

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE GLOW OF SUNSET," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, "Abide With Us for It Is Toward Evening"—Luke 24:29—Lightening of the Sorrows of Life by the Gospel.



Two villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way, a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time, and notice not the objects they pass, and before they are aware, have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast, or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much further now. Why not stop there, and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The candles are lighted, the table is spread, pleasant socialities are enjoyed. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astonished people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, he vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.

With many of us it is a bright, sunny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after awhile near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak, many of us stand in the very hour described in the text, "for it is toward evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some before me. For with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I'm not so old, after all." They do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite so much as once. They cannot read quite so well without spectacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within, to remind them that it is toward evening.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we step on the down grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden times broke up the silence of the deaf with cadence of mercy. When the axmen of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the strong, beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approached in the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good-natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fall in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen in all the trembling of your soul; in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour you. You can unloose the sin that would ride you down. You can sharpen the battle-axe

with which you split the head of helmeted abomination! Who helped Paul shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm when one word of recantation would have unfasted the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition—who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of a separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky. The air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance-sheet you could see just how you stood in the world. But there came complications. Something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortunes prostrated your credit. You may today be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing, and fear that the next turning of the wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening.

Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the human heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common-sense, our observation reiterate in tones that we cannot mistake, and ought not to disregard. It is toward evening.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us. He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the euroclydon cross the sea. Let the thunders roar—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe his friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them, his grace comfort them, his light cheer them, his sacrifice free them, his glory enchant them. If earthly estate takes wings, he will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, he will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of our joy and in the noonday of our prosperity, he will not forsake us when the lustre has faded and it is toward evening.

This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stonebruiser, or festers with the thorn, or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the Jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place.

Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be a bright day when you push off from the planet, or it may be a dark night and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple-orchards swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter and the earth in a snow shroud. It may be autumn, and the forests set on fire by the retreating year; dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, shot off the switch

and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment—crash! crash! I know not the time; I know not the mode; but the days of our life are being subtracted away and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours; three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left; five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left; four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undishevelled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking-trumpet to the ear, but you could not wake the deafness. No motion; no throbbing; no life. Still! still!

So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble! Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night!

You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will no longer be misinterpreted nor your honor fished. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb, like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march! Toward evening. Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire-psalm, every lake a glassy mirror; the forests transfigured; delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it: "Toward evening!"

Home's Influence.
The Christian Guardian gives utterance to the following excellent application: "A bank official, speaking of the defalcation of one of the clerks, recently made this suggestive remark: 'Had I known he had not a happy home I would not have kept him in so responsible a position.' There is involved in this remark a truth of widest application. The home is the basis of all life. A happy home is essential to safety and success in every department of life."

A Christian's Mission.
In this world of evil, where so many unholy influences breathe about us, it is the Christians' mission to be pure; to keep themselves "unspotted from the world." Do you ask, how is this possible? Christ can keep you. If God can make a little plant so that no dust can stain its whiteness, can He not by His grace so transform your heart that no sin shall stain its purity? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect.

God's Plants.
We are as yet only the roots of a future beautiful plant. The best man or woman I soonly shoot a little way out of the ground. We are God's plants, God's flowers. Be sure that He will help us to unfold into something severely fair, nobly perfect, if not in this life, then in another. If He teaches us not to be satisfied till we have finished our work, He will not be satisfied until He has finished His.—James Freeman Clarke.

The Art of Life.
Science has already done a vast amount of detached work for the improvement of life. But she is now beginning to go to work constructively on the life of man as a whole. She is beginning to recognize that all the sciences exist for the supreme science, the science of life. Out of this supreme science is to come some day the supreme art, the art of life.—Rev. W. R. Taylor, Presbyterian, Rochester.

Evolution.
The time must come when all scientific men will admit that there must be something beyond this present life of ours. The theory of evolution is now being accepted by all leaders of science, and the only interpretation of life as we see it is that there must be another life beyond for which we are being prepared. The doctrine of immortality is now popularly accepted.—Rev. Henry Blanchard, Universalist, Portland, Me.

The Gift of Responsibility.
Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

BEAUTY AT THE RACES

ENGLAND'S FAIREST WOMEN ATTEND ASCOT TRACK.

London Dressmakers Agitated—The Princess Maud to Have Her Trousseau Made in Paris—The Book of Beauty—Gossip of Fashionable Women.



(London Letter.)
Some people claim that Englishwomen are the ugliest women in the world—taken, of course, in bulk. Other authorities assert, on the other hand, that they are the prettiest. I will take a fair medium course and say that there are many pretty women in England and that the majority of them seem to have assembled on Ascot race course on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. To head all the beauties there was, of course, the Princess of Wales, who looked as lovely as a fairy book princess in robes of shimmering gray silk with a small bonnet touched with pink and violet on her graceful head, outlined sharply against the circling background of her black and white chiffon-draped parasol. And then there was pretty little Princess Maud, in cool-looking black and white, and her sister, Princess Victoria (not at all good looking) in the same combination. If you take the whole list of names from Debrett's Peerage, a good sprinkling of selections from the Almanach de Gotha, and a representative contingent from the lists of County Families, and you will get an excellent idea of the brilliant gathering that assembled on each of the four days to watch the running of the most fashionable races of the year. One of the prettiest gowns I saw in the royal enclosure was specially admirable because of its comparative simplicity. Most of the toilettes I noticed erring on the side of over-elaboration. The costume that earned my critical attention was a very fine grass lawn with appliqued Renaissance lace over rose-pink satin, the lace being deep and particularly handsome at the foot of the skirt. The bodice was accordeon-pleated chiffon, the applique grass lawn forming a smart little jacket with basque. Round the waist was a wide rose-pink mirror velvet belt fastened with eight small paste buttons. The sleeves were made tight of accordeon-pleated chiffon, and large bows of grass lawn caught with paste buckles falling over them. This particularly striking costume was completed by an enormous Leghorn hat with pink roses laid around the brim and surmounted by white feathers and Paradise plumes.

Fortunately the girl upon whom this pink and white excellence was expended was tall and exceedingly pretty. She carried, to complete the perfect effect of the whole, a huge parasol of rose-pink satin draped with grass lawn and running over with little frills of lace and fringed with tiny rosebuds. The handle was of ivory set with coral, and a big bunch of pink roses was tied close to the end. Then, in the way of gowns, nothing could have been more excellent than a toilette worn by a lady who was in the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's party. It (the gown) was of the palest tinge of mauve lawn, printed with tiny black figures and worn over a lining of a rather deeper tone of the same color. Round the edge of the skirt were six narrow flounces, all bunched together, of the mauve lawn, edged with black lace, while the waist was encircled by a deep belt of black satin, fastening in front under a big buckle of antique silver set with great turquoise. The bodice was of the mauve lawn, but the whole front of it and a pointed yoke-shaped piece in the back was heavily embroidered with turquoise, outlined with silver and jet.

Around the throat was a broad band of bright blue satin ribbon, above which was a full ruffle of black lace. The sleeves were quite tight from wrist to shoulder, and were of the mauve

muslin, shirred and drawn up into a slight puff on the shoulders, from which fell small frills of the black lace. Black gloves and a big black hat, in which waved purple orchids and black feathers, with a big buckle of silver and turquoise defining the crown on the left side, and holding a band of turquoise blue mirror velvet. With this lovely gown was carried a large parasol of black lace closely frilled inside and out, over a lining of brilliant blue silk. The whole effect was as extraordinary as it was harmonious. The Duchess of Marlborough I was able to see very distinctly, for she did not move about much, but her gown was all blue and white, very frilly and diaphanous looking, with an immense ruffle about her throat and a huge black hat tilted rather far forward over her quater little face. The Duchess of Sutherland was much on evidence, as usual, looking pretty and artistic in cream-colored muslin over white silk.

There is much weeping and gnashing of teeth among many of the smart dressmakers in London, for it is evident that Princess Maud is not patronizing "home-made" gowns, bonnets or lingerie for her trousseau. She has a distinct preference for Paris-made articles, and so the orders from Marlborough house to the various establishments have not been specially generous. General consternation also prevails in the newspaper world, especially in that portion of it where "illustrated articles" are a specialty. It is said that the Princess of Wales means to adopt the same measures used by the Duchess of Teck when "Princess May" married the Duke of York. At that time all the royal trousseau was made in London, and, as is usual under the circumstances, two weeks before the ceremony notifications were sent around to the different illustrated papers by the various firms who were intrusted with the preparation of the corbelle that the royal trousseau was ready for inspection.

It is said now that the Princess of Wales means to adopt the same course in reference to her daughter's trousseau, and the ladies' papers are waiting with bated breath for the issuing of such an order. Of course to "dress" royalty is a great advertisement for a dressmaker, and, therefore, when they find that nothing in the way of illustration of their confections may appear in any newspapers their joy is greatly

damped. A royal order does not by any means imply that royalty is going to pay the biggest prices for everything. Princesses usually recognize their own value very well, and a trousseau is frequently supplied to a princess at a cheaper rate than it would be to an ordinary person because of the advertisement that is sure to accrue from such a distinction.

Naturally quite the loveliest thing that has been produced in recent years is "The Book of Beauty," about which there has been such a lot of gossip lately. Some of the prettiest women and most artistic pictures in the volume have been painted by that justly well-known artist, Mr. Percy Anderson, whose portraits in water colors have come to be considered very much "the thing" among the most fashionable people in London. He has painted most of the most beautiful women of the day and his success as a portrait painter has been as rapid as it has been well-deserved. He lives in a most attractive house close to Regent's park and in, by the way, an earnest advocate of the bicycle. His studio is quite unique and remarkably pretty. It was originally the brick-paved "yard" of the house, but he has built it in with a glass roof and deep-windowed walls, and the result is a spacious and well-lighted studio. Here in a deep angle-nook is a great fireplace, the dark oak woodwork and crimson hangings forming an admirable contrast to the wealth of light that pours through the glass-paneled ceiling. One of the walls is the original "garden wall," and up its side traverses the green luxuriance of a fig tree, and the effect of color and freshness is as pretty as it is original. A flight of stairs leads to a balcony overlooking this curious room, in which abound lovely pictures, rare crockery, masses of flowers and an entire restfulness and reposefulness of aspect that is conducive to an unrumpled frame of mind.

Lady Beatrice Butler, for example, the daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde, a perfect type of an Irish girl, tall, splendidly formed, with limpid gray-green eyes and a mass of curly hair, brown in the shade and gold where the sun strikes it. And then there is that other lovely young debutante, Miss Enid Wilson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson and the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby-Croft fame. And then there is the Countess of Huntingdon, who was also a Wilson—Miss Maud Wilson—but no relation to Miss Enid Wilson. Lady Huntingdon is tall and slender, with blue eyes and dark hair. She is remarkable more for her grace and charm of feature. Mr. Anderson's picture, without having idealized her, gives the compilers of the "beauty book" every reason for including her in this collection of lovely women. Another lovely picture that Mr. Anderson has just completed is that of Countess Eugene Kinsky. It shows the shoulders of the pretty Hungarian enveloped in clouds of filmy gauze, her head thrown back, the chin slightly lifted. There is no coloring in the composition, only the yellowish tone of the hair, the red of the lips and the soft pink of the cheeks giving relief to the almost neutral tint of the rest of the picture. The effect is quite lovely, and the face looks out from its gauzy, colorless surroundings like a flower. But I might go on forever about Mr. Anderson, his studio and the lovely women he paints, for they are all attractive subjects, and none more so than the artist himself.

WILD HORSES IN AUSTRALIA.

The Methods Employed to Capture These Animals.

As a rule the herds number from ten to twelve, made up of mares and one stallion, says Chambers' Journal. No stallion will allow another stallion in his herd, and stubborn fights frequently occur between horses owing to this. The beaten males, after being expelled, join herds exclusively of stallions. On any herd being sighted by hunters, a good idea can generally be formed by the experienced man as to which route the animals will take in their way to the rugged hills, for which they invariably make when disrupted. A scheme is mapped out to cut them off, if possible, and the party scatters, each to take up his allotted position. Of course, while doing this, every advantage is taken of the natural inequalities of the ground, so as to escape observation. When the alarm is given, however, all need for caution is at an end, and each hunter puts his steed to full gallop. The stallion, the head of the herd, boldly comes out to meet him and endeavors to distract attention from the rest.



In some rare instances he is lassoed and captured at once, but he generally manages to rejoin his wives, which by this time have trooped into single file, with his favorite mare in the lead. Should the herd be turned and get into difficulties, the stallion takes up his position in the van, and the great object is to cut him off from the rest. Should this be accomplished, both he and the mares become confused, and the lassos often manage to take two or three per man. Instances have been known where a horse has been thrown to the ground by the hunter's giving a violent jerk to the animal's tail when the horse was making an abrupt turn. When this quarry is brought down, either by this method or the use of the lasso, the rider jumps from his steed, whips a "blinder" (a handkerchief is used when there is nothing else procurable) over the prostrate horse's eyes and straps up one of his forelegs securely. If this is properly done the animal may safely be left "until called for," for no horse thus secured can stray far.

Should a man be so unlucky as to capture a branded horse or a foal running with a branded mare, he cannot keep it, but all others become the property of the hunter, and after they undergo a rough-and-ready process of breaking in, are sold at prices ranging from 25s. to £25. The latter figure is, however, seldom reached, unless in the case of exceptionally fine stallions. Great numbers of these horses die from starvation in the winter time, but still the herds show no signs of diminution.

BURNS' LOVE FOR HIS WIFE.

A Sad Waste of Popular Sympathy for "Highland Mary."

"Burns has been hotly assailed because of his alleged indifference to his wife (Jean Armour), but the fact is he was ardently fond of her. Jean was true to him, and his true affection never really turned from her. Jean worshipped him—literally worshipped him. And when we study her devoted life we must agree that there must have been much that was admirable in the character of a man who was adored by so true a woman. Burns' biographers have paid too scanty attention to all this. There is no use in apologizing for the defects of Bobbie's life, but there is such a thing as insisting too heavily upon them. * * * Too much has been made in the thousand stories of Burns' life of the 'Highland Mary' episode, and too little of what he really felt for Jean Armour, and of Jean's intense loyalty to him and devoted care of him. The real facts about Highland Mary will never be known. They comprise the one episode of Burns' life which is veiled in mystery. But one can study the poet's life closely enough to see that the persecution which in the early days seemed to hopelessly separate him from love drove him to Highland Mary for solace, and that Mary's sudden death idealized that Highland lassie in his memory. There was not much more to it, and Jean never troubled herself about it. There has been a sad waste of popular sympathy over Highland Mary. It is to loyal Jean our thoughts should turn. Burns' love for her and for her children was very great. That is a pleasing picture of him handed down by one who saw him 'sitting in the summer evening at his door with his little daughter in his arms, dangling her, and singing to her, and trying to elicit her mental faculties.' The little girl died in the autumn of 1795, when her father's health was failing."—Arthur Warren, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Hoist by His Own Petard.
Casey (confidentially to the foreman)—"O've bin after watchin' Kerrigan fer th' last two hours, an' divil a shrook uv wur-ruk hoz he done in all that toime." Foreman—"Be hivin's! Kerrigan wuz just after comin' t' me w' th' same information—about yerself. Yez ar bome discharged, fer watchin' instid uv wur-rkin."—Puck.

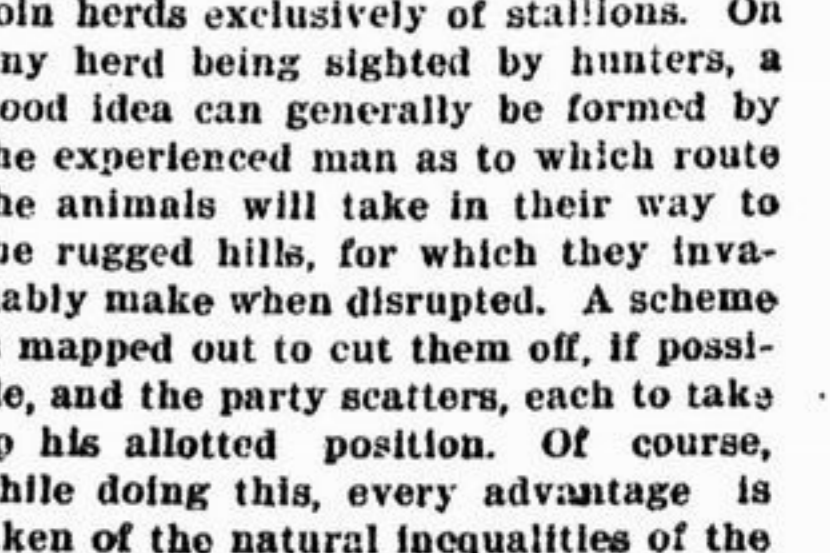
Never Saw Them.
Student of Human Nature—You come in contact with all kinds of people, I suppose? "L" Chopper—Yes, sir; all except one kind. Student of Human Nature (interested)—Indeed! Who are they? "L" Chopper—Them as has passes on the cable road.

Not Necessary.
Bighead—"Men didn't commit suicide as frequently in olden times as they do now." Cynicus—"No. The men who made history relieved them of the necessity."—Truth.

COUNTRESS HUNTINGTON.

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