

WILL NOT CEASE TO PREACH.

REV. DR. TALMAGE HOLDS THE GOSPEL SWORN IN FIRM HAND.

WILL DO FOUR TIMES AS MUCH

Although He Has Retired From a Fixed Pastorate—The Stirring Theme Set Before Them by the Prophet Bannan Gives Him Strength and Encouragement—The Lesson of Eleazar's Tenacity.

Washington, April 9.—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the text II. Samuel xliii, 10, "And his hand clave unto the sword."

What a glorious thing to preach the gospel! Some suppose that because I have resigned a fixed pastorate I will cease to preach. No! I expect to preach more than ever have. If the Lord will, four times as much, though in manifold places. I would not dare halt with such opportunity to declare the truth through the ear to audiences and to the eye through the printing press. And here we have a stirring theme put before us by the prophet.

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowardly fled, but Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole regiment with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host, "Fall back!" Eleazar, having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest, but the Philistines and showers of arrows had been so long bent around the hill of his sword that the hill was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hill had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

I propose to show you how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled as he fought in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the gospel weapons, a tighter grip of the sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them.

The only safe way for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of those puny paralytic Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle, God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put is in a sword factory, to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then, when the sword is set loose, it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been tested, and it is bent this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written near 19 centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average of this book is more than 20,000 copies every week and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Roman will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible, but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up paradise and peace and life and heaven.

Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in a cell of a western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "I looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel.'" And the eloquent writer says, "Every man and woman there believed him. And the writer goes on to say, 'If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar!'"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that is wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on to it! Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say, "I guess it is; I don't know. Perhaps it is; perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it may be, figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all. Talmage despise them who call the apostolic creed, but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which he hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing and which nothing was dead and buried and dead and into nothing and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now sits at the right hand of nothing, from which will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy apostolic church and in the communion of nothingings and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection

of nothing and in the life that never shall be. Amen." That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory, I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ and in the holy catholic church and in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth—the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self-forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hill of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not think whether he had a hand or not into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hill might go over so deeply into the palm of the hand, it could not distinguish his hand from the sword. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of self-abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation or abuse or persecution in conflict with this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never win a victory. Whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world will receive them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who, in order to achieve worldly success, will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyances and all obstacles. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to cut him to the surgeon's table, for it was long before the merciful discovery of anaesthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin. A violin was brought to him, and he said, 'Now go to work as I begin to play.'" and for 40 minutes during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played sweet music. Oh, my brothers and sisters, with this great march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all persecution.

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Prescott, the conqueror of Mexico, as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written, but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood pinned to each eye, so that he was totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood, he wrote the stroke against the wood, he wrote how far the pen must go in one way, and how far against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go the other way. Oh, how much more do we need worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ! How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand; oh, my hand, my hand hurt! Don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword." Look at Eleazar, with the hill imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

Men I carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize Or sailed through bloody seas?—What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with a martyr's sword or were burned or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now. Let them bring on all the lints and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions drove back the army of Philistines—that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword the other end of the sword would adhere to your hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleyes in the Christian church who will take the sword of truth and strike with it. The whole tendency is so refined on us that we send apostolic word to integrity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must

ride on white palfrey under embroidered housing, putting the spur in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a misdeed, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old maid to see him. He will not survive. Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hats not done. Churches that shoot our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshipper if he will not please to say 'amen' and 'hallelujah' a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of oil and balm of a thousand flowers when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticize our sermons or criticize our prayers or criticize our religious work that we are afraid for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar's hand did not hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it. He was prepared to die with it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to slip him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But, no, "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb, but no success. They pulled back than they closed again, and his hand clave unto the sword. But after awhile they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hill. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the gospel. They are prepared to die with it, and in the church records the word standing opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister of the gospel." You put that old minister of the gospel now into a prayer meeting or occasional pulpits or a sickroom where there is some one to be ministered to, and he is the same old ring to his voice, and the same old story of parson and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

I had in my parish in Philadelphia a very aged man who in his early life had been the companion and adviser of the early Presidents, Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man, the most remarkable thing about him was his ardent for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meetings without gasping, he would throw his arm around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone, his love for Christ was all there. He was a deep respect and profound admiration, and was moved when he spoke. I was called to care for him, and he said, "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. Look at that! He must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven. And then in the next breath he says, "I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. Look at that! He must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven. And then in the next breath he says, "I cannot speak to you now."

Oh, if there ever was anyone who had a right to retire from the conflict, it was Eleazar. He had fought back from battle have the names of the battles on his flag, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at that flag of old General Joshua. On it, Jericho, Gibeon, Hazor, city of Ai, and instead of the stars sparkling on the flag of the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, 110 years old. He is lying flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words were, "Behold, this day I go the way of all flesh. I have done nothing to fulfill his promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Oseta. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The sword rode back through his body fearfully. When the oar ship broke up, he swam ashore, coming up drowned with the brine. Every day since that day when he dashed down and while he lay on the shore of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell down to this day, when he is 63 years of age and in prison cell of the Mamertine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how he feels and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the numbness plaguing his temples, or the thirst that fevered his tongue? Oh, no! His last words are the battle shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight. And so his dying hand clave unto the sword."

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay dying. It was Saturday morning, 4 o'clock. Just three years before that day my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been homeless to join her company. He was 83 years of age. Ministers of the gospel came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." They bathed his brow, and they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet, and they succeeded in straightening out the feet, but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it was cut open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. What was the matter with that thumb and the finger of that old hand? Ah, it had so long touched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword."

I intend this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with invincible grip, and I want you to strike so hard that God that it will rattle and while you take the sword the sword will take you. They aim in all this glorious war. Shall conquer, though they die. They see the triumph from afar. And so do I with the eye. When that illustrious day shall rise And all fly armies shine In robes of glory through the skies, The glory shall be thine. Coins of Queen Metal. In Japan coins are generally of iron, and in Siam they are chiefly of porcelain.

SKIRTS AND BODICES.

The short tunic, forming a second skirt, is having a noticeable success. Sometimes it is of the same material as the lower skirt, sometimes it is different, but it usually has a border of some sort, even if it be only rows of stitching. A velvet tunic over a silk or cloth skirt has an excellent effect.

Comparatively few of the new silk waists are all of the same color. Usually there is a combination, the plastron, collar, yoke or revers forming a contrast to the rest of the waist. White, being much worn, often appears thus combined with colored silks, but with black silk waists turquoise, green, purple, pink and straw are frequently used. Silks showing a pronounced stripe, either plain or fancy, compose some very attractive waists, and glace taffeta is also seen, but has been too long and too much worn to stand very high in fashionable favor. It makes a serviceable blouse to wear under an open jacket, and the plain color is then effective as a contrast to the material of which the gown is made. The front fold is often finished with a little ruffle or plaiting at each side, and a soft cravat of the same silk is tied at the throat.

A sketch is given of an evening bodice of black satin. The back is closely fitted; the front is open and is laid in plaits at the waist. It has soft, narrow revers of satin and a glimpse of black untrimmed with jet spangles, which shows the neck and chest. The tulle extends down the front to the waist over a chemise of black silk. The sleeves, which are of above length, have turned back cuffs. The belt is of jet embroidery. White gloves are worn.

Interesting Items Regarding the Prevailing Modes. Collars continue to be very high and to rise to the hair at the back and behind the ears, but instead of rippling and standing away from the neck they are fitted very closely. They require to be cut in several places in order to fit properly, a single band of canvas no longer answering the purpose.

Swiss muslin, so much worn when our mothers were young, has returned to favor. It is charming, if it fringe, gowns are shown in this season for women. Fringe and Valenciennes edging and insertion are the usual trimmings, although embroidery on a Swiss ground is also employed. It takes upon them are fastened large clusters of flowers, notably violets and orchids, which happen to be the floral mode of the moment.

Bodices composed of a sort of tulle or network of jet or colored beads are worn over a silk chemise, the effect being completed by a wide belt of liberty silk, draped and falling in long ends which are fringed.

The cut given today shows an evening gown having a white satin skirt covered with narrow ruffles of white mousseline de soie. Over this is a pointed tablier of white satin, embroidered and spangled with white ruffles and a border designed by the ruches of white mousseline de soie. This bodice is trimmed like the tablier, a ruffle of mousseline outlining the low décolletage. The upper half of the sleeves is covered with narrow ruffles of mousseline; the lower half is shirred lengthwise with little headings. White ostrich tips are worn in the hair.

FASHION HINTS.

Costume to Be Worn During the Coming Season. For a long time French bicyclists—of course women are meant—clung to the trousseau costume, and it was almost universally worn. American and English women were more conservative, however, and although some of them adopted bloomers, as a class they adhered to the skirt. Now France has wearied of trousseau and also wears the skirt, sometimes of full length, and bloomers and other garments of that style are going out of fashion. Some of the long skirts have an elaborate pulley and cord arrangement by which they may be shortened, but as a looped up skirt is unsightly, while a regulation short skirt is not the advantage is not particularly great.

For the upper part of the figure the short jacket, open or closed, is replacing the bolero, which has been done to death.

SPRING GAPE. An artist to launder one of these gowns—not one laundress in 50 can do it respectably and as much is pretty only when it is perfectly fresh, its seeming simplicity is a delusion. Little children's frocks of all over embroidery are also shown, the embroidery being very thin and open. These are to be worn over a pink or blue slip and have knots of ribbon here and there to soft Roman striped ribbon, with fringed ends, forms one of the prettiest cravats to be worn with shirt waists.

A picture is given of an attractive cape for spring wear. It is of light mode cloth, lined with white silk. There are three graduated peleries, the longest turning back to form large revers, faced with white moire and trimmed with stitched bands of the mode cloth. The high collar is of cloth outside, while inside it is faced with moire and finished with cloth bands, like the revers. The black straw hat is ornamented with black ostrich plumes and a jeweled buckle.

The Hérode on the Saige Chase. During the last Christmas holidays we formed a party to go out shooting. Our boat had sailed a short distance up the Ball's river, which rises from the Pallapole, and falls into the Ichamast near Bangun. We saw a pair of big snipes to our right. The fowling piece rang out and belched forth a cloud of smoke and small shot. One of the pair was wounded in the leg and wings, but managed to get off, accompanied by its mate. At a short distance the pair took refuge in a piece of marshy land and began cawing in a plaintive tone, which soon collected a dozen of its fellows.

Our boat came alongside by this time, and as soon as the gun was raised a second time a strange sight met our view. The assembled birds formed a ring around the wounded bird, as if to protect it from our shot, while its mate stood itself in relieving its pain with its bill. Such a spectacle made a very soft impression on our minds and unweaved our hands.—Annie Besant's Patria.

EVENING GOWNS.

Embroidered Tulle with Jeweled and Spangled Trimming. Point d'esprit tulle in all colors are much employed for ball gowns of the simpler class. There are many very delicate and beautiful shades, which are well matched by satins, which form the sheath-like lower skirt over which the tulle are made. Moreover, there are also trimming tulle, thickly spangled with gold or embroidered with crystal, which are fitted plainly over a satin lining for the cravats or bodice. Crystal is a favorite of fashion at present, being profusely used in rich embroideries and also cut in facets for buttons and cabochons. The cabochons are sewed on plaatings and ruches to give the effect of dewdrops.

Muffs of mousseline de soie are a novelty which has been adopted with enthusiasm in Paris. Very voluminous and very fluffy, they are composed of colored mousseline covered with black mousseline, and

design with silk or gold thread. Beads and spangles may be added if desired. The fragments of the mesh being cut away, the design remains in relief upon the goods. Revers, cuffs and yokes of very effective character may be made in the way at little expense of money. The figures upon rich brocades, when they are large, may be utilized in the same way, being applied and embroidered down and the surrounding tissue being then cut away. If they are cut out before being applied, it is difficult to place them properly upon the ground material.

The illustration shown today depicts a pretty coat for a baby a year old. It is of white cashmere with a wadded lining and is mounted on a yoke. The yoke, as well as the full sleeves, is covered by the pelote, which is trimmed with two colors of white silk and a deep founce of woolen lace. Two box plaits extend the full length of the front of the coat, three large pearl buttons being placed at the top of each. The front edges of the pelote disappear under the plaits.

DAINTY DECORATIONS. Pretty Accessories to Accompany Pretty Costumes. Satin remains the conventional material for bridal gowns, but instead of dead white a faint ivory or pearl tint is often chosen, which is less trying to the complexion. Mousseline de soie is almost always employed to soften the severity of plain satin, but the mousseline is of the finest and most delicate quality. Embroidered white tulle is also a favorite decoration, the embroidered design being of silk or lace.

Narrow belts of gold ribbon, studded with cabochons, are fastened by novel and attractive buckles. One buckle is composed of two dragon links; another represents a butterfly in enamel; another is a jeweled

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RICH TRIMMINGS.

Fashionable Decorations Which May Be Made at Home. Lace has been much employed as a trimming for several years past—so much so, in fact, that almost every woman has bits of it which have been used and worn and are too much defaced to employ again, but as yet too good to throw away. In the case of lace having a heavy design, it is almost always the mesh and not the pattern which gives way, and these worn bits may be converted into a rich and fashionable trimming by heading them upon silk, satin or cloth and embroidering down the

design with silk or gold thread. Beads and spangles may be added if desired. The fragments of the mesh being cut away, the design remains in relief upon the goods. Revers, cuffs and yokes of very effective character may be made in the way at little expense of money. The figures upon rich brocades, when they are large, may be utilized in the same way, being applied and embroidered down and the surrounding tissue being then cut away. If they are cut out before being applied, it is difficult to place them properly upon the ground material.

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Our boat came alongside by this time, and as soon as the gun was raised a second time a strange sight met our view. The assembled birds formed a ring around the wounded bird, as if to protect it from our shot, while its mate stood itself in relieving its pain with its bill. Such a spectacle made a very soft impression on our minds and unweaved our hands.—Annie Besant's Patria.

BICYCLE TOILETS.

Costume to Be Worn During the Coming Season. For a long time French bicyclists—of course women are meant—clung to the trousseau costume, and it was almost universally worn. American and English women were more conservative, however, and although some of them adopted bloomers, as a class they adhered to the skirt. Now France has wearied of trousseau and also wears the skirt, sometimes of full length, and bloomers and other garments of that style are going out of fashion. Some of the long skirts have an elaborate pulley and cord arrangement by which they may be shortened, but as a looped up skirt is unsightly, while a regulation short skirt is not the advantage is not particularly great.

For the upper part of the figure the short jacket, open or closed, is replacing the bolero, which has been done to death.

SPRING GAPE. An artist to launder one of these gowns—not one laundress in 50 can do it respectably and as much is pretty only when it is perfectly fresh, its seeming simplicity is a delusion. Little children's frocks of all over embroidery are also shown, the embroidery being very thin and open. These are to be worn over a pink or blue slip and have knots of ribbon here and there to soft Roman striped ribbon, with fringed ends, forms one of the prettiest cravats to be worn with shirt waists.

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A fellow of an Oxford college tells an anecdote about Mr. Gladstone's visit to the college in question when he was staying in Oxford for the last time in 1893. He had been dining in hall, and afterward attending common room, which was just over, most of the company having departed. The distinguished guest was standing with his back to the fire narrating some reminiscence of his university days. "Yes, sir," he was saying, "I set eyes on him then for the first and last time, and that must have been—let me see—fully 60 years ago."