

"DEWEY SUNDAY" IN NEW YORK

Talmage Enumerates and Extols the Naval Heroes of the United States—Lieut. Hobson Ignored
By the Learned Divine.

New York, Oct. 8.—To-day's "Dewey Sunday," the great admiral still being the city's guest, and the whole nation stirred with the magnificent reception accorded to him and the gallant sailors of the Olympia, Rev. Dr. Talmage in this sermon, preaching to a vast audience in the gospel tent, Fifty-sixth street and Broadway, appropriately recalls for devout and patriotic purposes some of the great naval deeds of olden and more recent times. Text, James iii., 4: "Behold also the ships."

If this exclamation was appropriate about 1,872 years ago, when it was written concerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the dry docks for purposes of peace the Occanee of the White Star line, the Lucania of the Cunard line, the St. Louis of the American line, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of the North German Lloyd line, the Augusta Victoria of the Hamburg-American line, and in an age which for purposes of war has launched x-ray ships like the Idaho, the Shenandoah, the Osage and Ironclads like the Kalamazoo, the Roanoke and the Dunderberg, and these which have already been buried in the deep, like the Monitor, the Housatonic and the Weehawken, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepulchers, and the Oregon and the Brooklyn, and the Texas and the Olympia, the Iowa, the Massachusetts, the Indiana, the New York, the Marietta of the last war, and the scarred veterans of war shipping, like the Constitution, that have swung into the fabled yards to spend their last days, their decks now all silent of the feet that trod them, their rigging all silent of the hands that clung to them, their portholes silent of the brazen throats that once thundered out of them.

If in the first century, when war vessels were dependent on the oars that paddled at the side of them for propulsion, my text was suggestive, with how much more emphasis and meaning and overwhelming reminiscence we can cry out as we see the Kearsarge lay across the bows of the Alabama and sink her.

Full justice has been done to the men who at different times fought on the land, but not enough has been said of those who on ship's deck dared and suffered all things. Lord God of the rivers and the sea, help me in this sermon! So ye admirals, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boatswains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates and seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, we might as well get under way and stand out to sea. Let all landlubbers go ashore. Full speed now! Four bells!

Full justice to-day the deeds of our naval heroes, many of whom have not yet received appropriate recognition. "Behold also the ships." As we will never know what our national prosperity is worth until we realize what it costs, I recall the unrecited fact that the men of the navy in all our wars ran especial risks. They had not only the human cannonry to contend with, but the tide, the fog, the storm. Not like other ships could they run into harbor at the approach of an equinox or a cyclone or a hurricane, because the harbors were hostile. A miscalculation of a tide might leave them on a bar, and a fog might overthrow all the plans of the wisest commander and admiral, and the accident might leave them not on the land ready for an ambulance, but at the bottom of the sea, as when in our civil war the torpedo boat blew up the Tennessee in Mobile bay and nearly all on board perished. They were at the mercy of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which have been so many times wrecked the Spanish armada might any day swoop upon the squadron. No hiding behind the earthworks, no digging in of cavalry spurs at the sound of retreat. Mightier than all the fortresses on all the coasts is the ocean when it bombards a flotilla.

In the cemeteries for federal and confederate dead are the bodies of most of those who fell on the land. But where those who went down until the sea gives up its dead. The Jack Tars knew that while loving arms might carry the men who fell on the land and bury them with solemn liturgy and the honors of war, from the bodies of those who dropped from the rattles into the sea, or the stroke of a gunboat there remained the shark and the whale and the endless tossing of the sea which cannot rest. Once a year, in the fall in the land were remembered who went down at sea? Nothing but the archangel's trumpet shall reach their lower bed. A few of them were gathered into naval cemeteries of the land and we every year garland the sod that covers them.

It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the narrows, sailors in new rigging—

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep.

the colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean and the guns at quarantine firing a parting salute. But the poetry is all gone out of the ship as it comes out of that engagement, its decks red with human blood, where house gone, the cabins a pile of shattered mirrors and destroyed furniture, steering wheel broken, smoke-stack crushed, a hundred pound Whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders splintered and decks plowed up and smoke-blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who are gasping their last gasp far away from home and kindred, whom

they love as much as we love wife and parents and children.

It is considered a gallant thing when in a naval fight the flagship with its blue ensign goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its admiral standing in the shrouds watching and giving orders. But I have to tell you, O veterans of the American navy, if you are as loyal to Christ as you were to the government, there is a flag ship sailing ahead of you of which Christ is the admiral, and He watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and he leads you toward the harbor, and all the broad-sides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye whose garments were once red with your own blood shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in heaven!

While we are heartily greeting and banqueting the sailor patriots just now returned we must not forget the veterans of the navy now in marine hospitals or spending their old days in their own or their children's homes. O ye veterans, I charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the war times. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nervous strain and for that terrific exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity. The sinking of the Weehawken off Morris island, Dec. 6, 1863, was a mystery. She was not under fire. The sea was not rough. But Admiral Dahlgren from the dead of the flag steamer Philadelphia saw her gradually sinking, and finally she struck the ground, but the flag still floated above the wave in the sight of the shipping. It was afterward found that she sank from weakness through injuries in previous service. Her plates had been knocked loose in previous times. So you have in nerve and muscle and dimmed eyesight and difficult hearing and shortness of breath many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of many years ago that is telling on you. Be of good cheer. We owe you just as much as though you were a lifeboat had gurgled through the scuppers of the ship in the Red River expedition or as though you had gone down with the Melville off Hatteras. Only keep your flag flying, as did the illustrious Weehawken. Good cheer, my boys! The memory of man is poor, and all that talk about the country never forgetting those who fought for it is an untruth. It does forget. Witness how the veterans sometimes had to turn the hand organs on the streets to get their families a living. Witness how ruthlessly some of them were turned out of office that they might be a politician might take their place. Witness the fact that there is not a man or woman now under 45 years of age who has any full appreciation of the four years' martyrdom of 1861 to 1865, inclusive. But, while men may forget, God never forgets. He remembers the swinging hammock. He remembers the frozen ropes of that January tempest. He remembers the amputation without sufficient ether. He remembers it all better than you remember it, and in some shape reward will be given. God is the best of all paymasters, and for those who do their whole duty to Him and the world the pension awarded is an everlasting heaven.

Sometimes off the coast of England the royal family have inspected them for that purpose. In the Baltic sea the Czar and Czarina have reviewed the Russian navy. To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy I go out with you on the Atlantic ocean, where there is plenty of room, and in imagination review the war shipping of our four great conflicts—1776, 1812, 1865 and 1898. Swing into line all ye frigates, ironclads, fire rafts, gunboats and men-of-war! They come, all sail set and all furnaces in full blast, sheaves of crystal tossing from their cutting prows. That is the Delaware, an old revolutionary craft, commanded by Commodore Decatur. Yonder goes the Constitution, Commodore Hull commanding. There is the Chesapeake, commanded by Capt. Lawrence, whose dying words were, "Don't give up the ship," and the Niagara of 1812, commanded by Commodore Perry, who wrote on the back of an old letter, "writing on his navy cap." We have met the enemy, and they are ours! Yonder is the flagship Washburn, Admiral Sampson commanding; yonder, the flagship Minnesota, Admiral Coldsborough commanding; yonder, the flagship Philadelphia, Admiral Dahlgren commanding; yonder, the flagship San Jacinto, Admiral Bailey commanding; yonder the flagship Black Hawk, Admiral Porter commanding; yonder the flag steamer Benton, Admiral Foote commanding; yonder, the flagship Hartford, David G. Farragut commanding; yonder, the Olympia, Admiral Dewey commanding; yonder, the Oregon, Capt. Clark commanding; yonder, the Texas, Capt. Philip Law commanding; yonder, the New York, Rear Admiral Sampson commanding; yonder, the Iowa, Capt. Robley D. Evans commanding.

All those of you who were in the navy service during the war of 1865 are now in the afternoon or evening of life. With some of you it is two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock, six o'clock, and it will soon be hush, down. If you were of age when the war broke out, you are now at least sixty. Many of you have passed into the seventies. While in our Cuban war there were more Christian commanders on sea and land than in any previous conflict, I would revive in your minds the fact that at least two great admirals of the civil war were Christians, Foote and Farragut. Had they and they are! The Christian religion been a cowardly thing they would have had nothing to do with it. In its faith they lived and died. In Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote had prayer meetings and conducted a religious service on the receiving ship North Carolina, and on Sabbath, far out at sea, followed the chaplain with religious exhortation. In early life, aboard the sloop-of-war Natchez, impressed by the words of a Christian sailor, he gave his spare time for two weeks to the Bible, and at the end of that declared openly, "Henceforth, under all circumstances, I will act for God." His last words while dying at the Astor house, New York, were: "I thank God for all His goodness to me. He has been very good to me." When he entered heaven, he did not have to run a blockade, for it was amid the cheers of a great welcome. The other Christian admiral will be honored on earth until the day when the fires from above shall lick up the waters from beneath and there shall be no more sea.

Oh, while old ocean's breast
And God's soft stars to rest
Guide through the gale,
Men will him ne'er forget,
Old heart of oak—
Farragut, Farragut—
Thunderbolt stroke!

According to his own statement, Farragut was very loose in his morals in early manhood and practiced all kinds of sin. One day he was called into the cabin of his father, who was a shipmaster. His father said, "David, what are you going to do with your life? You are a boy, and you have a command. Follow the sea," said the father, "and be kicked about the world and die in a foreign hospital?" "No," said David; "I am going to command like you." "No," said the father; "a boy cannot command anything." And his father burst into tears and left the cabin. From that day David Farragut started on a new life.

Capt. Pennington, an honored elder of my Brooklyn church, was with him in most of his battles and had most intimate friendship, and he confirmed, what I had heard elsewhere, that Farragut was good and Christian. In every great crisis of life he asked and obtained the Divine direction. When in Mobile bay the Monitor, the great ironclad, was torpedoed, and the great warship Brooklyn, that was to lead the squadron, turned back, he said he was at a loss to know whether to advance or retreat, and he says: "I prayed, 'O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on, or shall I retreat?' " "Go on," and I went on." "Was there ever a more touching Christian letter than that which he wrote to his wife from his flagship Hartford? 'My dearest wife—I write and leave this letter for 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 all other things. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me. May His blessings rest upon you and your dear mother.' "

Cheerful to the end, he said on board the Tallapoosa in the last voyage he made, "It would be well if I died now in harbor." The sublime Episcopal service for the dead was never more appropriately rendered than over his casket, and well did all the forts of New York harbor thunder as his body was brought to shore and the bells toll as in a procession having in its ranks the president of the United States and his cabinet, and the mighty men of land and sea the old admiral was carried, amid hundreds of thousands of uncovered heads on Broadway, and laid on his pillow of dust in beautiful Woodlawn, Sept. 30, amid the pomp of our autumnal forests.

But just as much am I stirred at the scene on warship's deck before Santiago last summer, when the victory gained for our American flag over Spanish oppression the captain took off his hat and all the sailors and soldiers did the same and silently they offered thanks to Almighty God for what had been accomplished, when on another ship the soldiers and sailors were cheering as a Spanish vessel sank and its officers and crews were struggling in the waters and the captain of our warship cried out, "Don't cheer; the poor fellows are drowning." Prayers on the water, prayers in the forecabin! Prayers in the cabin! Prayers in the hammocks! Prayers on the lookouts at midnight! The battles of that war opened with prayer, were pushed on with prayer and closed with prayer, and to-day the American nation recalls with prayer.

We hail with thanks the new generation of naval heroes, those of the year 1898. We are too near their marvelous deeds to fully appreciate them. A century from now poetry and sculpture and painting and history will do them better justice than we can do them now. A defeat at Manila would have been an infinite disaster. Foreign nations and overland of our American institutions would have joined the other side, and the war so many months would have been raging still, and perhaps a hundred thousand graves would have opened to take down our slain soldiers and sailors. It took this country three years to get over the disaster at Bull Run at the opening of the civil war. How many years it would have required to recover from a defeat at Manila in the opening of the Spanish war. I cannot say. God avert the calamity by giving triumph to our valiant Admiral Dewey, whose coming up through the Narrows of New York harbor day before yesterday was greeted by the nation whose resounding cheers will not cease to ring in the capital of the nation, the jeweled sword voted by congress shall be presented amid booming cannonade and embarrased hosts.

Blotches—I hear you are courting the plumber's daughter. I suppose there's lots of bling and cooling? Slobbs—Sh-h-h! It's all right about the cooling, but please don't mention the bling.

Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition. To have the harvest we must sow the seed.—Barley.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said. And it was no fairy tale, either, for she was a bearded lady, and drew sixty per from the dime museum.

The best way to get to the top is to begin at the bottom, and then just turn things upside down.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO 111
OCT. 15, 1899.

Esther pleading for her people.—Esther 8: 1-17.

Time.—B. C. 473. Place.—Shushan. Persons.—Esther, Mordecai, Abasueus, Haman, The Jews.

Commentary.—Connecting links. When Mordecai heard of the terrible decree which ordered the death of all his people he was filled with grief. He sent a copy of the decree to Esther, and asked her to intercede with the king that the calamity might be averted. The king was a fickle-minded, despotic ruler, and Esther had not been in his presence for thirty days. It was, therefore, a great risk for her to venture into his presence, lest her life be taken. At the end of the fast Esther dressed herself in her queenly apparel and came before the king. He received her kindly and asked what her petition might be, promising to grant it. She merely made request that the king and Haman attend a banquet which she would prepare for them. When they were met with the queen the king again asked what her petition might be. She only made request for them to come again the next day.

Read of Haman's joy over this honor, and of his plan to hang Mordecai: of the king's sleepless night, and his plan to reward Mordecai, for his former kindness in sparing his life—in chapters 5 and 6. In chapter 7 the scene at the second feast or banquet is recorded. Here Esther made known the plan of Haman to destroy the Jews. Then the anger of the king was turned upon Haman, and he ordered that he be hanged upon the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai. Then the house of Haman was given to Esther, and the ring which had been given to Haman the king gave to Mordecai. Esther placed Mordecai (her cousin) over the house of Haman.

3. Esther spoke yet again.—The wicked Haman was out of the way, and the favor of the King was turned to Esther and Mordecai, yet the decree was not recalled. This Esther would entreat the king to do ere the day came for the execution. Fell down at his feet... besought him with tears.—This was the manner and posture of a suppliant. Her work was not done until her people were saved from danger.

4. The king held out the golden sceptre.—In token that her request was accepted and that she need no longer to maintain the humble attitude of a suppliant.—J. F. & B.

5. Reverse the letters devised by Haman.—It may be supposed that Alasuerus hesitated in this perplexing case, as not knowing how to execute himself with credit from so great a difficulty, and so reluctant to proclaim to all the world the folly into which he had been seduced. But Esther, with great discretion, avoided every intimation that the king himself had issued the decree, and expressed herself as if it had not been only Haman's device; but altogether his work, as though the edict had not been forged by him.

6. How can I endure.—She does not urge the innocence of the Jews, but only pleads their affinity to her.—Benson.

8. Write ye also for the Jews....the writing which is written may no man reverse.—According to the Persian constitution the former edict could not be revoked; hence they could not repeal the decree, but provide an antidote. However strange and even ridiculous this mode of procedure may appear, it was the only one which from the peculiarities of court etiquette in Persia could be adopted.

45. Mordecai went out....in royal apparel.—But a few days before, Mordecai was in sackcloth and all the Jews in sorrow; now Mordecai is in purple, and the Jews in joy. The royal apparel either belonged to his place, or the king appointed it to him as a favor. Shushan rejoiced.—The people were sensible of their advantage in the preferment of Mordecai, and looked for better times when so good a man was in power. When the wicked perish there is shouting; when the righteous are in authority the people rejoice.—Com. Com. Haman was too proud to be popular; few lamented his fall.—Clarke. There was popular respect for Mordecai.—Bib. Mus.

16. The Jews had light, gladness, joy, honor.—The decree that could not be countermanded was erased, and the Jews saved from destruction. Ever since then they have kept the fast of Purim on the 13th and 14th of Adar (about March 1st) in memory of these days. The whole history wrought good in the character of the Jews and their God.—Peloubet. The Jews were content with being permitted to defend their lives.

17. In every province....city.—Not only in Shushan, but in all other places where the Jews resided, they entertained one another at their homes and feasted together, being full of joy at this alteration of their affairs. Haman thought to root out the Jews; but proved that their numbers were greatly increased.—Benson. It was seen that the strength of light and justice was with them.—Bib. Mus. Fear of the Jews fell on them.—Haman's fate warned them of the Jew's power, and when they observed how wonderfully divine Providence had owned them and wrought for them in this critical juncture, they thought them great and those happy that were among them; therefore they came over to them, as was foretold. Zech. viii. 23. Compare Dent. xxxiii. 29.—Com. Com.

Teachings.—We should not be satisfied with being saved ourselves; we should labor earnestly for the salvation of others. When God opens a way of deliverance we should offer praise and thanksgiving to Him. When God honors us as His children, those around us will soon observe our joy. When we are joyful in the Lord

others will desire to know the way of life.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Esther's petition. There were momentous considerations which led her to plead before the king. There were personal, national and religious considerations. There were also great obstacles in her way. She had the king's indifference to her to consider. She hid the established law as a threatening danger to her life. She had the power and influence of Haman confronting her. It called for great courage, but she was not found wanting in this when duty became clear. She gave herself to fasting, and then, with her eye fixed on the goal and her trust anchored in God, she made the attempt of pleading the cause of her nation and the people of God. Her elevation to the position of queen had not changed the heart of Esther. Guided as one who trusts for words in the hour of extreme need, Esther made no other excuse for her presence before the king than to make invitation to himself and his favorite officer to attend a banquet which she should give. Haman must be fully inflated by pride ere he fell as a threatening destruction. It was not the death of Haman she sought or the possession of his wealth, but the protection of her people, their deliverance from a cruel death. Noble woman, prompted by love of God and mankind, and equipped with courage and valor!

The king. Though thirty days had passed since he had given any attention to his young wife, her presence, though unexpected, affected his spirits. Fickle and heartless at times, he was yet moved to generous consideration in granting the desire of Esther. Though a stranger to God and His power, who will doubt but God controlled his nature at this hour? He pronounced judgment upon Haman and conferred honor upon Mordecai and wealth upon Esther. Regardless of public sentiment he was ready to issue a decree expressing his error in his former decree, and providing for the welfare of a people whose dwellings were among those of his subjects, but whose God was the living God, and whose cause he would vindicate. And though the king knew not God, nor sought His guidance, yet the prayers of the stricken ones had been heard, and deliverance came. If the king could not recall his former decree, he could make another, and thus the Jews were delivered.

HERE'S A CHANCE

For Boys and Girls to Get Some Money Prizes.

Prof. Jas. W. Robertson, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, sends out this notice to the boys and girls:

I desire to obtain a small quantity of seed from different localities, and also to learn how great numbers of seeds per head of oats and wheat have been secured in different parts of Canada. To gain the co-operation of the boys and girls, and also of teachers, I offer the following prizes for open competition:

For the 100 heads bearing the largest number of seeds:

Oats.—First prize \$20, second prize \$10, third prize \$5, fourth prize \$4, fifth prize \$3, sixth prize \$2, seventh prize \$1, eighth prize \$1, ninth prize \$1, tenth prize \$1, eleventh prize \$1, twelfth prize \$1; total \$50.

Wheat.—First prize \$20, second prize \$10, third prize \$5, fourth prize \$4, fifth prize \$3, sixth prize \$2, seventh prize \$1, eighth prize \$1, ninth prize \$1, eleventh prize \$1, twelfth prize \$1; total \$50.

The whole of each lot of 100 heads should be picked from one variety grown in one field, and only from a crop which has given a large yield per acre.

I shall want every competitor to furnish from the same crop 10 (ten) heads with the smallest number of seeds per head, which he can find. But the number of seeds in the small heads will not be considered in making the awards.

I hope the boys and girls will not trouble to write for any further information, but select the 100 largest heads of grain, and save them carefully with the grain on.

I shall watch with keen interest the part the boys and girls and teachers take in this movement for the improvement of the crops of the country.

The Russian Crop.

A St. Petersburg despatch states that the wheat crop will be nearly 661,000,000 pounds, or almost 396,000,000 bushels. As this is a large yield for Russia the figures may be accepted with a good deal of allowance. Last winter the crop was officially stated to be well over 400,000,000 bushels of our standard, equivalent to an unusually good crop, but the famine that has for months devastated several provinces or departments is a sufficient refutation of those figures. If the figures now given out mean that the crop this year is less even than that of last year no great surprise will be felt, for unfavorable reports have been coming from the best wheat districts of the empire. If the figures are intended to be taken literally, and the world is expected to believe in spite of the suffering from food and the continued reports of an unfavorable character, that the Russian crop is a very good one, the world will receive them with a good deal of surprise, not unminged with grave doubt. It is too early to know the crop even where there are good facilities, as in this country for example, for getting intelligent estimates of the yield promptly. Russian statistics are habitually late, and they have been open to suspicion before this. If the crop of 1898 was seriously overstated six months after the harvest, no high degree of credit can be attached to an estimate of the crop of 1899 sent out from St. Petersburg on the last day of September.

Stale bread may be freshened by dipping the loaf quickly into hot water and baking for a few moments in a quick oven.