

WALMAGE IN ROME.

CHRISTIAN CURIOSITY.

Great Brooklyn Divine Preaches in the Eternal City.

"I must also see Rome." Acts 27. Here is Paul's itinerary. He was a traveling or circuit preacher. He had been mobbed and hunted, and he had been treated with respect. Now he proposes to go to Jerusalem. Why did he want to visit this city? To preach the Gospel, you answer. No doubt of it, but there were other reasons why he wanted to see Rome. A man of Paul's intelligence and classic taste had to see the Temple of Solomon. He wanted to see the buildings, or ruins of old buildings that were by the omnipotent God. We want to see the buildings, or ruins of old buildings that were by the omnipotent God. We want to see the buildings, or ruins of old buildings that were by the omnipotent God.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 17.

"David's Last Words," II Samuel 23; 1-7—Golden Text, II Sam. 23; 5—Notes.

1. "Now these be the last words of David." Things are apt to be very different when one comes to the last hours of life in the mortal body; earthly things fade, their importance vanishes, trials seem no longer great, and eternal things become intensely real. There is nothing with which we are so familiar as the King of Righteousness and His righteous kingdom. David, the man after God's own heart (I Sam. xiii, 14; Acts xiii, 22), is in the last hours of his life, with eyes directed afar off to the kingdom of glory, and he speaks of the same things which in his dying moments he calls his sons around him and tells them what shall befall them in the last days. (Gen. xlii, 1, 10.)

RELIGIOUS READING.

TELL JESUS.

When thou wast in the morning, Ere thou treat the untrod way Of the lot that lies before thee Through the coming busy day, Whether dim forsooth thy eyes Be thy dawning glad or gloomy, Go to Jesus—tell Him all! In the calm of sweet communion Let thy daily work be done: In the peace of soul outpouring, Care be banished, patience won; And if earth with its enchantments, Beor the spirit to enthrall, Ere thou listen, ere thou answer, Turn to Jesus—tell Him all! Then, as hour by hour He smiles at thee, Thou wilt bask in guidance now: Thine own burdens being lightened, Thou canst bear another's woe: Thou canst help the weak ones onward, But remember, while thou servest, Still tell Jesus—tell Him all! And if weariness creep o'er thee As the day wears to its close, Or if sudden, fierce temptation Brings thee face to face with foes, In thy weakness, in thy peril, Raise to heaven a trustful call: Strength and calm for every crisis Come—in telling Jesus all.

TEMPERANCE.

THE DEVIL'S ORCHARD.

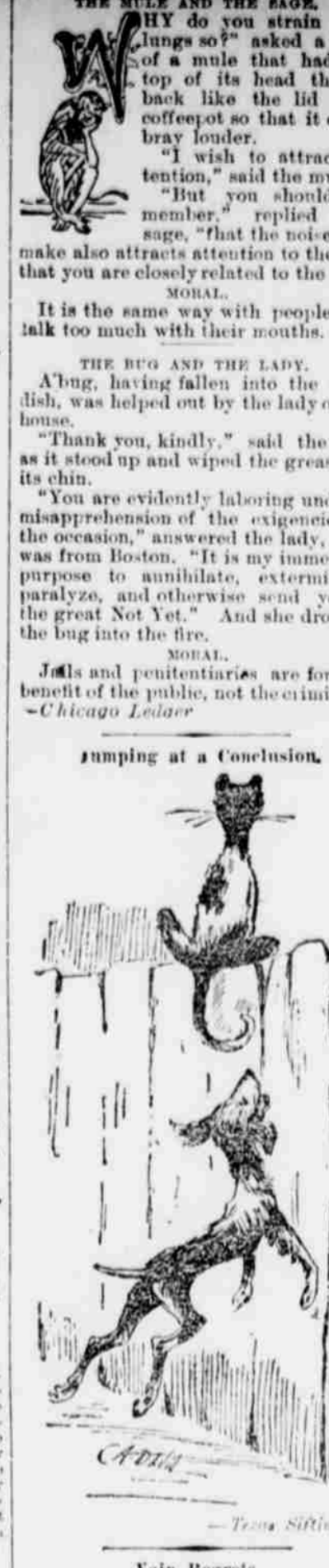
If a tree is to be judged by its fruit, surely we have all seen enough of the liquor traffic to know that drinking saloons are so many evil trees that never can produce any fruit worth the space they occupy. It does not require the skill of a gardener to see that these liquor trees are evergreens. They are always blooming. Fresh fruit is ever forming. The leaves never fall. The ever never falls. They know neither of the four seasons, for their fruit is always unseasonable. They care nothing about the four quarters of the year, because they show the world to quarter at any time. In the devil's orchard it is harvest-time all the year round, and yet, strange to say, no one wants the fruit of this tree when they've got it. It is a puzzle and a trouble to get rid of it—a shame to humanity and a disgrace to the common sense of the country to produce it. Youth's Banner.

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE MULE AND THE SAGE.

"Why do you strain your lungs so?" asked a sage of a mule that had the top of its head throbed back like the lid of a coffinetop so that it could bray louder. "I wish to attract attention," said the mule. "But you should remember," replied the sage, "that the noise you make also attracts attention to the fact that you are closely related to the ass." MOIAL. It is the same way with people who talk too much with their mouths. THE BUG AND THE LADY. A bug, having fallen into the meat dish, was helped out by the lady of the house. "Thank you, kindly," said the bug, as it stood up and wiped the grease off its chin. "You are evidently laboring under a misapprehension of the exigencies of the occasion," answered the lady, who was from Boston. "It is my immediate purpose to annihilate, exterminate, paralyze, and otherwise send you to the great Not Yet." And she dropped the bug into the fire. MOIAL. Jails and penitentiaries are for the benefit of the public, not the criminals. -Chicago Ledger.

THE DEVIL'S ORCHARD.

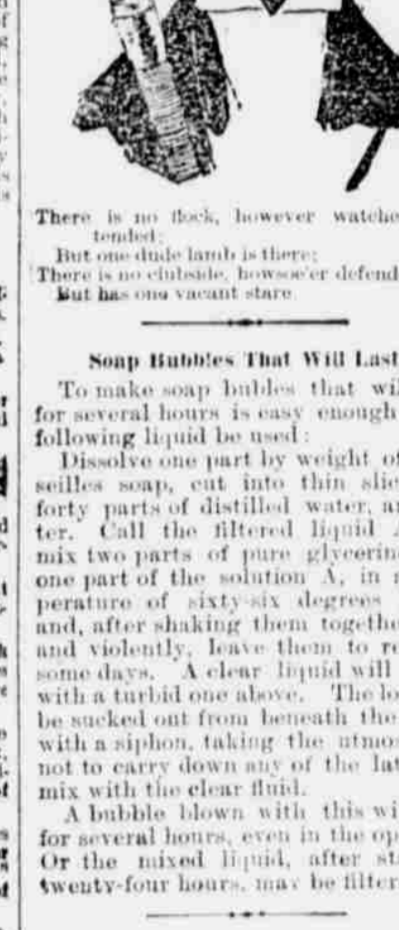


There is no flock, however watched and tended; There is one male, however defended, But has no vacant stare.

SOAP BUBBLES THAT WILL LAST.

To make soap bubbles that will last for several hours is easy enough if the following liquid is used: Dissolve one part by weight of Marselles soap, cut into thin slices, in forty parts of distilled water, and filter. Call the filtered liquid A, and mix two parts of pure glycerine with one part of the solution A, in a temperature of sixty-six degrees Fahr., and after shaking them together long and violently, leave them to rest for some days. A clear liquid will settle with a turbid one above. The lower is sucked out from beneath the upper with a siphon, taking the utmost care not to carry down any of the latter to mix with the clear fluid.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.



McGinnis was great at holding his own.—Chicago Ledger.

40 head of cattle and some sheep, whereupon 67 other places on the same property were with crossed the frontier.

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