

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"GATES OF CARBUNCLE" THE SUBJECT OF SUNDAY.

From the Text: "And I Will Make Thy Windows of Agates and Thy Gates of Carbuncles" -- Book of Isaiah, Chapter 54, Verse 12.



PEARL that Christ picked up to illustrate his sermon, and the Jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision masoned into the wall of heaven have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbuncle.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies, in color is an intense scarlet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writes:

Like to the burning coal whence comes its name; Among the Greeks as Anthrax known to fame.

God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, shapes it with a precise geometry, and kindles its fire into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. Its law of symmetry, its law of zones, its law of parallelism, something to excite the amazement of the scientist, chime the cantos of the poet, and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the infinite God could fashion a carbuncle as large as your thumb nail, and as if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone he ordered it set in the first row of the high priest's breastplate in olden time and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court, the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancies of the walls and of the tasseled floors suggested by the Bible sentence, "Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire!" But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I hand you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a precious stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it the panel of a door that you might stand and study for its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astounded vision, eye! two gates of it, eye! many gates of it: "I will make thy gates of carbuncles." What gates? Gates of the Church. Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful enterprise. Gates of salvation. Gates of national achievement.

Isaiah, who wrote this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the lamb to the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying, "I have trod the wine-press alone," and wrote, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" And do you think that Isaiah in my text merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carmine gates, as gates of carbuncle? No. He means that it is through atonement, through blood-red struggle, through agonies we get into anything worth getting into. Heaven's gates may well be made of pearl, a bright, pellucid, cheerful crystallization, because all the struggles are over and there is beyond those gates nothing but raptures and cantata and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and kiss of reunion, and so the twelve gates are twelve pearls, and could be nothing else than pearls. But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in his own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and two thumbs are on each gate, and as he lifted the gate it leaned against his forehead and took from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of those gates as gates of carbuncle.

We are not indebted to history for our knowledge of the greatest of national crises. Many of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say, "On such a page of such a book you can read that," will they rather be able to say, "My father told me so," "My mother told me so!" Men and women who vividly remember 1861, and 1862, and 1863, and 1864, be yourselves the historians, telling it, not with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use of Memorial Decoration Day, for the call lilies on the grave-tops soon become breathless of perfume, and in a week turn to dust like unto that which lies beneath them. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the roadside and in churches and in cemeteries, by that annual recital will be kept fresh in the memory of generations as long as our American institutions are worthy of preservation. Long after you are dead your children will be able to say, with the Psalmist, "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old." But what a time it was! Four years of homesickness! Four years of brotherly and sisterly estrangement! Four years of martyrdom! Four years of massacre! Put them in a long line, the configuration of cities, and see them light up a whole continent! Put them in long rows, the hospitals, making a vast metropolis of pain and paroxysm! Gather them in one vast assemblage, the millions of bereft from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pa-

cific beaches! Put the tears into lakes, and the shrieks into whirlwinds! During those four years many good and wise men at the North and the South saw nothing ahead but annihilation. With such a national debt we could never meet our obligations! With such mortal antipathies Northern and Southern men could never come into amity! Representatives of Louisiana and Georgia, and the Carolinas could never again sit side by side with the representatives of Maine, Massachusetts and New York at the national capital. Lord John Russell had declared that we were "a bubble-bursting nationality," and it had come true. The nations of Europe had gathered with very resigned spirit at the funeral of our American republic. They had tolled the bells on parliaments and Reichstags and lowered their flags at half-mast, and even the lion on the other side of the sea had whined for the dead eagle on this side. The deep grave had been dug, and beside Babylon, and Thebes, and Tyre, and other dead nations of the past our dead republic was to be buried. The epitaph was all ready: "Here lies the American Republic. Born at Philadelphia, 4th of July, 1776. Killed at Bull Run July 21, 1861. Aged eighty-five years and seventeen days. Peace to its ashes." But before the obsequies had quite closed there was an interruption of the ceremonies, and our dead nation rose from its mortuary surroundings. God had made for it a special Resurrection Day, and cried, "Come forth, thou Republic of Washington, and John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and John Hancock, and Daniel Webster, and S. B. Prentiss, and Henry Clay. Come forth!" And she came forth, to be stronger than she had ever been. Her mightiest prosperities have come since that time. Who would want to push back this country to what it was in 1860 or 1850? But, oh! what a high gate, what a strong gate she had to push back before she could make one step in advance! Gate of flame! See Norfolk navy yard, and Columbia, and Chambersburg, and Charleston on fire! Gate of bayonets! See glittering rifles and carbines flash from the Susquehanna, and the James, to the Mississippi, and the Arkansas! Gate of heavy artillery, making the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky and Virginia tremble as though the earth itself were struggling in its last agony. The gate was so fiery and so red that I can think of nothing more appropriate than to take the suggestion of Isaiah in the text and call it a gate of carbuncles.

This country has been for the most part of its history passing through crises, and after each crisis was better off than before it entered it, and now we are at another crisis. We are told on one hand that if gold is kept as a standard and silver is not elevated, confidence will be restored and this nation will rise triumphant from all the financial misfortunes that have been afflicting us. On the other hand, we are told that if the free coinage of silver is allowed, all the wheels of business will revolve, the poor man will have a better chance, and all our industries will begin to hum and roar. During the last six presidential elections I have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I preach into a political stump. Every minister must do as he feels called to do, and I will not criticize him for doing what he considers his duty; but all the political harangues from pulpits from now until the 2d of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will leave many cars stopped against anything that such clergymen may utter the rest of their lives. As a general rule the laymen of churches understand politics better than the clergy, because they (the laymen) study politics more than the clergy, and have better opportunity of being intelligent on those subjects. But good morals, honesty, loyalty, Christian patriotism, and the Ten Commandments—these we must preach. God says distinctly in the Bible, "The silver and the gold are mine," and He will settle the controversy between those two metals. If ever this country needed the Divine rescue it needs it now. Never within my memory have so many people literally starved to death as in the past few months. Have you noticed in the newspapers how many men and women here and there have been found dead, the post-mortem examination stating that the cause of death was hunger? There is not a day that we do not hear the crash of some great commercial establishment, and as a consequence many people are thrown out of employment. Among what we considered comfortable homes have come privation and close calculation and economy that kills. Millions of people who say nothing about it are at this moment at their wits' end. There are millions of people who do not want charity but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," and the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we have nothing better to depend on than American politics, relief will never come. Whoever is elected to the presidency, the wheels of government turn so slowly, and a caucus in yonder white building on the hill may tie the hands of any president. Now, though we who live in the District of Columbia cannot vote, we can pray, and my prayer day and night shall be, "O God, hear the cry of the souls from under the altar! Thou who hast brought the wheat and corn of this season to such magnitude of supply, give food to man and beast. Thou who hast not where to lay Thy head, pity the shelterless. Thou who hast brought to perfection the cotton of the South and the flax of the North, clothe the naked. Thou who hast filled the mine with coal, give fuel to the shivering. Bring bread to the body, intelligence to the mind, and salvation

to the soul of all the people! God save the nation!"

But we must admit that it is a hard gate to push back. Millions of "his hands have pushed at it without making it swing on its hard hinges. It is a gate made out of empty flour barrels, and cold fire grates, and worn out apparel, and cheerless homes, and unmedicated sickness, and ghastliness, and horror. It is a gate of struggle. A gate of penury. A gate of want. A gate of disappointment. A red gate, or what Isaiah would have called a gate of carbuncles.

Now, as I have already suggested, as there are obstacles in all our paths, we will be happier if we consent to have our life a struggle. I do not know any one to whom it is not a struggle. Louis the Fourteenth thought he had everything fixed just right and fixed to "stay, and so he had the great clock at Bordeaux made. The hours of that clock were struck by figures in bronze representing the kings of Europe, and at a certain time of day William the Third of England and other kings were made to come out and bow to Louis the Fourteenth. But the clock got out of order one day and just the opposite of what was expected occurred, as the clock struck a certain hour Louis the Fourteenth was thrown to the feet of William the Third. And so the clock of destiny brings many surprises and those go down that you expected to stand, and at the foot of disaster most regal conditions tumble. In all the styles of life there comes disappointment and struggle. God has for some good reason arranged it so. If it is not sickness, it is persecution. If it is not persecution, it is contest with some evil appetite. If it is not some evil appetite, it is bereavement. If it is not one thing, it is another. Do not get soured and cross and think your case is peculiar. You are just like the rest of us. You will have to take the bitter draught whether it be handed to you in golden chalice or pewter mug. A man who has a thousand dollars a year income sleeps sounder and has a better appetite than the man who has five millions. If our life were not a struggle we would never consent to get out of this world, and we would want to stay here, and so block up the way of the advancing generations. By the time that a man gets to be seventy years of age, and sometimes by the time he gets to be fifty years of age, he says: "I have had enough of this, and when the Lord wills it I am ready to emigrate to a country where there are no taxes and the silver of the trumpet put to one's lips has no quarrel with the gold of the pavement under his feet." We have in this world more opportunity to cultivate patience than to cultivate any other grace. Let that grace be strengthened in the Royal Academy of obstacle and opposition, and by the help of God, having overcome our own hindrances and worriments, let us go forth to help others whose struggle is greater than our own.

A friend told me the other day of a shoemaker in a Russian city whose bench was in the basement of a building, and so far underground that he could see only the feet of those who went by on the sidewalk. Seated on his bench, he often looked up, and there went the swift and skipping feet of children, and then the slow and uniform step of the aged, and then feet with shoes old and worn out, and then crippled feet, and he resolved he would do a kindness to each one who needed it. So when the foot with the old and worn-out shoe was passing, he would halt it and make for it a comfortable covering, for he had the hammer, and the pegs, and the shoe-lasts, and the lapstone, and the leather to do it. And when he saw the invalid foot pass he would halt it and go out and offer medicine and crutch and helpfulness. And when he saw the aged foot pass he halted it and told the old man of heaven, where he would be young again. When he saw the foot of childhood pass on the sidewalk he would go out with good advice and a laugh that seemed like an echo of the child's laugh. Well, time went on, and as the shoemaker's wants were very few, he worked but little for himself and most of the time for others, and in the long evenings, when he could not so well see the feet passing on the sidewalk, he would make shoes of all sizes and stand them on a shelf, ready for feet that would pass in the daytime. Of course, as the years went on, under this process the shoemaker became more and more Christian, until one day he said to himself: "I wish among all those feet passing up there on the sidewalk I could see the feet of the dear Christ passing. Oh! if I could only see His feet go by, I would know them, because they are scarred feet." That night the shoemaker dreamed, and in the dream he saw the glorious Christ, and he said: "O Christ! I have been waiting for Thee to pass on the sidewalk, and I have seen lame feet, and wounded feet, and aged feet, and poor feet, but in vain have I looked for Thy scarred feet." And Christ said to the shoemaker, "Man! I did pass on the sidewalk, and you did see My feet, and you did come out and halt Me, and bless Me, and help Me. You thought it was the foot of a poor old man that went shuffling by; that was My foot. You thought it was the foot of a soldier that went limping past; that was My foot. You thought that shoeless foot was the foot of a beggar; that was My foot. The shoes, the clothing, the medicines, the cheering words that you gave to them, you gave to your Lord. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." My hearers, with the humble spirit of that Russian shoemaker, let us go forth and help others.

QUEENS OF BEAUTY.

HERE ARE SOME REAL ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

London Haves Over Their Faces and Figures and Glories in Their Talents, Such as It Is—Lily Harold and Nellie Osmond.



HERE are a handful of English roses which are blooming in London's garden this summer. The New York girls are brighter, and the girls in Paris are better dressed, and the Berlin girls are thriffter housewives, and the Viennese more tender sweethearts.

But for tall, full-blown, generously proportioned young creatures, with exquisite skins and clear eyes, London is far and away ahead of any city in the world. Miriam Clements, with her amber eyes and hair as yellow as corn tassels, is a thoroughly typical English beauty. Like Mrs. Langtry, she was born on the island of Jersey, and her admirers are enthusiastic enough to assert that she is more beautiful than the Jersey Lily herself. Miss Clements is only twenty-three years old, and one has to close one's eyes and think back a good many years to remember Mrs. Langtry when she was in the pride of her youth. If one remembers very clearly the comparison would perhaps be hardly to Miss Clements' advantage.

A new generation has, however, sprung up—a generation of young men who never saw Mrs. Langtry at her best, and who are sure that they have never seen anything as beautiful as Miss Clements. Following Dorothy Baird, as Tribby, in London, it says a great deal for Miss Clements that her beauty made the sensation it did. Although Miss Baird—who dropped playing Tribby in order to find the time to marry Henry Irving's son—was the most atrocious stick in the atrocious company which played "Tribby" at the London Haymarket, she is one of the loveliest young women in the world. In a morning's walk down Fifth avenue you will not see, among all the babies in their perambulators, one whose eyes are clearer or whose lips are fresher than hers.

By all accounts Miss Clements is another "picture Tribby," chosen rather to fulfil Mr. Du Maurier's artistic requirements than to meet his exigencies as an author. It is, indeed, unhappily the case that the magnificent young English girl, with the eyes of a fawn and the throat of a dove, is apt to be as stupid as a heifer. No class of English girls are, speaking at large, as bright and quick as American girls, but nowhere is the difference so perceptible as in the beauty class.

A New York chorus girl is not always the most highly educated, nor yet the most refined, of her sex; but she is always a quick-witted young person, who has a ready answer for everybody, and is uncommonly well able to take care of herself. The run of English Gayety girls, on the other hand, seem hardly to possess human intelligence. By superhuman patience, the ballet-master succeeds in teaching them to walk on and off the stage, and to do a little dance, but their superfluous intelligence is so limited that one can readily believe the story that at the "Shop Girl" picnic a cynical youth in vain offered the prize of a diamond bracelet to any girl who knew how to spell Charlemagne. It shows even in their pictures, this heaviness of wit.

Cissie Crawford has perhaps a brighter face, although her big eyes look as if she might ask stupid questions on occasion.

Kate Adams, another one of the bouquet of beauties, has a hard, cold little face, and her figure is absolutely faultless, and she dances like a whirlwind.

Rose Dearing is another beauty who owes more to her figure than her face, and a curious fact in this connection is that the lines about her nose and mouth indicate that she is well on the wrong side of thirty, while her limbs and her bust display the fine, delicate lines which afford an almost unmis-



NELLIE OSMOND. Takable indication that a girl is not yet twenty.

Miss North is a languorous beauty. But her husband is one of the fiercest of Scotchmen, and hovers about her like a movable barbed wire fence. As a rule, a girl on the London stage, who is very well looked after, or who is herself very circumspect, never becomes as great a popular favorite as if she were in the habit of going to fashionable supper clubs. She is not, of course, made the subject of so many little newspaper paragraphs, for she has not so many influential friends; nor, on the other hand, has she beautiful dresses and diamonds, and dogs and

horses to add her to attracting the public gaze. Notwithstanding the accurate propriety of her life and the highly uninteresting respectability of her domestic surroundings, Miss North's beauty has created an apparently inexhaustible demand for her photograph.

Nellie Osmond, of the Adelphi, although she blooms among the English roses, is a graft from our own rosy. Born in Harrisburg, Pa., (where Snyder is a name more often found than Osmond), she has now become an established favorite at the London music halls, and is undoubtedly as shapely a young person as any of her British sisters.

Constance Collier enjoys the proud distinction of getting higher salaries and more flowers and more adoring letters than any other vaudeville artist in England. She is a singer rather than a dancer, and a blind man who heard her sing would know how beautiful she must be in order to command the price she gets.

Miss Baetone, on the contrary, is really an artist, singing daintily, dancing gracefully and doing little improvisations which would make her worth going to see, even if she were not so pretty.

As for Lily Harold, every man with an eye to photographers' windows and a heart in his ribs has looked at her exquisite face a hundred times. She doesn't look bright, but for flashy beauty—and not of a coarse type, either—she is almost peerless.

Take them all around, they are a stunning lot of young women, and it is no wonder that the libraries sell hundreds of their photographs. Sooner or later we shall see them all in New York, and it is devoutly to be hoped that it will be sooner, rather than later, for



LILY HAROLD. Grease-paint will soon spoil the bloom of their cheeks, the footlights soon dull their eyes, and lobster suppers soon affect their symmetrical curves.

The English stage beauty has rarely more than three or four years of splendor, and there seems to be an idea in England that it will do to send us the flowers after they have begun to fade. There is room in America for these half dozen beauties, if they will put their little clothes in their big trunks and come right along now.

CHILIAN WOMEN.

Their Loveliness Said to Be Unequaled on the Hemisphere.

The most striking features of the Chilean cities, Valparaiso and Santiago, are those of its women. Certainly nowhere else in South America, if on all the western hemisphere, is there to be found so large a proportion of pretty women in a total population. The Spaniards say that the very air there conduces to a perfect development of form and feature. However that may be, it is a fact that the proportion of beautiful women to be seen in the cities mentioned is remarkable. The pure blood of the German, French and English has mingled with the Indo-Spanish and the result is a race with the graces and beauties of each, beside which the far-famed beauty of the Indo-Spanish women seem tame and insipid. With their beauty they have much ease and grace of movement, and walk with the long, swinging, virile stride of the English girl. Strange to say, the modern Chilean beauty has little love for the Spaniards and resents the imputation that she is an "Indo-Spanian." But they are pleased immensely, any and all of them, when referred to as the "Yankees of South America." On the promenades or when shopping, riding and attending to ordinary social duties, they are attired quite as fashionably as any of their sisters further north. While attending church services, however, they invariably dress in black and discard the latest French fashions in millinery for a mantua, which has a bewitching effect when worn by one of these glorious senoritas. The mantua is the common head-dress of the poor. The brunette is the more common type of beauty, though a magnificent type of blonde is not uncommon. The brunettes have clear, olive skins, their eyes, big and black, are lovely beyond description. In both Valparaiso and Santiago women act as conductors on the street cars. The cars are double-decked, and the conductor, who wears a smart uniform, has a seat on the rear platform. There she sits and collects the fares of the passengers as they get on, and she rings the register, with which all the cars are fitted, without leaving her seat. She is affable, polite, even-tempered and accommodating to every one but the male flirt.—New York World.

Colored Man's Distinction. John Thurman, 72, died at Greensburg, Ind., Monday. He had the distinction of being the only colored person in the United States belonging to a white Masonic lodge. He had been a barber in Greensburg forty-five years.

The assets of Andrew Carnegie are placed at \$20,000,000.

ELECTRICITY AND WAR.

The Telegraph as an Agency in the Coming World War.

In the course of his farewell speech at the danger of the British chamber of commerce in Paris, Lord Dufferin, the retiring British ambassador, said: "But whatever may be the ups and downs of the diplomatic career every member of the service, no matter how unpromising the post he occupies, may console himself with the reflection that, if he is industrious, prudent and, above all single-minded, the broad he casts upon the waters will not be lost and that, perhaps, when he least expects it, his day will dawn, for though, like everything else, the outward aspects of diplomacy have changed since the beginning of the century never have the nations stood in greater need of the thing itself than at the present moment. What do we see around us? The whole of Europe is little better than a standing camp, numbering millions of armed men, while a double row of frowning and opposing fortresses bristles along every frontier. Our harbors are stuffed and the seas swarm with ironclad navies, to whose numbers, I am forced to admit, England has been obliged, in self defense, to add her modest quota. Even in the remotest east the passion for military expansion has displayed an unexpected development. In fact, thanks to the telegraph, the globe itself has become a mere bundle of nerves and the slightest disturbance at any one point of the system sends a portentous tremor through its morbidly sensitive surface. We are told by the poets of old that when Zeus nodded, the golden halls of his Olympus shook to their foundations. To-day it would suffice for any one of half a dozen august personages to speak above his breath or unwittingly to raise his little finger and, like in a heaven overcharged with electricity, the existing conditions of the unstable equilibrium which sustains the European political system would be upset and war, waged in circumstances of greater horror than has been hitherto known to the experience of mankind, might eventually envelop not Europe alone, but two—nay, all the four—continents at once, since in every one of them representatives and offshoots of the contending nations would of necessity be brought into collision. It is to prevent catastrophes of this kind that we seek, civil-spoken and mild-mannered persons have been invented. Looking at us you will perhaps say that we are a poor and feeble folk and that our calling is a sorry preservative against such dangers; but such as it is, it is the best device human ingenuity has been able to discover. After all, a very thin wire proves a perfectly effective lightning conductor and for over eighty years, thanks to this unpretending agency, an unbroken peace has been maintained between your native land and the country with whose prosperity and welfare your own interests are so closely associated."

BARON VON ZEDTWITZ.

Recently Lost His Life in a Collision of Yachts at Sea.

Baron von Zedtwitz, who was killed the other day in the collision of Emperor William's yacht Meteor and his own yacht Isolda, was a recent convert to the sport of yachting. It was only in 1893 that he joined the Imperial Yacht Club and became enthusiastically interested in the sport. His yacht Isolda was a competitor in nearly all the Baltic and English regattas of this and of last season. While new as a yachtsman the baron was widely known as a diplomat. He entered the civil service in Saxony in 1874 and four years later he became attached to the diplomatic service of the empire. Since that time he had held such important



BARON VON ZEDTWITZ.

posts as the secretaryship of the imperial missions at St. Petersburg, Tokyo, Stockholm and Washington. In 1888 he was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary in Mexico. During his residence in the United States he became acquainted with the reputation of the Herrschoffs as builders of yachts, and when he decided to take up the sport he gave an order to the Bristol firm for a racer. During the winter of 1894-5 he had the Herrschoffs build the Isolda, a twenty-rater, and an exact counterpart of Howard Gould's Niagara. The Isolda made a good record for her owner from the very start. She won races at Kull and then went to England, where she gave a good account of herself in the Isle of Wight regatta. The yachting season had just opened when the baron met his death.

The summer girl says that she is sixteen is about the ratio of the number of kisses a man asks for compared to what he takes—but she doesn't say this complainingly.—Baltimore Journal.