#### TALMAGE ON THE OCEAN

THOUGHTS ON "DEPARTURE" THROUGH A DICTATED SERMON.

To Goes First to Russia, and Then to Preach in England, Scotland, Ireland and Sweden-The Joy of Holy Curiosity to Know What is in the Life Beyond.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 18, 1892.-Rev. Dr. Talmage is now on the Atlantic, having sailed from New York on the 15th inst. for Liverpool, for a preaching tour in England, Scotland, Ireland and Sweden. Before visiting Sweden, Dr. Talmage will go to Russia, there to witness the reception and disposition of the cargo of breadstuffs on board the Christian Herald relief steamship Leo, which sailed last week for St. Petersburg. Previous to his departure, he dictated to his stenographer the tollowing farewell sermon, to be read by the vast and widely scattered audiences whom it is his weekly privilege to address through the medium of the newspaper press. He took his text from ii. Timothy, 4, 6:—"The time of my departure is at hand."

Departure! That is a word used only twice in all the Bible. But it is a word often used in the court room, and means the deservion of one course of pleading for another. It is used in navigation to describe the distance between two meridians passing through the extremities of a course. It is a word I have recently heard applied to my departure from America to Europe for a preaching tour to last until September. In a smaller and less significant sense than that implied in the text I can say, "The time of my departure is at hand." Through the printing press I address this sermon to my readers all the world over, and when they read it I will be mid-ocean, and unless something new happens in my marine experiences I will be in no condition to preach. But how unimportant the word departure when applied to the exchange of worlds, as when Paul wrote:—"The time of my departure is at hand." when applied to exchange of continents as

Now, departure implies a starting place and a place of desolation. When Paul left this world, what was the starting point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison, Rome, Italy. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon; but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paul's last earthly residence. I was in that lower dungeon in November, '89. It is made of volcanic stope. I measured it, and from wall to wall it was fifteen feet. The highest of the roof was seven feet from the floor, and the lowest of the roof five feet seven inches. The opening in the roof through which Paul was let down was three feet wide. The dungeon has a seat of rock two and a half feet high, and a shelf of rock four feet high. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him now, in the fearful dungeon, spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him now, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Troas, and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstanding he had written for down, notwithstanding he had written for

If some skilful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated, we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place he is an old man, only two years short of seventy. At that very time when he most needs the warmth and the sunlight and the fresh air, he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why, those were gotten when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned, the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes—one hundred and minety-live bruises on the back (count them) made by the Jews with rods of elm wood, each one of the one hundred and ninety-five strokes bringing the blood. Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashere amidst the shivering timbers of the ship-wreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tussic with highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers, and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his sermons.

There is a wanness about Paul's looks. What makes that? I think a part of that came from the fact that he was for twentyfour hours on a plank in the Mediterranean Sea, suffering terribly, before he was rescued; for he says positively, "I was a night and a day in the deep." Oh, worm-out, emaciated old man! surely you must be melancholy; no constitution could en-dure this and be cheerful. But I press my way through the prison until I come ap close to where he is, and by the faint light that streams through the opening I see on his face a supernatural joy, and I bow before him, and I say, "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amidst all this gloom?" His voice startles the darkness of the place as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered and the time that the cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Hark! what is this shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation to a banquet, and he is going to dine to-day with the king. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon, "Hurry d man. Come now; get yourself.
Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to take. He had been ready a good while, I see him rising up, and straightening out his stiffened limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his creviced forehead, and see him tooking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the faces of his executioners, and hear him say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of execution. They say, to find this continent, and shall we shudder "Hurry along, old man, or you will feel the to go out on a voyage of discovery which weight of our spear. Hurry along." "How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles." Three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped and crippled with maltreatment.
But they soon get to the place of execution
Acquie Salvia—and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. It does not take any strength to tie him fast. He makes no resistance. O Paul, why not now strike for your life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand just launch the thunder-bolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No! Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioner, and, as the grim official draws his sword, Paul calmly says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not

to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet, and Paul does dine with the king.

What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the sene of eternal beauty

and it. It is ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air
of heaven bathed from his soul the last
sche. From shipwreck and dungeon, from
the biting pain of the elawood rods, from
the biting pain of the headsman, he goes
into the most brilliant assemblage of
heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of
the sainthood rushing out and stretching
forth hands of welcome; for I do really
think that as on the right hand of God is
Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is
Paul, the second great in heaven.

Instead of standing at the
foot of the ladder and looking up, it is
standing at the top of the ladder and look
ing down. It is the last mystery taken out
to be grand to
have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation-point
changed for the mark of exclamation. All
riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on
that discovery, when all the questions are
to be decided which we have been discussing
all our lives? Who shall not chap its hands
it seemed to me it would burst. I opened

Paul, the second great in heaven.

He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death, and up to the last moment, he was under Nero, the thick-necked, the cruel-eyed, the filthy-lipped; the sculptured features of that man bringing down to us to this very day the possibilities of his nature—seated as he was amidst pictured markles of Egypt, under a roof advanced. marbles of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother-of-pearl, in a dining-room which by machinery was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnit-cence; his horses standing in stalls of salid cold and the grand pearly and the salid selid sel solid gold, and the ground around his pal-ace lighted at night by its victims, who had been bedaubed with tar and pitch and then set on fire to illume the darkness. That was Paul's king. But the next moment he goes into the realm of Him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose sceptre is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side the pillar of martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valedictory of the text, "The

time of my departure is at hand ?" Now, why cannot all the old people have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I., when he was combing his head, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the queen as a great joke; but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhibitation. You say you man on board cool enough to describe the most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and may not we as well? They got through with it and so can we. Besides this, all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at the last moment—not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary.
But you say, "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now, child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no more stories of the good things ahead, better not talk about uncer-

who more recently went away. Can it be that they have been gone so long you do not care any more about them, and you do not want their society? Oh, no. There have been days when you have felt that you used to play! Come back to the table where you used to sit!" and there would be a great burglary in heaven. No, no. God of the sharp edge of the sword of the exwill not trust you with resurrection power; but He compromises the matter, and says, "You can not bring them where you are, but you can go where they are." They are more lovely now than ever. Were The marriage of the Lamb has come, and

ing; better eye-sight; more tonic in the air; more perfume in the bloom; more they will be more delightful in heaven. sweetness in song. Do you not feel, aged man, sometimes as though you would like to get your arm and foot free? Do you us up, and give us an inheritance among all not feel as though you would like to throw away spectacles and canes and crutches? Would you not like to feel the spring and elasticity and mirth of an eternal boyhood? When the point at which you start from this world is old age, and the point to which you go is eternal juvenescence, aged man, clap your hands at the anticipation, and say, in perfect rapture of soul, "The time of my departure is at hand."

I remark again, all those ought to feel this joy of the text who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most satisfactory view of heaven, and he says, "It doth not appear what we shall be." It is like looking through a broken telescope; "Now we see through a glass darkly." Can you tell me anything about that heavenly place? You ask me a thousand questions about it that I cannot answer I sak you a thousand questions about swer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you cannot answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when mar-

tyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries in the blessed country.

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not new. No well man, no prosperous man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates ajar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about plained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there.
Somebody tells me it is like a paved city paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession; and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know, after the body is resurrected, what they wear and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between the icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with alpenstock, and guides, and rockets, and ropes, and getting half-way up, stumble and fall and getting half-way up, stumble and fair down in a horrible massacre. They just want to say they had been on the top of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which starta thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, when in that ascent

there is no peril? A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold, and said in joy, "Now in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more than Jonathan Edwards, or St. Paul himself, before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, as you or St. Paul himself, before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, as you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt, and the unrelling of all the serolls of positive and accurate

all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy cari-osity crying, "The time of my departure is

I remark, again, we ought to have the joy of the text, because, leaving this world we move into the best society of the universe. You see a great crowd of people in some street, and you say, "Who is passing there? What general, what prince is going up there?" Well, I see a great throng in heaven. I say, "Who is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the centre of that glittering company?" It is Jesus the that glittering company?" It is Jesus, the champion of all worlds, the favorite of all Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of heaven? I think the first question will be, "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that pardoned my sin; that carried my sorrows; that fought my battles; that won my victories?" C radiant One! how I would like to see Thee! Thou of the manger, but without its humiliations; Thou of the Cross, but without its pangs; Thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

The Bible intimates that we will talk

with Jesus in heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now, what will you ask him first? I do not know. I can think what I would ask Paul first if I saw him in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were two hundred and seventyman on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship and the sea that I never shall get over, and I think I would like to hear him talk about that first. But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear him speak? Now I think what it is. I shall first want to hear the tragedy of his last hours; and then Luke's account of the crucifixion, and Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ they shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devils that arose, and the fact that upon his en-durance depended the rescue of a race; and But you say, "I cannot bear to think of parting from friends here." If you are old, you have more friends in Heaven than here. Just take the census. Take there was darkness in the sky, and there some large sheet of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore; the companions more faintly, and His hands were fastened away from the dying vision of Christ, and of your school days, your early business associates, the friends of midlife, and those who more recently went away. Can it be ward in a swoon as He uttered the last moan, and cried, "It is finished!" All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down, you could not endure another moment away from their blessed companionship. They have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble even if you had the power. It would not do to trust you. God would not be trust you. God would not the divine narrator until the story is done; and then, at the tap of the baton, the eternal orchestra will rouse up; finger on string of harp, and lips to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth oratorio of the Mes-

magnificent Personage only the thinness but you can go where they are." They are more lovely now than ever. Were they beautiful here, they are more beautiful there.

Besides that, it is more healthy there climate there than these hot summers and cold winters and late springs; better hearing; better eve-sight; more tenic in the ships have been delightful on earth, but they will be more delightful in heaven. them that are sanctified.

A youth beside the water sits, The noonday sun is warmly beaming; His nose and neck are turkey red, His eye with radiant hope is gleaming. He watches close the bobbing cork Advance upon the tiny billows:

jerk, a swish, and high above He lands a sucker in the willows. That's fishing. A fair maid trips the tennis court,

A dozen eyes admire her going; Her black-and-yellow blazer burns A hole right through the sunset's glowing. She drives the ball across the net,
And into hearts consumed with wishing
She drives a dart from Cupid's bow;
She'll land a sucker, too. She's fishing.
That's fishing.

The politician on his rounds
Tackles both workingman and granger;
He tries to make them think that he Alone can save the land from danger. He chucks the baby on the chin,
He says your wife looks really youthful,
And, though you know you're fifty-five,
You look just twenty—if he's truthful.
That's fishing.

My little wife beside me stands My little wife beside me stands
And steals a dimpled arm around me;
A kiss upon my lips—that's bait—
Some information to astound me,
Her bonnet is quite out of style, Her summer warp quite past the using;
That lovely one—so cheap—at Brown's
Is just the one she would be choosing.
That's fishing.

So, whether the game be fish or men,
The bait be kisses, worms or blushes—
The place at home, by sunny pool,
Or tennis ground at evening's hushes—
'Tis the old game the serpent played
With Mother Eve in Eden's bowers,
And Adam's sons and daughters all
Will love the sport to time's last hours.
That's fishing.

History of a Phrase,

The phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," is supposed to have originated in an incident which occurred in London during the sixteenth century. About the year 1540 the Abbey of St. Peter in Westminster was elevated to the dignity of a cathester was elevated to the dignity of a cathest dral, and ten years later was again joined to the diocese of London and its property appropriated to pay the expenses of some necessary repairs to the Cathedral of St. Paul. It was evident that to do honor to St. Paul the estate of Peter had to suffer, and hence the expression which has becom

Bustle not Everything. I knew a woman some years ago of whom it was said, "She does lots of work," and it was true; but after watching her I came to the conclusion that she did no more than many others who moved more slowly and quietly. It was slop from stove to table with ish water, and then how the dishes would slatter. Bang went the mop against the wall when scrubbing, and then the dirty water left when scrueding, and then the dirty water left its mark far above the mop-boards. In washing there was slop all around the room and her dress would be wet from neck to feet. Her sweeping made the room a good place for a dust bath. I do not suppose she ever thought how she made work for herself.—

Form and Home.

it seemed to me it would burst. I opened my mouth and attempted to breathe, being unable to endure the pressure longer, but the water rushed in and I closed my mouth. I was again compelled to open it. More water entered. The feeling was

"Just when I thought all was over I reached the surface of the water about 50 teet from the shore and 100 feet from where I had jumped in. Near by was a steamboat on which stood a man with a long pole with an iron hook on the end. It took only a second to see those things, and, in fact. I had just time to get one breath when I again sank with my mouth open. My past life flashed before me, and I was again a child. The picture of my father and mother stood out in bold relief. I reached out my hand to them. The roaring of the water sounded like the sweetest of music. Suddenly I saw light and thought I was in Paradise. A large green field covered with roses and other flowers, whose fragrance I could smell, came in view. I felt as if I was being borne up by some winged mes-senger whom I could not see, but whose presence I could feel.

"I remembered nothing more until I felt a rough jerk. My rescuer had succeeded in fastening the boathook in my clothing. As my body was being pulled from out of the water the picture changed; instead of Paradise, the pace in which the devil dwells, with all its fires, and swarming with hideous, red-dressed creatures and other things presented themselves in my mind, only to again quickly disappear and leave me in darkness. When I came to I was surprised to learn I had been unconscious. Every muscle-in my body pained me, but my brain was perfectly clear. Drowning after the first stages are past is pleasant.-St. Louis Republic.

The Seven Bibles of the World, The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri-Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta of the Persians, the Eddas of the Scandinavians and the Bible of the Christians. The Eddas is the most recent and cannot really be called more than a semi-sacred work. It was

given to the world some time during the fourteenth century of our era.

The Koran is the next most ancient, dating from about the seventh century, A.D. It is composed of sublime thoughts from both the old and new testaments, with frequent, almost literal, quotations from the Talmud. The Buddhist's Tri-Pitikes were composed in the sixth century before Christ. Its teachings are pure and sub-lime; its aspiration lofty and extreme. The word "king," as used in connection with the sacred work of the Chinese, simply means "web of cloth." From this it is presumed that they were originally written on fine rolls of cloth.

The Vedas are the most ancient works in the language of the Hindoos, but they do not, according to the best commentaries, ante-date the twelfth century before the opening of the Christian era. The Zendavesta of the Persians contains the sayings When there was between Paul and that | of Zoroaster, who lived and worked in the twelfth century B.C.—Chicago Herald. Auld Lang Syne.

> It singeth low in every heart, We hear it each and all,— A song of those who answered not However we may call. They throng the silence of the breast, We see them as of yore. The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet, Tis hard to take the burden up

When these have laid it down. They brightened all the joy of life, They softened every frown. But oh, 'tis good to think of them When we are troubled sore: Thanks be to God that such have been, Although they be no more. More homelike seems the vast unknown

Since they have entered there. To follow them were not so hard, Whatever they may fare. They cannot be where God is not, On any sea or shore, What'er betides, thy love abides Our God forever more.

-Minnie E. Shaw, in Clinton Register.

The Kennedy cottage and grounds at Bar Harbor will cost when completed as much as some of the smaller resorts entirely. The land cost \$70,000 and improvements upon it \$30,000 more, while the house, unfurnished, represents an outlay of \$100,000. Electric lighting will be furnished by a private plant, and in the parlor alone there will be 100 incandescent lamps, the whole house containing 650. The house is 150 feet long and contains seventy-two rooms. One hundred and sixty workmen are employed at present in getting the gorgeous establishment ready for its summer

Julian Ralph, the correspondent of Harper's Magazine, speaking of the coldness of Lake Superior, seems rather to doubt its being as cold as reported. He says: "I even found an old gentleman, a professional man of beyond 70 years of age, who said that for several years he had visited the lake each summer time, and that he had made it a practice to bathe in its waters nearly every day. It was chilly, he admitted, and he did not stay in very long." We'll bet a cookey that this professional man lied. Even the kids can stand the water but a few moments, beyond the break-waters on hot August days. And we never water but a few moments, beyond the break-waters on hot August days. And we never know of any one going in bathing on the epen beach. One trial of bathing in Lake Superior will satisfy even Julian Ralph. When you first plunge into the lake it is like ice water and one is paralyzed, but after being in a minute it seems to get hot and one burns a few minutes and them and one burns a few minutes and them comes a collapse. There is no old man 70 on earth who ever made a practice of bathing in the open water of Lake Superior.—Cheboygan Democrat.

Bricks of Pitch and Goal Dust. The extensive production of bricks manufactured of coal dust and pitch in France may be judged from the amount stated to have been used in that country in 1889—namely: 24,000,000 tons. The coal dust is for this purpose most thoroughly mixed in a certain proportion with melted pitch and then pressed into shape, and afterward dried. Leaving out the cost of the dust and the pitch, the bricks cost from 30 to 40 cents the pitch, the bricks cost from 30 to 40 cents per ton to manufacture, the pitch is in value 30 cents per ton of bricks, and the coal about \$2 per ton, carrying up the figures to some \$2.70 per ton. The bricks are formed solid and perforated, about twe inches long, the solid ones being used on railways and steamers, and in manufacturing establishments, and the perforated ones in houses, the article burning freely and giving but little refuse.

# INSURANCE

### CORNEIL

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JAMES MITCHELL. Ops, 25th April, 1892.

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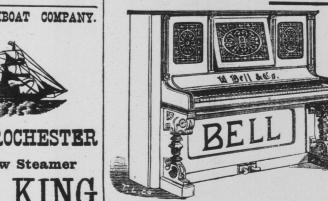
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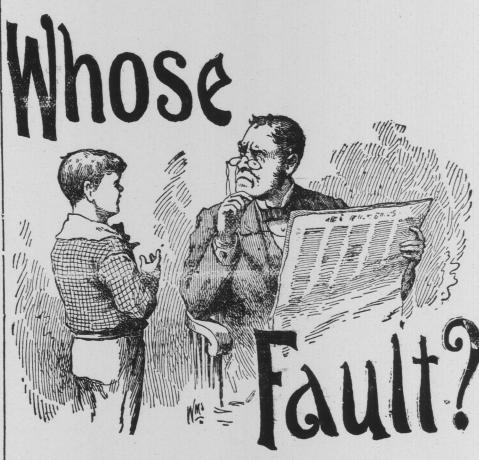
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