

## GOSPEL FISHERMEN.

Christ's Promise to All of His Disciples.

## QUALITIES THAT ARE REQUIRED

Dr. Talmage Shows That to be a Successful Fisherman After Souls a Man Must Be Prepared to Consecrate His Entire Life and Energy to That Purpose.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by William Talmage, Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, July 27.—In this discourse Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage shows how the qualities which characterize a successful fisherman may be utilized in Christian work. The text is Matthew 19, 19. "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

Are you a fisherman? "Oh, yes," you answer, "I have been a fisherman all my life. As Isaac Walton, the father of angling, used to say that true fishermen, like poets, were born, not made, so I was born with a love for the rod and reel. As a little boy, many and many a time I have been late for school because I loitered on the way under the shadow of the old wooden bridge to cast a crooked pin used for a hook. Now that I am grown I love to go back to the scene where I was born. I love to take a boat and pull out into the river which flows through the valley where my father is buried and try to coax to my hook the black bass and the timid perch."

"There is just as much difference between the man who fishes for his living by fishing and one who fishes for sport as there is between the man who farms to make a living and the man who farms for recreation." It is the difference between work and play. It is the difference between the man who sets sail in the fishing smack from Nantucket or New Bedford and spends six long months off the banks of Newfoundland, braving the dangers of tempest and collision, and the man who paddles about in a canoe on a quiet stream. It is the difference between the man who is ready to defy the dangers of Lake Galilee—the most treacherous inland sea in the world—and the man who stands upon a rock on a sunny afternoon and casts his expensive line into the brook for a few hours' pastime.

Now the two brothers, Peter and Andrew, to whom Christ spoke the words of my text upon the shores of Lake Galilee, were real fishermen. They were not dilettantes, who would not go out into the country for a few days with a hundred dollar pole to catch a dollar's worth of fish; but they made fishing their life's business. They belonged to what is perhaps the bravest class of men on earth—the fishermen. Christ, when he saw them mending their nets, turned and said: "Come, leave your nets and follow me. Give up your work of catching fish, and I will teach you how you may use your energy and bravery and consecration and will make you fishers of men. Come with me and I will make you fishers in the great troubled sea of humanity and will call you my gospel fishermen."

The true gospel fisherman is a one purpose man, whose life is dedicated to the single object of saving souls. Every sportsman knows that it is an impossibility for a successful fisherman to think of anything else but his fish at the time of fishing. He cannot plan about business and attend to his fishing at the same time. He cannot read a book and watch his bait. He cannot dream of the woods and troll at the same time. When a real fisherman fishes, he concentrates his entire attention upon his fishing and excludes every other thought from his brain. Because fishing is so fascinating and absorbing, some of the greatest men of the world have found their recreation in the sport.

So a man cannot become a true gospel fisherman unless he concentrates himself, body and mind and soul, to the one purpose of saving men. He must live and eat and breathe and sleep only for the hope of bringing sinful men and women to Christ. He must be as deeply absorbed in the work of saving souls as was John Knox, who used to arise frequently in the middle of the night to pray. And one night, while he was pleading with God to help him in the work of saving souls, his wife chided him and told him to come back to bed. The great reformer turned and said, "Woman, how can I sleep when my country is not saved?" Then he continued his supplications with this earnest cry, "O God, give me Scotland or I die!"

The gospel fisherman must be as wholly absorbed in the work of saving souls as Thomas A. Edison is absorbed in his inventions. He has a couch placed in his laboratory, alone, working and planning, forgetful even of his meals until his wife comes and persuades him to eat. The gospel fisherman should become as fully absorbed in the work of saving souls as the enthusiastic fisherman who arises early in the morning and fishes all day long is utterly oblivious of the flight of time. Christ said to Peter and Andrew, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." That means, "Give yourselves up, body, mind and soul, to my service, and I will make you even more successful in saving souls than you are now successful in drawing out the piscatorial beauties from the waters of Lake Galilee."

The true gospel fisherman is a brave man. We have been taught to regard the soldier as among the bravest of men. True, it needs a brave heart to stand unblinded amid a storm of shot and shell and to walk up to the cannon's mouth when the bullets are falling around like hail rattling upon the pavements. But the soldier never has to face great dangers continuously like those the fisherman has to meet. I suppose that among all the different classes

of men there is not one among which the destruction of life proportionately is so great as among the men who make the harvest of the sea their avocation or life work.

During a recent journey across the Atlantic and after we had been out a couple of days from New York harbor I saw two men pointing to a dark cloud ahead. I heard one of them say, "We are going to have a bad night. That is the Newfoundland fog bank." Soon the thick mists began to settle around us. All that night the gloomy fog horn blew. I said to the commandant of the Cunarder, "Captain, why do you blow that terrific fog horn? Surely the danger of collision with a passing steamer is comparatively small."

"Ah," answered the captain, "we are blowing the fog horn chiefly to warn the fishermen. All about these waters are hundreds of little fishing smacks. The fishermen come here and anchor. They stay month in and month out until they catch their cargo, and scores and scores of these poor fellows are run down every year. We want to warn them, if possible, that we are coming along." Go to any of the little fishing towns along the rocky coasts of old Scotland. There you will find women who have lost fathers and brothers and husbands and sons in the awful dangers of a fisherman's life. Every seaman will tell you that the perils of a sailor's life are comparatively nothing if there are only sixty fathoms of water under the ship's keel. But the fisherman rarely puts out to the deep sea. He must fish comparatively near the shore. Then the storms come up and threaten to drive the frail craft upon the rocks. Then the fisherman can hardly see the prow of his boat from the stern. Yes, the true fisherman's life, whether it is found on Lake Galilee or off the coasts of Scotland or in the Newfoundland fogs, is a life of overwhelming danger. Brave must be the man who would follow so perilous an avocation.

So the gospel fisherman, too, must be brave men! They must be as courageous as were Peter and Andrew, who, to become gospel fishermen, laid down their lives for Christ. They must be as brave as the heroic Father Damien, who in order to minister to the sick and the dying went to Molokai, the Leper island of the Pacific, and remained there a leper and died. They must be as brave as that Salvation Army girl who stands and sings and prays upon the street corner amid the scoffs and the ridicule of the passersby and who penetrates the dark alleys, humanly unprotected, to seek out souls for Christ. They have to be as brave as that young Christian clerk who goes from saloon to saloon giving out gospel tracts and leading in prayer where the proprietor will allow him to pray. Ah, it takes courage to be a gospel fisherman! It takes courage to launch one's self into the great troubled sea of humanity and to become a fisherman of men when the hurricanes of persecution are swirling the rocky coasts with the wreckage.

To show the kind of heroic stuff made of the true gospel fisherman, I would point you to the tragic history of the greatest missionary of the Fiji Islands as he personally told it to me. Many years ago the cannibals of those islands killed and ate the first missionary who had been sent there by the London Missionary Society. Immediately after that event this missionary, then a young man, applied for appointment to the post of danger to which he went forth with his young wife to what some of his friends thought to be a certain death. When the ship dropped anchor in the harbor of Suva, the missionaries and their wives were met by a white man except when the missionary supply boat made its biennial visit. The young missionary's children were born there, in the woods. Two of his children died, because he had no proper medicine. He lived there alone with his heroic wife until he transformed the whole island. Such is the career of one heroic gospel fisherman. Are you and I ready to be as brave for Christ as were that noble missionary and his devoted wife? Are we ready to be inspired with that holy fearlessness and disregard of ourselves that we may save souls for Christ wherever we can find them, which all Christ's fishers of men should show in his service?

The true gospel fisherman must be spiritually, as well as physically, a strong man. The gospel net of faith is a wide net, a long net, a heavy net, and unless supernatural power will never be able to handle it. How could Charles G. Finney be able to lead thousands and tens of thousands of immortal souls to Christ, unless he had been spiritually a strong man in his own strength as a gospel fisherman, he could do nothing, but with Christ he could do all things. To show how absolutely Mr. Finney depended upon divine strength for the handling of the gospel net, one of my old Pittsburgh elders used to tell me a remarkable scene he once witnessed in a New York church. Mr. Finney was preaching there, and the building was packed with people. After the noted evangelist had been speaking about ten minutes, he suddenly stopped and said, "Brethren, Christ, wherever we can find them, which all Christ's fishers of men should show in his service."

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## REAL ENJOYMENT.

The woman who reads this will understand to the full what Mrs. Tipton meant when she says: "I am enjoying good health." It takes a person who has been made wretched by sickness to understand the joy of health.

There are very many women who suffer as did Mrs. Tipton. It establishes itself as a regular, dries the throat, which weakens women, heats inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"It is with pleasure I recommend Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mrs. Nora Tipton of Cropper (Cropper Station), Shelby Co., Kentucky. "You remember my case was one of female weakness and I had no appetite and would often spit blood; was confined to my bed almost half of the time and could hardly get on my feet at times for the pains through my whole body and system. My husband had to pay large doctor bills for me, but since I have taken four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery, four of 'Pleasant Pellets' we haven't paid any more doctor bills. It had been seven months since I stopped using Dr. Pierce's medicines and I have been enjoying good health all the time. I can never praise his medicines too highly, for I have received so much benefit. I pray that many who suffer as I did will take Dr. Pierce's medicines. I am sure they will never again feel as I did before."

"Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of women's diseases. Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in its place.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a ladies' favorite. No other medicine equals them for gentleness and thoroughness.

Moody ever had handled the gospel net as they did unless they had been spiritually inspired and strengthened, unless they had been men of deep faith and fervent prayer?

The Christian believer must be spiritually inspired if he is ever to become a successful fisher of men. My mother used to impress this thought upon me all my life, and especially did she try to do so after I had entered the gospel ministry. There was hardly a letter that she sent to me after my ordination that did not read like this: "My dear boy, it is important for your church, but, remember, a true gospel minister is essentially one who is inspired by the Holy Spirit. You cannot lead souls to Christ unless you have been much in communion with God in prayer. You must plead at the mercy seat in your own home if you would plead aright for Christ in the pulpit." The mother cannot become a fisher of men and lead her children into spiritual lives unless she herself has experienced this divine inspiration. The Sunday school teacher cannot lead his class to the feet of Christ unless he himself has been baptized by the Holy Spirit. The minister cannot truly preach Christ unless he has first taken Christ into his own heart and life. Peter and Andrew became gospel fishermen because they themselves had first seen the Master's face and obeyed his voice when he said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

The cost of a battleship. The battleship Bulwark, the new flagship of the Mediterranean squadron, was built at Devonport at a cost of £1,000,000. It is an estimate of £1,018,949. This is exclusive of the expenditure on guns which was £27,970. It is stated that each of the battleships built at Devonport has cost less than ships of the same class constructed at other Government dockyards. —London Times.

## "JUST MAKING BELIEVE."

One Way to Make This Dull Old World Seem Brighter.

There is many a failure on the part of "grown ups" to comprehend the mental processes of their imaginative superiors—the children. Some clumsy person calls the most charming device of fancy "another of those naughty fibs." By that condemnation he sets up a well nigh impassable barrier between himself and the childish dreamer.

Not long ago a grown up was accused on the street by a dainty maiden of four, who nodded a bright good morning and then said, "Isn't there going to be a wedding down there?" pointing across the square.

"I think not," said the obtuse adult. "I haven't heard of any wedding."

"Are you sure? I think there's going to be one," persisted the little maiden. "I don't see any flowers or carriages, and I guess you are mistaken," replied the champion of dull fact.

Then the tiny pleader drew nearer, and with an entreating touch of her hand and a voice lowered out of hearing of the fairies she breathed:

"Please say there's going to be a wedding. I'm just making believe."

Could the power of imagination go further? Could there be a simpler device for turning this dull world into a garden of flowers and sweet music than this same gentle "making believe?"

Imagination often proves to be the door that opens into a high philosophy of life. We all remember Dickens' brave little marchioness, "Did you ever taste orange peel and water?" she demanded of the gay Dick Swiveller. He replied that he never had tasted that ardent beverage.

"If you make believe very much, it's very nice," said the small servant, "but if you don't, you know, it seems as if it would bear a little more seasoning certainly."

As long as life has its ups and downs it is by no means impossible that to us all, old as well as young, there may come a time when we shall be glad to have acquired the accomplishment of making believe very much.

of any kind, there is an awful lack somewhere. It is all important to lead men to Christ, but it is also important not to let them backslide by neglecting them after they have once been brought to the feet of Jesus.

But the true gospel fisherman is always working under the Master's eye, whether Christ's face is visible to him or no. After Peter and Andrew became Christ's fishmen he never left them. One night when these brethren, with John the Beloved, who was also a fisherman, and some of the other disciples, were tossing about on Lake Galilee they thought they were going to be drowned, but Christ was watching their struggles, and in his fond watch of the night, or just about o'clock in the morning, Jesus came to his rescue when the waves of Lake Galilee, and with the crucifixion, when Peter and the brethren went back to their avocation of fishing, Jesus again appeared unto them by the shore of Lake Galilee and told them to cast their nets upon the other side of the boat. The true gospel fisherman feels that Christ is always ready to help him; that Christ will always come to his rescue when the waves of trouble begin to roll too high, and the mists are settling too thickly around the gospel lifeboat.

Christ's care for the gospel fishmen is a constant and loving one. In the Scotch fishing villages mothers and wives and daughters illustrate by a beautiful custom which prevails among them their care for their sons and husbands and brothers who have gone off to fish. When the fogs settle down upon the coast and the lighthouses can no longer be seen, the women go out and sit upon the rocks. When the returning fisherman is in trouble, the mothers and wives and daughters and sweethearts also begin to sing, and the fishermen hearing the voices of their loved ones, know which way to steer. So when the gospel fisherman in times of trouble calls to Christ he always receives their call. And the Saviour's voice sounding clear amid the voices of the loved ones who have gone beyond, will ultimately guide the gospel fisherman into the great harbor of eternal peace.

Are you and I willing to become gospel fishermen? Are we ready to be one-purpose Christians, ready to be fishers of men, ready to be spiritually inspired, to become Christ's fishers of men? Are we ready to surrender ourselves, body and mind and soul, to the service of Christ? When Dr. Sargant, who for years labored among the south sea islanders, was one day asking a native to give his life up to the service of the Master, the missionary explained, "I can only afford to pay you 15 shillings a month for your services." With that the native said, "Sir, I cannot afford to give up my time, for 15 shillings a month, but I can afford to give it up for Christ." Like the south sea islander, have you such love for Christ that you are ready to consecrate your life to the Master's service regardless of remuneration, so that you may become one of his fishers of men?

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Corrected June 3rd, 1902.

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No. 1—2.45 a. m. No. 2—12.35 p. m. 3—1.07 p. m. 4—1.05 p. m. 13—1.35 p. m. 14—1.05 p. m. 5—9.52 p. m. 6—1.32 a. m. 8—1.15 a. m. 9—2.49 p. m. The Wabash is the shortest and true route

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Effective Mar. 12, 1902

Station	Express	Mail and Express	Mixed	Express
Chatham	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
Ridgeway	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
Ridgeway	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
West Lorne	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
Detroit	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
St. Thomas	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
London	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
Lamington	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
Kingville	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
Walkerville	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
Dresden	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
Wabashburg	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.
Sarnia	7:30 a.	10:30 a.	7:45 a.	10:45 a.

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC

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