REV. DR. TALMAGE. The Brooklyn Divine's Sun-

day Sermon.

Subject : "A Mediterranean Voyage. Pr ached at Prindist, Italy.

TEXT: "And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land." Acts xxvii., 44.

Having visited your historical city, which we desired to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must to morrow moving laces area fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must to-morrow morning leave your har-bor, and after touching at Athens and Cor-inth, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New 'lestament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers: one, Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, "turning the world upside down." This convict had gained the confidence of the Captain. Indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the Cap-tain. He fiad been shipwrecked three times, already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yardarms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the Captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the Captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe cannot afford to take the advice of this handsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marlinspike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?" They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the car-go! It is all washed with sait water, and worthless now; and there are no marine in-surance companies. All hands ahoy, and cut with the anchors! Great consternation comes on crew and

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters snort in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In the lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no-loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath' given thee all them that sail with thee." Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight.

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the man peers into the darkness and by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the man peers and knows in y mither coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in a tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lan-tern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speed-ing along a little farsher they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here, strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped al' Ref, "I came to pass that they escaped al' safe to land."
I learn from this subject:
First that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmens got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest drooped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the passengers. At me! human nature is the losses of gamblers. They who is of dissipation will be the first to run. Hook over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got first. They were glad enough to get you out from first Havens, but when has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never you are provided them into theft, but he way over the gossanter bridge. It think that there who wasted his substance in riotous living, they is thing go to the swine pastures, while they prodigal spend his money; but when he gets into the coloweb, but it never hows the fly the way out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the coloweb. safe to land." I learn from this subject: <text>

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe. There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering ves-sels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into dark-ness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all es-cape safe to land."

cape safe to land." Sometimes there comes a storm of com-mercial disaster. The cables break. The smasts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on keys and hog sheads and combins and store shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, brusting in God, all come safe to land. Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's chil-dren shall at last, through His goodness and a leak. Yet all of them who are God's chil-dren shall at last, through His goodness and marcy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and

and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls. You have, my friends, had illustrations in your own life of how God delivers His peo-ple. I have had illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what ion your Mediterranean you call a Eurocyl-don, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece of the National line swung out into cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer, Greece, of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven, hundred, crew and passengers. We came, together strangers—Italians, Irishmen, Eng-lishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Ameri-cans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly re-modeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the isea. The pilot was discharged; and commit-ting ourselves to the care of Him who hold-eth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path.¹ But one night, at 11 o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces— caucht us in its clutches. It came down so caught us in its clutches. It came down so, suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steam-ers. And, when a ship goes down they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling cn' rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom. "Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the ter-"ble voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away, thousands of waters gurgle through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extin-guished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin? Buried in the great cemetery of dead steam-ers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria-waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfast-en the hatches.

At his mother's knee, and against that iniquit, bus brow once pressed a pute mother's lips. But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck: Lost Pacifics! Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe. There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering ver-sels. Their lifeboats were of but little burricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphore out. The whole scene looked like fire. The cent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it a ... st Everybody prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up." he said, "I do not know what would be-come of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our cent. The makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly un-satisfactory. I could only say. "Here, Lord, take me as I am, I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, Thou didst die for the chief of sizes. Thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon Thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to Thee. O Lord Jesust praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel

of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon-a pavement bright shough for the foot of a scraph-bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's charlot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven

we were nearing the shore -I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great water."

Her Work.

How much one person can accomplish when in real earnest is beautifully shown in an article from The Youth's Companion which we copy. About thirty years ago a young girl

in a Western city was given charge of a Sunday school class of rough boys, usually known as "river rats," who had never been in any school before. When she entered the room she found them lounging on the desks and benches,

lows to do the same.

wearing their hats, puffing vile cigars, a defiant leer on every face. They greeted her with a loud laugh, and one of them exclaimed: ", Well. sis, you goin' to teach us?" She stood silent until the laugh was

over, and then said, quietly, "Do I look like a lady?" An astonished stare was the only reply which they gave. "Because," she continued, gently, "gentlemen, when a lady enters the room, take off their hats and throw away their cigars." The lowest American secretly believes himself to be a gentleman, and in a moment every hat was off, and the

and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek. The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port holes. As in the dden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff; and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew His voice. The waves knew His foot. They died away. And in the shining track of His feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover

As I came on deck-it was very early, and

the great waters." It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the see, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with fiames bursting from the win-dows. The whole scene lighted up un-til it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and ame-thyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jebovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way. O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters?" stronger prejudices. man has cared. work?" So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we come into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends be-fore us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called seven hundred souls would have answered to their name. "And so it came to near that we all hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all sexaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have bushel." cathered the gale!

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY DECEMBER 1, 1333.

The Temple Dedicated. LESSON TEXT.

(1 Kings 8 : 54-63, Memory verses, 62, 63.)

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 Joys of a Full Consecration.

1. Praise, vs. 54-56.

LESSON OUTLINE: 2. Prayer, vs. 57-60.

3. Offerings, vs. 61-63. GOLDEN TEXT: The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.-Heb. 2:20.

DAILY HOME READINGS :

- M .-- 1 Kings 8 : 54-63. Joys of a full consecration.
- T.--2 Sam. 7 : 1-17. Solomon to

W.-1 Chron. 29 : 1-19. David's preparation for the temple.

T.-1 Kings 5 : 1-18. Hiram's help on the temple. F.-1 Kings 6 : 1-22. Building the

temple. S.-1 Kings 6: 23-38 Building the

temple. S.-1 Kings 8 : 1-21. Dedicating

the temple.

I. PRAISE.

- I. The Dedication Completed: He arose from before the altar of the
- Moses finished the work. Then the cloud covered the tent (Exod. 40 :

33, 34). David....brought up the ark....with shouting (2 Sam. 6: 15).

Upon it he stood, and kneeled down upon his knees (2 Chron. 6:13). And the glory of the Lord filled the

house (2 Chron. 7:1). II. The People Blessed:

He stood, and blessed all the congregation (55).

Moses blessed them (Exod, 39 : 43). Moses....blessed the children of Israel (Deut. 33 : 1).

David ... blessed the people in the name of the Lord (2 Sam. 6:18). The king.... blessed all the congrega-tion (1 Kings 8:14).

III. The Lord Praised:

Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest (56). Praising and thanking the Lord (2

Chron. 5:13).

They....worshiped, and gave thanks unto the Lord (2 Chron. 7:3).

Whoso offereth....thanksgiving glori-fieth me (Psa. 50: 23),

It is good to sing praises; ... praise is comely (Psa. 147:1).

 "Solomon had made an end of pray-ing." (1) The great occasion; (2) The royal petitioner, (3) The heartfelt prayer. 2. "He stood, and blessed all the congregation." (1) Solomon's attitude; (2) Solomon's auditors; (3) Solomon's utterance. 3. "There hath not failed one word of all his good promises." (1) God's promises; (2) God's fidelity.-- (1) No failure; (2) Complete fulfilment. IL PRAYER.

He shall offer it without blemish (Lev.

3:1). Neither will 1 offer burnt offerings. which cost me nothing (2 Sam. 24:

24). With precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish (1 Pet. 1: 19).

1. "Let your hearts therefore be perfect with the Lord our God." Heart culture: (1) Its necessity; (2)

Its standard; (3) Its helps. 2. "As at this day." (1) Present de-votion recognized; (2) Continuous devotion sought.

3. "So the king....dedicated the house of the Lord." (1) The givers; (2) The giving; (3) The gift.— Dedicated (1) To whom? (2) By whom? (3) How? (4) Why?

LESSON BIBLE READING.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Location (1 Chron. 21: 28-30; 22:1; 2 Chron. 3 : 1). Proposed by David (2 Sam. 7 : 2 ; 1

Chron. 22:7). Prepared for by David (1 Chron. 22 :

3-5, 14; 29: 3-5). Built by Solomon (2 Sam. 7: 12, 13; 1 Chron. 22: 6, 7, 11).

Work in progress (1 Kings 5:13-18;2 Chron. 3 : 2, 3)

Chron. 5 : 2, 5) A noiseless work (1 Kings 6 : 7). Uses (2 Chron. 5 : 1 ; 7 : 12 ; 1sa. 56:7). Honored (1 Kings 6 : 12, 13 : 8 : 10 ;

2 Chron. 7:3). Symbolism (John 2:19-21; 1 Cor. 3:

16;6:19; Eph. 2:20-22).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS .--- The "judg. ment of Solomon" (1 Kings 3 : 16-28) seems to have immediately followed the last lesson, and is narrated as an evi-dence that God had given him wisdom. Chapter 4 gives details respecting the kingdom, its greatness and resources, closing with a sketch of the wisdom of Solomon. The compact between Hiram, king of Tyre, and Solomon, is narrated, together with the preparations for bailding the temple (chap. 5), followed in chapter 6 by a description of the actual construction of the edifice. By anticipation the building of Solomon's own houses is next described (1 Kings 7 : 1houses is next described (1 Kings 7 : 1-12). A cunning artificer in brass, named Hiram also, came from Tyre (comp. 2 Chron. 2 : 14), and prepared all the brazen ornaments and brazen and golden utensils of the temple, all of which are fully described (1 Kings 7 : 12 51) 7: 13-51).

The entire eighth chapter is devoted to the incidents in connection with the dedication of the temple. The lesson is an account of the closing solemnities. The leading men assemble; the ark is brought to its final resting-place; the glory of the Lord fills the house (vs. 1-11). Solomon speaks to the people, formally blessing them (vs. 12-21); he then offers a remarkable prayer, full of adoration, supplication, and hu devotion, recorded in verses 23-53. humble

PLACE .- Mount Moriah in Jerusalem. "before the altar of the Lord," at the east front of the sanctuary. The king stood on a scaffold elevated above the court where the assembly of the people were (2 Chron. 6 : 13).

TIME .--- In the twelfth year of Solo mon's reign (B. C. 1004, or 1006 according to others), the seventh month. PERSONS .- Solomon and the great congregation. INCIDENTS. - The king rises from prayer; he blesses the people; they offer numerous sacrifices, thus dedicating the house of the Lord.

Miss----- get her hold upon a man, and LESSON ANALYSIS, Lord (54).

cence of his childhood.

of reaching and elevating the more

Singularly, these efforts are more common in cities than in the smaller towns and villages, where everybody knows everybody, and where the grada-

Many a young lad or girl who reads these lifes leads an idle life in such a village, indulging, it may be, in occasional vague visions of going to India or Africa to teach the heathen how to be Christians; while the wharves or taverns of their own native village are

Let every Christian ask himself as the day closes, "Have I stood idle in the market-place? Has not my Master

filled with heathen for whose souls no

lads were ranged in orderly attention. So remarkable was the success of this girl in managing and influencing men of the roughest sort, that she made it the work of her life. She established clean and respectable boarding houses for build the temple. sailors and boatmen, and reading and coffee-rooms for laborers, and founded

an Order of Honor, the members of which strove to lead sober, Christian lives themselves, and to help their fel-

Some of the members of her first class were her efficient helpers for twenty years in all her work. It was a favorite saying with them, "Once let

she never lets him go.' She never did let go, but followed him to sea, to the most distant parts of

the world, or even to prison, with letters and little gifts. With all the tender pity of a mother, she strove, as many a mother does not strive, to bring the wanderer back to the faith and inno-

Thousands of men passed under this single woman's influence, and learned something of her Master through her wonderful purity and strong faith in

Hım. Such instances of helpfulness are not rare in this country. With every year the zeal of educated Christian men and women finds new and practical methods

ignorant people.

tions of caste are, perhaps, fixed by

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing. our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to dis. as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to dis. There were none who made light of the peril, save two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an Ameri-can, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there, we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with hoth hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trar-pled over it, each mounted of a fory. We felt that corryining depended on the pro-peiing screw. If that stopped for an in-stant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leav-ing Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the ma-chinery, upon which our fives seemed to depend. After a while some one said: "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the re-gular pulsations of the overtasked machinery going thump, thump. Thump. At 3 o'clock gular pulsations of the overtasked machinery going thump, thump, thump. At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and for-ward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror, which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hear-ing that one cry. Into it seemed to be com-pressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say "I shall never get home 'gain! My children shall be orphaned, and iny wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

A ft is not necessary to have bow to splinter a fracture. And botand in the pulpit, and in the office hristian teacher, know that there are in styles of belief and certain kinds of the stores of belief and cortain kinds of the stores of belief and cortain kinds of the stores of belief and certain kinds of the stores and but we know that, map ecple refues the advice of parents. "A still go of life. They know the stores a thousand battered hulk the beace where beauty burned, and cet foundered, and morality sak. They do distress, and gone scuding inder poles; and the old folks know they are talking about. Look at with thought, but with low passion and fires. His eye flashes not as with thought, but with low passion and fires. His eye flashes not as with thought, but with low passion and fires. His eye flashes not as with thought, but with low passion and fires. His eye flashes not as with thought, but with low passion and fires. His eye flashes not as with thought, but with low passion and fires. His eye flashes not as with thought, but with low passion and fires, man granter cry: "Wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Frayer There were about five hundred and fifty.

athered the gale! Into the barbor of heaves now we glide, Home at last! Softly we drift on the bright sliver tide, Home at last! Glory to God ! All our dangers are o'er; We stand secure on the glorifiel shore. Glory to God ! we will shout evermore. Home at last ! Home at last !

Hindoo Tonsorial Artists

The Indian barber travels from house house to do his shaving. He carries all his tools under his arm, wrapped up in a cloth, and when he shaves his customer, he makes him squat down on his heels and bend over his head. He then squats down on his own heels in front of him, and the two, without a chair or stool, do the business in the most primilive manner. He usually shaves with cold water, and he is a manicure as well. as a barber. No Hindoo shaves himself, and few Hindoos pare their own neils., The barber is expected to take the gray hairs out of your head, eye-brows and mustache, and like his brother he pays attention to cleaning the cars and to shaving the face, even to the corners of the eyes. A high-priced barber in India gets from \$1.25 to \$2 a month per family. An ordinary shave costs from one to twocents, and a first-class hair-cut is given from one cent to a nickel. It is quite customary in the East for the families to shave their heads when they go into mourning, and in Siam when a King dies all the people in the country are supposed to cut off their hair so close that their pates are as clean as a billiard ball. The head of the corpse is shaved in India, and, while watching a body being cre-mated at Benames. I saw about half a bushel of human hair lying on the stone steps, not far from the fire. I asked where it came from and my guide told me it had just been cut from the heads of the friends and relatives of the deceased. The Indian barber is a surgeon as well as a shaver. He bores the holes in the girls' ears, and pierces their noses for the nose-ring. He often acts as a professional match-maker, and his wife is a ladies' hair-dresser. She trims the nails of the bride for werdings, and takes of the fine clothes of the widow, and dresses her in her funeral garments. I had these Hindoo barbers meet me at every station in India, and they were always within call at the hotels. - Courier-

Owing to the spread of foot and mouth lisease among the cattle in Germany, the chief milk establishments in Berlin are now forced by law to boil their milk before selling it to the public.

hired me with a great price to do His

Of bne thing we may be sure, God does not put our work for to-day on the other side of the globe. It is here, under our eyes and touch. We neglect it at our peril.

Mrs. Eliza B. Burnz. The great increase of stenographic

work in this country is partly due to the efforts of a woman who for years has been "hiding her light under a This modest, though able woman, is Mrs. Eliza B. Burnz, the only female author of a system of short-hand in the world. Seventeen years ago Mrs. Burnz foresaw that short-hand would ultimately be commonly used, and with the courage of her convictions, went to the late Peter Cooper and laid her plans before him. Mr. Cooper offered her a furnished class-room in the Cooper Union free, on condition that she would also give the instruction gratuitiously. This she at once agreed to do, and ever since that time has taught the evening classes in stenography at the institute. Miss Emma Parish, a pupil of hers, teaches the day classes. Mrs. Burnz herselt instructs a similar class

at the Young Women's Christian Association. She has held the position at the association for nine years. Mrs. Burnz has probably fitted more young men and women for business than any other one teacher. Her suc-

ranks her foremost among women engaged and interested in the cause of shorthand. The "Burnz Method" is the one used at all the schools over which Mrs. Burnz has jurisdiction. Mrs. Burnz was born in England,

spelling, preferring "Burnz" to "Burns" "helth" to "health," also, wil, shal, hav, and giv, to Webster's old style. Althe proposed international language, whose spelling is said to be strictly pho-netic. While not a pronounced Vege-tarian, she is a rigid hygeist, an ardent advocate of the ballot for women and a strong believer in cremation. She is a stock holder in the Mt. Olivet Crematory at Fresh Pond, Long Island, In character she is high-minded, unsel-fish and anxious to do good, as oppor-

tunity presents itself. Mrs. Burnz is a delicate appearing woman, with the lofty aims of her life imprinted on her countenance.—From the New York Press, Oct. 20, 1889. New York's shop Girls.

de oted to the retail dry goods trade in this great metropolis. This estimate is given by one who knows, and yet it given by one who knows, and yet it would appear not large enough to any watchful observer who, morning and evening, noted inflow and outflow of the thousands who spend eight hours of their daily life behind counters. Of this number three of the larger stores the state of the state of the larger stores the state of the state of the larger stores the state of the s this number three of the larger stores have an even thousand girls in their employ.—New York Letter.

. For God's Presence:

Let him not leave us, nor forsake us (57)will not leave thee, until I have done

that (Gen. 28: 15). He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee

(Deut. 31: 6). Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken (Psa. 37: 25).

Himself hath said, I will in no wise fail thee (Heb. 13: 5).

II. For God's Help:

That he maintain the cause of his servant (59).

Hear thou in heaven, and maintain their cause (1 Kings 8: 45).

Maintain their cause; and forgive thy people (2 Chron. 6: 39). Thou hast maintained my right and my

cause (Psa, 9:4). The Lord will maintain the cause of the

afflicted (Psa. 140: 12).

III. For God's Glory: That all the peoples....m that the Lord, he is God (60). ...may know That all ... may know the hand of the Lord (Josh. 4: 24).

That all....may know that there is a God in Israel (1 Sam. 17: 46).

That all ... may know thy name, to fear thee (1 Kings 8: 43). That he might make his mighty power

to be known (Psa. 106: 8). 1. "The Lord our God be with us, as

he was with our fathers.'. (1) Experience as a basis for prayer; (2) Prayer as an outcome of experience. -(1) God and our fathers; (2) God and ourselves.

2. "That he may incline our hearts unto him." (1) The heart's natural inclination; (2) The heart's spiritual inclination .- (1) Human hearts; (2)

Divine helps. 3. "He is God; there is none else." (1) The personal God; (2) The gracious God; (3) The only God.

III. OFFERINGS.

Perfect Hearts: Let your hearts therefore be perfect

with the Lord (61). Walk before me, and be thou perfect (Gen. 17: 1).

He walked....in uprightness of heart with thee (1 Kings 3: 6).

His heart was not perfect, ... as w heart of David (1 Kings 11: 4). .as was the The heart of Asa was perfect with the Lord all his days (1 Kings 15: 14).

II. Godly Lives: Walk in his statutes, keep his com-

mandments (61). Enoch walked with God (Gen. 5: 24).

PARALLEL PASSAGE. -2 Chronicles 7 : 1, 4-6.

OUR SGRAP BASKET.

The latest Parisian novelty in gloves, has a small purse inserted in the palm wherein women can carry their railway tickets and small coins.

An Eiffel tower in diamonds which has been on exhibition in Paris, may be expected in America soon. It has been purchased for exhibition in this coun-

Ex-Empress Eugenie, will spend the winter at Naples.

Isabella the Ex-Queen of Spain, has entered her 60th year, in good health and spirits.

A home is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN .--- The recent discovery that a "nickel and slot" machine was in use in the ancient Egyptian temples confirms the saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." It appears that in those days the holy water was not free to all, but was kept in a closed vessel. When the sum of five drachmæ was dropped into the top, a valve opened and allowed a small quantity of the sacred liquid to flow out, after which it automatically closed to wait the arrival of the next customer. This device was first referred to in the "Spiritalia" of Hierc, published in the Seventeenth century.

Never dispute with a man over seventy years of age, nor a woman nor an enthusiast.

The first assisted Italian immigrant to this country was a person named Christopher Columbus.—Puck.

By the aid of the artist's brush sash curtains of scrim are made very effective. Nasturtiums are showy, and convolvuli lovely upon these inexpensive hangings.

WORDS DIFFERENTLY USED.-Englishmen and Americans use many words differently, but "dirt" and "schedule" are the two words that commonly bear in this country, the former a meaning, in this country, the former a meaning, the latter a pronunciation, "different to" invariable English usage. An Eng-lishman says "shedule." So did the late Stephen A. Daugias, by the way but did any other American ever pro-nounce it thus? And no Englishman hounce it thus? And ho Englishman says "dirt" when he means earth. "A vile phrase" it is, too. "Fill it up with dirt," "take the dirt road," etc., etc. "Dirt wanted," can or could be read in big letters on a sign erected over some vacant lots in Philadelphin.

No max or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being the better for it.

He offered unto the Lord, two and twenty thousand oxen (63). The firstborn of thy sons shalt thou give unto me (Exod. 22: 29). The first or money when he is short

There are 12,000 shop girls in the area

Bonnowing is the canker and the cath of every man's estate.

though over 65 years of age, she de-votes her time to the study of Volapuk,

but came here at the early age of 13.

cess in that particular has been re-markable. The Phonographic World

She is intensely American in all her ideas, and is nothing if not original. She is a thorough advocate of phonetic