

CANADA.

RESULTS MAY DEPEND ON SMALL EVENTS.

There Are No Insignificances in Our Lives. The Casual, the Accidental, Are Parts of a Great Plan—The Omnipresence of a Mother's Prayers.

GRIMSBY, Can., Aug. 26.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., of Brooklyn, preached on the camp ground at this place today. All Canada is represented in the immense throngs assembled. Dr. Talmage has preached at Grimsby many summers. This closes his summer absence. He has preached, lectured and visited in thirteen states of the Union this summer, his audiences numbering ten and fifteen thousand people. The subject of his sermon here to-day was "Great Results May Depend on Small Events." Dr. Talmage took for his text: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall." II Cor. ii, 35. He said:

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture sometimes called "the eye of the east," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for its wealth, the best material called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damasks. A horseman by the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and I think so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterwards speaks of. He started from Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that had fallen from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a cloud of clenched fists, and sometimes he secretes himself on the housetop. At last the infuriate populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that Gospelizer, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Provisionally there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out, and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven.

Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall." Observe, first, on what a slender tenure great results hang. The rope-maker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphilia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean crucifixion, under flagellation and at his beheading would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrs. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the port-holes ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushes through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and, finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends.—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. As their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already gathered to join their founder, who

would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor, the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstances depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things are aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope make it strong and true for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happens so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun the rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the flustered preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in the agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of a mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know. How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian corn ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter, and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about sixty-nine thousand ministers of religion in this country. About fifty thousand I warrant came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessities of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrible struggle to get their every day bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily appareled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was.

And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry tree at noon thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the Gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that as others do, and the mother says: "Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you shall have more luxuries, but we must see that boy through."

The years go by and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the Gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing father and mother retire to their room, the son fighting the way and asking them if he could do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall. And then all alone father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, trem-

ulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father; we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

Something occurs to me quite personal. I was the youngest of a large family of children. My parents were neither rich nor poor; four of the sons wanted collegiate education, and four obtained it, but not without great home struggle. We never heard the old people say once that they were denying themselves to effect this, but I remember now that my parents always looked tired. I don't think that they ever got rested until they lay down in the Somerville cemetery. Mother would sit down in the evening, and say: "Well, I don't know what makes me feel so tired!" Father would fall immediately to sleep, seated by the evening stand, overcome with the days' fatigues. One of the four brothers, after preaching the Gospel for about fifty years, entered upon his heavenly rest. Another of the four is now on the other side of the earth, a missionary of the cross. Two of us are in this land in the holy ministry, and I think all of us are willing to acknowledge our obligation to the old folks at home. About twenty-two years ago the one, and about twenty-four years ago the other, put down the burdens of this life, but they still hold the rope.

O men and women here assembled, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach to you from among the Canadian hills, or western prairie, or from southern plantation, or from English or Scottish or Irish home a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as thirty years, or five hundred miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to row him with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give a shout to a racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can't sail away from that! A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place, and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest, and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it—the most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascus were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who did good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the church has been going on nineteen centuries, and this is probably the first sermon ever recognizing the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian: "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those people who got him out of the Damascus peril.

We go into long sermon to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven, when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—God will introduce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences. If others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first twenty-four hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly time pieces—have passed, we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not preach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on this circle of heavenly thrones. Surely they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in an humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaints all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for twenty years."

Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for thirty years a Christian invalid, and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward of all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival."

But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house and I could no longer

keep him safely, I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said: "Is that all?" and he answered, "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement, I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A six-penny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect, called the candle fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution with 75,000 tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three noughts placed on the right side of the figure one makes a thousand, and six noughts on the right side of the figure one a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmented infinitely. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

HITHER AND THITHER.

The hardest of all church debts to get rid of is the spiritual mortgage held by some powerful and mean predecessor.

An infirmary for dumb animals is to be established in Philadelphia. The purpose of the organization is the maintenance of a society for the care of ill, aged and injured animals.

One of the curiosities on exhibition at the Cincinnati centennial is a petrified watermelon, which was found near the quarries of the Southern Granite company, at Lithonia, Ga.

At an Italian wedding the other day one of the gifts presented to the bride was a necklace representing the national tri-color, composed alternately of beads, diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

A Tennessee negro has been selling large numbers of common glass marbles to negroes as a protection against lightning. He says there would be lots of money in the business if he could only get out of jail.

The Ukraine national committee have issued a proclamation "complaining of Russian oppression exercised upon a people of 25,000,000 and denouncing the Great Russians as orthodox Tartars and mere pretenders to Slavonic name."

A council on tubercular diseases has just sat in Paris. There were representatives from nearly every European country except Germany. The invited German doctors are said to have sent very "unparliamentary" refusals.

Workmen in a gravel bed on the Western railway at Alabama recently came upon the skeleton of what they think was an Indian princess. On it was found a silver coronet, silver bracelets, a necklace made of silver buckles, tied together with a silk ribbon, and a peculiar knife with a silver blade.

The length of pipe laid in Paris for the distribution of power by compressed air already exceeds thirty miles. The compressing engines are of 3,000 horse power, and about 3,000,000 cubic feet of air are compressed daily to a pressure of eighty pounds per square inch, at an expenditure of fifty tons of coal.

The Pittsburg Steel Casting company have produced a cast steel shell, the first ever made in the world. Steel shells have been made in England, but they were cut from a forged ingot and then bored, necessarily making them very expensive. The company has received an experimental order for 500 shells.

Fall River has one conscientious citizen. He has a mare for sale, and instead of telling the public that the animal is kind and gentle, suitable for ladies to drive and a household pet, he states frankly that her disposition is so sour that she hates herself, and that he would recommend the creature to nobody unaccustomed to horses.

A baker in Bloomsbury, England, sued a man for \$12.50 for bread furnished. The man entered a counter claim for \$45 for the value of a dog. The evidence was that the baker's boy leaving bread left the gate of the customer open, and the dog ran out and was lost. The court held that if the man could not take care of the dog himself he ought not to expect the baker's boy to do it, and judgment was for the baker.

No Better Than Before.

Whoever would live his life over again that he might live a better life would do well to remember that he would do no better than he is now doing. If you want to begin over again begin now, and don't think to order a new cradle and begin being a baby over again.—Christian at Work.

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

Will be one during which the subjects of national interest and importance will be strongly agitated and the election of a President will take place. The people of Cass County who would like to learn of

Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

of this year and would keep abreast with the times should

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