TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 4, 1896.—We send this out, one of the most unique sermons Dr. Talmage ever preached. It is as novel as wide-sweeping and practical. His subject is, "Divine Chirography," the text being: Luke, 10: 20: "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

Chirography, or the art of handwriting, like the science of acoustics, is in a very unsatisfactory state. While constructing a church, and told by some architects that the voice would not be heard in a building shaped like that proposed, I came in much anxiety to this city and consulted with Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, about the law of acoustics. He said: "Go ahead and build your church in the shape proposed, and I think it will be all right. I have studied the laws of sound perhaps more than any man of my time, and I have come so far as this: Two auditoriums may seem to be just exactly alike, and in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad." In the same unsatisfactory stage is chirography, although many declare they have reduced it to a science. There are those who say they can read character by handwriting. It is said that the way one writes the letter "I" decides his egotism or modesty, and the way one writes the letter "O" decides the height and depth of his emotions. It is declared a cramped hand means a cramped nature, and an easy, flowing hand a facile and liberal spirit; but if there be anything in this science, there must be some rules not yet announced, for some of the boldest and most aggressive men have a delicate and small penmanship, while some of the most timid sign their names with the height and width and scope of the name of John Hancock on the immortal document. Some of the cleanest in person and thought present their blotted and spattered page, and some of the roughest put before us an immaculate chirography. Not our character, but the copy-plate set before us in our schoolboy day, decides the general style of our handwriting. So also there is a fashion in penmanship, and for one decade the letters are exaggerated, and in the next minified: now erect and now aslant, now heavy and now fine. An autograph album is always a surprise, and you find the penmanship contradicts the character of the writers. But while the chirography of the earth is uncertain, our blessed Lord in our text presents the chirography celestial. When addressing the seventy disciples standing before him, he said: "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven." * * *

When you come up and look for your name in the mighty tomes of eternity and you are so happy as to find it there, you will notice that the penmanship is Christ's, and that the letters were written with a trembling hand. Not trembling with old age, for he had only passed three decades when he expired. It was soon after the thirtieth anniversary of his birthday. Look over all the business acounts you kept or the letters you wrote at thirty years of age, and if you were ordinarily strong and well, then there was no tremor in the chirography. Why the tremor in the hand that wrote your name in heaven? Oh, it was a compression of more troubles than ever smote anyone else, and all of them troubles assumed for others. Christ was prematurely old. He had been exposed to all the weathers of Palestine. He had slept out of doors, now in the night dew and now in the tempest. He had been soaked in the surf of Lake Galilee. Pillows for others, but he had not where to lay his head. Hungry, he could not even get a fig on which to breakfast; or have you missed the pathos of that verse, "In the morning, as he returned to the city, he hungered, and when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it and found nothing thereon." Oh, he was a hungry Christ, and nothing makes the hand tremble worse than hunger, for it pulls upon the stomach, and the stomach pulls upon the brain, and the brain pulls upon the nerves, and the agitated nerves make the hand quake. On the top of all this exasperation came abuse. What sober man ever wanted to be called a drunkard? but Christ was called one. What man, careful of the company he keeps, wants to be called the associate of profligates? but he was so called. What loyal man wants to be charged with treason? but he was charged with it. What man of devout speech wants to be called a blasphemer? but he was so termed. What man of self-respect wants to be struck in the mouth? but that is where they struck him. Or to be the victim of vilest expectoration? but under that he stooped. Oh, he was a worn-out Christ. That is the reason he died so soon upon the cross. Many victims of crucifixion lived day after day upon the cross; but Christ was in the court-room at 12 o'clock of noon and had expired at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Subtracting from the three hours between 12 and 3 o'clock the time taken to travel from the court-room to the place of execution and the time that must have been taken in getting ready for the tragedy, there could not have been much more than two hours left. Why did Christ live only two hours upon the cross, when others had lived forty-eight hours? Ah, he was worn out before he got there, and you wonder, oh, child of God, that, looking into the volumes of heaven for your name, glance. It will not be taken for the name of some other, so that in regard to it there shall come to be disputation. Not one of the millions and billions and quadrillions of the finally saved, will doubt that it means you and only you. Oh, the glorious, the rapturous certitude of that entrance on the heavenly roll. Not saved in a promiscuous way. Not put into a glorified mob. No, no! Though you came up, the worst sinner that was ever saved, and somebody, who knew you in this world at one time as absolutely abandoned and dissolute, should say, "I never heard of your conversion and I do not believe you have a right to be here," you could just laugh a laugh of triumph, and turning over the leaves containing the names of the redeemed, say, "Read it for yourself. That is my name, written out in full, and do you not recognize the handwriting? No young scribe of heaven entered that. No anonymous writer put it there. Do you not see the tremor in the lines? Do you not also see the boldness of the letters? Is it not as plain as yonder throne, as plain as yonder and the handwriting unmistakable? and the handwriting unmistakable? The crucified Lord wrote it there the day I repented and turned. Hear it! Hear it! My name is written there! There!"

I have sometimes been tempted to think that there will be so many of us in heaven that we will be lost in the crowd. No. Each one of us will be as distinctly picked out and recognized as was Abel when he entered from earth, the very first sinner saved, and at the head of that long procession of sinners saved in all the centuries. My dear hearers, if we once get there, I do not want it left uncertain as to whether we are to stay there. After you and I get fairly settled there, in our heavenly home, we do not want our title proved defective. We do not want to be ejected from the heavenly premises. We do not want some one to say, "This is not your room in the house of many mansions, and you have on an attire that you ought not to have taken from the heavenly wardrobe, and that is not really your name on the books. If you had more carefully examined the writing in the regieter at the gate, you would have found that the name was not yours at all, but mine. Now move out, while I move in." Oh, what wretchedness, after once worshipping in heavenly temples, to be compelled to turn your back on the music, and after having joined the society of the blessed, to be forced to quit it forever, and after having clasped our long-lost kindred in heavenly embrace, to have another separation! What an agony would there be in such a good-by to heaven! Glory be to God on high that our names will be so plainly written in those volumes that neither saint, nor cherub, nor seraph, nor archangel shall doubt it for one moment, for five hundred eternities, if there were room for so many. The oldest inhabitant of heaven can read it, and the child that left its mother's lap last night for heaven can read it. You will not just look at your name and close the book, but you will stand, and soliloquize, and say, "Is it not wonderful that my name is there at all? How much it cost my Lord to get it there? Unworthy am I to have it in the same book with the sons and daughters of martrydom and with the choice spirits of all time! But there it is, and so plain the word and so plain all the letters!" And you will turn forward and backward the leaves and see other names there, perhaps your father's name, and your mother's name, and your brother's name, and your sister's name, and your wife's name, and apostolic names, and say, "I am not surprised that those names are here recorded. They were better than I ever was. But astonishment overwhelming, that my name is in this book!" And turning back to the page on which is inscribed your name, you will stand and look at it, until seeing that others are waiting to examine the records with reference to their own names, you step back into the ranks of the redemed, with them to talk over the wonderment.

Again, if you are so happy as to find your name in the volumes of eternity, you will find it written indelibly. Go up to the State Department in this national capital and see the old treaties signed by the rulers of foreign nations just before or just after the beginning of this century, and you will find that some of the documents are so faded out that you can read only here and there a word. From the paper, yellow with age, or the parchment unrolled before you, time has effaced line after line. You have to guess at the name, and perhaps guess wrongly. Old Time is represented as carrying a scythe, with which he cuts down the generations; but he carries also chemicals with which he eats out whole paragraphs from important documents. We talk about indelible ink; but there is no such thing as indelible ink. It is only a question of time, the complete obliteration of all earthly signatures and engrossments. But your name, put in the heavenly record, all the millenniums of heaven cannot dim it. After you have been so long in glory that, did you not possess imperishable memory, you would have forgotten the day of your entrance, your name on that page will glow as vividly as on the instant it was traced there by the finger of the Great Atoner. There will be new generations coming into heaven, and a thousand years from now, from this or from other planet, souls may enter the many-mansioned residence, and though your name were once plainly in the books, suppose it should fade out. How could you prove to the newcomers that it had ever been written there at all? Indelible! Incapable of being cancelled! Eternity as helpless as time in any attempt at erasure! What a reinforcing, uplifting thought! Other records in heaven may give out, and will give out. There are records there in which the Recording Angel writes down our sins, but it is a book full of blots, so that much of the writing there cannot be read or even guessed at. The Recording Angel did the writing, but our Saviour put in the blots; for did he not promise, "I will blot out their transgressions!" And if some one in heaven should remember some of our earthly iniquities and ask God about them, the Lord would say, "Oh, I forgot them. I completely forgot those sins, for I promised, 'Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.'" In the fires that burn up our world all the safety deposits, and all the title-deeds, and all the halls of record, and all the libraries will disappear, worse than when the 200,000 volumes and the 700,000 manuscripts of the Alexandrian Library went down under the torch of Omar, and not a leaf or word will escape the flame in that last conflagration, which I think will be witnessed by other planets, whose inhabitants will exclaim, "Look! There is a world on fire." But there will be only one conflagration in heaven, and that will not destroy but irradiate! I mean the conflagration of splendors that blaze on the towers and domes, and temples and thrones, and rubied and diamonded walls in the light of the sun that never sets. Indelible!

There is not on earth an autograph letter or signature of Christ. The only time he wrote out a word on earth, though he knew so well how to write, he wrote with reference to having it soon shuffled out by human foot, the time that he stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. But when he writes your name in the heavenly archives, as I believe he has or hope he may, it is to stay there from age to age, from cycle to cycle, from aeon to aeon. And so for all you Christian people I do what John G. Whittier, the dying peot, said he wanted done in his home. Lovely man he was! I sat with him in a hay mow a whole summer afternoon, and heard him tell the story of his life. He had for many years been troubled with insomnia and was a very poor sleeper, and he always had the window curtain of his room up so as to see the first intimation of sunrise. When he was breathing his last, in the morning hour, in his home in the Massachusetts village, the nurse thought that the light of the rising sun was too strong for him, and so pulled the window curtain down. The last thing the great Quaker poet did was to wave his hand to have the curtain up. He wanted to depart in the full gush of the morning. And I thought it might be helpful and inspiring to all Christian souls to have more light about the future, and so I pull up the curtain in the glorious sunrise of my text and say, "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Bring on your doxologies! Wave your palms! Shout your victories! Pull up all the curtains of your bright expectations! Yea! hoist the window itself, and let the perfume of the "morning glories" of the King's garden come in, and the music of harps all a-tremble with symphonies, and the sound of the surf of seas dashing to the foot of the throne of God and the Lamb.

A Hundred Miles an Hour.

An electrical engineer has been exhibiting in London the model of his proposed single rail electric line for speeds of 150 miles an hour. The rail is fixed on a V-shaped trestle, and runs up into the body of the car, which, as it were, runs astride of it. The car runs on twelve bearing wheels, and seats 135 passengers, with space for their baggage. One of the difficulties met with in schemes for excessively high speed travel is the tendency of the car to run off the track. By running the rail within the car the lateral tendency of the train is overcome. But in this late scheme the great difficulty seems to be the passenger. What would happen to the passenger when the train took a sharp curve while going at 150 miles an hour is not explained.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Isn't it about as bad to rob a man of his peace as it is of his money?

SOUTHWEST BREEZES.

It is surprising how worthless a man can become.

Some people make us so tired that we can't sleep at night.

You can't fool the people half as easily as you think you can.

You can always depend upon the neighbors seeing everything.

There are so many lazy men that prizes should be given to those who work.

The only good thing we know about a bicycle is that it doesn't eat anything.

Times are so hard that when honest people find lost money these days, they keep it.

It is more impolite for big men to talk behind an enemy's back, than it is for small men.

When a man gets drunk, he happens around at exactly the places where he should not be.

Every unmarried woman thinks that if she had a husband, she would be mighty good to him.

We make to-morrow harder by assuming useless obligations to-day that must be met to-morrow.

Let any man lose a good office, and become poor, and he has many of the symptoms of an anarchist.

Don't loan anything; you know yourself how careless you are in paying back anything you borrow.

At a distance, it is impossible to tell a little girl's tan stocking-covered limbs from a boy's dirty legs.

The British aristocracy includes 14,000 persons.

We have noticed that few men make dying requests, but did you ever notice that most women make them?

When the wolf is at your door, you will be surprised how easily you can chase him away, if you make an effort.—The Southwest.

SEASIDE SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

The Code Is Not So Severe as in Home Life, but It Has Limitations.

It requires almost as much diplomacy and mental work to steer a woman through the social intricacies of a summer at a resort as to carry her safely through an official Washington winter. The appearance of informality deludes newcomers into hoping for pleasant relations, and then they make what is known in the vernacular as a "break." At the end of the season they go away declaring that "Sea Rock" or "White Wave" is a "horrid, stiff place," peopled mainly by snobs, and vow never to return. The rules which govern acquaintance-making at summer resorts are a trifle more lax than those which regulate town acquaintanceship. People who meet in hotel dining-rooms or on piazza corners every day soon grow to know one another sufficiently well to permit them to do what the Irishman calls "passing the time of day." They may exchange magazines and embroidery silks, to say nothing of views on the scenery and the company. But this degree of intimacy, says a writer in the New York Journal, does not warrant calls. No newcomer at a hotel must ever call on an older resident until the older one has called on her. Not even when the acquaintance has progressed so far that one invites the other to form joint picnicing or sailing parties should this rule in regard to calls be infringed. The summer boarder's room is her castle and any amount of outdoor intimacy does not warrant intrusion into it until after a definite advance toward friendship has been made. Cottagers, as a usual thing, should take the initiative in calling upon any boarders at hotels or boarding houses whom they wish to know. In many places the cottage element and the hotel element form two distinct and somewhat hostile cliques. The advance toward acquaintance should be made by the established residents, and not by the transient ones. And yet the utmost outdoor civility may exist among beach or rock acquaintances at a small resort without any house intimacy. Of course these rules apply to women, the real dictators of social customs. As for the acquaintance between young women and men, it is governed by the ordinary conventionalities. Young women do not become acquainted with young men except when they are formally introduced by some common friend.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WON A NOTABLE PRIZE.

London Royal Drawing Society Medal Goes to a Girl of 16.

The award of the bronze medal of the Royal Drawing Society of London this year is a matter of enthusiastic interest to young art students all over the world, inasmuch as it was won by a young woman only 16 years of age, Miss Nellie Kuck.

Since the earliest inauguration of offering prizes for the best work among any given artistic line artists of undoubted genius from Canova and Thorwaldsen have entered into eager competition for the advantages which such badges of distinction carry in their train; for where they do not include years of study under most favoring conditions, as they so often do, they bring to an artist instant and widespread recognition; and it ought to serve as a stimulus to the youngest art student in Philadelphia, Boston, New York or Denver that youth is no bar sinister to such honors. The drawing which obtained for Miss Kuck so distinguished a success is entitled "The Young St. Cecilia," a charmingly composed decorative panel, chiefly interesting by reason of its original and novel manner of treatment. Perhaps it was her own sweet youth in the blood that led her imagination away from the traditionally mature Cecilia, and made it dwell rather upon the heavenly maid when inspiration first dawned upon her youthful consciousness. With a few clever, effective strokes she has achieved the sweetly serious face and pose of the young saint, the well-grouped, raptly listening angels above, topped by the conventionalized figures of music and poetry. The whole gives evidence of fine poetic fancy, excellent art, and is particularly strong in the decorative harmony of its lines. Two years ago Miss Kuck was awarded Lord Leighton's prize for her drawing "The Mermaid," and he then—always so ready to encourage youthful talent—recommended her to adopt the artist's profession. In fact "The Young St. Cecilia" represents her third success, as last year she obtained the George Kekwich's prize for an illustration of "Undine."

A Bicycle Disease.

Mothers whose daughters do a great deal of cycling should know about a new cycling disease. People have been declaring that they have been suddenly seized with a wild impulse to jump from their machines—an uncontrollable impulse, which apparently seizes them at the most awkward times, such as midway down a hill. It is no new thing, after all; at least, no newer than the cultivation of overstrung nerves among us. People afflicted with this mysterious malady have been overdoing their riding, and the only cause for wonder is that their ill treated nervous systems have not taken its revenge in an even more unpleasant manner.

Unfitted.

"A great, big, overgrown fellow like you ought to be at work instead of begging," said the censorious citizen.

"I'm willin' to work," replied Dismal Dawson, "but I'm too blamed clumsy. I've tried the shells and I've tried three-card monte, but the Rubes got onto me the very first time."

An English Corn Salad.

An adaptation of an English corn salad made by a celebrated English cook consists of the sweet corn cut from the cob and boiled until tender in a little water, milk, salt, pepper and butter. Drain the corn and set on ice until very cold and serve with a sauce made in the following manner: Mix the yolks of three eggs with one-fourth of a pint of olive oil, and add to it one-half teaspoonful of English mustard, a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, a dozen raw oysters cut fine and rubbed through a puree seive, a dash of paprika, a slice of onion chopped very fine and a gill of cream whipped until stiff.—New York Post.

A Simple Hay Fever Remedy.

Sufferers from hay fever may, according to a German physician, often temper an attack by rubbing the ears briskly when there is the slightest indication of fullness in the nose. The rubbing should be thorough, and until the ears grow red and hot. The remedy is simple enough to insure a trial, and, if even moderately efficacious, will warrant its wide passing from one victim to another.—New York Times.

Dainty Toilet Article for Baby.

A tortoise-shell puff box and brush are newer for the baby's basket than are tose of either silver or ivory. Very elaborate ones have an initial or the monogram in gold. A soap box may be added to match them, and sometimes a tiny comb is put with the brush, though few young babies have hair long enough to require one.—Ladies' Home Journal.

It is always said at this time of the year that the coming winter will be the most severe ever experienced.

It is better to starve and be right, than to beast and be wrong.

"Preliminary openings" are baits to draw fair shoppers earlier in the season than usual.

The taylor maid of the autumn will enthuse over the special four-in-hand ties designed for her use.

Gratitude seems to be a quantity passed by very few.

Petunia and apple green are the predominating shades in everything.