

THE BARE ARM OF GOD

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S IMPRESSIVE SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

The Lord Hath Made Bare His Holy Arm—A Wonderful Reserve of Power, Achievements Without Effort—On the Winning Side.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 21.—Singularly appropriate and impressive was the old gospel hymn as it was sung this morning by the thousands of Brooklyn Tabernacle, led on by cornet and organ:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject, "The Bare Arm of God," the text being Isaiah 40, 10, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

It almost takes our breath away to read some of the Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that I have been for some time getting my courage up to preach from it. Isaiah, the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the jubilate of our planet redeemed and cries out, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm." What overwhelming suggestiveness in that figure of speech, "The bare arm of God!" The people of Palestine in this day wear much hindering apparel, and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our land when a man proposes a special exertion he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you will find that most of the toilers have their coats off and their sleeves rolled up.

Isaiah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and he foresaw it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty, not as we ordinarily think of him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of his robe rolled back to his shoulder, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

THE CREATION OF LIGHT. Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderbolts than he has ever flung, more light than he has ever distributed, more blue than that with which he has overarched the sky, more green than that with which he has emeralded the grass, more crimson than that with which he has banished the sunsets. I say it with reverence, from all I can see, God has never half tried.

You know as well as I do that many of the most elaborate and expensive industries of our world have been employed in creating artificial light. Half of the time the world is dark. The moon and the stars have their glorious nees, but as instruments of illumination they are failures. They will not allow you to read a book or stop the ruffianism of your great cities. Had not the darkness been persistently fought back by artificial means, the most of the world's enterprises would have halted half the time, while the crime of our great municipalities would for half the time run rampant and unrebuked; hence all the inventions for creating artificial light, from the flint struck against steel in centuries past to the dynamo of our electrical manufactories. What uncounted numbers of people at work the year round in making chandeliers and lamps and fixtures and wires and batteries where light shall be made, or along which light shall run, or where light shall poison! How many bare arms of human toil—and some of those bare arms are very tired—in the creation of light and its apparatus, and after all the work the greater part of the continents and hemispheres at night have no light at all, except perhaps the fireflies flashing their small lanterns across the swamp.

MADE WITH HIS FINGERS. But see how easy God made the light. He did not make bare his arm; he did not even put forth his robed arm; he did not lift so much as a finger. The flint out of which he struck the noonday sun was the word, "Light." "Let there be light!" Adam did not see the sun until the fourth day, for, though the sun was created on the first day, it took its rays from the first to the fourth day to work through the dense mass of fluids by which this earth was compassed. Did you ever hear of anything so easy as that? So unique! Out of a word came the blazing sun, the father of flowers, and warmth and light! Out of a word building a fireplace for all the nations of the earth to warm themselves by! Yea, seven other worlds, five of them inconceivably larger than our own, and 79 asteroids, or worlds on a smaller scale! The warmth and light for this great brotherhood, great sisterhood, great family of worlds, 87 larger or smaller worlds, all from that one magnificent fireplace, made out of the one word—Light. The sun 880,000 miles in diameter, I do not know how much grander a solar system God could have created if he had put forth his robed arm, to say nothing of an arm made bare! But this I know, that our noonday sun was a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word "Light."

"But," says some one, "do you not think that in making the machinery of the universe, of which our solar system is comparatively a small wheel working into mighty wheels, it must have cost God some exertion? The upheaval of an arm either robed or an arm made bare?" No; we are distinctly told otherwise. The machinery of a universe God made simply with his fingers. David, inspired in a night song, says so—"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers."

THE TESTIMONY OF DAVID. A Scottish clergyman told me a few weeks ago of dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle walking out with a friend one starry night, and as the friend looked up and said, "What a splendid sky!" Mr. Carlyle replied as he glanced upward,

"Sad sight, sad sight!" Not so thought David as he read the great Scripture of the night heavens. It was a sweep of embroidery, of vast tapestry, God manifested. That is the allusion of the painter to the woven hangings of tapestry as they were known long before David's time. Far back in the ages what enchantment of thread and color, the Florentine velvets of silk and gold and Persian carpets woven of goats' hair! If you have been in the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry in Paris—alas, now no more!—you witnessed wondrous things as you saw the wooden needles or broach going back and forth in and out; you were transfixed with admiration at the patterns wrought. No wonder that Louis XIV bought it, and it became the possession of the throne, and for a long while none but thrones and palaces might have any of its work! What triumphs of loom! What victory of skilled fingers! So David says of the heavens that God's fingers wove into them the light; that God's fingers tapestried them with stars; that God's fingers embroidered them with worlds.

How much of the immensity of the heavens David understood I know not. Astronomy was born in China 2,800 years before Christ was born. During the reign of Hoang-Ti astronomers were put to death if they made wrong calculations about the heavens. Job understood the refraction of the sun's rays and said they were "turned as the clay to the seal." The pyramids were astronomical observatories, and they were so long ago built that Isaiah refers to one of them in his nineteenth chapter and calls it the "pillar at the border." The first of all the sciences born was astronomy. Whether from knowledge already abroad or from direct inspiration, it seems to me David had wide knowledge of the heavens. Whether he understood the full force of what he wrote, I know not, but the God who inspired him knew, and he would not let David write anything but truth, and therefore all the worlds that the telescope ever reached or Copernicus or Galileo or Kepler or Newton or Laplace or Herschel or our own Mitchell ever saw were so easily made that they were made with the fingers. As easily as with your fingers you mold the wax, or the clay, or the dough to particular shapes, so he decided the shape of our world, and that it should weigh six sextillion tons and appointed for it the color—the white to Sirius, the ruddy to Aldebaran, the yellow to Pollux, the blue to Altair, marrying some of the stars, as the 2,400 double stars that Herschel observed, administering to the whims of the variable stars as their glance becomes brighter or dim, preparing what astronomers called, "the girle of Andromeda" and the nebula in the sword handle of Orion. Worlds on worlds! Worlds under worlds! Worlds above worlds! Worlds beyond worlds! So many that arithmetics are of no use in the calculation! But he counted them as he made them, and he made them with his fingers! Reservation of power! Suppression of omnipotence! Resources as yet untouched! Almightiness yet undemonstrated! Now I ask, for the benefit of all disheartened Christian workers, if God accomplished so much with his fingers, what can he do when he puts out all his strength and when he unlimbers all his batteries of his omnipotence? The Bible speaks again and again of God's outstretched arm, but only once, and that in the text of the bare arm of God.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING. My text makes it plain that the rectification of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unweaned and unlimbered fore arm of the Almighty! The reason of that I can understand. In the shipyards of Liverpool or Glasgow or New York a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the cabin, the masts and all the appointments of this great palace of the deep. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and the artisans toil on the craft so many hours a day, each one doing his part, until with flags flying, and thousands of people buzzing on the docks, the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that steamer breaks her shaft and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers until every joint is loose, and every spar is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts midsheips.

Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessel off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Aye! Our world that God built so beautiful, our world that God built so beautiful, and which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and with the chant of paradisaical bays, has been 60 centuries pounding in the agencies of sin and sorrow, and to get her out, and to get her off, and to get her on the right gray again will require more of omnipotence than it required to build her.

EVILS TO OVERCOME. Now, just look at the enthroned difficulties in the way of the removal of which, the overthrow of which, would require

the bare right arm of omnipotence. There stands heathenism, with its 800,000,000 victims. I do not care whether you call them Brahmins or Buddhists, Confucians or fetish idolaters. At the World's fair in Chicago last summer those monstrosities of religion tried to make themselves respectable, but the long hair and baggy trousers and trinketed robes of their representatives cannot hide from the world the fact that those religions are the authors of funeral pyre, and juggernaut crushing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chinese shoe torture, and the aggregated massacres of many centuries. They have their heels on India, on China, on Persia, on Borneo, on three-fourths of the acreage of our poor old world.

I know that the missionaries, who are the most sacrificing and Christlike men and women on earth, are making steady and glorious inroads upon these built up abominations of the centuries. All this stuff that you see in some of the newspapers about the missionaries as living in luxury and idleness is promulgated by corrupt American or English or Scotch merchants, whose loose behavior in heathen cities has been rebuked by the missionaries, and those corrupt merchants write home or tell innocent and unsuspecting visitors in India or China or the darkened islands of the sea these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaries, who, turning their backs on home and civilization and emolument and comfort, spend their lives in trying to introduce the mercy of the gospel among the down-trodden of heathenism. Some of those merchants leave their families in America or England or Scotland and stay for a few years in the ports of heathenism while they are making their fortunes in the tea or rice or opium trade, and while they are thus absent from home give themselves to orgies of dissoluteness such as no pen or tongue could, without the abolition of all decency, attempt to report. The presence of the missionaries, with their pure and noble households, in those heathen ports is a constant rebuke to such debauchees and miscreants. If satan should visit heaven, from which he was once roughly but justly expatriated, and he should write home to the realms pandemoniac, his correspondence published in Diablos Gazette or Apollyonic News, about what he had seen, he would report the temple of God and the Lamb as a broken down church, and the house of many mansions as a disreputable place, and the cherubim as suspicious of morals. Sin never did like holiness, and you had better not depend upon satanic report of the sublime and multipotent work of our missionaries in foreign lands. But notwithstanding all that these men and women of God have achieved, they feel and we all feel that if the idolatrous lands are to be Christianized there needs to be a power from the heavens that has not yet descended, and we feel like crying out in the words of Charles Wesley:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake! Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy arm, the outstretched arm, but the bare arm!

AN ECCLESIASTICAL JOKE. There, too, stands Mohammedanism, with its 170,000,000 victims. Its Bible is the Koran, a book not quite as large as our New Testament, which was revealed to Mohammed when in epileptic fits, and resuscitated from these fits he dictated to scribes. Yet it is read today by more people than any other book ever written. Mohammed, the founder of that religion, a polygamist, with superfluity of wives, the first step of his religion on the body, mind and soul of woman, and no wonder that the heaven of the Koran is an everlasting Sodom, an infinite seraglio, about which Mohammed promises that each follower shall have in that place 73 wives, in addition to all the wives he had on earth, but that no old woman shall ever enter heaven. When a bishop of England recently proposed that the best way of saving Mohammedanism was to let them keep their religion, but engraft upon it some new principles from Christianity, he perpetrated an ecclesiastical joke, at which no man can laugh who has ever seen the tyranny and domestic wretchedness which always appear where that religion gets foothold. It has marched across continents and now proposes to set up its filthy and accursed banner in America, and what it has done for Turkey it would like to do for our nation. A religion that brutally treats womanhood ought never to be fostered in our country. But there never was a religion so absurd or wicked that it did not get disciples, and there are enough fools in America to make a large discipleship of Mohammedanism. This corrupt religion has been making steady progress for hundreds of years, and notwithstanding all the splendid work done by the Jessaps and the Goodells, and the Blisses, and the Van Dykes, and the Posts, and the Misses Bowers, and the Misses Thompsons, and scores of other men and women of whom the world was not worthy, there it stands, the giant of sin, Mohammedanism, with one foot on the heart of Christ, while it mumbles from its minarets this stupendous blasphemy: "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet."

Let the Christian printing presses at Beyroot and Constantinople keep on with their work and the men and women of God in the mission fields toil until the Lord crowns them, but what we are all hoping for is something supernatural from the heavens, as yet unseen, something stretched down out of the skies, something like an arm uncovered, the bare arm of the God of nations!

A GREAT VICTORY. Down here in the valleys of earth we must be valiant soldiers of the cross, but the Commander of our host walks the heights and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all heaven will open its batteries on our side, and the commander of the hosts of unrighteousness with all his followers will surrender, and it will take sterility

to fully celebrate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Our eyes are unto the hills." It is so certain to be accomplished that Isaiah in my text looks down through the field glass of prophecy and speaks of it as already accomplished, and I take my stand where the prophet took his stand and look at it as all done. "Halleluiah, 'tis done." See! Those cities without a tear! Look! Those continents without a pang. Behold! Those hemispheres without a sin! Why, those deserts, Arabian desert, American desert, and Great Sahara desert, are all irrigated into gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one groan. All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have dropped out of them the rigors of the cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is universal spring! Let us change the old world's name. Let it no more be called the earth, as when it was reeking with everything pestiferous and malevolent, scarlet with battlefields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubeescent with beauty, let us call it Immanuel's Land or Beulah or millennial gardens or paradise regained or heaven! And to God, the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever. Amen.

THE STORY OF A BELL. In the church tower of the little town of Grosschwitz, in the north of Germany, hangs a bell, and on it is engraved its history, surmounted by a halberd representing a six eared stalk of corn and the date, Oct. 15, 1729. This is the story of the bell: At the beginning of the last century the only church bell at Grosschwitz was so small that its tones were not sufficient to penetrate to the ends of the village. A second bell was badly wanted, but the village was poor, and where was the money to come from? Every one offered to give what he could, but the united offerings did not amount to nearly enough for the purpose.

One Sunday when the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hayn, was going to church he noticed growing out of the churchyard wall a flourishing green stalk of corn, the seed of which must have been dropped there by a passing bird. The idea suddenly struck him that perhaps this one stalk of corn could be made the means of producing the second bell they wanted so much. He waited till the corn was ripe, and then he plucked the six ears on it and sowed them in his own garden. The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sowed it again, till at last he had not enough room in his garden for the crop, so he divided it among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing the ears until in the eighth year the crop was so large that when it was put together and sold they found that they had enough money to buy a beautiful bell, with its story and its birthday engraved upon it and a cast of the cornstalk to which it owed its existence.—London Globe.

She Silenced Depew. Some of the best of Chicago's post-prandial speakers are of the clergy, and one of the brightest of all of them is Rev. P. S. Henson, the popular pastor of the First Baptist church. At a dinner not long ago he was called upon without any warning, and he acquitted himself as cleverly as he always does under such circumstances. He incidentally referred to great men who had been spoiled, like children, by being made much of, and he stated that the only great man who had not been spoiled by being "lionized" was Daniel.

Dr. Henson referred in this connection, too, to Dr. Chauncy M. Depew, the silver-tongued New Yorker, who speaks best after he has lost his appetite, and of him he told a story. Dr. Depew, he said, was in attendance at a Baptist social affair once upon a time, and he had a seat next to a good sister, whom he attempted to patronize. "Do you know, madam," he said to her between courses, "I came very near being a Baptist myself." The lady expressed mild surprise, and Dr. Depew proceeded to make it a little stronger. "Yes, I narrowly escaped immersion once," he said. "Indeed," said the lady. "Why, Dr. Depew, I never thought you could disappear from the public gaze long enough for that," whereat Dr. Depew busied himself with the next course and forever after held his peace—on that occasion at least.—Chicago Post.

A Friend of the Family. Mr. Arthur Gilman of Cambridge tells the following story: "You know there was a picture of Mr. Longfellow's children that was copied a good deal which was taken in such a way that the arms of one of the little girls did not show, and so it was told about a good deal that she had no arms. One day Mr. Lowell was in a car going by Mr. Longfellow's house, and near him were three women seeing the sights. "One of them was explaining things to the others, and after pointing out the house she said, 'You know one of Longfellow's children had no arms.' Mr. Lowell thought that story had gone about far enough, so he said, 'Excuse me, madam,' and told her Mr. Longfellow's children all had the usual number of arms. She turned on him with a sniff and a little toss of her head and said: 'One of them has no arms, sir. I had it from a friend of the family.'"—Boston Transcript.

THE BATHTUB TRUNK. Some novelties in bathtubs are made abroad especially for traveling purposes. They are made of best lined iron, with japanned oak outside and white inside. The novelty is that they can be closed up with a strap and utilized as a trunk to hold the clothes of the owner. A self-heating gas bath is made upon the following principle: An atmospheric gas burner is employed, from which the heat is conducted around the body of the bath by flues, and after doing this duty escaping by a main flue. A bath can be heated in this way in 45 minutes at an expense of 8 cents.—Hardware.

Give the Boys. A hatchet to be strong and healthy, feed them with good plain food and keep them from the use of tobacco. For sale by Deyo & Grice. A Constantinople porter, if business is good, can make \$3 1/2 a week. Ladies: If you have suffered a long time with indigestion, try Deyo & Grice's. A busy season, 32 cents a day. Mrs. N. May, of Greenlee county treasurer of the W. C. T. U. and a very influential worker in the cause of women says: "I have used Park's Tea and find it is the best remedy I have ever tried for constipation. It requires smaller doses and is more thorough. I shall use nothing else in future!" In Mexico seamstresses are paid 37 cents a day; weavers, 50 cents. Ladies: Irregularities and all those pains and distressing diseases peculiar to women are positively and effectually cured by using Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles. Deyo & Grice. A confectioner in Venezuela can earn from \$12 to \$16 per month. Money, experience and skill cannot improve Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles, for diseases peculiar to women. Ladies send to your druggist for a free sample package. Deyo & Grice. Fig pickers in Asia Minor, if skillful, can make 20 cents a day. All that money, experience and skill can do has been done in the preparation and manufacture of Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles for ladies. Deyo & Grice.

Legal Notice: Foreclosure of Mortgage. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a judgment rendered in the office of the county clerk of Webster county, Nebraska on the 9th day of December, 1893, for the care, feeding and keeping of one boy named "Nell," the property of J. D. Stueker, for the period of fourteen weeks from the 30th day of August 1893 to the 9th day of December 1893 at the price agreed to by said Stueker of \$2.50 per week, and for the further care and feeding of said Nell to the date of this sale at the same price, I will on the 1st day of February 1894, publicly offer said mortgage for sale at Red Cloud, Nebraska at ten o'clock of the forenoon of said day to satisfy the sum of \$25.00 with interest said sum from December 9th 1893 to the date of sale at rate of \$2.50 per week and costs of sale.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants. In the District Court of Webster County, Nebraska. Edward B. Hodge, Plaintiff vs. Abram Scott, Anna Scott, The Nebraska and Kansas Farm Loan Co. and Leonard Stevens, Defendants. To Leonard Stevens, defendant in the above entitled cause: You are hereby notified that on the 15th day of January, 1894, Edw. B. Hodge, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Webster county, Nebraska, against you, impleaded with the other defendants named in the title of said cause, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, Abram Scott and Anna Scott, James H. Taliman and now owned by plaintiff upon the following described real property situated in the county of Webster and state of Nebraska, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section 13 in township twenty one north and range fourth (4) west of range numbered twelve (12) west of the 6th P. M.; to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated August 1st, 1887, and due and payable five years from the date thereof; that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$70.00, with interest thereon from this date and to the date of foreclosure; that you are required to pay the same, or that you are required to satisfy the amount of said debt, the principal, title, lien or interest owned or claimed by you or any of you as co-defendants in or to said premises, as may be determined by the court prior to plaintiff's lien foreclosure.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants. In the District Court of Webster County, Nebraska. Preston B. Sibley as executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Ensworth, deceased, plaintiff vs. John Zuckery, Sarah A. Zuckery, W. E. Jackson, executor of the last will and testament of Henry McCormick, deceased, F. M. Story, Henry C. Carter, Cornelia Carter, The Nebraska and Kansas Farm Loan Co. and George J. Anton, Defendants. To John Zuckery, Sarah A. Zuckery, W. E. Jackson, executor of the last will and testament of Henry McCormick, deceased, and F. M. Story, defendants in the above entitled cause: You are hereby notified that on the 18th day of January, 1894, Preston B. Sibley, as executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Ensworth, deceased, filed his petition in the district court of Webster county, Nebraska, against you, impleaded with the other defendants named in the title of said cause, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants John Zuckery and Sarah A. Zuckery to and for the use of the plaintiff upon the following described real property situated in the county of Webster and state of Nebraska, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section number 12 west of range numbered ten (10) west of the 6th P. M.; to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated February 1st, 1887, and due and payable in five years from the date thereof; that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$150.00, with interest thereon from this date and to the date of foreclosure; that you are required to pay the same, or that you are required to satisfy the amount of said debt, the principal, title, lien or interest owned or claimed by you or any of you as co-defendants in or to said premises, as may be determined by the court prior to plaintiff's lien foreclosure.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants. In the District Court of Webster County, Nebraska. Preston B. Sibley as executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Ensworth, deceased, plaintiff vs. John Zuckery, Sarah A. Zuckery, W. E. Jackson, executor of the last will and testament of Henry McCormick, deceased, and F. M. Story, defendants in the above entitled cause: You are hereby notified that on the 18th day of January, 1894, Preston B. Sibley, as executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Ensworth, deceased, filed his petition in the district court of Webster county, Nebraska, against you, impleaded with the other defendants named in the title of said cause, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants John Zuckery and Sarah A. Zuckery to and for the use of the plaintiff upon the following described real property situated in the county of Webster and state of Nebraska, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section number 12 west of range numbered ten (10) west of the 6th P. M.; to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated February 1st, 1887, and due and payable in five years from the date thereof; that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$150.00, with interest thereon from this date and to the date of foreclosure; that you are required to pay the same, or that you are required to satisfy the amount of said debt, the principal, title, lien or interest owned or claimed by you or any of you as co-defendants in or to said premises, as may be determined by the court prior to plaintiff's lien foreclosure.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants. In the District Court of Webster County, Nebraska. Preston B. Sibley as executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Ensworth, deceased, plaintiff vs. John Zuckery, Sarah A. Zuckery, W. E. Jackson, executor of the last will and testament of Henry McCormick, deceased, and F. M. Story, defendants in the above entitled cause: You are hereby notified that on the 18th day of January, 1894, Preston B. Sibley, as executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Ensworth, deceased, filed his petition in the district court of Webster county, Nebraska, against you, impleaded with the other defendants named in the title of said cause, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants John Zuckery and Sarah A. Zuckery to and for the use of the plaintiff upon the following described real property situated in the county of Webster and state of Nebraska, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section number 12 west of range numbered ten (10) west of the 6th P. M.; to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated February 1st, 1887, and due and payable in five years from the date thereof; that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$150.00, with interest thereon from this date and to the date of foreclosure; that you are required to pay the same, or that you are required to satisfy the amount of said debt, the principal, title, lien or interest owned or claimed by you or any of you as co-defendants in or to said premises, as may be determined by the court prior to plaintiff's lien foreclosure.