

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER TALKS FROM A NEGLECTED TEXT.

"And I Will Make Thy Windows of Agates and Thy Gates of Carbuncles"—How Christ Hoisted the Great Gates of Pardon in His Own Blood.

From a neglected text, and one to most people unknown, Rev. Dr. Talmage Sunday morning produced a sermon appropriate to individual and national circumstances. The subject was "Gates of Carbuncle," the text being Isaiah liv., 12, "And I will make thy windows of agates and thy gates of carbuncles."

Perhaps because a human disease of most painful and oftentimes fatal character is named after it the church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all suggestive precious stone, the carbuncle. The 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 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.

None but God.

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 opal and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancy of the walls and of the tessellated 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 astounding vision—aye, two gates of it—aye, 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 carbuncle 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.

Gates Deeply Dred.

Heaven's gates may well be made of pearl, a bright pellucid, cheerful crystallization, because all the struggles are over, and there are beyond those gates nothing but raptures and ecstasies and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and ease 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.

What an odd thing it is, to think some, this idea of vicarious suffering, or suffering for others? Not at all. The world has seen vicarious suffering millions of times before Christ came and demonstrated it on a scale that eclipsed all that went before and all that shall come after. Rachel lived only long enough after the birth of her son to give him a name. In faint whisper she said, "Call him Ben-oni," which means "son of my pain," and all modern travelers on the road from Jerusalem to Bethel uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachel, who died for her boy. But in all ages, how many mothers die for their children, and in many cases grown-up children, who by reciprocity stand clear through the mother's heart! Suffering for others? Why, the world is full of it.

Died at His Post.

"Jump!" said the engineer to the fireman on the locomotive. "One of us is enough to die. Jump!" And so the engineer died at his post, trying to save the train. When this summer the two trains crashed into each other near Atlantic City, among the forty-seven who lost their lives, the engineer was found dead, with one hand on the throttle of the locomotive and the other on the brake. Aye, there are hundreds here to-day suffering for others. You know and God knows that it is vicarious sacrifice. But on one limestone hill about twice the height of this church, five minutes' walk from the gates of Jerusalem, was the sublimest case of suffering for others the world ever saw or ever will see. Christ was the victim, human and satanic malevolence the executioner, the whole human race having an overwhelming interest in the spectacle. To open a way for us sinful men and sinful women into glorious pardon and high

hope and eternal exultation Christ, with hand dripping with the rush of opened arteries, swung back the gate, and, behold, it is a red gate, a gate of deepest hue, a gate of carbuncle!

What is true in spirituals is true in temporal. There are young men and older men who hope, through the right settlement of this acrid controversy between silver and gold, or the bimetallic quarrel, that it will become easy to make a living. That time will never come. It never has been easy to make a living. The men who have it very easy now went through hardships and self-denials to which most young men would never consent. Unless they got it by inheritance you cannot mention twenty men who have come to honorable fortune that did not fight their way inch by inch and against fearful odds that again and again almost destroyed them. For some good reason God has arranged it for all the centuries that the only way for most people to get a livelihood for themselves and their families is with both hands and all the allied forces of body, mind and soul to push back and push open the red gate, the gate of carbuncle.

For the benefit of all young men, if I had the time, I would call the roll of those who overcame obstacle. How many of the mighty men who went one way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the United States Senate, or walked the other way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the White House, did not have to climb over political obliquity? Not one. How much scorn and scoff and brutal attack did Horace Mann endure between the time when he first began to fight for a better common school system in Massachusetts and the day when a statue in honor of him was placed on the steps of the State House overlooking the Commons?

Living Gates of Red Men.

Read the biography of Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, who, though he had been pronounced a dunce at school, lived to thrill the world with his Christian eloquence, and of George Peabody, who never owned a carriage and denied himself all luxuries that he might while living and after death, through last will and testament, devote his uncounted millions to the education of the poor people in England and America, and of Bishop James, who in boyhood worked his passage from Ireland to America and became the joy of Methodism and a blessing to the race. Go the biographical alcove in city, State or national library and find at least every other book an illustration of overcome obstacle and of carbuncle gate that had to be forced open.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. Was it a mild spring morning when the pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, and did they come in a glided yacht, gay streamers flying? No. It was in cold December and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hudson or the Potomac River. Scouring knives all ready to receive them, they landed, their men on the beach. Red men in the forest. Red men on the mountains. Red men in the valleys. Living gates of red men. Gates of carbuncle!

A Story Never Told.

Aboriginal hostility pushed back, surely now our forefathers will have nothing to do but to take easy possession of the fairest continent under the sun. The skies so genial, the soil so fertile, the rivers so populous with fishy life, the acreage so immense, there will be nothing to do but eat, drink and be merry. No. The most powerful nation, by army and navy, sounded its protest across 3,000 miles of water. Then came Lexington and Bunker Hill and Monmouth and Long Island battles and Valley Forge and Yorktown and starvation and widowhood and orphanage, and thirteen colonies went through sufferings which the historian has attempted to put upon paper and the artist to put upon canvas, but all in vain. Engraver's knife and reporter's skill and telegraphic wire and daily press, which have made us acquainted with the horrors of modern battlefield, had not yet begun their vigilance, and the story of the American revolution has never been told and never will be told. It did not take much ink to sign the Declaration of Independence, but it took a terrific amount of blood to maintain it. It was an awful gate of opposition that the men and women—and the women as much as the men—pushed back. It was a gate of self sacrifice. It was a gate of blood. It was a gate 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 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, hot with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. This is the greatest use of Memorial Decoration day, for the calm 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 that work thou didst in their days, in the times of old." But what a time it was!

The Millions of Bereft.

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 conflagration of cities, and see them light up a whole continent! Put them in long rows, the hospitals, making a vast metropolis of pain and sorrow! Gather them in one vast assemblage, the millions of bereft from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific beaches. Put the tears into lakes,

and the blood into rivers, 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 Carolina could never again sit side by side with the representatives of Maine, Massachusetts and New York at the national capitol. 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.

The epitaph was all ready: "Here lies the American republic. Born at Philadelphia, 4th of July, 1776. Killed at Bill Run July 21, 1861. Aged 85 years and 17 days. Hence 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. S. 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 1861? 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 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.

Millions Want Work.

Among what we considered comfortable homes have come privation and close calculation and an economy that kills. Millions of people who say nothing about it are at this moment at their wits' ends. There are millions of people who do not want charity, but want work. The cry has come 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 take 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 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 has 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 it is a hard gate to push back. Millions of this hard gate have pushed at it without making it swing on its hard hinges. It is a gate made out of empty four barrels and cold fire grates and unmediated sickness and ghastliness and horror. It is a gate of struggle, a gate of disappointment. A red gate, or what Isaiah would have called a gate of carbuncles.

The Bitter Draft.

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. In all styles of life there comes disappointment and struggle. God has for some good reason arranged it so. If it is not poverty, it is sickness. 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 bereavement, it is another. Do not get sour and cross and think your case is peculiar. You are just like the rest of us. You will have to take the bitter draft, whether it be handed to you in golden chalices or pewter mugs. A man who has \$1,000 a year income sleeps sounder and has a better appetite than the man who has \$5,000,000. 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 70 years of age, and sometimes by the time he gets to be 50 years of age, he says, "I have had enough of this, and when the Lord wills 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 gymnasium 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. Having shoved back the carbuncle gate for yourself to pass in and pass on and pass up, lead a hand to others that they also may get through the red gate and pass in and pass on and pass up! My hearers, it will be a great heaven for all who get through, but the best heaven for those who had on earth nothing but struggle. Blessed all those who, before they entered the gate of pearl, passed through the gate of carbuncle!

THE FAMILY STORY

THE ODD NUMBER.

The short November afternoon was darkening, and the snow, falling steadily, melted as it fell, making the slush still deeper.

On one of the street corners of an Eastern city stood a girl playing a violin; the wild, sweet notes pierced the air and died away, and the girl held her chilled hands out to receive the pennies offered her. Then she walked on, only pausing to look through the brilliantly lighted show windows at the rich furs.

For some moments she stood, then, drawing her old shawl closer, hurried on. Over the bridge she passed and up the dark street, entering one of the houses in a long row of tenements. The great bare room, dimly lighted by a lamp; the rusty stove, and the fumes of oil struck the girl unpleasantly as she threw open the door. By the window sat a man busily mending an old violin, while near him was a bench strewn with tools.

"Here, father," she said, coming over and throwing some pennies on the bench; "I stayed out until I was chilled through, and that is all I could get."



"YOU'LL MARRY BILL BRADDEN, OR YOU'LL LEAVE HOME."

"You hussy! It's because you won't work that you can't get it. You're as lazy and proud as your mother was—she'd rather freeze to death than ask a penny."

The girl stood by the stove, with one foot resting on the fender. It was her apparent indifference that roused the anger of the man. He spread the money in his palm, and counted it. "Twenty cents, you lazy good-for-nothing. How are we going to pay the rent with that?" The girl neither answered nor showed that she had heard. When she had partly dried her feet she went to the cupboard and, bringing some brown bread and cheese, sat them on the table. She then wheeled her father's chair to the board, and sat down to the cheerless supper. She broke off bits of bread and ate as though unconscious of what she was doing.

"You'd be glad enough to see your father turned out, wouldn't you? Rent coming due and nothing to pay it with." He waited for a reply, but the girl had nothing to say.

"Three days more, then nothing to do but freeze and starve to death," he continued, watching closely to see the effect. The face opposite remained unchanged.

"Say, Sal," here the surly tone changed into a coaxing whine. "Bill Braden was around to-day again, and he says he'd be willing and glad to marry you. Now, Braden's got money enough to take us both in, and a good home for your poor old—"

The dark eyes slowly raised to his—great, glowing eyes, burning with rage and scorn.

"I'd starve before I'd marry that Bill Braden. I'd rather starve, anyway, than live out this—what is called life."

"Well, see, my girl," was the reply, spoken so quietly as to sound ominous. "You'll marry Bill Braden, or you'll leave home."

"Home!" and the girl laughed a miserable little laugh.

Nothing in the determined expression of the girl betrayed the agitation in her mind as she quietly rose and cleared away the dishes, piling the crusts and bits of cheese in the bowl for their breakfast. Suddenly a figure passed the window. In an instant the girl had sprung to the door and bolted it.

A loud rap sounded. She went on putting away the supper things. The vigorous pounding continued.

"Sal! Let me in." She did not answer but slowly lighted the candle and, passing the window at which the man stood peering in, went upstairs. She listened at the pipe hole and heard her father open the door to admit the visitor.

"That girl of yours is a rare one. The minute she sees me coming she runs and bolts the door in my face. It doesn't look very encouraging, eh, Garriek?"

The girl's got to have some of the stubbornness knocked out of her, that's all. But say, old fellow, about the cash. It's agreed and written down in black and white that you are to hand it over the night you marry her?"

"That's the bargain. The girl's a prize and I'm willing to pay well for her. Clip her wings Garriek, that it will be straight sailing."

"Let me see—this is the 12th. Three days more and then— Say, Braden, what do you say to doing the thing up to-morrow night? She'd be just as willing then as she would a year from now. Shall we go ahead?"

Then they laughed together and shook hands. Sal strained her ears, but could hear nothing more but the creak of glasses.

"Oh, how cold it is," she half moaned. "Inside—inside I am freezing—my heart is turning to stone and my blood is like cold water; but my brain is not yet numb—I can think."

She heard the door open and Bill Braden go out. Creeping noiselessly down the stairs, she laid the bundle down and put on her bonnet and shawl, then walked over and looked long at the unconscious face of her father as he sat in a heavy stupor in his chair with head fallen on his breast.

"I have done the best I could by you, father. I have tried and failed. I won't stay and be made to marry that man. No! not even to save the roof over your head."

The girl opened the window a trifle, picked up her bundle and violin, and, blowing out the light, left the house.

Paul Oldfield sat reading before the fire in his little back parlor. The blaze lighted and shadowed the walls lined with books—old, musty books which had lain for years waiting to be claimed; the little room was oddly furnished in quaint pieces, also waiting to be claimed, for Paul Oldfield was a pawnbroker, as his father had been before him.

The door opened, jingling the bell on its wire. The pawnbroker drew aside the chintz curtain and entered the shop. Before the counter stood Sal Garrick.

"You can sell my things," she said. "I can't redeem them, and you needn't save them any longer." As she spoke she looked at a bracelet and a bunch of brown curls in the case.

"I can keep them a while longer, Miss Garrick. Just to-day a woman wanted the curls, but I told her the time was not up. If—if you could pay the interest—"

He watched the girl's face as she gazed steadily at her treasures. She slowly raised her eyes; they were glistening with tears.

"It's no use, Mr. Oldfield. I can't do it. Mother will know I tried to keep them, but couldn't."

"Anything I can do for you, Miss Garrick?"

"Well—yes. I don't suppose you ever loan money on people do you?"

The broker was surprised and puzzled. "Yes," she went on. "I must have money to keep father from being



"I HAVE DONE THE BEST I COULD BY YOU, FATHER."

turned into the street. I can't make enough by playing to pay up the back rent, and—I thought I could pawn myself."

"Why, yes. I could loan money on you, though I have never done it before. How much do you need?"

"Twelve dollars. Oh, Mr. Oldfield, I will play on the streets night and day to pay the interest and redeem myself."

"Take your time about it, Miss Garrick. I am not in any hurry," he said, making out the ticket and handing it to her.

It was midnight when he locked the shop and put out the lights, after first taking a bracelet and a bunch of curls

from the case, and laying them carefully in a box.

Sal Garrick grasped the money in one hand and her violin and bundle in the other, as she almost ran along the streets. Going home, she slipped the packet through the partly opened window and heard it fall on the floor, then went on.

She had walked a long distance when she entered a lodging house and paid the price of a bed. The adjoining room was well filled with cots, and Sal Garrick looked cautiously about at the sleepers before taking a paper from her pocket. It was a pawn ticket. By the light of the candle she read:

"International Loan Office, 'No. 205, Nov. 12, '93. Received the following goods, the person of Sal Garrick, who will be subject to conditions herein contained as security for twelve dollars (\$12).

"To be paid in one month from this date with 10 per cent per month addition for interest, and in default of payment thereof, the undersigned is authorized to sell the same at any public auction."

"PAUL OLDFIELD, 6 Penn Street." "No. 205," she murmured. "Always the odd number. All my life I have been the odd one. The world didn't want me and has no place for me."

It was Christmas night. Paul Oldfield sat by his fire, idly watching the bright coals and thinking, thinking, always thinking. He was thinking of the wistful, earnest face of Sal Garrick, of the poverty and unhappiness crowded into that young life. He was thinking of his own life; solitary, lonely, almost



"MINE—BY CONSENT AND RIGHT OF LAW."

melancholy in the monotony of its days. Just then the bell tinkled. He went into the shop and found Sal Garrick gazing intently into the case.

"You have sold them, then?" Her voice trembled in spite of her effort to hide her disappointment.

"Miss Garrick, I couldn't—"

"Mr. Oldfield," she interrupted, "the loan is due—overdue. I have sent the little I could pick up to father, and there is none left for interest. Take this—take it!" she demanded, shoving the violin on the counter. "I won't need it any more."

The broker started as he saw the expression in her eyes—wild, desperate, determined. He took the girl's hand and drew her toward him.

"The loan is up," he said slowly. "In default of payment thereof, the broker is authorized to take into his possession that which is deposited, to protect and love as he has never loved in all his empty, lonely life. Sal, will you marry me?"

She thrust the pawn ticket in his hand. "It's the odd number that's not redeemed—take it," she said, wearily, and Paul Oldfield kissed the beautiful upturned face and held her in his arms, saying, "Mine—my own—by consent and right of law."

Napoleon After the Battle of Dresden

Prof. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," in the Century, takes up the "Collapse of the Western Empire." In describing the end of the Grand Army after the battle of Dresden, Prof. Sloane says: "The night of the 7th was spent in indecision as to any one or all of these ideas, but in active preparation for the retreat; any contingency might be met or a resolve taken when the necessity arose. During that night the Emperor took two warm baths. The habit of drinking strong coffee to prevent drowsiness had induced attacks of nervousness, and these were not diminished by his load of care. To allay these and other ailments, he had had recourse for some time to frequent tepid baths. Much has been written about a mysterious malady which had been steadily increasing, but the burden of testimony from the Emperor's closest associates at this time indicates that in the main he had enjoyed excellent health throughout the second Saxon campaign. There were certainly intervals of self-indulgence and of lassitude, of excessive emotion and depressing self-examination, which seemed to require the offset of a physical stimulus; but on the whole, natural causes, complex but not inexplicable, sufficiently account for the subsequent disasters.

We refuse to feel flattered by the solicitude with which a man who has something to sell inquires about our health.

When a man talks to himself, when there is a woman around, he is not saying anything complimentary of his