THE POWER OF HOPE.

Dr. Talmage Says No Better Medicine Did a Man Ever Take.

Forgive the Repentant--The Perfect Life to Come--Cultivate Hope.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage would lift people out of despondency and bring something of future joy into earthly depression. The text is Hebrews vi, 19, "Which hope."

There is an Atlantic Ocean of depth and fullness in the verse from which my text is taken, and I only wade into the wave at the beach and take two words. We have all favorite words expressive of deligat or abhorrence, words that easily find their way from brain to lip, words that have in them mornings and midnights, laughter and tears, thunderbolts and dewdrops. In all the lexicons and vocabularies there are few words that have for me the attractions of the last word of my text, "Which hope."

There have in the course of our life been many good angels of God that have looked over our shoulders, or met us on the road, or chanted the darkness away, or lifted the curtains of the great future, or pulled us back from the precipices, or rolled down upon us the rapturous music of the heavens, but there is one of these angels that has done so much for us that we wish throughout all time and eternity to celebrate it—the angel of Hope. St. Paul makes it the center of a group of three, saying, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity." And, though he says that charity is the greatest of the three, he does not take one plume from the wing, or one ray of luster from the brow, or one aurora from the cheek, or one melody from from the voice of the angel of my text, "Which hope."

That was a great night for our world when in a Bethlehem caravansary the Infant Royal was born, and that will be a great night in the darkness of your soul when Christian hope is born. There will be chanting in the skies and a star pointing to the Nativity. I will not bother you with the husk of a definition and tell you what hope is. When we sit down hungry at a table, we do not want an analytical discourse as to what bread is. Hand it on; pass it round; give us a slice of it. John speaks of hope as a "pure hope;" Peter calls it a "lively hope;" Paul styles it a "good hope," a "sure hope," a "rejoicing hope." And all up and down the Bible it is spoken of as an anchor, as a harbor, as a helmet, as a door.

When we draw a check on a bank, we must have reference to the amount of money we have deposited, but Hope makes a draft on a bank in which for her benefit all heaven has been deposited. Hope! May it light up every dungeon, stand by every sickbed, lend a helping hand to every orphanage, loosen every chain, caress every forlorn soul and turn the unpictured room of the almshouse into the vestibule of heaven! How suggestive that mythology declares that when all other deities fled the goddess of Hope remained!

It was hope that revived John Knox when on shipboard near the coast of Scotland he was fearfully ill, and he was requested to look shoreward and asked if he knew the village near the coast, and he answered: "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory, and I am fully persuaded how weak that ever I now appear I shall not depart this life till I shall glorify His holy name in the same place." His hope was rewarded, and for twenty-five years more he preached. That is the hope which sustained Mr. Morrell of Norwich when departing this life at twenty-four years of age he declared, "I should like to understand the secrets of eternity before tomorrow morning." That was the kind of hope that the corporal had in the battle when, after several standard bearers had fallen, and turned to a lieutenant-colonel and said, "If I fall, tell my dear wife that I die with a good hope in Christ and that I am glad to give my life for my country." That was the good hope that Dr. Goodwin had in his last hour when he said: "Ah, is this death? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend!"

No beter medicine did a man ever take than hope. It is a stimulant, a febrifuge, a tonic, a catholicon. Thousands of people long ago departed this life would have been living to-day but for the reason they let hope slip their grasp. I have known people to live on hope after one lung was gone and disease had seemed to lay hold of every nerve and muscle and artery and bone.

Alexander the Great, starting for the wars in Persia, divided his property among the Macedonians. He gave a village to one, a port to another, a field to another and all his estate to his friends. Then Perdiccas asked, "What have you kept for yourself?" He answered triumphantly, "Hope."

And, whatever else you and I give away, we must keep for ourselves hope—all comforting, all cheering hope. In the heart of every man, woman and child that hears or reads this sermon may God implant this principle right now!

Many have full assurance that all is right with the soul. They are as sure of heaven as if they had passed the pearly panels of the gate, as though they were already seated in the temple of God unrolling the libretto of the heavenly chorister. I congratulate all such. I wish I had it, too—full assurance—but with me it is hope. "Which hope." Sinful, it expects forgiveness; troubled, it expects relief; bereft, it expects reunion; clear down, it expects wings to lift; shipwrecked, it expects lifeboat; bankrupt, it expects eternal riches; a prodigal, it expects the wide open door of the father's farmhouse. It does not wear itself out by looking backward; it always looks forward. What is the use of giving so much time to the rehearsal of the past? Your mistakes are not corrected by a review. Your losses cannot, by brooding over them, be turned into gains. It is the future that has the most for us, and hope cheers us on. We have all committed blunders, but does the calling of the roll of them make them any the less blunders? Look ahead in all matters of usefulness. However much you may have accomplished for God and the world's betterment your greatest usefulness is to come. "No," says some one, "my money is gone." "No," says some one, "the most of my years are gone and therefore my usefulness." Why, you talk like an infidel. Do you suppose that all your capacity to do good is fenced in by this life? Are you going to be a lounger and a do nothing after you have quit this world?

It is my business to tell you that your faculties are to be enlarged and intensified and your qualifications for usefulness multiplied tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold.

Is your health gone? Then that is a sign that you are to enjoy a celestial health compared with which the most jocund and hilarious vitality of earth is invalidism. Are your fortunes spent? Remember, you are to be kings and queens unto God. And how much more wealth you will have when you reign forever and ever! I want to see you when you get your heavenly work dress on. This little bit of a speck of a world we call the earth is only the place where we get ready to work. We are only journeymen here, but will be master workmen there. Heaven will have no loafers hanging around. The book says of the inhabitants, "They rest not day nor night." Why rest when they work without fatigue? Why seek a pillow when there is no night there? I want to see you after the pedestrianism of earth has been exchanged for power of flight and velocities infinite and enterprises interstellar, interworld.

I suspect that the telescope of that observatory brings in sight constellations that may comprise ruined worlds which need looking after and need help saintly and missionary. There may be worlds that, like ours, have sinned and need to be rescued, perhaps saved by our Christ or by some plan that God has thought out for other worlds as wise, as potent, as lovely as the atonement is for our world.

The laziness which has cursed us in this world will not gain the land of eternal activities—so much tonic in the air, so much inspiration in the society, so much achievement after we get the shackles of the flesh forever off. Do not dwell so much on opportunities past, but put your emphasis on opportunities to come.

Am I not right in saying that eternity can do more for us than can time? What will we not be able to do when our powers of locomotion shall be quickened into the immortal spirit's speed? Why should a bird have a swiftness of wing when it is of no importance how long it shall take to make its aerial way from forest to forest and we, who have so much more important errand in the world, get on so slowly? The roebuck outruns us, the hounds are quicker in the chase, but wait until God lets us loose from all limitations and hinderments. Then we will fairly begin. The starting post will be the tombstone. Leaving the world will be graduation day before the chief work of our mental and spiritual career. Hope sees the doors opening, the victor's foot in stirrup for the mounting. The day breaks—first flush of the horizon. The mission of hope will be an everlasting mission, as much of it in the heavenly hereafter as in the earthly now. Shall we have gained all as soon as we enter realms celestial—nothing more to learn, no other heights to climb, no new anthems to raise, a monotony of existence, the same thing over and over again for endless years? No! More progress in that world than we ever made in this.

Hope will stand on the hills of heaven and look for ever brightening landscapes, other transfigurations of color, new glories rolling over the scene, new celebration of victories in other worlds, heaven rising into grander heavens, seas of glass mingled with fire, becoming a more brilliant glass mingling with a more flaming fire. "Which hope."

Hope on, and, though you may never hear of your son's reformation and others may think he has left this life hopeless, who knows but that in the last moment, after he has ceased to speak and before his soul launches away, your prayer may have been answered and he be one of the first to meet you at the shining gate. The prodigal in the parable got home and sat down at the feast, while the elder brother, who never left the old place, stood pouting at the back door and did not go in at all.

To another class of persons I introduce the angel of hope, and they are the invalids. I cannot take the diagnosis of your disorder, but let hope cheer you with one of two thoughts. Such marvelous cures are being wrought in our day through medication and surgery that your invalidism may yet be mastered.

Persons as ill as you have got well. Cancer and tuberculosis will yet give way before some new discovery. I see every day people strong and well who not long ago I saw pallid and leaning heavily on a staff and hardly able to climb stairs.

But if you will not take the hand of hope for earthly convalescence let me point you to the perfect body you are yet to have if you love and serve the Lord. Death will put a prolonged anaesthetic upon your present body, and you will never again feel an ache or pain, and then in His good time you will have a resurrection body, about which we know nothing expect that it will be painless and glorious beyond all present appreciation. What must be the health of that land which never feels cut of cold or blast of heat, and where there is no east wind sowing pneumonias on the air, your fleetness greater than the foot of deer, your eyesight clearer than eagle in sky, perfect health, in a country where all the inhabitants are everlastingly well!

You who have in your body an encysted bullet ever since the Civil War; you who have kept alive only by precautions and self denials and perpetual watching of pulse and lung; you of the deafened ear and dim vision and the severe backache; you who have not been free from pain for ten years, how do you like this story of physical reconstruction, with all weakness and suffering subtracted and everything jocund and bounding added?

Do not have anything to do with the gloom that Harriet Martineau expressed in her dying words: "I have no reason to believe in another world. I have had enough of life in one and can see no good reason why Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated." Would you not rather have the Christian enthusiasm of Robert Annan, who when some one said, "I will be satisfied if I manage somehow to get into heaven," replied, pointing to a sunken vessel that was being dragged up the River Tay: "Would you like to be pulled into heaven with two tugs like that vessel yonder? I tell you I would like to go in with all my sails set and colors flying."

Again, let me introduce the element of hope to those good people who are in despair about the world's moral condition. They have gathered up appalling statistics. They tell of the number of divorces, but do not take into consideration that there are a thousand happy homes where there is one of marital discord.

They tell you of the large number in our land who are living profligate lives, but forget to mention that there are many millions of men and women who are doing the best they can.

They tell you the number of drunkeries in this country, but fail to mention the thousands of glorious churches with two doors—one door open for all who will enter for pardon and consolation, and the other door opening into the heavens for the ascent of souls prepared for translation.

From this hour cultivate hope. Do so by reading all the Scriptural promises of the world's coming Edenization, and doubt if you dare the veracity of the Almighty when He says He will make the desert roseate, and the leopard and kid will lie down in the same pasture field, and the lion, ceasing to be carnivorous, will become graminivorous, eating "straw like an ox," and reptilian venom shall change into harmlessness, so that the "weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." So much for the world at large.

Then cultivate hope in regard to your own health, your own financial prosperity, your own longevity, by seeing how in other people God mercifully reverses things and brings to pass the unexpected, remembering that Washington lost more battles than he gained, but triumphed at the last, and, further, by making sure of your eternal safety through Christ Jesus, understand that you are on the way to palaces and thrones. This life a span long, ending in durations of bliss that neither human nor archangelic faculties can measure or estimate—redolence of a springtime that never ends and fountains tossing in the light of a sun that never sets. May God thrill us with anticipation of this immortal glee! "Which hope."

I said in the opening of this subject that my text was only the wave on the beach, while the whole verse from which it is taken is an ocean. But the ocean tides are coming in, and the sea is getting so deep I must fall back, wading out as I waded in, for what mortal can stand before the mighty surges of the full tide of eternal gladness? "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard; neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Jots on Letter Writing.

It is a blessed thing to be able to write, but it is wisdom to realize how very important and altogether different is the written from the spoken word.

Women write voluminously; men with caution; young women, especially those who are separated from their "future," often err both in epistolary quantity and quality.

Upon every dainty desk might be the word "Caution." In every letter it is needed. There is no implied distrust in being careful.

To quarrel by mail is the height of folly.

News of mutual friends should be given with great care as to reliability. Friendship is often shattered by mail.

The girl who writes a practical business letter is as rare as a flawless emerald—unless she is a business woman, which is different--but every woman should know how, and be able to help her male relatives if required.

The postoffice authorities only can estimate the carelessness of women in scaling and addressing letters. To permit one's correspondents to pay postage for one's letters is not the right thing by any means.—Philadelphia Record.

Child Training in Germany.

In the German cities it is most refreshing to find scattered through each park many good sized beds of clean sand. These beds are confined by a wooden border to prevent the sand being scattered or washed away by rains. No matter how small the park, or in what quarter of the city it is situated, one is sure to find at least four or five of these small spots of delight for the children; and from early morn until sometimes far into the twilight you will never find one of these little enclosures entirely deserted. It is here the little toddlers' legs carry them as soon as they reach the park, and the younger ones, who are in the carriages, stretch out their arms and by eloquent looks plead to be taken to the beloved sand heap. Once there, they ask favors from no one, but fall to work with a good will, using hands, shovel, spoon, or scoop, each working out with brain and hands his own little ideas to his own entertainment and satisfaction, and taking the keenest pleasure in so doing. Occasionally the nurse cannot resist taking a hand in the fun; as long as she confines her entertainment to herself everything runs smoothly, but any interference or suggestion to the little workers is usually met with resentment. Mechanical or other toys in the hands of older persons intended or displayed for the amusement of children are simply nothing as compared with the pleasure derived from these sand heaps. They, without doubt, not only provide amusement, but at the same time serve to educate the infant mind. An hour spent in watching the children can be made a most profitable one in studying the mind, temperament, nature, and resources of these little men and women. —Marianna Wheeler, in Harper's Bazar.

A Girl of Pluck.

To give her name would not be right, but to tell of her pluck as an inspiration to other girls is fair and justifiable. She had enjoyed every comfort in a home of wealth. In society she was popular, for she is well bred and clever. Her rare beauty, inherited from several generations of lovely women, was known to those whom to know is to be somebody in the social sense. Her father lost almost everything he had when Northern Pacific made its remarkable jump to 1000.

She gave up all but her most intimate friends, and then planned not to be a burden to her father in his hard fight to regain his fortune. She went to a dancing teacher, very efficient but not well-known to New Yorkers. She knew of him from a Western cousin who had written that he had started in New York City, and as he was splendid it might be well to send the younger children to him. The girl looked this man up.

She offered to furnish him pupils at so much a head. She gave him addresses of value, where she could not properly go herself, and then started on her own scheme. Just after school hours and when the children are playing on the street she would go to some quiet neighborhood. It is not difficult for a pretty girl with a sweet voice to engage children in conversation and lead them to tell where they live and if they go to dancing school. With the help of the city directory, their information and a little nerve, she visited their mothers, and the way she gathered in pupils for the dancing instuctor was astonishing. She has made a good deal of money.

"Jack," a young man who thinks as much of her as when she was the daughter of a rich man, has been a trouble. He persists in trying to make her give up "business," and to enter into a marriage contract with him that shall end all thought of her earning her own living. He may be successful in the end, for he is backed by her father, who is not as poor as he was some months ago.—New York Times.

A Noted Huntress Repents.

Women do not seem likely to encroach on at least one of man's pleasures, that of huting. The most celebrated shot among English women has ures, that of hunting. The most celebrated a pamphlet on "The Horrors of Sport."

She knows what she is talking about. Her husband was an ardent hunter, but she was such an enthusiast that his shooting preserves did not satisfy her and she would rent a Scottish moor or deer forest for her own use. She was called by her friends the female Nimrod, and her house was full of trophies of her skill. Now she has taken up her pen to decry her old weapon, the gun.

Lady Florence Dixie is this reformed Nimrod. She has killed lions in Africa, gazelles in Arabia, bears in the Rockies. With her brother, Lord James Douglas, she took a journey through Patagonia.

A good many years ago another brother, Lord Francis Douglas, lost his life in the Alps. This intrepid woman later climbed the very peak in whose ascent he was killed. She says that few men have done "a tithe of the hunting I have done both at home and in foreign lands;" so that her renunciation of the sport seems to mean that here, at any rate, women are not going to contest with men for privileges. She says:

"Many a keen sportsman will acknowledge that a feeling of self-reproach has at times come over him as he stood by the dying victim of his skill. I know that it has confronted me many and many a time. I have bent over my fallen game and seen the beautiful eye of the deer grow dim. I have ended with the sharp, yet merciful knife, the dying sufferings of creatures that never harmed me. I, too, have witnessed the angry, defiant glare of the wild beast's fading sight as death deprived him of the power to wreak his vengeance on the human being that had taken his free life The memory of those scenes bring no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary, it haunts me with a cruel reproach, and I fain would that I had never done those deeds of skill—and cruelty."

WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS

Princess Waldemar of Denmark has added real estate dealing to her other commercial pursuits.

One thousand and seventy-nine women studied medicine last year in the 119 medical schools of this country.

The National Society Daughters of the Revolution has petitioned Congress to set apart Valley Forge as a National military park.

Miss Portia Washington, daughter of Booker T. Washington, is at present a student at Wellesley College. She is much liked.

Mrs. William F. Dreer, of Philadelphia, is said to be the possessor of one of the most remarkable pearl necklaces in this country. It is made up of thirty-seven pearls of different colors.

Three women are at present engaged at Swiss high schools as instructors. At Bern Dr. Anna Tumarkin, of Russia, lectures on history of philosophy and aesthetics. At Geneva lectures on botany are delivered by Dr. A. Rodrigue, while German literature and language are the subjects of Mme. Zbowski at the Neurenburger Academy.

English peeresses are busy looking through their store of laces to select those suitable for their coronation robes. The Irish, Devon and Buckingham lacemakers are reaping the benefit of Queen Alexandra's intimation that she hoped that home industries would be patronized as nearly exclusively as possible. The lacemakers throughout the British Isles, therefore, are working energetically to fill the orders that crowd upon them, it is said. The Tudor rose, the shamrock and the thistle designs are the most popular.

FADS AND FANCIES

The low style of wearing the hair grows in favor every day.

Galloons and all-overs in black Chantilly nets are smart black trimmings.

In a handsome brocaded wrap of a brilliant yellow a little pale blue is introduced at the neck.

Black fox, showing a few silver white hairs, is one of the season's favorite furs for boas and perelines.

The very latest walking skirts are made to show the feet to the top of the instep, and are of equal length all around.

A new cut of skirt for evening wear has two deep flounces, the upper one set at the back into two fluted pleats, which resemble sash ends.

Shaggy camel's hair felts and silky beavers are among the highly favored fabrics used for autumn toques, turbans, and short-back sailor hats.

A really sweet little collar is one made of dotted silk net of the style of point d'esprit edged with tiny ruchings of black silk ribbon. This is more of a boa and is very simple, and to go around the throat only.

Combinations of colors this year are very beautiful, and a charming effect is obtained in a gray cloth coat which has applied upon it pink flowers in a warm pink; the flowers are in the up-and-down design, with long stems, giving long lines which are artistic.

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