POOR DOCUMENT

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THE WORLD TO COME.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE ON THE PALACES OF IVORY.

ATTRACTIVENESS OF CHRIST.

Earth's Most Beautiful Castles and Palaces Are Mere Dungeons When Compared With the Heavenly Home —The Loved Ones Who Are Waiting for Us There.

Washington, July 30.—Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his text this morning Psalms xlv, 8, "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces." He said:

Among the grand adornments of the City of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborate rose windows and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements et quatre foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth and embroidery and perfume. But to-day I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is he than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of 800 diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace—all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, King of Zion, King of earth, King of heaven, King forever! His garments not worn out, not dust bedraggled, but radiant and jewalled and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire, and frankincense, and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Aye, aye, "They smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it no larger than a chestnut would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus.

I know that to many he is only like any historical person—another John Howard, another philanthropic Oberlin, another Confucius, a grand subject for a painting, a heroic theme for a poem, a beautiful form for a statue, but to those who have heard his voice and felt his pardon and received his benediction he is music and light and warmth and thrill and eternal fragrance, sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray, lifting you up while others try to push you down, not so much like morning glories that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic, the same morning, noon and night, yesterday, to-day, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear him out. We put on him all our burdens and afflict him with all our griefs and set him foremost in all our battles, and yet he is ready to lift and to sympathize and to help. We have so imposed upon him that one would think in eternal affront he would quit our soul, and yet to-day he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like his for us. It is more imperial than Caesar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all plowed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express him—he is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see him with our eyes and to hear him with our ears and to touch him with our hands. Oh, that to-day he might appear to some other one of our five senses! Ayh, the nostril shall discover his presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from heaven. Yea, his garments smell of lasting and all pervasive myrrh.

Would that you all knew his sweetness! How soon you would turn from all other attractions! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy and clapped his hands and rushed through the streets because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved, "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frostbitten, storm lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through —nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide as your two fingers where he was not whipped? Was there a space on his brow an inch square where he was not cut of the briers? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage! Aloes, aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour. Who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? He had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Was it not all aloes? Our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup and that pressed to his lips until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draft was swallowed with a distorted countenance and a shudder from head to foot and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! Aloes! Nothing but aloes! All this for himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because he did not like Caesar? No, no! All this because he wanted to pluck me and you from hell. Because he wanted to raise me and you to heaven. Because we were lost, and he wanted us found. Because we were blind, and he wanted us to see. Because we were serfs, and he wanted us manumitted. O ye in whose cup of life the saccharine has predominated; O ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward him who in your stead and to purchase your disinthralment took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant which grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea! We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and on bright cool days we feel we could bound like a roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have to tell you that you are "full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, which have not been bound up or mollified with ointment." The marasmus of sin is on us, the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring to-night in the next street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors have given him up and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physican, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English so that a "man, though a fool, need not err therein." Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia!

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantelpiece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him and refuses to take it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though he brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no! When a man is lost, it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the cross-roads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be at this time a man who is destroying his soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going by may look at the fearful mound and learn what a sucide it is when an immortal soul for which Jesus died puts itself out of the way.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after him—people who were sick and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child, crying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus! Cure this scarlet fever!" And others: "Cure this ophthalmia. Give ease and rest to this spinal distress! Straighten this club foot!" Christ made every house where he stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the 19 centuries which have gone by since, his heart has got hard. I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get his benediction. O Jesus, here we are! We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes though this assemblage now, his "garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance—"and aloes"—they mean bitter medicinal memories—"and cassia"—that means medicine and cure.

According to my text, he comes "out of the ivory palaces." You know, or, if you do not know, I will tell you now that some of the palaces of olden times were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory and chairs of ivory and tables of ivory and floors of ivory and pillars of ivory and windows of ivory and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling on the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place he came, and to that place he proposes to transport you, for his "garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces." What a place heaven must be! The Tuileries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, are mere dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God—the ivory palaces! One for the angels, insufferably bright, winged, fire eyed, tempest charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood red robes from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of his palace the crown of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

To-day it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see climbing the stairs of ivory and walking on the floors of ivory and looking from the windows of ivory some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not 82 years and 79 years as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their wedding day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heartbreak over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children that went out from you—Christ did not let one of them drop as he lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to one whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room and the little one sprang out to greet him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust and the gravel and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and he says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head which will never ache again on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company! But, oh, my brother, unless you change your track you cannot reach that harbor! You might as well take the Southern Pacific Railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones! Call louder from the ivory palaces!

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for 30 years. I have been asking it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and to-day I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out the problem, meanwhile and now, taking it as the tenderest, mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that he came with spikes in his feet, came with thorns in his brow, came with spears in his heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, Christ, whelm all our souls with thy compassion! Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of thy grace! Ride through to-day the conqueror, thy garments smelling "of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces!"

Blue Eyes Suffer Most.

It has been observed that gray and blue eyes are more likely to be seriously affected by intense electric light than brown eyes. In some of these cases total blindness has resulted. Oculists ascribe the trouble to two causes, the intensity of the light and the action of the ultra-violet rays. It is recommended that uranium glass, which is yellow, or some other transparent substance that will intercept ultra-violet rays, be interposed between the eye and any powerful light.

New Zealand Pension System.

The New Zealand old age pensions bill provides that persons of good character attaining 65 and having resided for 20 years in the colony shall be entitled to a pension annually.

Percentage of Blind People.

In every million of people in the world there are 800 who are blind.

TOILET HINTS.

Advice Concerning the Care of the Hair and Complexion.

The hair should be allowed to float loosely upon the shoulders for a little while every day, if possible, as when it is kept closely coiled or braided all the time the air does not have free access to it. It should never be arranged upon the head while it is wet or even damp, but after a bath should be left hanging until it is quite dry.

Bran water is excellent for the skin and is of service in cases of sunburn.

Tears are destructive to beauty and if habitually indulged in bring on an untimely aspect of age, so weeping is to be avoided as much as possible. Faded eyes, with the skin about them worn and loose, red eyelids and scanty lashes are the result of frequent crying, and insufficient rest has almost as bad an effect on the personal appearance. A great deal of sleep, a good digestion and no tears are

MORNING JACKET.

more preservative of youth than all the cosmetics in the world. Rosewater is very soothing to the eyes, while thin eyelashes caused by inflammation of the lids may be improved by bathing the lids regularly with an infusion of camomile or cornflowers.

The cut illustrates a morning jacket of golden brown cashmere. It is cut in scallops around the edge, and also at the top, where it is mounted on a yoke of ecru guipure over golden brown silk. The top of the sleeves is also of guipure over silk. The scallops and edges are finished with a band of narrow black velvet. The belt of soft brown silk is tied at the side. JUDIC CHOLLET.

THE HOME MODISTE.

Useful Hints Regarding Dressmaking and Millinery.

Parasols of Scotch plaid are pretty for the country and seaside. There are also parasols of lace over a lining of silk which matches the costume.

Circular ruffles, so much worn, lose their attractiveness when made of thin goods. For cloth, velvet and substantial wools and silks they are satisfactory, but for sheer fabrics gathered ruffles will be found more effective.

It is said that light straw hats may be cleaned by rubbing the braid, band by band, with lemon juice, and immediately covering it with powdered sulphur, leaving the hat to dry in a dark place. Dark straws disfigured by dust may be cleaned perfectly by first giving them a thorough

PLAITED HOUSE GOWN.

brushing with a clothes brush, then brushing them with a small brush dipped in kerosene oil. The hat must be left 24 hours for the oil to dry and the odor to evaporate. It is hardly necessary to say that all trimming must be removed before the straw is treated.

The wrapper illustrated is of accordion plaited lilac crepon over white silk. Around the foot are two bands of guipure edged by fine ruches of lilac mousseline de soie. The little plaited pelerine is trimmed in the same way, as are also the plaited sleeves. Around the neck and wrists are thick ruches of lilac mousseline de soie and white lace, and a bow of lilac satin with long ends is placed at the throat. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Putting On.

She—I'll bet when Adam first met Eve he put on an air of superiority.

He—Well, there was nothing else to put on just at that time.—Indianapolis Journal.

VARIOUS NOTES.

Suggestions For the Household—A Pretty Costume.

Papered walls may be cleaned with stale French bread—that is, bread which contains no grease, care being taken that it is not dry enough to scratch the paper. The bread must be cut in thick slices and rubbed downward from top to bottom of the wall, the crust being held in the hand.

In giving an elaborate dinner, a new idea is to have two menus, one for the dinner proper, the other for the dessert.

GIRL'S COSTUME.

The latter menu is presented just before the appearance of the dessert. There are all sorts of devices and designs for the decoration of menus, hand painted ones being the most elegant.

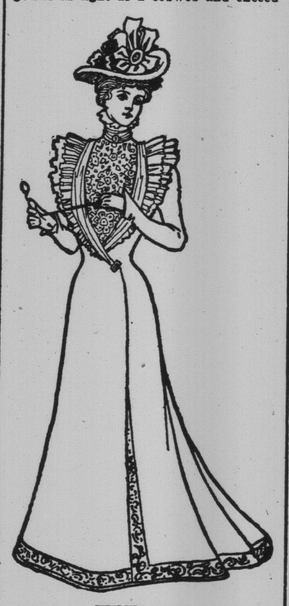
Lace, so lavishly employed throughout the wardrobe, now composes entire hats. The lace thus used is heavy and is stretched over a frame of fine, invisible wire, the trimming chosen being of the lightest and airiest descriptions.

The illustration given today shows a very pretty costume for a girl 12 years old. It is of lavender veiling, the skirt being gathered a little at the waist and trimmed with three narrow bias bands of dark blue surah, forming a point in front. The bodice, also gathered at the waist, has a bertha of white batiste embroidered in open designs and edged with lace, which frames a yoke of dark blue surah. The yoke is cut square at the neck. The cravat of blue surah has lace ends, and the half length sleeves are finished with a frill of lace. The sash belt is of blue surah. The lavender straw hat is trimmed with a knot of blue surah and a white plume. JUDIC CHOLLET.

SUMMER FABRICS.

Light and Clinging Goods In the Front of Favor.

This season is a season of triumph for soft, clinging fabrics. Flexible silks, crepes de chine, gauzes and mousselines de soie are seen in immense varieties of weave and color and compose exquisite gowns as light as a cobweb and exceed-



VEILING GOWN.

ingly cool. Then there are albatross cloths, veiling and crepons to add to the list, while among wash fabrics the range of choice is bewilderingly large. Among the prettiest designs are fine nainsooks in mixed plaids of the most delicate tones —rose, turquoise, lemon, pale green and lavender—which could not be surpassed in dainty coloring. If ribbons are used in these plaid costumes, plain ribbons are preferable to plaid ones, plaid ribbons, on the contrary, appearing to better advantage with plain goods.

Printed cotton muslins and batistes show attractive floral designs, usually of a rambling character, covering the ground rather than dotting it.

An illustration is given which shows a gown of violet veiling. It is cut in the princess style, with a slight train, and crosses over to the left side, where it closes. Around the foot of the skirt is a band of white cloth with violet applications, the band mounting half way up the left side. There is a large plastron of guipure de venise which is surrounded by a fichu drapery of violet mousseline de soie trimmed with a double plaiting. The plaited collar is of violet veiling. A gold buckle fastens the fichu at the waist, and the sleeves are plain. The hat, of white straw, is trimmed with violet ribbon, a jeweled buckle and yellow flowers. JUDIC CHOLLET.

SUMMER GOWNS.

Materials, Designs and Styles Most In Favor.

Heavy laces are used to trim batistes having large checks or plaids, while valenciennes is the favorite for thinner goods. Some of the new muslins show glace and changeable effects and are extremely pretty.

Very narrow stripes and dots are less seen this year than designs of flowers, plaids and ribbons. On some of the finest materials the ribbon is the decorative motive, arranged in waves or knots. Pompadour floral designs appear also upon expensive goods, and there is a liking for silks having a pattern of large flowers on a ground of the same color, but a different shade.

The Louis Quinze period is actively revived by most of the new models. Not only do the woven and printed designs of the goods recall that time, but the general cut and style are of the same char-

CLOTH COSTUME.

acter, although modernized to suit the present taste. Flounces, corsages trimmed with ruches and jabots of lace, fichus and ribbons all belong to that epoch and are features of this season's wardrobe.

The cut depicts a costume of periwinkle blue cloth. The plain skirt is adorned with bias stitched bands of cloth, which rise in a point in front. The short coat is tight fitting at the back and has loose double fronts, with revers and collar faced with white moire. The coat and the close sleeves are trimmed with stitched cloth bands, and there are cut steel buttons on the fronts. The chemisette is of pink mousseline de soie. The cravat, which is drawn through jeweled rings, is of white embroidered tulle. The white straw hat has a drapery of white tulle and is trimmed with pink roses and their foliage. JUDIC CHOLLET.

THE WARDROBE.

Attractive Accessories and Trimmings For Summer Use.

Embroidery, lace and gauze—these still predominate as trimmings on hats, gowns, wraps and parasols. All is light, delicate and brilliant in effect and summery in the extreme.

Boas of plumage, gauze or lace have been frequently mentioned, but they are still in the front rank and cannot be ignored. Those of excessive length are not worn, but medium and short ones are seen in great profusion. Boas of heavy net with large chenille dots are among the prettiest, and there are others of full plaitings of gauze, the gauze being edged with fibers of ostrich plumage or loops of fine chenille.

Black or white mousseline de soie enjoys even greater favor than colored mousseline, being immensely employed

LEGHORN HAT.

for boas, ruches, trimmings and accessories, but there are novelties shown in the shape of boas of two colors of mousseline de soie. For example, black mousseline will be used over rose, or pink over white. There are also ruches of black net, the edges of the frills being finished with tinted, iridescent spangles.

The hat shown in the illustration is of leghorn straw, and the brim is much twisted and lifted at the left side, where a large, red rose with foliage is placed beneath it. Strands of black velvet ribbon encircle the crown and form clusters of loops. In front are bunches of ripe ears of rye and a group of pink roses, buds and leaves. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Remarkable Village.

In New Guinea the village of Tupuselei is most remarkable. The houses are all supported on piles and stand out in the ocean a considerable distance from shore. This is to protect the villagers from the attacks of the dreaded head hunters, always looking out for victims. Other villages in this queer land are perched up in trees for the same reason.