

TAKE A BIBLE ALONG

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE ON THE EVILS OF SUMMER RESORTS

TEMPTATION ON EVERY HAND

A Suggestive and Appropriate Sermon for the Vacation Season When Multitudes Are Seeking Better Than the Usual Professional Anxieties or the Affliction of Disease.

Washington, Aug. 25.—Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his text this morning John v. 8: "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows there was a pool there 380 feet long, 180 feet wide and 75 feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients waited until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigorating was concerned, it was a small sea; a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to the water and pour in it some healing substance, and after that the people would come and get the medication. But I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came and stirred up or troubled the water, and then the people came and got the healing. This angel of God that stirred up the water, stepped into the mineral waters of Congress or Sharon or Saratoga or Newport, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia and spindling disease, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethsahas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when all trains are laden with passengers and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city seeks pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sanatoriums are filled with the spotted brilliants into the game basket; the baton of the orchestra leader taps the music stand; the green, amber and red lights of the barroom glow; and the explosive uncocking of the champagne bottle, and the whirl and the clattering hoofs of the race courses and other signs of social dissipation attest that the season for the great American watering place is in full play. Music! Flute and drum and cornet-play and clapping cymbals wake the echoes of the music. "Glad am I that faded out American life for the most part has an opportunity to rest and that nervous road and driven will find a Bethesda in watering places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives."

Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk or the employer the journeyman, or the church his pastor a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to excess his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hours of the church's disruption, played kilt for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth to-day—that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amidst the congratulations of this season and the prospects of the future many of you for the country I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your place at home. You will send the dog and out and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the doors bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on a pile of play at the watering place. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House or Sharon Springs or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely at home, some times when the Sabbath draws on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesque of half-disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft, and a tune that nobody knows, and worshippers, with \$3,000 worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible trials made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended. The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity, but

your Bible along with you, and take an hour for serious prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and snarls. Keep holy the Sabbath, though the devil be at a beguiled Puritan. Stand off from gambling halls and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a horse, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called "summer meetings," "annuals," and is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called a "social gathering," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming, but under these deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same drunkenness, and all the same rags and rags, and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse racing system.

I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team and put on their sporting cap and light their cigar and take the reins and dash down on the road to perdition. The great day at Saratoga and Brighton Beach and Cape May and nearly all the other watering places is the day of the race. The horses are thronged, every kind of equipage is taken up at an almost fabulous price, and there are many respectable people mingling with jockeys and gamblers and libertines and mouthed men and flashy women. The bartender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The prospect of winning all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in their money on which stood to bet their money. The men on the horses riding around long ago arranged who shall win. The crowd on the stand or from the carriage are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and many that they make a grand harvest for the pickpockets, who carry off the pocket-books and the portemonnaies. Men look on one another with a string of beads, their riders lying around the ring. But there is many a man on the stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune are in the ring, racing with inebriety and with fraud and with profanity and with the black neck of the black horse. Neck and neck go the leaders in that moral Epom. White horse of honor; black horse of ruin. Death says, "I will bet on the black horse." Spectator says, "I will bet on the white horse." The white horse of honor a little way ahead, the black horse of ruin, Satan is at all the time gaining on him. Spectator breathless. They put on the lash dig in the spurs. There! They are past the stand. As I expected. The black horse of ruin has won the race, and the galleries of darkness "huzza!" and the devil comes to help him up their wagers. Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse racing disquisitions this summer. Long ago the English Government got through looking to the turf for the dragon and the light cavalry horse. They found out that the greatest depredator of the stock, and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of Parliament and the author knowing, who had a world over hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you, then for all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblinking meanness in measure. The bull fight of Spain and the bear baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America!"

I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering place, and that is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda, just like the Bethesda of old, was intended to recuperate the physical health; and yet how many come from the watering places their health absolutely destroyed. City simpletons boasting of having imbibed 20 glasses of Congress water before breakfast. Families, accustomed to go to bed at 10 o'clock at night, going until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice cream and lemon and lobster salads and oysters until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women, and brainless young men dancing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long. If they go to another watering place in the autumn of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than nearly all other things combined. Society is so artificial that there is no judgment of character to be formed. They form companionship amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are 20 blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitz and splash. Life is not a ballroom where the music decides the step, and bow and dance and graceful swing of long trains make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gayly painted yachts of a summer regatta to find your success as to go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. If there is any man in the community who excites my contempt and who ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft handed, soft headed, dude, who, perjured until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in striking killing attitudes, and waving sentimental airs, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as light as the inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flashing cravat. His conversation made up of "Aha!" and "Oha!" and "He-he-he!"

THE SUMMER WARDROBE.

Transparent Materials and Fine Needlework in the Lead.

It is necessary to look back a long time, at least as far as 1840, to find a taste for thin, sheer fabrics and trimmings pronounced as those which now prevail. One would naturally have thought, on observing the fashion of gowns to become more and more smooth and clinging, that substantial materials would be adopted, but, on the contrary, never have organizes, cotton or silk muslins, lincens, gauzes and lawns had a greater success.

For underwear, the finest and most transparent lawns and batistes are employed, the necessary fullness around the neck, sleeves and body being obtained by superimposed bounces adorned with quantities of lace and embroidery. The lace chosen is of a kind to bear laundering, else it is of no value as a decoration for lingerie. Tucks and puffings are combined with needlework and lace to enrich the effects.

The cut shows a costume of pale violet serge. The skirt, which is in one piece, is trimmed with three rows of knotted silk fringe which descend in points in front, simulating a triple tunic. The bolero is a draped front which closes obliquely with large, soft revers, bordered with narrow fringe. A large choux of pansy velvet is placed in the left side, and the draped belt is of pansy velvet. The cravat and plastron are of white mousseline de soie and lace, the hat of pansy straw trimmed with violet gauze and purple poppies.

JUDIC CHOLLER.

MILLINERY NOTES.

Hats, Veils and Collars For Summer Wear.

Very plain hats are used for morning wear and for bicycling, and a white veil is the rule. Various styles of veil are seen, plain tulle or net, not dotted with black chenille, and white lace wash veils all being in favor.

Sailor hats have wide brims, and the crown is pressed down in front. They are trimmed with a ribbon band or a scarf of mousseline de soie and often have one long feather. The high collars, which are still in vogue, are now made of the thinnest possible material, wired to preserve their flaring form. These collars are often adjustable and may be changed from gown to gown at will. When they are thus separate, the lower edge is usually finished with a rather deep fringe, and sometimes there is a cravat attachment in front.

Belts are quite narrow, and the favorite buckles are of wrought gold, silver or cut steel. Strong buckles of gun metal are also liked. The illustration given today shows a bodice of plaid serge. It is gathered at the waist and has a short, full basque and a wide collar, which is bordered with lace and tied in a fichu knot. The collar and small plastron are of lace. The skirt sleeves have three tucks at the top, and the cuffs are edged with lace. The belt is of white kid.

COLLARS AND BELTS.

Novelties in Girdles and Buckles. Bicycle Suit.

Collars of velvet are embroidered with gold or steel beads or colored spangles, according to the gown they are accompanying. They are finished with a fall of bead fringe.

A novelty in belts is of leather, with a design burned upon it in the same way that furniture, frames and wooden ornaments are decorated. The designs for belts are very finely burned and are usually of a floral character. The fastening for the belts is a plain, tongue buckle covered with leather.

Large old-fashioned brooches which have been laid aside as out of date may now be utilized as belt fasteners, taking the place of a buckle. The belt of silk

JUDIC CHOLLER.

BATHING SUITS.

The American Suits Preferer Than the French in America.

The French idea of a bathing suit is quite different from the model accepted in America. The Frenchwoman, when once, makes a gown of her own, wearing trousers which extend half way down from the knee to the ankle, a scant skirt which falls only a little below the hips, and achieving stockings altogether. A more awkward looking arrangement can hardly be imagined. The bodice part,

however, is often very prettily cut and trimmed, and useful hats may therefore be gained from the French suits. The only way to keep even very tight stockings on in the water is to wear circular garters above the knee. If a band of wide elastic is run into the edge of the trousers, it will not only serve as a garter, but will keep the trousers and stockings from separating, as they have a habit of doing, during bathing.

The picture illustrates a bathing costume of brown serge. The skirt and the edge of the short sleeves are trimmed with bands of white braid. The bodice is gathered to a pointed yoke, upon which is applied a star shaped trimming of thin white flannel. There is no collar. The belt is of white kid.

TOILET HINTS.

Suggestions With Regard to the Hair and Complexion.

The hair is worn upon the top of the head this year, and the fashionable coiffure is therefore particularly becoming to short women and stout faces. A fluffy style still prevails, but the hair may be parted, drawn straight back or rolled into a pompadour puff.

To prevent the complexion from being red and oily, nothing is better than to wash the face twice daily in very warm water to which has been added several drops of tincture of benzoin. Dry, thin and brittle nails should be rubbed daily with vaselin. If this treat-

ment is persisted in for a month, they will become flexible and brilliant. The habit of washing the hands very frequently tends to render them hard and dry. If the occupation is such as makes washing often necessary, instead of dipping the hands in water they may be rubbed with lemon juice, which will clear them and whiten them as well without injuring the skin.

The cut shows a gown of red serge, having a double skirt trimmed with white mohair braid. The stretched bodice has a blouse front, with a quadruple sailor collar of white canvas embroidered with red. The plastron is of red striped with white. The cravat is white, and the close sleeves are trimmed with white braid at the wrists. The hat of white Manila straw is trimmed with a drapery of red tulle and with white feathers.

JUDIC CHOLLER.

TRIMMINGS.

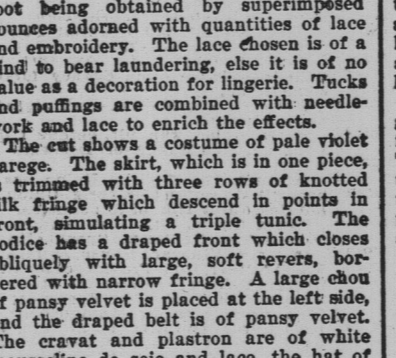
Laces, Beading and the Narrowest of Narrow Ribbons.

When lace is the trimming employed, as it almost always is at present, it is more or less ruffled, according to its width and weight. If it is very wide and light, it is made very full, but if it has a heavy design or is narrow the fullness is scanty. There are certain thick laces which have so solid a pattern that they should always be used quite plain and not gathered at all.

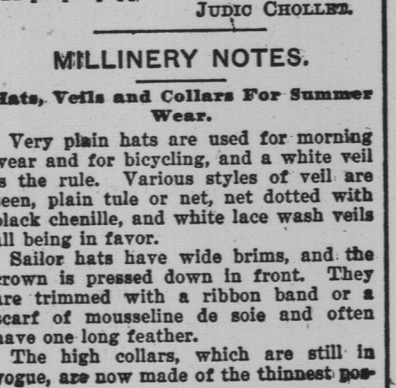
The high collars, which are still in vogue for little girls' dresses have preferably a small design—a little dot, a fine stripe, or



BICYCLE COSTUME.



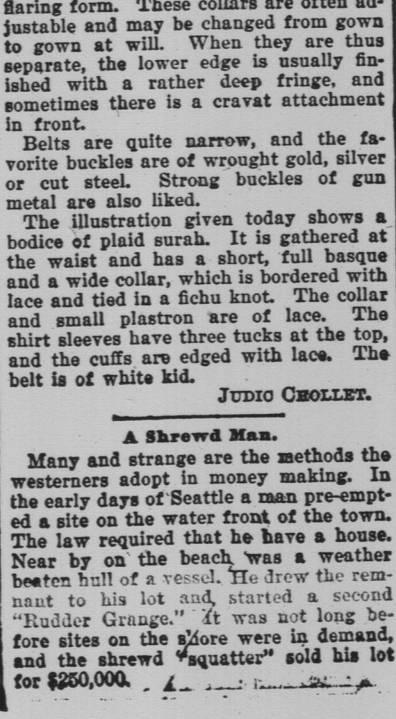
RED COSTUME.



BATHING SUITS.



TRIMMINGS.



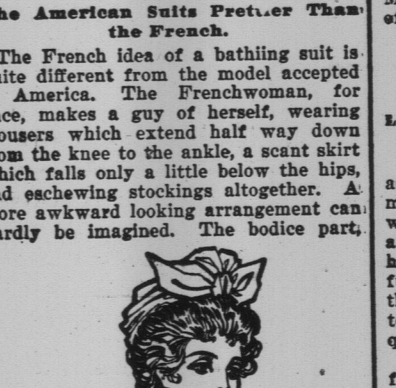
HE WAS "WONDERFUL."



BICYCLE COSTUME.



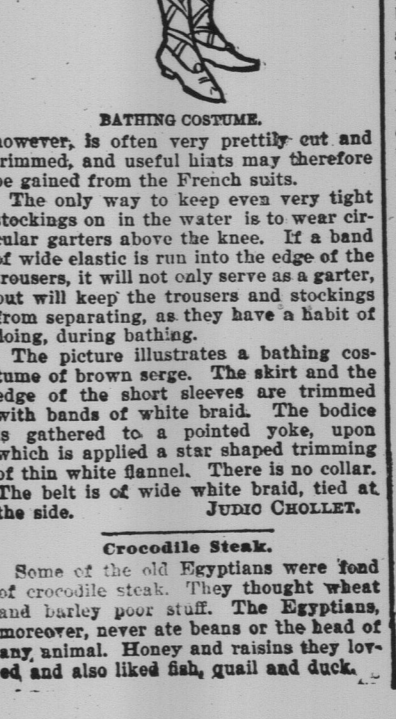
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