

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.



ERHAPS 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 sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision masoned into the wall of heaven 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, 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 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.

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 gilded 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. Scarping knives all ready to receive them, they landed, their only welcome the Indian war-whoop. Red 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!

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 calla 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 confederation 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 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 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. 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 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 carbuncle.

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 3d of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will leave many ears 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 weeks. 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 "him 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 poverty, it is sickness. If it is not sickness, it is persecution. If it is not persecution, it is content 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 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.

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 then entered the gate of pearl, passed through the gate of carbuncle!

RAM'S HORNS.

The greatest business for anybody is God's business.

We cannot have God's favor and the pleasures of sin both.

The rejection of Christ is a refusal to hear God's best witness.

It is better to starve and be right, than to feast and be wrong.

The man who is on the side of the saloon is not on the Lord's side.

All of our future will depend upon the stand we take today for Christ.

The top of the tower of Babel was no nearer heaven than the top of a pig sty.

No other man can get so much out of this life as the one the Lord is leading.

The man who hates his enemy, finds no joy in thinking that God loves him.

The existence of the devil is never doubted by those who are on the Lord's side.

There is no greater career possible than to do well whatever God gives us to do.

Without the shedding of blood, the name of love could never have been written.

The man who would be a leader must be ready to start before the procession is formed.

So far as this world is concerned, a little child is the biggest thing God ever put in it.

Commanding an army is sometimes small business compared with holding the hand of a child.

Drive the devil out of the church at one door, and he will cover up his cloven hoof and walk in at another.

If we have on the whole armor of God, we can count upon the Lord for victory every time we go into battle.

If preaching were only done when the preacher felt like shouting, church doors would shut most of the time.

TO THE FARMERS.

HENRY CABOT LODGE APPEALS TO THEIR GOOD SENSE.

Clind by the Prospect of Higher Prices—Forget That Prices of City Made Goods, Which They Need, Will Also Increase.



As a class, the farmers are honest, intelligent, and patriotic. We cannot believe that after they have examined into the silver question they will vote for free coinage. Certainly they have no wish to injure either themselves or their country. Some of the reasons why they should not support Mr. Bryan are set forth in the following statement prepared at our request, by the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, one of the able senators from Massachusetts: To the Editor of The Post Express: The wage earners of the United States, whether employed in the factory or on the farm, would suffer more severely from the free coinage of silver than any other class in the community. They might receive the same number of dollars that they do now, but the value of those dollars would be cut in halves by reduction of their purchasing power. The wage earners, the men who are paid at the end of each day, or each week, or each month, are the great creditor class in the country, and it is upon them that the free coinage of silver would fall with the greatest severity.

The farmers are the class to whom the free silver advocates appeal most strongly. They tell them that prices of farm products would rise with free silver. This is no doubt true, but they do not tell them that the price of everything they have to buy would also rise, so that they would be no

QUERY.

What Good Would "More Money" Be to a Man in His Position?—Chicago Inter Ocean.



better off than they were before. On the other hand, farmers would be injured directly in other ways, apart from the question of the price of what they sell and buy. Any farmer who had laid up money in the savings bank or elsewhere would have it cut in two. If he happened to be a soldier and drawing a pension, he would lose one-half his pension. If he has insured his life for the benefit of his family he has paid his premium in gold, but under free silver coinage the insurance would be paid in silver and reduced one-half in value.

But there is a broader view to be taken than this, and one which every intelligent farmer ought to take. The farmers are a part of the great community which we call the people of the United States. One portion of the population cannot prosper if all the rest suffer. The farmer will not make money if the people who buy their products are injured and ruined by a bad financial policy. The election of Bryan would mean the most terrible panic that this country has ever seen. It would mean the wholesale reduction of wages and the temporary or permanent destruction of many industries. The great wage earning and business classes on whom this disaster would chiefly fall are those who buy of the farmer and make his prosperity, and when they suffer he will suffer, too.

There is no class in the community so profoundly interested in the maintenance of sound currency, which is one of the essential conditions of good business, as the farmer. I cannot believe that the farmers of the United States, who are an intelligent and patriotic class of men, can support a policy or vote for a party whose success would not only ruin them but involve the repudiation of the national debt, and deal a deadly blow at national credit and national honor.

H. C. LODGE.

Mr. Lodge was elected three times to the house of representatives, and in January, 1893, was sent to the Federal senate, as the successor to the Hon. Henry L. Dawes. He is chairman of the committee on immigration and a member of the committees on civil service, foreign relations, and

pensions. He has taken an active part in the debates on tariff and finance, and is regarded as one of the ablest men in public life. We are sure that what he says to the farmers will have very great weight with them.—Rochester (N. Y.) Post and Express.

Western Newspapers.

Whatever the weeping popocrats may say about "everybody" being "against us except the people," the newspapers of this country no doubt reflect public opinion as faithfully as they always have done. The absurd charge that the public press of the United States is controlled by a syndicate of bankers that secured Mr. Cleveland's bond issue, is too absurd to need refuting. Nobody except a few Tillmans and Watsons believe it. If there were any large number of voters in the republican party who had determined to forsake it and follow after such strange gods as Altgeld and Peffer, there would be a corresponding change in the tone of the republican press. On the contrary, the fact is notorious that the changing has been almost entirely in the opposite direction, with the exception of a small handful of papers such as the Salt Lake Tribune, seated in the very midst of the silver mining district. The defection from the republican column has been too minute to be worth noticing.

A young business man of Dayton, O., having a desire to see how the newspapers in the west were inclined, mailed postal cards to different newspapers in the western states immediately after the Chicago convention, and secured from each a copy. One hundred and sixty-one answers were received. Ninety-four were republican, forty-one democratic, eighteen independent and eight populist. Ninety-five of them he found to be for gold and sixty-six for silver. In California, where the silver movement is said to have been making great strides, thirty-six of the thirty-nine republican papers declared for gold and three of the fourteen democratic papers likewise. From Nebraska he secured three republican newspapers and they were unanimous for gold. One of the three democratic newspapers he received was also for gold. The eight republican newspapers from Kansas, the three from North Dakota and the eleven from Missouri declared for the honest standard. The evidence of the straw vote which the young man of Dayton

EDUCATED FLEAS.

Impaled on Wires as a Preliminary to Their Feats.

There is no one side of the side-shows and minor features of museums and fairs which seems so face more attractive than the exhibition of so-called educated fleas, says Happy Thoughts. There is something in the idea of educating any of the lower animals that appeals to all of us, and the lower the animal the more there is in it of interest to the people. The suggestion, even, that it is possible to get insects to perform tricks which seem as if it were a result of intelligence excites at once the sympathies of spectators, and the educated flea calls together companies who are delighted with the apparent results, although really ignorant of the causes or of the fact that each trick means the death of that particular flea. If one will reflect but a moment, the absurdity of educating so ephemeral an animal as the flea becomes apparent. After a couple of weeks as a legless little worm the young flea spins for itself a cocoon which is its habitation for a couple of weeks longer, when it awakes in its familiar form for a brief existence of a few weeks at the most. To instill into so short-lived a creature anything like appreciation of the tricks that he is to perform is out of the question, and the results which are attained are by purely mechanical and cruel process. The work which the flea is expected to perform is something in which its instinct to escape becomes of service; it is "harnessed" to a little wagon or shoots off a miniature cannon, or does some other simple thing requiring only a feeble pull in a straight line. The "harness" is a sharp-pointed wire which is stuck into the body of the unfortunate insect, and in its struggles to escape the poor flea performs its trick, and the amused spectators are not aware of the cruelty to which it is subjected. If passengers in the shape of other fleas are desired to make the wagon trick more remarkable, or a coachman or a footman, they may be readily had by impaling others of the insects upon properly placed wires, resulting, of course, in torture and death to them as well. Our local societies have put a stop to these exhibitions in this state, and very properly so, for the very meanness of created things is entitled to a life free from unnecessary torment.

Riding to Keep Cool.

It seemed queer to hear a person remark recently that he was "going out on his wheel to get cool." The remark was overheard when old General Humidity was playing havoc with starched shirts and collars. It is a fact that on a red hot day riding a bicycle is one means by which one can keep comfortable. The rapid motion stirs up a refreshing breeze, and as long as it is kept up the rider is comfortable. Of course, when one stops perspiration breaks out from every pore, but if the rider has been thoughtful enough to clothe himself properly with woolen next to the skin no discomfort need be experienced on that account. There is yet to be recorded an instance where a person has been overcome by heat while riding a wheel in a rational manner, and if many of those who think it is too hot to ride now try the experiment and don't return feeling much better than when they started out it will be the first time the plan has failed.—New York Press.

How to Collide.

"Collisions," says a man who offers radical advice, "are sometimes unavoidable, no matter how careful a rider may be. Of course, it is always best to avoid a smash up, if such a thing is possible. There are cases, and it happens to nearly every cyclist, when a collision cannot be avoided. Then the old saw, 'Self preservation is the first law of nature,' comes in. Put on a little extra steam and strike your adversary's wheel head on. Don't allow him to hit you broadside or your wheel won't be wobble much. Above all, keep cool and observe the rules of the road. If you do this it will be the other fellow's fault if there is any trouble."—New York Sun.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It disgusts us to see others doing the foolish things we do.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

The true secret of success in life is to know what you can't do well.—Medical Era.

The man who rocks the boat ought to be stoned when he gets back on shore.—Boston Globe.

A father is proud when his boy gets into his first fight, but the mother prays about it.—Aitchison Globe.

Happy, Grant's memory is immortal. It will live even after his tomb is finished.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Many a life has been spoiled by not knowing the difference between thrift and stinginess.—Milwaukee Journal.

A majority of those who talk against bosses would not be able to make a living without one.—Wabash Times.

Human nature is the excuse generally offered by a man who has been acting like a hog.—Indianapolis Journal.

While it is pretty hard to say what constitutes a gentlemanly hand, it is a pretty safe assertion to say that the man who says he is a gentleman isn't.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The worst complaints about baseball used to be regarding the blackguards in the audience. The worst complaints now are about the blackguards in the field.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Chicago has 5,400 Johnsons in its directory, and only 4,200 Smiths.