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THE GEMS SHE WORE.

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CHAPTER XI.—"I AM NOT SURE THAT I LIKE HIM."

BEFORE Ellen left her father she managed to administer some consolation. His spirits had always been variable; even in his palmiest days he had been known to go from the extreme of despair to the extreme of hope in the course of a few hours. Never, it is true, had he been as he was now, but even to this dark cloud his child had managed, before she left him, to point out a possible lining of silver.

O'Donnell knew no more about law than a baby. It never occurred to him that the lawyer was himself bound not to touch the capital of the marriage settlement. He looked upon his refusal to give him the money, which he considered his own, as a pretext, a plot, in short, a man-trap set for his ruin.

But when Ellen, having got as lucid a description of the whole affair as her father was capable of giving, said that she would go to Lawyer Grey and demand part of the money which was hers, to save her people and the old place, the squire became quite cheerful.

He vowed that it was a capital idea of the colleen's, that however venomous Lawyer Grey's intentions might be, the sight of Ellen would soften him. She had all a woman's bewitching ways, bless her, and even that flint, Lawyer Grey, would have to give in when he saw the appeal in her dark blue eyes.

"Yes, my jewel, you shall come with me," said O'Donnell; "we won't go to-morrow or the next day, for he has got to hear from Dublin, but we'll go on Friday, Ellen—yes, we'll go on Friday, you and I, and you shall save Inchfawn by the power of your own sweet lips, my pet."

Then Ellen coaxed her father to eat and drink, and got him out of the dismal smoking-den into the more cheerful parlor.

Here Aunt Bridget assailed the couple with a torrent of words, and the squire and she began to wrangle over some minor point with relation to the seed potatoes which were being put by for next year's planting.

The squire's voice had again assumed all the tones of absolute possession.

"I suppose, madam, I know what I want put into my own fields," he shouted. "I'll have none of your new-fashioned champions—I don't like 'em, and I never will like 'em. No, the west field shall be planted with magnum bonums, d'ye hear? I'll have no contradictions, Biddy."

"It don't matter," said Aunt Biddy, pushing her cap and her front both a little crooked, "the good old honest mealy pitatas are gone; you may plant your field with magnum bonums for all I care, Fergus, but if you think

these American pitatas will take to the soil, you're mistaken; and you'll mark Biddy O'Donnell's words when you're trying to eat them and can't."

Ellen went out of the room feeling quite comforted. After what she had witnessed of her father's sufferings, it seemed delightful to hear him wrangling with Aunt Bridget again. It was a matter of not the smallest importance to Ellen what potatoes were planted in the west field, but surely her father must have a strong return of hope or he would not mention next year's crop.

Ellen's own heart was still sick with terror. The news had come to her with little or no warning. She had almost forgotten the writ, which had been served a few weeks back; it had frightened her at the time, but as nothing apparently came of it, she concluded it was a mistake and was really meant for some other people.

But now the whole terrible truth was revealed to her. Inchfawn was sold, had been sold for years. It had ceased to belong to her father—it would never come to Geoffrey.

If the O'Donnells chose to pay an enormous yearly rent they might live on the land of their fathers as tenants, nothing more.

This fact alone was terrible enough to Ellen at first. She could not bring herself to believe that they must really leave Inchfawn. She agreed with her father, in being sure that the power of her eloquence would induce Lawyer Grey to give her some of her own money. It was impossible that he could refuse it when she told him plainly with her own lips that she must have it. No; Ellen was not greatly afraid of that result, but she had received so severe a shock that her legs trembled and her head ached badly.

She wrapped her red cloak about her shoulders and, followed by Oscar, went out. Her head, with its quantities of dark hair, was uncovered—she seldom wore a hat when roaming about the old place. In the distance now she saw Geoffrey and Arundel. She did not want to join them, and turned down a side path.

Everywhere was the desolate and sad beauty of nature turned to waste—the broken-down hedges, the storm-beaten trees, the masses of Autumn leaves under her feet, and always in the distance the free-bounding waves of the Atlantic and the blue-capped mountains melting into the sky.

Oh! there was no place to Ellen like this desolate old Inchfawn—the place, the people, the home had grown into her heart of hearts, and now they belonged to her father no more.

THE HOME-PULPIT.

SPLENDORS OF ORTHODOXY.

SERMON, BY THE REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PREACHED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—JEREMIAH vi. 16.

A GREAT London fog has come down upon some of the ministers and some of the churches in the shape of what is called "advanced thought" in Biblical interpretation. All of them, and without any exception, deny the full inspiration of the Bible. Genesis is an allegory and there are many myths in the Bible, and they philosophize and reason and evolve, until they land in a great continent of mud, from which, I fear, for all eternity they will not be able to extricate themselves. The Bible is not only divinely inspired, but it is divinely protected in its present shape. You could as easily, without detection, take from the writings of Shakespeare "Hamlet," and institute in place thereof Alexander Smith's drama, as at any time during the last fifteen thousand years a man could have made any important change in the Bible without immediate detection. If there had been an element of weakness or of deception or of disintegration the book would long ago have fallen to pieces. If there had been one loose brick or cracked casement in this castellated truth surely the bombardment of eight centuries would have discovered and broken through that imperfection. The fact that the Bible stands intact, notwithstanding all the furious assaults on all sides upon it, is proof to me that it is a miracle, and every miracle is of God. But, says some one, "While we admit that the Bible is of God, it has not been understood until our time." My answer is, that if the Bible be a letter from God, our Father, to man, His child, is it not strange that that letter should have been written in such a way that it should allow seventy generations to pass away and be buried before the letter could be understood? That would be a very bright father who should write a letter for the guidance and intelligence of his children, not understandable until a thousand years after they were buried and forgotten. While, as the years roll on, other beauties and excellences will unfold from the Scriptures, that the Bible is such a dead failure that all the Christian scholars for one thousand eight hundred years were deceived in regard to vast reaches of its meaning is a demand upon my credulity so great that, if I found myself at all disposed to yield to it I should to-morrow morning apply at Bloomingdale Insane Asylum as unfit to go alone. Who make up this precious group of advanced thinkers to whom God has made especial revelations in our time of that which He tried to make known thousands of years ago and failed to make intelligible? Are they so distinguished for unworldliness, piety and scholarship that it is to be expected that they would have been chosen to fix up the defective work of Moses and Isaiah and Paul and Christ? I wonder on what mountain these modern exegetes were transfigured? I wonder what star pointed down to their birthplace? Was it the north star or the evening star or the Dipper? As they came through and descended to our world, did Mars blush or Saturn lose one of its rings? When I find these modern wisecracks attempting to improve upon the work of the Almighty and to interlard it with their wisdom and to suggest prophetic and apostolic errata, I am filled with a disgust insufferable.

Advanced thought, which proposes to tell the Lord

what He ought to have said thousands of years ago, and would have said if He had been as wise as His nineteenth century critics! All this comes of living away back in the eternities instead of 1884. I have two wonders in regard to these men. The first one is, how the Lord got along without them before they were born. The second wonder is, how the Lord will get along without them after they are dead. "But," says some, "do you really think think the Scriptures are inspired throughout?" Yes, either as history or as guidance. Gibbon and Josephus and Prescott record in their histories a great many things they did not approve of. When George Bancroft puts upon his brilliant historical page the account of an Indian massacre, does he approve of that massacre? There are some things in the Bible which neither God nor inspired men sanctioned. Either as history or as guidance, the entire Bible was inspired of God. "But," says some one, "don't you think that the copyists might have made mistakes in transferring the divine words from one manuscript to another?" Yes, no doubt there were such mistakes; but they no more affect the meaning of the Scriptures than the misspelling of a word, or the ungrammatical structure of a sentence in a last will and testament, affect the validity or the meaning of that will. All the mistakes made by the copyists in the Scriptures do not amount to any more importance than the difference between your spelling in a document the word forty—forty or fourty. This book is the last will and testament of God to our lost world, and it bequeaths everything in the right way, although human hands may have damaged the grammar or made unjustifiable interpretations. These men who pride themselves in our day on being advanced thinkers in Biblical interpretation will, all of them, end in atheism if they live long enough, and I declare here to-day they are doing more in the different denominations of Christians, and throughout the world, for damaging Christianity and hindering the cause of the world's betterment than five thousand Robert Ingersolls could do. That man who stands inside a castle is far more dangerous, if he be an enemy, than five thousand enemies outside the castle. Robert G. Ingersoll assails the castle from the outside. These men who pretend to be advanced thinkers in all the denominations are fighting the truth from the inside, and trying to shove back the bolts and swing open the gates. Now, I am in favor of the greatest freedom of religious thought and discussion. I would have as much liberty for heterodoxy as for orthodoxy. If I should change my theories of religion I shall preach them, but not in this building; for this was erected by people who believe in an entire Bible, and it would be dishonest for me to promulgate sentiments different from those for which this building was put up. When we enter any denomination as ministers of religion we take a solemn vow that we will preach the sentiments of that denomination. If we change our theories, as we have a right to change them, then there is a world several thousand miles in circumference, and there are hundreds of halls and hundreds of Academies of Music where we can ventilate our sentiments. I remember that in these cities, in time of political agitation, there are the Republican headquarters

and the Democratic headquarters. Suppose I should go into one of these headquarters pretending to be in sympathy with their work, at the same time electioneering for the opposite party. I would soon find that the centrifugal force was greater than the centripetal! Now, if a man enters a denomination of Christians, taking a solemn oath, as we all do, that he will promulgate the theories of that denomination, and then the man shall proclaim some other theory, he has broken his oath, and he is an out-and-out perjurer. Nevertheless, I declare for largest liberty in religious discussion. I would no more have the present attempt to rear a monument to Thomas Paine in New York interfered with than I would have interfered with the lifting of the splendid monument to Washington, in Wall Street. Largest liberty for the body, largest liberty for the mind, largest liberty for the soul. But I want to show you, as a matter of advocacy for what I believe to be the right, the splendor of orthodoxy. Many have supposed that its disciples are people of flat skulls and no reading, and behind the age, and the victims of gullibility. I shall show you that the word orthodoxy stands for the greatest splendors outside of heaven. Behold the splendors of its achievements. All the missionaries of the Gospel the round world over are men who believe in an entire Bible. Call the roll of all the missionaries who are enduring sacrifices in the ends of the earth for the cause of religion and the world's betterment, and they all believe in an entire Bible. Just as soon as a missionary begins to doubt whether there ever was a Garden of Eden, or whether there is any such thing as future punishment, he comes right home from Beyrout or Madras and goes into the insurance business!

All the missionary societies of the day are officered by orthodox men, and are supported by orthodox churches. Orthodoxy, beginning with the Sandwich Islands, has captured vast regions of barbarism for civilization, while heterodoxy has to capture the first square inch. Blatant for many years in Great Britain and the United States, and strutting about with a peacockian braggadocio, it has yet to capture the first continent, the first state, the first township, the first ward, the first space of ground as big as you could cover with the small end of a sharp pin. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Protestant churches of America were built by people who believed in an entire Bible. The pulpit now may preach some other gospel, but it is a heterodox gun on an orthodox carriage. The foundations of all the churches that are of very great use in this world to-day were laid by men who believed the Bible from lid to lid, and if I cannot take in that way I will not take it at all; just as if I received a letter that pretended to come from a friend, and part of it was his and part somebody else's, and the other part somebody else's, and it was a sort of literary mongrelism, I would throw the garbled sheets into the waste basket. No church of very great influence to-day but was built by those who believed in an entire Bible. Neither will a church last built on part of the Bible. You have noticed, I suppose, that as soon as a man begins to give up the Bible, he is apt to preach in some hall, and he has an audience while he lives, and when he dies the church dies. If I thought that this church was built on a quarter of a Bible, or a half of a Bible, or three-quarters of a Bible, or ninety-nine one-hundredths of a Bible, I would expect it to die when I die; but when I know it is built on the entire Word of God I know that it will last two hundred years after you and I sleep the last sleep. Oh! the splendors of an orthodoxy, which, with ten thousand hands, and ten thousand pulpits, and ten thousand Christian churches, is trying to save the world. In Music Hall, Boston, for many years

stood Theodore Parker, battling orthodoxy, giving it, as some supposed at that time, its death-wound. He was the most fascinating man I ever heard or ever expect to hear, and I came out from hearing him thinking in my boyhood way, "Well, that's the death of the Church." On that same street, and not far from being opposite, stood Park Congregational Church, called by its enemies "Hellfire Corner." Theodore Parker died and his church died with him; or, if it is in existence, it is so small you cannot see it with the naked eye. Park Congregational Church still stands on "Hellfire Corner," thundering away the magnificent truths of this glorious orthodoxy just as though Theodore Parker had never lived. All that Boston, or Brooklyn, or New York, or the world, ever got that is worth having came through the wide aqueduct of orthodoxy from the throne of God.

Behold the splendors of character, built by orthodoxy. Who had the greatest human intellect the world ever knew? Paul. In physical stature insignificant; in mind head and shoulders above all the giants of the age. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest poet the ages ever saw, acknowledged to be so both by infidels and Christians? John Milton, seeing more without eyes than anybody else ever saw with eyes. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest reformer the world has ever seen, so acknowledged by infidels as well as Christians? Martin Luther. Orthodox from scalp to heel.

Then look at the certitudes. Oh! man, believing in an entire Bible, where did you come from? Answer: "I descended from a perfect parentage in Paradise, and Jehovah breathed into my nostrils the breath of life. I am a son of God." Oh! man, believing in a half Bible, believing in a Bible in spots, where did you come from? Answer: "It is all uncertain; in my ancestral line away back there was an orang-outang and a tadpole and a polliwog, and it took millions of years to get me evolved." Oh! man, believing in a Bible in spots, where are you going to when you quit this world? Answer: "Going into a great to be, so on into the great somewhere, and then I shall pass through on to the great anywhere, and I shall probably arrive in the nowhere." That is where I thought you would fetch up. Oh! man believing in an entire Bible, and believing with all your heart, where are you going to when you leave this world? Answer: "I am going to my Father's house; I am going into the companionship of my loved ones who have gone before; I am going to leave all my sins and I am going to be with God and like God for ever and for ever." Oh! the glorious certainties of orthodoxy. Behold the splendors of orthodoxy in its announcement of two destinies. Palace and penitentiary. Palace with gates on all sides, through which all may enter and live on celestial luxuries, world without end, and all for the knocking and the asking. A palace grander than if all the Alhambras and the Versailles and the Windsor Castles and the Winter Gardens and the imperial abodes of all the earth were heaved up into one architectural glory. At the other end of the universe, a penitentiary where men who want their sins can have them. Would it be fair that you and I should have our choice of Christ and the palace, and others be denied their choice of sin and eternal degradation? Palace and penitentiary. The first of no use unless you have the last. Brooklyn and New York would be better places to live in with Raymond Street Jail and the Tombs, and Sing Sing, and all the smallpox hospitals emptied on us than heaven would be if there were no hell. If I see a man with a full bowl of sin and he thirsts for it and his whole nature craves it, and he takes hold with both hands and presses that bowl to his lips and then presses it hard between his teeth, and the draught

begins to pour its sweetness down his throat, shall we snatch away the bowl and jerk the man up to the gate of heaven and push him in if he does not want to go in, and compel him to sit down and sing psalms for ever? No. God has made you and me so completely free that we need not go to heaven unless we prefer it. Not more free to soar than free to sink. Nearly all the heterodox people I know believe all are coming out at the same destiny; without regard to faith or character we are all coming out at the shining gate. There they are, all in glory together. Thomas Paine and George Whitefield, Jezebel and Mary Lyon, Nero and Charles Wesley, Charles Guiteau and James A. Garfield, John Wilkes Booth and Abraham Lincoln—all in glory together. All the innocent men, women and children who were massacred, side by side with their murderers. If we are all coming at the same destiny without regard to character, then it is time I turn away from such a debauched heaven. Against that caldron of piety and blasphemy, philanthropy and assassination, self-sacrifice and beastliness, I place the two destinies of the Bible for ever and for ever and for ever apart.

Behold also the splendor of the Christian orthodox deathbed. Those who deny the Bible, or deny any part of it, never die well. They either go out in darkness, or they go out in silence portentous. You may gather up all the biographies that have come forth since the art of printing was invented, and I challenge you to show me a triumphant death of a man who rejected the Scriptures or rejected any part of them. Here I make a great wide avenue. On the one side I put the deathbeds of those who believed in an entire Bible. On the other side of that avenue I put the deathbeds of those who rejected part of the Bible, or rejected all of the Bible. Now, take my arm and let us pass through this dividing avenue. Look off upon the right side. Here are the deathbeds on the right side of this avenue. "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "Free grace!" "Glory! glory!" "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb!" "The chariots are coming!" "I mount! I fly!" "Wings! wings!" "They are coming for me!" "Peace, be still!" Alfred Cookman's deathbed! Richard Cecil's deathbed! Commodore Foote's deathbed! Your father's deathbed, your mother's deathbed, your sister's deathbed, your child's deathbed. Ten thousand radiant, songful deathbeds of those who believed in an entire Bible. Now, take my arm and let us go through that avenue and look off upon the other side. No smile of hope. No shout of triumph. No face supernaturally illumined. Those who reject any part of the Bible never die well. No beckoning for angels to come. No listening for the celestial escort. Without any exception they go out of the world because they are pushed out; while on the other hand the list of those who believed in an entire Bible and went out of the world in triumph is a list so long, it seems interminable. Oh! is not that a splendid influence, this orthodoxy which makes that which must otherwise be the most dreadful hour of life, the last hour, positively paradisaical. Young men, old men, middle-aged men, take sides in this contest between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. "Ask for the old paths, walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." But you follow this crusade against any part of the Bible, first of all you will give up Genesis, which is as true as Matthew; then you will give up all the historical parts of the Bible; then, after a while, you will give up the miracles; then you will find it convenient to give up the Ten Commandments, and then, after a while, you will wake up in a fountainless, rockless, treeless desert swept of everlasting sirocco. If you are laughed at, you can afford to be laughed at for standing by the Bible just

as God has given it to you and miraculously preserved it. Do not jump overboard from the stanch *Great Eastern* of old-fashioned orthodoxy until there is something ready to take you up stronger than the fantastic yawl which has painted on the side "Advanced Thought," and which leaks at the prow and leaks at the stern, and has a steel pen for one oar and a glib tongue for the other oar, and now tips over this way and then tips over that way, until you do not know whether the passengers will land in the breakers of despair or on the sinking sand of infidelity and atheism.

I am in full sympathy with the advancements of our time, but this world will never advance a single inch beyond this old Bible. God was just as capable of dictating the truth to the prophets and apostles as He is capable of dictating the truth to these modern apostles and prophets. God has not learned anything in a thousand years. He knew just as much when He gave the first dictation as He is now giving the last dictation, if He is giving any dictation at all. So I will stick to the old paths. Naturally a skeptic, and preferring new things to old, I never so much as this morning felt the truth of the entire Bible, especially as I see into what spectacular imbecility men rush when they try to chop up the Scriptures with the meat-ax of their own preferences, now calling upon philosophy, now calling on the Church, now calling on God, now calling on the devil. I prefer the thick, warm robe of the old religion, old as God, the robe which has kept so many warm amid the cold pilgrimage of this life and amid the chills of death. The old robe rather than the thin, uncertain gauze offered us by those wisacres who believe the Bible in spots. On July 27th, 1814, at seventy-two years of age, expired Isabella Graham. She was the most useful woman of her day amid the poor and sick, at the head of the orphan asylums, and Magdalen asylums, and an angel of mercy in hospital and reformatory. Dr. Mason, one of the mightiest men of his day, said at her funeral that she was, mentally and spiritually, the most wonderfully endowed person he had ever met. She was an impersonation of the most orthodox orthodoxy. Her last word was peace. As a sublime peroration to my sermon, I will give an extract from her last will and testament, showing how one who believes in an entire Bible may make glorious exit: "My children and my grandchildren I leave to my covenant God, the God who hath fed me all my life with the bread that perisheth and the bread that never perisheth, who has been a father to my fatherless children and a husband to their widowed mother thus far. And now receiving my Redeemer's testimony, I set to my seal that God is true, and believing the record of John Wesley, that God hath given to me eternal life, and this life in His Son, who through the eternal Spirit overcomes without spot unto God, and, being consecrated a priest for ever, hath with His own blood entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for me. I also believe that He will perfect what concerns me, support and carry me safely through death, and present me to His Father complete in His own righteousness, without spot or wrinkle. Into the hands of this redeeming God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I commit my redeemed spirit.—ISABELLA GRAHAM."

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen and amen."

EVERY great poem is in itself limited by necessity—but its suggestions, unlimited and infinite.—*Longfellow.*