

DR. TALMAGE SAILS AWAY.

HE DICTATES A FAREWELL SERMON TO ALL HIS READERS.

He is going to the Holy Land and already feels the inspiration of Nazareth and Bethlehem, Capernaum and Jerusalem—Good Practical Applications.

NEW YORK, ON BOARD THE CITY OF PAGES, Oct. 29.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, on his embarkation for the Holy Land, by the steamer City of Paris, addressed his millions of friends through the press, taking for his text Acts xx, 38: "And they accompanied him unto the ship." His sermon is printed below at full length.

To the more than twenty-five million people in many countries to whom my sermons come week by week, in English tongue and by translation, through the kindness of the newspaper press, I address these words. I dictate them to a stenographer on the eve of my departure for the Holy Land, Palestine. When you read this sermon I will be mid-Atlantic. I go to be gone a few weeks on a religious journey. I go because I want for myself and hearers and readers to see Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Jerusalem, and Calvary, and all the other places connected with the Saviour's life and death, and so to re-enforce myself for sermons. I go also because I am writing the "Life of Christ," and can be more accurate and graphic when I have been an eye witness of the sacred places. Pray for my successful journeying and my safe return.

I wish on the eve of departure to pronounce a loving benediction upon all my friends in high places and low, upon congregations to whom my sermons are read in absence of pastors, upon groups gathered out on prairies, and in mining districts, upon all sick and invalid and aged ones who cannot attend churches, but to whom I have long ministered through the printed page. My next sermon will be addressed to you from Rome, Italy, for I feel like Paul when he said: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." The fact is that Paul was ever moving about on land or sea. He was an old sailor—not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship captains. "Land lubber," if Paul's advice had been taken, the crew would never have gone ashore at Melita.

PAUL ON THE OCEAN. When the vessel went scudding under bare poles Paul was the only self-possessed man on board, and, turning to the excited crew and despairing passengers, he exclaims, in a voice that sounds above the thunder of the tempest and the wrath of the sea: "Be of good cheer."

The men who now go to sea with maps, and charts, and modern compass, warned by buoy and light-house, know nothing of the perils of ancient navigation. Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland, and from island to island, and not until long after spread their sails for a voyage across the sea. Before starting, the weather was watched, and the vessel having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off—they, at the last moment, leaping into it.

Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden—the transit of passengers being the exception, for the world was not then migratory, as in our day, when the first desire of a man in one place seems to be to get into another place. The ship from which Jonah was thrown overboard, and that in which Paul was carried prisoner, went out chiefly with the idea of taking a cargo. As now, so then, vessels were accustomed to carry a flag. In those times it was inscribed with the name of a heathen deity. A vessel bound for Syracuse had on it the inscription, "Castor and Pollux." The ships were provided with anchors. Anchors were of two kinds—those that were dropped into the sea, and those that were thrown up on to the rocks to hold the vessel fast. This last kind was what Paul alluded to when he said: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that which is in the veil." That was what the sailors call a "hook anchor." The rocks and sand bars, shoals and headlands not being mapped out, vessels carried a plumb line. They would drop it and find the water fifty fathoms, and drop it again and find it forty fathoms, and drop it again and find it thirty fathoms, thus discovering their near approach to the shore.

In the spring, summer and autumn the Mediterranean sea was white with the wings of ships, but at the first wintry blast they hid themselves to the nearest harbor; although now the world's commerce prospers in January as well as in June, and in mid-winter all over the wide and stormy deep there float palaces of light, trampling the billows under foot and showering the sparks of terrible furnaces on the wild wind; and the Christian passenger, tipped and shawled, sits under the shelter of the smokestack, looking off upon the phosphorescent deep, on which is written in scrolls of foam and froth: "Why wey, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

It is in those days of early navigation that I see a group of men, women and children on the beach of the Mediterranean. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached, and they are come down to see him off. It is a solemn thing to part. There are so many parts that wait for a man's feet. The solid ground may break through, and the sea—how many dark mysteries it hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a hasty good-by, a last look, and the ropes rattle, and the sails are hoisted, and the planks are hauled in, and Paul is gone. I expect to sail over some of the same waters over which Paul sailed, but here are going I want to urge you all to embark for heaven.

The church is the dry dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage, the first need is sound timber. The floor timbers ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it, vessels that looked able to run their jib-booms into the eye of any tempest, when caught in a storm have been crushed like a wafer. The truths of God's Word are what I mean by floor timbers. Away with your lighter materials. Nothing but oaks, hewn in the forest of divine truth, are staunch enough to hold up the ark of the covenant.

STRIKING MARITIME SIMILES. You must have love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither pride, nor ambition, nor avarice will do for a rudder. Love, not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye and tingling in the hand—love married to work, which many look upon as so homely a bride—love, not like brooks which foam and rattle yet do nothing, but love like a river that runs up the steps of mill wheels and works in the harness of factory bands—love that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not merely saying: "Poor fellow! you are dreadfully hurt," but, like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine and pays his board at the tavern. There must also be a prow, arranged to cut and override the billow. That is Christian perseverance. There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—time

world, the flesh, and the devil, and that is a well built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have put back and never started again. It is the troubleless wave that so often sweeps the deck and fills the hatches, but that which strikes in front is harmless. Meet troubles courageously and you surmount them. Stand on the prow, and, as you wipe off the spray of the split surge, cry out with the apostle: "None of these things move me." Let all your fears stay off. The right must conquer. Know that Moses, in an ark of bulrushes, can run down a war steamer.

THE ANCHOR OF HOPE. Have a good, strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass, hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father." Do not use the anchor wrongfully. Do not always stay in the same latitude and longitude. You will never ride up the harbor of Eternal Rest if you all the way drag your anchor.

But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the flying jib, the foresail, the topgallant, the sky-sail, the gaffsail and other canvases. Faith is our canvas. Hoist it and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than faith will be lit to tatters by the first northeaster. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior, a crank to the most ponderous wheel, a lever to pry up pyramids, a drum whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery, and sails to waft ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbor of earth to the harbor of heaven.

You must be well equipped. You must have what seamen call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew lines and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted nor the canvas in anywise managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tacking you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whitener. The prow of courage will not cut the waves, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a halliard.

One more arrangement and you will be ready for the sea. You must have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points toward the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog and darkness and storm it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures. "Box the compass."

Let me give you two or three rules for the voyage. Allow your appetites and passions only an under deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on the promenade deck. Mortify your members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steering passage. Let watchfulness walk the decks as an armed sentinel, and shoot down with great promptness anything like a mutiny of riotous appetites.

Be sure to look out of the fore-castle for icebergs. These are cold Christians floating about in the church. The frigid zone professor will sink you. Steer clear of icebergs. Keep a log book during all the voyage—an account of how many furlongs you make a day. The merchant keeps a day book as well as a ledger. You ought to know every night, as well as every year, how things are going. When the express train stops at the depot you hear a hammer sounding on all the wheels, thus testing the safety of the rail-train. Bound, as we are, with more than express speed toward a great eternity, ought we not often to try the work of self-examination?

Be sure to keep your colors up! You know the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with a figure of a cross, a crown and a dove; and from the masthead let float the streamers of Immanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass you unharmed as they say: "There goes a Christian, bound for the port of heaven. We will not disturb her, for she has too many guns aboard." Run up your flag on this pulley: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." When driven back, or laboring under great stress of weather—now changing from starboard tack to larboard, and then from larboard to starboard—look above the topgallants, and your heart shall beat like a war drum as the streamers float on the wind. The sign of the cross will make you patient, and the crown will make you glad.

THE VOYAGE TO ETERNITY. Before you gain port you will smell the land breezes of heaven, and Christ, the Pilot, will meet you as you come into the Narrows of Death, and fasten to you, and say: "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Are you ready for such a voyage? Make up your minds. The gang-planks are lifting. The bell rings. All aboard for heaven! This world is not your rest. The chaffinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying to make its nest on the rocking billow. Oh, how I wish that as I embark for the Holy Land in the east, all to whom I preach by tongue or type would embark for heaven. What you all most need is God, and you need him now. Some of you I leave in trouble. Things are going very rough with you. You have had a hard struggle with poverty, or sickness or persecution or bereavement. Light after light has gone out and it is so dark that you can hardly see any blessing left. What Jesus who comforted the widow of Nain, and raised the deceased to life, with his gentle hand of sympathy wipe away your tears. All is well. When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has as founded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have all ways had their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Joseph had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amidst all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to the friend and said: "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love. Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

The bill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields Or walk the golden streets. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march amidst great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile, they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a large flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh! my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the culture of trouble that saves the Christian's life, it is the quality! It is the quality!

I cannot leave you until once more I confess my faith in the Saviour whom I love and preach. He is my all in all. I owe more to the grace of God than most men. With this ardent temperament, if I had gone to the north I would have gone to the very depths. You know I can do nothing by halves.

O to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if my fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight. I have been most unworthy, and would be sorry to think that any one of my friends had been as unworthy a Christian as myself. But God has helped a great many through, and I hope he will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if he is going to rub any of it out, I think he will rub it all out.

And now give us (for I go not alone) your benediction. When you send letters to a friend in the distant land, you say via such a city, or via such a steamer. When you send your good wishes to us, send them via the throne of God. We shall not travel out of the reach of your prayers.

There is a scene where spirits dwell, Where friend holds intercourse with friend; Though sundered far, by faith we meet Around one common mercy seat.

And now, may the blessing of God come down upon our bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your companions, your children, your brothers and sisters, and your friends! May you be blessed in your business and in your pleasures, in your joys and in your sorrows, in the house and by the way! And if, during our separation, an arrow from the unseen world should strike any of us, may it only hasten on the raptures that God has prepared for those who love him! I utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak or write. But, considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, affectionate and a cheerful good-by.

Saved by Seaweed.

The fast India spice laden clipper ship Ananias, 115 days out from Ceylon, was sighted Thursday by the tug Hercules off the cape of the DeWaves, leaking badly, and was towed to New York. She had on board a cargo of spices worth \$1,000,000, and the ship was saved from foundering on the voyage in a curious manner. On the ship's second day out from Ceylon it was noticed that the vessel was leaking. The leak gradually increased off the Cape of Good Hope, after a severe westerly gale with a mountainous sea. The water gained rapidly and the course of the vessel was turned toward St. Helena. But still the leak increased to twenty inches per hour, and Capt. Welden seriously contemplated abandoning the vessel, and he probably would have done so had not the vessel reached the gulf stream current where the drift seaward itself into the crevices of the ship's bottom, stopping the leak and giving all hands an opportunity to rest. As long as possible the vessel was kept in this great current of water, and then her course was shaped toward the cape. On arriving off the coast the leak again increased, and when found by the Hercules the ship was leaking at the rate of twenty-four inches an hour. To the drift seaward, and the crewers owe the salvation of one of the finest vessels in the world's merchant marine and one of the most valuable cargoes a sailing vessel has ever brought to America. She had on board over 4,000 tons of Ceylon spices, valued at \$1,000,000.—Philadelphia Record.

A Self Winding Clock.

The New Haven Clock Company, after a year or two of experiment, have at last perfected a piece of mechanism which, if it does not realize the desire for perpetual motion, seems at least to be a step in that direction. They are now manufacturing about to put on the market a self winding clock.

The motive power is furnished by electricity generated by two Leclanche cells, which do the work effectively for from twelve to eighteen months without removal. The mechanism is simple in the extreme. Much of the ordinary clock is omitted and little remains save the escapement wheel. The clock is wound every hour by a current from the two cells of the battery, working through a pair of magnets. The main wheel, which revolves once an hour, connects the current at every revolution.

When the contact is first made and the current passes through the magnets, the armature is pulled down to the magnet heads, drawing with it an arm which winds one tooth of the ratchet wheel, which is fastened to the box containing a spring of the finest steel attached to the center pinion. This operation is repeated for five or ten seconds at the rate of three blows a second until the spring is wound and the current is cut off by the passage around of the main wheel.—Hartford Times.

The White House Rat Hole.

The campaign against the White House rats has resulted unfortunately in one respect, namely, the loss of one of the ferrets which were chiefly relied upon as instruments of destruction. This ferret, which was the star artist of the combination, has not been seen since it disappeared down a rat hole on Monday evening.

Whether the rats have conquered the ferret or whether it is simply revealing in the gore of countless victims and has not time to come back and report, is a mystery which is agitating domestic life at the executive mansion. The last known of the ferret is that it was under the tiling of the main corridor. A ferret expert who was among the callers at the White House volunteered the theory that it had sucked the blood of so many rats that it had gone to sleep in some nook until it revived from its over indulgence. This theory gave but little satisfaction, inasmuch as live rats scampering about the establishment would not be half so bad as dead ones under the flooring.—Washington Post.

The mother of a 4-months-old baby was scratched on the arm by a rooster's spur at Newcastle, Lawrence county, N. Y., recently. The wound seemed slight, but in a day or two the child was taken ill and died with symptoms of blood poisoning. About the same time the mother's arm began to swell, and she is now in a dangerous condition. It is supposed that the child, through nursing, had become inoculated with the poison.

Hollow bricks are coming into more general use, and a number of large buildings have been built with them. They crush at 30,000 pounds, and are made 8 inches by 8 inches by 12 inches, with walls 1 inch thick. It is claimed that they cost one-third less than the ordinary form, and make walls proof against fire, moisture and frost. They require a peculiar clay in their manufacture—one that will not shrink when burned.



No. 657.—Cross Word Enigma. In dive, not in swim, In trench, not in limb, In safe, not in lock, In fowl, not in hawk, In low, not in high, In glad, not in cry, In rain, not in snow, In lark, not in crow. A flower.

No. 658.—Missing Letters. What two letters, prefixed to each of these words, will make other words? Aught, one, eagle, own, owl, ought.



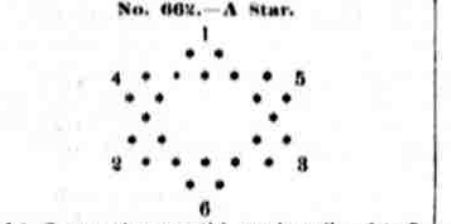
No. 659.—Quartered Circles. From 1 to 4, a narrow way; from 5 to 8, barrens; from 9 to 12, one of the constellations; from 13 to 16, quickly; from 1 to 5, dilatory; from 5 to 9, to defraud; from 9 to 13, a town founded by Pizarro in 1535; from 13 to 1, the victim of the first murder on record; from 2 to 6, dwelt; from 6 to 10, ingress; from 10 to 14, to long; from 14 to 2, a famous opera; from 3 to 7, a state; from 7 to 11, one who dwells; from 11 to 15, a famous bridge in Venice; from 15 to 3, the king of fables; from 4 to 8, one who has the right of choice; from 8 to 12, to retain; from 12 to 6, oriental; from 16 to 4, ingenuously.—St. Nicholas.

No. 660.—The Philosopher's Puzzle. A philosopher had a window a yard square. It let in too much light. He blocked up half of it, leaving a square hole a yard long and a yard wide. How did he do it?

No. 661.—Charade. My first, when we travel, as useful we deem Though drawn, as times alter with life's changing scheme, By man, electricity, horses or steam.

My second's a parrot, a dog, or a cat; But never a hornet, hyena, or bat, And seldom a mouse, or a fox, or a rat.

My whole, a convenience and comfort we call; A luxury surely, except spring and fall, When the housekeepers make it a trial to all!



No. 662.—A Star. 1 to 2, one who does things clumsily; 1 to 3, combat; 2 to 3, dried grapes; 4 to 6, morosely; 5 to 6, garden plant; 4 to 5, musical compositions.

No. 663.—Transposition. If an island's end, You'll place before, You'll get "a young bear," And nothing more.

No. 664.—Word Squares. They are now manufacturing and about to put on the market a self winding clock. The motive power is furnished by electricity generated by two Leclanche cells, which do the work effectively for from twelve to eighteen months without removal.

No. 665.—Numerical Enigma. My 1, 2, 7 means through. My 3, 4, 5, 7 gives a favorable expression in the face. My 5, 2, 3, 1, 4 is in heaven. My 4, 5, 6, 7 is the earth. My whole is a country in Europe.

No. 666.—Decapitations. 1. Behold "to wander from a direct course" and have "a flat, broad vessel upon which articles are carried;" again, and have "one of a number of lines diverging from a common point;" again, and have "yes." 2. Behold "a long, narrow division of anything different from the ground work" and have a kind of food; again, and have "ready for reaping."

3. Behold "a long, narrow strip of leather" and have "to ensnare;" again, and have "a sharp, quick blow." 4. Behold "inordinate self esteem" and have "to be carried on the back of an animal."

The Clever Pig. "Ha!" said the pig to the boy who cut off its tail, "You can't do that again."

Key to the Puzzler. No. 646.—Charade: Chickweed. No. 647.—A Hollow Square: A T K U E C I N

No. 648.—An Anagram: Termagant. No. 649.—A Poser: The Letter A. No. 650.—Illustrated Rebus: If man does his best, what more can we expect from him? No. 651.—Double Acrostic: P A N A C E A E L I S I O N A T H E I S T S U C C E S S

No. 652.—The Legacy: The cadl loaned a camel to the brothers, making 30 camels, which he bade them divide. The eldest son took one-half, or 10 camels; the second, one-fourth, 5; the third, one-fifth, 4, making 19 camels among the three brothers and one left to be returned to the cadl.

No. 653.—Beholdings: E-go, e-late, e-state. No. 654.—Etymological Rivers: Merrimac, St. John, Pearl, Black, Brandywine. No. 655.—Rhyming Square: A P R I L P A U S E R U B L E I S L E S L E S E

No. 656.—Riddles: Silence. Because, however frank, she cannot be plain. A tare. Ink. At seventy, because long experience makes him sage.

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