"EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells How It Can be Done and Will be Done.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following texts, Job xxiv, 20, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxii, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Of oblivion and its defeats I speak to-day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell our name and from the faded ink with great effort find that some person by our name was born somewhere in the nineteenth century, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in Pataborn last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? Will you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June? Oblivion! That mountain surge

ROLLS OVER EVERYTHING.

Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a piece of that granite.

Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a school-boy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by the monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axletree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar, mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of words as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow everything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal This world would long ago have been overcrowded if not for this merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the state and national libraries to-day are only morgues, in which dead books are waiting for some one to come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3,000 years ago would snarl at us, saying

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die, their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon. This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the eighteenth century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man swamped by the stringency of the money market that times would after a while be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide that for him was near by a laver in which he might wash, and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the

IMPERISHABLE RECORDS

you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "house of many mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift, or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work on it will go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ, that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building

A TEMPLE FOR THE SKY.

We teach a Sabbath class or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passer-by, or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting or preach a sermon and go home discouraged as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tatooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned, or the face of a dead general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tatooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This custom of tatooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that He has tatooed us upon his hands. There can be no other meaning of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands!" It was as much as to say: "I cannot open My hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad My hands to bless,

BUT I THINK OF YOU.

Wherever I go up and down the heavens, I take these two pictures of you with Me. They are so inwrought into My being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of my hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of my hands for myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in My fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand, its billows shall not wash out the record of my remembrance. "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!"

What joy, what honor, can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and most affectionate Being in the universe? Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God! The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build a palace as grand as he can and then you enter this palace of archangelic construction and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God and into which all the music and all the prayers and all the sermonic considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of

THE SLAIN LAMB.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchred. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again. Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds, half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed oblivion. So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne; not into the graveyard, to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all a-bloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lips on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, Oct. 20.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xli., 38-49
Golden Text, I. Sam. ii., 30.

Patiently continuing in well doing in his prison life, the time came when he should be delivered, God's time, and therefore the best. The King of Egypt dreamed two dreams, or a dream that was doubled to him in a little different form, but none of his magicians or wise men could interpret for him the dream. How like the story in Dan. ii., 10-27; iv, 7; v, 8; for the wisdom of this world is utterly at fault in the things of God; only the Spirit of God can tell us the things of God (I. Cor., ii, 11-14). The chief butler, learning of the King's difficulty, remembered his ingratitude to his prison friend, and told the King how Joseph had interpreted their dreams in the prison. Joseph, the young Hebrew, was hastily sent for, giving God all the glory, (verse 16), interpreted the dream, assuring Pharaoh that God had by those dreams shown him what He was about to do, that the events would surely come to pass and that Pharaoh would do well to profit by the revelation (verses 28-37).

38. "Can we find such a one as this, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" Thus spake the King to his servants when he heard the words of Joseph. The man who could interpret such dreams and give such advice must be the man for the occasion. God had been all the while preparing Joseph for this occasion and this occasion for Joseph. He purposes in Himself that which He works out according to the counsel of His own will (Eph. I, 9-11), and happy are those who are in His will.

39, 40. "Only in the throne will I be greater than thou." From a prison to a throne, and so suddenly, and what wonderful words from Pharaoh, "Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall my people be ruled," the second ruler in all Egypt, and because God had spoken through him. According to the golden text, God honored Joseph because Joseph had honored Him. Promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west, nor from the south; but God is the judge. He putteth down one and setteth up another" (Ps. lxxv, 6-7).

41, 43. "And I Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." He confirmed it by transferring the ring upon his hand to Joseph's hand, by the vestures and the gold chain and a place in the second chariot in the land. It seemed to Pharaoh that he did it, but it was the Lord's doing. He permitted Pharaoh to do it and thus accomplish His pleasure. Nebuchadnezzar probably thought that he took Jehoiakim captive, and to human vision he did, but it was the Lord who gave Jehoiakim into his hand (Dan. i, 1, 2).

44, 45. "Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt." No one might do aught without him; as in the prison so now in all the land it might be said of him. "Whatsoever they did there he was the doer of it." (chapter xxxix, 22). There is no believer who may not be so yielded to Christ that what is done in or through them He will be the doer of it; as Paul said concerning himself, "I live, yet not I, but Christ, liveth in me" (Gal., ii, 20). Since our Lord Jesus has said, "Without me ye can do nothing" (John xv, 5), why should we think of doing anything apart from Him, because however it may look acceptable in the eyes of others, it is "nothing" unless He does it?

His new name signifies, according to the margin, "revealer of secrets," and he receives as his wife the daughter of the priest of On; here again we have a two-fold suggestion of our Lord Jesus, for He is the great revealer of secrets, making known to us the great mystery of godliness, and of the church, and of Israel's blindness, and of the kingdom, for the Father loveth the Son and sheweth Him all things that Himself doeth (John v, 20).

46. "And Joseph was 30 years old when he stood before Pharaoh, King of Egypt." Our Lord was 30 years old when He began His public ministry (Lukeiii, 23); so likewise was John the Baptist and Ezekiel and this was the age when the priests began their ministry (Ezek. i, 1; Num. iv, 3). Joseph began to rule at the age of 30, but our Lord began His public humiliation, for while He went about doing good, annointed with the Holy Ghost, it was to be despised and rejected and crucified as an evil-doer, and He still waits for His kingdom.

47, 49. "And Joseph gathered corn as the sands of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number." This he did during the seven plenteous years, for the earth brought forth by handfuls, and Joseph diligently made provision for the time to come when there would be great distress. The phrase "as the sand of the sea," or, as it is sometimes, "as the dust of the earth," is a figure signifying that which cannot be counted. See I. Kings iii, 8; iv, 20-29; II Chron. i, 9; then see also Gen. xxii, 17; Judg. vii, 12; I. Sam. xiii, 5; Ps. lxxviii, 27. How great is our God that He can multiply things and people after this fashion?

55. In due time the famine came. Then all Egypt cried to Pharaoh, and he said, "Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do." This reminds us of the saying of Jacob's wives. "Now, then, whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do," (Gen. xxxi, 16), also of the saying of Mary to the servants at the marriage in Cana, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it" (John ii, 5). Our great and only question concerning the things which are eternal, the things of the kingdom, should be, "What hath the Lord spoken?" for He only has the bread of life and all must come to Him who would have life. Not only all Egypt had to come to Joseph, but all countries (57), and, we shall see in the next lesson, all Israel, too; and the sons of Israel found that their benefactor was their brother. Israel shall yet see that their deliverer is the same one whom they crucified and to Him shall all flesh come.

All who now receive Him shall learn or may learn in their experience the true meaning of Manasseh and Ephraim, for God will make them forget their toil, and will make them fruitful where they have been afflicted (verses 51, 52). The field, which is the world, in which we are now the reapers, belongs to our Boaz and in the morning of our marriage to Him the whole field will be ours, and we will then, if not before, forget our toil and see the true meaning of fruitfulness (Rom. viii., 18; Isa. xxvii, 6). Being redeemed, let us be willing and obedient.

A NEW FUEL GAS.

Much interest is felt in England in the Mond fuel gas, which is made from the cheapest class of small coal and dust, known as "bituminous slack." This gas, which is intended for furnaces and gas-engines, can, it is claimed, be supplied at a cost of four cents per thousand cubic feet. It is not a lighting gas, as it burns with a pale blue flame, and its heating value is lower than that of illuminating gas, but greater than that of most other "producer gases." In the process of manufacture a very large proportion of the nitrogen of the coal is recovered in the form of sulphate of ammonia, worth nearly two dollars for every ton of slack gasified.

PRESSING AUTUMN LEAVES

To best preserve autumn leaves, the gatherer should immediately lay them flat between two sheets of new blotting paper spread upon a table top and cover over by a stack of heavy books. It is essential that all moisture should be pressed out of them. By this simple process they should be dry within three or four hours. So treated they will retain their beautiful colors for years provided they are not exposed to the direct glare of Old Sol. If not thoroughly deprived of their normally large percentage of water, they will soon assume a dirty brown tint. Few of us realize that the weight of green leaves is due almost entirely to their water content. If, for example, we put a hundred pounds of lettuce leaves in a press and thus squeeze all the moisture out, we obtain 98 pounds of water and have only two pounds of green vegetable matter left.

LEFT BEHIND HIM.

Pat Murphy had been out of work for some time, and was a few weeks in arrears with his payments to his landlady. Finding no other employment Pat determined to enlist, consoling himself with the thought that the life of a soldier would not be worse than being in lodgings.

All went well till Pat was in the ranks for drill, when the sergeant came up and called out, Here, Murphy, throw out your chest.

Sorry, sir, I can't, replied Pat.

Can't! Why?

Because my landlady has it, sir.

The bones of a man's skeleton weigh on an average 20lb., of a woman 15lb.

THE STUDY OF THE STARS.

WHAT THE ASTRONOMERS TELL US OF THEM.

The Morning and Evening Stars—About Mars and Jupiter.

Any star which rises after sunset is denominated a morning star, and when it rises before sunset it becomes an evening star. These terms, however, are generally confined to the planets, and popularly to the most prominent ones only, as Venus or Jupiter. At the present time Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Uranus and Saturn are evening stars.

Venus is still quite close to the sun, but can be seen in the early evening, especially if away from electric lights; she is rapidly coming nearer to the earth and will be very brilliant in the closing months of the year. Mars is higher up in the heavens, but so very distant from the earth that he is very inconspicuous and hardly worth looking after. Uranus is usually visible only with the aid of an opera glass, and then one must know where to look for it to distinguish it from ordinary stars.

No one can mistake Jupiter, the brilliant star in the southern heavens; he shines so brightly that under proper conditions he can be made to cast a shadow. The big red spot, once so prominent on Jupiter, has become very faint and is not discernible except in the very largest of telescopes. The same may be said of Jupiter's fifth moon, which is thought to be about 100 miles in diameter and, therefore, visible only in telescopes about twenty-five inches diameter.

SIZE OF OTHER MOONS.

The other moons range from about 2,000 to 3,607 miles in diameter, and form very pretty objects compared with the body of the planet, 80,000 miles in diameter, when viewed in a telescope. Jupiter's belts are dense cloud masses, lying parallel to his equator, and are visible in telescopes of three inches or more aperture. Considerable changes have been noted in them of late, but their significance is not yet fully determined.

Saturn is the fainter star lying almost directly east of Jupiter. The two planets are apparently approaching each other, and will be in conjunction about the last of the year. Saturn is without doubt the most wonderful sight in the heavens, with its immense rings encircling the planet with a glow of brilliancy. The diameter of Saturn is about 71,000 miles, and the diameter of the rings is nearly 177,000 miles. Astronomers are now generally agreed that the rings are composed of myriads of satellites or moons travelling about the planet, each in its own orbit, so near to each other, however, that at this great distance—800,000,000 miles—their light seems to merge together and thus appear to be a solid ring of light.

Both of these planets are very low in the southern sky, and are rapidly nearing the western horizon, so that in a month or two they will be practically out of sight until next summer.

WELL MET.

Years ago Lord Palmerston and Count Cavour, the prime minister of England and the organizer of the Italian monarchy, both chanced to visit Paris at the same time. Neither knew the other by sight and each was filled to the brim with the state secrets of his own particular government.

They went to a cafe one night, and happened to sit at the same table. There they entered into talk, and became so interested that the conversation went on until midnight, when the waiter civilly reminded them that they could not keep the table any longer, as it was wanted for supper. Cavour gave him a franc and Lord Palmerston a sovereign, and then they disputed as to who should pay for the dinner. The Englishman was permitted to do it.

To-morrow, said Cavour, courteously, you must be my guest.

May I have the honor of knowing to whom I am speaking?

They produced their cards and exchanged them ceremoniously. Then with one impulse, they stared, and Cavour said, frankly:

I should not have spoken so freely if I had known that I was speaking to the greatest English politician of the day.

Nor would Lord Palmerston have talked so freely, as he vowed in turn. But the next night they met and remained all night at the table.

A CITY OF ZINC.

This is Beira, on the coast of Portuguese East Africa. Every utensil is made of it. If you were to break your leg, you would be taken to the hospital on a stretcher made of zinc, and when you arrived at the zinc building, you would be laid on bedding resting on a zinc framework. A dead man lying in a zinc coffin, the latter resting on settles of the same metal, is not an extraordinary sight. The body is carried to the zinc church, and it may rest in a zinc-lined grave, if the relatives so desire and are willing to pay! Zinc seems to be the only cheap material that will withstand for a reasonable length of time the effects of the humid climate, and it is accordingly employed in every possible way.