LOSS AND GAIN.

DIVINE SERVICES AT THE BROOK-LYN TABERNACLE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Expounds a Familiar Text with Characteristic Clearness and Originality-A False and Malicious Re-

port Concerning the Doctor Denounced. BROOKLYN, May 6.-The Rev T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., told the congregation at the Tabernacle today that a malicrous falsehood had gone through the country, saying that at a recent meeting of the officers of the Thirteenth regiment at his house, he had set before them four kinds of wine. He said: "I will pay \$1,000 to any charitable institution if it can be proved that one drop of wine or any other intoxicating liquor was offered in my house that evening. The twenty-five gentlemen present may be called upon for testimony. Any three respectable clergymen or lawyers or detectives may be selected; they also to decide what charity shall have the money. I ask the newspapers all over the land, which have been misled by the falsehood, to correct it.."

The opening hymn of the service begins: Satvation! oh, the joyful sound, Tie pleasure to our ears

Dr. Talmage announced as the subject of the sermon "Loss and Gain," and his text was: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"-Mark viii, 36.

I am accustomed, Sabbath by Sabbath, to stand before an audience of bargain makers. There may be men in all occupations sitting before me, yet the vast majority of them, I am very well aware, are engaged from Monday morning to Saturday night in the store. In many of the families of my congregation, across the breakfast table and the tea table are discussed questions of loss and gain. You are every day asking yourself. "What is the value of this! What is the value of that?" You would not think of giving something of greater value for that which is of lesser value. You would not think of selling that which costs you \$10 for \$5. If you had a property that was worth \$15,000, you would not sell it for \$4,000. You are intelligent in all matters of bargain making Are you as wise in the things that pertain to the matters of the soul? Christ adapted his inthe farmers, he said: "A sower went forth to sow." When he talked to the shepherds, he not right when speaking this morning to an sudience made up of bargain makers, that I address them in the words of my text, asking: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" I propose, as far as possible, to estimate

and compare the value of two properties. First, I have to say that the world is a very grand property. Its flowers are God's are demanding that I sell my soul, not for thoughts in bloom. Its rocks are God's the world, but for a fragment of it. Here is thoughts in stone. Its dew drops are God's a man who has had a large estate for forty thoughts in scone. This world is God's child, or fifty years. He lies down to die. You say: a wayward child, indeed; it has wandered off "That man is worth millions and millions through the heavens. But about 1,888 years of dollars." Is he! You call up a surveyor, ago, one Christmas night, God sent out a gister world to call that wanderer back, and it hung over Bethlehem only long enough to in one direction, and three miles in another get the promise of the wanderer's return, and now that lost world, with soft feet of light, man's property? No! You do not want any comes treading back through the heavens. The hills, how beautiful they billow up, the edge of the wave white with the foam of man's property now. It is an undertaker crocuses! How beautiful the rainbow, the arched bridge on which heaven and earth finger in his vest pocket, and take out a tape come and talk to each other in tears, after the storm is over! How nimble the feet of the lamplighters that in a few minutes set all way. That is the man's property. Oh, no, 1 the dome of the night ablaze with brackets forgot; not so much as that, for he does not own of fire! How bright the oar of the saffron even the place in which he lies in the cemecloud that rows across the deep sea of tery. The deed to that belongs to the execuheaven! How beautiful the spring, with tors and the heirs. Oh, what a property you bridal blossoms in her hair! I wonder who propose to give me for my soul! If you sell it is that beats time on a June morning for a bill of goods you go into the counting room the bird orchestra. How gently the harebell and say to your partner: "Do you think that tolls its fragrance on the air! There may be man is good for this bill? Can be give grander worlds, swarthier worlds, larger proper security? Will be meet this payment?" worlds than this, but think that this is a Now, when you are offered this world as a most exquisite world-a mignonette on the possession, I want you to test the matter. 1 bosom of immensity! "Oh," you say, "take my soul; give me that world! I am willing blindly. I want you to ask about the title, to take it in exchange. I am ready now for about the insurance, about whether men the bargain. It is a beautiful world, so sweet have ever had any trouble with it, about a world, so grand a world!"

But let us look more minutely into the value of this world. You will not buy property unless you can get a good title to it. Afaer you have looked at the property and found out that it suits you you send an at- self, as I shall before God have to make up torney to the public office, and he examines the book of deeds, and the book of mortgages, and the book of judgments, and the for my soul, and you can book of liens, and he decides whether the a mistake for your soul. title is good before you will have anything to do with it. There might be a splendid property, and in every way exactly suited to your want, but if you cannot get a good title you will not take it. Now, I am here this by its exquisite organization. It is the most morning to say that it is impossible to get a good title to this world. If I settle down gether. Machinery is of value in proportion upon it, in the very year I so settle down upon it as a permanent possession I may be driven away from it. Ay, in five minutes the Philadelphia mint, and, as you see after I give up my soul for the world I may it performing its wonderful work, you have to part with the world, and what kind of a title do you call that! There is only one way in which I can hold an earthly possession, and that is through the senses. All beautiful sights through the eye, but the eye is with the soul of man, with all its tremay be blotted out; all captivating sounds through the ear, but my ear may be deaf-ened; all luschiousness of fruits and viands scales; memory, without any noise, bringing through my taste, but my taste may be destroyed; all appreciation of culture and of art through my mind, but I may lose my mind. What a frail hold, then, I have upon any earthly possession!

In courts of law, if you want to get a man off a property, you must serve upon him a writ of ejectment, giving him a certain time to vacate the premises; but when death comes to us and serves a writ of ejectment, he does not give us one second of forewarning. He says: "Off of this place! You have no right any longer in the possession." We might cry out: "I gave you \$100,000 for that property;" the plea would be of no avail. We might say: "We have a warrantee deed for that property;" the plea would be of no avail. We might say: "We have a lien on that store house;" that would do us no good. Death is blind, and he cannot see a seal, and he cannot read an indenture. So that, first and last, I want to tell you that when you propose that I give up my soul for the world, you cannot give me the first item of title,

Having examined the title of a property, your next question is about insurance. You would not be silly enough to buy a large warehouse that could not possibly be insured. You would not have anything to do with such a property. Now, I ask you what assurance can you give me that this world is not going to be burned up! Absolutely none. ogistr tell us that it is already on fire; that the heart of the warld is one great living coal; that it is just like a ship on fire at hatches are kept down. And yet you pro- its capacity. You are in a concert before pose to palm off on me, in return for my soul, a world for which, in the first place, you give no title, and in the second place, for which you can give no insurance. "Oh." you say, "the water of the oceans will wast

rull the land and put out the fire." Oh, there are inflammable elements in the ter, hydrogen and oxygen. Call off the levigen, and then the Atlantic and Pacific caus would blaze like beaps of shavings. o want me to take this world, for which

ea can give no possible insurance, Astronomers have swept their telescopes ough the sky, and have found out that have been thirteen worlds in the last o centuries that have disappeared. At est they looked just like other worlds. Then ney got deeply red-they were on fire. Then they got ashen, showing they were burned lown. Then they disappeared, showing that even the ashes were scattered.' And if the geologist be right in his prophecy then our world is to go in the same way. And yet you want me to exchange my soul for it. Ah, no; it is a world that is burning now. Suppose you brought an insurance agent to look at your property for the purpose of giv-ing you a policy upon it, and while he stood in front of the house he should say: "That house is on fire now in the basement," you could not get any insurance upon it. Yet you talk about this world as though it were a safe investment, as though you could get some insurance upon it when down in the basement it is on fire.

I remark, also, that this world is a property, with which everybody who has taken it as a possession has had trouble. Now, I know a large reach of land that is not built on. I ask what is the matter, and they reply that everybody who has had anything to do with that property got into trouble about it, It is just so with this world; everybody that has had anything to do with it, as a possession, has been in perplexity. How was it with Lord Byron! Did he not sell his immortal soul for the purpose of getting the world? Was he satisfied with the posession? Alas! alas! the poem graphically describes his case when it says:

Drank every cup of joy, Heard every trump of fame; Drank early, deeply drank,

Drank draughts which common millions might have quenched,

Then died of thirst because there was no more

Oh, yes, be had trouble with it; and so did Napoleon. After conquering nations by the force of the sword, he lies down to die; his entire possession, the military boots that he insisted on baving upon his feet while he was dving. So it has been with men who had better ambition. Thackeray, one of the most genial and lovable souls, after he had won structions to the circumstances of those to the applause of all intelligent lands through whom he spoke. When he talked to fishermen his wonderful genius, sits down in a restau he spoke of the Gospel net. When he talked to rant in Paris, looks to the other end of the room, and wonders whose that forlorn and wretched face is; rising up after a while, he told the parable of the lost sheep. And am I finds that it is Thackeray in the mirror. Oh, yes, this world is a cheat. Talk about a man gaining the world! Who ever gained half of the world? Who ever owned a hemisphere! Who ever gained a continent! Who ever owned Asia? Who ever gained a city? Who ever owned Brooklyn! Talk about gaining the world! No man ever gained it, or the hundred-thouandth part of it. You a man who has had a large estate for forty with his compass and chains, and you say "There is a property extending three miles direction." Is that the way to measure that surveyor, with his compass and chains. That is not the way you want to measure that that you need, who will come and put his line, and he will measure five feet nine inches one way, and two feet and a half the other do not want you to go into this bargain whether you can keep it, about whether you can get all, or the ten-thousandth or one

hundred-thousandth part of it, There is the world now. I shall say no more about it. Make up your mind for yourmy mind for myself, about the value of this world. I cannot afford to make a mistake for my soul, and you cannot afford to make

Now, let us look at the other property-the

soul. We cannot make a bargain without

seeing the comparative value. The soul! How shall I estimate the value of it? Well. as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in be surprised to find how lently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself, but silent ma-chinery is often most effective. Now, so it mendous faculties-it moves in silence. scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment sent without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might; but silence silence. You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages the surgeon sets it; the eye becmes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; but a soul off the track, unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe and over-vaults the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty, it throws aside the body as though it were a toy. It drives back medical skill as impotent. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap, it springs beyond star and moon and sun, and chasms of immensity. Oh, it is a soul superior to all material things! No fire can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no bridge on which to cross a chasm. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul so mighty, so swift, so silent, must be a priceless soul. I calculate the value of the soul, also, by

its capacity for happiness. How much joy it can get in this world out of friendships, out of books, out of clouds, out of the sea,

out of flowers, out of ten thousand things;

its capacity. You are in a concert before the curtain hoists, and you hear the instru-

ments preparing-the sharp snap of the

broken string, the scraping of the bow across

the viol. "There is no music in that," you say. It is only getting ready for the music.

And all the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment, is only preparative, it is only anticipative; it is only the first stages of the thing; it is only the entrance, the beginning of that which shall be the orchestral har monies and splendors of the redeemed,

You cannot test the full power of the soul fer happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendships! but, oh, the grander friendships for the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here! but how much sweeter they will be there! I do not think that when flowers die on earth, they die forever. I think that the fragrance of the flowers is the spirit being wafted away into glory. God says there are palm trees in heaven and fruits in heaven. If so, why not the spirits of the dead flowers? In the sunny valleys of heaven, shall not the marigold creep! On the hills of heaven, will not the amaranth bloom! On the amethystine walls of heaven, will not the jasmine climb? "My beloved is come down in his garden to gather lilies." No flowers in heaven! Where, then, do they get their garlands for the brows of the righteons?

Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after a while! A conqueror comes back after a battie. He has been fighting for us. He comes upon the platform. He has one arm in a sling, and the other holds a crutch. As he mounts the platform, oh, the enthusiasm of the audience! They say: "That man fought for us, and imperiled his life for us;" and how wild the huzza that follows huzza! When the Lord Jesus Christ shall at last stand out before the multitudes of the re deemed of heaven, and we meet him face to face, and feel that he was wounded in the head, and wounded in the hands, and wounded in the feet, and wounded in the side for us, methinks we will be overwhelmed. We will sit some time in silence, until some leader amidst the white robed choir shall lift the baton of light, and give the signal that it is time to wake the song of jubilee; and all heaven will then break forth into: "Hosanna! hosanna! Worthy is the

Lamb that was slain." I calculate further the value of the soul by the price that has been paid for it. In St. Petersburg there is a diamond that the government paid \$200,000 for. "Well," you say, "it must have been very valuable, or the government would not have paid \$200,000 for it." I want to see what my soul is worth, and what your soul is worth, by seeing what has been paid for it. For that immortal soul, the richest blood that was ever shed, the deepest groan that was ever uttered, all the griefs of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through his holy heart. Does it not imply tremen-

dous value? I argue, also, the value of the soul from the home that has been fitted up for it in the future. One would have thought a street of adamant would have done. No; it is a street of gold. One would have thought that a wall of granite would have done. No; it is the flame of sardonyx mingling with the green of emerald. One would have thought that an occasional doxology would have done. No; it is a perpetual song. If the ages of heaven marched in a straight line, some day the last regiment, perhaps, might pass out of sight; but no, the ages of heaven do not march in a straight line, but in a circle around about the throne of God; forever, forever, tramp, tramp! A soul so bought, so equipped, so provided for, must be a price less soul, a majestic soul, a tremendons soul.

Now, you have seen the two propertiesthe world, the soul. One perishable, the other immortal. One unsatisfying, the other capable of ever increasing felicity. Will you trade event Remember, it is the only investment you can make. If a man sell a bill of goods worth \$5,000, and he is cheated out of it, he may get \$5,000 somewhere else; but a man who invests his soul invests all. Losing that, he loses all. Saving that, he saves all. In the light of my text, it seems to me as if you were this morning offering your soul to the highest bidder; and I hear you say: "What is bid for it, my deathless spirit! What is bid for it!" Satan says: "i'll bid the world." You say: "Begone! That is no equivalent. Sell my soul for the world! No! Begone!" But there is some one else in the audience not so wise as that. He says: "What is bid for my immortal soul?" Satan says: "I'll bid the world." The world! Going at that, going at that,

going! Gone!" Gone forever! What is the thing of greatest price, The whole creation round? That which was lost in paradise

That which in Christ is found. Then let us gather round the cross, That knowledge to obtain; Not by the soul's eternal loss.

But everlasting gain.

Well, there are a great many people in the house who say: "I will not sell my soul for the world. I find the world is an unsatisfying portion." What, then, will you do with your soul! Some one whispers here: "I will give my soul to Christ." Will you? That is the wisest resolution you ever made. Will you give it to Christ! When? To-morrow! No; now. I congratulate you if you have come to such a decision. Oh, if this morning the eternal Spirit of God would come down upon this audience, and show you the vanity of this world, and the immense importance of Christ's religion, and the infinite value of your own immortal souls, what a house this would be! what an hour this would be! what a moment this would be! Do you know that Christ has bought your soul? Do you know that he has paid an infinite price for it! Do you know that he is worthy of it? Will you give it to him now!

I was reading of a sailor who had just got ashore, and was telling about his last experience at sen. He said: "The last time I crossed the ocean we had a teriffic time. After we had been out three or four days, the machinery got disarranged, and the steam began to escape, and the captain, gathering the people and the crew on deck, said: 'Unless some one shall go down and shut off that steam, and arrange that machinery at the peril of his life, we must all be destroyed. He was not willing to go down himself. No one seemed willing to go. The pas-sengers gathered at one end of the steamer waiting for their fate. The captain said: 'I give you a last warning. If there is no one here willing to imperil his life and go down and fix that machinery, we must all be lost.' A plain sailor said: 'I'll go, sir;' and he wrapped himself in a coarse piece of canvas and went down, and was gone but a few moments, when the escaping steam stopped, and the machinery was corrected. The captain cried out to the passengers: 'All saved! Let us go down below and see what has be-come of the poor fellow. They went down. There he lay dead." Vicarious suffering! Died for all! Oh, do you suppose that those people on the ship ever forgot, ever can forget that poor fellow? "No!" they say, "it was through his sacrifice that I got ashore.' The time came when our whole race must die unless some one should endure torture and sorrow and shame. Who shall come to the rescue! Shall it be one of the seraphim! Not one. Shall it be one of the cherubim! Not one. Shall it be an inhabitant of some pure and unfallen world!

through the dark states of our sin, and wretchedness, and misery, and woe, and he stopped the peril, and he died that you and I might be free. Oh, the lovel oh, the en-Shall not our souls this morning go out toward him, saying: "Lord Jesus Christ, take my soul! Thou art worthy to have it! Thou hast died to save it!"

God help you this morning rightly to cipher out this sum in Gospel arithmetic What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

SICK NOTABLES OF EUROPE.

King Humbert has Crispi. King Otto, of Bavaria, is mad.

The Prince of Wales has influenza. The Empress Augusta is paralyzed.

The Duke of Edinburgh has a chronic indammation.

The health of the king of Holland is very loubtful.

Queen Victoria is in possession of a bronchitis which tires her excessively. Prince Bismarck has the gout, phlebitis,

cumatism, neuralgia and 73 years. Von Moltke has a sciatica, a domain which brings him no income, which in fact is ruin-

ing him and 85 years. The condition of the Emperor Frederick is nown for certain. The son of the Emperor William has cancer of the larynx, an incur-

able disease. If he lives some days longer it will be a miracle. The emperor of Austria suffers from lassiade, his air is gloomy and his nights are estless. He is often heard to exclaim; "Then have a treaty of alliance and friendship with

those who have inflicted Sadowa on me!" The king of Spain, Alphonso XIII, has the whooping cough. His condition lately inspired uneasiness. Besides, his majesty conducts himself very badly in his cradle; he has a way of exhibiting his Castilian pride, especially in the bath tub, which disconcerts the ladies who groom him.

Prince William has a disease of the ear that obliges him to keep his room. Moreover, the accounts of his health are mysterious, ome persons affirm that the son of Freder ick III will have to undergo an operation the loss of the earn; others go further and declare that his highness is as sick as his father, if not more so.-Ernest Blum in The

Royal Ceremony of Feet Washing.

Not long ago at the Hofburg the emperor of Austria went through the annual Maundy Thursday ceremony of washing the feet of twelve old men. In former times the cere mony was double, as the empress washed the feet of twelve old women; but of late years her majesty's health has not permitted her to endure the fatigues of this function. The eremonial takes place in the throne room of the palace, and is preceded by the serving of a meal in four courses to the almsmen. The dishes are placed on the table and removed no eating, but the dishes, plates, glasses, napkins and covers are all placed in boxes, em blazoned with the imperial arms, and these are carried to the residences of the old men. A prayer is then intoned and, the right leg of each man being bared by court servants, the emperor kneels and pours a little water out of a golden basin over each man's foot and concludes his pious office by hanging a purseful of coins around every old man's neck. This morning the ceremony was attended as usual by the principal ministers and court officials and by several members of the diplomatic body, including the ambassadors of Italy and France,-Foreign Letter.

Science Solved the Puzzle. A Meriden clothing dealer recently offered a spring overcoat to any person solving the 'anti-rattle box" puzzle. This consisted of a hort cylindrical wooden box, securely scaled. The point was to shake the box without rattling the contents. On the box was printed: "You can't do it; but it can be Those who got hold of the boxes, after shaking them in different ways, cut them open and found the contents to consist of pieces of tin of different shapes. As ne method of doing the trick could be thought of, it was generally supposed that the puzzle could not be solved. Charles M. Fairchild. assistant to Superintendent Fitzgerald, of the Meriden Electric Light company, came into possession of one of the boxes. He dissected it, noticed the bits of tin, thought a moment, and then, taking a piece of mag-

Advertising by Circulars.

got the overcoat.-Hartford Times.

netized iron, replaced the cover on the box

and applied the magnet to one end. It was

strong enough to attract all the small pieces

of tin and hold them fast to the end of the

box, however violently it was shaken. He

There is a good deal of grumbling over the circular nuisance just now. Every morning mail is likely to bring to you a heap of envelopes addressed in a neat hand and sealed and stamped like letters, which, when you open them, prove to be but invitations from the shoemaker or the batter, the tailor, dressmaker or who not else, to patronize him, her or it. Very often the envelopes bear some monogram, crest or emblem to make them look less like what they really are. One of the latest is done up in the style of a telegraphic dispatch, and at first glauce would be taken for such. The social directories are responsible for the utility of the scheme. I cannot believe that it will compare with the good old fashion of advertising in the newspapers, while, to judge from the fine quality of the stationery used and the printing on it and the cost of postage, it must represent a very considerable expense to those who practice it.-Alfred Trumble in New York News

A Novel School Commencement. A novel school commencement was held at the New York trade schools. 120 bricklayers were given diplomas, 184 plumbers, each armed with a sheepskin, were set loose upon the community, together with 15 stone cutters, 38 painters and 28 carpenters. This school has been in existence over seven years. and is designed to teach all manual trades, It will be a queer state of things, but a satisfactory one, for the plumber of the future so have to produce his diploma, like the doctor, before he is allowed to exercise his professional skill.-Philadelphia Times.

A Valuable Old Manuscript.

A new treasure was recently added to the Lenox library, New York, in the shape of a Sixteenth century vellum manuscript, valued at \$12,000. The work was produced at the order of Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, afterwards Pope Paul III, and is illustrated with six superb paintings by Giulio Clovio, the Dore of that age. - Frank Leslie's.

The Chinese Treaty.

The Chinese treaty, which was recently signed at Washington, prohibits entrance of Chinese laborers to this country during a period of twenty years. It allows Chinese having families on this side of the water, and having property amounting to \$1,000 or more, to go to China and return to this coun-Not one. Then Christ said: "Lo! I come to do thy will, O God," and he went down try on proving the fact. - Boston Budget.

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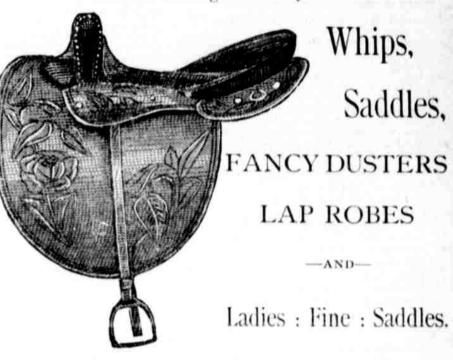
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