

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

The Divine Writes a Letter of Salutation.

What He Has Seen Abroad.

CONSTANTINOPLE, January, 1890.—On leaving America I addressed some words of farewell to my sermons, and now, on my way home, I have composed the salutation, which will probably reach you about the Monday that will find me on the Atlantic Ocean, from which I cannot reach you with the usual sermon. I have completed the journey of inspection for which I came. Others may write a life of Christ without seeing the Holy Land. I did not feel competent for such a work until I had seen with my own eyes the sacred places, and so I left home and church and native country for a most arduous undertaking. I have visited all the scenes connected with our Lord's history. The whole journey has been to me a surprise, an amusement, a grand rapture or a deep solemnity. I have already sent to America my Holy Land observations for my "Life of Christ," and they were written on horseback, on muleback, on camelback, on ship's deck, by dim candle light, in mud holes of Arab villages, amid the ruins of old cities, on Mounts of Esau, on beach of Genezareth, but it will take twenty years of sermons to tell what I have seen and felt on this journey through Palestine and Syria.

All things have combined to make our journey instructive and advantageous. The Atlantic and Mediterranean and Adriatic and Aegean and Dardanelles and Marmora Seas have treated us well. Since we were written on horseback, but half a day and one night of storm, and that while crossing Mount Hermon. But let only those in robust health attempt to go the length of Palestine and Syria on horseback. I do not think it is because of the unhealth of the climate in Holy Land that so many have sickened and died here or afterward as a result of visiting these lands, but because of the fatigues of travel. The number of miles gives no indication of the exhaustions of the way. A hundred and fifty miles to Palestine and Syria on horseback demand as much physical strength as four hundred miles on horseback in regions of easy journey. Because of the near two months of bright sunlight by day, and bright moonlight or starlight by night, the half day of storm was to us the most terrible. It was struck on December 18 that the tempest struck us and drenched the mountains. One of the horses falls and we halt amid a blinding rain. It is freezing and the fingers and feet like ice. Two hours and three-quarters before encampment. We ride on in silence, longing for the terminus of today's pilgrimage. It is through the awful severity of the weather, the only dangerous day of the journey. Slip and slide and tumble and climb and descend we must, sometimes on the horse and sometimes on foot, until at last we hal in the hovel of a village, and instead of entering camp for the night we are glad to find this retreat from the storm. It is a house of one story, built out of mud. My room is covered with a roof of goat's hair. A feeble fire mid-floor, but no chimney. It is the best house of the village. Arabs, young and old, stand around in silent waiting for us to come. There is no window in the room, but two little openings, one over the door and the other in the wall, through which latter opening I occasionally find an Arab face thrust to see how we are progressing. But the door is open, so I have some light. This is an afternoon and night never to be forgotten for its exposure and acquaintance with the hardships of what an Arab life is. A luxurious apartment, I sat that night by a fire, the spoke of which, finding no appropriate place of exit, took lodgment in my nostril and eye. Strange as it seems, my life I realized that chimney was a luxury but not a necessity. The only ornaments in this room were representations of two trees in the mud of the wall, a circle supposed to mean a star, a bottle hung from the ceiling, and about twelve identifications in the wall to be used as mantels for anything that may be placed there. This storm was not a surprise, through pessimism. My objects we had expected that at this season we should have rain and snow and hail throughout our journey. For the most part it has been sunshine and sunny atmosphere, and on a moment here our journey has hindered. Gratitude to God is with us the dominant emotion.

Having visited the scenery connected with Christ's life I was glad to see my journey by passing through the apostolic lands and seas. You can hardly imagine our feelings as we came in sight of Damascus, and on the very road where Saul was unhorsed at the flash of the supernatural light. We did not want, like him, to be flung to the earth, but we did hope for some great spiritual blessing brighter than any noonday sun, and as we approached the city for our destination. Our long horseback ride was ended, for a carriage met us some miles out and took us to the city. The impression one receives as he rides along the walled garden of the place are different from those produced by any other city. But we cannot describe our feelings as we entered the city about which we have heard and read so much, the oldest city under the sky, founded by the grandson of Noah; nor our emotions as we pass through the street called Straight, along which good Ananias used to meet Saul, and by the side of the residence of Naaman the leper, and saw the river Abana, as yesterday we saw Pharus, the rivers of Damascus that Naaman preferred to wash in rather than the Jordan. Strange and wonderful! It is worth while to cross the Atlantic to Europe to see it. Though it has been the place of battle and massacre, and of ancient affluence and splendor, and a seat of ancient learning, and a center of the world's commerce, and a center of the world's power, yet it is the chief attraction arises from the fact that here the scales fell from Paul's eyes, and that chief of apostles began the mission which was to spread until heaven is peopled with ransomed spirits. So also I saw day before yesterday Patmos, where John heard the trumpets and the voices of the dead, and the voices reminding him of the songs of heaven, "like the voice of many waters."

But this letter can only give a hint of the things we mean to tell you when we get home, where we expect to go before this month is ended. I baptized by immersion in the Jordan an American whom we met, and who by the side of the Jordan administered to him in the sacred waters. I rolled down from Mount Calvary or "place of a skull" a stone for the corner stone of our new Brooklyn tabernacle. We bathed in the "Dead Sea" and in "Gideon's Fountain," where his three hundred men lapped the water from their hands as they passed through; and we sailed on Lake Tiberias and stood on Mount Zion and Mount Moriah and Mount Hermon, and I saw the place where the shepherds heard the Christmas anthem the night Christ was born; and have been at Nazareth, and Capernaum, and sat by "Jacob's Well," and saw "Felix-Kebir" of modern battle, and "Migdala" of ancient battle, and where Israelites crossed the desert, and slept at Bethel where one ladder was let down into Jacob's dream, but the night I slept there the heavens were full of leaders, first a leader of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were the angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God ascending and descending, and I was near the fields of Herodias and Solomon, and Davidic, and Moesian, and Abrahamian history. I took Rome, and Naples and Athens, and Alexandria, and Cairo on the way out, and took the Cross, Archipelago, and Constantinople, and Vienna on the way back.

What more can God in His goodness grant me in the way of natural scenery, and classic association, and spiritual opportunity? Ah yes! I can think of something, a little more than that life on grass me. Safe return to the people of my beloved God, the field of my work, and the land where my fathers died, and the dust of whose valleys I pray God I may be buried.

Cowboy hats for misses are of gray, buff, or bright red felt, with wide-brimmed brims, edged with fur felt.

The Home Physician.

BRAIN STIMULANT.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is only recuperation of brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. More stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

SUNFLOWERS AND MALARIA.

In a recent issue of the Russian Medical journal, the *Meditsina*, a contributor draws attention to the common sunflower as an excellent and cheap substitute for quinine in the treatment of malarial fevers of all possible forms. The remedy has been from time immemorial used for the purpose in the Russian, as well as Persian and Turkish popular medicine, and that remedy after the following plan: A flask is filled loosely with finely cut dry or recent flowers and stems, and then with vodka aqua vite. The hermetically corked vessel is left to stand under sun rays, or at some warm place, for two or three days. The tincture is then ready for use, and should be given as a small wineglassful three times a day. In recent cases, complete and permanent cure ensues in from one to three days; in most obstinate and inveterate cases, not later than a week. The remedy proved successful, even in such cases where quinine and other anti-malarial means failed.

Celery is a sedative, and is good for rheumatism and so-called neuralgia, which is often only another name for it. Cucumbers cool the system—when fresh cut, of course. Lettuce is not only cooling, but produces sleep, especially if the stalk is eaten. Asparagus purifies the blood, and especially acts on the kidneys. Peas, broad beans and haricots are strengthening, and contain for human being the properties specified by farmers when they say that peas "harden" pig's flesh; and that "oats may take a horse out," but beans will bring him home again. Potatoes should not be eaten by those who are disposed to get too stout, and many who suffer from derangement of the liver eschew them altogether.

HEATING THE HOUSE.

First of all, fire places and grates are for those who can afford to use fuel liberally. The greater part of the heat produced in them is taken up the chimney. Heat travels slowly through still air, but is carried along we may say bodily, by moving air. Now, when a room is heated by a grate, there is a strong current from every part of the room to the grate and up the chimney, and the heat is carried up the chimney and not out into the room, and only a small part is diffused into the room; and that small part does not get very far, as any one knows who has sat before a grate in very cold weather while the fire was burning and back was chilled. A very good way to economize fuel is to exchange grates for stoves. It may be objected that this must include a loss of pleasantness, an open fire being "so nice and cheerful." But it is not very pleasant to attempt to keep warm in a room that gets all its heat from a grate. To be comfortable in such a room one would need a fire-place in every corner and a chair gently revolved by clockwork. It is pleasant to look at the open fire, but not much less pleasant to look through insulating glass at the fire, and far more comfortable. Grates are a means of ventilating a room, and are often recommended on this account; but a room can be well ventilated and at less expense without grates.

It is extravagant of fuel to never have more than a little fuel in the stove and the dampers closed—little fire and chilly room. You would use fuel to advantage, get a little more fuel as soon as possible; that is, as soon as the kindling has started vigorously, fill the stove well with fuel and open the dampers. Then, as soon as the stove is quite hot and the room well warmed, close the dampers—those leading to the pipe or in the pipe almost or quite shut, those in the lower part of the stove a little open. Thus you will have a fine bed of coals to throw off heat, having no fuel for the time being, the added fuel will burn as fast as is needed, though the dampers are closed as directed. There will be very little waste of heat up the flue; nearly all the heat produced will be thrown out into the room. The room will be kept comfortably warm all the time, and less fuel will be used than if you are stingy of heat. Quite frequently the amount of heat thrown out in the room will be increased by closing partially or totally the dampers.

Every outside door should open into a hall or vestibule. When an outside door opens direct into a room, there is a rush of cold air in whenever the door is opened. A person going from the room must pass at once into much colder atmosphere. This is decidedly unwholesome. How often must the wife and daughters, heated and perspiring, pass from the kitchen into the cold outside air! The suddenness and severity of the change would be lessened by a small vestibule or hall; and at the same time there would be a considerable saving of fuel, for much less cold air would find its way into the kitchen. Where this has not been taken into account in building the house, build a small inclosed portico beyond the kitchen door, with "storm doors," swinging either way. It makes just the place for brushing snowy shoes, and for the deposit of overboots, water proof coats, umbrellas, etc. The cost is not great, and will be covered by the saving of fuel long before the portico is worn out.

The Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff.

Among the many theories advanced by metaphysicians and philosophers, is one which holds that one body may be the dwelling place of many souls, and that the contradictory emotions and even actions may be due to the different natures which find expression through the one mortal part—the one person.

The wonderful book which has of late become so widely read in the English speaking world, "The Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," is the record from day to day, of the life of a girl growing to womanhood, it is the record of an artist with all the artistic zeal the ambitions, jealousies, and fruitless longings for fame, it is the record of a simple child who sees death coming and faces it without fear, it is the record of a great soul with all the raptures and agonies which a full understanding of life or death would bring, it is the record of a girl who throbs, or of a philosophic cry for more light. Such is the book.

The child, who begins her own record at twelve years of age, and continues it until within eleven days of her death at twenty-four, was full of all the ambitions and varieties common to young girls. One begins to read a pleasant story of a young girl's life. She longed to become an artist and every opportunity was given her to study art. She was an earnest never tiring worker, and as she advanced and was rewarded by high praise for her work, her pleasure was like that of a child. Yet in the midst of some simple record there will come a sentence which belongs to another part of her nature, and some sage seems speaking through her, or some aged soul cries out for help.

"At sixteen years of age she writes, 'I am so weary of life that I should like to die. Nothing amuses me, nothing interests me, I desire nothing, I hope for nothing, Paris kills me! It is a cafe a well-kept hotel, a bazar.' A record later on reads, 'Dressed in my black blouse, there is something in my appearance that reminds one of Marie Antoinette at the Temple.' In short I am gradually perfecting my character. Understand what I mean by perfection; perfection that is to say for me, Oh! time is required for everything. Time is the most terrible, the most discouraging, the most unquerable of all obstacles, and one that may exist when no other does."

In the Autumn of 1878, when she was seventeen she writes, "They want to marry me, but I told them plainly that I was quite willing to marry, but only on one condition, that the person should be either rich, of a good family and handsome, or else a man of genius or of note. As for his character, if he were Satan himself, I would take care of that."

A few days after she says, with all the simplicity of a child, "I looked all of a sudden so beautiful this evening, that I spent fully twenty minutes admiring myself in the glass. I am sure no one could have seen me without admiration."

Again in the same year she writes to die? It would be absurd; and yet I think I am going to die. It is impossible that I should live long. I am not constituted like other people; I have a great deal, too much of some things in my nature, a great deal too little of others and a character not made to last."

One cannot tell wherein the charm of this book lies, yet it is charming in every sense of the word. Thoughts, words, and actions, are all here with an under tone of sadness, a seemingly constant realization that death is in the near future. It is a life not of this world, nor yet of heaven, but seems to have a dozen lives in one. The sweet girlish face which looks upon the reader on the first page, is the child Marie not the great artist, or the anguished soul. We read on and on until our eyes are dim with unshed tears, and as we close the volume we say "She was not of us, she belonged to some other sphere."

The book is well printed and bound and contains several illustrations from the young artists paintings Cassell and Co., Publishers, New York.

Postal Cards.

The first issue of postal cards by the United States was in 1873. In the upper right corner was the head of Liberty in oval frame. On the frame were the words "U. S. Postage" above and "one cent" below. Along the top, in curved lines, were the words "United States postal card," and below them, in small type and a straight line, "Write the address only on this side—the message on the other." The whole was surrounded by a border and printed in brown on buff card, water marked with the large monogram, "U. S. P. O. D." (United States Post Office Department). It was also issued the same year on a card which bore the water mark, small "U. S. P. O. D." and was printed in three shades—brown, light brown and dark brown. In 1875 appeared a card bearing a profile of Liberty in the upper right corner in a frame. To left of this was "Postal Card" on a ribbon which crossed in front of the monogram "U. S. P. O. D." Below was the inscription, "Write the address on this side—the message on the other." It was printed in black on five shades of card—light buff, buff, dark buff, yellow buff and brownish buff. In 1881 appeared the same card with the inscription changed to "Write only the address on this side." This time it was printed on only two shades of card—buff and dark buff. In 1885 came the brown cards, with Jefferson's head, and on January 1, 1887, appeared those in use now. The denomination of all cards was but one cent. There has been but one cent card (for foreign communications) issued. This was in 1879. It bears the Liberty head in blue on a buff card.

LUMKINS, who had worn a full beard ever since his marriage, came home the other night with his face clean shaven. "Come, darling," he said to his little daughter, "and kiss papa." "Are 'oo my papa?" queried the little one. "Of course." "Den whose head has 'oo dot on?" "If you were willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbors you would have the happiest home in the world."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

THE MINISTRY OF JOHN.

LESSON TEXT.

LESSON PLAN.

TOTIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the Saviour of Men.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2: 14.

LESSON TOPIC: Heralded by John.

LESSON OUTLINE:

- 1. Man's Duty Expounded, vs. 7, 8.
2. John's Fidelity Illustrated, vs. 15, 20.
3. Jesus' Sonship Demonstrated, vs. 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT: Repent ye for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matt. 3: 2.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 3: 7-22. Jesusherheralded by John.

T.—Luke 3: 1-6. John's work begun.

W.—Matt. 3: 1-17. Matthew's parallel narrative.

T.—Mark 1: 1-11. Mark's parallel narrative.

F.—John 1: 15-34. John's testimony to Jesus.

S.—John 3: 25-36. John's final testimony.

S.—Mark 6: 14-29. John's martyrdom.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. MAN'S DUTY EXPUNDED.

1. Repentance:

Bring forth therefore fruits of repentance (8).

Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand (Matt. 3: 2).

Repent ye, and believe in the gospel (Mark 1: 15).

Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish (Luke 13: 5).

He commandeth them that they should all everywhere repent (Acts 17: 30).

II. GENEROSITY:

He that hath two coats, ... impart to him that hath none (11).

Freely ye received, freely give (Matt. 10: 8).

Your abundance being a supply ... for their want (2 Cor. 8: 14).

Yet ye give them not the things needful; ... what doth it profit? (Jas. 2: 16).

He that loveth not his brother, ... cannot love God (1 John 4: 20).

III. JUSTICE:

Do violence to no man, neither exact anything wrongfully (14).

Thou shalt not oppress thy neighbor (Lev. 19: 13).

Whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed (1 Sam. 12: 3).

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly (Micah 6: 8).

If I have wrongfully exacted aught, ... I restore fourfold (Luke 19: 8).

IV. JOHN'S FIDELITY ILLUSTRATED.

I. In Honor with the People:

All men reasoned, ... whether haply he were the Christ (15).

All held John as a prophet (Matt. 21: 26).

He was a righteous man and a holy one (Mark 6: 20).

The Jews sent ... to ask him, Who art thou? (John 1: 19).

II. Faithful to his Superior:

There cometh he that is mightier than I (16).

He confessed, I am not the Christ (John 1: 20).

I am not the Christ, but, ... am sent before him (John 3: 28).

John ... hath borne witness unto the Lord (John 5: 23).

Who was faithful, ... as also was Moses (Heb. 3: 2).

III. Suffering for the Right:

Herod, ... being reproved by him, ... shut up John in prison (19, 20).

Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake (Matt. 10: 22).

With thee I am ready to go both to prison and to death (Luke 22: 33).

If a man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed (1 Pet. 4: 16).

The devil is about to cast some of you into prison (Rev. 2: 10).

IV. All men reasoned in their hearts concerning John:

(1) John as sent of God; (2) John as judged of men; (3) John as estimated by himself.

2. "There cometh he that is mightier than I." (1) The acknowledged greatness of John; (2) The transcendent greatness of Jesus.

3. "To cleanse his threshing-floor." (1) The threshing-floor; (2) The fan; (3) The wheat; (4) The chaff.

V. JESUS' SONSHIP DEMONSTRATED.

I. By the Opened Heavens:

Jesus praying, ... the heaven was opened (21).

The heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God (Ezek. 1: 1).

Lo, the heavens were opened unto him (Matt. 3: 16).

He saw the heavenrent asunder (Mark 1: 10).

I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing (Acts 7: 56).

II. By the Spirit's Descent:

The Holy Ghost descended in a bodily form (22).

He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove (Matt. 3: 16).

The Spirit as a dove descending upon him (Mark 1: 10).

Upon whomsoever thou shalt see the Spirit descending ... the same is he (John 1: 33).

I have seen, ... that this is the Son of God (John 1: 34).

III. By the Father's Approval:

Thou art my beloved Son (22).

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