

CONCORD AND DISCORD.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

The Whole Universe Was Once a Complete Cadence—Discord Brought About by Sin—The Human Intellect Out of Tune—How to Restore Harmony.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 6.—The main feature in the music of the Brooklyn tabernacle is the congregational singing. Today, after the opening song, in which all the thousands participated, Professor Browne gave on the organ Scherzo, opus 61, by Mendelssohn. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded a chapter in the first book of Samuel where Saul, possessed of an evil spirit, threw a javelin at David, who was playing on the harp before him, thus showing that the evil spirit does not like sacred music. The subject of the sermon was "Concord and Discord," and the text was from Job xxxviii, 6, 7: "Who laid the corner stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together?" Dr. Talmage said:

We have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner stone of church, asylum or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents to be suggestive if, 100 or 200 years after, the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided, wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the note books fluttered in the wind and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto and soprano voices commingled. They had, for many days, been rehearsing the special programme, that it might be worthy of the corner stone laying.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner stone was a block of light and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of cloud stood the angelic chorists, unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining exultance while the ceremony went on, and God, the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for frescoed ceiling, and flowering fields for floor, and sunrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages; the whole heavens a gamut, with all sounds, intonations and modulations; the space between the worlds a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver; the thunder a base clef; the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things—a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphone. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounding through the centuries. All the work of Christians, and philanthropists, and reformers of all ages is to stop that discord, and get all things back into the perfect harmony which was heard at the laying of the corner stone, when the morning stars sang together. Before I get through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that sin is discord and righteousness is harmony.

That things in general are out of tune is as plain as a musician's ear in the unhappy clash of clarinet and bassoon in an orchestral rendering.

The world's health out of tune: Weak lung and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noontide light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle, neuralgias and pneumonias and consumptions and epilepsies in flocks swoop upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat and keen eyesight, and alert ear, and easy respiration, and regular pulsation, and supple limb, and prime digestion and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this or that or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune: The judgment wrongly swerved or the memory leaky, or the will weak, or the temper inflammable and the well balanced mind exceptional. Domestic life out of tune: Only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak out a father's will about the surrogate's court, or a case of wife beating or husband poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune: Labor and capital, their hands on each other's throat. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale in a struggle to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old pianoforte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy and lying, and sycophancy, and double dealing, and espionage, and charlatanism and revenge have for 6,000 years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a perpetual shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord. Without realizing it, so wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that the symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks, we have for our national symbol the fierce and filthy eagle—as immortal a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciful lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they choose the growling bear; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, which is a winged serpent, ferocious and deathful. And so fond is

the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressions of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas. I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry goods stores are with other dry goods stores, and how highly grocery men think of the sugars of the grocery men on the same block. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homoeopathic doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit, an iron roller with spikes on it, and turned by a crank before a hot fire, and then, if the minister being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say: "Hush, brother! we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet while we close the services with:

"Hear ye the life that birds Our hearts in Christian love"

The earth is disordered and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner stone, when the morning stars sang together, is not heard now; and though here and there, from this and that part of society, and from this and that part of the earth, there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says: "The whole creation groaneth," and while the nightingale, and the woodlark, and the canary, and the plover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the comorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding, or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he handed to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, entitled the "Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious but faulty, for all melody descends from heaven, and only discords ascend from hell. His hands, feuds, controversies, backbitings and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fuge, are demoniac phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to ears angelic and deific. It takes a skilled artist fully to appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution, and though there were in one bar as many offenses against harmony as could crowd in between the lower F and the higher G of the soprano, it would give them no discomfort, while on the forehead of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance. While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host, who stepped forward to greet him, and before the keyboard had stopped vibrating, he had adroitly laid upon the keys and changed the painful inharmony into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host who had invited him.

But the worst of all discords is moral discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man, what must they be to a perfect God? People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with his holiness, with his purity, with his love, with his commands, our will clashing with his will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the creator. If a thousand musicians, with flute, and cornet-piston, and trumpet, and violoncello, and hautboys, and trombone, and all the winged and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee should resolve that they would play out of tune, and put concord to the rack, and make the place wild with shrieking, and grating, and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as which rages in a sinful soul when God listens to the play of its thoughts, passions and emotions—all discord, lifelong discord, maddening discord. The world pays more for discord than it does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave \$225 to hear the Swedish songstress in New York, and another \$625 to hear her in Boston, and another \$650 to hear her in Providence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for discord. The Crimean war cost \$1,700,000,000, and our American civil war over \$9,500,000,000, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about \$15,000,000,000. The world pays for this red ticket, which admits it to the saturnalia of broken bones, and death agonies, and destroyed cities, and plowed graves, and crushed hearts, any amount of money Satan asks. Discord! Discord!

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together, at the laying of the world's corner stone, is to be resumed again. Mozart's greatest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he was falling asleep, and the places where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars, spoken of in my text, has been asleep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vespers will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all good men and women, and of all good churches, and all reform associations is to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious heart to be attuned, social life to be attuned, com-

mercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned. But by what force and in what way?

In olden time the choristers had a tuning fork with two prongs, and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack, and put it to the ear, and then start the tune and all the other voices would join. In modern orchestra the leader has a complete instrument, rightly attuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers turn the keys of their instruments to make them correspond, and sound the bow over the string and listen, and sound out over again, until all the keys are screwed to concert pitch and the discords melt into one great symphony, and the curtain hoists and the baton taps, and audiences are raptured with Schumann's "Paradise and Peri," or Rossini's "Stabat Mater," or Bach's "Magnificat" in D, or Gounod's "Redemption."

Now, our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the wood of the cross, and the voices that accompany it are imported voices, cantatrices of the first Christmas night, when heaven serenaded the earth with: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men." Lest we start too far off and get lost in generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and life in harmony with the eternal Christ. Oh, for his almighty spirit to attune us, to chord our will with his will, to modulate our life with His life and bring us into unison with all that is pure and self-sacrificing and heavenly. The strings of our nature are all broken and twisted, and the bow is so slack it cannot evoke anything melodious. The instrument made for heaven to play on has been roughly twanged and struck by influences worldly and demonic. O master hand of Christ, restore this split and fractured and despoiled and unstrung nature until first it shall wait out for our sin and then trail with divine pardon.

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. A few days ago I was in the Fairbanks weighing scale manufactory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital; the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes, near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So, all the world over, labor and capital will be brought into euphony. You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, with mighty strokes and now with heavy strokes, beating a great iron anvil. That is what the world has got to come to—Anvil chorus, yardstick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pickax chorus, gold mine chorus, rail track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done and it will be done. So all social life will be attuned by the Gospel harp. There will be as many classes in society as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth, or wealth, or accident, but by the scale of virtue and benevolence, and people will be assigned to their places as good, or very good, or most excellent. So, also, commercial life will be attuned, and there will be twelve in every dozen, and sixteen ounces in every pound, and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on the top, and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample by which you purchased them, and coffee will not be black and small and not with milk, and milk will not be chalked, and adulteration of food will be a state's prison offense. Aye, all things shall be attuned. Elections in England and the United States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the elevation of righteous men in a righteous way.

In the Sixteenth century the singers called the Fischer Brothers reached the lowest bass ever recorded, and the highest note ever trilled was by La Bastardella, and Catalini's voice had a compass of three and a half octaves; but Christianity is more wonderful for it runs all up and down the greatest heights and the deepest depths of the world's necessity, and it will compass everything and bring it in accord with the song which the morning stars sang at the laying of the world's corner stone. All the sacred music in homes, and concert halls and churches tends toward this consummation. Make it more and more hearty. Sing in your families. Sing in your places of business. If we with proper spirit use these faculties, we are rehearsing for the skies.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song, but I should not wonder if, as sometime on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the redeemed may have playing through them the songs of earth, and how thrilling as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets, we should hear some of the strains of Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and Coronation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, and Fountain, and Ariel, and Old Hundred. How they would bring to mind the praying circles, and communion days, and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old Gospel hymns, which melted and raptured our souls for so many years. Now, my friends, if sin is discord and righteousness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other. After our dreadful civil war was over, and in the summer of 1869, a great national peace jubilee was held in Boston, and as an offer of this church had been honored by the selection of some of his music, to be rendered on that occasion, I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great Coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and stringed instruments. Twelve thousand trained voices. The master pieces of all ages rendered, hour after hour, and day after day—Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendels-

Cleveland's Kindness to a Child.

The 6-year-old daughter of Frederick E. Loux, Florence, is probably the proudest and most delighted child in the city. During the president's visit here last September she decided to make him the recipient of a bouquet of wild flowers, which she had gathered and arranged. Without telling any one of her determination, little Florence proceeded to the Lafayette hotel, and giving the bunch of wild flowers to the hotel clerk, asked him that it might be sent to the president. Florence was very much surprised, but not at all disconcerted, when the clerk, calling a bell boy, placed her in his care that she might make the gift in person. On entering the rooms occupied by the chief magistrate, the child walked straight up to him and, presenting the flowers, said: "I picked these on purpose for you, Mr. President." The president, showing in his face the pleasure which the childish gift and simplicity called forth, asked her name. This she readily gave, without, however, giving her residence, and, after being kissed by the president, she returned to her home on South Sixth street.

The parents of the child could scarcely credit the story when she told them of the incident of the day, but they were convinced a few days ago when the portrait of the president, with an autograph letter for that purpose, arrived at their residence, directed to Florence. She was rejoiced upon receiving so much notice from the president, and desired that she might write a letter to him thanking him for his remembrance. Her teacher was requested by her to write the letter, but refused, telling her that she would be able in a few weeks to write it herself. Ever since then Florence has been laboring faithfully to accomplish that end, and looks forward with delight to the time when she will have reached the height of her ambition. In finding the address of his little admirer the president employed the aid of the Philadelphia postoffice. The name was given to every letter carrier by Postmaster Harry with instructions to inquire if such a child lived on their route. After patient search Florence was found and the presidential present was forwarded to its destination.—Philadelphia Call.

Hair Growing After Death.

Sitting in the office of the comptroller of the treasury the other day were two gentlemen waiting for the preparation of some document which the bureau was just about compiling. On the wall opposite hung a fine oil portrait of Salmon P. Chase, the first comptroller, showing him as a handsome, florid faced man, without beard and with head partially bald.

"That doesn't look much as he did a year ago," said one of them, noting the handsome portrait.

"A year ago? why, he has been dead these ten years or more, hasn't he?"

"Yes, eighteen of them. Yet I saw him only a year ago with full beard and a full head of hair, very different from the picture you see before us."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this: I was present when his remains were taken from Oak View cemetery for transportation to Cincinnati a year ago. Although seventeen years had elapsed the remains were still in an almost perfect state. The features were entirely distinguishable to those who knew him in life. The clothing was in a perfect state of preservation. The principal changes were that the face was dark, and instead of being smooth, as was his custom in life, it was covered with a full growth of beard, two inches or so in length and mixed with gray. The hair, which you see was bald in life, was covered with a full suit of hair, partly gray."—Omaha Herald.

Miss Phelps' Inspiration.

The announcement of Miss Phelps' new "Gate" story, entitled "The Gates Between," recalls the remark of a prominent Kansas City lady who was driving with some guests along the Hesperus road this summer, between Magnolia and Gloucester, Mass. As a curve of the beautiful driveway disclosed the narrow "Neck" stretching out to sea, the western woman turned to her companion, saying: "We drove out on the neck last week when we went to Manchester-by-the-Sea, and had a view of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' summer home. After that visit I understand why she's always writing about gates. Why, there is nothing else as noticeable. They thrust themselves across the road at every turn without the shadow of an excuse; but not one of the six was 'ajar.' And warnings were posted at every one against leaving it ajar under extreme penalty of the law."—American Magazine.

A Story from Pittsburg.

In the cork leg he has worn since the war a Waynesburg doctor discovered a large colony of bedbugs this week. There were at least 500 of them. They seemed to breed in the knee joint and in a hole on the side of the limb. His wife, a very neat woman, fainted upon the discovery. She had been mystified by the fact that the beds in her splendid mansion were infested with vermin. Houses which she and her husband visited were similarly infested by the leg being unscrewed and left on the floor at night. The New York firm to which the leg has been sent for cleaning says that bedbugs have a partiality for cork legs.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln keeps a scrap-book in which she preserves all the newspaper and magazine articles which appear concerning her immortal father-in-law.

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