

A CENTENNIAL SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

No Nation in a More Glorious Condition Than the United States—The Cause of the American Colonies and the Great Revolution—Different Varieties of Lies.

BROOKLYN, April 28.—At the tabernacle today the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached a sermon appropriate to the coming centennial. The vast congregation sang the hymn beginning:

Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy.

Dr. Talmage's text was II Kings vi, 17: "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountains were full of horses, and chariots of fire round about Elisha." He said:

As it cost England many regiments and two million dollars a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the king of Syria sends out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—perhaps 50,000 men to take Elisha. During the night the army of Assyrians came around the village of Dothan, where the prophet was staying. At early daybreak the man servant of Elisha rushed in and said: "What shall we do? There is a whole army come to destroy you. We must die, we must die." But Elisha was not scared a bit, for he looked up and saw the mountains all around full of supernatural forces, and he knew that if there were 50,000 Assyrians against him there were 100,000 angels for him, and in answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his afflicted man servant, the young man saw it too. Horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire, and warriors of fire with brandished swords of fire, and the brilliance of that morning sunrise was eclipsed by the galloping splendors of the celestial cavalcade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." I have often spoken to you of the Assyrian perils which threaten our American institutions, but now as we are assembling to keep centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington, I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and chariots of Divine rescue.

ALLEGORY OF THE CHARIOT OF FIRE.

You will notice that the Divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Eze-kiel and Isaiah and John, when they come to describe the Divine equipage, always represent it as a wheeled, a harnessed, an upholstered, a magnificent chariot like kings and conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and a compressed fire. That means purity, justice, chastisement, deliverance through burning escapes. Chariot of rescue, yes, but chariot of fire. All our national disentanglements have been through scorching agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through tribulation nations rise. Chariots of rescue, but chariots of fire.

But how do you know that this Divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last one hundred and eight years. The American revolution started from the pen of John Hancock, in Independence hall, in 1776. The colonies without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige. On the other side, the mightiest nation of the earth, the largest armies and the grandest navies and the most distinguished commanders, and resources inexhaustible, and nearly all nations ready to back them up in the fight. Nothing against immensity.

The cause of the American colonies, which started at zero, dropped still lower through the quarrelling of the generals, and through the jealousies at small successes, and through the winters which surpassed all their predecessors in depth of snow and horrors of congelation. Elisha, surrounded by the whole Assyrian army, did not seem to be worse off than did the thirteen colonies encompassed and overshadowed by foreign assault. What decided the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies. The green and white mountains of New England, the highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges were full of re-enforcements which the young man Washington saw by faith, and his men endured the frozen feet, and the gar-greased wounds, and the exhausting hunger, and the long march because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Washington himself was a miracle. What Joshua was in sacred history the first American president was in secular history. A thousand other men excelled him in different things, but he excelled them all in roundness and completeness of character. The world never saw his like, and probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will be another such interposition. He was from God direct.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Then in 1861, when our civil war opened, many at the north and at the south pronounced it national suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not riches against great states. It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many generations against the resources of many generations. It was the prayer of the north against the prayer of the south, it was one-half of the nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination?

At the opening of the war the commander-in-chief of the United States forces was a man who had been great in battle, but old age had come with many infirmities, and he had a right to quietude. He could not mount a horse, and he rode on the battle field in a carriage, asking the driver not to jolt it too much. During the most of the four years of the contest, on the southern side was a man in mid-life, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of warriors, himself one of the heroes of Cherulusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. As the years passed on and the sword of courage unrolled, there came out from both sides a heroism and a strength and a determination that the world had never seen marshaled. And what but extermination could come when Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson met, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from north and south, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed? Yet we are a nation, and yet we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the conflict. The upper forces of the text. They tell us there was a battle fought above the clouds, a legion mountain, but there was something higher than that.

Again the horses and chariots of God came to the rescue of this nation in 1870, at the

close of a presidential election famous for devilish ferocity. A darker cloud yet settled down upon this nation. The result of the election was in dispute, and revolution, not between two or three sections, but revolution in every town and village and city of the United States, seemed imminent. The prospect was that New York would throttle New Orleans, and New Orleans would grip New Orleans, and Boston, Boston, and Savannah, Savannah, and Washington, Washington. Some said Mr. Tilden was elected, and others said Mr. Hayes was elected, and how near we came to universal massacre some of us guessed, but God only knew. I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and righteousness of infuriated politicians, but I ascribe it to the upper forces of the text. Chariots of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard and the flash was not seen, yet all through the mountains of the north and the south and the east and the west, though the hoofs did not clatter, the swarthy of God galloped by. I tell you God is the friend of this nation. In awful excitement at the massacre of Lincoln, when there was a prospect that greater slaughter would open upon this nation, God hushed the tempest. In the awful excitement at the time of Garfield's assassination, God put his foot on the neck of the cyclone.

THE SPLENDID CONDITION OF THE UNITED STATES.

To prove that God is on the side of this nation, I argue from the last eight or nine great national harvests, and from the national health of the last quarter of a century—epidemics very exceptional—and from the great revivals of religion, and from the spreading of the Church of God, and from the continent blossoming with asylums and reformatory institutions, and from an Education which promises that this whole land is to be a Paradise where God shall walk in the cool of the day.

If in other sermons I showed you what was the evil that threatened to upset and demolish American institutions, I am encouraged more than I can tell you as I see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and my jeremiads turn into doxologies, and that which was the Good Friday of the nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter morn of its resurrection. Of course God works through human instrumentalities, and this national betterment is to come among other things through a scrutinized ballot box. By the law of registration it is almost impossible now to have illegal voting. There was a time when you and I remember it very well—when droves of vagabonds wandered up and down on election day and from poll to poll, and voted here and voted there, and voted everywhere, and there was no challenge; or, if there were, it amounted to nothing, because nothing could so suddenly be proved upon the vagabonds. Now, in every well organized neighborhood, every voter is watched with severest scrutiny. I must tell the registrar my name, and how old I am, and how long I have resided in the state, and how long I have resided in the ward or township, and if I misrepresent fifty witnesses will rise and shut me out from the ballot box. Is not that a great advance? And then notice the law that prohibits a man voting if he has bet on the election. A step further needs to be taken and that man forbidden a vote who has offered or taken a bribe, whether it be in the shape of a free drink or cash paid down, the suspicious promise to put their hand on the ballot and swear their vote in if they vote at all. So through the sacred chest of our nation's suffrage redemption will come.

God also will save this nation through an aroused moral sentiment. There has never been so much discussion of morals and immorals. Men, whether or not they acknowledge what is right, have to think what is right. We have men who have had their hands in the public treasury the most of their lifetime, stealing all they could lay their hands on, disorganizing eloquently about dishonesty in public servants, and men with two or three families of their own, preaching eloquently about the beauties of the seventh commandment. The question of sobriety and drunkenness is thrust in the face of this nation as never before, and to take a part in our political contests. The question of national sobriety is going to be respectfully and deferentially heard at the bar of every legislature and every house of representatives of every United States senate, and an omnipotent voice will ring down the sky and across this land and back again, saying to these rising tides of drunkenness which threaten to whelm home and church and nation: "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

I have not in my mind a shadow of disenchantment as large as the shadow of a house fly's wing. My faith is in the upper forces, the upper armies of the text. Greeds do not do. The chariots are not unwhield. If you would only pray more and wash your eyes in the cool, bright water, fresh from the well of Christian reform, it would be said of you as of this one of the text: "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

THE ARMY ABRAVED AGAINST THE CAUSE OF SOBRIETY.

When the army of Antigonus went into battle his soldiers were very much discouraged, and they rushed up to the general and said to him: "Don't you see we have a few forces and they have so many more?" and the soldiers were affrighted at the smallness of their number and the greatness of the enemy. Antigonus, their commander, straightened himself up and said, with indignation and vehemence: "How many do you reckon me to be? And when we see the vast armies arrayed against the cause of sobriety it may sometimes be very discouraging, but I ask you in making up your estimate of the forces of righteousness—I ask you how many do you reckon the Lord God Almighty to be? He is our commander. The Lord of Hosts is his name. I have the best authority for saying that the chariots of God are twenty thousand, and the mountains are full of them."

You will take without my saying it that my only faith is in Christianity and in the upper forces suggested in the text. Political parties come and go, and they may be right and they may be wrong; but God lives, and I think he has ordained this nation for a career of prosperity that no demagogism will be able to halt. I expect to live to see a political party which will have a platform of two planks—the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. When that party is formed it will sweep across this land, like a tornado I was going to say, but when I think it is not to be devastation, but resurrection, I change the figure and say, such a party as that will sweep across this land like spice gales from heaven.

Have you any doubt about the need of the Christian religion to purify and make decent American politics? At every yearly or quadrennial election we have in this country great manufactories, manufactories of lies, and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prudent. Lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal. Long limbed lies and lies with double back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe, and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels and

scales like crocodiles and necks as long as storks and feet as swift as an antelope's and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachments screws and rufflers and braiders and ready wound bobbers. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a presidential campaign. I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in such times. I should think he would stand dazed, his hand on his pocketbook, and dare not go out nights! What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is, many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German, and Italian, and Swedish, and French papers translate it all and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

THE INFERNAL REMEDY FOR A GREAT EVIL.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after a while. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade every year or every four years, must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains, from the one mountain into the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mountain making plea for kindness and love and blessing rather than cursing. Yes, we are going to have a national religion. There are two kinds of national religion. The one is supported by the state, and is a matter of human politics, and it has great patronage, and under it men will struggle for prominence without reference to qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of \$75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and incense, and an audience of fifty people or twenty people or ten or two.

We want no such religion as that, no such national religion; but we want this kind of national religion; the vast majority of the people converted and evangelized, and then they will manage the secular as well as the religious. Do you say that this is impracticable? No. The time is coming just as certainly as there is a God and that this is his book and that he has the strength and the honesty to fulfill his promise, that an audience of emperors used to pride himself on performing that which his counselor said was impossible, and I have to tell you today that man's impossibilities are God's easiness. "Hath he said and shall he not do it? Hath he commanded and will he not bring it to pass?" The Christian religion is coming to take possession of every ballot box, of every school house, of every home, of every valley, of every mountain, of every acre of our national domain. This nation, notwithstanding all the evil influences that are trying to destroy it, is going to live.

Never since, according to John Milton, when "Satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic ocean, dividing us from the worn out governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific ocean, dividing us from the supercilious of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent ten thousand five hundred miles long, seventeen million square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone, and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free, and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, he shall at last set up his throne in this world. Who shall have the hemisphere, Christ or Satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland sea, the silver of her Nevada's, the gold of her Colorado, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all human computation? Who shall have the hemisphere, Christ or Satan? I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right side of all moral, religious and national movements.

Al! it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and the most of the room and to every one of us all of this-century, and will be very soon—the youngest of us. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our savior, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden. AN ILLUSTRATION FULL OF SUGGESTIVENESS.

One of the seven wonders of the world was the white marble watch tower of Pharos of Egypt. Sostratus, the architect and sculptor, after building that watch tower cut his name on it. Then he covered it with plastering, and to please the king he put the monarch's name on the outside of the plastering; and the storms beat, and the seas dashed in their fury, and they washed off the plastering, and they washed it out, and they washed it down, but the name of Sostratus was deep-set in the imperishable rock. So across the face of this nation there have been a great many names written, across our finances, across our religions, across our words of remembrance, names written on the architecture of our churches, and our schools, and our asylums, and our homes of mercy, but God is the architect of this continent, and he was the sculptor of all its grandeur, and long after, through the wash of the ages and the tempests of centuries, all other names shall be obliterated, the divine signature and divine name will be brighter and brighter as the millenniums go by, and he will stand like the God who made this continent has redeemed it by his grace from all its sorrows and from all its crimes.

Have you faith in such a thing as that? After all the chariots have been unwhield, and after all the war chargers have been crippled, the chariots which Elisha saw on the morning of his peril will roll on in triumph, followed by all the armies of heaven on white horses. God could do it without us, but he will not. The weakest of us, the faintest of us, the smallest brained of us, shall have a part in the triumph. We may not have our name like the name of Sostratus, cut in imperishable rock and conspicuous for centuries, but we shall be remembered in a better place than that, even in the heart of him who came to redeem us and re-

deem the world, and our names will be seen close to the signature of his wound, for as today he throws out his arms towards us he says: "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hand." By the mightiest of all agencies, the potency of prayer, I beg you seek our national welfare.

Some time ago there were 4,000,000 letters in the dead letter postoffice at Washington—letters that lost their way—but not one prayer ever directed to the heart of God miscarried. The way is all cleft for the ascent of your supplications, heavenward in behalf of this nation. Before the postal communication was so easy, and long ago, on a rock one hundred feet high on the coast of England, there was a barrel fastened to a post, and in great letters on the side of the rock, so it could be seen far out at sea, were the words, "Post Office;" and when ships came by, a boat put out to take and fetch letters. And so sacred were those deposits of affection in that barrel that no look was ever put upon that barrel, although it contained messages for America, and Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and all the islands of the sea. Many a storm tossed sailor, homesick, got message of kindness by that rock, and many a home-stead heard good news from a boy long gone. Would that all the heights of our national prosperity were in interchange of sympathies—prayers going up meeting blessings coming down! Postal celestial, not by a storm struck rock on a wintry coast, but by the Rock of Ages.

SEWER PIPES.

For Culvert and Sewer Pipe, both for drains or wells, Dean & Horton carry all sizes from four inches to twenty-four inch inclusive at bottom prices.

Turn horses out in a good pasture for a few weeks, when they get in bad condition, if that can not be done use Dr. Cady's Condition Powders; they will put a horse in perfect health. A well horse don't need medicine. Hay, grain and good care is better. Dr. Cady's Condition Powders are a true horse medicine, (not a dope,) they aid digestion, cure constipation, kidney disorders and distroy worms. Sold by A. L. Shader, Druggist.

If the true merits of Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, were fully known by horse owners, they would prefer them to all other remedies for putting their horses in a fine, healthy condition. They cure constipation, loss of appetite, disordered kidneys, impure blood and all diseases requiring a good tonic, stimulant and alterative. Sold by A. L. Shader, Druggist.

Mr. H. B. Wynne, Whitesville, Tenn., recognizes in Chamberlain's Pain Balm the finest medicine he has ever handled. He is an experienced druggist, and knows a good article, and recommends Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, muscular aches and pains. It always helps the suffering. Give it a trial. Sold by A. L. Shader, Druggist.

We have a large stock of Canopy top Surreys, Phaetons, light buggies, etc., on hand and are making very low prices on all our work. If you are contemplating the purchase of a carriage of any kind, come and see us. We'll take your old buggy in exchange at its fair cash value. Camp Brothers, corner 10th and N.

Have you seen those elegant Canopy top Surreys with full fenders at Camp Brothers, Tenth and M streets? The latest styles out, come and see them.

Families desiring pure ice cream or ices for Sunday dinner or any other time can be served with a superior quality at Morton & Leighty's.

Everybody can afford to eat at the leading resort in the city now. The price of 21 tickets now at Odell's is only \$4—reduced from \$4.50.

New line of lace flouncing and fish net, just received and will go on special sale Monday, April 29th, at Ashby & Millsbaugh.

Place your want notices in the Evening News. It reaches more homes than any paper in the city.

La Tosca umbrellas, an entire new stock will go on sale Monday, April 29th. Ashby & Millsbaugh.

Ashby & Millsbaugh have the largest line of spring wraps at the lowest prices.

SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the second judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein John L. Farwell is plaintiff, and Emil Schultz et al defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 15 day of May A. D. 1889, at the front entrance to the district court rooms in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to wit: The north west quarter of section No. 36 township No. 7 north of range No. 5 east of the 6th P. M., Lancaster county, Nebraska. Given under my hand this 10th day of April A. D. 1889.

4-13-89 S. M. Melick, Sheriff.

QUICK MEAL HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE, Leonard Refrigerators, Hot Air Furnaces, Van's Wrought Iron Ranges. RUDGE & MORRIS. 1122 N Street.

WHITE DRESS GOODS AND Beautiful Spring Patterns in Embroideries THE CELEBRATED P. D. and Thompson Glove Fitting Corsets in Summer Weights. FOREMAN & CROWE. 174 South 12th Street.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT We beg leave to inform our Lincoln patrons and the public in general that our importation of FINE Novelties for Spring and Summer Are now ready for inspection. We have a much larger and finer assortment than ever before. Call and see our latest novelties from London and Paris.

Dress Suits a Specialty. GUCKERT & McDONALD, 315 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

LINCOLN'S NEW ART STUDIO A COMPLETE SUCCESS! ELITE STUDIO ONLY GROUND FLOOR STUDIO IN THE CITY. FINE ART WORK. 226 South Eleventh Street. T. W. TOWNSEND, Proprietor.

We are the Leading Carriage Manufacturers! Our Stock is very Complete and Prices are Low. Come and See us. Old Buggies taken in Exchange for New Ones. THE STAR DUPLEX SPRING SURREY. CAMP BROS., Telephone 664 Cor. Tenth and M Sts.