

BOUND FOR RUSSIA.

DR. TALMAGE IS ON THE BROAD ATLANTIC.

He Dictates a Sermon on the Text, "For the Time of My Departure is at Hand"—Significance of the Word "Departure."

BROOKLYN, June 19.—Rev. Dr. Talmage is now on the Atlantic, having sailed from New York on the 15th inst. for Liverpool for a preaching tour in England, Scotland, Ireland and Sweden. Before visiting Sweden Dr. Talmage will go to Russia—there to witness the reception and disposition of the cargo of breadstuffs on board The Christian Herald relief steamship Leo, which sailed last week for St. Petersburg. Previous to his departure he dictated to his stenographer the following farewell sermon, to be read by the vast and widely-scattered audiences whom it is his weekly privilege to address through the medium of the newspaper press. He took his text from II Timothy iv, 6, "The time of my departure is at hand."

Departure! That is a word used only twice in all the Bible. But it is a word often used in the courtroom, and means the desertion of one course of pleading for another. It is used in navigation to describe the distance between two meridians passing through the extremities of a course. It is a word I have recently heard applied to my departure from America to Europe for a preaching tour to last until September. In a smaller and less significant sense than that implied in the text, I can say, "The time of my departure is at hand."

Through the printing press I address this sermon to my readers all the world over, and when they read it I will be in mid-ocean, and unless something new happens in my marine experiences I will be in no condition to preach. But how unimportant the word departure when applied to exchange of continents as when applied to exchange of worlds as when Paul wrote, "The time of my departure is at hand." Now departure implies a starting place and a place of destination. When Paul left this world, what was the starting point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison, Rome, Italy. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress, but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon, but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paul's last earthly residence.

I was in that lower dungeon in November, 1888. It is made of volcanic stone. I measured it, and from wall to wall it was fifteen feet. The highest roof was seven feet from the floor, and the lowest roof five feet seven inches. The opening in the roof through which Paul was let down was three feet wide. The dungeon has a seat of rock two and a half feet high and a shelf of rock four feet high. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him now, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, and cold, and waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Troas, and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstanding he had written for it.

PAUL'S IMPRISONMENT. If some skillful surgeon could go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated, we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place he is an old man, only two years short of seventy. At that very time when he most needs the warmth, and the sunlight, and the fresh air, he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why, those were gotten when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned, the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes—once hundred and ninety-five bruises on the back (count them) made by the Jews with rods of elm wood, each one of the one hundred and ninety-five strokes bringing the blood.

Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashore amid the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that when he was with highwaters, for he had been in peril of robbers, and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his sermons.

There is a wanness about Paul's looks. What makes that? I think a part of that came from the fact that he was forty-two hours on a plank in the Mediterranean sea, suffering terribly before he was rescued, for he says positively, "I was a night and a day in the deep." Oh, worn out, emaciated old man! surely you must be melancholy; no constitution could endure this and be cheerful. But I press my way through the prison until I come up close to where he is, and by the faint light that streams through the opening I see on his face a supernatural joy, and I bow before him, and I say, "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amid all this gloom?" His voice startles the darkness of the place as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

Hark! What is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation to a banquet, and he is going to dine today with the king. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon: "Hurry up, old man. Come, now, get yourself ready." Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to take. He had been ready a good while. I see him rising up, and straightening out his stiffened limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his creased forehead, and see him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of his executioners, and hear him say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of execution. They say: "Hurry along, old man, or you will feel the weight of our spear. Hurry along." "How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles." Three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped and crippled with maltreatment. But they soon get to the place of execution—Acque-Salvia—and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. It does not take any strength to tie him fast. He makes no resistance. (Paul) why not now strike for your

life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand Jurg launch the thunderbolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No, Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioner, and, as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmly says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet, and Paul does dine with the king.

What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elmwood rods, from the sharp sword of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainthood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome, for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second great in heaven.

HE CHANGED KING. He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death, and up to the last moment, he was under Nero, the thick necked, the cruel eyed, the filthy lipped, the sculptured features of that man bringing down to us to this very day the horrible possibilities of his nature—seated as he was amid pictured marbles of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother-of-pearl, in a dining room which, by machinery, was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnificence, his horses standing in stalls of solid gold, and the grounds around his palace lighted at night by its victims, who had been bedaubed with tar and pitch, and then set on fire to illumine the darkness.

That was Paul's king. But the next moment he goes into the realm of him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose scepter is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose life-time is eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side the pillar of martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valdery of the text, "The time of my departure is at hand?"

Now, why cannot all the old people have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I, when he was combing his head, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the queen as a great joke, but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhilaration. You say you most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and may not we as well? They got through with it and so can we.

Besides this, all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at the last moment—not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say, "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now, child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no more with stories of the good things ahead, better not talk about uncertainties.

But you say, "I cannot bear to think of parting from friends here." If you are old, you have many friends in heaven than here. Just take the census. Take some large sheet of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore; the companions of your school days, your early business associates, the friends of midlife and those who more recently went away. Can it be that they have been gone so long you do not care any more about them, and you do not want their society? Oh, no. There have been days when you have felt that you could not endure another moment away from their blessed companionship. They have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble, even if you had the power. It would not do to trust you. God would not give you resurrection power.

Before tomorrow morning you would be parting from friends here. If you are old, you have many friends in heaven than here. Just take the census. Take some large sheet of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore; the companions of your school days, your early business associates, the friends of midlife and those who more recently went away. Can it be that they have been gone so long you do not care any more about them, and you do not want their society? Oh, no. There have been days when you have felt that you could not endure another moment away from their blessed companionship. They have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble, even if you had the power. It would not do to trust you. God would not give you resurrection power.

ed, 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 this 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 alpenstock and guides and rockets and ropes and, getting half way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just wanted to say they had been on the tops 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, when in that ascent there is no peril?

His answer is, "He stepped on the scaffold and said in joy, 'Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret.' One minute after the vital function ceased the little child that died last night knew more than Jonathan Edwards, or St. 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 shutting up of all the windows of the cathedral 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 grand 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 crying, "The time of my departure is at hand?"

I remark again we ought to have the joy of the text, because, leaving this world, we move into the best society of the universe. You see a great crowd of people in some street, and you say, "Who is passing there? What general, what prince is going up there?" Well, I see a great throng in heaven. I say, "Who is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the center of that glittering company?" It is Jesus, the champion of all worlds, the favorite of all ages.

Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of heaven? I think the first question will be, "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that pardoned my sin; that carried my sorrows; that fought my battles; that won my victories?" O radiant one! how I would like to see thee! thou of the manger, but without its humiliations; thou of the cross, but without its pangs; thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

TALK WITH JESUS. The Bible intimates that we will talk with Jesus in heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now what will you ask him first? I do not know. I can think what I would ask Paul first if I saw him in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were two hundred and seventy-five souls on the vessel, Paul being the only man on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship and the sea that I never shall get over, and I think I would like to hear him talk about that first.

But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear him speak? Now I think what it is. I shall first want to hear the tragedy of his last hours, and then Luke's account of the crucifixion, and Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devils that arose, and the fact that upon his endurance depended the rescue of a race, and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burden became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to his ears more faintly, and his hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and his feet were fastened to the perpendicular piece of the cross, and his head fell forward in a swoon as he uttered the last moan and cried, "It is finished!" All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every hair will be put down, and every lip closed, and all eyes fixed upon the divine narrator until the story is done; and then, at the tap of the baton, the eternal orchestra will rouse up; finger on string of harp, and lips to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches, and honor and glory and power, world without end."

What he endured, oh, no can tell. To save our souls from death and hell! When there was only Paul and that magnificent Personage only the thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the executioner, do you wonder that he wanted to go? O my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over us! Hark! I hear the wedding bells of heaven ringing now. The marriage of the Lamb has come, and the bride hath made herself ready. And now for a little while goodby! I have no more for a while to say. But if any thing should happen that we never meet again in this world, let us meet where there are no partings. Our friendships have been delightful on earth, but they will be more delightful in heaven. And now I commend you to God and the word of his grace, which is able to build us up and give us an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

TOMMY ON MUSIC.

He Writes An Essay That Is Worth Printing. "Now, Tommy," said the new teacher, "you must learn to speak well and write well, and to do this you must have practice, so you can write one essay a week. Is there any subject you would prefer?" "No'm," answered Tommy, hoping to escape the formidable task. "Then," said the teacher, "I will give you one. You may write your first essay on music."

Poor Tommy was discouraged. The idea of a boy like him writing an essay on music! All right, he wasn't going to be bluffed, and he told the teacher he would do it. The next Tuesday afternoon the teacher was handed the following: ESSAY ON MUSIC. All noises are of two kinds—muskel and otherwise, generally otherwise. When music began, nobody is sure. Maybe when Adam waked up on creation mornin and went out to kill a Spring Chicken for Eve's breakfast, he heard the first Cow singing contralto, which made our fourfather feel very bad. It made him worst to go in the house and hear Eve singing "Sweet Violets" to little Cain, who was afterwards a murderer, and no wonder.

Several hundred years after that "Only a Passy Blossom" was composed, and then began the Dark Ages. Now music rules the world. (I found that in a book.) No other art or science ever had so many followers—not even Poker. And that is why we have Gilmore's Orchestra and Thomas's Band and the High School Orchestra. Among the greatest musichions the world ever seen is Mozart and Beethoven. Sappho gave piano, violin and harmony lessons in ancient Greece, and became as famous that she had a ferryboat named after her. Mozart is best known by a picture called "Last Hours of Mozart." Sappho, Mozart and Beethoven are dead, but Joe Flinn still lives, because he wrote "Down Went McGinty."

I will close my essay with some sweet music of my own: Of all sweet words that tongue can speak, The sweetest are these, "no school next week." —Detroit Free Press. TOMMY.

Her Reason. Even an artistic judgment depends on "the point of view." A lady who saw that her servant girl seemed to take a certain interest in the objects of art in her parlor said to her: "Which one of these figures do you like best, Mary?" "This one, mum," said Mary, pointing to the armless Venus of Milo. "And why do you like the Venus best?" "Sure, it's the easiest to doost, mum," answered the girl.—Youth's Companion.

Poker Terms. Even an artistic judgment depends on "the point of view." A lady who saw that her servant girl seemed to take a certain interest in the objects of art in her parlor said to her: "Which one of these figures do you like best, Mary?" "This one, mum," said Mary, pointing to the armless Venus of Milo. "And why do you like the Venus best?" "Sure, it's the easiest to doost, mum," answered the girl.—Youth's Companion.

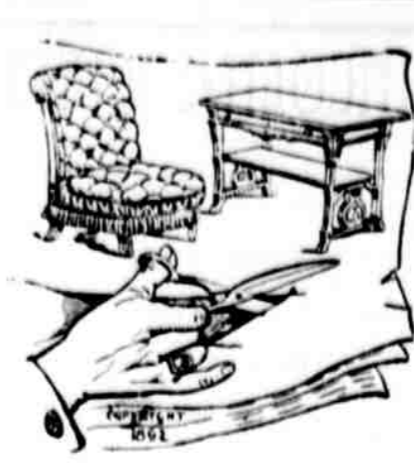
Reassured. Lady (whose young niece is about to go for a sail with some members of a rowing club)—I should like to go with you, only I am so afraid of drowning. Are the gentlemen good swimmers? Gentlemen (in chorus)—Oh, no; we can't swim at all! Lady—Then I think I'll go with you, for in that case you are sure to be careful.—Plauderecke.

Nothing Thrown In. Landlord of Watering Place Hotel—Does Moneywig like that south room? Clerk—Yes, sir, he's delighted with it. Says he takes a sun bath in the bay window every day. Landlord—He does, hey? We'll look into that; our charges are extra for baths.—Chicago Tribune.

A Plea in Extenuation. Judge (to prisoner)—You admit having perpetrated the burglary at the government tax office. Have you anything more to say? Prisoner—I plead extenuating circumstances, as I used the money for paying my arrears of taxes.—Seifenblasen.

Fishing. A youth beside the water sills, The noonday sun is warmly beaming; His nose and neck are turkey red, His eye with radiant hope is gleaming. He watches close the bobbing cork Advance upon the tiny billow; A jerk, a swirl, and high above He lands a sucker in the willows. That's fishing. A fair maid trips the tennis court, A dozen eyes admire her going; Her black and yellow blazer burns A hole right through the sunset's glowing. She drives the ball across the net, And into hearts consumed with wishing She drives a dart from Cupid's bow; She'll land a sucker too. She's fishing. That's fishing.

The politician on his rounds Tackles both workman and granger; He tries to make them think that he Alone can save the land from danger. He checks the baby on the chin, He says your wife looks really youthful, And, though you know you're fifty-five, You look just twenty—if he's truthful. That's fishing. My little wife beside me stands And steals a dimpled grin around me; A kiss upon my lips—that's half a bushel— Some information to astound me. Her bonnet is quite out of style, Her summer wrap quite past the using; That lovely one—so cheap—at Brown's Is just the one she would be choosing. That's fishing. So, whether the game be fish or men, The bait he uses is worms or bushes— The place at home, by sunny pool, Or tennis ground at evening's hushes— 'Tis the old game the serpent played. Wait! Mother Eve is Eden's lovers, And Adam's sons and daughters all Will have the sport to time's last hours. That's fishing. —John W. Matthews in American Angler.



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