THE DEFEAT OF OBLIVION

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says Every Soul Will Be Remembered in Heaven.

All the Ordinary Efforts at Perpetuation Are Dead Failures.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how any one can be widely and forever recollected and cheers despondent Christian workers; texts, Job xxiv, 20, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxii, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Of oblivion and its defeats I speak to-day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, States, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indispensable, and then they part, some by marriage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walk up Pennsylvania avenue, Washington; Broadway, New York; State street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; the Strand, London; Princess street, Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year 1901 not one person who walked there in the year 1801. What engulfment. All the ordinary efforts at perpetuation are dead failures. Walter Scott's Old Mortality may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivions has a quicker chisel, with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while Old Mortality is cutting in one epitaph.

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I. or of Charles Martel or of Marlborough or of Mithridates or of Prince Frederick or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of the 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,750,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylae and call the long roll. Not one answer. At the opening of our Civil War the men of the Northern and Southern armies were told that if they fell in battle their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in military hospitals you cannot call the names of a thousand, nor the names of 500, nor the names of 100, nor the names of fifty.

Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go, too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axeltree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible.

What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3000 years ago would snarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind are not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die; their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon.

In all the Pantheon the weakest goddess is Clio, the goddess of history, and instead of being represented by sculptors as holding a scroll might better be represented as limping on crutches. Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immortality that comes from pomp of obsequies or granite shaft or building named after its founder or page of recognition in some encyclopedia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will cease and is no immortality at all.

Oblivion! A hundred years. But while I recognize this universal submergence of things earthly, who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us. Absent for a few weeks or months from home it cheers us to know that we are remembered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced, "I hope you missed me." Meeting some friends from whom we have been parted many years we inquire, "Did you ever see me before?" And they say, "Yes," and call us by name, and we feels a delightful sensation thrilling through their hand into our hand and running up from elbow to shoulder and then parting, the one current of delight ascending to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles until every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with delight.

Now, I have to tell you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats, and there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty.

Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child, fallen on the curbstone, and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man, swamped by the stringency of the money market, that times would after awhile be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more!" Did you tell a man, clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide, that for him was nearby a laver, in which he might wash and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear?

What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them.

They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have not cutlass to part that cable. They have no strength to hurl into oblivion that benefaction. Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him had felt, added to a shipwreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten Florence Nightingale?

It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath class, or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passer-by, or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting, or preach a sermon and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

Another defeat of Oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel work, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen.

Oh, this character building! The structure lasting independent of passing centuries, independent of crumbling mausoleums, independent of the whole planetary system. Aye, if the material universe, which seems all bound together like one piece of machinery, should some day meet with an accident that should send worlds crashing into each other like telescoped railway trains, and all the wheels of constellations and galaxies should stop, and down into one chasm of immensity all the suns and moons and stars should tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, that would not touch us and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, and over that grave of a wrecked material universe might truthfully be written, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance." O time, we defy thee! O death, we stamp thee in the dust of thine own sepulchers! O eternity, roll on till the last star has stopped rotating and the last sun is extinguished on the sapphire pathway, and the last moon has illumined the last night, and as many years have passed as all the scribes that ever took pen could describe by as many figures as they could write in all the centuries of all time, but thou shalt have no power to efface from any soul in glory the memory of anything we have done to bring it to God and heaven!

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God Himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship, perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned or the face of a great general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This custom of tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that He has tattooed us upon His hands. There can be no other meaning in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands." It was as much as to say, "I cannot open My hand to help but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad My hands to bless but I think of you. Wherever I go up or down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with Me. They are so inwrought into My being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of My hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of My hands for Myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in My fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand its billowing shall not wash out the record of My remembrance. 'Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands.'"

What joy, what honor, can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and most affectionate being in the universe? Think of it—to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God! The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build some palace as grand as that if he can. Let him crumble up all the stars of yesternight and to-morrow night and put them together as mosaics for such a palace floor. Let him take all the sunrises and sunsets of all the days and the auroras of all the nights and hang them as upholstery at its windows. Let him take all the rivers and all the lakes and all the oceans and toss them into the fountains of this palace court.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchered. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again! Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed oblivion. So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne; not into the graveyard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all abloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

Care of the Baby's Hair.

Every morning after baby's hair has been washed and well brushed do not leave it nice and smooth and tidy, but with the tips of the fingers rub the head all over very gently with a short circular motion from right to left. This causes the roots of the hair to twist, and curly hair will be the result.

Noble Alice Cary.

Alice Cary was born in 1820 and died in 1871. She was an American writer of prose and verse, the chaste and reverent quality of her work winning a wide circle of sincere admirers. It was Alice Cary who wrote:

"True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For, whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth."

Lotus Buckle.

In belt fastenings a new idea is the cincture of white heavy ribbed silk ribbon, rather narrow, clasped at the waist with our newest buckling, the lotus clasp. This pretty model is executed in "colored gold," the metal being slightly suffused with pink instead of with green. The same design, the lotus flower fully open, with buds, can be seen in oxidized silver. These exquisite ornaments are a relief to the eye after one is wearied with the profusion of metal belt clasps and buckles set with mock jewels, rhinestones and semi-precious jewels.

Without Gloss.

The dainty maiden who takes delight in manicuring her finger tips is advised against polishing her finger nails until they shine like mirrors. A little polish only is permissible. First, the long claw-ends of finger nails, suggestive of birds of prey, went out of fashion. Now, the experts declare, the "high glaze nail" is vanishing. A slight point in the middle of the finger nail is the prescribed fashion for cutting. The nail is cut either just a trifle longer than the finger at this tip, but often the nails are trimmed level with the end of the finger.

Autumnal Foliage.

The changeful colors of maple leaves in autumn, glowing reds and warm yellow, soft brown and unexpected patches of brilliant green, mingle in the trimming milliners charge you for, under the head of "autumnal velvet foliage." It is beautiful on a cloth hat of castor, pale yellow, brown, ecru or some shades of gray.

"Autumnal velvet foliage," then, to use its cumbersome title, adorns the modified scoop shape still called the poke bonnet, which is made of chenille straw braid of a delicate pearl gray. The inside of the poke's brim is faced with cream lace edged with a mere line of narrowest black velvet. This bonnet evokes much envy in the feminine bosom.

For the Dressing Table.

Ivory is again the fashionable thing in articles for my lady's toilet table. The handsomest brushes and mirrors bear the gold monogram on the back.

Silver in the antique or reproductions of the antique will be much seen this winter in the dressing room. Beautiful designs can be purchased at a reasonable rate.

Ebony and silver retain their popularity with men.

Dainty covers for the dressing table are of renaissance or in linen, with openwork and embroidery. These scarfs are very beautiful.

The perfume in vogue is pink carnation, and this recent manufacture is said to be the most delicate ever sold in London.—London Express.

Kneaded Bread For His Mother.

President Loubet once when he was Prime Minister, made a flying visit—it was between two stormy sessions of the Chamber of Deputies—to his old mother at the farm in Dauphiny. The old dame was in the kitchen kneading bread for the fortnightly baking, which is still a custom in the old families of the Midi. She put her floury arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Ah, mother, you should give over this heavy work," said the Prime Minister.

"And sit with folded hands on baking day!" the good old housewife cried indignantly. "No, no—but I must admit it is not so easy as it was."

"Well, to-day you shall fold your hands—sit down, mother, and talk to me," said the first Minister of France, and he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves and kneaded the bread. When he had finished and heard all the gossip of the farm he kissed the good old mother and went back to his more conspicuous duties of statesman. —Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Occupations of Clever Women.

Woman having entered the business world is constantly looking for fresh worlds to conquer. Among the latest of odd occupations which a young woman has taken up is the repairing of bric-a-brac and she finds it quite remunerative, too. This clever girl has opened a modest place in the second story of a New York building, displaying her shingle from the window. Her success from the start has been very great, as she is an exceedingly smart and skillful patcher of broken vases, antique furniture and articles of virtu. It is told of her that she mended a vase, beautifully, that was broken in 700 pieces. In the case of slight chips where the decoration is marred she very cleverly covers with her own brush. She is reputed to make a most excellent living in this way.

Feminine interior decorators have been in the business for some time, but a bright Chicago woman has hit upon the clever plan of an added service that brings her much custom. This is to open or close the country house at the proper seasons, suggest the necessary renovations, select the articles necessary, rearrange and buy furniture, decorate, hang pictures artistically, etc.

Where she can procure what is desired from her own stock, of course, a double profit is made, but if the necessary articles are to be procured elsewhere she does the purchasing and receives a commission from the seller.

Her clientele is large, her business very remunerative.

Another woman who prepares several excellent home-made complexion lotions is beginning to find herself quite busy by going around from house to house, for really a very small fee, comparatively, and treating the hands and face of the summer girl, who has allowed the sun's rays to treat her too lovingly, but who upon the mere approach of the fall social season desires to get into condition again. It is such an inexpensive, convenient and comforatable plan, women have seized on it with avidity.

In the summer of 1900 the number of women students at the University of Berlin was 289. In the following winter it was 425.

Miss Braddon has published more than sixty novels since 1862. Previous to trying literature, however, Miss Braddon appeared on the stage.

The Prince General of Holland has delighted his wife, the Queen, by giving orders that bearing reins shall be entirely dispensed with in the royal stables.

Helen Gladstone, daughter of the great Liberal, has become warden of the Woman's University Settlement in Southtwark, London, and will soon leave Cambridge to live in that dreary slum.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman to receive a medical degree, is a charter member of the Alpha Chapter of Zeta Phi, the first Greek letter society for women formed in a medical school.

Signorina Teresa Laborioli is the first woman lawyer in Italy. She has passed her examination with honors, but, as she does not desire to advocate the "new woman," she has determined not to practice.

Mrs. Henry T. Gage, wife of the Governor of California, is descended, on her mother's side, from the earliest Spanish settlers in Los Angeles and her father, whose name was Raines, was one of the State's first settlers.

The example of Queen Alexandra in taking daily drives with one or more of her grandchildren is, it is said, working a revolution among fashionable grandmothers of the realm, and youngsters are receiving unwonted attention from their granddames.

The resourceful woman now keeps in her wrist bag a neat little card case filled with adhesive labels on which her name and address are printed or typewritten. When she makes a purchase she gives one of these to the clerk, who sticks it on the package, and there is no possibility of mistake about the address.

Little gunmetal buttons are attractive on dark waists.

Cut-out cloth will be used extensively as trimming, both on velvet and silk.

Knots of black chiffon, mousseline de soie or narrow velvets give a finishing touch to a gown.

Fichus and pointed bodices are expected to be conspicuous in the evening models for the autumn.

Silk dresses will be more fashionable than ever this winter, and taffeta will retain its popularity, vying with the softer silks.

The half and three quarter length coats, made in flowered silk, cloth and velvet, will be very much worn this season as outside garments.

Kilted flounces are to be worn during the winter. The flounces are quite old-fashionedly simple, and are arranged in three tiers around the skirt.

Black and white remains a favorite combination. It is seen to special advantage in a light weight cheviot having a grayish white background with raised dots in black.

A rough wool frieze in black and white is among the newest materials, and brightened with touches of coral pink or ochre-tinted plain cloth, it is exceedingly effective.

Painted flowers are used on everything, silks and velvets being made now, covered with these hand-painted blossoms, which give us a touch of summer amidst the bleakness of winter weather.

The pompadour designs are carried out in the painted flowers, large bunches of gorgeous colorings on pale grounds. Pompadour silks are to be used a great deal, especially in the Empire designs.

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