## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S FARE-WELL 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 at New York for the Holy Lend, by the steamer City of Paris, addressed his millions of friends through the press, taking for his text Acts xx. 38: "And the accompanied him unto the ship." His sermon is printed below in full:

To the more than twenty-five million people in many countries to whom my sermons

To the more than twenty-five million people in many countries to whom my sermons come week by week, in English tongue and by translation, through the kindness of the newspaper press, I address these words. I dictate them to a stenographer on the eve of my departure for the Holy Land, Palestine. When you read this sermon I will be mid-Atlantic. I go to be gone a few weeks on a religious journey. I go because I want for myself and hearers and readers to see Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Jerusalem, and Calvary, and all the other places connected with my Saviour's life and death, and so re-enforce myself for sermons. I go because I force myself for sermons. I go because I am writing the "Life of Christ," and can be more accurate and graphic when I have been an eye witness of the sacred places. Pray for my successful journeying and my safe

I wish on the eve of departure to pronounce 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, upon groups gathered out on the prairies, and in mining districts, upon all sick and invalid and aged ones who cannot attend churches, but to whom I have long administered through the printed page. My next sermon will be addressed to you from Rome, Italy, for I feel like Paul when he said: "So as much as in me is I am ready Roine, Italy, for I feel like Paul when he said: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also." The fact is that Paul was ever moving about on land or sea. He was an old sailor—not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship captains. The sailors never scoffed at him for being a "land" ors never scoffed at him for being a "land lubber." If Paul's advice had been taken, the crew would never have gone ashore at

When the vessel went scudding under bare on board, and turning to the excited crew and despairing passengers, he exclaims, in a voice that sounds above the thunder of the tempest and the wrath of the sea: "Be of

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. Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland, and from island to island, and not until long after spread their sail for a voyage across the sea. Before starting the weather was watched, and the vessel having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off—they, at the last moment,

leaping into it. els were then chiefly ships of burdenthe transit of passengers being the exception; for the world was not then migratory, as in our day, when the first desire of a man in one place seems to be to get into another place. The ship from which Jonah was thrown overboard, and in which Paul was carried prisoner, went out chiefly with the idea of taking a cargo. As now, so then, vessels were accustomed to carry a flag. In those times it was inscribed with the name of a heathen deity. A vessel bound for Syraruse had on it the inscription, "Castor and Pollux." The ships were provided with anchors. Anchors were of two kinds—those that were dropped into the sea, and those that were thrown up on to the rocks to hold the vessel fast. This last kind was what Paul alluded to when he said: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that was in the vail." That was what the sailors call a "hook anchor." The rocks and sand bars, shoals and headlands not being mapped bars, shoals and headlands not being mapped. out, vessels carried a plumb line. They would drop it and find the water fifty fathoms, and drop it again and find it forty fathoms, and drop it again and find it thirty fathoms, thus

discovering their near approach to the shore. In the spring, summer and autumn the Mediterranean Sea was white with the wings of ships, but at the first wintry blast they hied themselves to the nearest harbor; although now the world's commerce prospers in January as well as in June, and in midwinter all over the wide and stormy deep there float palaces of light, trampling the billows under foot and showering the sparks of terrible furnaces on the wild wind; and the Christian consequent the Christian passenger, tippeted and shawled, sits under the shelter of the smokestack. looking off upon the phosphorescent deep, on which is written in scrolls of foam and fire: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

Thy path in the great waters?"

It is in those days of early navigation 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 come down to see him off. It is a soiemn thing to part. There are so many traps that wait for a man's feet. The solid ground may break through, and the sea—how many dark mysteries it hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a hasty good-by, a last look, and the ropes rattle, and the sails are boisted, and the planks are hauled in, and Paul is gone. I expect to sail over some of the same waters over which Paul sailed, but before going I want to urge you all to embark for heaven. The church is the dry dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a ves-

to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vea-sel for this voyage, the first need is sound the timber. The floor timbers ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it vessels that

sail and other canvas. Faith is our canvas. Hoist it and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than faith will be slit to tatters by the first northeaster. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior a creak to the most

a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior, a crank to the most ponderous wheel a lever to pry up pyramids, a drum whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery, and sails to waft ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbor of earth to the harbor of heaven.

But you are not yet equipped. You must have what seamen call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew lines and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted nor the canvas in anywise managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tackling you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a halliard.

One more arrangement and you will be ready for the sea. You must have a compass —which is the Bible. Look at it every day,

ready for the sea. You must have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points toward the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog and darkness and storm it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures. "Box the compass."

Let me give you two or three rules for the voyage. Allow your appetites and passions only an under deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on the promenade deck. Mortify your members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steerage passage. Let watchfulness walk the decks as an armed sentinel, and shoot down with great promptness anything like a mutiny of riotous appetites.

Be sure to look out of the forecastle for icebergs. These are cold Christians floating about in the church. The frigid zone professors will sink you. Steer clear of icebergs. Keep a log-book during all the voyage—an account of how many furlongs you make a day. The merchant keeps a day book as well as a ledger. You ought to know every night as well as every year, how things are going. When the express train stops at the denot very bear a large of all going. When the express train stops at the depot you hear a hammer sounding on all the wheels, thus testing the safety of the rail train. Bound, as we are, with more than express speed toward a great eternity ought we not often to try the work of selfexamination?

Be sure to keep your colors up! You know the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with a figure of a cross, a crown and a dove; and from the masthead let float the streamers of Immanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass you unharmed as they say: "There goes a Christian, bound for the port of heaven. We will not disturb her, for she has too many guns about?" Burn your flag on this puller. aboard." Run up your flag on this pulley:
"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ,
for it is the power of God and the wisdom of
God unto salvation." When driven back, or God unto salvation." When driven back, or laboring under great stress of weather—now changing from starboard tack to larboard, and then from larboard to starboard—look above the topgallants, and your heart shall beat like a war drum as the streamers float on the wind. The sign of the cross will make you patient, and the crown will make you glad.

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glad.

Before you gain port you will smell the land breezes of heaven; and Christ, the Pilot, will meet you as you come futo the Narrows of Death, and fasten to you, and say: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Are you ready for such a voyage? Make up your minds. The gangplanks are lifting. The bell rings. All aboard for heaven! The world is not your rest. The chafflinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying to make its nest on the rocking billow. Oh, how I wish that as I embark for the Holy Land in the East, all to whom I preach by tongue or type would emstruggle with poverty, or sickness or persecution or bereavement. Light after light has gone out and it is so dark that you can hardly see any blessing left. May that Jesus, who comforted the widow of Nain, and raised the deceased to life, with His gentle hand of sympathy wipe away your tears. All is well. When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it.

There is no way to purify the gold but to
burn it. Look at the people who have always
had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want
to find cheerful folks, go among those
who have been purified by the fire. After
Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amidst all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said: "I would give all this helliant seems for a few days of all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we resolt the beavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets,

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

The church is the dry dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage, the first need is sound the timber. The floor timbers ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it vessels that looked able to run their jibboons into the eye of any tempest, when caught in a storm have been crushed like a wafer. The truths of God's Word are what I mean by floor timbers. Away with your lighter materials. Nothing but oaks, hewn in the forest of divine truth, are stanch enough for this craft.

You must have love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither pride, nor ambition, nor awarice will do for a rudder. Love, not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye and tingling in the hand—love married to work, which many look upon as so homely a bride—love, not like brooks which foam and rattle yet do nothing, but love like a river that runs up the steps of mill wheels and works in the harness of factory bandslove that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not merely saying: "Poor fellow; you are dreadfully hurr," but, like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine and pays his board at the tavern. There must also be a prow, arranged to cut and override the billow. That is Christian perseverance.

There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh and the devil—and that is a well built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have put back and never started again. It is the broadside wave that so often sweeps the deck and fills the hatches; but that which strikes in front is harmles. Meet troubles courageously and you surmount them. Stand on the prow, and, as you wipe off the spray of the spife surge, cry out with the apostle: "None of these things move me." Let all your fears stay aft. The right must conquer. Know that Moses, in the ack of builrushes, can run down a war steamer.

Have a good, strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable

There is a scene where spirits dwell, Where friend holds intercourse with friend; Though sundered far, by faith we meet Around one common mercy seat.

that Moses, in the ark of bulrushes, can run down a war steamer.

Have a good, strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass, hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father." Do not use the anchor wrongfully. Do not always stay in the same latitude and longitude. You will never the up the harbor of Eternal Rest if you all the way drag your anchor.

But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the flying jut, the foresail, topgallant, the skysail, the gaff.

### Horrible Jugglery.

There would appear says the Times of India to be a fine field of unworked romance in the annals of Indian jugglery. One Siddeshur Mitter, writing to the Calcutta paper, gives a thrilling account of a conjurer's feat which he witnessed recently in one of the villages in the Hooghly district. He saw the whole thing himself, he tells us, so there need be no question about the facts.

On the particular afternoon when he visited the village, the place was occupied by a company of male and female jugglers, armed with bags and boxes, and musical instruments, and all the mysterious paraphernalia of the peripatetic Jadugar. While Siddeshur was looking on, and in the broad, clear light of the afternoon, a man was shut up in a box, which was then carefully nailed up and bound with cords. Weird spells and incantations of the style we are all familiar with, were followed by the breaking open of the box, which, "to the unqualified amazement of everybody, was found to be perfectly empty." All this is much in the usual style; but what followed was so much superior to the ordinary run of modern Indian jugglery, that we must give it in the simple Siddeshur's own

When every one was satisfied that the

man had really disappeared, the principal performer, who did not seem to be at all astonished, told his audience that the vanished man had gone up to the heavens to fight Indra. "In a few moments," says Siddeshur, "he expressed auxiety at the man's continued absence in the aerial regions, and said he would go up to see what was the matter. A boy was called, who held upright a long bamboo, up which the man climbed to the top, whereupon we suddenly lost sight of him, and the boy laid the bamboo on the ground. Then there fell on the ground before us the different members of a human body, all bloody-first one hand, then another, a foot and so until complete. The boy then elevated the bamboo, and the principal performer, appearing on the top as suddenly as he had disappeared, came down, and, seeming quite disconsolate, said that Indra had killed his friend before he could get there to save him. He then placed the mangled remains in the same box, closed it and tied it as before. Our wonder and astonishment reached their climax when, a few minutes later, on the box being again opened, the man jumped out perfectly hearty and unhurt.

## The Russian Royal Family.

Czar Alexander the Third is an honest, simple, courageous man of frugal tastes and of a rather limited intellect-a man devoted to his wife and children, and far from happy in his lofty position. The Empress is not popular among her subjects, nor is she good-looking. She is whom I preach by tongue or type would embark for heaven. What you all most need is God, and you need Him now. Some of you I leave in trouble. Things are going very rough with you. You have had a hard struggle with poverty, or sickness or persecution or bereavement. Light after light heaven the significant of the commander in chief of the Russian Army, is generally spoken of as an ill-tempered bully, who, in point of temper, has a perfect match in his clever German wife, an intriguing woman of most handsome presence and exquisite taste in dress. Grand Duke Alexis is much liked for his easy-going ways and his strict adherence to his duties as chief of the navy, but being extremely handsome and still unmarried though nearly forty years of age-his morals are none of the best; nor, for the matter of that, are those of his younger married brothers. The Czar and all of his brothers are possessed of most extraordinary strength, which they dearly love to display. Thus, they often indulge in the pastime of wrestling with one another in their private apartments, and when, in their family calls, one of them chances to find the master of the palace not at home, he is apt to leave a twisted poker or some other proof of strength in place of a card. Grand Duke Nicholas, the former commander of the Russian Army, has, at all times, been considered a rather harmless simpleton. His eccentricity assumes very varied forms. He used to startle St. Petersburg by driving about the city, with colossal Cochin-China fowls cheerfully cackling and crowing in his carriage. The Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Michael, is declared to be a most handsome man of mediocre capacities, while the young cousin of the sovereign, Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, is considered the savant of the family and a literary light .- Argonant.

# Benares the Sacred.

The fermentation produced in India by outting the new wine of Western ideas into the old bottles of Hindoo tradition, producing many surprising results. But the process must have gone on very rapidly to admit of a devout Hindoo, of high caste and position, freely criticising the sacred city of Benares. He stigmatises it as "one of the worst places on earth," and as "a sink of corruption, both moral and physical." True enough, no doubt; though fair seeming from the river, with its temples and bathing ghauts and palaces, Benares is unquestionably as exceedingly dirty and unsavory town. Nor are the bulk of the inhabitants superior to their surroundings, if common report may be belived. But in none of these respects has there been any change; what the holy city now is, it has been from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the con-The only difference is that its abominations have become palpable to the "classes," owing to their having come into contact with Western civilization. They refuse any longer to believe that because a city bears a sarred reputation, it should be privileged to set the laws of health, moral and physical, at defiance. But this independence of criticism is only found among Hindoos at a distance. The residents still set their faces against change. Benares is, they maintain, unation, an improvable by mortals, being of divine origin, and they wait for some hygienic who love Avatar to cleanse its Augean stables.

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## Pretty Tall.

The highest structure of masonry in the world is said to be the National Museum recently completed at Turin, in Italy. It was originally designed for a synagogue, but it proved ill adapted to that purpose, and was sold to the city. It was then converted into a museum as a monument to the memory of Victor Emanuel. On top of the 10me rises a spire nearly as high as the whole of the rest of the building. The gilt statue on the top of this spire stands 538 feet from the ground.

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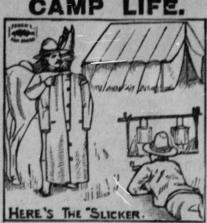


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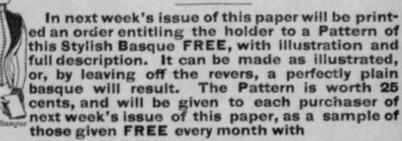
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