THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, - - Proprietor

FRIDAY, FEB. 27, 1885

RED CLOUD PULPIT.

Synopsis of sermon preached by Rev Geo H. Brown, in the Baptist church Sunday morning, Feb. 22

TEXT. "Who dieth for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him." 1st Thess. 5:10.

The desire of Christ is that all His people shall forever dwell together in His presence. His people are taken from all nationalities, ranks and conditions of life. Accepting the promises of salvation in Christ, the saved become His friends, as friends he loves them with an everlasting love. Christ's love is intense, so it is His joy to have His people near Him. Do you find joy in being near to Christ. Christ finds His chief delight in being near to you. His desire is that we should live with Him. Have we any friends on earth that have treated us as badly as we have treated Christ? We have slighted His precepts, wandered from His presence, doubted His love, forgotten His promises, and yet His desire is that we should live with Him. There are some people who would not care to have us in their houses, much less to make a long stay. Yet Christ waits to have us live with Him, not for a time, but through eternity. And for this He is making ready a home, gone to prepare a place. Others may see our failings, our imperfections, and keep us much out of our presence as possible, but here Christ sees more imperfections and failings than any earthly eye can discover, yet through His love for us He only thinks of us with kindness, and desires our companionship. There are many of us who do not like to live with our own natural selves. We complain of ourselves, we find fault with ourselves, and we try to change our acts, our habits, our natures, so that we shall have more agreeable companionship, but here while we are trying to get away from self, Christ wants us to go and live with Him. What deep and boundless love is here displayed, so faithful that no failure on our part can make Him wish otherwise than to have us forever by His side. And we are not only to live with Him, but together with Him. There is a vast depth of meaning in this word together. Many people may live under one roof, in one house and not live together. They may eat at the same table, warm by the same fire, and not live together. Sometimes even in the church here on earth Christians are not always together. They differ—entertain thoughts and beliefs unlike. They meet together, sing together, pray together, but spiritual life does not flow along harmoniously in one channel. But here, together means all of one mind, of one purpose, united, together, no one of the family absent—together with Him. Family ties reknit, all brought together to Him. And is not this a comforting thought, a cheering hope. We hardly stop to think how closely our earthly hopes and happiness are linked with others, until we are called upon to lay them away, out of our sight; but when the sad partings come is there not joy in the promise of meeting again, to be together where there will be no more partings? When Christ brings His people together He does not merely bring them to a house, but to a home, not collected like a multitude of strangers, but as a family, where all the members have affection for each other where they are united in one interest, where all the joys are shared together. In effect Christ says you shall live in the same house with me; share my glory. He died for us that we should live together with him. We are not to from a background in heaven for His throne, but meet him face to face as he is. But there is more meaning in the text than our Savior's desire in his love. We may see the intensity of this love by the method, in in its expression—he died for us that we should live. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." We often measure love in this life by the bestowal of benefits or gifts, by freely expending money to dress, adorn, and please the object of our affection; but here we measure love by sacrifice, and in sacrifice is the test. In the world it is not hard to find loud professions of love, and expressions attested by costly gifts and favors, that would not peril life in flood or fire to save the one loved. Not so with Christ; he not only periled life to save us from floods of iniquity and the consuming fire of justice, but he died to save us. If we measure the love of Christ for us we must do so by the cross, no human standard can fill up the measure in comparison. Would we guage the intensity of his desire to have his people with him, we must fathom the depths of his woes, the abyss of his anguish. Let us weigh these words over and over again, "who died for us." Golgotha was a place of death, a place of skulls, but Christ throws a beautiful light over that dark place of death. We can say Christ died that justice might be satisfied, that the divine law might be honored; that an atonement might be made for sin, that we might be delivered from torments that will come to the unredeemed, and this is all true. But we may state his love in another way. He endured agonies unknown and untold, he suffered in mind and body, in the loss of friends and kindness, he was despised and cast away by his own people, because he would have us saved, to live with him; he died, not on a soft bed in a pleasant home, surrounded by friends, but nailed to a cross, amid enemies, with an angry jeering crowd to mock him; he died not with death illuminated by the light of his Father's face, but alone with the sense of being forsaken of God; he died on the felon's hill, where robbers and outlaws were executed for the deeds of evil they had committed, but he with no fault found in him. Who died, the innocent, that the guilty might live; the sinless one, that the lost might be saved; Christ, that we might go and live with him; he died for us, that is he died in our place, our stead; he paid the penalty of sin that we might not have it to pay by being cast away from the presence of God. If the penalty of sin had not fallen upon him, none of us would ever live in his bright home. But he suffered death for us; he was accepted of God; he was the divine sacrifice, and there is no doubt or room for doubt. Jesus loved us in sin, he loves us now. Those united to him he calls not servants, but friends, and nearer than this, brethren. Loving us enough to die for us, we may have no fears, but he will take us to his home on high.

Now look at the next step in the text, whether we wake or sleep.

Our Savior will not be disappointed by any conditions that may belong to us. If death overtakes, he has conquered death, he has the power to quicken again our mortal bodies, and endow them with immortality. Sleeping or waking, conscious or unconscious, the Savior has us still in his care and keeping. The heart of Christ is in the simple question he asked his disciples when those who had gathered around departed, and many of them who professed his name, turned back and walked no more with him, when it seemed that he must stand alone forsaken of all, he turns to the 12 and asks "Will ye also go away" and Peter said, "Lord, to whom shall we go, Thou hast the words of eternal life." And so he has, for truly had he not died we had not lived. But in death we are his the same as in life. The storms of life may gather around us, the breakers may roar as we near the shore, but the billows can never wash our souls away from Christ. Death takes the body from a thousand temptations, sweets earthly gains and hopes into the forgetful past, but it has no power to separate us from an eternal home whether we live or die. We shall reign with Christ in glory, seeing we have such a Savior with such love, "What manner of persons ought we to be?" There can be but one reply "Christlike" Therefore it is becoming in us to lay aside every way that would in the least bring discredit to the name of Christ. In conversation and deed we should fill up the measure of love to Christ who hath loved us and given himself for us. We can never do too much for one who has done so much for us. But aside from doing we should hold our faith without doubting, without wavering. Some people who never doubt the time, these glad words were received them. "Thy sins are forgiven Thee." afterwards get into doubting, promise to think that Christ, although loving them so much that he died for them, will now let them go and never bring them into glory. Christ says he will bring all the Father hath given Him into glory without the loss of one, all save the son of perdition, everyone there born into the family relationship is never severed, not in this world, not in the world to come. We do not depend upon self to be saved, but upon Christ. The divine spirit takes hold of us, and when through the power of the spirit we are united to Christ we are sure of the home. God does not let go his hold upon us; does not cast us off, but inflicts the punishment needed to make us obedient, hence, chastisement is an evidence of his love. God is not changeable, to save us to-day and lose us to-morrow, but having begun a good work in us will complete it. It is because he has hold of us, through the redeeming blood of Christ, that we have this confidence to enter boldly into his presence. I am aware that many good people mourn in misery because they think that Jesus will forever cast them off unless the record is faithful in all things unto death. We must be faithful in faith. Works are the result of salvation. He died for us that we should live with him. If we are lost through neglect of Christian duties, we are saved by their performance, and this takes away our birth and leaves the power of saving grace in acts, and not the blood of Christ. But he died for us, and here only is our hope and stay. When we consider Jesus, counting his rugged path, and his whole work on earth till he finished on the cross, and when we remember that at the last he said "I go to prepare a place for you," and still with a prayer for all who should believe in him through the words of the apostles, we never should give place to a doubt, but confidentially assert and live in the truth that we redeemed shall live with him. We are all given a work to do in the great harvest fields of the world; we must all, in some way, assist in the gathering of sheaves. Our tasks may not always be light or easy, but we should cheerfully endure the heat and the burden of the day, to prove our love to him who has so loved us.

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MRS. GAY'S HINT.

"My dear Mrs. Merrill, what's the matter? Is the baby sick?" asked a pleasant voice as a melancholy face appeared at the door of a dull, desolate room where a tired woman sat crying in the twilight.

"The children are all well and asleep, thank Heaven, but I'm so anxious and discouraged that I couldn't help having a good cry," answered Mrs. Merrill, wiping her eyes as if already comforted by the arrival of a friend.

"Tell me all about it," said Mrs. Gay, the new comer, as she poked up the fire till a little blaze brightened the whole room.

"I wouldn't tell any one but you, and I'm afraid I'm partly to blame in some way, yet I don't see how." began Mrs. Merrill, leaning back with a sigh of relief at the prospect of a chance to tell her troubles to somebody and receive sympathy if not advice.

"If the babies are all well you cannot have any very heavy grief, dear. But I know that the small trials are often the hardest to bear, so confide in me, and we will see if we can't make the burden lighter," said Mrs. Gay, patting the hand that held the handkerchief with such a cheery face that her neighbor opened her heart freely.

"I'm worrying about John, and you'll see that I have cause to do it when I tell you that for the last month he hasn't come home to his supper half the time, but spends the evenings at the tavern. He comes in late, and so cross and beery I can't be glad to see him. If it goes on much longer he will take something stronger than lager, and I shall be a drunkard's wife."

Here the poor little woman fell into sobbing again as if her heart was broken. But Mrs. Gay's kind arms were around her, and the friendly voice said hopefully,—

"It will be your own fault if you are, my dear, for John Merrill is too good a man to do anything of that kind unless driven to it."

"What will drive him? Not poverty or trouble, for we are doing well and haven't a debt in the world," said Mrs. Merrill with an air of honest pride.

"The want of a comfortable home will do it for him as for many another man."

"What do you mean? I'm sure this is a nice house, and I do my best to keep it so," cried the well-to-do mechanic's wife, surprised and a little offended.

"Forgive me, my dear, but I want to help you, and can only do so by giving you pain. Look around this room, and tell me frankly if it is the sort of home a tired man likes to come to?"

A long pause followed this bold speech, as Mrs. Merrill looked at the scene before her with eyes that seemed to see the disorder for the tears so lately shed. The room was comfortably furnished, but in the state of disorder which three lively children would produce during the day. Toys lay about the floor, chairs stood here and there, work was heaved upon the sofa, and supper was spread on a table in the corner. Not a tempting meal, an untidy joint of cold meat, heavy looking bread, a lump of butter, and cold tea. The cloth rumpled, the fire unlit, the lamp untrimmed, and the wife herself tired and despondent in her wrapper, with her hair half down, waiting to receive her husband with tears and reproaches.

For the first time she seemed to see herself in a new light, and after that long look she gave a great sigh, as she said humbly,—

"I see what you mean. It is hard on John, but I get so tired, and he doesn't seem to care. I've lost my pride in things and got shiftless. How can I do better?"

"I'll show you. Part of it is better than preaching. Go up and make yourself nice, and tell me when you come back if things are not improved," answered Mrs. Gay with a nod and smile that seemed to lift the other woman out of the Slough of Despondency like magic.

"I'm ashamed to let you, but I will for John's sake. If he will only come!" said Mrs. Merrill run away to hide the trouble in her face as she thought of her John driven away from home by her ignorance and negligence.

She did not hurry, for she was tired, and stopped to kiss her rosy children and cry a little longer before she came slowly down in a woollen dress, white collar and apron, smooth hair, and a hopeful smile on her face.

It changed to a laugh of pleasure and surprise as she opened the door and stood surveying the cheerful change. Mrs. Gay had wrought so quickly. The room was in order, the lamp was lighted, the table drawn to the hearth, where a cheerful fire blazed and a pair of slippers lay warming cosily. A well-worn dressing-gown hung over the back of the easy chair, and the evening paper lay temptingly by. A bell gently rung with a cheerful tone down the middle of the house, and some ingenious arrangement of the clothes-line, that stuck out rakishly all over the yard, into parts of neither, had the pie Mrs. Merrill had forgotten.

The fragrance of hot tea and toast was in the air, and Mrs. Gay was singing as she flew about the little kitchen. When she heard the husband come in to receive the latest improvement as well the words,—

"There! isn't that better? I couldn't do much at short notice, but it just gives a hint of what I mean. I don't think a tired man will want to have a warm, comfy, a comfortable supper and a pretty wife for beer, slippers and cards, do you?"

"No, indeed I don't! How nice it all is! I must go and get tidy, for I feel disheartened and ashamed. I hope John will soon come, and enjoy it all."

"Put the lamp in the window and run to meet him when he does come. I shall slip away, and I advise you not to tell him your plan. Just say you want to have things nicer, and be your pleasantest self. He will be surprised and pleased, and fall into the trap we have set for him. Keep it always ready, and show a happy face, no matter how tired you are; that is a man's best welcome home."

"How can I thank you? Tell me something more I can do to attract John. Shall I have beer for him? He depends on it now, and will miss it, I'm afraid." said Mrs. Merrill, bidding her good neighbor fast, eager for more helpful hints.

"Give him plenty of well cooked, wholesome food, with a cheerful wife to serve it, and he will soon cease to care for beer, I think. Try good coffee, tea and milk, for drinks; give up pies and such stuff. Things of that sort create a bad taste for stimulants. Have your bread good, and serve it simple, inviting meals every day; and John will soon enjoy them too much to want anything poorer," answered Mrs. Gay, hood in hand.

"I will try my best. I never thought food made any difference. I can cook; and I'll feed John, as you advise, nicely and wisely."

"My dear, half the drunkards we see are led to their bad ways by poor food, uncomfortable homes, and wives who, through ignorance, selfishness or neglect, leave their husbands open to temptation. The poor men want rest, comfort and cheerful society when the day's work is done, and home is the safest place to find them in. See that your John is not driven away by any failure on your part; then, if trouble comes, remorse won't add its bitterness to your share of sorrow. I hear the gate creak—good-night, and God bless you!" cutting her lecture short and vanishing out at the back door, as Mr. Merrill came in at the front.

His wife was so anxious to play her part well that she could only express her thanks by a hasty handshake, and then turned to greet her husband with a smile he had not seen for weeks.

"Hello, how smart and cosy you are! Is it anybody's birthday?" he exclaimed, pausing to look about with a face that rapidly changed from weary indifference to pleased surprise.

Mrs. Merrill meant to obey her friend and say nothing of the fear which had led to this happy change, but her heart was so full it would overflow in spite of her, and running to her husband, she held him fast, saying with a voice that trembled with love, and hope, and self reproach,—

"I wanted to me to look pleasant to you, John. I've been a selfish, careless wife, and don't wonder you like other places better, but I'm going to try to do my duty, and make you love to be here more than at the tavern, before it is too late. Forgive me, dear, and help me to keep father safe for the babies' sake and mine."

Then she hid her face and hot her face in John's coat; but her tears said what she dared only think, and Merrill found it hard to keep his own voice steady for a minute.

He understood better than she knew what danger menaced him, and blessed her for opening this refuge from the temptation which was just beginning to make its power felt.

"I will, please God!" he said, manfully, as he laid his hand on the earnest little woman's bent head. "Don't blame yourself, Kitty, when you have the hardest part to do. I hope I'm man enough to keep steady and not disgrace my children. I'll quit my bad ways and stay with you, for I'm tired of them. I was tired of finding things in a muddle here, crying children, worried wife, and all sort of it, but I ought to have lent a hand and not run away."

"No, it was my fault. Don't say a word more, but come and have tea; it's all ready, thanks to Mrs. Gay, who came and cheered me up and told me what to do," said Mrs. Merrill, wisely leading her husband to his easy chair and bustling about to bring in supper, and prove her penitence by deeds rather than by words.

"Ah, this is comfort! Beer be hanged! Here's to Mrs. Gay's health, and long life to her!" cried Merrill, holding up his first good cup of tea with a nod and smile to his wife.

They drank the toast and kept the pledge they silently made that night, helping one another to stand fast against the mutual temptations, and doing their best to make home a safe and happy place for both parents and children.

Bronkan left his boarding house and now lives at a hotel.

"What made you go away?" asked one of his late fellow-boarders.

"I had a good reason," he answered sulkily.

"Of course you had, but what was it?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I was at dinner the other day and I heard the landlady and the waiter-girl talking out in the kitchen."

"What did they say?"

"Why, the old lady asked if I was in the dining-room yet, and the girl said I was. Then the old woman asked if I had eaten everything on the table, and the girl said I hadn't commenced on the tablecloth and dishes when she was in last, but she wouldn't like to write an insurance policy on them. Both women laughed then, a cold, unpleasant, six-dollar-a-week laugh—and I went upstairs and packed my trunk. That's all there was to it, but I won't be insulted in no man's house."—*Merchants' Traveler.*

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A. WELLS.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office, Blue Hill, Neb., Jan 31, 1885.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before clerk of county Webster county, at Red Cloud, Neb, on Saturday, March, 14, 1885, viz:

ELIAS S. OLSEN,

on H'd number 6616, for the ne ¼ se ¼ sec 9, tp 3, range 11 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Alva T. Reed, Thomas Anderson, Ole Hansen, William Rowed, all of Red Cloud, Neb.

Eli Sargent, who filed preemption D. S. No 6178, on same tract of land, is hereby notified to appear at the same time and place and show cause why said proof should not be allowed.

E. W. SHUTTER, Register.

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No. 35 [illegible] acres 7 miles from Inavale at $[illegible] per acre.

No. 40 [illegible] acres 7 miles from and Cloud, ½ mile from school house, 100 acres under cultivation fruit trees, good house, 1 mile from cheese factory at ten dollars per acre. $[illegible]

No 37 [illegible] acres 1½ miles from Alvardo good house of 4 rooms, well, 70 rods of good wire fence, stables, hog and cow pastures, 40 acres fenced, living springs and plenty of shade with trees, 160 acres, 100 cash, balance [illegible]

No 29 [illegible] acres 7 miles from Red Cloud, well watered by creek. Price $[illegible] per acre, reasonable terms.

No 38 [illegible] acres 1 and quarter miles from Red Cloud, [illegible] acres under cultivation, good house, good well and good cost buildings and other valuable improvements, cheap at $[illegible] for 1000 down balance to suit purchaser.

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J. S. NOLL