

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"ENEMIES OVERTHROWN" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Let God Arise, Let His Enemies Be Scattered"—Book of Psalms, Chapter Ixviii., Verse 1.—The Struggles of Human Existence.

A procession was formed to carry the ark, or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in length and four feet three inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon their religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II., were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumlog the battle hymn and the battle shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers, named the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing enemies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley Castle, and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of the "Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston Moor, at Wincey Field, at Naseby, at Bridge-water and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered!"

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasseled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle, and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of battles, for my text hangs in the Scripture armory, telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but still as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me that in the church of God, and in all styles of reformatory work, what we most need now is a battle-cry. We raise our little standard, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go in to contest against the armies of iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after a while that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time perhaps we put the name of some one who betrays the cause and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle-cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled? It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American revolution is to free America, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English, because not only the armed men at the front, but the worshippers in the cathedrals at the rear, were crying "The sword of the Lord and Wellington."

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop McIlvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But as we want a battle-cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as the battle-cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many fists lifted toward God, telling him to come on if he dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for any one to calculate the number of times that the name of the Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Pro-

fanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God. This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what he thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. Among the Adirondacks I met the funeral procession of a man who, two days before had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day, anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same flash.

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxoricide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "bit-ter." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digestor." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "night cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drachms of Heart-ache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the Worm that Never Dies?" Only once in a while is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of "sour mash." That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and anyone can understand it. "Sour mash!" That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour and his prospect sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. "Sour mash!" One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops, good people, who are only a little under tone in health, and wanting some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra, that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat when the purchase is made, and a treat as he leaves town. Others, to drown their troubles, submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is battered and bruised and blasted with this growing evil! It is more and more entrenched and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate and elect and govern the vast majority of the officeholders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of the centuries. And behind them stand all the myrmidons of the nether world, Satan, Apollyonic and Diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to overthrow this Gibraltair of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform, I would utterly despair if we had nothing else. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on our side, all heaven is on our side. Now "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers exposures of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable; "for such things," Christ says, "were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah" than for the Chorazin and Bethsaldas of greater light. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high positions with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they be wealthy. The Bible all aflame with denunciations against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity lest some old libertine throw up his church pew. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by which to put yearly in the grinding-mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farm-houses, one procures confessing in the courts that she had supplied the infernal market with one hundred and fifty victims in six months. Oh! for five hundred newspapers in America to swing open the door of this lazar-house of social corruption! Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV., to put millions of Lotharios and the Pompadours of our brown-stone palaces into a van of popular indignation, and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be as long as at summer watering places it is usual to see a young woman of excellent rearing stand and sip and giggle and roll up her eyes sideways before one of those first-class satyrs of fashionable life, and on the ball-room floor join him in the dance, the maternal chaperon meanwhile beaming from the window on the scene? Matches are made in heaven, they say. Not such matches; for the brimstone indicates the opposite region.

The evil is overshadowing all our cities. By some these immoralities are called peccadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities and are relegated to the realms of jocularity, and few efforts are being made against them. God bless the "White Cross" movement, as it is called—an organization making a mighty assault on this evil! God forward the tracts on this subject distributed by the religious tract societies of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing, in trying to start their children with pure principles!

But is this all? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of sight. Human arms, human pens, human voices, human talents are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending scimitars. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for his appearance? Is it not time for all lands to cry out: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered?"

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a-jangle and racked, that there seems a need of the Divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you not noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf about every two thousand years? God turned a leaf, and this world was fitted for human residence. About two thousand more years passed along and God turned another leaf, and it was the Deluge. About two thousand more years passed on, and it was the Nativity. Almost two thousand more years have passed, and he will probably soon turn another leaf. What it shall be I cannot say. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of turpitude, and the establishment of righteousness in all the earth. He can do it, and he will do it. I am as confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily he can do it, my text suggests. It does not ask God to hurl a great thunderbolt of his power, but just to rise from the throne on which he sits. Only that will be necessary. "Let God arise!"

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white horse cavalry of heaven or rumbling war chariots. He will only rise. Now he is sitting in the majesty and patience of his reign. He is from his throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy and drunkenness and impurity and fraud and Sabbath-breaking, and when they have done their worst, and are most surely organized, he will bestir himself and say: "My enemies have denied me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the good shall be tried no longer." And now God begins to rise, and what mountains give way under his right foot I know not; but, standing in the full radiance and grandeur of his nature, he looks this way and that, and how his enemies are scattered! Blasphemers, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families will fly with cut foot on the down grade of broken decanters; and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life, as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshippers of Almighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on the bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize it. The earth that stood snarling with its tigerish passion, thrusting out its raging claws, shall lie down a lamb at the feet of the Lamb of God, who took away the sins of the world.

And now the best thing I can wish for you, and the best thing I can wish for myself, is, that we may be found his warm and undisguised and enthusiastic friends in that hour when God shall rise and his enemies shall be scattered.

Earth's Oldest Flower.

So great is the antiquity of the rose that all account of its origin has been lost. There seems every reason to believe that the national flower of England is the oldest of which there is any record; to Englishmen, at least, it seems a case of the survival of the fittest. It is not mentioned in the Biblical writings earlier than the reign of Solomon, but the allusion to it then made is such as to indicate that the flower had already long been known. In Egypt the rose is depicted on a number of very early monuments, believed to date from 3000 to 3500 B. C., and in the tomb of an Egyptian princess, disinterred a year ago in southern Egypt, several hermetically sealed vials were found, which, when opened, contained genuine attar of roses, so that the modern claims for the discovery of this delicious perfume are vain. Rose water, or the essence of roses, is mentioned by Homer in the "Iliad." Both the Greeks and Hebrews probably borrowed the idea of its manufacture from the Egyptians, and these, for aught anybody can tell, may have had it from the Chinese. The rose in one of those flowers which are supposed by the people of every land to be so well known as to need no description and hardly mention, for it is a singular fact that every continent on the globe, with the solitary exception of Australia, produces wild roses. Even the frozen regions of the north, where the summer lasts but two or three months, and is at best a season which may be described as very late in the autumn, produce their wild roses and travelers through Greenland, Kamchatka and northern Siberia found, in the proper season, an abundance of blossoms, while the crews of whaling vessels which call at Spitzbergen usually come off shore with bouquets of the native Spitzbergen rose.

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

When Roses Fade.
Summer is coming—her footsteps fall
In the deepening shadow of hedge and wall,
But the breezes, sighing a kind refrain,
Kiss her and lead her thro' Hollyhock lane.

Summer is going—her blushes fade
Where the riotous climbing roses played,
And her withered garlands are tossed
Aside
In the painted splendor of Autumn's pride.

Summer is going—her Junetime days
Were the sweetest notes in my song of praise,
So my heart has fashioned them into a tune
That measures its joy in her buoyant moon.

Summer is going—she leaves me here
With the harvest gold and its crimson cheer,
But my heart to the sorrowing rose-tree clings
And ever its fettered passion sings.

Summer is going—why may not I
With her to eternal roses fly?
Out there in the gardens of endless June,
Where life leads over Love's path, rose-strewn.

Summer is going—down Hollyhock lane,
But the cavalier asters are nodding in vain;
For with quickening pace will she yet
Withstand
The furious fires of Poppy land.

Summer is going—it only seems
Her departure ends as it starts—in dreams;
But the corn-leaves know—'tis a broken spell—
Like the heart that is sobbing "Farewell!"
—Geo. E. Bowen in the Chicago Record.

Without a Chaperon.
"Amaryllis" writes asking if it is considered necessary for a young woman of twenty or twenty-one to be accompanied by a chaperon if she goes out to an evening party or the theater under the escort of a young man who has been on intimate terms with her family ever since she can remember. He often invites her to go out, and she has accepted the invitation but of late some of her friends have begun talking about a chaperon. It all dates back to the visit of a cousin to Canada and her acquaintance with some rather antiquated customs in a very old-



fashioned provincial town. So deeply has the talk of her cousin impressed her parents that every time she goes out alone with a gentleman there is a scene. What shall she do? Answer: There is but one thing to do. Try and impress your parents with the idea that it is necessary and right to follow to some extent at least the customs of the community in which they live. If you have been in the habit of going out as you say, your parents are most unwise to object now. It makes you appear as though you had been imprudent or had done something to forfeit your right to freedom of action. There is no reason why a young woman of twenty should not go about at any reasonable time or to any respectable place with gentlemen whom she has known all of her life. At the same time the wishes of your parents should be respected.

Wash Your Hands.
It has recently been claimed that cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door knobs, banisters, car straps and a hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large. Before eating, or touching that which is eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here in particular it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It is a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.

Men's Gifts to Women.
An article in one of the English papers points out that "the most generous gifts to females in America have all come from the liberality of men. Vassar College, the pioneer of women's universities, was the gift to American womanhood of Matthew Vassar; the women's department of Cornell was built and endowed at great expense by Mr. Sage, and in almost every other of the many cases it is men who have

made the munificent gifts to the future of girls in American colleges." The article goes on to say that the same rule holds good in Great Britain. Not Mrs. nor Miss, but Mr. Holloway left a magnificent sum, however unwisely arranged, with the best of intentions, to erect and endow for women's higher education the pile bearing his name, near Windsor. But a few weeks ago in England it was recorded that a Scotsman had left a bequest of many thousand pounds for the purpose of building a women's medical school in Glasgow. The Pfeiffer bequest of some £50,000, to be divided at the discretion of Sir Josiah Finch between several great educational institutions for women, and of incalculable service to them—the new building of the London School of Medicine for Women, opened by the Princess of Wales on July 14, being an illustration how the money has benefited the recipients—was, in the most part, the property of Mr. Pfeiffer, and it was his will that actually so bequeathed it, though it had been his wife's idea, as well as his own, that their money should be so dispensed. In both countries, therefore, it would seem to be a case of man's generosity to woman, in face of which Smith College, the gift of a woman to women, appears to be unique.

Tasty Salad.
Boil a few potatoes. When they are cold, cut them into slices and put them into a salad bowl, with a few thin slices of cucumber and beetroot. Add one egg cut into slices and a few skinned young onions also cut into slices. Well wash and shake in a tea-cloth the white leaves from two or three lettuce. Do not cut up the leaves, but simply break them in half. Put them into the bowl, sprinkle over them a little salt and pepper and two or three tablespoonfuls of good salad oil. Toss the leaves about well and lightly in this, then pour in one tablespoonful of vinegar. Again lightly toss the leaves, and serve at once.

Sleeping Apartments.
There are few houses the rooms of which are so situated as to render good ventilation impossible, and the influence of the practice upon the health of the inmates is too important to permit of neglect from any slight cause. A bedroom should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and unless of considerable size should never contain more than one bed. There cannot be a more pernicious custom than that of having children sleep in small apartments with two and sometimes three beds crowded into the same room. It is scarcely necessary to observe that cleanliness in the widest significance of the term is, if possible, even more necessary with refer-

ence to the bedroom than with almost any other apartment in the whole house. The practice of sleeping in a room which is occupied during the daytime is one to be condemned. Perfect cleanliness and sufficient free ventilation cannot under such circumstances be preserved, especially during cold weather, hence the atmosphere becomes constantly more vitiated and altogether unfit for respiration. While too great a degree of caution cannot be observed to avoid sleeping in damp rooms, beds or clothing, the temperature of the bedroom, if possible, should never be increased under the ordinary circumstances of health by artificial means, excepting possibly during the extremely cold weather, and even then the temperature ought not to exceed 50 degrees.

Irrepressible Shirt Waists.
Shirt waists are getting lower and lower in price every day, and wherever the stock comes from that the shops have had on hand since early in the season, and where it all goes to it is hard to imagine. Never have there been more shirt waists sold than this year, and never have the sales kept up better. One reason for this is that there are so many white waists, and the people who have bought all the colored waists they want still feel they need more white waists for the extreme weather. There are the cheap waists, and many of the very best in design and material, made by exclusive makers, are much reduced in price. The woman who has her shirt waists made by her own dressmaker, if she did not split hairs about the very latest style of material—and there is not one person in a thousand who knows what



SOME AUTUMN MODES.

mattresses are blamed as an aid in producing this defect, and without doubt a flat, rather hard bed, with low pillow, is preferable for growing children. A stooping, awkward walk detracts so much from the appearance that there is every reason to avoid it, apart from the bad effect it exercises on the physical condition.

To Roast Meats.
One of the small but essential points in the roasting of meats often neglected or not understood by the average kitchen priestess is that hot fat rather than hot water should be used to baste them. Start the fat of the roast with a little butter or good dripping and then depend upon the juices to continue the process. It should be remembered, too, that all roast meats need a hot oven to start with. Afterward the heat should be tempered.

White Hats the Rage.
White hats are en vogue for city use. A leading milliner said the other day that more white hats were sold during August than in any other month. She explained it on the ground that her patrons found the colors to which they had been accustomed unbecoming to their tanned complexions, and fell back on pure white as presenting fewer difficulties.

that is, particularly in wash goods—bought her materials at the nicest shops and paid 15 cents a yard for the material that last year sold for 25 and 35 cents. These were pretty and serviceable materials which will launder as well as anything that has to stand water and, possibly, soap, can.

Child's Dress.
White lawn, tucking, Valenciennes lace and insertion combined to make this dainty little dress. The pattern provides for a short, low yoke that is simply fitted by shoulder seams, to the upper edge of which the skirt portion is attached, the fullness being collected in gathers. The skirt falls freely from yoke to the lower edge, which finishes with a wide hem, over which two evenly spaced rows of insertion are placed. An attractive feature is



the berth, shaped with square corners at the lower edge, which is also edged with lace, headed by insertion, the round top being gathered and sewed on at round yoke outline. Plain or figured organdy, dimity, nainsook, India silk, Swiss, challie, cashmere or any soft, becoming material in silk, wool or cotton, will make pretty dresses by the mode. In place of the insertion can be used ribbon in plain or gathered rows, braids, guimpe, embroidery or ruchings of the material. As illustrated, the dress is worn with a guimpe of white lawn, the yoke of which is tucked.

Girls' Stooping.
Many growing girls, especially those tall for their age, are inclined to stoop, and well-meaning persons often advocate the use of braces or shoulder-straps as a means of correcting the tendency. The braces may force an upright carriage, but they do not give the wearer any means of maintaining it, since they prevent the exercise of those muscles which should be trained to produce an erect figure. Any exercise which strengthens the muscles of the back and shoulders will aid in correcting this defect. Old-fashioned mothers used to drill their stooping daughters to walk with a plate carried on their heads, and this is really a good practice. High pillows and very

