RAHAB'S DWELLING.

Dr. Talmage Again Addresses His Brooklyn Congregation.

Rahab's Dwelling on the Walls of Jericho and Her Escape the Subject of His Discourse—The True Road to Salvation Defined.

Upon his return from his visit to the Holy Land Rev. T. De Witt Talmage was greeted by a large congregation the first Sunday that he preached in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The subject of his discourse was, "The House on the Wall." Dr. Talmage took for his text Joshua vi. 23: "And the young men that were spies went in and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and all that she had." He said:

When only a few weeks ago I visited Jericho, I said, Can it be possible that this dilapidated place is the Jericho that Mark Antony gave as a wedding present to Cleopatra? Where are the groves of palm trees? Where are Herod's palaces that once stood here? Where is the great theater from the stage of which Salome told the people that Herod was dead? Where is the sycamore tree on the limb of which Zaccheus sat when Jesus passed this place? Where is the wreck of the walls that fell at the blowing of the ram's horn? But the fact that all these had disappeared did not hinder me from seeing in imagination the smash of every thing on the fated day, save one house on the wall. That scene centuries ago comes back to me as though it were yesterday.

There is a very sick and sad house in the city of Jericho. What is the matter? Is it poverty? No. Worse than that. Is it leprosy? No. Worse than that. Is it death? No. Worse than that. A daughter has forsaken home. By what infernal plot she was induced to leave I know not, but they look in vain for her return. Sometimes they hear a footstep very much like her and they start up and say: "She comes," but only to sink back again into disappointment. Alas! Alas! The father sits by the hour, with his face in his hands, saying not one word. The mother's hair is becoming gray too fast and she is beginning to stoop so that those who saw her a little while ago in the street know her not now as she passes. The brothers clinch their fists, swearing vengeance against the despoiler of their home. Alas! will the poor soul never come back?

There is a long, deep shadow over all the household. Added to this there is an invading army six miles away, just over the river, coming on to destroy the city; and what with the loss of their child and the coming on of that destructive army, I think the old people wished that they could die. That is the first scene in this drama of the Bible. In a house on the wall of the city is that daughter. That is her home now. Two spies have come from the invading army to look around through Jericho and see how best it may be taken. Yonder is the lost child, in that dwelling on the wall of the city. The police hear of it, and soon there is the shuffling of feet all around about the door, and the city government demands the surrender of these two spies. First, Rahab—for that was the name of the lost child—first, Rahab secretes the two spies and gets their pursuers off the track; but after awhile she says to them: "I will make a bargain with you. I will save your life if you will save my life, and the life of my father and my mother, and my brothers and my sisters, when the victorious army comes upon the city." O, she had not forgotten her home yet, you see. The wanderer never forgets home. Her heart breaks now as she thinks of how she has maltreated her parents, and she wishes she were back with them again, and she wishes she could get away from her sinful enthrallment; and sometimes she looks up in the face of the midnight, bursting into agonizing tears. No sooner have these two spies promised to save her life and the life of her father and mother and brothers and sisters than Rahab takes a scarlet cord and ties it around the body of one of the spies, brings him to the window and as he clambers out—nervous lest she have not strength to hold him—with muscular arms, such as woman seldom has, she lets him down, hand over hand, in safety to the ground. Not being exhausted she ties the cord around the other spy, brings him to the window, and just as successfully lets him down to the ground. No sooner have these men untied the scarlet cord from their bodies than they look up and they say:

"You had better get all your friends in this house—your father, your mother, your brother and your sisters. You had better get them in this house. And then, after you have them here, take this red cord which you have put around our bodies and tie it across the window; and when our victorious army comes up and sees that scarlet thread in the window, they will spare this house and all who are in it." "Shall it be so?" cried the spies. "Aye, aye," said Rahab from the window, "it shall be so." That is the second scene in this Bible drama.

There is a knock at the door of the old man. He looks up, and says: "Come in," and lo! there is Rahab, the lost child; but she has no time to talk. They gather in excitement around her, and she says to them: "Get ready quickly, and go with me to my house. The army is coming! The trumpet! Make haste! Fly! The enemy!" That is the third scene in the Bible drama. The hosts of Israel are all around about the doomed city of Jericho. Crash! goes the great metropolis, heaps on heaps. The air suffocating with the dust, and horrible with the screams of a dying city. All the houses flat down. All the people dead. Ah, no, no! On a crag of the wall—the only piece of the wall left standing—there is a house which we must enter. There is a family there that have been spared. Who are they? Let us go and see. Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers, her sisters, all safe, and the only house left standing in all the city. What saved them? Was the house more firmly built? O, no; it was built in the most perilous place—on the wall; and the wall was the first thing that fell. Was it because her character was any better than any of the other population of the city? O, no. Why, then, was she spared and all her household? Can you tell me why? O, it was the scarlet line in the window.

My friends, there are foes coming upon us, more deadly and more tremendous, to overthrow our immortal interests. They will trample us down and crush us out forever, unless there be some skillful mode of rescue open. The police of death already begin to clamor for our surrender; but, blessed be God, there is a way out. It is through the window, and by a rope so saturated with the blood of the cross that it is as red as that with which the spies were lowered; and if once our souls shall be delivered, then, the scarlet cord stretched across the window of our escape, we may defy all bombardment, earthly and Satanic.

In the first place, carrying out the idea of my text, we must stretch this scarlet cord across the window of our rescue. There comes a time when a man is surrounded. What is that in the front door of his soul? It is the threatenings of the future. What is that in the back door of his soul? It is the sins of the past. He can not get out of either of those doorways. If he attempts it he will be cut to pieces. What shall he do? Escape through the window of faith; they [illegible] down on a slender thread. And [illegible] my friends, we go easily and unabashedly into sin, and all the doors are open; but if we get out at all it will be by being let down over precipices, wriggling and helpless, the strong grip above keeping us from being dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. It is easy to get into sin, young man. It is not so easy to get out of it.

A young man goes to the marble counter of a hotel. He asks for a brandy smash—called so, I suppose, because it smashes the man that takes it. There is no intoxication in it. As the young man receives it he does not seem to be at all excited. It does not give any glossiness to the eye. He walks home in beautiful apparel, and all his prospects are brilliant. That drink is not going to destroy him, but it is the first step on a bad road. Years have passed on, and I see that young man after he has gone the whole length of dissipation. It is midnight, and he is in a hotel—perhaps the very one where he took the first drink. A delirium is on him. He rises from the bed and comes to the window and it is easily lifted; so he lifts it. Then he pushes back the blinds and puts his foot on the window sill. Then he gives one spring, and the watchman finds his disfigured body, unrecognizable, on the pavement. O, if he had only waited a little—if he had come down on the scarlet ladder that Jesus holds from the wall for him, and for you, and for me; but no, he made one jump and was gone.

And when I see the temptations that are about us in all countries, and when I know the proclivities to sin that are in every man's heart, I see that if any of us escape it will be a very narrow escape. O, if we have, my friends, got off from our sin, let us tie the scarlet thread by which we have been saved across the window. Let us do it in praise of Him whose blood dyed it that color. Let it be in announcement of the fact that we shall no more be fatally assaulted.

Still further, we must take this red cord of the text and stretch it across the window of our households. When the Israelitish army came up against Jericho, they said: "What is that in the window?" Some one said: "That is a scarlet line." "O," said some one else, "that must be the house that was to be spared. Don't touch it." That line was thick enough to save Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers and her sisters—the entire family. Have our households as good protection? You have bolts on the front door, and on the back, and fastenings on the window, and perhaps burglar alarms, and perhaps an especial watchman blowing his whistle at midnight before your dwelling; but all that can not protect your household. Is there on our house the sign of a Saviour's sacrifice and mercy? Is there a scarlet line in the window? Have your children been consecrated to Christ? Have you been washed in the blood of the atonement? In what room do you have family prayers? Show me where you have been accustomed to kneel. The sky is black with the coming deluge. Is your family inside or outside of the ark? It is a sad thing for a man to reject Christ, but to lie down in the night of sin, across the path to Heaven, so that his family come up and trip over him—that is terrific.

It is a sad thing for a mother to reject Christ, but to gather her family around her and then take them by the hand and lead them out into the paths of worldliness, away from God and Heaven, alas! alas! There may be geranium and cactus in that family window and upholstery hovering over it and childish faces looking out of it, but there is no scarlet thread stretched across it. Although that house may seem to be on the best street in all the town or city it is really on the edge of a marsh across which sweep most poisonous malarias, and it has a sandy foundation and its splendor will come down and great will be the fall of it. A home without God. A prayerless father! An undevout mother! Awful! awful! Will you keep on, my brother, on the wrong road, and take your loved ones with you? Time is so short that we can not waste any of it on apologies, or indirections, or circumlocutions. You owe to your children, O father, O mother, more than food, more than clothing, more than shelter—you owe them the example of a prayerful, consecrated, pronounced, out and out Christian life. You can not afford to keep it away from them.

Now, as I stand here, you do not see any hands outstretched toward me, and yet there are hands on my brow and hands on both my shoulders. They are hands of parental benediction. It is quite a good many years ago now since we folded those hands as they began the last sleep on the banks of the Raritan in the village cemetery; but those hands are stretched out toward me to-day, and they are just as warm and they are just as gentle as when I sat on her knee at five years of age. And I shall never shake off those hands. I do not want to. They have helped me so much a thousand times already, and I do not expect to have a trouble or trial between this and my grave where those hands will not help me. It was not a very splendid home as the world calls it; but we had a family Bible there, well worn by tender perusal; and there was a family altar there, where we knelt morning and night; and there was a holy Sabbath there; and stretched in a straight line or hung in loops or festoons, there was a scarlet line in the window.

O the tender, precious, blessed memory of a Christian home! Is that the impression you are making upon your children? When you are dead—and it will not be long before you are—when you are dead, will your child say: "If there ever was a good Christian father mine was one. If there ever was a good Christian mother, mine was one?"

Still further: We want this scarlet line of the text drawn across the window of our prospects. I see Rahab and her father and her mother, and her brothers and sisters looking out over Jericho, the city of palm trees, and across the river, and over at the army invading, and then up to the mountains and the sky. Mind you, this house was on the wall, and I suppose the prospect from the window must have been very fine. Besides that, I do not think that the scarlet line at all interfered with the view of the landscape. The assurance it gave of safety must have added to the beauty of the country. To-day, my friends, we sit in the window of earthly prospects and we look off toward the hills of Heaven and the landscape of eternal beauty. God has opened the window for us and we look out. We now only get a dim outline of the inhabitants. We now only here and there catch a note of the exquisite harmony.

But blessed be God for this scarlet line in the window. That tells me that the blood of Christ bought that home for a soul, and I shall go there when my work is done. And as I put my hand on that scarlet line every thing in the future brightens. My eyesight gets better, and the robes of the victors are more lustrous, and our loved ones who went away some time ago—they do not stand any more with their backs to us; but their faces are this way and their voices drop through this Sabbath air, saying, with all tenderness and sweetness: "Come! Come! Come!" And the child that you think of as buried—why, there she is, and it is May day in Heaven; and they gather the amaranth, and they pluck the lilies, and they twist them into a garland for her brow, and she is one of the May queens of Heaven. O, do you think they could see our waving to-day?

If from this window of earthly prospects we can almost see them, then from their towers of light I think they can fully see us. And so I wave them the glory, and I wave them the joy, and I say: "Have you got through with all your troubles?" and their voices answer: "God hath wiped away all tears from our eyes." I say: "Is it as grand up there as you thought it would be?" and the voices answer: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him." I say: "Do you have any more struggle for bread?" and they answer: "We hunger no more." And I say: "Have you been out to the cemetery of the golden city?" and they answer: "There is no death here." And I look out through the heavens, and I say: "Where do you get your lights from nights, and what do you burn in the temple?" and they answer: "There is no night here, and we have no need of candle or of star." And I say: "What book do you sing out of?" and they answer: "The Hallelujah Chorus." And I say: "In the splendor and magnificence of the city, don't you ever get lost?" and they answer: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leadeth us to living fountains of water." O, how near they seem. Their wings—do you not hear them? And all that through the window of our earthly prospects, across which stretches the scarlet line. Be that my choice color forever. Is it too glaring for you? Do you like the blue because it reminds you of the sky, or the green because it makes you think of the foliage, or the black because it has in it the shadow of the night? I take the scarlet because it shall make me think of the price that was paid for my soul. O, the blood! the blood! the blood of the Lamb of God [illegible] world [illegible] at the [illegible] cider[illegible] take [illegible] hear [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible] on e[illegible] or be[illegible] stup[illegible] let t[illegible]

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—For a severe sprain, take the white of an egg and a tablespoonful each of vinegar and spirits of turpentine. Put all in a bottle, shake it thoroughly, then bathe the sprain often, beginning as soon as possible after the accident.

—Canadian Oat Cake: Two eggs and one teaspoonful of salt well beaten, and three cups of sour cream; thicken to a batter with oat meal in which one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda have been mixed, drop into a hot buttered bread pan and bake quickly for fifteen or twenty minutes; to be eaten hot.—Household.

—Apple Tarts: Line round patties with paste, in each one place the half of a tart peeled apple (use only those you are sure bake quickly), a tablespoonful of sweet cream, butter size of a hickory nut, tablespoonful of sugar and a pinch of nutmeg. Put core side of apple down, and sugar, etc., on top. Bake until the apples are soft.—Albany Journal.

—Jelly from Apple Parings: Take the parings, cover with water, let them boil till the substance is out of them; strain through a fine sieve; place the liquid in a pan, boil until reduced one-half, then add sugar enough to make a jelly, add juice of lemon to one quart of jelly, or without lemon if apples are tart, put up in jelly glasses—nice for jelly cakes.

—The only medicine a man needs is the right kind of food, prepared in the proper way, partaken of at the right time and in necessary quantities. It is because these and other physiological rules are not observed that nature rebels (gets sick), under which circumstance man, instead of stopping his faults and correcting them, resorts to drugs, which are not food, but poison.

—Citron Pudding: Mix one-half pint of cream or rich milk with a tablespoonful of flour until they are perfectly smooth, then add two ounces of fine sugar, a little grated nutmeg and three well-beaten eggs, the whites and yelks separately; when thoroughly incorporated, add two ounces of citron cut in slips dredged with flour. Pour the mixture into molds and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven. Send to the table hot.—Good Housekeeping.

—French Cabbage: Boil the cabbage in salted water twenty minutes; then substitute milk, and allow to boil ten or fifteen minutes longer; then drain in a colander; place it on a chopping board, sprinkle well with flour, and chop quite fine; put a large spoonful of butter into a saucepan, and, as it melts, add the cabbage, stir it, and let it heat up thoroughly for five minutes, and serve with a slice of lemon on top.—Boston Herald.

—Starch Polish: Pour one quart of boiling water over a pound of gum-arabic, stir and soak until the gum is dissolved, then strain through a fine cloth and bottle for use. Add one tablespoonful of this to each pint of starch. See that your irons are perfectly smooth and free from rust, and the polishing-iron in good condition and used rapidly over the linen. Just before using the polishing-iron moisten the collars and cuffs with a very weak solution of this gum-arabic water. After a little practice you will be able to get a perfect gloss.

A GOOD DOG STORY.

A Reminiscence of Old Days When the Crinoline Ruled.

It happened in the old crinoline days. My aunt, who was then living in a country town, had gone out shopping one morning and was standing in the High street, talking to a lady friend, a Mrs. Gumworthy, the doctor's wife. She, my aunt, had on a new crinoline that morning, in which, to use her own expression, she rather fancied herself. It was a tremendously big one, as stiff as a wire fence. It set beautifully. They were standing in front of Jenkins, the draper's; and my aunt thinks that it (the crinoline) must have got caught up in something, and an opening thus left between it and the ground. However this may be, certain it is that an absurdly large and powerful bulldog, who was fooling round about there at the time, managed, somehow or other to squirm in under my aunt's crinoline and effectually imprison himself beneath it. Finding himself suddenly in a dark and gloomy chamber the dog, naturally enough, got frightened and made frantic rushes to get out. But whichever way he charged there was the crinoline in front of him. As he flew he, of course, carried it before him, and with the crinoline, of course, went my aunt. But nobody knew the explanation. My aunt herself did not know what had happened. Nobody had seen the dog creep inside the crinoline. All the people did see was a staid and eminently respectable middle-aged lady, suddenly, and without any apparent reason, throw her umbrella down in the road, fly up the High street at the rate of ten miles an hour, rush across it at the imminent risk of her life, dart down it again on the other side, rush sideways, like an excited crab, into a grocer's shop, run three times round the shop, upsetting the whole stock in trade, come out of the shop backward and knock down a postman, dash into the roadway and spin round twice, hover for a moment, undecided, on the curb, and then away up the hill again, as if she had only just started, all the while screaming out at the top of her voice for somebody to stop her. Of course, everybody thought that she was mad. The people flew before her like chaff before the wind. In less than ten seconds the High street was a desert. The townsfolk scampered into their shops and houses and barricaded the doors. Brave men dashed out and caught up little children and bore them to places of safety amid shrieks. Carts and carriages were abandoned, while the drivers climbed up posts. What would have happened [illegible] the show gone on much longer—[illegible] her my aunt would have been shot, [illegible] fire engine brought into requisition against her, it is impossible, having [illegible] to the terrified state of the crowd. [illegible] Fortunately for her, she became [illegible]ted. With one despairing shriek [illegible] her way, and sat down on the dog. [illegible] peace reigned once again in that [illegible] rural town.—Tinsley's Magazine.

SHE COULDN'T PLAY.

Miss Swindle Utters a Great Truth and Proves It, Too.

Hostess—Won't you please play something for us, dear Miss Swindle?

Miss Swindle—Oh, I can not, really, I'm so horridly out of practice.

Hostess—Oh, Miss Swindle! When you always play so beautifully at any time!

Miss Swindle—I? I play beautifully when I really don't pretend to be any thing more than an amateur? I only wish I could play.

First Guest—Do play, Miss Swindle.

Second Guest—Oh, do.

Third Guest—Please do, Miss Swindle. I've heard so much about your exquisite playing and always wanted to hear you.

Miss Swindle—Oh, *thank* you! But I really am quite out of practice and I simply play a little for my own amusement.

Guests (in chorus)—O-o-o-o, Miss Swindle!

Miss Swindle—Really, I don't *pretend* to play well.

Fourth Guest—Do, please, play something for us. Let me escort you to the piano.

Miss Swindle (reluctantly)—Well, if I must, I must, I suppose; but I shall play horridly, and I really don't know of a thing to play, anyhow.

Hostess (to her husband an hour later)—We really *must* do or say something to get that stupid Miss Swindle away from the piano. She's played six long pieces now, and is beginning on the seventh, and Heaven only knows when she'll stop. Every body's either yawning or giggling. I don't know whatever made me so stupid as to ask her to play, anyhow!—Detroit Free Press.

Boils and Carbuncles.

It seems strange that any one will suffer with boils, carbuncles, etc., when Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla will certainly prevent all such eruptive tendencies. It is a sure and safe antidote for blood poison arising from whatever source, and its use when needed should not be unnecessarily delayed. Thousands who found extensively advertised blood medicines to have no efficacy whatever, are rejoicing in the fact that Bull's Sarsaparilla is an exception, and that good health invariably follows its use. Syphilitic and scrofulous symptoms disappear, the skin becomes clear and free from pimples, the digestion is improved, aches and pains cease, the weight of the body becomes greater, the flesh more solid, ulcerative and consumptive tendencies disappear, the power of endurance is increased, weakness, dizzy spells and unnatural fatigue vanish, in a word the user of Bull's Sarsaparilla becomes a picture of good health and strength. Try it. Use no other.—Dayton Enquirer.

For the few who have sworn off there are many who are swearing right on.—Hutchinson (Kan.) News.

HARK! to the sound of human misery's wailing!
Millions of people with aches and with ails.
Headaches and humors, a merciless hoard,
Weakness of lungs and disorders of blood.
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Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of druggists.

Queer, isn't it, that a politician should absorb liquids to make himself solid with the boys!—Washington Capital.

If you are suffering from Malaria, ask your druggist for Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria. If he don't have it, and tells you he has something just as good, *don't believe him*, but send one dollar to Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Penn'a, and get the Antidote by mail. A few doses will restore you to perfect health. The Medicine is in the form of pills, but is not a purgative. It not only destroys Malaria, but is an excellent tonic.

We suppose it is King Gambrinus to whom we hear occasional reference as "his royal jags."—Binghamton Leader.

Flags; Who Supplies Flags for Schools?

They are mostly sold by G. W. Simmons & Co., Oak Hall, Boston, Mass., at special rates. Enquiries are sent to them from all parts of the country.

The professional wrestler has a good many turning points in his career.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.

The letter killeth, but the telegram is fifty per cent. worse for people with weak hearts.—Burlington Free Press.

Why not save your clothes, by using the most economical soap, Dobbins' Electric. Made ever since 1834. Try it once you will use it always. Your grocer keeps it or will get it. Look for the name, Dobbins.

The human race is run on the course of true love, as a general thing.—Texas Siftings.

When you think your children have worms, ask your druggist for Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers and do not take any other. They taste good and are always sure.

When a man is under a cloud the silver lining is generally on the other side.—Philadelphia Press.

Must not be confounded with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

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$800 Prizes—Case School of Applied Science offers five $800 prizes on entrance examination. For particulars address President Staley, Cleveland, O.

The undertaker's favorite exercise is boxing.—Yonowine News.

Don't Wheeze and cough when Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will cure. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

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The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

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