# SUNDAY'S SERMON

## ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

**Subject: "The Island of Patmos."**

TEXTS: "*When we had discovered Cyprus we left it on the left hand.*"—Acts xxi. 3, and "*John, was in the isle that is called Patmos.*"—Revelation i. 9.

Goodby, Egypt! Although interesting and instructive beyond any country in all the world, excepting the Holy Land, Egypt was to me somewhat depressing. It was a post mortem examination of cities that died four thousand years ago. The mummies, or wrapped up bodies of the dead, were prepared with reference to the Resurrection day, the Egyptians departing this life wanting their bodies to be kept in as good condition as possible so that they would be presentable when they were called upon to occupy them. But if when Pharaoh comes to resurrection he finds his body looking as I saw his mummy in the museum at Boulac, his coil will become an unwilling tenant. The Sphinx also was to me a stern monstrosity, a statue carved out of rock of red granite sixty-two feet high and about one hundred and forty-three feet long, and having the head of a man and the body of a lion.

We sat down in the sand of the African desert to study it. With a coldsmile it has looked down upon thousands of years of earthly history, Egyptian civilization, Grecian civilization, Roman civilization; upon the rise and fall of thrones innumerable, the victory and defeat of the armies of centuries. It took three thousand years to make one wrinkle on its red cheek. It is cheerful in its stoicity. Its eyes have never wept a tear. Its cold ears have not listened to the groans of the Egyptian nation, the burden of which I tried to weigh last Sabbath. Its heart is stone. It cared not for Pliny when he measured it in the first century. It will care nothing for the man who looks into its imperturbable countenance in the last century.

But Egypt will yet come up to the glow of life. The Bible promises it. The missionaries, like my friend, good and great Dr. Lansing, are sounding a resurrection trumpet above those slain empires. There will be some other Joseph at Memphis. There will be some other Moses on the banks of the Nile. There will be some other Hypatia to teach good morals to the degraded. Instead of a destroying angel to slay the firstborn of Egypt the angel of the New Testament will shake everlasting life from his wings over a nation born in a day. When, soon after my arrival in Egypt, I took part in the solemn and tender obsequies of a missionary from our own land, dying there far away from the sepulchers of her fathers, and saw around her the dusky and weeping congregation of those she had come to save, I said to myself: "Here is self sacrifice of the noblest type. Here is heroism immortal. Here is a gift unto God forever. Here is something grander than the pyramids. Here is that which thrills the heavens. Here is a specimen of that which will yet save this world."

Goodby, Egypt! This sermon finds us on the steamer Minerva in the Grecian archipelago, the islands of the New Testament, and islands Paulinian and Johannian in their reminiscence. What Bradshaw's directory is to travelers in Europe, and what the railroad guide is to travelers in America, the Book of the Acts in the Bible is to voyagers in the Grecian, or, as I shall call it, the Gospel archipelago. The Bible geography of that region is accurate without a shadow of mistake. We are sailing this morning on the same waters that Paul sailed, but in the opposite direction to that which Paul voyaged. He was sailing southward and we northward. With him it was Ephesus, Coos, Rhodes, Cyprus. With us it is reversed, and it is Cyprus, Rhodes, Coos, Ephesus. There is no book in the world so accurate as the Divine Book.

My text says that Paul left Cyprus on the left; we, going in an opposite direction, have it on the right. On our ship Minerva were only two or three passengers besides our party, so we had plenty of room to walk the deck, and on what a night was Christmas night of 1889 in that Grecian archipelago—islands of light above, islands of beauty beneath! It is a royal family of islands, this Grecian archipelago—the crown of the world's scenery set with sapphire and emerald and topaz and chrysoprasus, and ablaze with a glory that seems let down out of celestial lanthcrpies. God evidently made up His mind that just here He would demonstrate the utmost that can be done with islands for the gratification of earthly scenery.

The steamer had stopped during the night, and in the morning the ship was as quiet as this floor, when we hastened up to the deck and found that we had anchored off the island of Cyprus. In a boat, which the natives rowed standing up, as is the custom, instead of sitting down, as when we row, we were soon landed on the streets where Paul and Barnabas walked and preached. Yea, when at Antioch, Paul and Barnabas got into a fight—as ministers sometimes did, and sometimes do, for they all have imperfections enough to anchor them to this world till their work is done, I say—when, because of that bitter controversy, Paul and Barnabas parted, Barnabas came back here to Cyprus, which was his birthplace. Island, wonderful for history! It has been the prize sometimes won by Persia, by Greece, by Egypt, by the Saracens, by the Crusaders, and last of all, not by sword but by pen, and that the pen of the keenest diplomatist of the century, Lord Beaconsfield, who, under a lease which was as good as a purchase, set Cyprus among the jewels of Victoria's crown

We went out into the excavations from which Di Cesnola has enriched our American museums with antiquities, and with no better weapon than our foot we stirred up the ground deep enough to get a tear bottle in which some mourner shed his tears thousands of years ago, and a lamp which before Christ was born lighted the feet of some poor pilgrim on his way. That island of Cyprus has enough to set an antiquarian wild. The most of its glory is the glory of the past, and the typhoid fever has swept its coast, and the clouds of locusts that often blacken its skies (though two hundred thousand dollars were expended by the British empire in year one for the extirpation of these noxious insects, yet failing to do the work), and the frequent change of governmental masters hinder prosperity.

But we are islands of the sea come to God, Cyprus will come with them, and the agricultural and commercial opulence which adorned it in ages past will be added to the agricultural and commercial and religious triumphs of the ages to come. Why is the world so stupid that it cannot see that nations are prospered in temporal things in proportion as they are prospered in religious things? Godliness is profitable not only for individuals, but for nations. Questions of tariff, questions of silver bill, questions of republic or monarchy have not so much to do with a nation's temporal welfare as questions of religion. Give Cyprus to Christ, give England to Christ, give America to Christ, give the world to Christ, and He will give them all a prosperity unlimited. Why, is Brooklyn one of the queen cities of the earth? Because it is the queen cities of Christ.

Blindfold me and lead me into any city of the earth so that I cannot see a street or a warehouse or a home, and then leads me into the churches and then remove the bandage from my eyes, and I will tell you from what I see inside the consecrated walls, having seen nothing outside, what is that city's merchandise, its literature, its schools, its printing presses, its government, its homes, its arts, its sciences, its prosperity or its depression, and its commerce and pauperism and outlawry. The altar of God in the church is the high water mark of the world's happiness. The Christian religion triumphant—all other interests triumphant. The Christian religion low down, all other interests low down. So I thought on the evening of that day we stepped from the filthy streets of Larnaca, Cyprus, onto the boat that took us back to the steamer Minerva, which had already begun to paw the waves like a courser impatient to be gone, and then we moved on and up among the islands of this Gospel archipelago.

Night came down on land and sea and the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. If you are pacing it alone a ship's deck in the darkness and at sea is a weird place, and an active imagination may conjure up almost any shape he will, and it shall walk the sea or confront him by the smokestack or meet him under the captain's bridge. But here I was alone on ship's deck in the Gospel archipelago, and do you wonder that the sea was populous with the past and that down the ratlines Bible memories descended? Our friends had all gone to their berths.

"Captain," I said, "when will we arrive at the Island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his glazed cap, he responded in sepulchral voice, "About midnight." Though it would be keeping unreasonable hours, I concluded to stay on deck, for I must see Rhodes, one of the islands associated with the name of the greatest missionary the world ever saw or ever will see. Paul landed there, and that was enough to make it famous while the world stands, and famous in heaven when the world has become a charred wreck.

This island has had a wonderful history. With six thousand Knights of St. John, it at one time stood out against two hundred thousand warriors under "Solyman the Magnificent." The city had three thousand statues, and a statue to Apollo called Colossus, which has always since been considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It was twelve years in building and was seventy cubits high, and had a winding stairs to the top. It stood fifty-six years and then was prostrated by an earthquake. After lying in ruins for nine hundred years, it was purchased to be converted to other purposes, and the metal, weighing seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, was put on nine hundred camels and carried away. We were not permitted to go ashore, but the lights all up and down the hills show where the city stands, and nine boats come out to take freight and to bring three passengers. Yet all the thousands of years of its history are eclipsed by the few hours of days that Paul stopped there.

As I stood there on the deck of the Minerva, looking out upon the place where the Colossus once stood, I bethought me of the fact that the world must have a God of some kind. It is to me an infinite pathos—this Colossus not only of Rhodes, but the colossi in many parts of the earth. This is only the world's blind reaching up and feeling after God. Foundered human nature must have a supernatural arm to help it ashore. All the statues and images of heathendom are attempts to bring celestial forces down into human affairs. Blessed be our ears that we have heard of an ever present God, and that through Jesus Christ He comes into our homes and our hearts, and with more than fatherly and motherly interest and affection He is with us in all our struggles and bereavements and vicissitudes. Rhodes needs something higher than the Colossus, and the day will come when the Christ, whom Paul was serving when he sailed into the harbor of Rhodes, shall take possession of that island.

As we move on up through this archipelago, I am reminded of what some of these part islands have taken for the history of the world. They are necessary to the balancing of the planet. The two hemispheres must have them. As you put down upon a scale the heavy pound weights, and then the small ounces—and no one thinks of despising the small weights—so the continents are the pounds and the islands are the ounces. A continent is only a larger island, and an island only a smaller continent. Something of what part the islands have taken in the world's history you will see when I remind you that the Island of Salamis produced Solon, and that the island of Chios produced Homer, and the island of Samos produced Pythagoras, and the Island of Cos produced Hippocrates.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the princes among the islands, but I must see the king of the archipelago. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Paros or Naxos or Scio or Mitylene, but I had rather, in this sail through the Grecian archipelago, see that than all the others; for more of the glories of heaven have landed there than on all the island-s and continents since the world stood. As we come toward it I feel my pulses quicken: "I, John, was in the island that is called Patmos." It is a pile of rocks twenty-eight miles in circumference. A few cypresses and inferior olives pump a living out of the earth, and one palm tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island made it a prison for the banished evangelist.

Domitian could not stand his ministry, and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the Gospel stepped from a tossing boat to these dismal rocks and walked up to the dismal cavern which was to be his home and the place where should pass before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity. It not remarkable that nearly all the great revelations of music and poetry and religion have been made to men in banishment—Homer and Milton banished into blindness; Beethoven banished into deafness; Dante writing his "Divina Commedia" during the nineteen years of banishment from his native land; Victor Hugo writing his "Les Miserables" exiled from home and country on the island of Guernsey, and the brightest visions of the future have been given to those who by sickness or sorrow were exiled from the outer world into rooms of suffering. Only those who have been imprisoned by very hard surroundings have had great revelations made to them.

So Patmos, wild, chill and bleak and terrible was the best island in all the archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen, the room in which you sit must be darkened, and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than an hindrance. In the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of heaven. St. John, hungry from enforced abstinence, or having no food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of heaven, and as the famished man is apt to dream of bountiful tables covered with luxuries, so St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst lead him to admire heaven as he says, "They shall thirst no more."

St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks, and each wave has a voice, and all the waves together make a chorus, and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven, and he says, "They are like the voice of many waters." One day, as he looked off upon the sea, the waters were very smooth, as it is to-day while we sail them in the Minerva, and they were like glass, and the sunlight seemed to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense flame, and as St. John looked out from his cavern home upon that brilliant sea he thought of the splendors of heaven and describes them: "As a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, easter! in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homesick and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern.

Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and lo! the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candlesticks and seven stars in His right hand, candlesticks and stars meaning light held on and light scattered. And there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seals broken, and the woes sounded, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues swoop, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a great city representing all abominations, Babylon towered, palaced, templed, fountained, foliaged, sculptured, hanging gardens, suddenly going crash! crash! and the pipers cease to pipe, and the trumpets cease to trumpet, and the dust, and the smoke, and the horror fill the canvas, while from above and beneath are voices announcing, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" And we halt again to rest from the spectacle.

Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a mounted Christ on a snow white charger leading forth the cavalry of heaven, the long line of white chargers galloping through the sceneryy, the clatterings of hoofs, the clinking of bridle bits, and the flash of spears, all the earth conquered and all heaven in doxology. And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees great thrones lifted, thrones of martyrs, thrones of apostles, thrones of prophets, thrones of patriarchs, and a throne higher than all on which Jesus sits, and ponderous books are opened, their leaves turned over, revealing the names of all that have ever lived, the good and the bad, the renowned and the humble, the mighty and the weak, and at the turn of every leaf the universe is in rapture of fright, and the sea empties its sarcophagus of all the dead of the sunken shipping, and the earth gives way, and the heavens vanish. Again we rest a moment from the spectacle.

The panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds a city of gold, and a river more beautiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it, and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and all is surrounded by walls in which the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the sunrises and sunsets of all climes, and the fact that the world must have a God of some kind. It is to me an infinite pathos—

Daniel Webster's Dilemma.

A story of Daniel Webster, told by himself long years ago, comes to the Times at only second hand from the lady who heard him tell it.

Webster, as a boy in the rude village school at Salisbury (now Franklin), N. H., where he lived in boyhood, was not free from the small pranks and mischiefs in which boys of a dozen years are (or used to be) apt to indulge even in school hours. It was a whipping punishment then for almost everything, and the master, a hard disciplinarian, had called Daniel up to his chair.

"I used to have, I am sorry to say it," said the statesman, "as a schoolboy, very dirty hands. On being called up to be 'feruled,' the customary form of punishment then, I covertly and hastily licked one hand, to make it more presentable, and hurriedly wiped it by rubbing it on my sleeve, after getting up from my seat.

"'Hold out your hand?' was the command, and out went the hand I had tried to lick.

"'Dan,' exclaimed the master in a reproving tone, looking at the dirty little paw, 'if you show me a dirtier hand than that in all this school I'll let you off.'

"Immediately," added Webster. "I thrust out the other hand! The schoolmaster was stumped. But he was as good as his word; he let me off."—Hartford Times.


# "August Flower"

**Dyspepsia.** There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

**Indigestion.**


Vacations and Labor.

We need not enumerate the occupations benefited by a migration which calls into its service well-nigh every trade and handicraft. The rural market for labor is perceptibly strengthened by this cause, and the variety of employments is increased. Preparations must be made for guests. Hotels must be built, with their appendages of barns and small cottages. Farmhouses must be enlarged and fitted with conveniences. To this is to be added the building of country-seats on a grand scale, the erection of modest cottages, the putting up of permanent camps, the building of boats, the manufacture of sportsmen's outfits. Occupation is thus furnished to laborers, many of whom, but for these industries, would be compelled to seek employment in the larger towns and cities. Household servants are secured with increased difficulty throughout those regions toward which the tide of travel sets. Farm help is interfered with and commands a higher price. The laying out of estates frequently involves the purchase of hundreds of acres and the employment of hundreds of hands during a term of years in the erection of houses and barns, as well as in grading, draining, road-making, gardening, and all the work of a great establishment. After this initial labor is performed, the maintenance of such an estate furnishes permanent occupation for a large company. The effect of this is felt over the surrounding country in the greater difficulty of securing laborers, especially in the busier seasons of the year. Where operations are less conspicuously centered on a single country-seat they may be equally influential, because of the employment of a corresponding amount of labor at numerous scattered points. A not inconsiderable influence is in these ways exerted on the wage question. Any support given to labor in the country tends to equalize wages and to prevent the concentration of workpeople in the great centers of population.

The amount of taxable property in the country towns is largely increased by these activities, and in many cases the price of land is measurably enhanced. * * * A change is already observable in the habits of those who annually seek the country. The period of their stay is gradually lengthening. Boarders come early and remain till late in autumn. Owners of country homes leave the city sooner each year and linger as long as possible. There is an increasing disposition to spend the autumnal months in the seclusion and amid the splendors of the country. People are beginning to talk of Christmas as the proper time to return to the city. Many houses are kept open all winter with a view to possible occupancy when sleighing and other winter pleasures are at their height. Country life is asserting its charms as compared with life in the city. The time seems to be approaching when an increased number of people will regard themselves as permanently domiciled in the country, and as visitors to the town only for the season of social gayety which will intervene between Christmas and Lent. The importance of this inclination toward domicile can hardly be overestimated. —Century.

In the Olden Time.

The following "Twelve Rules," a copy of which used to hang in every colonial kitchen for the benefit of the household servants, had perhaps a share in forming the sturdy, upright character of which New England is justly proud:

Profane no divine ordinance.
Touch no State matters.
Urge no healths.
Pick no quarrels.
Encourage no vice.
Repeat no grievances.
Reveal no secrets.
Maintain no ill opinions.
Make no comparisons.
Keep no bad company.
Make no long meals.
Lay no wagers.

Population of India.

The last Indian census shows that in the last ten years the natural growth of India's population has been 27,500,000. The population now numbers 286,000,000. One can hardly appreciate what these figures mean except by comparison. India contains more people than all Europe, exclusive of Russia. Its provinces are as populous as great European states. Bengal contains a population larger than that of the United States and all British North America, and fully one-fifth of the entire human race lives upon this little peninsula jutting out from the coast of Asia into the Indian Ocean.

NOBODY disputes the right of laborers to parade the streets, only the economist recognizes that whether he labors on the street and earns two dollars and a half or parades the streets and spends two dollars and a half for his band and other incidentals makes a difference of five dollars to him.


BEST in the World. BROOM HOLDER. Holds a broom either up, in or out of order. Sample 15c., postpaid. Double the money. $90.00 Terms for this and other articles free. AGENTS WANTED. ENGLE GUM CO., Hazleton, Pa. Stamps taken.

CANVASSERS WANTED. BAKER AND PASTRY. Latest improved and most perfect of all. Many GOOD COOKS do not make good bakers. THE ONE BEST PAN BREAD and CAKE BAKING. Six sizes, made of polished steel. A medium size sent prepaid on receipt of $2.00. Circulars free. Address M. Inconig & Co., Hazleton, Pa. Agents wanted.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CHILDREN OF CATARRH. CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER. ELY'S CREAM BALM. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA. CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

AGENTS send for How I Made a Home and Let it Pay Me. Illustrated Circular free to all desiring a Home, or business change. $5 to $200 Monthly. Profitable employment for spare hours. TREASURY INVESTMENT AGENCY, 27 4th Ave., New York.

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AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY or commission to handle the New Patent Cheap Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making $50 per week. McMoon Eraser Mf'g Co., 14 Queen, Chicago.

SICK headache positively cured by Dr. J. H. DYE's Little Sugar Pills. Price, 25 cts. a vial. Dr. J. H. DYE, Editor, Buffalo, N.Y.


## THE GREAT LAKES FILLING.

### Natural Causes which Threaten their Existence as Inland Seas.

Serious complaints are being made by Montreal shippers that their boats are delayed in transit through the canals owing to the lowness of the water, and that this lowness is owing to the falling of the level of the lakes. It is said that the water level in the lakes has sunk gradually for many years, and that it has now reached a level when the Government must do something to remedy it or undertake such works as shall secure a constant and steady supply of water in the canals. The changes in the lower lakes were first noticed in 1888. Since then a great change has been observed, the draught of water steadily, though slowly, decreasing. Prof. Selwyn, of Ottawa, being interviewed, said:

"There is no doubt that the lakes are filling up, very gradually perhaps, and it may be millions of years before any serious change may take place in the larger lakes, but in the shallowest, Lake Erie, which is only 120 feet average depth, the effect might be much more serious at an earlier date. The reason of the lake filling up is quite obvious. When first I went up into the West in 1873, I found that the process of filling up had commenced, and in my report I drew the attention of the Government to the fact. In my interviews with the Indians I found that their legendary lore contained traces of their knowledge of the fact that the lakes were filling up, and not only so, but I found, going back into their legends to time immemorial, that some time or other, perhaps many generations ago, some of our great valleys were lakes, which have been filled up. In this legendary story I have every reason to believe, as my own geological researches tend to confirm it, and in my own personal experience I have known many large water holes completely filled up.

"On my son's farm in the West there was a pond, with a stream running through it, of several acres, which, in 1881, was some 3 feet deep, and off which he took a magnificent crop of hay. This filling in is increasing rapidly, and will do much more rapid now than in former years, will continue to increase more rapidly yet. You ask the season of this. It is self-evident that while the mass of the territority drained by the myriad streams of the West, all running into these ponds and lakes, was thickly wooded, the trees not only served to hold the water, but to prevent the washing way of the soil by means of their numerous roots. As the country becomes cleared, so these safeguards are removed, and after heavy rains the waters pour down unchecked off these lands, and, percolating through them as well as running over them, carry with the streams immense and ever-increasing volumes of silt or soil. As long as this is borne along by the velocity of the streams it has no time to settle, but when the rivers fall into the deep still lakes, the law of gravitation makes the silt sink to the bottom and gather there. The same thing has been seen in many parts of Europe, where rapid and impetuous streams run into the sea, and thus come the curious natural phenomena which are now affecting our own lakes. When you take the thousands of miles of watershed drained by countless streams, all coming into the great lakes, you can form some small idea of what the proportion of silt, increasing yearly with increased cultivation, being deposited in these lakes must be."—New York Times.

### An Extraordinary Boat.

One of the most extraordinary boats on the great lakes is not a whaleback, but is a passenger car transfer operated in the Straits of Mackinac by the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railroad. It has an enormous capacity for carrying cars, but its peculiarities are its strength, its shape and the number of its steam engines. It carries twenty-four steam engines for the performance of the various requirements of the business it is in. The hull of the boat is as solid as the walls of an old-time blockhouse. The bow rises up and away from the water so as to hang or slant over it as if it were a hammer, and that is what it was built to be. This is because the boat is an ice-breaker, intended to keep a channel open in the straits all winter, or to make one whenever she is pushed into the massive ice that forms in that cold region. The big boat advances toward the ice, and shoving her nose upon its edge, lifts herself upon it. Then a screw propeller under the overhanging bow performs the work of sucking the water from under the ice to enable the boat's weight to crush it down the more easily. Thus the destructive monster makes her way steadily through the worst ice of the semi-polar waters of that region, climbing up on the ice, crushing it down, scattering it on either side, and making no more of it than if it were so much slush.—[Boston Transcript.

### Mystery of a Lost Diamond.

"Nearly two years ago," says the San Francisco Bulletin, "quite a stir was made at Mills College, California, about the loss of a valuable diamond pin belonging to Miss Maud Sparks of San Reno. Servants and pupils were suspected and much notoriety was given to the case in the papers. Miss Sparks was removed from the school in consequence of the supposed theft. Lately, when one of her old gowns was being ripped, the pin was found in the drapery of the garment, where it had been safely concealed all the time."

A Thinking man has designed a pleasure boat to be made of aluminum.


# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Only a few Announcements can be included in this advertisement, but they will enable the friends of THE COMPANION to judge somewhat of the scope and character of the reading that will be given in its columns during 1892—the sixty-fifth year of its issue.

## Nine Illustrated Serial Stories.

The Serial Stories for the coming year will be of rare interest and variety, as well as unusual in number.

**Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift.** A New England Quaker Girl's first Contact with "World's People"; by **Mrs. Mary Catherine Lee.**
**A Tale of the Tow-Path.** The Hardships encountered by a Boy who found Life at home too Hard for him; by **Homer Greene.**
**How Dickon Came by his Name.** A charmingly written Story of the Age of Chivalry; by **Harold Frederic.**
**Two "Techs" Abroad.** They set off on a Tour of the World in quest of Profitable Enterprises; by **C. A. Stephens.**
**A Young Knight of Honor.** The Story of a Boy who stood at his Post while Death was all around him. **Miss Fanny M. Johnson.**
**A Boy Lieutenant.** A True Narrative; by **Free S. Bowley.**
**Smoky Days.** A Story of a Forest Fire; by **E. W. Thomson.**
**Touaregs.** A Story of the Sahara; by **Lossing G. Brown.**
**On the Lone Mountain Route;** by **Miss Will Allen Dromgoole.**

## Hints on Self-Education.

Articles of great value to Young Men who desire to educate themselves.

**Hon. Andrew D. White,** Ex-President of Cornell.
**President Timothy Dwight,** of Yale University.
**President E. H. Capen,** of Tufts College.
**President G. Stanley Hall,** of Clark University.
**President Francis L. Patton,** of Princeton College.
**Professor James Bryce, M.P.,** author of the "American Commonwealth."

## Practical Advice.

**The Habit of Thrift;** by **Andrew Carnegie.**
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