

AMERICAN SAILORS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A EULOGISTIC SERMON

HISTORY OF THE U.S. NAVY.

Praise For the Heroic Deeds of American Bluejackets From Time of Captain Hull of the Constitution to Admiral Dewey of the Olympia—In the Good Time to Come. However, "Gallant Ships" shall Pass No More Out to Take Life.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1903, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, May 24.—In view of the approaching celebration of Memorial day and the decoration of soldiers' graves Dr. Talmage recalled in his sermon this morning the services rendered to the nation by American sailors and pleaded that they, too, be remembered in the patriotic tribute. His text was Isa. xxxiii, 21, "Neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."

The old Brooklyn navy yard used to have many interesting sights. There were its museum and its antiquated cannon mounted in the yards and its piles of empty shells. There were its famous dry dock and the great sheds under which lay the keels and the skeleton ribs of those massive frames that were laid and knitted together toward the close of the civil war, but never finished.

There were also its uniformed sailors and marines and its buildings, filled with food and clothing soon to be sent to the different naval stations of the world. There often lay the training ships and the great men-of-war just in from foreign ports. But to me the most interesting place of all in the Brooklyn navy yard, where I used to play as a boy, was "Rotten Row." Alongside of its wharfs were tied some of the decaying vessels that had helped to make America's valorous history. They were too old to voyage the sea and too weak to defy the enemy's shells. They were also too sacred to be split up for kindling.

Isaiah has been walking in imagination along the "Rotten Row" of a millennial dawn. With prophetic vision, he has been looking ahead to the time when all the navies of the world shall go out of commission; when every quarter deck of every man-of-war shall be a playground for the pattering feet of the little children; when the war ships' decks shall no longer be slippery with human blood. "Neither shall gallant ship pass thereby," translated into the language of ordinary life, means "Neither shall gallant men-of-war ever again sail to destroy life." And yet Isaiah, speaking of this glad-some day, cannot refrain from paying a well earned compliment to those patriotic sailors who have always been willing to fight and, if necessary, to die for their country's cause. He speaks of the man-of-war in words of mortal praise. He calls the naval vessel a "gallant ship."

Ought the jack tars of old to be more honored than those of the present time? Cannot we afford, on this Memorial Sunday, to praise the heroic deeds of American bluejackets who fought under Captain Hull in the Constitution, under James Lawrence in the Chesapeake, under Decatur in the United States, under Farragut in the Hartford, under Dewey in the Olympia? If the most conspicuous monument in all London was reared in Trafalgar square to the memory of Admiral Nelson, surely we, on this last Sabbath preceding our annual Memorial day, should dedicate at least one sermon to the noble tars who, in the American wars, won immortal fame upon the high seas. "Gallant ships" is a term we can well apply to the great number of men-of-war which have composed the American navy from 1776 down to the present time.

Are you and I ready to do the duties that arise before us, day by day, promptly and unquestioningly as the American navy, as a whole, did its duty? What duty? To go forth bravely and cheerfully, no matter how weak may seem to be our mental, physical and spiritual courage? Do you not know that your very confidence in yourselves and your willingness to go ahead mean already the battle half won? When Lieutenant Dupont was commanded to do a certain thing, at first he failed to carry out his orders. Returning to Admiral Farragut, he began to make many excuses for his failure. But the great admiral turned and said: "Ah, Dupont, you have not given me the strength to win your failure. You did not accomplish what I told you to do chiefly because, deep down in your heart, you did not think you could do it."

"Then, if that be true," said the young sailor, "I will go ahead and carry out your order." And go he did. Are not our failures, my hearers, due to a like cause? If we had the faith in God that we ought to have should we not accomplish more? "I can do all things," said the intrepid apostle, "through Christ who strengtheneth me." Sure of that strength, we went into the conflict with undaunted courage, and his enemies declared that he turned the world upside down. So it has ever been with missionaries and reformers. They who dared, confident of divine support, returned as victors. Their strength is still given to all who depend upon it. You and I have it, and it will enable us to perform any task allotted to us if we will only, like the American sailor, go forth to fulfill it strong in faith and with a good heart.

But the American navy has also been willing at all times to do its routine work as well as to unlimber its batteries and clear its decks in time of conflict. There is something inspiring, something terrific and overwhelming in the thought of two great naval monsters coming closer

and closer together to grapple in mortal combat. What man is there whose cheek does not flush when he hears about the duel of the Constitution and the Guerriere? What American's eye does not flash when he sees Commodore Hull commanding his flag officer, Lieutenant Morris, to withhold the fire of his guns, until the two vessels were within speaking distance, then, with cannon double shot, to send forth their messengers of death? But the great work of a navy is not always in fighting, but may be in patrolling a blockade. The tactics of U. S. Grant would never have been won had he not had the assistance of the American sailor as well as of the soldier in blue. The value of the services the sailors rendered in that awful conflict cannot be exaggerated. It was they who intercepted the supplies that the southern armies so sorely needed. It was their vigilance that produced the destitution which not even the sublime self sacrifice of the southern people could relieve. Day in and day out, yea in and year out, the northern ships blockaded the southern ports. The southern armies were more starved to death than they were shot to pieces by Federal guns. The southern soldiers could not buy shoes for their feet, or clothing for their backs, or medicines for their sick. The patriotic women of the south had to tear up their linen dresses, that the surgeons might have bandages for the bleeding wounds. Tea and coffee were banished from the southern tables during those sad years.

Let us ask ourselves if we are ready to do the necessary routine work of our lives as the sailors in the past have been ready to do theirs. Are we sulking in our homes and refusing to faithfully perform the vital daily tasks of an inconspicuous life merely because the newspapers do not report the orders we give to the cook or tell about how many yards of cloth we week by week sell over the counter? David Farragut had to wait until he was over sixty years of age before he had an opportunity to distinguish himself in battle. If the great American naval officer could patiently, uncomplainingly and faithfully perform the humbler duties of daily life until he was an old man, near to the grave, surely we can afford to be brave and true in the inconspicuous duties God has given us to do.

The American navy should be honored. Upon its glorious muster roll are to be found the names of international statesmen as well as heroic fighters—men who have brilliantly served our country with brain and pen as well as with the sword. Many of our Presidents have been elected to the White House on account of their military records. Washington and Taylor and Jackson and William H. Harrison and Grant and Hayes and Garfield are among the number. But the American soldier rarely has the opportunity to study statesmanship as has the sailor. It was only comparatively a few years ago that foreign lands were brought into cable touch with our national capital. Thus every naval ship which touched a foreign port not only had to have a captain who could sail the seas, but also a naval diplomat, who, independent of the home government, had to decide many questions which, wrongly decided, might involve his country in bloody international strife.

Our national indebtedness to our navy is not confined to its prowess in battle. We owe much to the tact and statesmanship of our naval commanders. They have not only upheld the honor of our flag in distant seas, but to display the courtesy and consideration to the navies of other nations which are necessary to the maintenance of friendly relations. It would have been possible for Admiral Dewey by an indiscreet act while he lay in Manila Bay to have involved us in an international quarrel. Thousands of miles away from home, there he lay, surrounded by the cannon of foreign ships. By one false move he could have made Germany an enemy and involved us in war with Emperor William. Had he been careless there might have ensued a scramble on the part of other nations to gain possession of some of the Philippine Islands for themselves. What honor is too great for the memory of Commodore Matthew C. Perry, who in March, 1852, negotiated the famous treaty with Japan which for the first time opened the port of the Mikado to the ships from other lands? Incident after incident could be cited where the American sailor has won imperishable laurels in preventing war rather than in winning prizes after a war has been started.

Our American navy has defied the severity of the elements as well as the storm of shot and shell. I am not now speaking of the hurricanes which blow over the Atlantic or the Pacific. I have in mind the frigid terrors of the far north, which Captain D. L. Braine defied when he tried to find the Arctic pole in 1873, and Lieutenant Commander George Washington De Long defied when he led the fatal Jeannette expedition in 1879. Ah, those were brave men, yet no braver than General Greely and Rear-Admiral Melville and the many gallant fellows who went after the De Long party, and faced icy dangers to bring back the survivors and the frozen bodies of the dead. They were no braver men than Lieutenant Peary, who has again and again tried to reach the North Pole. On returning home from his latest journey he had to have part of his feet amputated because they had been frozen among the northern snows. In spite of all the past dangers and sufferings, he is again chafing and fretting to go back to his old search.

Does any one say that all this sacrifice of heroic naval lives to the northern elements is a useless sacrifice? I do not think so. As a young boy I saw the long procession of hearse that carried many of the dead of the ill fated De Long expedition out to their last resting place. I heard the sad story told by a surviving lieutenant, who afterward, while suffering from injuries

received in that rescue expedition, took his own life. I said then what I say now: Any plan conceived in the interest of science or the search after truth, any expedition which is born with the hope of learning something not known before, is worthy of sacrifice. This was the desire that drove Columbus across the seas. This was the desire which made Galilei defy the hierarchy of Rome and stick to the truth that the earth moves round the sun. And this is the purpose which has made many a noble naval hero lay down his life upon the spotless white sails of the northern snows, overtopped by the towering memorial shafts of the Arctic icebergs. All honor to these brave men!

The American navy is to be honored to-day. The genius of its constructors and the sure marksmanship of its gunners are to be the great preventers of future wars. The President of the United States a short time ago, when speaking in the city of Chicago, said practically those words. He did not boast in reference to our national prowess. Let us obey the old adage which says, "Speak softly, but carry a big club, and go ahead." The big club to-day for national offense and defense is the American navy. More and more has the law of national development increased the responsibility of the navy. With a coast so extended as ours on east and west and south we are at the mercy of a foreign enemy. A hostile fleet lying outside New York, Boston, Charleston or San Francisco could by a few hours bombardment exact a ransom of fabulous amount unless we had a fleet to defend our ports. For our national safety, for the very preservation of our national existence, we need strong ships and brave men to man them. Let us then by the honors that we pay to the naval heroes of the past encourage their successors.

But now the genius of American naval construction has been at work. We see the glittering uniforms of the American naval officers standing upon the decks of the New York, Chicago, Iowa, Brooklyn, Texas, Oregon, Olympia, Massachusetts, Illinois, New Maine and Philadelphia, and the great fleets of other war ships which now compose our navy, and all the many other war ships soon to be built and put into commission. And as we see the new white ships steam past in review they do not come as demons of war, but as white angels of peace. Never fail to honor the United States sailor. Never declare that all the honors appropriated by Congress to ironclads is uselessly spent. Under present conditions the only way to prevent war is to be strong for national defense. It is only for a time. The gospel is eventually to permeate all nations and bring every Government into subjection to the Prince of Peace. When that glorious day comes, our battle ships may be dismantled and instead of guns and armaments of war they may sail forth bearing Bibles and missions to the people of some famine stricken people.

But there is another reason for honoring the American navy. We honor it for the lives of its Christian men, both in sailors' bunk and officers' cabin, whose influence has permeated the whole service. Some people are apt to think of the American sailors as a cursing, lying, drinking, carousing lot. That is not true. Some of the noblest of Christians have worn the naval uniform. Did ever a Christian write a more beautiful letter than this, which Admiral Farragut wrote to his wife the night before the battle of Mobile Bay: "My Dearest Wife—I write and leave this letter to you. I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning if God is my leader, and I hope he is, and in him I place my trust. If he thinks it is the proper place for me to die I am ready to submit to his will in that as in all other things. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me. May his blessing rest upon you and your dear mother." We should think of the Christian character than Commodore Philip, who was once Captain Philip of the Texas? He was brave enough before Santiago when Cervera's fleet was going down to call out to his victorious men: "Don't cheer, boys. Those poor fellows over there are dying." And he was brave enough after the battle was ended to call his men together and have the ship's chaplain read thanks to that God who had preserved the American ships in the battle.

Thus I have two purposes in preaching this sermon. The first is to show what our naval heroes have done. While the flowers of this Memorial day are being placed upon the soldiers' graves, I would have you remember the heroes whose bodies lie in unknown sepulchers beneath the blue waters of the deep. We can lay no flowers on their resting place, but in our hearts we can do them honor, and by our gratitude keep their memory green. My second purpose is to remind you of the duties we owe to God and our country. This land, in defense of which the naval heroes laid down their lives, is a sacred heritage. Its honor, its principles, its best interests, are in our keeping. Their self sacrifice will go for naught if we allow our country to fall into infidelity and sin. Only by righteousness can we hope for the Divine protection. Let us every one do our part in our several positions to make our beloved country, which is consecrated by the lives and deaths of these heroes, a God fearing, God serving nation.

In Doubt Himself.
An Englishman used to meet the great philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, every morning walking with his ugly poodle along the promenade in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Schopenhauer's eccentric appearance, deeply immersed in thought, excited the Englishman's curiosity to such an extent that one day he could contain himself no longer and, walking up to the philosopher, addressed him abruptly thus: "Tell me, sir, who in the name of fate are you?" "Ah," Schopenhauer replied, "I only wish I knew that myself."

Nothing is so conducive to womanly beauty as perfect good health. Nothing promotes good health like pure, wholesome food. Eat wisely, look well.



Grain and fruit are the foods originally intended by Nature for mankind. Nature is quick to reward those who obey her laws, and just as quick to punish those who disobey. Everywhere can be seen women, who are paying the penalty for eating, not wisely, but too well. One of the most delightful of Nature's foods is MALTA-VITA, a purely grain food, scientifically prepared so that all the nourishing qualities of the wheat are retained in their most digestible form. Morning, noon or night, MALTA-VITA makes a thoroughly appetizing, satisfying meal. Serve with either cream or fruit.

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SPRING FASHIONS.

Hats Worn Off the Face in Paris. Flower Toques Popular.

Parisians are wearing their hats slightly tilted off the forehead, showing waved tresses. They are also dressing the hair on the top of the head. Flower toques are always in demand for the spring season, the favorite flowers being shaded hyacinths, forget-me-nots, roses, lilacs, mimosa, etc.



THEATER BLOUSE.

These are mostly mixed with tulle and chenille, and a great deal of nutmeg straw is being used.

The useful toques are mostly made in chip, though a coarse straw in a black and white biscuit mixture is a favorite combination.

Dead white straws are much used. Turbans are still worn tilted forward, and these are the most suitable to wear with tailor made frocks.

The tulle toque has entirely given way to light looking straws, which are certainly more practical, though nothing is prettier for restaurant dining than the white chiffon Monte Carlo toque draped with black chantilly lace and adorned with jet.

The cut shows a theater blouse.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

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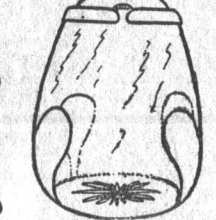
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