"On all the story of a life or race, the blessing of a good man leaves its trace"-Boyle O Reily.

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TELEGRAPH AND MESSENGER, Macon, Ga.

entaining those Southern Roots and Herbs

An Old Missionary In Command of the Ship-Theological Theories and Common Sense Facts-Seizing on the First Thing That Offers In Time of Peril.

DE FUNIAK SPRINGS, Fla., Feb. 21 .-After many years of invitation Dr. Talmage preaches today at this great Chautauqua. From all parts of the south the people are assembled. The sermon is mightily helpful for those who find it hard to believe everything. Dr. Talmage returns this week to Washington. The subject of this sermon is "A Shattered Faith" and the text Acts xxvii, 44, "And some on broken pieces of the

ship." 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 276 passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Citta 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 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-nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There Geo. W. Cobb; nstable and Chief shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Paul In Command. Knowing that they can never get to the desired 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 Don't you realize that the man who after being absent two years from Capaddles they had on those old boats and hoisted the mainsail so that they might come with such force as to be driven is a stark fool? Had not you better take 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 deel, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arms around a mast, he D. B. Bradford, Sec'ty and B. F. Spence, Treasurer. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday 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 V. G.; H. O. Hill, Fin. Secretary; Maurice Wescott Treasurer, Meets every Friday at 7:30 p. m. timbers till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand ology." I do not ask you on board either dise of God. Royal Areanum: Tiber Creek Counfragments the vessel goes, and into the waves 276 immortals are precipitated. Morgan Vice Regent; C, Guirkin, 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 pearl strung beach of heaven. and propulsion of both feet they put out for the beach and reached it. But tend to religion if I was quite sure

Oh, what will become of them? spar," says Paul to another. "Take that image of Castor and Pollux." "Take that plank from the lifeboat." "Take anything and head for the per: Treasurer, John S. Morris County | 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. by the bright fire on the shore ever Remember what Paul told you. There | since. the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There

learned to swim, or they were wounded

Bradford, Sec'ty, Noah Burfoot. all are here!"

How They Escaped. Gather around a fire and call the roll. Paul builds a fire, and when the The Improvement Co. -E. F. Aydlett, bundle of sticks begin to crackle, and, President; T. G Skinner, Vice Presi- standing and sitting around the blaze, dent; C. H. Bobinson, Secretary and the passengers begin to recover from their chill, and the wet clothes begin to dry, and warmth begins to come into all the shivering passengers, let the purser of the vessel go round and see if any of the poor creatures are missing. Not one of the crowd that were plunged they escaped all safe to land."

at the other passengers, I confine myself keep you from loving and serving der, Ensign. Regular Drill each Tues- today to an examination of those who Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore came in on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that ex- theory, are going to get ashore. You cites in me an intense interest. I am may have a different theory about chemnot so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore, as I ex- mosphere from that which others adopt, pected. A mile of water is not a very but you are not therefore hindered great undertaking for a strong swim- from action. mer, or even two miles are not. But I cannot stop thinking about those on ent from others do not refuse to open

o. m. Steamer Newton, leaves Elizabroken pieces of the ship.

tempestuous or a chopped sea, but I theological drydocks to bring you to could promise safe arrival for all who wharfage, you have at least a plank took passage on that Great Eastern, so "Some on broken pieces of the ship." called by me because its commander came out of the east, the star of the Then go to your room, and all alone, east a badge of his authority.

in pieces, and their life is broken in 50 in the shade. pieces, and their habits are broken in pieces, and their world and spiritual prospects are broken in pieces, and yet ter afterward. "But there are so many shining shore, and I am encouraged by in and show them by a good example the experience of those people who are spoken of in the text, "Some on broken believe in the Old Testament!" Then pieces of the ship."

One object in this sermon is to encourage all those who cannot take the on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come whole system of religion as we believe to Christ, whom you admit to be the it, but who really believe something, Saviour of the lost, because you cannot

to come ashore on that one plank. I do not underrate the value of a great theological system, but where in all and tossed in the Melita breakers, rethe Bible is there anything that says: fusing to come ashere until he can mend Believe in John Calvin and thou shalt the pieces of the broken ship. I hear be saved? or, believe in Arminius and him say: "I won't go in on any of these thou shalt be saved? or, believe in synod planks until I know in what part of the of Dort and thou shalt be saved? or, be- ship they belong. When I can get the lieve in the Thirty-nine Articles and windlass in the right place, and the sails thou shalt be saved? A man may be or- set, and that keel piece where it belongs, thodox and go to hell, or heterodox and and that floor timber right, and these go to heaven. The man who in the deep ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am affection of his heart accepts Christ is an old soldier, and know all about ships saved, and the man who does not accept for 40 years, and as soon as I can get him is lost.

One Central Fact. Westminster catechisms, and I wish you | will drown before you get that ship reall did, but you may believe in nothing constructed. Better do as I am doing. I they contain except the one idea, that know nothing about ships, and never Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on going ashore on this shivered timber." the grand old ship, I would rather have The man in the offing, while trying to body, or a piece as wide as the out- my brother, let your smashed up system spread human arms, and either of them of theology go to the bottom, while you 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 everything. I am talking with a man thoughtful

cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there waits for another chance after death pardon for all my sins offered me now. been interpreted another way." You say, "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theof these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great siege guns of

alas for those others! They have never about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up.' in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the

Doubt Overruled. While I am talking to another man crawls up out of the surf the centurion. about his soul he tells me, "I do not belife clinging fast to it. There another lieve there is any hell at all." Ah, the ship. And so it came to pass that not say, "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, accordbecause all the others, according to your istry, about astronomy, about the at-

Because your theory of light is differyour eyes. Because your theory of air nestness of a swimmer struggling for his The great gospel ship is the finest of is different you do not refuse to breathe. the universe and can carry more pas- Because your theory about the stellar warm fire of welcome already built, system is different you do not refuse and already many, who were as far out binger, will leave Eizabeth City for and you could no more wreck it than to acknowledge the north star. Why as you are, are standing in its genial Hertford Wednesdays and Saturdays you could wreck the throne of God Al- should the fact that your theological and heavenly glow. The angels of God's at 9, 30 a. m : Elizabeth City for Nor mighty. I wish all the people would theories are different hinder you from rescue are wading out into the surf to two stores in San Francisco and when

a smooth voyage, for ofttimes it will be have not a whole ship fastened in the exhausted you are, and all the redeemed

Itate Library

"But I don't believe in revivals!". with your door locked, give your heart But a vast multitude do not take reg- to God, and join some church where ular passage. Their theology is broken the thermometer never gets higher than

"But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matbelieve they are going to reach the inconsistent Christians!" Then come how professors should act. "But I don't come in on the New., "But I don't like the book of Romans." Then come in admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece I believe in both the Heidelberg and of wood overhears him and says: "You saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am you get aboard, but if you can only find mend his ship, goes down. The man these flannels around their heads and a piece of wood as long as the human who trusted to the plank is saved. Oh, come in on a splintered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

The Victorious Banner. You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, about his soul who has lately traveled got his gardens made. When the war through New England and passed the between Austria and Sardinia broke out night at Andover. He says to me, "I he was living at Caprera, a very rough and uncultured island home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the will be another opportunity of repent- liberation of Naples and Sicily, and ance after death." I say to him: "My gave 9,000,000 people free government brother, what has that to do with your under Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, prera, returned, and when he approachwhen he has a good chance before death | ed it he found that his home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as a surprise, been high up on the beach by some fortunate the plank that is thrown to you now Edenized. Trimmed shrubbery had and head for shore rather than wait for taken the place of thorny thickets, gara plank that may by invisible hands be dens the place of barrenness, and the thrown to you after you are dead? Do old rookery in which he once lived had as you please, but as for myself, with given way to a pictured mansion. And I tell you if you will come and enlist and all the joys of time and eternity under the banner of our Victor Emmanoffered me now, I instantly take them, | uel and follow him through thick and rather than run the risk of such other thin and fight his battles and endure chance as wise men think they can peel his sacrifices you will find after awhile off or twist out of a Scripture passage | that he has changed your heart from a that has for all the Christian centuries | jungle of thorny skepticism into a garden all abloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamed of-from a tangled Caprera of sadness into a para-

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that ecclesiastical battle, but I do ask you your parents started you with only one to take the one plank of the gospel that plank, and you believe little or nothyou do believe in and strike out for the ing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline and Says some other man, "I would at- cracked you over the head with a psalmbook. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick by the falling of the mast, or the nerv- Those things used to bother me, but I that disgusted you with religion. It ous shock was too great for them. And have no more perplexity about them, may be that you have associates who others had been weakened by long sea- for I say to myself, "If I love Christ have talked against Christianity in your and live a good, honest, useful life, I presence until you are fall at sea," and am elected to be saved, and if I do not you dwell more on things that you do 'Take that piece of a rudder,' says love Christ and live a bad life I will not believe than on things you do be-Paul to one. 'Take that fragment of a be damned, and all the theological sem- lieve. You are in one respect like Lord inaries of the universe cannot make it Nelson, when a signal was lifted that any different." I floundered a long while 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 fieldglass of the gospel grain overboard, but I saw there was no longer to your blind eye, and say, I mercy for a sinner, and that plank I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, took, and I have been warming myself | 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 There another plank comes in, with a come a Christian because I do not be- the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in piece of the shattered vessel, with its don't you? Do all the people of all be- great storms, and the captain and crew freightage of an immortal soul. They liefs and no belief at all, of good morals saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer of must by this time all be saved. Yes; and bad morals, go straight to a happy Philadelphia in distress. The weather there comes in last of all, for he had heaven? Do the holy and the debauched cold, the waves mountain high, the first been overseeing the rest, the old mis- have the same destination? At mid- officer of the steamship and four men ding, had in the lot of 12 individuals a Electric Light Co.-J. B. Blades, Presi- sionary, who wrings the water from his night, in a hallway, the owner of a put out in a lifeboat to save the crew of when desired. The finest Hearse in this dent, G. M. Scott, Vice President, D. gray beard and cries out, "Thank God, house and a burglar meet. They both the schooner, and reached the vessel and fire, and both are wounded, but the towed it out of danger, the wind shiftburglar dies in five minutes, and the ing so that the schooner was saved. But owner of the house lives a week after. the five men of the steamship coming Will the burglar be at the gate of heav- back, their boat capsized, yet righted en, waiting, when the house owner again and came on, the sailors coated comes in? Will the debauchee and the with ice. The boat capsized again, and libertine go right in among the families three times upset and was righted, and of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing a line was thrown the poor fellows, but on the banks of the river of life with their hands were frozen so they could the children he massacred. I wonder if not grasp it, and a great wave rolled Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth over them, and they went down, never are up there shootiong at a mark. I do to rise again till the sea gives up its not now controvert it, although I must dead. Appreciate that heroism and self into the sea. How it relieves our anxiety say that for such a miserable heaven I sacrifice of the brave fellows all who Ksamer, J. B. Flora, H. F. Smith and as we read: "Some on broken pieces of have no admiration. But the Bible does can, and can we not appreciate the cold and into a more overwhelming Having on previous occasions looked ing to your theory, that ought not to 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! Cling to the Cross.

Come in on one narrow beam of the cross. Let all else go and cling to that; put that under you, and with the earlife put out for shore. There is a great

prodigals of heaven are on the beach with new white robes to clothe all those who come in on broken pieces of the

My sympathies are for such all the

more because I was naturally skeptical,

disposed to question everything about this life and the next, and was in danger of being farther out to sea than any of the 276 in the Mediterranean breakers, and I was sometimes the annoyance 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 80 minutes discussed the controverted points of theology in 30 years, and during the rest of my life I do not propose to discuss them for 30 seconds. I would rather in a mud scow try to 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 company of sailors standing on the Ramsgate pier head, from which the lifeboats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different styles of oarlocks and how deep a boat ought to set in the water while a hurricane 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 lifeboat! Who will volunteer? Out with her into the surf! Pull, my lads: pull for the wreck! Ha, ha! Now we have them. Lift them in and lay Jack, you try to bring them to. Put feet, and I will pull for the shore. God help me! There! Landed! 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.

A Safe Plank.

I bethink myself that there are some here whose opportunity or whose life is a mere wreck, and they have only small piece left. You started in youth with all sails set, and everything promised a grand voyage, but you have sailed in the wrong direction or have foundered 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 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 12 and your day ended. Clear discouraged 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 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 deploration something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldiness 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 part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship."

Six Kentucky Marriages. At the village of Roley one day not

long ago there were six couples married. In the morning there was a triple wedding in the church. In the afternoon three other couples were wedded within an hour of each other at the homes of the respective brides. All six of the couples were entertained at the home of Uncle Bob Tucker, who, after the different marriages, was closely related to all the principals thereto. Now come some of the singular features of the case. Uncle Bob, before the wedone niece and one nephew. In the 12 there were a brother and sister, two sisters, two brothers, three cousins, two uncles, an aunt, four nieces and two one of the 12 pernephews, and yet e related to him or sons married any any feature is that herself. Another s there were two before the wed two Dunbars, two named Hopkins . two McWhorters. Chelfs, two Tuci one Pendleton and one Hood, After the omelet was done, the Dunbars and Hopkinses had gained two, the Pendletons, Chelfs and McWhorters had been exterminated, the Hoods had been increased by one, and the Tuckers had held their ground. Ever since the wedding day the gossips have been figuring on the probable kinship between the several brides and grooms and their mutual relative Uncle Bob Tucker.-Columbus (Ky.) Spectator.

Dickens' Valet.

Jackson Jordan, for some time the valet of Charles Dickens, celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Jan. 8. Dickens picked him up in New Orleans, and he was in the service of the author when the "American Notes" were written, later accompanying him home to England. At present he is steward of the steamship Coptic, running between San Francisco and China, and he expects to sail for many a day yet, though he can remember when there were only

THE CATS OF SIENA.

A Paredise of the Felines Is This Italian

Strangers in Siena often speak of the great quantity of pet cats to be seen there. At each doorway opening directly on the street sits a pet cat, staid and respectable, with a ribbon or some piece of color tied about her neck to show that she belongs to a human family. Workmen in their little shops have a cat to keep them company, sometimes sitting on a low counter at the window. All are within reach of any teasing hand, but I never saw a cat chased or teased in any way, and it is plain that they feel perfectly secure and do not expect any injury. Personally I found them unsociable and that when I spoke to them they took no notice and made no reply, even when I learned an Italian word or two to say to them. They were happy at home and did not need to make new friends.

In Naples there are men whose business it is to feed cats every day at noon. People with economical tables subscribe a small sum to have their cats provided for by the cats' food man. The cats begin to feel quite hungry about noon and stroll out from the shops in all those crowded streets to watch for their dinner. I could not imagine what was the excitement among them the first day I was out at that hour. Presently I saw a part of the daily distribution on bustling Chiaja. There were cats there who seemed to watch what was dealt out to them very critically, as if they intended to make a complaint if their dinner was not as good as it ought to be.

In Florence the cats enjoy the freedom they love, and never did I see one chased or looking timid and anxious as if uncertain where to run to. I remember a cat I used to pass near the old Medici church of San

Spirito. She seemed to live on one of the upper floors of a tall house. and she could only look up to her window by sitting in the middle of the street. She would never answer my greeting, but continued to look up as if watching her friends or perhaps signaling to them that she was ready to go home.

There is a special cat church in Florence-San Lorenzo, the church in which so many Medici are buried. I don't know whether that family was particularly fond of cats or how it happened, but the cloisters of San Lorenzo are reserved for homeless cats, whether they come there by themselves or are brought by people who want to dispose of them.

I had read in my guidebook that these animals are fed every day at noon from scraps brought in by people in the neighborhood, so I was particular to time my first visit at noon and was disappointed to hear that for some reason the breakfast hour had been changed to 9 a. m. There is a large, raised green center in the cloisters, on which grow some shrubs and trees, and asleep under the bushes or loitering around the stone ledge that inclosed the green were a dozen or two of the charity cats. Legend says they are witches, who have consented to take this harmless shape and to keep out of mischief. They were rather a dilapidated looking lot, but still interestwhose salvation I had borne a blessed ing, because all cats have a great deal of individuality and when possible of independence also.

I cannot envy the horses and dogs of Italy, and certainly not the birds, but if I had to be changed into an animal I might choose to be an Italian cat.-Our Animal Friends.

There is an uncertainty about half informed people. You cannot count on them. You cannot tell what their way of thinking may be. They vary from day to day perhaps with the last book they have read .- Mill.

The Phoenicians were the first to erect fortified cities on the Mediter-

From Washington to Algiers the voyage is 3,425 miles.



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