

## 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 to my sermonic readers, and now, on my way home, I write this letter of salutation, which will probably reach you about Monday that will find me on the Atlantic Ocean. 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 the land and native country for the most arduous undertaking. I have seen all the scenery connected with the Lord's history. The whole journey has been to me a surprise, an amazement, a grand rapture or deep solemnity. I have already sent to America my Holy Land observations for my "Life of Christ," and they were written on the steamer, and in camelback, on ship's deck, by dim candle in tent, and bowel of Arab villages amid the ruins of old cities, on Mount of Beatitudes, on beach of Genesareth, 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 tour interesting. The Atlantic and Mediterranean and Adriatic and Egean and Dardanelles and Marmora Seas have treated us well. Since we left New York we have had 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 before the winter comes. It is 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 and muleback, physical strength, 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 the more memorable. It was about noon of December 18 that the tempest struck us and drenched the mountains. One of the scenes we have had is blinding rain. It is freezing cold. 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 inclemency of the weather, the only dangerous day of the journey. Slip and slide and tumble, climb and descend, mud and mud, sometimes off horse and sometimes on, until at last we halt 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 bed we have had. The only adornments in the room were representations of two large branches in the mud of the wall, a circle supposed to mean a star, a bottle hung from the ceiling, and about twelve identations in the wall to be used as mantles for anything that may be placed there. This storm was not a surprise. Through pessimistic prophecies had expected that the winter would have rain and snow and had disrupted our journey. For the most part it has been sunshine and tonic atmosphere, and not a moment has our journey been hindered. Gratitude to God is with us the dominant emotion.

Having visited the scenery connected with Christ's life I was glad to end my journey by passing through the cockpit of Lebanon. You can hardly imagine our feelings as we came in sight of Damascus, and on the very road where Saul was unshorn at the flash of the supernal 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 noon-day sun, and a new preparation for the task. Our long sojourn had been founded by the grandson of Noah; nor our sensations as we pass through the street called Straight, along which good Ananias went to meet Saul, and by the site of the palace of Naaman the leper, and saw the river Abana, as yesterday we saw Pharpar, the river of Damascus that Naaman preferred to wash in rather than Jordan. Street names are indeed founded by the grandson of Noah; nor our sensations as we pass through the street called Straight, along which good Ananias went to meet Saul, and by the site of the palace of Naaman the leper, and saw the river Abana, as yesterday we saw Pharpar, the river of

### 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 of fuel of 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 it.

#### SUNFLOWERS AND MALARIA.

In a recent issue of the Russian Medical journal, the *Medicina*, 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 medicines, and that mostly 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, broadbean and haricots are strengthening, and contain for a 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.

#### WHEN TO GIVE MEDICINES.

Iodine or the iodides should be given on an empty stomach. If given during digestion, the acids and starch alter and weaken their action. Acids, as a rule, should be given between meals. Acids given before meals check the excessive secretion of the acids of the gastric juice. Irritating and poisonous drugs, such as salts of arsenic, copper, zinc and iron, should be given directly after meals. Oxide and nitrate of silver should be given directly after the process of digestion is ended; if given during or close after meals, the chemicals destroy or impair their action. Potassium permanganate, also, should not be given until the process of digestion is ended, inasmuch as organic matter decomposes it and renders it inert. The active principle of gastric juice is impaired and rendered inert by corrosive sublimate, tannin and pure alcohol; hence they should be given at the close of digestion. Malt extract, cod-liver oil, the phosphates, etc., should be given with or directly after food.—*Medical World*.

**Historical Anecdotes of the Table.**  
The largest and best were called *columbades*, and were so called in the last century, the Sultan causing them to be kept exclusively for his own table. Honey played a great roll in Grecian pastry. That of mount Hymettus was superior to that of Sicily. Certain honey, which coming from regions fertile in bitter or poisonous plants, was rejected because it had a disagreeable taste, and often proved dangerous. Discord and Zenophon spoke of honey that caused the people who ate it to become stupid and dull, and Diodorus mentioned that of Colchis which three persons who ate it into a condition resembling death, which continued for an entire day.

Honey, of which the Greeks were epicures, came from countries filled with aromatic and delicious plants. Pythagoras used it for his daily food, and Democritus recommended it to those who desired to live without inconvenience. Honey kneaded with wheat flour produced a paste which was rolled into thin sheets and baked. These cakes were eaten after being soaked in wine. Honey was also combined with oil and flour of sesame; this paste was thrown into the oven in little pellets, which, when baked produced excellent biscuits.

Other cakes were made by mixing honey with milk, oil and cheese. The spiced bread of Rhodes and the rolls of Paros were famous. "Old fortune," said the poet, Alexis, "yon who dwell in happy Paros, thy island has two products which surpass the products of all other isles; marble for the gods and rolls for mortals." The Greeks attributed the invention of pastry to Theophrastus of Sicily—but Athens gave the honor to the bacchants. The Greeks were the inventors of the plum pudding which is called *thrion*, and which was enveloped with fig leaves. They made tart with raisins and almonds, as well as the of hares and fig peckers.

During the repast, there was often reading and every hour of importance kept its reader; for the Greeks thought that while silence facilitated digestion, reading nourished the mind, but in spite of this wise maxim the repast was generally animated by the conversation of the guests. At dessert they drank to each other's health. The cups filled to the brim, were crowned with flowers

and the master of the house drank, bowing to each guest and wishing him good health; he sent the wine remaining in the cup, to the guest designated, who was obliged to empty it.

After the repast, and having withdrawn from the tables, the guests continued to converse or sing table songs. Sometimes dancers were introduced into the hall, players on instruments or gymnasts. The most varied pleasures followed the festival, which amused the guests and facilitated digestion. The wine, which was drunk after the repast and which was called, "the health of the good demon." Theophrastus, in his treatise on drunkenness, said was given in small quantities. First, in order that its strength should be remembered while drinking it, also that it was the gift of the gods.

Second, it was given after the appetite was satisfied so that the least quantity possible should be drunk. Third, it was taken after thanks had been offered to the divinity, and grace requested that they might do nothing dishonest, also that their strength might not be tempted beyond measure by love for this drink, and that they might always use it with prudence and for its usefulness.

Everyone willingly attended banquets at Athens. There was always held in the public halls, some one of these fraternity banquets which was given at the expense of the members of one of the thirty wards of the city, or of the one hundred and sixty-four market towns of Attica. There were also secret banquets, such as were offered to Castor and Pollux, and for which was placed on the table, a cheese, a physte, and some olives and pears, in memory of the ancient manner of living.

The Athenians did not suffer the least violation of their religious customs, for example, at a repast of this nature given at the Academy, a cook, contrary to the rules, made use of a dish of foreign porcelain; all those who offered sacrifices caused the plate to be broken, because it was the custom to abstain from all that was of a foreign nature. Another cook was scourged with rods for having prepared salted food, such as sea fish, for a repast given at the Lyceum.

#### Heating the House.

First of all, fire places and grates are for those who can afford to use fuel entirely. The greater part of the heat produced in them is taken up the chimney. Heat travels slowly through still air, but is carried along 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 hence 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 face 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 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 fireplace 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 glass at the fire, and far more comfortable. Grates are 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 extravagance of fuel to never have more than a little fuel in the stove and the dampers closed—little fire and chilly room. If you would use fuel to the best advantage, get a brisk hot fire 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 so much force that 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 it. 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 wrong. 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 shows, and for the deposit of overshoes, 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.

NO ATTAINMENT OR POSSESSION HAS ITS HIGHEST VALUE IN ITSELF. ITS CHEESE WORTH IS EVER IN WHAT RESULTS FROM IT, OR IN WHAT IT TENDS TOWARD. Bodily health and strength, material riches, intellectual researches and acquirements—all these are to be desired, not for what they are, but for what can be done with and through them in their wise and consecrated using. It is the same with Bible study and prayer and communion with God, and religious activities of every kind—they ought not in themselves to give satisfaction to the child of God. What comes of them—not what they are, is the true measure of their practical advantage. "Nothing is good," says Maurice, "that does not carry us beyond itself."

Cowboy hats for misses are of gray, scurvi, or bright red felt, with wide unlined brims, edged with fur felt.

### 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 young girl growing to womanhood, it is the record of an artist with all the artistic 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's heart 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 *varietés* 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 her.

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! I am a well-kept hotel, a bazaar."

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! Time is required for everything. Time is the most terrible, the most discouraging, the most unconquerable 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 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 at 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 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 note. As for his character, if he were Satan himself, I would take care of that."

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 girl 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 artist's paintings Cassell and Co., Publishers, New York.

A. M. P.

#### 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 Post 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 the word "Post Card" on a ribbon which crossed in front of the monogram "U. S." 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—the message on the other." 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 two cent card (for foreign communications) issued. This was in 1879. It bears the Liberty head in blue on 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 papa?" queried the little one. "Of course."

"Den whose head ha' oo dot on?"

"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.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1890.

#### The Ministry of John.

#### LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 2 : 7-22)

#### LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC 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.

1. Man's Duty Expounded, vs. 7-14.

2. John's Fidelity Illustrated, vs. 15-20.

3. John 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. Jesus heralded 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.

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

S.—Mark 6 : 14-29. John's martyrdom.

#### LESSON ANALYSIS.