#### OF A VISIT TO PATMOS.

SERMON PREACHED SUNDAY, NOV. 8, BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Me Tells How He Left Egypt and Voyaging Past Rhodes Reached the Greelan Archipelage and Visited the Island of St. John's Revelation.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 8 .- An overflowing congregation at the Brooklyn Tabernacie this orning attested the interest the religious morning attested the interest the religious public is taking in the series of sermons Dr. Talmage is preaching on what he saw, confirmatory of the Scriptures, during his tour from the pyramids to the Acropolis. This morning's sermon, the fourth of the series, was on the islands of the Greek archipelago. The doctor took two texts: Acts xxi, 3, "When we had discovered Cyprus we left it on the left hand;" and Revelation i, 9, "I, John, was in the isle hat is called Patmos."

Goodby, Exppt! Although interesting

Goodby, Egypt! Although interesting and instructive beyond any country in all the world, excepting the Holy Land, Egypt was to me somewhat depressing. It was a post mortem examination of cities that died four thousand years ago. The mum-mies, or wrapped up bodies of the dead, were prepared with reference to the Resur rection day, the Egyptians departing this life wanting their bodies to be kept in as good condition as possible so that they would be presentable when they were called again to occupy them. But if when Pharaoh comes to resurrection be finds his body looking as I saw his mummy in the museum at Boulac, his soul will become an unwilling tenant. The Sphinx also was to me a stern monstrosity, a statue carved out of rock of red granite sixty two feet high and about one hundred and forty-three feet iong, and having the head of a man and the body of a lion. We sat down in the sand of the African desert to study it. With a cold smile it

desert to study it. With a cold smile it has looked down upon thousands of years of earthly history, Egyptian civilization, Grecian civilization, Roman civilization: upon the rise and fall of thrones innumerable; the victory and defeat of the armies of centuries. It took three thousand years to make one wrinkle on its red cheek. It is dreadful in its stolidity. Its eyes have never wept a tear. Its cold ears have not listened to the groans of the Egyptian nation, the burden of which I tried to weigh last Sabbath. Its heart is stone. It cared not for Pliny when he measured it in the first century. It will care nothing for the man who looks into its imperturbable countenance in the last century.

But Egypt will yet come up to the glow of life. The Bible promises it. The missionaries, like my friend, good and great Dr. Lansing are sounding.

sionaries, like my friend, good and great Dr. Lansing, are sounding a resurrection trumpet above those siain empires. There will be some other Joseph at Memphis. There will be some other Moses on the banks of the Nile. There will be some other Hypatia to teach good morals to the degraded. Instead of a destroying angel to slay the firstborn of Egypt the angel of the New Testament will shake everlasting life from his wings over a nation born in a life from his wings over a nation born in a day. When, soon after my arrival in Egypt, I took part in the solemn and tender obsequies of a missionary from our own land, dying there far away from the sepulchers of her fathers, and saw around her the dusky and weeping congregation of those whom she had come to save, I said to myself: "Here is self sacrifice of the noblest type. Here is heroism immortal. Here is a queen unto God forever. Here is something grander than the pyramids. Here is that which thrills the heavens Here is a specimen of that which will yet save the world."

GOODBY TO EGYPT. Goodby, Egypt! This sermon finds us on the steamer Minerva in the Grecian archipelago, the islands of the New Testa-ment, and islands Paulinian and Johannian in their reminiscence. What Bradshaw's directory is to travelers in Europe, and what the railroad guide is to travelers in America, the Book of the Acts in the Bible is to voyagers in the Grecian, or, as I shall call it, the Gospel archipelago. The Bible geography of that region is accurate without a shadow of mistake. We are sailing this morning on the same waters that Paul sailed, but in the opposite direction to that which Paul voyaged. He was tion to that which Paul voyaged. He was sailing southward and we northward. With him it was Ephesus, Coos, Rhodes, Cyprus. With us it is reversed, and it is Cyprus, Rhodes, Coos, Ephesus. There is no book in the world so accurate as the Diving Book.

My text says that Paul left Cyprus on the teft; we, going in an opposite direction, have it on the right. On our ship Minerva were only two or three passengers besides our party, so we had plenty of room to walk the deck, and ob, what a night was Christmas night of 1880 in that Grecian archipelago—islands of light above, islands of beauty beneath! It is a royal family of islands, this Grecian archipelago - the crown of the world's scenery set with sap-phire and emerald and topaz and chryso-prasus, and ablaze with a glory that seems let down out of celestial landscapes. God evidently made up his mind that just here he would demonstrate the utmost that can be done with islands for the beautification

be done with islands for the beautification of earthly scenery.

The steamer had stopped during the night, and in the morning the ship was as quiet as this floor, when we hastened up to the deck and found that we had anchored off the island of Cyprus. In a boat, which the natives rowed standing up, as is the custom, instead of sitting down, as when we row, we were soon landed on the streets where Paul and Barnabas walked and preached. Yea, when at Antioch, Paul and Barnabas got into a fight—as ministers and Barnabas got into a fight—as ministers etimes did, and sometimes do, for they all have imperfections enough to anchor them to this world till their work is done, I say—when, because of that bitter con-troversy, Paul and Barnabas parted, Barnabas came back here to Cyprus, which was his birthplace. Island, wonderful for history! It has been the prize sometimes won by Persia, by Greece, by Egypt, by the Saracens, by the Crusaders, and last of all, not by sword but by pen, and that the pen of the keenest diplomatist of the century, Lord Beaconstield, who, under a lease which was as good as a purchase, set Cyprus among the jewels of Victoria's crown.

We went out into the excavations from which Di Cesnola has enriched our American museums with antiquities, and with no better weapon than our foot we stirred no better weapon than our foot we stirred up the ground deep enough to get a tear bottle in which some mourner shed his tears thousands of years ago, and a lamp which before Christ was born lighted the feet of some poor pilgrim on his way. That island of Cyprus has enough to set an antiquarian wild. The most of its glory is the glory of the past, and the typhoid fevers that sweep its coast, and the clouds of locusts that often blacken its skies. of locusts that often blacken its skies (though two hundred thousand dollars were experded by the British empire in one year for the extirpation of these noxious insects, yet failing to do the work), and the frequent change of governmental masters hinder presperity. CYPRUS WILL YET COME TO GOD.

But when the islands of the sea come to God, Cyprus will come with them, and the agricultural and commercial opulence which adorned it in ages past will be eclipsed by the agricultural and commer-cial and religious triumphs of the ages to some. Why is the world so stupid that it cannot see that nations are prospered in temporal things in proportion as they are prospered in religious things? Godliness is profitable not only for individuals, but for nations. Questions of tariff, questions of silver bill, questions of republic or mon-archy have not so much to do with a nation's temporal welfare as questions of religion. Give Cyprus to Christ, give England to Christ, give America to Christ, give the world to Christ, and he will give them all a prosperity unlimited. Why is Brooklyn one of the queen cities of the earth? Because it is the queen city of

Blindfold me and lead me into any city of the earth so that I cannot see a street or a warehouse or a home, and then lead me into the churches and then remove the bandage from my eyes, and I will tell you from what I see inside the consecrated walls, having seen nothing outside, what is that city's merchandise, its literature, its schools, its printing presses, its government, its homes, its arts, its sciences, its prosperity or its depression, and ignorance and pauperism and outlawry. The altar of God in the church is the high water mark of the world's happiness. The Christian religion triumphant, all other interests triumphant. The Christian religion low down, all other interests low down. So I thought on the evening of that day we stepped from the filthy streets of Larnaca, Cyprus, onto the boat that took us back to the steamer Minerva, which had already begun to paw the waves like a courser impatient to be gone, and then we moved on and up among the islands of this Gospel archipelago.

Night came down on land and sea and

the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. If you are pacing it alone a ship's deck in the darkness and at sea is a weird place, and an active imagination may conjure up almost any shape he will, and it shall walk the sea or confront him by the smokestack or meet him under the captain's bridge. But here I was alone on ship's deck in the Gospel archipelago, and do you wonder that the sea was populous with the past and that down

the ratines Bible memories descended? Our friends had all gone to their berths. "Captain," I said, "when will we arrive at the Island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his giazed cap, he responded in sepul-chrai voice, "About midnight." Though it would be keeping unreasonable hours, concluded to stay on deck, for I must see Rhodes, one of the islands associated with the name of the greatest missionary the world ever saw or ever will see. Paul anded there, and that was enough to make it famous while the world stands, and famous in heaven when the world has become a charred wreck.

A WONDERFUL HISTORY.
This island has had a wonderful history. With six thousand Knights of St. John, it at one time stood out against two hundred thousand warriors under "Solyman the Magnificent." The city had three thousand statues, and a statue to Apollo called Colossus, which has always since been con-sidered one of the seven wonders of the world. It was twelve years in building and was seventy cubits high, and had a winding stairs to the top. It stood fiftysix years and then was prostrated by an earthquake. After lying in ruins for nine hundred years, it was purchased to be converted to other purposes, and the metal, weighing seven hundred and twenty thouall the thousands of years of its history are eclipsed by the few hours or days that Paul

As I stood there on the deck of the Minerva, looking out upon the place where the Colossus once stood, I bethought myself of the fact that the world must have a God of some kind. It is to me an infinite pathos—this Colossus not only of Rhodes, but the colossi in many parts of the earth. This is only the world's blind reaching up and feeling after God. Foundered human nature must have a supernatural arm to help it ashore. All the statues and images of heathendom are attempts to bring celestial forces down into human affairs. Blessed be our ears that we have heard of an ever present God, and that through Jesus Christ he comes into our learts and our homes, and with more than fatherly and motherly interest and affection he is with us in all our struggles and bereavements and vicissitudes. Rhodes needs something higher than the Colossus, and the day will come when the Christ, whom Paul was serving when he sailed into the harbor of Rhodes, shall take possession of that island.

As we move on up through this archi-pelago, I am reminded of what an important part the islands have taken in the history of the world. They are necessary to the balancing of the planet. The two nemispheres must have them. As you put down upon a scale the heavy pound weights, and then the small ounces—and no one thinks of despising the small weights—so the continents are the pounds and the islands are the ounces. A conti-nent is only a larger island, and an island only a smaller continent. Something of what part the islands have taken in the world's history you will see when I remind you that the Island of Salamis produced Solon, and that the Island of Chios produced Homer, and the Island of Samos produced Pythagoras, and the Island of

Coos produced Hippocrates. HE LONGED TO SEE PATMOS. But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the princes among the islands, but I must see the king of the archipelago. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Paros or Naxos or Scio or Mitylene, but I had rather, in this sail through the Grecian archipelago, see that than all the others; for more of the glories of heaven landed there than on all the islands and continents since the world stood. As we come toward it I feel my puises quicken. "I, John, was in the island that is called Patmos." It is a pile of rocks twenty-eight miles in circumference. A few cypresses and inferior olives pump a living out of the earth, and one paim tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island made it a prison for the banished

Domitian could not stand his ministry. and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the Gospei stepped from a toss-ing boat to these dismal rocks and walked up to the dismal cavern which was to be his home and the place where should pass before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity. Is it not remarkable that nearly all the

great revelations of trusic and poetry and religion have been made to men in banish-ment.—Homer and Milton banished into blindness; Beethoven banished into deaf-ness; Dante writing his "Divina Commedia" during the nineteen years of ban-ishment from his native land; Victor Hugo writing his "Les Miserables" exiled from home and country on the island of Guernsey, and the brightest visions of the future have been given to those who by sickness or sorrow were exiled from the outer world into rooms of suffering. Only those who-have been imprisoned by very hard surroundings have had great revelations made

So Patmos, wild, chill and bleak and terrible was the best island in all the archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen, the room in which you sit must be darkened, and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and bence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than a hindrance. All the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of heaven. St. John, hungry from enforced abstinence, or having no food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of heaven; and as the famished man is apt to dream of bountiful tables covered with luxuries, so St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Pat-mos and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst leads him to admire heaven as be says, "They shall thirst no more." St. John hears the waves of the sea wild-

ly dashing against the rocks, and each wave has a voice, and all the waves to-gether make a chorus, and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven, and he says, "They are like the voice of many waters." One day, as he looked off upon the sea, the waters were very smooth, as it is to-day while we sail them in the Minerva, and they were like glass, and the sunlight seemed to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense flame, and as St. John looked out from his cavern home upon that brilliant sea he thought of the splendors of heaven and describes them "As a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, seated in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homesick and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern.

THE PANORAMA PASSES. Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and lo! the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candlesticks and seven stars in his right hand, candlesticks and stars meaning light held up and light scattered. And there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seals broken, and the woes sounded, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues swoop, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. cheap. Grent 25 cent store 1124 O street. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a great city representing all abominations, Babylon towered, palaced, templed, fountained, foliaged, sculptured, hanging gardens, suddenly going crash! crash! and the pipers cease to pipe, and the trumpets cease to trumpet, and the dust, and the smoke, and the horror fill the canvas, while from above and beneath are voices announcing, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" And we halt again to rest from the spectacle.

Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a mounted Christ on a snow white charger leading forth the cavairy of heaven, the long line of white chargers galloping through the scene, the clattering of hoofs, sand pounds, was put on nine hundred camels and carried away. We were not permitted to go ashore, but the lights all heaven in Doxology. And we halt again up and down the hills show where the city to rest from the spectacle. Again the stands, and nine boats come out to take panorama passes before the cavern of thrones lifted, thrones of martyrs, thrones of apostles, thrones of prophets, thrones of she believed in 'love at first sight.' " patriarchs, and a throne higher than all on which Jesus sits, and ponderous books are opened, their leaves turned over, revealing the names of all that have ever lived, the good and the bad, the renowned and the humble, the mighty and the weak, and at the turn of every leaf the universe is in rapture or fright, and the sea empties its sarcophagus of all the dead of the sunken shipping, and the earth gives way, and the heavens vanish. Again we rest a moment

from the spectacle. The panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds city of gold, and a river more beautiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it, and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and all is surrounded by walls in which the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the sunrises and sunsets of all the ages, and the glory of burning worlds seem to be commingled. And the inhabitants never breathe a sigh, or utter a groan, or discuss a difference, or frown a dislike, or weep a tear. The fashon they wear is pure white, and their foreheads are encircled by garlands, and they who were sick are well, and they who were old are young, and they who were bereft are reunited. And as the last figure of that panorama rolled out of sight I think that John must have fallen back into his cavern nerveless and exhausted. Too much was it for naked eye to look at. Too much was it for human strength to

LAST WORDS OF HAPPY CHRISTIANS. My friends, I would not wonder if you should have a very similar vision after awhile. You will be through with this world, its cares and fatigues and struggles, and if you have served the Lord and have done the best you could, I should not wonder if your dying bed were a Patmos. It often has been so. I was reading of a dying boy who, while the family stood around sorrowfully, expecting each breath would be the last, cried: "Open the gates! Open the gates! Happy! Happy!" John Owen, in his last hour, said to his attendant, "Oh, brother Payne! the long wished for day has come at last!" Rutherford, in the closing moment of his life, cried out: "I shall shine, I shall see him as he is, and all the fair company with him, and shall have my large share. I have gotten the victory. Christ is holding forth his arms to embrace me. Now I feel! Now I enjoy! Now I rejoice! I feed on manna. I have angels' food. My eyes will see my Re-deemer. Glory, giory dwelleth in Imman-uel's land." Yes, ten thousand times in the history of the world has the dying bed been made a Patmos.

You see the time will come when you will, oh, child of God, be exiled to your last sickness as much as John was exiled to Patmos. You will go into your room not to come out again, for God is going to do something better and grander and happier for you than he has ever yet done! There will be such visions let down to your pillow as God gives no man if he is ever to return to this tame world. The apparent feeling of uneasiness and restlessness at the time of the Christian's departure, the physicians say, is caused by no real dis-

tress. It is an unconscious and involut tary movement, and I think in man cases it is the vision of heavenly gladnestoo great for mortal endurance. It is only

heaven breaking in on the departing spirit. You see your work will be done and the time for your departure will be at band, and there will be wings over you and wings under you, and song: let loose on the air, and your old father and mother gone for years will descend into the room, and your little children whom you put away for the last sleep years ago will be at your side, and their kiss will be on your foreheads, and you will see gardens in full bloom, and the swinging open of shining gates, and will hear voices long ago hushed. A SUPERNAL FACT.

In many a Christian departure that you have known and I have known there was in the phraseology of the departing ones something that indicated the reappearance of those long deceased. It is no delirium, no delusion, but a supernal fact. Your glorified loved ones will hear that you are about to come, and they will say in heaven: "May I go down to show that soul the way up? May I be the celestial escort? May I wait for that soul at the edge of the pillow?" And the Lord will say: "Yes, You may fly down on that mission." And I think all your glorified kindred will come down, and they will be in the room, and although those in health standing around you may hear no voice and see no arrival from the heavenly world, you will see and hear. And the moment the fleshly bond of the soul snall break, the cry will be: "Follow me! Up this way! By this gilded cloud, past these stars, straight for home, straight for glory, straight for God!"

As on that day in the Grecian archipel ago, Patmos began to fade out of sight, walked to the stern of the ship that I might keep my eye on the enchantment as long as I could, and the voice that sounded out of heaven to John the exile in the cavern on Patmos seemed sounding in the waters that dashed against the side of our ship, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people and God himself shall be with them and be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

The bill-poster is the man who will stick up for the worst man in the community. Headquarters for ladies hats, the great 25 ent store, 1124 O street.

The policeman has a tangible value when ordered to make an arrest—he's a "copper"

Our competitors advertise ladies "cheap hats as well as good". We sell good hats

If only she has a soft voice even a homely girl looks entrancingly pretty at the other end of a telephone wire.

Ladies fine velvet hats-milliners prices \$8,00. We make to order the same for \$3,25 at the great 25 cent store. Poet-"I have a little poem here, sir, that

has been indited-" Editor-"Well, sir, I would be glad to see it convicted, but I can't

Misses caps, usual price \$1.00. The great 25 cent store sells them for 40 cents.

"Money is trouble," sighed old Banker. No it isn't either!" exclaimed young Banker. You can easily borrow trouble."

One trial will convince you that we are leaders in ladies fine hats at prices that astonish all. Great 25 cent store, 1124 O street. Upson Downes-"Last evening I was inreight and to bring three passengers. Yet Patmos, and John the exile sees great Rowne de Bout-"Great Casar! What did you do?" Upson Downes-"I asked her if

Ladies felt hats 35 cents at the great 25

"Do you understand how to fix up my hair!" asked a lady of her newly hired icolored servant. "Yes, ma'am, I kin fix it up in ten minutes." "You will never do for me, What would I do with myself all the rest of

Largest stock of tinware at the great 25

The Occasion and the Man. The sublime strains of the "Wedding March," played on the magnificent organ by the eminent musician as it never had been played before within those walls,

pealed through the church Slowly down the aisles came the wedding party. Slowly and in perfect form the principals and their friends and attendants ranged themselves in front of the altar and stood waiting. The music ceased, and a solemn hush fell

upon the assembly.

Arrayed in bridal robes whose costly ele gance and faultless taste might fitly environ but could not add to the charms of her lovely face and form stood the trusting girl who was about to give her happiness into the hands of another.

Proud and happy, with conscious strength and manly tenderness visible in every fea-ture of his handsome face and in every line of his symmetrical, well knit frame, stood the exultant young man who had choses her from all the world as his heart's mate.

The clergyman broke the silence. In deep tones he began the impressive, time conse crated exordium that prepares the way for the legal solemnization of the sacrament of marriage, and proceeded until he came to these ever memorable words:

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace." He paused, in accordance with his habit

and the requirements of the ceremony, and again a deep hush fell upon the con-The stillness was broken by a tall, sleader man with eyeglasses and a hollow cough, who rose up in a back seat.

"While the audience is waiting," he said, 'I should like to offer a resolution to the effect that it is the sense of this meeting that the World's Columbian exposition should not be opened Sunday."—Chicago Tribune.

Christmas Hints. Already the little boy begins to insinuate

"I dreamt last night that you gave me a five dollar gold-piece for Christmas and that pa gave me a ten dollar bill."

"My little boy, don't you know that dreams go by contraries. You will be dis-appointed," said the mother.

No I won't. If the dream goes by contraries, then you will give me the ten dollar bill and pa will give me the five dollar gold piece. I am safe, anyhow."—Texas

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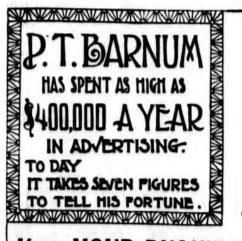
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