# "BROKEN PIECES OF THE SHIP."

## **DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE LAST** SUNDAY MORNING.

## The Gospel Ship the Finest of the Universe.

### You Could No More Wreck It Than You Could

## Wreck the Throne of Gcd Almighty-But a Vast Multitude Do Not Take Regular Passage.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 16 .- For many years the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the largest Protestant church in America, has been thronged twice on the Sabbath, every available inch occupied, even the aisles, pulpit stairs and doorways, and multitudes going away unable to get in. Dr. Talmage recently announced to his congregation that, if the present building could be sold for an Academy of Music, another church, one holding ten thousand people, would be erected. This morning, after expounding the Scriptures, he gave out the hymn:

"Sinners turn, why will ye die?

God, your Maker, asks you why?" The subject of the sermon was "Broken Pieces of the Ship," and the text, Acts xxvii, 44. "Some on broken pieces of the ship." Dr. Talmage spoke as follows:

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 Citta Vecchia. After a two weeks' tempest and 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 unscared 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; aye, 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 destred port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overthrown 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 that they had on these boats, and hoisted the main sail 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 starboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Faul'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

except the one idea that Christ came to save except the one idea that Christ came to save shours, and that you are one of them, and you are histantly researed. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can flod only a plece of wood as long as the human body, or a plece 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 to day kept out of the Kingdom of God because they cannot believe everything. I am talking with a man thought in about his soul who has larly travelled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me: "I connot believe that in tols life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think life the destiny is irrevocably fixed. I think there will be another opportunity of repent-ance after death." I say to him: "My broker, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who walts for mother realize that the man who walts for mother chance after death when he has a good chance before death is a stark foold. Had not you better take the plonk that is thrown to you now and head for shore rather than walt for a plank that may by invisible hands be thrown to you after you are deadd. Do as yot please, but as for myself, with par ion for all my sins offered me now and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now. I instantly take them rather than 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 Chr stian centuries been interpreted another way.

You say: "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Aniover the dogy." I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of war, their port holes filed with the great slege-guns of ecclesiastical battly. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the

Hut 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 iree 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 myse f: "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 theo logical seminaries of the universe cannot logical seminaries of the universe cannot make it say different." I foundered a long while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the four-teenth night when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mere; for a sinner, and that plank I book, and I have been warm ing myself by the bright fire on the shore for

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 bel ef at all, of good morals and bad morals, go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the de-bauched have the same destination? At mid-night to a baliway the owner of a bouse and a burglar meet each other, and they both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar died in five minutes and the owner of the house lives live 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 inf. 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 controver it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I 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." Be-cause 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 chem stry, about astronours, about the atmosphere, from that which others adopt, but you are out therefore hindered from action. Because your theory of I gut is different from others, do not r sfuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about stellar system is different, you do not refuse to acknowledge the North Star, Why should the fact that your theological theories are different, binder you from acting upon what you knowf If you have not a whole ship tashioned in the theological dry docks to bring you to wharfage, you have at least a plank: "Some on broken pieces of the

ship." "But I don't believe in reviva's!" 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 lift in the shade. "But I do not be leve in Bapt sm?" Come in without it, and settle that matter afterward. "But there are so many inconsistent Christians?" Then comso many inconsistent Christians?" Then come in and show them by a good example how pro-fessors ought to act. "But I don't believe in the Old Testament?" Then come in on the New. "But I don't I ke the Book of Romans." Then come to on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you adult to be the Saybare of the last. to come to Christ whom you admit to be the Saviour of the lost, because you can not admit other thiogs, you are like a man out there in that Mediterraneau tempest and tossed in the Medita breakers, refinding to come ashore un-til her a mend the pleces of the broken sldp. I hear him say: "I wou't go h on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windloss in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel place where it belongs, and that floor tim-ber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old safer and know all about ships for forty years and as soon as I can get the vessel affoat in good stape I will come in." A man drifting by on a plece of wood over-A man drifting by on a piece of wood over-hears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as a m doing. I know nothing about ships, and I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I can not swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man hi the offing while trying to need his ship grees down. The man who trusted to the p ank is saved. O, no brother, let your synashel up system of theology go to the beattom while you come in on a spintered spar! "Some on broken places of the ship." You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian got his gar-dens made. When the war boween Austria and Sardfola broke out he was living at Caprea, a very rough and uncultured Isian I home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Stein, and gave nine million people free governm nt under Victor Emanuel Garibald, after holng ab-sent two years from Caurca, returned and, when he approached ii, he found that his home had by Victor Emanuel as a surprise been Edenized. Trimmed simultery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of inarrenizes, and the old rook-ers in which he once loved had given way to a pletured mans on where he loved in comfort the rest of his days. And I tell you if you will come and callst under the banner of our Victor Emmanuel, and fight His battles, and endure His sacrifices, you will find after a while that he has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny skeptielsm hoto a gorden all athosom with inxuriant joy that you have never dreamt of. From a tangled Caprera of sadness into a Paralise of God! I do not know how your theological system the liberation of Naples and Sied., and gave i do not know how your theological system went to pice s. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have believe fittle or nothing. Or they may bave been too rigid and severe in religions disici-pline, and cracked you over the head with a pasim-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 than you do not and you dwelt more on things than you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was iffied that he wished to disregard and he put his seasplass to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal." O, my heaver, 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. The text: "Some on broken proces of the Berne the sum of the series of the text." Some on broken proces of the Berne above on this one plant, and the same above on this one plant, bot who really believe in the series it, but who really believe in the series it. The series is the series it is series it to believe in the series it is series it to believe in the series it is series it. The series is the series it is series it is series it is series it. The series is the series it is series it is series it is series it. The series is the series it is series it is series it is series it. The series is the series it is series it is series it is series it. The series is the series it is series it is series it. The series is the series it is series it. The series is the series is the series it is series it. The series is the series it is series it is series it. The series is the series is the series it is series it. The series is the series is the series it is series it. The series is the series it is series it. The series is the series is the series it is series it. The series is the series is the series it is series it. The series is the series wasP Life

back, their boat capsized, yet righted sgain and came on, the sailors coated with fee. The boat causized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line was thrown the poor was righted, and a line was thrown the poor fellows, but their han is and arms were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down never to rise till the sea gives up its dead. Appreci-ate that heroism and self sacrifice of the brave fellows we all can, and can we not appreciate the (thist also not out in a more bithor could fellows we all can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out in a more biling cold and into a more overwhelming surge to brog us out of infinite peril into everasting safety! The wave of human hate rolled over Him from one side, and the wave of helish fury rolled over Him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of the tempest into which their planet for our more.

or the hight and the thunder of the tempest-into which Christ plunged for our rescue! Come in on that one narrow beam, the heam of the cross. Let all else go and cling to that. Fut that under you, and with the carnestness of a swimmer struggling for his life put out for shore. There is a great warm life of wel-come already built and already muty, who for shore. There is a great warm life of wel-come already built, and already many, who were as far out as you are, are standing in its genial and hevenly glow. The angels of God's rescue are wading out into the surf to clutch your hand, and they know how exhausted you are, and all the redeemed prodigals of heaven are on the beach with new white robes to cluthe all those who come in on broken places. clothe all those who come in on broken pieces of the e ship.

of the ship. My sym<sub>i</sub> athles are for such all the more be-cause it was naturally skeptical, disposed to question everything about this life and the next, and was in danger of being further out to sea than any of the two hundred and seventy-six in the Mediterranean breakers, and I was sorietimes the annoyance of my theological professor because I asked so many ourstances. societimes the annovance of my theological professor because I asked so many questions. But I came in on a plank. I knew Christ was the Saviour of sinners, and that I was a sinner, and I got ashore, and I do not propose to go out on that sea again. I have not for thirty minutes discussed the controverted points of theology in thirty years. And during the rest of my life I do not propose to discuss them for thirty seconds. thirty seconds.

would rather, in a mud-scow, try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up from the Caribbean than risk my immortal soul in useless and perilous discussions in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging. They remind me of a com-pany of sallors standing on Ramsgate pier-head, from which the life-boats are u unily launched, and coolly discussing the different styles of our-locks and how deep a boat ought to set in the water, while a herricane is in ful to set in the water, while a berricance is in full blast, and there are three steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing. An old tar, the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out: "This is no time to discuss such things. Man the life-boat! Who will volunteer! Out with her into the surf! Full, my lads, pull for the wreck! Ha! ha! Now we have them. Lift them in and fay them down on the bottom of the boat. Jack you try to bring them to. Put the boat. Jack you try to bring them to. Put these flannels around their hands and feet, and I will pull for the shore. God help mel There! Londed! Huzza! When there are so many struggling in the waves of sin and sorrow and wretchedness, let all else go but salvation for time and salvation forever.

I bethink myself that there are some here whose opportunity or whose life is a mere whose opportunity or whose life is a mere wreck, and they have only a small plece left. You started in youth with all sails set and everything promised a grand voyage, but you have sailed in the wrong direction or found-ered on a rock. You have only a fragment of time left. Then come in on that one plank: "Some on broken pieces of the ship." You admit that 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

hour-hand and the minute-hand of your clock of his are almost parallel, and soon it will be twelve and your day ended. Clear discourag-ed are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all of 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 ou 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 serves in this. From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deploration something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good ental faculties and fine social



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till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts am diships, and into a thousand pieces 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 how to swim, and with their chin just Jearned how to swim, and with their chin just above the waves and by stroke of both arms and propulsion of both feet, they put out for the beach and reached it. But alas for the others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the failing of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long sea-Sickness. Ob, what will become of them? "Take that

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that plece of sudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to anoth-er. "Take that table." "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! The the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and chil-dren! Hold on there! Almost ashore, keep up your courage! Remember what Paul tol 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 shatter ed 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 oversecing the rest, the old m'ssionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out: "Thank God, all are here?" Gather them around a fire and call the roll.

Paul builds a fire, and when the bundles of sticks begin to crackle, and, standing and sitting around the blaze, the passengers begin to recover from their chill and their wet clothes begin to dry, and warmth begin to come into all the shivering passengers, let the purser of the vessel go round and see if any of the poor the vessel go round and see if any of the poor ereatures are missing. Not one of the crowd that were plunged into the sea. How it re-lleves our anxiety as we read: "Some on bro-ken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass they all escaped safe to land." Having on previous occasions looked at the other nearmore. I confine myself to day to an

other passengers, I could be used at the examination of those who came in on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that excites in me an intense interest. I am not so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore as I expected. A mile of water is not a very great unlertak-bar for a strong same and are not so that ing for a strong swimmer, or even two miles are not. But I can not stop thinking about those on broken pieces of the ship. The great Gorpel ship is the finest vessel of the universe Gospel ship is the fluest vessel of the universe and can carry more passengers than any craft ever constructed, and you could no more wreck it than you could wreck the throne of God Ahulghry. I wish all the people would come aboard of her. I could not promise a smooth voyage, for ofttimes it will be tempes tuous or a chopped sea, but I could promise safe arrival for all who took pa-sage on that Great Eastern, so called by me because its commander came out of the East, the star of the East a hadge of his authority. But a vast multitude do not take regular passage. Their theology is broken in pieces, and their life is broken in pieces, and their workly and spiritual prospects are broken in pieces, and yet I believe they are going toreach the bining shore, and I am encouraged by the ex-perience of those people who are spoken of in the text: "Some on broken pieces of the abin."

great opportunity, but through worldlines few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ, and shall enter Heaven through His merey, but alas, that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving bands of a multi-tude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of lieaven on broken picces of the ship!

#### The Cattle of Ayrshire.

The Ayrshires are to us exceedingly attractive on account of their broken color, the white spots and flecks contrasting beautifully with dark red or brown of the body color, the color, as a rule, being intensified along the edges of the white, and yet, strange to say, there is a craze for sold colors among breeders.

The breed is well adapted to make the most of short commons or the best of abundance-hardy, active, prolitie, going all to milk, and piling on fiesh when dry-a breed every farmer and dairyman is proud of, filling the eye, and till ng the pail. The milk is of medium quality and abundant, making up in flow what it lacks in quality when compared with the special butter breeds; always rich in solids, hence admirable for cheese production. Were

we to name a breed of cattle which would produce the greatest prefit from a given area of farming or grazing land, or turn 100 tons of hay, corn fodder and corn meal into the greatest profit, we should hesitate to name one which would surpass the Ayrshire, even when the breed would have no opportunity to exhibit its hardiness and activity. But, on short pasture, in cold stables, exposed to more or less hardsh ps the Ayrshire would almost surely carry off the palm.

There is one thing about them that is very satisfactory: they are always recognizable even as grades. The breed has an unmistakable strikingly handsome style of its own. An Ayrshire is an Avrshire, and never will be mistaken for anything else.-American Agriculturist.

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### A Sealy Remark.

Mahler & Gale set up a fine fish lunch the other day, and one of their patrons devoured about three-quarters of the palatable dish. Of course neither Mahler or Gale took exceptions to the gourmand's ungentlemanly conduct, but permitted him to feast on the fish until his appetite was appeased. After devouring all he wished of the watery tribe, he called for a glass of ginger ale, and whilst getting away with that, he remarked: "George, I'm sick, and I embody the

trio of the fiery furnace." 'How's that?' said Gale.

"Well, because-Shad-rack Me-sick -Abed-we-go!"-(ari Preizel's Week-

#### The Oldest on Record.

Sunday School teacher: now shildren, can any of you tell me who Methuselah

Small sebolar: He was a chestnut.

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