

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Dictating a Sermon to His Many Readers as He Embarks for the Holy Land.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. on his embarkation for the Holy Land, by the steamer City of Paris...

I wish on the eve of departure to pronounce a loving benediction upon all my friends in high places and low, upon congregations to whom my sermons are read in absence of pastors...

When the vessel went scudding under bare poles Paul was the only self-possessed man on board, and, turning to the excited crew and desiring them to be quiet...

The men who now go to sea with maps, and charts, and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthouse, know nothing of the perils of ancient navigation...

Vessels were then chiefly ships of Lurden—the transit of passengers being the exception; for the world was not yet a factory...

It is in those early navigations that I see a group of men, women and children on the beach of the Mediterranean. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached, and they are coming down to see him off...

It is in those early navigations that I see a group of men, women and children on the beach of the Mediterranean. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached...

There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh, and the devil...

But you must have sails. Vessels are not floated on the sea until they have the flying jib, the boom, the topgallant, the sky-sail, the gaff...

And other canvas. Faith is our canvas. Hold it and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than faith will be silt to tatters by the first northeaster...

But you are not yet equipped. You must have what women call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, dowsels and such like...

Be sure to look out for the forecastle for icebergs. These are old Christians floating about in the church. The frigid zone professors will sink you...

Be sure to keep your colors up! You know the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry...

Before you gain port you will smell the land breezes of heaven; and Christ, the Pilot, will meet you as you come into the Narrows of Death, and fasten to you, and say: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee..."

There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy...

It is in those early navigations that I see a group of men, women and children on the beach of the Mediterranean. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached...

I cannot leave you until once more I confess my faith in the Saviour whom I have preached. He is my all in all. I owe more to the grace of God than most men. With this ardent temperament, if I had gone overboard I would have gone to the very depths...

I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if any fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight to heaven...

And now, may the blessing of God come down upon your bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your companions, your children, your brothers and sisters, and your friends. May you be blessed in your business and in your pleasure, in your joys and in your sorrows, in the house and by the way...

Him! I utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak or write. But considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of my hands, an affectionate and a cheerful goodbye!

"Breathin' on the Stairs."

"Breathin' on the stairs! That's what 'twas. You needn't tell me! I never had no higher eddication, as you call it, but I never did no breathin' on the stairs, neither, nor a host of redic'ous things that poor, misguided woman ust to do and think it was dretful smart; not that I've got a single word to say agin her as is gone over into the kingdom and the power and the glory, for she was one of the saints of the airth if there ever was one, for all she was sich a—fool, I was goin' to say, and I dunno on the hull why I shouldn't, seein' as 'tis the blessed truth, and mebbe now she'll git a better kind of higher eddication than she ever did in this world, and one that's better with the name."

"I suppose an stupid, Aunt Melinda," I managed at last to get a chance to say, "but I've no more idea what—" "You know Mis' Chittenden died last night, don't you?" "Yes."

"And left a husband and three children?" "Yes." "And the young ones are all a poor lot, not a reel healthy one among 'em; that's breathin' on the stairs, I say. You needn't tell me! Annie, that's the oldest, she's fourteen, and she's got weak eyes and weak lungs, and she's gittin' all humped over, jest like a reg'lar old woman; and Bess, that's the next one, and, well, I dunno what to make of Bess, she's so nervous, her mother used to say. Nervous! Twelve years old—a fine state of things! You needn't tell me! and a shakin' and a cryin' and a havin' to be kep' upon quinine and Angeline wine, and what not. And the next one, her name was Mary, she died; never had no strength to live on, anyhow. And Bodman, that's the baby of all the puny, pindlin babies I ever see, and it's all breathin' on the stairs. You needn't tell me 'taint."

"But, Aunt Melinda," I gasped, getting a second chance to slip a word in edgewise, "what in the world do you mean by 'breathin' on the stairs'?" "Why, I s'posed you knew all about that, seein' as 'twas you was sich a visitor to the Chittenden's, but I might a knowed Mis' Chittenden wouldn't never tell no one about sich a thing as that, nor do it before 'em, cep' they ketch'd her at it as I've done time and time agin."

"At what?" I ventured as a dropped stitch in the old lady's knitting compelled led another pause. "Why, breathin' on the stairs, as I was sayin'." Mis' Chittenden allus prided herself on her housekeepin', and she was a master hand at it, that's a fact, things that showed off to the neighbors like the lace curtains to the front parlor windows, and the plants in 'em, and the big silver door-plate, and all that; not that she kep' the corners clean, too, furzino, I didn't never get a chance to see, but she was a good woman, and honest in all her dealings, so I guess the corners was all right, but them stairs—she just ust once a week, and oftener if she was a goin' to have company—black walnut, ied—and she'd git down on her knees and scrub them stairs; she had three different kinds of cloth to do 'em with, and rub every livin' one of 'em five minutes by the clock, and breathe on every one on 'em over, and over agin 'till she'd gone from the top to the bottom, and then she'd allus have to lie down with a spell of a dreadful pain in her side, and as white as the scourin' cloth, and once she fainted dead away, and I hain't had no sort of patience with her on them stairs; that's ust to shine, that's sure, but what made 'em? You needn't tell me! It was just poor Mis' Chittenden's breath of life went into them stairs, and put the polish on betwixt 'em, the hired girl could do—seems hired girls don't have no special pride nor interest; and 'twas jest the same with the door-plate, and the curtains was too fine to be trusted to anybody else inside or out of the house, and so when they was done up Mis' Chittenden she'd have 'em pinned down on the parlor carpet, and she'd bend over 'em hours and hours on her hands and knees and give a gaspin' for breath half the time, and used up more'n three papers of pins once before she could get 'em straight to suit her, to my sartain knowlidge, and she was jest so particular about every mortal livin' thing, and had to be dressed jest so allus, tight and trig, and lookin' 'st she'd come out of a bandbox, and stoopin' over that way was jest the worst thing, if she did write a valedictory, as they call it, because she was fust in her class at Culminate College; and I've jest told her time and agin; I says to her, says I, 'Mis' Chittenden,' says I, 'you'll jest as sure kill yourself one of these days and leave a lot of helpless babies, and it's because she never took no care of her poor, yerishin' body that they're sich a measley, mis'ible set, without no lungs and constitution, and when it's too late I says to her, you'll think mebbe there's somethin' better'n for a woman that's got a husband and three children to do for 'em than make shiny stairs for 'em to walk over, when they might jest as well be a-walkin' over her flesh and blood, and so I says to her time and time agin, You needn't tell me. And she'd jest smile and press her hand to her side, and says she, 'I must be thorough; her mother taught her to be thorough, and she felt 'st her house was sort of trust, and she said she must be faithful to it for the sake of her family, and the servant couldn't do overthin', and I didn't have no patience, for I knew the family needed somethin' more than them shiny stairs all ied, and you could most see your face in 'em; and now she's gone, and the family can't live on the stairs, and they won't shine much longer, anyhow, and you needn't tell me. I haint nothing on airth agin a woman gittin' all the ideas into her head she possibly can; the more the better; but there's somethin' besides the botiny and the algebray and the scientifies and painted teacups and shiny housekeepin', and they'd orter have some notion of their poor, perthin' bodies, and those they bring inter the world, for they'd orter know how to be wives before they're them, and how to be mothers of healthy children, and how to be housekeepers that don't give up all comfort and length of days to clear-starched, done-up, pinned-down, parlor back,

breaking lace window curtains, and black walnut stairs ied and polished with three rags; and breathed on till they're jest shiny enough to show the faces of them little orphans she's left behind her; and I know 'twant nothin' but what I've said to her time and time agin—breathin' on the stairs. You needn't tell me!—C. B. LEWIS, in Phrenological Journal.

Show Your Hand, Edwin Ellis!

I have been twenty years at the study of palmistry or chiromancy, and during that time have not been able to discover any philosophic reason for believing that the lines of the hand and its shape indicate character. The want of a connecting theory frequently causes me to lose all hope and belief in the investigation; but practice restores confidence. No one can look at even a few hands every month for years together without being driven to conclusion that they really do contain a guide to much that is to be found in the nature of their owners. As an actual fact, however, I find that the leading lines of the hand are never eccentrically deformed, broken, or deficient in persons who have not some gaps or queer places in their characters, to match. If the lines are long, clear, red, gently curved except the upright ones, few in number, and shown in a hand that has fingers with substantial tips and not too long roots, the best sort of nature may be looked for. In the case of persons of brilliant original talent and thought, the upright line from the base of the palm toward the fingers is never absent and is sometimes repeated twice or even thrice. It is called the "line of Saturn," and springs from many different places. In musicians, actors, and some others it usually starts from below the little finger. When it is joined at the base to the curved line round the thumb an independence of feeling, out of proportion to the will-strength or the pride of the rest of the character, is to be expected. If the line called that of the head which crosses the hand from above the thumb usually turning down to the pad below the little finger, be entirely separate from the line that surrounds the thumb, the whole character will be modified, whether it be a good or bad one, by this separation. As a rule, that modification will tend to make the person seem more clever when thinking out of his own head, but less able, however sympathetic and docile, to adopt the modes of getting at ideas by which his teachers achieve their success. A short little finger often goes with a natural tendency to repent of evil and of anger, and sometimes even a cheerful abnegation. Both kinds are consistent with a permanence of negative wishes, or, as it is usually called, obstinacy, as this is a quality capable of drawing strength from many sources. A large-ended thumb is very good in a good man, and helps him to fight the battle of life. In a dull and selfish man it enables him to be extra oppressive at home, and to make his opinions of much more effect than their value warrants. A thumb whose end is large and its shaft poor, as though it were a door-handle with a weak neck and could be twisted off the hand, is not an advantage. This leads to many evils, and, though often found in a good man, gives a tendency to change the reasons for his good deeds or good opinions, even after he has been very emphatic in choosing or defending them. Such change will usually be rather of the nature of a reversal than a drifting away. Blunt-ended thumbs usually go with a natural tendency to politeness of address or a polished approach, except when, as in persons much before the world, this has been learned as a part. But in good types it goes with a gentleness and kindness of manner bred by self-knowledge which has taught the owner to counteract his faults before they have time to hurt innocent people. It follows as a matter of course that among women those whose fingers and thumbs are pointed are generally the more superficially charming. Those with large blunt-ended fingers are (if intellectual and educated) more valued and more impressive, and even commanding. But command, like melancholy, has more than one origin, viewed as an expression of constitutional tendency. Pointed-fingered people have no excuse if they are not agreeable, for it costs them little to seem so. If large-ended blunt-fingered people show delicate discernment, self-abnegation in mental matters, indulgence to shallow weakness, patience with anger and folly, they are either entirely uninterested personally in the occasions that bring such qualities before them, or have bought their good nature at a price, like the Centurion his freedom. How to do it. When a student of the hand has read and applied for himself all the volumes that have been written on the subject, and when he has also discovered how to discount the bias of his different authors by guessing at their hands and accounting for their predictions, and when he has achieved such proficiency in looking at a hand and adding up all the conflicting forces suggested by its balance of lines and segments that he can at once tell how to classify the owner and what to expect of him, yet the greatest of all difficulties will remain to be surmounted. This hard hill to climb is nothing less than to describe a character in such terms that the owner of the same must confess his portrait, and say, "Yes, it is true; an like that."—Universal Review.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 17, 1934.

David's Last Words.

LESSON TEXT.

2 Sam. 23: 1-17. Memory Verses, 3, 4.

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Prosperity and Adversity.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.—2 Chron. 26: 5.

LESSON TOPIC: The Consolations of Dying Faith.

1. God's Words by David, vs. 1, 2.

2. God's Words Concerning Enemies, vs. 3, 4, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT: He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, order in all things, and sure.—2 Sam. 23: 5.

DAILY HOME READING: M.—2 Sam. 23: 1-7. Consolations of dying faith.

T.—1 Chron. 29: 29-30. David's last days.

W.—Gen. 48: 1-22. Jacob's last consolations.

T.—Gen. 49: 28-33; 50: 1-13. Jacob's death and burial.

F.—Acts 7: 54-60. Stephen's last consolations.

S.—1 Cor. 15: 1-26. Consolations for all saints.

S.—1 Cor. 15: 35-57. Consolations for all saints.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. GOD'S WORDS BY DAVID.

1. David's Words as King: David, the man who was raised on high, saith (1). His king shall be higher than Agag (Num. 24: 7). That thou shouldst be prince over my people (2 Sam. 7: 8).

He chose David, to feed Jacob his people (Psa. 78: 70, 71). The highest of the kings of the earth (Psa. 89: 27). David's Words as Psalmist: David, saith, the sweet psalmist of Israel (1). On that day did David first ordain to give thanks (1 Chron. 16: 7). David himself saith in the book of Psalms (Luke 20: 42).

When ye come together, each one hath a psalm (1 Cor. 14: 26). Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns (Eph. 5: 19). David's Words from God: The spirit of the Lord spake by me (2). He spake by the mouth of his holy prophets (Luke 1: 70). The Holy Ghost spake before by the mouth of David (Acts 1: 16). Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable (2 Tim. 3: 16).

Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost (2 Pet. 1: 21). 1. "These be the last words of David." (1) David's many words; (2) David's precious words; (3) David's last words.

2. "The man whom God raised on high." (1) The lowly origin; (2) The Divine uplift; (3) The exalted end.

3. "The spirit of the Lord spake by me." (1) David the voice; (2) God the speaker.—(1) The source of revelation; (2) The mediums of revelation.

II. GOD'S WORDS CONCERNING RULERS.

1. What Good Rulers Must Be: One that ruleth...righteously...in the fear of God (3). Joseph said, "This do, and live; for I fear God (Gen. 42: 18). Able men, such as fear God, to be rulers (Exod. 18: 21). Ye judge not for man, but for the Lord (2 Chron. 19: 6). Do not do it, because of the fear of God (Neh. 5: 15).

2. What Good Rulers Are Like: He shall be as the light of the morning (Judg. 5: 31). His throne as the sun before me (Psa. 89: 36). As the shining light, that shineth more and more (Prov. 4: 18). Thy judgments are as the light (Hos. 6: 5).

3. How God Treats Good Rulers: He hath made with me an everlasting covenant (5). Thine house and thy kingdom shall be made sure (2 Sam. 7: 16). My covenant shall stand fast with him (Psa. 89: 28). An everlasting covenant, even the sure mercies of David (Isa. 55: 3). Then may also my covenant be broken with David (Jer. 33: 21).

1. "He shall be as the light of the morning." (1) He illuminates; (2) He invigorates; (3) He comforts.

2. "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant." (1) The source of the covenant; (2) The recipient of the covenant; (3) The scope of the covenant; (4) The duration of the covenant.

3. "It is all my salvation, and all my desire." God's covenant (1) As a source of blessing; (2) As an object of desire.

III. GOD'S WORDS CONCERNING ENEMIES.

1. Equipped for Evil: The ungodly shall be all of them as thorns (6). They have sharpened their tongue like a serpent (Psa. 140: 3). Their teeth set to evil (Prov. 1: 16). His inner destroyeth much (Ecd. 9: 18). The poison of asps is under their lips (Rom. 3: 13).

2. Overcome by Power: The man that toucheth them must be armed with iron (7). The Lord shall have them in derision (Psa. 2: 4). He seeth that his day is coming (Psa. 37: 13). He it is that shall tread down our adversaries (Psa. 60: 12). He came forth conquering, and to conquer (Rev. 6: 2).

3. Doomed to Destruction: They shall be utterly burned with fire (7). The way of the wicked shall perish (Psa. 1: 6).

In smoke shall they consume away (Psa. 37: 20).

The chaff he will burn up (Matt. 3: 12).

Who shall suffer... eternal destruction (2 Thess. 1: 9).

- 1. "The ungodly shall be all of them as thorns..." (1) Intrinsically harmful; (2) Universally doomed.—(1) Full of violence; (2) Appointed to destruction. 2. "Armed with iron and the staff of a spear..." (1) Man's equipment for extirpating rebels; (2) God's equipment for extirpating rebels. 3. "They shall be utterly burned with fire in their place..." The end of the wicked; (1) Its terribleness; (2) Its completeness.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

LAST WORDS. Of Jacob (Gen. 49: 29-32). Of Joseph (Gen. 50: 25, 26). Of Moses (Deut. 33: 29-29). Of Joshua (Josh. 24: 29-29). Of David (2 Sam. 23: 1-7). Of Simeon (Luke 2: 29-32). Of Stephen (Acts 7: 59, 60). Of Paul (2 Tim. 4: 6-8). Of Jesus on the cross, (Luke 24: 46; at his ascension, Acts 1: 8, 9; in his relations to men, Rev. 21: 20).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—David's excessive grief for Absalom disconcerted the people, and Joab severely rebuked the king, who then "arose, and sat in the gate." The tribes of Israel began to talk about the return of the king. David thereupon sent, through the priests, a message to the people of his own tribe, Judah, to stir them up in the matter. He sent also to Amasa, promising him the place of Joab. The elders of Judah invited David to return and not they met him at Gilgal (2 Sam. 19: 1-15).

Shimei, the recent reviler of the king, reappears to beg pardon. Abishai proposes to kill him, but David spares him. Mephibosheth also comes to meet the king, probably at Jerusalem, explains his absence, but his property is divided between him and Ziba. Barzillai attends David across the Jordan, but declines to be his guest at Jerusalem, sending Chimham instead. A controversy then takes place between the men of Israel and of Judah about the king's return (2 Sam. 19: 41-43). Sheba takes advantage of this to incite a rebellion. David asks Amasa to collect the men of Judah, but, as the latter delays, he sends Abishai to put down the rebellion. Joab, the deposed commander-in-chief, meets Amasa on the way, and treacherously kills him. Sheba is pursued to Abel-beth-maacah, from which city his head is thrown over the wall to Joab (2 Sam. 20: 1-22).

A list of the king's officers follows (23-26). The next two chapters probably belong to an earlier period. Chapter 21 tells of a famine on account of Saul's slaughter of the Gibeonites, the sacrifice of seven descendants of Saul at the request of the Gibeonites, and the burial of the victims. The Philistine wars are also recounted, the date of these being in doubt. Chapter 22 contains a psalm that may belong to an earlier period; while the pestilence narrated in chapter 24 probably occurred before the date of the lesson. The account seems to be placed at the close of 2 Samuel on account of its relation to the buying of the site of the temple. PLACE.—Probably Jerusalem. TIME.—The last year of David's life.—B. C. 1016 or 1015.

"Strong Minded" Women.

Just where the weak minded woman stops and the strong minded begins it is hard to say. The boundary line, is so vague, it is crossed so unconsciously, so unpremeditatedly, that some women do not even know when they have crossed it, until some morning they wake up and find the epithet "strong minded" prefixed to their names. And it is strange that such an epithet should be used as a term of reproach when applied to a woman, for surely "weak minded" would also be an undesirable prefix.

No sensible woman would like to be called "weak minded" and no refined woman desires to be called "strong-minded," taking the word in its present and generally accepted definition. For, generally speaking, when a woman is called "strong minded" it is meant that she is eccentric almost to insanity, regardless of public opinion, and that no one need be surprised at anything she may do, for she is capable of doing anything and everything that is queer. It may be argued that the opinion of persons who are strong minded in this sense is of no value. Very true it is of no value, for, truthfully speaking, a woman who is strong minded is not eccentric, nor regardless of public opinion, nor likely to do anything shocking. Rather should these things be expected of a weak minded woman.

A strong minded woman is, first of all, a woman of sense; she has convictions, and the courage to express them; she is clever, and nearly always talented; ed. If she does not conform to all the frivolities and small conventionalities of fashionable life, it is because her mind is intent on higher and nobler things. She claims a right to make her life what she chooses to make it, the same right that men have had from time immemorial. She works for money if she wishes to do so, or for the love of work, and the refined, the cultured, the people of broad minds and liberal views of life respect her and admire her. She is not the masculine woman. Heaven forbid! Rather should the masculine woman be called weak minded, in that she has the weakness to be ashamed of being a woman and to emulate a man in manner and dress.—Miss Palfrey in New York Star.

In putting down carpets if care is exercised in thoroughly drying the floors beforehand, the moths will not be so liable to bother in the house.

MAST A man wears his life out "taking care of things" which are of no earthly use to him or his. "I say, conductal, bow c mes it that we've reached our destination half a mile late!" "Front end of train's on time. Rear end's a little late."

He is a fool that praises himself, and he is a madman that speaks ill of himself.