Hon. Marcus A. Hanna of Cuyahoga county, to serve until his successor is chosen by the LXXIIIrd general assembly of the state. I trust this action will meet with the approval of the people. Asa S. Bushnell."

HEAVY DEFICIT SHOWN.

Ex-State Treasurer Bradley of Nebraska in Trouble.

A statement of the financial condition of the state treasury of Nebraska shows that ex-State Treasurer J. S. Bartley, republican, had a deficit staring him in the face of over \$500,000. Coupled with this is a little item of \$27,000, which ex-State Auditor Eugene V. Moore, also republican, needs to account for in order to balance his books. Both these officers have enjoyed the greatest confidence of their party and the people of the state.

Mr. Bartley is the victim of a too lenient policy in assisting his friends in a financial way. He saved many banks throughout the state from failure during the late financial stringency, and now the money then loaned can not be readily collected.

Another Big Trust Formed.

A trust which will set prices on rattan goods the world over has been formed at Boston. The concern will have a capital stock of \$6,000,000. Negotiations to this end have been in progress for some time, the companies which will consolidate being the Heywood Bros. & Co. and the Wakefield Rattan company. The new concern will be known as the Heywood Bros. & Wakefield company.

Think Duestrow Was Insane.

A post-mortem examination of Dr. Duestrow's brain was made by a number of specialists. The examination resulted in a conviction among the physicians that the brain was in an abnormal condition.

Young Pugilist Killed in the Ring.

Ben Coleman was killed in a prize fight at the Manhattan Athletic club, Cincinnati, Ohio, Thursday night, by William Rogers. Rogers escaped, but Referee Simcoe was arrested.

FIRE ON THE GREEKS.

Foreign Warships Bombard Insurgent Camp.

The united squadron has bombarded the insurgent camp outside of Canea. The foreign admirals have warned Col. Vassos, the commander of the Greek forces on the island of Crete, of their intention to attack his troops with four men-of-war anchored off his camp, Agioli Theodorol, should he attempt to advance to the interior of the island.

At 4:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon signals were made to Dryad, Harrier and Revenge, together with one Italian, one German and one Russian ship, to open fire on the Cretan position, where the Greek flag was hoisted some days ago. The British ships fired forty and the foreign ships thirty shells at the village, and ruined the house held by the Cretans. The flag was soon lowered, and the order "cease fire" sounded after ten minutes.

An engagement has occurred just above the village of Mournies, between the insurgents and a Turkish band.

At 4:45 the insurgents at Akotiri,

INDIANA BRIEFLETS.

RECORD OF MINOR DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

Seven Days' Happenings Condensed—Social, Religious, Political, Criminal, Obituary and Miscellaneous Events from Every Section of the State.

James Ottinger of Lebanon, convicted of chicken stealing, has been sent to prison for two years.

The Rev. P. J. Albright, of Alexandria, has succeeded the Rev. J. H. Smith of Noblesville, as chaplain of the prison north.

J. F. Devor has purchased the Ridgeville News, leaving Prof. W. F. Kendall to devote his entire time to Ridgeville College.

William A. Gavitt, of Waterloo, a retired manufacturer, after several months of suffering from pain in his head, has been stricken blind.

Burglars returned to Farmland on Saturday night, securing two gold watches in William House's residence and \$7.50 at Mrs. Ella Norviel's home.

James Haynes, of Fredericksburg, whose wife recently died, committed suicide because of grief over his loss. She was a sister of the late Col. Horace Heffren.

It is reported at Hartford City that on the 1st of March there will be a general raise of 2½ per cent on glass, affecting only the Western and Pittsburgh jobbers.

Omer Lowden, of Clinton county, sent to Michigan City prison for four years, being convicted of robbing Miss Rosa Bacon of \$70 is said to be dying with consumption.

Mrs. James Lucas of Farmland, who has been experimenting for years, has succeeded in raising home-grown lemons, some of which measure fourteen inches in circumference.

Delegates to the National Cannery association, in session at Cincinnati, on Saturday made an excursion to Elwood, where they were the guests of the American Tin-plate Company.

John D. Cochran of Franklin, under suspicion at one time of having killed Frank Redmond of Indianapolis, has been arrested and transferred to Pomerooy, O., on a charge of highway robbery.

Alfred McEwen, of Edinburg, accused of stealing \$20 from the safe of Pruitt Bros., of that city, has been acquitted on jury trial at Franklin. He belongs to one of the leading families of Edinburg.

The box-factory and planing-mill owned by W. C. Fear & Co., of Summitville, was partially destroyed and one of the employees, sleeping on an upper floor, was severely burned. The loss is \$1,500, with no insurance.

Frank Ford, of Evansville, employed by an installment house, embezzled funds and fled to St. Louis. He was returned to Evansville on Friday night last, and the following day he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Charles Sparr, of Lafayette, was pursued and arrested at Franklin, on Saturday, charged with attempting to pass a check on the Franklin National Bank, to which Frank S. Record's name has been forged. The check called for \$85.

G. B. Hillegoss, of Wabash, while attending a dance, met Joseph Way, and struck him behind the ear with his fist, to the very severe, if not fatal, injury of the victim. There was an old feud between the men. Hillegoss was arrested.

Frank Sparr, alias Frank Smith, who attempted to pass a forged check at Franklin and was arrested, on a plea of guilty, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He is supposed to have been the man who defrauded a bank at Cambridge City out of \$70.

The ashes of the late George W. Shanklin were sprinkled over the graves of his parents at Evansville, as by his dying request, the body having been cremated. The services were short, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and only members of the family were present.

The other night forty tramps were quartered in the jail at Kokomo, while 171 were stored away in the dry kilns attached to one of the brick-yards. All of them lived by begging. As a result the citizens feel that philanthropy has played out, and the mayor has instructed the police to drive the intruders out of town.

The experts appointed to investigate the books of Dekalb county, following the arrest of ex-Auditor Coffinberry, now dead, and others, has reported, showing the following shortages: Ex-Treasurer Fair, about \$12,000; ex-Auditor Coffinberry, \$5,400; ex-Clerk Moody, \$2,700, while other ex-officials, whose names are withheld, are short in amounts ranging from \$400 to \$3,000.

The bondsmen of T. G. Stout of Grant township, Newton county, have seized his books and papers, and report that Mr. Stout, township trustee, has issued orders for \$400 in excess of the law, while others are thought to be held by the banks. These orders were negotiated by George M. Ray of Shelbyville, a school supply agent, who has figured in such work for years. A special meeting of the county commissioners will be held, looking to further action.

Two experts employed by the auditor of Madison county to unravel the confused accounts extending over a series of years, are reported by the Anderson News to have found mistakes aggregating \$85,000, with forced balances everywhere, and the books a bundle of errors. The news also says that Treasurer Breneman has refused to accept the tax duplicates of Alexandria, fearful that if he uses the auditor's figures in collecting taxes much confusion will arise. There is also said to be many errors in the tax duplicates of Elwood.