REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "A Vision of Heaven."

TEXT: "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."—Ezekiel i., 1.

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the river Chebar, an affluent of the Eu-phrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an mortal dream, and it is given to us in the Holy Scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming heaven. This exile, seated by that river Chebar, had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever have had or ever will have seated on the banks of the Hudson or Alabama or Oregon or Thames or Tiber or Dannbe.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight, whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagination of faculties awake.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about half-past 5, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God, a dream of heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of heaven were written many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. got into that city of the sun I know not.
Which of the twelve gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the uncertain. scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air so full of music and redo-lence and laughter and light that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel, "How long hast thou been in heaven?" and the answer, "Thirty-two years according to the

There was a secret about this angel's name that was not given me, but from the tenderness and sweetness and affection and interest taken in my walk through heaven, and more than all in the fact of thirty-two years' the number of years since she ascended I think it was my mother. Old age and decrepitude and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see, I was only on a visit to the city and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know only in the

I looked in for a few moments at the great temple. Our brilliant and lovely Scotch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street. St. John was right when in his Patmosic vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "the temple of my God." I saw it this morning. the largest church I ever saw, as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together, and it was thronged. Oh, what a multitude! I had never seen so many peo ple together. All the audiences of all the churches of all the earth put together would All the audiences of all the make a poor attendance compared with the assemblage. There was a fashion in attire and headdress that immediately took my attention. The fashion was white, Ail in white, save one. And the headdress was a garland of rose and lily and mignonette, mingled with green leaves culled from the royal gardens and bound together with bands

fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the attire of the one who presided in that immense temple—the chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with impressed you in her mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and his forehead was a most impressed with the reversal of earthly morning sky, and his lips were eloquence omnipotent. But his attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which he had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "What is that crimson robe that he wears?" and I was told, "They are dyed garments from Bozrah," and "He trod

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany. It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness and power, and I have heard the most sweet of the great organs and the most of the great oratorios. I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was, "David!" And I said, "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was "Gabriel" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was "Handei!" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling Christ Himself, when all the worshipers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them, suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worth is the Lamb that was slain." Under the overpowering harmony I fell back. I said: "Let us go. This is too much for mortal ears. I cannot bear the overwhelming symphony."
But I noticed as I was about to turn away

that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachyrmal, or tear bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly musems, the lachrymals, or tear bottles, into which the orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But this lachyrmal, or tear bottle, in stead of earthenware, as those the orientals used, was lustrous and flery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said: "Why, don't you know? That is the bottle to which David, the paalment of the standing on the step of the altar?" ist, referred in this fifty-sixth psalm when he said, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle,' said, Fut thou my tears into thy bottle. It is full of tears from earth—tears of repen-tance, tears of bereavement, tears of joy, tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earth-

As I was coming out of the temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said: "Why the setting up of all these vials at this time. They seem just now to have been filled, and the attending angel said, "The week of prayer all around the earth has just closed, and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these new vials, newly set up, are what the Bible speaks of as "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." And I said to the accompanying angel, "Can it be possible that the prayers of earth are worthy of being kept in such heavenly shape?" "Why," said the angel, "there is nothing that so moves heaven as the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and He cannot forget them, and of Christ, and He cannot forget them, and they are before Him world without end."

they are before Him world without end.

Then we came out, and as the temple is always open and some worship at one hour and others at other hours we passed down the street amid the throngs coming to and going from the great temple. And we passed along through a street called Martyr place, along through a street called Martyr place, and we met there, or saw sitting at the windows, the souls of those who on earth went through fire and blood and under sword and sack. We saw John Wyclif, whose ashes were by decree of the council of Constance thrown into the river, and Rogers, who bathed his hands in the fire as though it had been water, and Bishop Hooper and McKall

and Latimer and Ridley and Polycarp, whom died by violence, beaten to death with fullthe flames refused to destroy as they bent outward till a spear did the work, and some of the Albigenses and Huguenots and conse-crated Quakers who were slain for their religion. They had on them many scars, but their scars were illumined, and they had on

their faces a look of especial triumph.

Then we passed along Song row, and we met some of the old gospel singers. "That is Isaac Watts," said my attendant. As we came up to him, he asked me if the churches on earth were still singing the hymns he composed at the house of Lord and Lady. composed at the house of Lord and Lady Abner, to whom he paid a visit of thirty-six years, and I told him that many of the churches opened the Sabbath morning services with his old hymn, "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," and celebrated their gospel triumphs with his hymn, "Salvation, Oh the Joyful Song!" and often roused their devotions by his hymn, "Come, We That Love

While we were talking he introduced me to another of the song writers and said, "This is Charles Wesley, who belonged on a different church from mine, but we are all now members of the same church, the temple of God and the Lamb." And I told Charles Wesley that almost every Sab-bath we sang one of his old bymns. "Arm of the Lord, Awake," or, "Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above!" or, "Love Divine, All Love Excelling." And while we were talkon that street called Song row, Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Mar-shaled on the Nightly Plain." And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy and not looking as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and heavenly power of his old hymns, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and "There Is a Fountain Filled With

And there we met George W. Be hune of ondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him of how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It Is Not Death to Die." And Toplady came up and asked about whether the church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me." And we also met on Song row Newton and Hastings and Montgomery and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth and started never to die.

'But," say some of my hearers, "did you see anything of our friends in heaven?" yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says some one, "and are there any marks of their last sickness still upon them?" I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough, no fever, no languor, about them. They are all well and ruddy and songful and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you, that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down, and hovered over you, and kissed your cheek, and filled your dream with their glad faces, and that they would b at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land across which no pneumonias or palsies or dropsies of typhoids ever sweep. The aroma blows over from orchards with trees bearing twelve manner of fruits, and gardens compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October— the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are is superb and perfect. No controversies or jealousies or hates, but love, un versal love, everlasting love. And they told me to tell you not to weep for them, for their happiness knows no bound, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace and join with them in the same exploration of planets and the

told that those who worethem were prodigal parents remain aged, or have they lost the sons and once fed swine in the wilderness venerable out of their nature?" Well, from and lived on husks, but they came home, and the rejoicing father said, "Put a ring on his to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the what I saw I think childhood has advanced and." resilience of childhood, and that the aged But I said there was one exception to this had retreated to midlife, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls,

most impressed with the reversal of earthly conditions. I knew, of course, that there would be differences of attire and residence in heaven, for Paul had declared long ago that souls would then differ "as one star differed from another." as Mars from Mercury, as Saturn from Jupirer. But at every step in my dream in heaven I was amazed to see that some who were expected to be high in heaven were loved down and seem who heaven were low down, and some who were expected to be low down were high up. You thought, for instance, that those born of pious parentage, and of naturally good disposition, and of brilliant faculties, and of all styles of attractiveness will move in the highest range of celestial splendor and pomp. No, no. I found the highest thrones, the brightest coronets, the richest mansions, were occupied by those who had reprobate father or bad mother, and who inherited the twisted natures of ten generations of miscreants, and who had compressed in their body all the de-praved appetites and all evil propensities, but they aid hold of God's arm, they cried for especial mercy, they conquered seven devils within and seventy devils without and were washed in the blood of the Lamb, and by so much as their contest was terrific and awful and prolix their victory was consum-mate and resplendent, and they have taken places immeasurably higher than those of good parentage, who could hardly help being good, because they had ten generations of preceding plety to aid them. The steps by which many have mounted to the highest places in heaven were made out of the cra-dles of corrupt parentage. When I saw that, I said to my attending angel: "That is fair; that is right. The harder the struggle the more glorious the reward.'

Then I pointed to one of the most colon-naded and grandly domed residences in all the city and said, "Who lives there?" and the city and said. "Who lives there?" and the answer was, "The widow who gave two mites." "And who lives there?" and the answer was, "The penitent thief to whom Christ said, "This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." "And who lives there?" I said, and the answer was, "The blind beggar who praved, 'Lord that my eyes may be opened."

Some of those professors of religion who were famous on earth I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the city directory of the New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of heaven, while many on the back streets of heaven, while many with one talent had residences fronting on the King's park, and a back lawn sloping to the river clear as crystal, and the highest nobility of heaven were guests at their table, and often the white horse of Him who hath the moon under His feet" champed its bit at their doorway. Infinite capsize of earthly conditions! All social life in heaven graded according to earthly struggie and usefulness

as proportioned to talents given!
As I walked through those streets I appreciated for the first time what Paul said to Timothy, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." It surprised me beyond de-Timothy, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." It surprised me beyond description that all the great of heaven were great sufferers. "Not all?" Yes, all. Moses, him of the Red Sea, a great sufferer. David, him of Absalom's sunfilial behavior, and Ahithophel's betrayal, and a Nation's dethronement, a great sufferer. Ezekiel, him of the captivity, who had the dream on the banks of the Chebar, a great sufferer. Paul, him of the diseased eyes, and the Mediterranean shipwreck, and the Mars Hill derision, and the Mamertine endungeonment, and the whipped back, and the headsman, and the whipped Mamertine endungeonment, and the whipped back, and the headsman's ax on the road to Ostia, a great sufferer.

Yea, all the apostles after lives of suffering Press.

died by violence, beaten to death with fuller's club, or dragged to death by mobs, or from the thrust of a sword, or by exposure on a barren island, or by decapitation. All the high up in heaven great sufferers, and women more than men, Felicitas and St. Cecelia and St. Agnes and St. Agatha and St. Lucia and women never heard of outside their own neighborhood, queens of the needle, and the broom, and the scrubbing brush, and the washtub, and the dairy, rewarded according to how well they did their work, whether to set a tea table or govern

work, whether to set a tea table or govern a Nation, whether ompress or milkmaid. I could not get over it, as in my dream I saw all this, and that some of the most unknown of earth were the most famous in heaven and that many who seemed the greatest failures of earth were the greatest suc-cesses of heaven. And as we passed along one of the grandest boulevards of heaven there approached us a group of persons so radiant in countenance and apparel I had to shade my eyes with both hands because I could not endure the luster, and I said

'Angel, do tell me who they are?" and the

answer was, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes

washed and made white in the blood of the My walk through the city explained a thousand things on earth that had been to me inexplicable. When I saw up there the sudelight and the superior heaven of many who had on earth had it hard with cancers and bankruptcies and persecutions and trials of all sorts, I said, "God has equalized it all at last; excess of enchantment in heaven has more than made up for the de-fleits on earth."

fleits on earth."

"But," said I to my angelic escort, "I must go now. It is Sabbath morning on earth, and I must preach to-day and be in my pulpit by half past 10 o'clock. Good-by," I said to the attending angel. "Thanks for what you have shown me. I know I have seen only in part, but I hope to return again, through the atoning mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. Good-by."

Christ. Good-by. Then I passed on amid chariots of salvation, and along by conquerors' thrones, and amid pillared majesties, and by windows of agate, and under arches that had been hoist-ed for returned victors. And as I came toward the walls with the gates, the walls flashed upon me with emeralds and sapphires and chrysoprases and amethysts, until I trembled under the glory, and then I heard a bolt shove, and a latch lift, and a gate swing, and they were all of pearl, and I passed out loaded with raptures, and down by worlds lower and lower, and lower still, until I came within sight of the city of my earthly residence, and until through the window of my earthly home the sun poured so strong upon my pillow that my eyelids felt it, and in bewilderment as to where I was and what I had seen I awoke.

Reflection the First—The superiority of our eaven to all other heavens. The Scandinaheaven to all other heavens. The Scandina vian heaven: The departed are in everlast ng battle, except as restored after being cut o pieces; they drink wine out of the skulis of their enemies. The Moslem heaven as described by the Koran: "There shall be nouris with large black eyes likes pearls hid-len in their shells." The Slav's heaven: den in their shells." The Slav's heaven: After death the soul hovers six weeks about the body, and then climbs a steep mountain, on the top of which is paradise. The Tasma-nia's heaven: A spear is placed by the dead, that they may have something to fight with, and after awhile they go into a long chase for game of all sorts. The Tahitian's heaven: The departed are eating up of the gods. The native African heaven: A land of shadows, and in speaking of the departed they say all is done for ever. The American aborigine's heaven: Happy hunting grounds, to which the soul goes on a bridge of snake. The philosopher's heaven: Made out of a thick for or an infinite don't know. fog or an infinite don't know. But hearken and behold our heaven, which, though mostly described by figures of speech in the Bible and by parable of a dream in this discourse has for its chief characteristics separation royal gardens and bound together with bands of gold.

But yonder in this assembly is an upturned face that seems to ask how about the finger of the right hand and said to my accompanying angel, "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was the fingers of the right hands?" and I was their childish vivacity? Do my departed their childish vivacity? Tasmanian heaven, Tasmanian heaven, Tasmanian heaven, Scandingust by a glimpse of st. from all that is vile; absence from all that can discomfort; presence of all that can conameness and disgust by a glimpse of St. John's heaven, of Paul's heaven, of Christ's

eaven, of your heaven, of my heaven! Reflection the Second—You had better take patiently and cheerfully all pangs, affronts, hardships, persecutions and trials of earth, since, if rightly borne, they insure heavenly payments of ecstasy. Every twinge of phys ical distress, every lie told about you, every earthly subtraction, if meekly borne, will be avenly addition. If you want to amount to anything in heaven and to move in its best society, you must be "perfected through suf-fering." The only earthly currency worth of tears. At the top of all heaven sits the greatest sufferer, Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary and of Pilate's over and terminer, and of the Calvarean assassination.

What He endured, oh, who can tell, To save our souls from death and hell?

Oh, ye of the broken heart, and the disapon, ye of the broken heart, and the disap-pointed ambition, and the shattered fortune, and the blighted life, take comfort from what I saw in my Sabbath morning d.eam Reflection the Third and Last—How destrable that we all get there! Start this moment with prayer and penitence and faith moment with prayer and pennence and latta in Christ, who came from heaven to earth to take us from earth to heaven. Last summer, a year ago, I preached one Sabbath afternoon in Hyde Park, London, to

a great multitude that no man could number. But I heard nothing from it until a few weeks ago, when Bev. Mr. Cook, who for twenty-two years has presided over that Hyde Park outdoor meeting, told me that last winter, going through a hospital in Lon-don, he saw a dying man whose face bright-ened as he told him that his heart was changed that afternoon under my sermon in

eparture from earth to heaven. Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you can-not any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the strug-gle of this life is over to stand it in that eternal safety? Samuel Rutherford, though they vicionally burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celes-

The King there in His beauty, Without a vell, is seen; It were a well spent journey, Though seven deaths lay between.

The Lamb with His fair army Doth on Mount Zion stand, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

Snails as Food.

For the last month the palate of New Yorkers has craved the flavor of roasted snail. The delicacy is known to every man who studies the problem of original flavors in edibles. But a month or so ago the newspapers began to talk about these delicious comestibles, and such is the value of advertising even to a snail that the imported supply is now scarcely equal to the demand. These snails are not the snails we know of, familiar to mossy garden walls and rich loams.

They are gathered in quantities from the Bay of Biscay and along the southern seaboard of France and sent to this country alive. They are prepared after having been washed in several waters by boiling and then packing back in the shells into a thick paste of

butter, garlic and paraley, and roasted. They are hearty, digestible and in-imitable; but the taste for them is an

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 18.

Lesson Text: "God's Judgment on Sodom," Gen. xvill., 22-33-Golden Text: Ger. xviii., 25-Commentary.

The text of this lesson and the title, "God's Judgment on Sodom." are somewhat per-plexing. The proper text for the title is in Judgment on Sodom," are somewhat per-plexing. The proper text for the title is in the next chapter, and it seems to me that a better title for the text assigned would be, "Abraham's Intercession for Sodom." I will not take up the lesson verse by verse, as is my custom, but, taking the topic assigned, will gather some helpful lessons from the whole story in the two chapters xviii. and xix

XVIII., 1-21. The Lord's visit to Abraham and communion with him. The incident of the visit of the three heavenly ones, Jehovah Himself and two angels, to Abraham, his pro-viding food for them and their eating it under tree is in many respects the y one of the kind in the Bible. is true that in the days of His humiliation He dined in many homes, and even after His resurrection did eat with His disciples (Luke xxiv., 42, 43), but before He came man this is the only instance of such intimate fellowship as a man with man. It reminds us of the fellowship that must have been in Eden and suggests to us the coming days when the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He will dwell with them (Rev. xxi., 3). But we have a privilege now which seems to be enjoyed by very few, of the constant presence and fellowship of the Lord Jesus (Rev. iii., 20: John xvi., 25: II Cor. vi., 16). If we would only determine to be wholly His, and only and always His, presenting our bodies unreservedly as a liv-ing sacrifice, He would certainly accept and fill these temples for His glory (Rom. xii., 1, 2). The Lord's question, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do? reminds us that it is written, "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants, the prophets' (Amos ili., 7). And His own words in John xv., 15, "I have called you friends, for all things that I have neard of My Father I have made known unto you," show us how in timate He would like to be with us.

XVIII., 22-33. Abraham's intercession for odom. The angels have passed on to Sodom, and we shall meet them in the next sec but now Abraham is alone with the Lord, and feeling his own unworthiness he yet ventures though he be but dust and ashes (verse 27), to plead with the Lord to spare sodom. While we wait for the coming of the Lord both righteous and wicked all die and are often taken out of this world in the same disaster, cyclone, earthquake, ship wreck, smashup or what not, but the upright shall have dominion over others in the morning (Ps. xlix., 14). In the truest sense the righteous can never perish (John iii., 16). The destroying of verse 23 can only refer to their being cut off in the overthrow of the city. So Abraham pleads for the sake of the righteous whom he hopes are to be found there that the city may be spared. He thinks there may be fifty and asks and receives Fearing their may not be so many, he come down to forty-five, then to forty, then thirty and twenty and finally to ten, and re ceives the assurance that if there are ter righteous men in Sodom the city will be righteous men in Sodom the city will be spared. The sequel proves that there was but one righteous man to be found (II Pet. ii., 7, 8), and while He would pass in most of our churches to-day, perhaps in all, even his own children had not much confidence in him. On the power of intercession consider the pleading of Moses (Num. xiv., 19, 20), and remember that even for such as Lot the little town of Zoar was spared (xix., 21). On the other hand, note that wickedness may become so great that the intercession of a Moses or a Samuel may not avid, nor the presence of a Noah, a Daniel or a Joh suffice to deliver (Jer. xv., 1; Ezek, xiv., 14, 20). Our Lord Jesus is not represented as interceding for sinners (John xvii., 8), though He did pray for them at the cross, but He ever liveth to make intercession for His own (Heb. vii., 25). Verse 33 says the Lord went His way, and Abraham returned to his place. Separated for a little out wardly but not in heart. What a word that is in I Thess. iv., 17, which shall be fully true of all believers soon—"forever with the

XIX., 12-23. The rescue of Lot. What a contrast between their ready acceptance of Abraham's invitation and the angels' preference of the street to the house of Lot (xix. 1-3)! Is there anything in our hearts or lives or home or business that would make the Lord or the angels desire to stay outside In verses 12 to 14 consider how inconsist ent the life of Lot must have been that his testimony should only cause his children to mock at him. In verses 15, 16, see the earn estness of the angels as they take Lot and his wife and daughters by the hand to haster their escape. In verses 17 to 20 see Lot's perverseness and lingering and eviden elinging to Sodom, but he was saved for Abraham's sake (verse 29). The angel Abraham's sake (verse 29). The angels went into Sodom; so we must go where sinners are if we would reach them. They did not mince matters, but spoke very plainly of the coming de struction. We should speak as platnly as the Bible does of hell and everlasting punishment, and the lake of fire and brimstone, and the worm that dieth not. The angels worked hard to save a very few and the worked hard to save a very few, and they but poor specimens. We cannot estimate the valde of the soul. If we had only the Old Testament record, we would not think Lot a righteous man. Therefore judge noth ing before the time until the Lord come (I

Cor. IV., 5).

XIX., 24-29. The judgment upon Sodom.

The Lord Jesus believed that fire and brimstone came from heaven and destroyed Sodom and all her people, and that Lot's wife became a pillar of salt (Luke xvii., 29, 32). He also believed that there was a deluge in the days of Noab, and that Jonah deluge in the days of Noab, and that Jonah was three days and nights in the belly of a fish (Luke xvii., 27; Math. xii., 40). We should have no fellowship with those who think they are wiser than Jesus and teach that these things are not true (Gal. i., 8, 9; II John ix., 11). In the verses referred to in Luke xvii. our Lord plainly teaches that when He shall come back in His glory the conditions of affairs on earth shall be about as they were before the earth shall be about as they were before the deluge and in Sodom. It is also piainly taught that as Noah was sale in the ark before the deluge came, Lot out of Sodom be-fore the fire, Rahab out of Jericho before the destruction, so all true believers shall be with the Lord before He shall be revealed in flaming fire (Isa. xxvi., 20, 21; Luke xxi., 36; Rev. iii., 10).

In verses 27-29 consider Abraham dwelling

in peace and safety and fellowship with Jebovah at Hebron. Learn now to dwell with God and in God and have nothing to do with Sodom except to rescue people from it.—Lesson Helper,

The Earnings of Railroads.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has received a preliminary report of the income and expenditures of railways in the United States for the year ended June 30 last. It includes returns from 479 operating companies and covers the operations of 145,869,58 miles of line, The gross earnings were \$1,085,-685,281, of which \$322,805,538 were from pix-689,281, of which takes a senger service, \$739,249,265 from freight service and \$23,630,378 were other earnings. The operating expenses were \$735,427,532, The operating expenses were \$735,427,532, leaving net earnings of \$350,257,742, which is about 3.50 per cent, on the capitalization of the roads reporting. Reduced to a mileage basis, the gross earnings were \$7433 per mile of line, operating mitable; but the taste for them is an mile of line; operating expenses were \$5042, acquired one and a great many primitive appetites never experiment with them more than once.—New York Press.

age issus, the gross earlings were \$2401. A comparison of these items with the complete returns for the previous year shows an increase in gross earnings of \$230 per mile of line, and in operating expenses of \$231, resulting in a decrease in net earnings of \$3 per mile.

IMMENSE HERDS OF DEER

THE "BARREN GROUNDS" OF CAN-ADA SWARM WITH GALE

Twenty Acres Covered With the Animals Standing Thickly Together -A Veritable Hunters' Paradise.

B. TYRELL, of the Geological Survey, and his party, says an Ottawa correspondent of the New York World, tell marvelous stories about the game they saw on their recent journey through the great "barren grounds" of Canada's Northwest. No one dreamed that Canada possessed such immense herds of deer as were seen by Mr. Tyrell's

"The sight at times was marvelous, said Mr. Tyrell. "When we reached the edge of the woods north of Lake Arthabasca, in about the beginning of August, we commenced to meet a few deer every day. One evening, just after going into camp, a deer was seen standing on a little island not very far away, and my brother went over and shot it. It was very poor in flesh; nevertheless we found it made pretty good meat. On the following day, as we were paddling along a moderately large lake, one of my half b. eeds drew my attention to what he thought to be the earth moving some distance away, and on looking through my glass I saw that it was an immense herd of reindeer. We equipped ourselves with firearms, paddled ashore and walked toward them. There were thousands in the herd. They were in bands of two or three hundred each, and crowded as close as possible together. It was presumed they did so in order to partially escape the torture of the black flies. Walking in between a couple of bands we opened fire, and they stampeded in every direction. One of the party was obliged to take refuge behind some heavy brush to prevent the deer from tramp ling upon him. We killed about seventy of them. Many were too poor for us, but the fatter ones furnished rich, juicy meat. The choice meat of each deer, when dried, would average only

about twelve pounds. "After remaining there two or three days, during which we were engaged drying the meat, we started taking photographs. We could walk right into the midst of the deer. As we did so they would push a little way to each side to allow us to pass, and then close up the ranks immediately behind us. The sight was amazing. There we stood, surrounded on every side by the deer, swaying their long, slender horns to and fro. As far as we could see there were countless herds, covering about twenty acres each, and standing as thick as they

could mass together. "As we proceeded further north herds were constantly met with grazing on the sides of the hills. The weather was something like that of ovember here, but the ground was always wet. In the summer the deer live on grass and in the winter chiefly on moss. After the month of August we shot very few, the old ones we saw being wild and almost unapproachable. In the fall and winter they make their way to the edge of the woods in order to get shelter from the fearful gales that blow over the barren ground.

"Those deer differ considerably from the ones in this part of the country. They are about the height of the Virginia deer, but somewhat stonter and heavier; their horns are larger and more branching. They shed their coats in July, and at that time are often very rough in appearance and poor in flesh; but towards the end of August, when they get their new coats, they begin to pick up and fatten. Their skins are good and warm, but the hair, being brittle, breaks off and renders it valueless as

Apex of Frugality.

A wealthy and very parsimonious person who recently died in England, and who was called a miser by his relations after his death, because he preferred public charities to then in his will, was fond of attending theatres, and on account of his very great regard for his health always took his overcost with him. But where should he leave this garment during the performance? The box-keepers would expect at least six pence; and, should he leave it at a coffee-house, he must spend three pence for house room for it. His invention supplied him with a method chesper and equally secure. He pledged his garment, every evening that he attended the play, at a pawnbroker's near the theatre door for a shilling. This sum he carried back at the close of the play, added one penny to it for interest, and received his great-coat again safe and sound, as it had literally been laid up in lavender. --- New York Sun.

Where Machinery Fails.

Many attempts have been made to supplant the glass-blower by machinery, but up to this time none have attained commercial importance. Either the cost of production has been found to be higher than by the timehonored method, or the work produced was not of a quality up to the demands of the market. This is more especially the case in the kinds of bottles used to contain effervescent drinks which must be capable of withstanding a pressure of several atmospheres with-

out failure. This, in fact, is the critical point in the automatic manufacture of bottles, since the difficulty has always been to obtain a distribution of the glass forming the walls of the bottle as uniform as in the hand work. The attempt has been made to press the body and bottom separately and to unite the two by fusing them together, but the bottles made in this manner were very heav and of poor a earance. - China, Glass and Lamps.

NEWS & NOTES

No woman ever kissed the Blarney stone.

Of the 563 convicts in Michigan penitentiaries not one is a woman.

Lady Constance Lytton is among the most able women in English jour-

It has become current among fashionable critics to say "she dresses very intelligently.' The number of women among the

immigrants arriving at New York in 1892 is 124,280.

Anna Louise Cary, Mme. Nordica and Mme. Eames, all great singers, are all natives of Maine. Mrs. John Jacob Astor's fine new house on Upper Fifth avenue, New

York City, is being built of white soap-

Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, wife of the poet, is bending all her energies at this time toward the development of

the kindergarten school system. Lady Griselda Ogilvie, sister of the Earl of Airlie, is studying to be a nurse. She is at present a probationer in the Children's Hospital, in Edin-

Following the example of George Eliot, George Sand and George Fleming, Mrs. Clairmonte, who is coming into prominence as a novelist, calls herself "George Egerton."

There's a bold schoolma'm in North Waldoboro, Me. The big boys locked her out of the school-house one day, but she broke the door down, and business was continued at the old stand, The Portia Law Club has been or-

ganized in San Francisco, Cal. Only women are to be members. The object of the club is to aid women in acquiring a more general knowledge

The Princesses Maud and Victoria of Wales gave their mother a piano on her recent birthday. It had been used by Paderewski when he crossed the ocean on the Teutonic, and was recommended by Signor Tosti.

One of the prettiest women in London society is said to plunge a towel in very hot water, wring it out and leave it on her face for half an hour every night before going to bed instead of washing, and this lady has no

Queen Victoria is a great lover of animals. It is said she has fifty-five dogs of all sizes, breeds and colors in her palace. They are housed and fed with great care, properly groomed, and in every way better cared for than a good many of her subjects.

Miss Ella Weed, who died recently in New York, was one of the first women in this country to interest herself in the higher education of w She was born in Newburg, N. Y., 1854, and was graduated from Vassay College with honors in 1873.

Grant Allen dissents energetica from Sir Frederick Boyle's die that English women are not as h some as they were when he wyoungster. His gallant contenti that the girls of the present tin especially the middle-class girlsthe comeliest ever seen on the foggy little island.

Miss Laura Yorke Stevenson has the eputation of being Philadelphia's greatest woman scholar. She is the curator of the Archaeological and Palaeontological Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, and to her energetic labors is due the fact that these museums take their high rank in the museums of the world.

Beautiful house dresses are made this winter of peacock blue, amber. crimson, silver, blue or old rose India cashmere, trimmed in some cases with black chantilly insertion and edging, in others with white silk braiding, and again with bisc or ecru lace, elaborate Persian gimps or Russian galloons the color of the gown, with bronze and gold glints through the pattern.

Miss Agnes Murphy is an enterprising young woman. She is the editor of the Melbourne Punch, is a member of all the leading women's clubs of that city, and writes authoritatively on "Victoria and Its Resources." calmly says that she expects to be quite independent, financially, by the time she is thirty, when she intends to take up literary work in London.

The Princess Bismarck has written to one of her London friends a letter in which she says: "I cannot refrain from repeating what I have often id, 'Know that if I had had the choice of a Nationality, I should have chosen to be a free Englishwoman-fresh, cultivated, trained in liberty for an active life and looked upon by my husband as something more than a zero or a plaything."

Kate Sanborn, who usually says very pertinent things when she talks, has made a few remarks concerning women's clubs. Of the papers read at the meetings she says: "These efforts are usually too long-winded and too labored. They are exhaustive, usually going back to the beginning of the world to explain the present subject. There is too much of everything in women's clabs but fresh air, elbow room sud sincere altruism.

It is interesting to read of Lucy Stone's experiences in college during her four years' study at Oberlin, Ohio. She never lost a day from ill health, and she took the college course with the men and held fair rank in her class. Nearly all the girls in college at that time were poor and worked to earn their way through. They did their own cooking, their own washing and itoning, and some of them paid their way by doing washing for the,