

DR. TALMAGE IN ROME.

EULOGY ON THE WORK AND PREACHING OF ST. PAUL.

Thrilling Interest of Many Nights in Rome. The Scene of Greatness and Wiliness, of the Mightiest and Meanest Intellect. Confirming One's Faith.

ROME, Nov. 10.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., Mrs. Talmage and Miss Talmage, with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Klopsch, arrived in this city last evening. Today the great Brooklyn divine preached to a large congregation from the text, Acts xix, 21: "I must also see Rome." A full report of the sermon follows:

Here is Paul's itinerary. He was a traveling or circuit preacher. He had been mobbed and insulted, and the more good he did the worse the world treated him. But he went right on. Now he proposes to go to Jerusalem and says: "After that I must also see Rome." Why did he want to visit this wonderful city in which I am today permitted to stand? "To preach the Gospel," you answer. No doubt of it, but there were other reasons why he wanted to see Rome. A man of Paul's intelligence and classic taste had fifty other reasons for wanting to see it. Your Colosseum was at that time in process of erection, and he wanted to see it. The Forum was even then an old structure, and the eloquent apostle wanted to see that building, in which eloquence had so often thundered and wept. Over the Appian Way the triumphal processions had already marched for hundreds of years, and he wanted to see that. The temple of Saturn was already an antiquity, and he wanted to see that. The architecture of the world renowned city, he wanted to see that.

The places associated with the triumphs, the crucifixes, the disasters, the wars, the military genius, the poetic and the rhetorical fame of this great city, he wanted to see them. A man like Paul, so many-sided, so sympathetic, so emotional, so full of analogy, could not have been indifferent to the antiquities and the splendors which move every rightly organized human being. And with what thrill of interest he walked these streets, those only, who for the first time like ourselves enter Rome, can imagine. If the inhabitants of all Christendom were gathered into one plain, and it were put to them which two cities they would above all others wish to see, the vast majority of them would vote Jerusalem and Rome. So we can understand something of the record of my text and its surroundings when it says, Paul purposed in the spirit when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia to go to Jerusalem, saying: "After that I must also see Rome." As one of you are aware, with my family, and only for the purpose of what we can learn and the good we can get, I am on the way to Palestine. Since leaving Brooklyn, New York, this is the first place we have stopped. Intermediate cities are attractive, but we have visited them in other years, and we hastened on, for I said before starting that while I was going to Jerusalem I must also see Rome. Why do I want to see it? Because I want, by visiting regions associated with the great Apostle to the Gentiles, to have my faith in Christianity confirmed. There are those who will go through large expenditure to have their faith weakened. In my native land I have known persons of very limited means to pay fifty cents or a dollar to hear a lecturer prove that our Christian religion is a myth, a dream, a cheat, a lie. On the contrary, I will give all the thousands of dollars that this journey of my family will cost, to have additional evidence that our Christian religion is an authenticated grandeur, a solemn, a joyous, a rapturous, a stupendous, a magnificent fact. So I want to see Rome. I want you to show me the places connected with apostolic ministry. I have heard that in your city and amid its surroundings, apostles suffered and died for Christ's sake. My common sense tells me that people do not die for the sake of a falsehood. They may practice a deception for purposes of gain, but not for the sake of their heart, or arrange the halter around their neck, or kindle the fire around their feet, and they would say my life is worth more than anything I can gain by losing it. I hear you have in this city Paul's dungeon. Show it to me. I must see Rome also. While I am interested in this city because of her rulers or her citizens who are mighty in history for virtue or vice or talents—Romulus, and Caligula, and Cincinnatus, and Vespasian, and Coriolanus, and Brutus, and a hundred others whose names are bright with an exceeding brightness, or black with the deepest dye—most of all I am interested in this city because the preacher of Mars Hill, and the defiler of Agrippa, and the hero of the shipwrecked vessel in the breakers of Melita, and the man who held higher than any one that the world ever saw the torch of Resurrection, lived, and preached, and was massacred here. Show me every place connected with his memory I must also see Rome.

CURIOSITY OF THE CHRISTIAN. But my text suggests that in Paul there was the curiosity of a curious spirit. The text my text only meant that he wanted to preach here he would have said so. Indeed, in another place, he declared: "I am ready to preach the Gospel to you who are at Rome also." But my text suggests a slight seeing. This man who had been under Dr. Gamaliel had no lack of phraseology, and was used to saying exactly what he meant, and he said: "I must also see Rome." There is such a thing as Christian curiosity. Paul had it, and some of us have it. About other people's business I have no curiosity. About all that can confirm my faith in the Christian religion and the world's salvation and the soul's future happiness, I am full of an all-absorbing, all-compelling curiosity. Paul had a great curiosity about the next world, and so have we. I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not now. No well man, no prosperous man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates of a foreign country, and then to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of the world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder now it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession; and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know after the body is resurrected what they wear and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find the American continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with an alpenstock, and slides, and rockets, and fall down in a horrible way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible way up, they just wanted to say they had been on the top

of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, and when in that ascent there is no peril. A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold and said in joy: "Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more than Paul himself before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sublimity. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt, and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany, and geology, and astronomy, and theology. Oh, will it not be gratifying to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity? As this Paul of my text did not suppress his curiosity, we need not suppress ours. Yes, I have an unimpaired curiosity about all religious things, and as this city of Rome was so intimately connected with apostolic times, the incidents of which emphasize and explain and augment the Christian religion, you will not take it as an evidence of a prying spirit, but as the outbursting of a Christian curiosity when I say, I must also see Rome.

CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES OF ROME. Our desire to visit this city is also intensified by the fact that we want to be confirmed in the feeling that human life is brief, but its work lasts for centuries, indeed, forever. Therefore show us the antiquities of old Rome, about which we have been reading for a lifetime, but never seen. In our beloved America, we have no antiquities. A church eighty years old overawes us with its age. We have in America some cathedrals hundreds and thousands of years old, but they are in Yellowstone Park, or Californian canon, and their architecture and masonry were by the omnipotent God. We want to see the buildings, or ruins of old buildings that were erected hundreds and thousands of years ago by human hands. They lived forty or seventy years, but the arches they lifted, the statues they penciled, the sculpture they chiseled, the roads they laid out, I understand are yet to be seen, and we want you to show them to us. I can hardly wait until Monday morning. I must also see Rome. We want to be impressed with the fact that what men do on a small scale or large scale lasts a thousand years, lasts forever, that we build for eternity and that we do so in a very short space of time. God is the only old living presence. But it is an old age without any of the infirmities or limitations of old age. There is a passage of Scripture which speaks of the birth of the mountains, for there was a time when the Andes were born, and the Pyrenees were born, and the Sierra Nevada were born, but before the birth of these mountains, the Bible tells us, God was born, and was never born in old, because he always existed. Psalm xc, 2: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." How short is human life, what antiquity attaches to its world! How everlasting is God! Show us the antiquities, the things that were old when America was discovered, old when Paul went up and down these streets sight seeing, old when Christ was born. I must, I must also see Rome!

THE PAULINE INTELLECT. Another reason for our visit to this city is that we want to see the places where the mightiest intellects and the greatest natures wrought for our Christian religion. We have been told in America by some people of swollen heads that the Christian religion is a pusillanimous thing, good for children under seven years of age and small brained people, but not for the intelligent and swarthy minded. We have heard of our Constantine, the mighty, who pointed his army to the cross, saying, "By this conquer." If there be anything here connected with his reign, or his military history, show it to us. The mightiest intellect of the ages was the author of my text, and if for the Christian religion he was willing to labor and suffer and die, there must be something exalted and sublime and tremendous in it, and show me every place he visited, and show me, if you can, where he was tried, and which of your roads leads out to Ostia, that I may see where he went out to die. We expect before we finish this journey to see Lake Galilee and the places where Simon Peter and Andrew fished, and perhaps we may drop a net or a hook and line into those waters ourselves, but when following the track of those lesser apostles I will learn quite another lesson. I want while in this city of Rome to study the religion of the brainiest of the apostles. I want to follow, as far as we can trace it, the track of this great intellect of my text who wanted to see Rome also. He was a logician, he was a metaphysician, he was an all conquering orator, he was a poet of the highest type. He had a nature that could swamp the leading men of his own day, and hurled against the Sanhedrin, he made it tremble. He learned all he could get in the school of his native village; then he had gone to a higher school, and there had mastered the Greek and the Hebrew and perfected himself in belles lettres, until, in after years, he outshined the Greeks, and the Corinthians, and the Athenians, by quotations from their own authors. He has never found anything in Carlyle, or Goethe, or Herbert Spencer that could compare in strength or beauty with Paul's epistles. I do not think there is anything in the writings of Sir William Hamilton that shows such mental discipline as you find in Paul's argument about justification and resurrection. I have not found anything in Milton finer in the way of imagination than I can find in Paul's illustrations drawn from the amphitheatre. There was a life in Robert Emmet pleading for his life, or in Edmund Burke arraiving Warren Hastings in Westminster hall, that compared with the scene in the court room, when, before robed officials, Paul bowed and began his speech, saying: "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day." I repeat, that a religion that can capture a man like that must have some power in it. It is time our wisemen stopped talking as though all the brain of the world were opposed to Christianity. Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow. I am glad to know that Christ has, in the different ages of the world, had in his discipleship a Mozart and a Handel in music; a Raphael and a Reynolds in painting; an Angelo and a Canova in sculpture; a Rush and a Harvey in medicine; a Grotius and a Washington in statesmanship; a Blackstone, a Marshall and a Kent in the law. And the time will come when the religion of Christ will conquer all the observatories and universities, and philosophy will, through her telescope, behold the morning star of Jesus, and in her laboratory see that "all things work together for good," and with her geological hammer discern the "Rock of Ages." Oh,

Instead of covering and shivering; when the skeptic stands before us and talks of religion as though it were a pusillanimous thing—instead of that, let us take out our New Testament and read the story of Paul at Rome, or come and see this city for ourselves, and learn that it could have been no weak Gospel that converted such a man, but that it is an all conquering Gospel. Aye! for all ages the power of God and the wisdom of God into salvation.

CONCLUDING EXHORTATION. Men, brethren and fathers! I thank you for this opportunity of preaching the Gospel to you that are at Rome also. The churches of America salute you. Upon you who are like us strangers in Rome, I pray the protecting and journeying care of God. Upon you who are resident here, I pray grace, mercy and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. After tarrying here a few days we resume our journey for Palestine, and we shall never meet again either in Italy or America or what is called the Holy Land, but there is a Holier Land, and there we may meet, saved by the grace that in the same way saves Italian and American, and there is that supernatural clime, after embracing him who by his sufferings on the hill back of Jerusalem made our heaven possible, and given salutation to our own kindred whose departure broke our hearts on earth, we shall, I think, seek out the traveling preacher and mighty hero of the text who marked out his journey through Macedonia and Achaia to Jerusalem, saying: "After I have been there, I must also see Rome."

Tough on the Poor Prince. British royalty doesn't amount to much in these days. It cannot even command washstands for its personal use at the public expense.

This is the substance of a recent decision by the British admiralty. Young Prince George, the second son of the Prince of Wales, is in the navy, quartered on board H. M. S. Excellent. A short time ago he wanted a marble top washstand and dressing table for his quarters and made requisition for them.

The order was at first given, but, after a howl from laborers and a consequent stirring up of public discussion, the admiralty hastened to rescind the order. Young Prince George, therefore, will have to go without the marble top washstand and the dressing table unless he provides them at his own expense—or royal papa's.

Thus is royalty fallen. One who stands near the throne—so near that two deaths would make him heir apparent—is officially ordered to provide his own washstand or go without! It is indeed bitter.—Boston Globe.

The Millerites. There is something comical in the way out-riders are affected simply by living in an atmosphere surcharged with "Millerism." They first laugh, then argue, then get a little nervous—"it might be so, y' know." In Indiana in 1845 hundreds of people in the infected townships, from hearing the matter constantly discussed and hearing very little else, grew chronically uneasy, though they did not believe the prophets. This, indeed, is the philosophy of all popular delusions. It is needless to give the arguments; they all refer to Daniel's 2,300 years, and claim that the starting time can be located by certain events. In 1880 there was a strong movement in some parts of the south, especially among the negroes, and finally by the same year was settled on by many in different sections and without apparent concert. It is stated that 40,000 Adventists in the United States firmly believe that Harrison will be the last president, but they are uncertain about the day.—J. B. Parks.

Bravery Rewarded. George Grouchy, a salesman in Lawrence, Mass., has received an unexpected reward for saving a man's life at Nantasket Beach last summer. The rescued man is a wealthy merchant of Providence, and he showed his gratitude to his preserver by giving him \$100 in cash and a note for \$5,000, the value when the reward is received. Grouchy is more than 30 years old, so that within a year he will receive a sugum sum for his bravery. The rescue was accomplished at great personal risk, and he did not recover for more than a month. The rescued man was unconscious when brought to shore, and lost track of the young man who had saved him, but by employing detectives he found him and rewarded him.—Boston Letter.

Jack the Ripper. If Jack the Ripper is ever caught, he—she—should write a book. Of its kind, it would be a unique production, detailing the baffling of the ablest Vidocqs of the great city of London and setting forth the most astounding career of murder that ever shocked the world. The communications purporting to emanate from this red handed outlaw reveal a sufficiency of literary ability to furnish a narrative from his pen with such gory interest as would far surpass the pages of the most lurid dime novel that ever appeared. Before the gallows has done its work, Jack the Ripper should at least have a chance to shine as Jack the Writer, if for no other purpose than to show the police authorities of London that they do not "know it all."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Father of the Life Saving Service. Few of the thousands who pass him on lower Broadway have an idea that the old gentleman with the silky white hair, clean shaven face, somewhat stoop shouldered, and wearing an old fashioned light hat, whom they meet occasionally, is Joseph Francis, the father of the American life saving service. He is the inventor of the metal life car, and almost the entire service to-day is the fruit of his inventive genius. During the past few years Mr. Francis has subsisted entirely upon a diet of milk. Although over 80 years of age, he is as sprightly and has as clear an intellect as most men of half his years.—New York Star.

Stay Out of Macedonia. Tourists who rush to see the ruins of the ancient cities of Macedonia are warned to keep away if they value their lives. Brigandage, as is named, greater proportions there than ever before known. Within the small space of two months no less than 300 travelers have been murdered and robbed by outlaws, who make it a rule to kill every one falling into their hands, without first ascertaining the amount of plunder to be derived. More than twenty murders, each one known to have been committed by two well known brigands, but the authorities make little effort to capture them.—Exchange.

A Profitable Industry. Flies have been unusually numerous and sticky in some places this fall; but there is one advantage—they are killed easily. A young lady in Augusta, having made a contract from some fly later to receive one cent for every fifteen killed, went to work. Her season's work amounts to \$15. This may be a new industry in Kennebec county, but it is old in some other parts of Maine. A 4-year-old Lewiston girl once earned enough at this business to purchase her doll, a sixty cent tea set and then walked a mile to buy it.—Leviston Journal.



No. 667.—A Wonderful Puzzle. I have no feet, and yet with hands, I never cease my tireless run; I work in all the climes and lands. In Arctic zone and tropic sun.

Pious I have, yet cannot fly. Altho' "good time" I always make I wear a cap, but wear it shy. And wear it sleeping or awake.

No coffin lid shall hide my form— And yet I'm smooth as lid I live. Defying dust, and rain, and storm— Prepared the best of work to give.

I never had a case at law— And yet without a case, I fear I should possess a monstrous flaw— And life would be a thing most dear.

Of jewels, I have ample store— Fine jewels, too, that please the eye; I would not, could not wish for more, Tho' I possessed the means to buy.

I have no head, but have a face— A face that's looked at everywhere— No woman, with her charms and grace Receives a greater word of care.

No. 668.—Numerical Enigma. My 11, 6, 1, 14, 10 are winter garments. My 14, 3, 4 is part of a church. My 9, 12, 19, 15, 17, 13, 10 is a disease. My 10, 7, 8 and 20 is an animal. My 5, 18, 2 is a boy's nickname. My whole is a housekeeper's proverb.

No. 669.—A Half Square. The single ring represents a consonant. The row of two rings, "mother." The row of three, "an individual of the human race." The row of four, "the long and heavy hair flowing from the upper side of the neck of some quadruped animals." The row of five, "a Hebrew weight used in estimating the quantity of gold and silver, being 100 shekels of gold and 60 shekels of silver."

No. 670.—Easy Rebus for Little People. S. This my rebus solved Will bring to mind What delights the heart Of human kind.

No. 671.—Anagrams. A "lonely man" who lives in quiet Would never lead in a SLY RIOT. In a LAWN FIG. ye solvers, find A wading bird of plover kind.

In a ROBE TIME the word we see Exhausting to the strength may be.

No. 672.—Letter Rebus. S. What's the Tree that with Death would unite you, (1) The Tree that your wants would supply, (2) The Tree that to travel invites you, (3) And the Tree that forbids you to die? (4)

Rhymed Comparisons. As slow as the tortoise—as swift as the wind; As true as the Gospel—as false as mankind; As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig; As proud as a peacock—as little as a gnat; As savage as a tiger—as mild as a dove; As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove; As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post; As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast; As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball; As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl; As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks; As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox; As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow; As yellow as sulphur—as black as a soap; As brittle as glass—as tough as a gristle; As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle; As good as a feast—as bad as a witch; As light as a day—as dark as a pitch; As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass; As full as a tick—as solid as brass.

Three Faults Only. The conversation turned upon a certain gentleman who is not what you may call a brilliant speaker. "He has only three faults," a friend apologetically remarked: "1, he reads his speeches; 2, he reads them badly; 3, they are not worth reading."

Key to the Puzzler. No. 667.—Crossword Enigma: Daffodil. No. 668.—Missing Letters: Dr. No. 669.—Quartered Circles: From 1 to 4, lane; 5 to 8, gear; 9 to 12, lyre; 13 to 16, anon; 1 to 5, long; 5 to 9, gull; 9 to 13, Lima; 13 to 14, year; 14 to 2, Norma; 3 to 7, Nevada; 7 to 11, abider; 11 to 15, Rialto; 15 to 3, Oberon; 4 to 8, elector; 8 to 12, reserve; 12 to 16, eastern; 16 to 4, naivete.

No. 670.—The Philosopher's Puzzle: The philosopher blocked up each corner of his window in such a way as to leave a diamond shaped opening of the same width and length as the original window. No. 661.—Charade: Carpet. No. 662.—A star: U A SONATA SUGTAS L L E K S E RAISINS L F Y

No. 663.—Transposition: Cuba—a cub. No. 664.—Word Squares: P A G A N C O L O R A L I V E O L I V E G I B E S L I N E N A V E T O V E R T N E T S R E N T S

No. 665.—Numerical Enigma: England. No. 666.—Decapitations: Stray, tray, ray, ay. 2. Stripe, tripe, ripe. 3. Strap, trap, rap. 4. Pride, ride.

Advertisement for 'Light-Running DOMESTIC' machines. Features illustrations of a dog and a machine. Text includes: 'THE Light-Running DOMESTIC WILL DO A Wider Range of Work Than any other Machine. Don't Buy until you have seen the Steel Set of Attachments AND THE GENUINE BENT WOOD WORK ON THE DOMESTIC. THE STAR That Leads them All! NEARLY 2 MILLIONS NOW IN USE! The Domestic is sold on payments to suit everyone, either for cash, notes, or on monthly payments. Needles, Oil, and parts for all Machines on sale. Call on our agent. W. A. Doggett, Agt. Green Store Front. 112 N. 11th St. PHIL. JACOBS, State Agent, Lincoln, Neb.'

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