

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL."

They Swing Inward—Society Gets a Scoring for Its Unchristian Forgetfulness—The Churches Willing, but They Can Not Stem the Tide.



NEW YORK, June 30, 1895.—In his sermon for to-day, Dr. Talmage chose a momentous and awful topic: "The Gates of Hell," the text selected being the familiar passage in Matthew 16:18: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Entranced, until we could endure no more of the splendor, we have often gazed at the shining gates, the gates of pearl, the gates of Heaven. But we are for awhile to look in the opposite direction, and see swinging open and shut the gates of hell.

I remember, when the Franco-German war was going on, that I stood one day in Paris looking at the gates of the Tuilleries, and I was so absorbed in the sculpturing at the top of the gates—the masonry and the bronze—that I forgot myself, and after awhile, looking down, I saw there were officers of the law scrutinizing me, supposing, no doubt, I was a German, and looking at those gates for adverse purposes. But, my friends, we shall not stand looking at the outside of the gates of hell. In this sermon I shall tell you of both sides, and I shall tell you what those gates are made of. With the hammer of God's truth I shall pound on the brazen panels, and with the lantern of God's truth I shall flash a light upon the shining hinges.

Gate the first: Impure literature. Anthony Comstock seized twenty tons of bad books, plates, and letter press, and when our Professor Cochran, of the Polytechnic Institute, poured the destructive acids on those plates, they smoked in the righteous annihilation. And yet a great deal of the bad literature of the day is not gripped by the law. It is strewn in your parlors; it is in your libraries. Some of your children read it at night after they have retired, the gas-burner swung as near as possible to their pillow. Much of this literature is under the title of scientific information. A book agent with one of these infernal books, glossed over with scientific nomenclature, went into a hotel and sold in one day a hundred copies, and sold them all to women! It is appalling that men and women who can get through their family physician all the useful information they may need, and without any contamination, should wade chin deep through such accursed literature under the plea of getting useful knowledge, and that printing presses, hoping to be called decent, lend themselves to this infamy. Fathers and mothers, do not be deceived by the title, "medical works." Nine-tenths of those books come hot from the lost world, though they may have on them the names of the publishing houses of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. Then there is all the novelette literature of the day flung over the land by the million. As there are good novels that are long, so I suppose there may be good novels that are short, and so there may be a good novelette, but it is an exception. No one—mark this—no one systematically reads the average novelette of this day and keeps either integrity or virtue. The most of these novelettes are written by broken-down literary men for small compensation, on the principle that, having failed in literature elevated and pure, they hope to succeed in the tainted and the nasty. Oh! this is a wide gate of hell. Every panel is made out of a bad book or newspaper. Every hinge is the inter-joined type of a corrupt printing-press. Every bolt or lock of that gate is made out of the plate of an unclean pictorial. In other words, there are a million men and women in the United States today reading themselves into hell! When, in one of our cities, a prosperous family fell into ruins through the misdeeds of one of its members, the amazed mother said to the officer of the law: "Why, I never supposed there was anything wrong. I never thought there could be anything wrong." Then she sat weeping in silence for some time, and said: "Oh! I have got it now! I know, I know! I found in her bureau after she went away a bad book. That's what slew her." These leprous book-sellers have gathered up the catalogues of all male and female seminaries in the United States, catalogues containing the names and residences of all the students, and circulars of death are sent to every one, without any exception. Can you imagine anything more deathful? There is not a young person, male or female, or an old person, who has not had offered him or her a bad book or a bad picture. Scour your house to find out whether there are any of these adders coiled on your parlor center-table, or coiled amid the toilet set on the dressing-case. I adjure you before the sun goes down to explore your family libraries with an inexorable scrutiny. Remember that one bad book or bad picture may do the work for eternity. I want to arouse all your suspicions about novelettes. I want to put you on the watch against everything that may seem like surreptitious correspondence through the postoffice. I want you to understand that impure literature is one of the broadest, highest, mightiest gates of the lost.

Gate the second: The dissolute dance. You shall not divert me to the general subject of dancing. Whatever you may think of the parlor dance or the methodical motion of the body or the sounds of music in the family or the social circle, I am not now discussing that question. I want you to unite with me this hour in recognizing the fact that there is a dissolute dance. You know of what I speak. It is seen not only in the low haunts of death, but in elegant mansions. It is the first step to eternal ruin for a great multitude of both sexes. You know, my friends, what postures and attitudes and figures are suggested of the devil. They who glide into the dissolute dance glide over an inclined plane, and the dance is swifter and swifter, wilder and wilder, until with the speed of lightning they whirl off the edges of a decent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell swings across the Axminster of many a fine parlor, and across the ball-room of the summer watering-place. You have no right my

brother, my sister—you have no right to take an attitude to the sound of music which would be unbecoming in the absence of music. No Chickering grand of city parlor or fiddle of mountain picnic can consecrate that which God hath cursed.

Gate the third: Indiscreet apparel. The attire of woman for the last few years has been beautiful and graceful beyond anything I have known; but there are those who will always carry that which is right into the extraordinary and indiscreet. I charge Christian women, neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel, to become administrative of evil. Perhaps none else will dare to tell you, so I will tell you that there are multitudes of men who owe their eternal damnation to what has been at different times the boldness of womanly attire. Show me the fashion-plates of any age between this and the time of Louis XVI., of France, and Henry VIII., of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel means a righteous people. Immodest apparel always means a contaminated and depraved society. You wonder that the city of Tyre was destroyed with such a terrible destruction. Have you ever seen the fashion-plate of the city of Tyre? I will show it to you:

"Moreover, the Lord saith, because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins."

That is the fashion-plate of ancient Tyre. And do you wonder that the Lord God in his indignation blotted out the city, so that fishermen today spread their nets where that city once stood?

Gate the fourth: Alcoholic beverage. Oh! the wine-cup is the patron of impurity. The officers of the law tell us that nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death go in intoxicated, the mental and the spiritual abolished, that the brute may triumph. Tell me that a young man drinks and I know the whole story. If he becomes a captive of the wine-cup he will become a captive of all other vices; only give him time. No one ever runs drunkness alone. That is a carillon-crow that goes in a flock, and when you see that beak ahead you may know the other beaks are coming—in other words, the wine-cup unbalances and dethrones one's better judgment and leaves one the prey of all evil appetites that may choose to alight upon his soul. There is not a place of any kind of sin in the United States today that does not find its chief abettor in the chalice of inebriety. There is either a drinking-bar before or one behind, or one above, or one underneath. These people escape legal penalty because they are all licensed to sell liquor. The courts that license the sale of strong drink, license gambling-houses, license libertinism, license disease, license death, license all sufferings, all crimes, all despoliations, all disasters, all murders, all wars. It is the courts, and the legislature that are swinging wide open this grinding, creaky, stupendous gate of the lost.

But you say, "You have described these gates of hell and shown us how they swing in to allow the entrance of the doomed. Will you not, please, before you get through the sermon, tell us how these gates of hell may swing out to allow the escape of the penitent?" I reply, But very few escape. Of the thousand that go in nine hundred and ninety-nine perish. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door, would you admit her? Suppose you knew where she came from, would you ask her to sit at your dining-table? Would you ask her to become the governess of your children? Would you introduce her among your acquaintances? Would you take the responsibility of pulling on the outside of the gate of hell while the pusher on the inside of the gate is trying to get out? You would not, and not one of a thousand of you would dare to do so. You would write beautiful poetry over her sorrows and weep over her misfortunes, but give her practical help you never will. But you say, "Are there no ways by which the wanderer may escape?" Oh, yes; three or four. The one is the sewing-girl's garrulous, dinky, cold, hunger-blinded. But you say, "Is there no other way for her to escape?" Oh, yes. Another way is the street that leads to the river, at midnight, the end of the city dock, the moon shining down on the water making it look so smooth she wonders if it is deep enough. It is. No boatman near enough to hear the plunge. No watchman near enough to pick her out before she sinks the third time. No other way? Yes. By the curve of the railroad at the point where the engineer of the lightning express cannot see a hundred yards ahead to the form that lies across the track. He may whistle "down brakes," but not soon enough to disappoint the one who seeks her death. But you say, "Isn't God good, and won't he forgive?" Yes, but man will not, woman will not, society will not. The church of God says it will, but it will not. Our work, then, must be prevention rather than cure.

Those gates of hell are to be prostrated just as certainly as God and the Bible are true, but it will not be done until Christian men and women, quitting their prudery and squeamishness in this matter, rally the whole Christian sentiment of the church and assail these great evils of society. The Bible utters its denunciation in this direction again and again, and yet the piety of the day is such a namby-pamby sort of thing that you cannot even quote Scripture without making somebody restless. As long as this holy imbecility reigns in the church of God sin will laugh you to scorn. I do not know but that before the church wakes up matters will get worse and worse, and that there will have to be one lamb sacrificed from each of the most carefully guarded folds and the wave of uncleanness dash to the spire of the village church and the top of the cathedral tower.

A cold winter night in a city church. It is Christmas night. They have been decorating the sanctuary. A lost wanderer of the street, with thin swarth about her, attracted by the warmth and light, comes in and sits near the door. The minister of religion is preaching of Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, and the poor soul by the door said: "Why, that must mean me; mercy for the chief of sinners; bruised

for our iniquities; wounded for our transgressions."

The music that night in the sanctuary brought back the old hymn which she used to sing when, with father and mother, she worshipped God in the village church. The service over, the minister went down the aisle and said to her: "Were those words for me? 'Wounded for our transgressions.' Was that for me?" The man of God understood her not. He knew not how to comfort a shipwrecked soul, and he passed on and he passed out. The poor wanderer followed into the street.

"What are you doing here, Meg?" said the police. "What are you doing here tonight?" "Oh," she replied, "I was in to warm myself," and then the rattling cough came, and she held to the railing until the paroxysm was over. She passed on down the street, falling from exhaustion; recovering herself again, until after a while she reached the outskirts of the city, and passed on the country road. It seemed so familiar; she kept on the road, and she saw in the distance a light in the window. Ah! that light had been gleaming there every night since she went away. On that country road she went until she came to the garden gate. She opened it and passed up the path where she played in childhood. She came to the steps and looked in at the fire on the hearth. Then she put her fingers to the latch. Oh, if that door had been locked she would have perished on the threshold, for she was near to death! But the door had not been locked since the time she went away. She pushed open the door. She went in and lay down on the hearth by the fire. The old house dog growled as he saw her enter, but there was something in the voice he recognized, and he frisked about her until he almost pushed her down in his joy.

In the morning the mother came down and she saw a bundle of rags on the hearth, but when the face was uplifted she knew it, and it was no more old Meg of the street. Throwing her arms around the returned prodigal, she cried, "Oh, Maggie!" The child threw her arms around her mother's neck and said, "Oh, mother!" and while they were embraced a rugged form towered above them. It was the father. The severity all gone out of his face, he stooped and took her up tenderly and carried her to the mother's room and laid her down on mother's bed, for she was dying. Then the lost one, looking up into her mother's face, said: "Wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities! Mother, do you think that means me?" "Oh, yes, my darling," said the mother. "If mother is so glad to get you back don't you think God is glad to get you back?" And there she lay dying, and all their dreams and all their prayers were filled with the words, "Wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities," until, just before the moment of her departure, her face lighted up, showing the pardon of God had dropped upon her soul. And there she slept away on the bosom of a pardoning Jesus. So the Lord took back one whom the world rejected.

Honoring One's Parents.

It was an interested and interesting group that were discussing all sorts of abstract subjects one day in the drawing-room of a house where all things that affect human welfare are brought up for study and investigation. The talk had turned on the utterance of some celebrated man who had declared that he was a good boy who always spoke with affection and reverence of his parents. It is all very well for children to honor their parents simply because they are such, but the mere fact of parental relation does not in our opinion furnish a full and sufficient reason in itself for enthusiasm unless it is backed by those sterling qualities that clear-headed, good-hearted, and honest youngsters can admire and respect. We think it is safe to say that if more men and women would make themselves worthy of the love and confidence of their children, they would be much more likely to get them. Little ones have extremely keen eyes and sensitive dispositions and temperaments. They know very well whether their parents are up to standard or entirely lacking in the qualities that make them worthy of esteem and confidence. It is scarcely worth while to argue with a child on such things. Love and respect can never be commanded or forced. If parents are honorable, upright and just in their dealings with and in the presence of their children, they will have little to complain of. Not long since a young man was arraigned before a judge in a Western State, and charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. The court asked how he came to fall into such ways. He appeared embarrassed and troubled; but the judge insisted on an answer, asking him directly how it happened that he thought such a course to be right. He finally admitted that he began such practices because he thought it was smart to do so, and, after some cross-questioning, said that when he was a youth his father was very fond of sharp practices in business, and generally managed to get the best of the bargain. He was tremendously elated over every success, and used to boast in the family how he got ahead of the man with whom he was dealing. The boy had followed the same course in playing marbles and trading with the boys. He seemed to think he had done a very bright thing when he succeeded in getting fifty dollars from a man on false pretenses. His moral sense was evidently not at all keen, and on his own showing he was under direct obligation to his father for teaching him the way to defraud his fellows. There is a very broad and deep moral to this incident, and one that parents ought never to lose sight of. Whether they are setting the proper example before their children and teaching them to walk in the ways they should go instead of leading their minds to dwell on sharp tricks and smartness, is a matter of infinite importance.

Candy for Children.

The Popular Health Magazine says the desire in a child for candy and sweets is a natural one, and should not be stifled. Good candy and sweets in moderation, if that point can be found, not only do no harm, but are actually beneficial. Too much sweet upsets the stomach and spoils the appetite, but candy in moderation, if it is not taken before a meal, is a food which children crave naturally.

Woman is more cautious than man. She has to be so.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

LATEST STYLES IN THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Rhinestones for the Summer Bonnets—An Opera Gown—A Dressing Gown—My Lady's Lingerie—Tender Gray for the Red-Haired Girl—Fashion Notes.



NORMOUS rhinestones, such as before now have appeared on the swelling front of the minaret showman, are now accorded place of honor as the central attraction of little bonnets that are a glitter of "stage jewelry," for that is all the stones are, though they are called big names and cost enough at the milliners' to scare a theatrical costume out of his senses. Indeed, the clever actress can bring out all her best stage paste, her "queen" girdles, and such, adjust them to the new condition of millinery, and cut a swath to make the richest envy. It is always safe, however, to use such baubles sparingly, and spangles will, in most cases, afford quite as much glitter as is desired. The accompanying sketch displays a bonnet whose brim is embroidered prettily with spangles and topped by a band of lace. Braided straw is the base of this and for other trimming toward the front there are silk rosettes, violets and leaves, while in the back there is a puffing that may be either pale lavender chiffon or of mousseline de soie. Tiny lace hats look very like the soldier hats children make out of folded paper, only the peak of the crown is much reduced. A pair of bright roses are stuck up against the upright brim, an inconspicuous roll of bright ribbon lies against the hair, and perhaps in the corner made by the turning of the brim there is placed a flare of feathers, or an upright horse-hair aigrette. Becomingness is the sole object and the hat as a hat is merely an airy outline. Ballors with extremely high box crowns and narrow brims are worn without trimming, and if they are becoming are safely stylish, but they remind one of



A BLOUSE FOR DINNER OR EVENING WEAR.

an obstreperous bump on a log if they are not becoming, so beware! Sailors with moderate crowns are trimmed about with a close wreath of wild flowers, made by the blending together of bunch after bunch of daisies, margolds, primroses and violets. The wreath is so soft and thick that it almost covers the hat, only the edge of the brim and the top of the crown showing.—Florette in Chicago Inter Ocean.

As Others See Us. It is a pity that we cannot see ourselves as others see us. So far as mere

All in Tender Gray. A certain auburn-haired girl appeared at an evening party not long ago in a simple gown which made her look like a picture. It was of sheer gray organdie made over mouse-gray satin, the outer skirt being very full and edged with fluttering ruffles. The blouse was composed of gray satin ribbon, three inches wide, alternating with creamy white lace, with a beautifully finished edge, which lapped over the selvedge of the ribbon. About the neck was worn a dog collar of silver. The sleeves were immensely gipot, the tightly fitting lower arm buttoned with silver ornaments to match the collar. Gray silk stockings, gray suede slippers, with a bit of silver embroidery, and gray suede gloves completed the picture, which any red-haired girl may duplicate for very little.—Ex.



For the Summer Girl.

The general revival of wash material for gowns will be an interesting phase of the summer world of fashion. A fetching cotton fabric showing fancy stripes on dark and light blue grounds is known as marine twill. All bouffant effects should be left entirely to the thin woman, who needs them and can wear them with good results. Tall women may wear long eapes with good results, but those who are short or of medium height should wear them much shorter. Among silks taffeta has the preference for spring and summer wear, as it is of light weave and is produced in a great variety of effects. Crepe ribbons are made with satin edges that often contrast in hue with crepe, which is very soft and is particularly effective in stock collars. Fine laces will be used for trimming gowns of India muslin. It is a novel decree of fashion that coarse laces are most suitable for use on broadened taffetas and similar fabrics. The fancy pompadour silks are made up into exceedingly dainty parasols. These come in pink, blue, yellow and white grounds, with chine-printed garlands strewn over the surface.

plaited mousseline de soie. The sleeves are a succession of puffs.—The Latest, in Chicago News.

A Model.

A model is presented here that stamps the dress of which it is a part as sterling, and which is very dressy as well. Summer-weight chevrot is the main fabric, but sleeves and center boxplait are of silk, the latter ornamented with cut steel buttons, which is not usual. The remainder of the front as well as the 1890 sleeve caps are laid in side pleats, but the back is left plain. Ribbon garniture is placed at the joining



of sleeves and their caps, and the skirt is entirely plain.

My Lady's Lingerie. Exceedingly dainty and soft in texture are the new nightgowns, which, like dresses, have grown very big in the sleeves, and very wide in the skirts. They are often trimmed with a flourish around the bottom of the skirt, and some of them are furnished with an entire deux at the waist line, through which a narrow ribbon is run, which serves to draw in the fullness to the figure. Batiste, linen lawn and India muslin are the materials most often used, and never should any starch appear in their folds when laundered. One of the prettiest examples noted had a

CHICAGO'S THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

What the Managers of the Various City Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons—Drama, Vaudeville and Opera Engagements.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE—The amusement of the summer season is the grand revival of "All Baba" at the Chicago Opera House, which occurred last Monday night. The theater was densely packed with an audience which manifested the keenest delight as the manifold beauties of the gorgeous extravaganza were one by one unfolded, and the house was crowded at every performance during the week. The revival is on a scale of magnificence peculiar to the Henderson productions. Every detail has received the most careful attention, every provision is on the most liberal scale. It is this lavish and un stinted manner of doing things that has made the Henderson extravaganzas noted the world over for their sumptuous completeness, and which make cheaper and inferior productions tawdry and worn by contrast. "All Baba" is a superb entertainment in every respect. There is a splendid collection of new things in the musical equipment of the piece—song, comic, sentimental, picturesque and dramatic without number. Taken altogether there is not a show on the American continent that is the equal of "All Baba," as performed in its second revival at the Chicago Opera House. It will continue until further notice, and will be given seven nights and two matinees each week, including the popular mid-week matinee, when the choice of reserved seats may be had for 50 cents.

McVICKER'S THEATER.—The last week of "The Cotton King" at McVicker's Theater will begin Sunday evening, June 30th, which will be the eighth week that it has been presented at that popular play-house. This melodrama is one of the best seen in Chicago since "The Silver King" was first produced. Its mechanical effects are far superior to any seen in similar plays. The company is well balanced and all the characters of the play are well acted. The last performance of "The Cotton King" will take place on Saturday evening, July 6.

Miss Gladys Wallis will make her first appearance as a star in Chicago at McVicker's Theater in August. Miss Wallis will be remembered by theatergoers as having been the bright, vivacious ingenue with Mr. Wm. H. Crane, the comedian, for a number of years. Her ability, beauty, youth, and winsomeness are all features which have made the little lady the most popular comedienne to-day before the footlights.

DEAD "CHINKS."

Remains of Mongolians Shipped Home to China as Fish Bone.

A curious freight which is shipped exclusively from San Francisco to China is "fish bone," which pays \$20 a ton. It is sent in large boxes consigned to the Tung Wah hospital at Hong Kong, but the contents of the boxes are really the bodies of dead Chinamen sent home for burial. Most of the Chinamen who come to the United States are under the care of the Six Companies, who sign a contract guaranteeing to return the bones of the dead for burial with their ancestors in the celestial empire, and the Tung Wah hospital acts as the agent on this side in carrying out the agreement. They are shipped as "fish bones" in order to evade the rule of the steamship companies, who charge the full first-class passenger rates for the bodies of the dead. Nearly every ship leaving San Francisco for China carries among the steerage passengers a number of individuals who hope to live until they reach their native country, but several usually die on every voyage. There is an agreement between the steamships and the Six Companies which forbids the burial of these bodies at sea, and the latter furnishes coffins of the peculiar Chinese pattern for use in such emergencies. They are made of slabs, the first cut of the log, so that the sides and bottom and top are rounded. A dozen or more are carried on each ship and the surgeon is furnished with a supply of embalming fluid. When a Chinaman dies at sea the surgeon embalms the body which is then placed in a coffin, sealed up, and lowered into the hold. The expense is paid by voluntary contributions from the other Chinese passengers, the crowd and the stewards of the ship, all of whom belong to that race. No subscription paper is passed around, but a pan containing Chinese sugar is placed beside the coffin and every Chinaman on board drops in his contribution, from a dime to a dollar, and takes a piece of sugar from the pan, which is supposed to bring him good luck and prolong his life. When the ship reaches Hong Kong the coffins and the belongings of the dead are delivered to the Tung Wah hospital, which disposes of them to the surviving friends in China. Every Chinaman in the United States is supposed to be registered at the Tung Wah hospital and with the Six Companies at San Francisco.

A Heartless Wit.

Norton Wadsworth is one of those men who are liable to give way to despondency. On such occasions he threatens to commit suicide. Not long since something went wrong, and he said he would drown himself in the cistern. "Not in the cistern. We are using that for drinking water," replied Mrs. Wadsworth, who has no nonsense in her composition. "Yes, I am going to drown myself in the cistern." "Very well," she responded, calmly, "get through with the rash act as soon as convenient, but take off those shoes first." "What for?" "Because some man who has got some sense will be slipping into your shoes, and I don't want them spotted. Water hardens shoes, and if he has corns the hard shoes will hurt them." Wadsworth, instead of taking a header and disappearing, shut the trap-door of the cistern with such violence that the neighbors thought burglars were blowing a safe open.