

## THE GATES OF HELL.

REV. DR. TALMAGE SPECIFIES SOME OF THEM.

**He Tells What They Are Made Of and Hammers the Brazen Panels with the Anvil of God's Truth—Swinging Out and Swinging In.**

Preached in New York.

In his sermon for last Sunday Dr. Talmage chose a momentous and awful topic, "The Gates of Hell," the text selected being the familiar passage in Matthew xvi, 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 a while 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 Tuileries, 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 that 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!

**Impure Literature.**

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 of 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 waste their deep through such unscrupulous 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, be not 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 hung 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 the 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 interjected 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 to-day 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 found in her bureau after she went away a bad book. That's what slew her." These leprous booksellers have gathered up the catalogues of all the 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 to 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 about the toilet set on the dressing case. I advise 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 suspicion about novelettes. I want to put you on the watch against everything that may seem like surreptitious correspondence through the post office. I want you to understand that impure literature is one of the broadest, highest, mightiest gates of the lost.

**Alcoholic Beverage.**

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 carrion crow that gives in a flock, and when you see that black ahead, you may know the other beads 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 to-day 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 libertines, license disease, license death, license all sufferings, all crimes, all desolations, all disasters, all murders, all woe. 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 999 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 acquaintanceships? 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, 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 way is the sewing girl's garret, dingy, cold, hunger blasted. 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 engine of the lightning express train 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.

**Great Evils of Society.**

These 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 uncleanliness dash to the spire of the village church and the top of the cathedral tower.

Prophets and patriarchs and apostles and evangelists and Christ himself have thundered against these sins as against no other, and yet there are those who think we ought to take, when we speak of these subjects, a tone apologetic. I put my foot on all the conventional rhetoric on this subject, and I tell you plainly that unless you give up that sin your doom is sealed, and world without end you will be chased by the anathemas of an incensed God. I rally you to a besiegement of the gates of hell. We want in this besieging host not soft sentimentalists, but men who are willing to take and give hard knocks. The gates of Gaza were carried off, the gates of Thebes were battered down, the gates of Babylon were destroyed, and the gates of hell are going to be prostrated.

The Christianized printing press will be rolled up as the chief battering ram. Then there will be a long list of aroused pulpits, which shall be assailing fortresses, and God's red-hot truth shall be the flying ammunition of the contest, and the sappers and the miners will lay the train under these foundations of sin, and at just the right time God, who leads on the fray, will cry, "Down with the gates!" and the explosion beneath will be answered by all the trumpets of God on high, celebrating universal victory.

**Mercy for the Wanderer.**

But there may be one wanderer that would like to have a kind word calling him back. I have told you that society has no mercy. Did I hint at an earlier point in this subject that God will have mercy upon any wanderer who would like to come back to the heart of infinite love?

A cold Christmas night in a farmhouse. Father comes in from the barn, knocks the snow from his shoes and sits down by the fire. The mother sits at the stand knitting. She says to him, "Do you remember it is the anniversary to-night?" The father is angered. He never wants any allusion to the fact that one had gone away, and the mere suggestion that it was the anniversary of that sad event made him quite rough, although the tears ran down his cheeks. The old house dog that had played with the wanderer when she was a child comes up and puts his head on the old man's knee, but he roughly repulses the dog. He wants nothing to remind him of the anniversary day.

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 this shawl 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. She said to him: "Were those words for me? 'Wounded for our transgressions.' Was that for me?" The man of God understood her. He knew not how to comfort a shipwrecked soul, and he passed on, and he passed on, and the poor wanderer followed into the street.

**Hope for the Fallen.**

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## WOMAN AND HER ALWAYS.



MRS. ELIZABETH CADY Stanton, who is now engaged in editing a Woman's Bible, is one of the most remarkable women in the world. She is in her 80th year, but is as vigorous in mind and almost as much so in body as if she were 30. She was the pioneer in the woman's suffrage cause and is still working for it. She was the first president of the Woman's Suffrage Association, and it was through her efforts that it was formed.

When asked at Mrs. Stanton's home in New York what the Woman's Bible meant she replied: "It is a commentary on the Bible in the line of common sense. Women need more common sense, philosophy and science in the training of their minds and less religious fanaticism. I want to open woman's eyes if I can. Women are hampered by their religious views and blinded to many obvious truths, because they are afraid of being irreverent. The Bible needs revision. I believe in freedom of thought and action for women as well as men. Just look at those foolish women who tried to have the Columbian Exposition closed on Sundays. I worked for years to have it open on Sundays, so that many who could not go during the week should have an opportunity to see the exposition. Women are such confounded fools! Then again look at the art galleries and museums in New York that are tightly sealed up on Sundays. Why, they are trying to stop bicycle riding on Sundays, and it is a wonder they allow the parks to be open on that day."

**Can Hardly Be Told Apart.**

Lily and Rose Hofffeld are twins. They stand side by side at the head of the graduating class of the girls' high school in San Francisco. Equal in mental power, says the Examiner, they are so like in face, feature and person that it keeps their father and their teachers forever guessing which is which. Their teachers long ago gave up the riddle and now address them as "Lily or Rose, whichever you are." Their father, even, is often puzzled to distinguish the girls one from the other. If he addresses one of them by name and she declines to answer he knows

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In the morning the mother came down, and she saw a bundle of rags on the hearth, but when the face was unfolded 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 her 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.

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garden or sickroom, and a thorough gentleman. Prudent and industrious, leaving good impressions wherever he goes. An ideal husband must be brave, true, generous, loving, sensible, gentle, kind, clever, well educated, one in whom I can place the most implicit confidence, he must have always loved his mother, he must love his mother-in-law for his wife's sake, one whom his wife can look up to and feel proud of, he must be good to his own children. If he goes to his club he is always at home at reasonable time."

**Fancies in Swimming Attire.**

As a general rule the economical French style of bathing suit will prevail at American seaside resorts this season. The skirts to the suits are shorter than usual, and the trousers are made quite narrow, and they invariably reach below the knees. The material varies with the taste of the wearer. There are a good many serges, white, red and blue, as they hang excellently and shed water easily. Flannel, with its ponderous weight, is relegated entirely to the "renting out" costumes. Blue, red and black pongee are found very good, light and pretty for bathing suits. Silk warp hennetta and fayetta, which is also half silk, make perhaps the most satisfactory

**Latest Bathing Suits.**

costumes. Fayetta sheds the water like a duck's back as soon as one is out of it, and it does not hang in flabby, dragging folds.

Close caps of oiled silk are worn by some. They are prettily made.

**Bloomer Girl as a Sprinter.**

The bloomer girl is winning laurels in many fields, and one of the latest is in foot races. At the Retail Grocers' picnic in San Francisco last week one of the athletic events was a "young ladies' race." When the word was given and the girls skirted across the line, with skirts swishing and hair flying, Miss Juanita Smith was seen to grab the hem of her dress and gather her skirts high up under her arms, revealing her lower limbs clad in not too tight fitting bloomers to the knee, and stockings thence down. She quickly forged ahead of all the other racers and came in winning handsomely, with "the rest nowhere." The crowd wildly cheered the bloomers and the wearer afterward frankly attributed her victory to her improved clothes.

**Duets for the Soprano.**

The soprano voice, in addition to being a beautiful solo instrument, is exquisite in combinations. With the contralto it is at its greatest beauty, and in such duets as:

Quis est Homo..... Rossini  
La Luna Immobile..... Bolto  
Come Malika..... Delibes  
And those of Rubenstein and others it is most effective.

With the tenor it is also beautifully combined. The following duets for these two voices are most effective:

Night Hymn at Sea..... Goring Thomas  
A Night in Venice..... Lucantoni  
Duet from "El Guarany"..... Gomez  
"My Thoughts Are All of Thee"..... Garrett Colyn  
—Frederic Peakes in Ladies' Home Journal.

**A Model Street Suit.**

I am quite sure that men regard "sweet simplicity" as the greatest charm in women, and especially in girls,