

OF A VISIT TO PATMOS.

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

We Tell How He Left Egypt and Voyaging Past Rhodes Reached the Grecian Archipelago and Visited the Island of St. John's Revelation.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 8.—An overflowing congregation at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this 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.

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.

We sat down in the sand of the African 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.

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 a resurrection trumpet above those slain empires.

Goodby, Egypt! This sermon finds us on the steamer Minerva in the Grecian archipelago, the islands of the New Testament, and islands Paulinian and Johannian in their reminiscence.

My text says that Paul left Cyprus on the left; we, going in an opposite direction, have it on the right. On our ship Minerva were only two or three passengers besides our party.

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.

We went out into the excavations from which Dr. Ceonin has enriched our American museums with antiquities, and with no better weapon than our feet we stirred up the ground deep enough to get a tear bottle in which some mourner shed his tears thousands of years ago.

and the frequent change of governmental masters blinder piety.

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 commercial and religious triumphs of the ages to come.

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.

Night came down on land and sea and the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. If you are peering at 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 friends had all gone to their berths. "Captain," I said, "when will we arrive at the island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his glazed cap, he responded in cheerful voice, "About midnight."

This island had a wonderful history. With six thousand Knights of St. John, it at one time stood out against two hundred thousand warriors under "Soliman the Magnificent." The city had three thousand statues, and a statue to Apollo called Colossus, which has always since been considered one of the seven wonders of the world.

As I stood there on the deck of the Minerva, looking out upon the place where the Colossus once stood, I thought 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 colossal in many parts of the earth. This is only the world's blind reaching up and feeling after God.

As we move on up through this archipelago, 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 hemispheres 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.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the prizes 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 Patmos 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.

Domitian could not stand his ministry, and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the Gospel stepped from a tossing boat to these dismal rocks and walked 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.

great revelations of music and poetry and religion have been made to men in banishment—Homer and Milton banished into blindness; Beethoven banished into deafness; Dante writing his "Divina Commedia" during the nineteen years of banishment from his native land; Victor Hugo writing his "Les Miserables" exiled from home and country on the island of Guernsey. 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 monarchy 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 churches.

St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks, and each wave has a voice, and all the waves together 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 host 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. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees again all abominations, Babylon towered, palaces, temples, fountains, fountains, sculptured, hanging gardens, suddenly going crashing! crashing! and the pipes 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 cavalry of heaven, the long line of white chargers galloping through the scene, the clattering of hoofs, the clinking of bridle bits, and the flash of spears, all the earth conquered and all heaven in Doxology. And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees great thrones lifted, thrones of many thrones of apostles, thrones of prophets, thrones of 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 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 a 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 aunts and of all the ages, and the glory of burnished 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 fashion 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 experience.

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 served the best you could, I should not wonder if your dying breath 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! 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 Redeemer. Glory, glory dwell with in Immanuel's land." Yes, ten thousand times in the history of the world has the dying bed been made 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 lame world. The apparent feeling of loneliness and remoteness at the time of the Christian's departure, the physicians say, is caused by no real distress. It is an unconscious and involuntary movement, and I think in many cases it is the vision of heavenly gladness too great for mortal endurance. It is only heaven breaking in on the departing spirit.

Christmas Hints. Already the little boy begins to insinuate about Christmas. "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 disappointed," 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 Siftings.

It is an unconscious and involuntary movement, and I think in many cases it is the vision of heavenly gladness too 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 hand, 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 forehead, 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 phylaxology of the departing ones something that indicated the reappearance of those long deceased. It is no delirium, no delusion, but a supernal fact. You 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 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 shall 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 archipelago, Patmos began to fade out of sight, I 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 cent store, 1124 O street. The policeman has a tangible value when ordered to make an arrest—he's a "copper" sent. Our competitors advertise ladies "cheap hats as well as good." We sell good hats cheap. Great 25 cent store 1124 O street. 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 try it." Misses cape, 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. Upon Downes—"Last evening I was introduced to a girl worth three millions." Rowne de Bout—"Great Caesar! What did you do?" Upon Downes—"I asked her if she believed in 'love at first sight.'"

Ladies felt hats 35 cents at the great 25 cent store. "Do you understand how to fix up my hair?" asked a lady of her newly hired colored 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 the day?" Largest stock of tinware at the great 25 cent store.

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 at 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 elegance and faultless taste might flatter even 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 feature of his handsome face and in every line of his symmetrical, well knit frame, stood the cautious young man who had chosen her from all the world as his heart's mate. The clergyman broke the silence. In deep tones he began the impressive, time consecrated 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 congregation. The stillness was broken by a tall, slender 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 be the sense of this meeting that the World's Columbian exposition be discontinued and not be opened Sunday."—Chicago Tribune.

Christmas Hints. Already the little boy begins to insinuate about Christmas. "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 disappointed," 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 Siftings.

NEW STOCK OF FURNITURE

—VAN AND OHIO— Steel Ranges BEST IN THE WORLD.



Art Garland Base Burners. Hot Air Furnaces.

RUDGE & MORRIS, 1122 N STREET.

Nebraska's Leading Hotel. THE MURRAY Cor. 13th and Harney Sts., OMAHA, NEB. STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS All Modern Improvements and Conveniences. B. SILLOWAY, Proprietor. IRA HIGBY, Principal Clerk.

G. A. RAYMER & CO. COAL CANON, ROCK SPRINGS, PERFECTION. DUQUOIN, JACKSON, HICKORY BLOCK, IOWA, COLORADO, NEWCASTLE. BEST GRADE OF HARD COAL. Telephone 390. Office 1134 O Street.

THE OLD RELIABLE CARPET HOUSE Is now ready to show the Latest Fall Styles in CARPETINGS From the Best Manufacturers' Standard Makes and Fine Work Guaranteed. A. M. DAVIS & SON. Phone 219. 1112 O Street.

P. T. BARNUM HAS SPENT AS MUCH AS \$400,000 A YEAR IN ADVERTISING. TO DAY IT TAKES SEVEN FIGURES TO TELL HIS FORTUNE. THE MORAL IS: Keep YOUR BUSINESS, and, Incidentally, YOURSELF, Before the Public. Don't Depend on Them to Discover You!