

THE LOOK OF SALVATION.

TALMAGES SERMON PREPARED FOR
SUNDAY, OCT. 13.

But the burning of his Church prevented its delivery—a full account of the sermon that was prepared for that day by the eminent divine.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 13.—The burning of the Tabernacle early this week prevented Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., from preaching as usual, but he had a sermon prepared for today and has permitted a copy of his contemplated discourse for the use of the press. He intended to give out the hymn beginning "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me."

The subject of the sermon was "The Saving Look," and the text Hebrews xii, 2, "Looking unto Jesus." Dr. Talmage wrote:

"In the Christian life we must not go to sleep. This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in soldiers' uniforms, who have a right to be away. They obtained a furlough and they are honestly and righteously off duty; but I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we enlist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we shout the victory, there will never be a single instant in which we will have a right to be off duty. Paul throws all around this Christian life the excitement of the old Roman and Grecian games—those games that sent a man on a race, with such a stretch of nerve and muscle, that sometimes when he came up to the goal he dropped down exhausted. Indeed, history tells us that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this apostle, making allusion to those very games, we are all to run the race, not to crawl it, not to walk it—but 'run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus,' and just as in the olden times, a man would stand at the end of the road with a beautiful garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant that by his holy spirit we may so run as to obtain."

A THEOLOGY IN THREE WORDS.
The distinguished Wellston, the chemist, was asked where his laboratory was, and the inquirers expected to be shown some large apartment filled with very expensive apparatus; but Wellston ordered his servant to bring on a tray a few glasses and a retort, and he said to the inquirers: "That is all my laboratory. I make all my experiments with those." Now, I know that there are a great many who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on ten thousand things; but I have to say that all my theology is compassed in these three words, "Looking unto Jesus," and when we can understand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth and the infinity and the immensity of that passage we can understand all.

I remark in the first place, we must look to Christ as our personal Saviour. Now, you know as well as I, that man is only a blasted ruin of what he once was. There is not so much difference between a vessel coming out of Liverpool harbor, with pennants flying and the deck crowded with good cheer, and the guns booming, and that same vessel driving against Long Island coast, the drowning passengers ground to pieces amid the timbers of the broken up steamer, as there is between a man as he came out from the hands of God, equipped for a grand and glorious voyage, but afterward, through the pilotage of the devil, tossed and driven and crushed, the coast of the near future strewn with the fragments of an awful and eternal shipwreck. Our body is wrong. How easily it is racked of disease. Our mind is wrong. How hard it is to remember, and how easy to forget. The whole nature disordered, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—wounds, bruises, putrefying sores. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man's sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all men for that all have sinned." There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer," for the simple reason that it is so poisonous it kills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the root of the tree, and coming up to the branches reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it goes along. When it has come to the tip end of the branch the tree is dead. Its seeds fall to the ground and start other plants just as murderous. And so it is with sin. It is a poisonous plant that has been planted in our soul a long while ago, and it comes winding around the body and the mind and the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning, killing, killing, killing as it goes. Now there would be no need of my discoursing upon this if there were no way of plucking out that plant. It is a most inconsiderate thing for me to come to a man who is in financial trouble and enlarge upon his trouble if I have no alleviation to offer. It is an unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease if I have no remedy to offer. But I have a right to come to a man in financial distress or physical distress if I have financial re-enforcement to offer or a sure cure to propose. Blessed be God that among the mountains of our sin there rolls and reverberates a song of salvation. Louder than all the voices of bondage is the trumpet of God's deliverance, sounding: "Oh Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." At the barred gates of our dungeon the conqueror knocks, and the hinges creak and grind at the swinging open. The famine-struck pick up the manna that falls in the wilderness, and the floods clap their hands, saying: "Drink, oh thirsty soul, and live forever," and the feet that were torn and deep cut on the rocky bridge path of sin now come into a smooth place, and the dry adlers crackle as the panting hart breaks through the water brooks, and the dark night of the soul begins to grow gray with the morning, yes, to purple, yes, to flame, from horizon to horizon. The batteries of temptation silenced. Troubles that fought against us captured and made to fight on our side. Not as a result of any toil or trouble on our part, but only as a result of "Looking unto Jesus."

"But what do you mean by 'Looking unto Jesus'?" some one inquires. I mean faith. "What do you mean by faith?" I mean believing. "What do you mean by believing?" I mean this: If you promise to do a certain thing for me, and I have confidence in your veracity; if you say you will give me such a thing, and I need it very much, I come in confidence that you are an honest man and will do what you say. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ says: "You are in need of pardon and life and heaven, you can have them if you come and get them." You say: "I can't come and get them. I am afraid you won't give it to me." Then you are unbelieving. But you say: "I will come and ask. I know, Lord Jesus, thou art in earnest about this matter. I come asking for pardon. Thou hast promised to give it to me, thou wilt give it to me, thou hast given it to me." That is faith. Do you see it yet? "Oh," says some one, "I can't understand it." No man ever did without divine help. Faith is the gift of God. You say:

"That throws the responsibility off of my shoulders." No. Faith is the gift of God, but it comes in answer to prayer.

All over glorious is my Lord.
He must be loved and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

LOOK TO JESUS FOR AN EXAMPLE.

I remark again that we must look to Jesus as an example. Now, a mere copyist, you know, is always a failure. If a painter goes to a portfolio or a gallery of art, however exquisite, to get his idea of the natural world from these pictures, he will not succeed as well as the artist who starts out and dashes the dew from the grass and sees the morning just as God built it in the clouds, or poured it upon the mountains, or kindled it upon the sea. People wondered why Turner, the famous English painter, succeeded so well in sketching a storm upon the ocean. It remained a wonder until it was found out that several times he had been lashed to the deck in the midst of a tempest and then looked out upon the wrath of the sea, and coming home to his studio he pictured the tempest. It is not the copyist who succeeds, but the man who confronts the natural world. So, if a man in literary composition resolves that he will imitate the smoothness of Addison or the rugged vigor of Carlyle or the weirdness of Spenser or the epigrammatic style of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he will not succeed as well as that man who cultures his own natural style. What is true in this respect is true in respect to character. There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resolved that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars, but they did not have any of his genius. You cannot successfully copy a man, whether he is bad or good.

You may take the very best man that ever lived and try and live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson Taylor. Many have read his biography, not understanding that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of spirit. There were men to copy Cowper, the poet, a glorious man, but sometimes afflicted with melancholy almost to insanity. The copyists got Cowper's faults but none of his virtues.

There never was but one being fit to copy. A few centuries ago he came out through humble surroundings, and with a great manner and behavior different from any that the world had seen. Among all classes of people he was a perfect model. Among fishermen he showed how fishermen should act. Among taxgatherers he showed how taxgatherers should act. Among lawyers he showed how lawyers should act. Among farmers he showed how farmers should act. Among rulers he showed how rulers should act. Critics tried to find in his conversation or sermons something unwise or unkind or inaccurate; but they never found it. They watched him, oh how they watched him! He never went into a house but they knew it, and they knew how long he stayed, and when he came out, and whether he had wine for dinner. Slander twisted her whips and wagged her poisoned tongue and set her traps, but could not catch him. Little children rushed out to get from him a kiss, and old men tottered out to the street corner to see him pass. Do you want an illustration of devotion, behold him, whose nights in prayer. Do you want an example of suffering, see his path across Palestine tracked with blood. Do you want an example of patience, see him abused and never giving one sharp retort. Do you want an example of industry, see him without one idle moment. Do you want a specimen of sacrifice, look at his life of self denial, his death of ignominy, his sepulcher of humiliation. Oh, what an example! His feet wounded, yet he submitted to the journey. His back lacerated, yet he carried the cross. Struck, he never struck back again. Condemned, he rose higher than his calumniators, and with wounds in his hands, and wounds in his feet, and wounds on his brow, and wounds in his side, he ejaculated: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Ah, my brethren, that is the pole by which to set your compass, that is the headland by which to steer, that is the light by which to kindle your lamps, that is the example that we ought all to follow. How it would smooth out the roughness in our disposition, and the world would be impressed by the transformation and would say: "I know what is the matter with that man, he has been with Jesus and has learned of him."

Alexander was going along with his army in Persia, and the snow and ice were so great that the army halted and said: "We can't march any further." Then Alexander dismounted from his horse, took a pickaxe, went ahead of his army and struck into the ice and snow. The soldiers said: "If he can do that, we can do it," and they took their pickaxes and soon the way was cleared and the army marched on. So our Lord dismounted from his glory, and through all icy obstacles hews a path for himself and a path for us, saying: "Follow me! I do not ask you to go through any suffering or fight any battles where I do not lead the way! Follow me!"

CHRIST THE SYMPATHIZER.
Again I remark that we are to look to Christ as a sympathizer. Is there anybody in the house today who does not want sympathy? I do not know how anybody can live without sympathy. There are those, however, who have gone through very rough paths in life who had no divine arm to lean on. How they got along I do not exactly know. Their fortunes took wings in some unfortunate investment and flew away. The bank failed and they buttoned up a penniless pocket. Ruthless speculators carried off the fragments of an estate they were twenty-five years in getting with hard work. How did they stand it without Christ? Death came into the nursery and there was an empty crib. One voice less in the household. One fountain less of joy and laughter. Two hands less, busy all day long in sport. Two feet less to go bounding and romping through the hall. Two eyes less to beam with love and gladness. Through all that house shadow after shadow, shadow after shadow, until it was midnight. How did they get through it? I do not know. They trudged the great Sahara with no water in the goat skins. They plunged to their chin in the slough of despond and had no one to lift them. In an unseaworthy craft, they put out into a black Euroclydon. My brother, my sister, there is a balm that cures the worst wound. There is a light that will kindle up the worst darkness. There is a harbor from the roughest ocean. You need and may have the Saviour's sympathy. You cannot get on this way. I see your trouble is wearing you out body and mind and soul. I come on no fool's errand today. I come with a balm that can heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus was sick. Are you weary? Jesus was weary. Are you persecuted? Jesus was persecuted. Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over Lazarus? Oh, yes, like a rose on the mountains of Bethor, Jesus comes bounding to your soul today. There is one passage of Scripture, every word of which is a heart throb: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then there is another passage just as good: "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee." Oh, there are green pastures where the Heavenly Shepherd leads the

wounded and sick of the flock. The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus and will gloriously break it open at the right time. Generations cannot toss their waves so high that Christ cannot walk them. The cruse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been robbed of all its fruit, the Lord has one tree left, full of golden and ripe supply. The requiem may wail with gloom and with death; but there, south after a while a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle march, a jubilee, a coronation. Oh, do you not feel the breath of Christ's sympathy now, you wounded ones, you troubled ones? If you do not, I would like to tell you of the chaplain in the army who was wounded so he could not walk; but he heard at a distance among the dying a man who said: "Oh, my God!" He said to himself: "I must help that man, though I can't walk." So he rolled over and rolled through his own blood and rolled on over many of the slain until he came where this poor fellow was suffering and he preached to him the comfort of the Gospel, and with his own wound he seemed to soothe that man's wound. It was sympathy going out towards an object most necessary, and one that he could easily understand. And so it is with Christ, though wounded all over himself, he hears the cry of our repentance, the cry of our bereavement, the cry of our poverty, the cry of our wretchedness, and he says: "I must go and help that soul," and he rolls over with wounds in hand, wounds in hands, wounds in feet toward us, until he comes just where we are wailing in our own blood, and he puts his arm over us—and I see it is a wounded arm and it is a wounded hand—and as he throws his arm over us I hear him say: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

Again, we must look to Christ as our final rest. We cannot with these eyes, however good our sight may be, catch a glimpse of the heavenly land for which our souls long. But I have no more doubt that beyond the cold river there is a place of glory and of rest, than we have that across the Atlantic ocean there is another continent. But the heavenly land and this land stand in mighty contrast. This is barrenness and that verdure. These shallow streams of earth, which a thirsty ox might drink dry or a mule's hoof trample into mire, compared with the bright, crystalline river from under the throne, on the banks of which river the armies of heaven may rest, and into whose clear flood the trees of life dip their branches. These instruments of earthly music, so easily racked into discord, compared with the harps that thrill with eternal raptures, and the trumpets that are so musical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go panting in summer heat or shivering in winter's cold, and the poor man carries his burden and the vagrant asks for alms, and along which shuffle the feet of pain and want and woe, compared with those streets that sound forever with the feet of joy and holiness, and those walls made out of all manner of precious stones, the light inter-shed with reflections from jasper and chrysolite and topaz and sardonyx and beryl and emerald and chrysoprasus. Oh, the contrast between this world, where we struggle with temptation that will not be conquered, and that world where it is perfect joy, perfect holiness and perfect rest! Said a little blind child: "Mamma, will I be blind in heaven?" "Oh, no, my dear," replied the mother, "you won't be blind in heaven." A little lame child said: "Mamma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No," she replied, "you won't be lame in heaven." Why, when the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives at the heavenly gate it opens to him, and as the angels come down to escort him in, and they spread the banquet, and they keep festival over the august arrival, and Jesus comes with a crown and says: "Wear this," and with a palm and says: "Wave this," and points to a throne and says: "Mount this." Then the old citizens of heaven come around to hear the new comers' recital of deliverance wrought for him, and as the newly arrived soul tells of the grace that pardoned and the mercy that saved him, all the inhabitants shout the praise of the King, crying: "Praise him! Praise him!"

SCHOOL MAMAS YOW THIS IS TRUE.

Two women, school teachers, who were enjoying the last days of their summer vacation by a ramble up the banks of the Houston river, stumbled last week on to a nest of black snakes. There were several of the reptiles, and all but one immediately wriggled off into the bushes. One, a monster four feet long, was engaged in swallowing a toad as the girls came up. He was somewhat slow in his movements, and one of the girls, picking up a stone as large as she could lift, let it fall on the snake's head, crushing it into a shapeless mass.

At this moment a farmer's boy with a wagon load of potatoes came driving along, and the school mamas called to him. He got down from his wagon and looked at the snake, and told the feminine pedagogues that it was a pretty big snake, "the biggest I ever seed," said he. "I wish I could cut his head off," said the elder of the two girls, and the gallant young agriculturist offered to do it for them. Taking out his jackknife he performed the not difficult surgical feat, when, to the surprise of the girls and the boy, the toad, which but ten minutes before had made a meal for the reptile, backed out of the gaping end of the snake, and after stretching himself and finding no bones beneath, puffed out his throat, emitted a grunt of thanks and hopped away in search of a meal of insects.

This story is true and is given upon the word of the two teachers. Besides, the farmer's boy brought home the body of the snake to prove it.—Ansonia Cor. New York Sun.

A Daily Spectacle.

The sad-faced man paused wearily in the act of licking a two-cent stamp into submission and looked in at the window with a sympathetic air. "I suppose," he said to Postmaster Barrett, who stood patiently watching the operation, "that you look at more tongues every day than any physician in Montgomery county?" And the postmaster, who had never thought of it in that light before, sent right out and bought a Gray's Anatomy, so if ever the administration insists upon his spurning the lure of office and rising proudly above the bribe of place he can practice medicine.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Ten Pound Sweet Potato.

J. W. Turner, of Wenatchee, Kittitas county, sends The Post-Intelligencer a monstrous pink tuber as big a prize rutabaga at a county fair and the following letter: "I send you a sweet potato raised on my place on the Columbia river, six miles below the mouth of the Wenatchee river, in the Wenatchee valley. The weight when taken from the ground was a little over nine pounds. I sent one from an adjoining hill that weighed ten pounds to Spokane Falls, and another, weighing seven pounds, to Ellensburg."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Meeting Experiences of the Editor with Human Nature.

WE ARE LEFT.—For the past four weeks our friends have been eagerly pressing us to take the nomination for mayor on the people's ticket. We do not crave office, and are a very busy man, but the pressure became so great we had to give in.

Last Tuesday evening the city caucus was held, and instead of being nominated for mayor we received only three votes out of upwards of sixty cast. Our friends were mistaken when they insisted that we were wanted. Instead of being the unanimous choice of the patriotic people, we had the pleasure of seeing Jerry Baxter, the meanest man in town, given the nomination.

Oh, well, that's human nature right through, and an editor fool enough to go into politics deserves to be driven head first into the tank, as we were. We have a word to say, however, The Kicker will not only bolt every candidate on the ticket, but we guarantee to have nine-tenths of the nominees in prison before they are a month older. Vent cum grana! which is Latin for saying: Don't monkey with a newspaper man.

HAVE GOT A FEW.—A correspondent inquires if The Kicker has any libel suits on hand, as the result of its independent and outspoken course. Well, yes, it has a few—about four dozen, we believe, but we are not worrying any. They have all been instituted by second class ducks, who haven't any character to be damaged, and the whole batch will probably be thrown out of court in a lump some day. In the beginning of our career a libel suit used to give us the colic for three days and nights, and we'd wake up from a troubled sleep to find our cheeks wet with tears, but we soon got unburned. Indeed, we rather prefer to see them come. It looks like business.

MUST HAVE BEEN THE PROFESSOR.—Ever since we took possession of our office on Sioux avenue certain people have taken a malicious delight in heaving rocks at the doors and through the windows at midnight. We put up with it the first six months because we were afraid, and the next six because we liked to see people enjoy themselves. Then we warned the public to let up or somebody would get hurt. Last Wednesday night a rock weighing three pounds came through a window and barely missed our head as we lay sleeping on our cot. As we got to the door with a shot gun some one could be seen making off over the common. We drew on him and pulled trigger, and something uttered a yell.

Yesterday the body of Professor Jenkins was found in the sage brush about two miles from town, and it was plain that he died of a dose of buck shot in the back. Just as likely as not he was the chap we fired at in the darkness. We didn't owe him any particular grudge, and we didn't know that he did us, and we are willing to foot half the burial expenses at a venture.

A BARE COWARD.—The item in the Chicago press of recent date that we had been fatally wounded by a judge for publishing a slander was not exactly correct. In the first place, the individual was a cowboy named Rose. In the next place the article was true, and in the third place, after he had fired five shots at us without touching a hair, we knocked him silly with a squash that we picked up in front of Snyder's grocery. Then we stood on him for about half an hour, and when he went out of town our brinded dog was chasing him at a speed of twenty miles an hour.—Detroit Free Press.

He Had Not Finished.



First Boy—Say, Jim, throw away that there cigar and come with me.

Second Boy—Now, I won't, I ain't near sick yet.—Munsey's Weekly.

It Wasn't the Principle.

A young man with excited step and flushed face halted an officer in front of the City Hall the other day and stated that he had been robbed.

"When and where?" naturally inquired the officer.

"Out on the exposition grounds this forenoon."

"How much?"

"Well, as near as I can figure it there was about forty cents in the portmanteau."

"Have any suspicions?"

"No, I missed it after coming out of the snake show."

"Isn't it a pretty small matter, to make complaint about?" queried the officer, "or is it the principle of the thing which actuates you?"

"Principle of the thing be hanged!" hotly exclaimed the young man. "What I'm after is my forty cents, and if I don't get it I'll have to walk thirteen miles on the railroad track! Principle is all right when you have a big booty, but I'd see a ton of it blowed high sky before I'd walk thirteen miles!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Rural Opinion.

The city gal's a queer consarn, There's a lot of things she has to learn, Tho' she may claim with angry beard Her eddycation's quite complete.

She don't know yaris from pizen weeds, Nor nothin' much about the feeds, That's proper to give the stock, Nor how on earth to tend a flock.

Moe's gin'rally she's skeert of togs, And hollers if you mention slugs, And as for cows and goats that's mild, She's kinder's pious that they're wild.

She can't climb fences, good, nor trees, And she's no use at huskin' bees— But then jes take her all in all, She's purty nice—the city gal!

—Bessie M. Best in St. George's Journal.

A Mean Teacher.

Mrs. Gadd—Are you going to send little Jack to Mrs. Thor's school again?

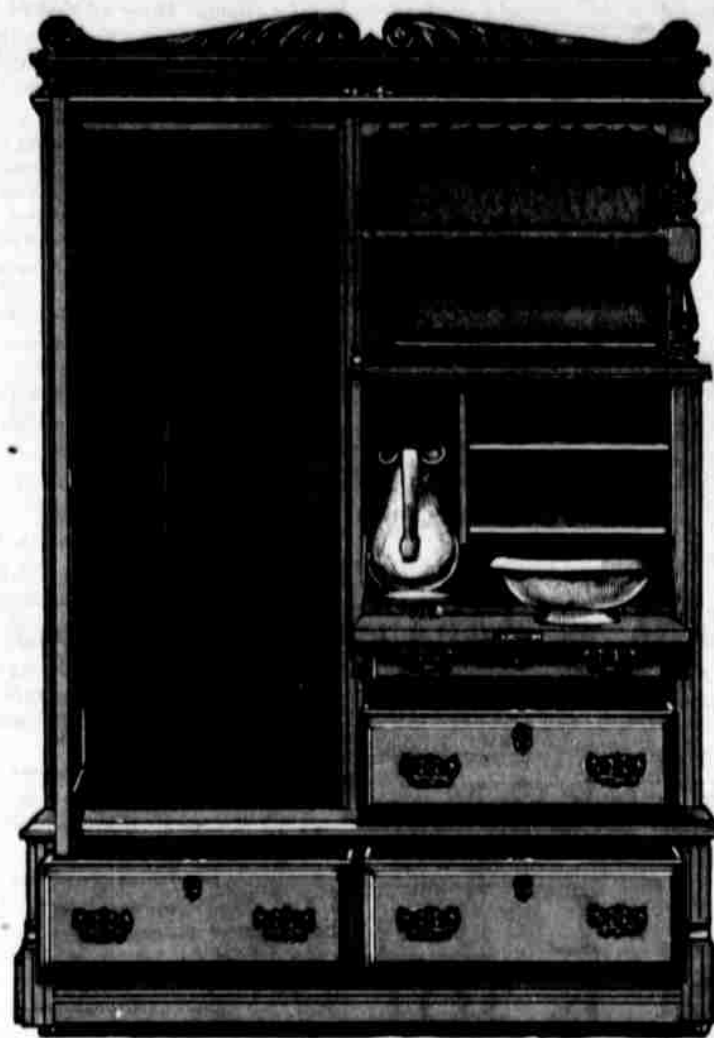
Mrs. Gabb—Indeed I won't. He went to her all last year and I paid her \$60 for it, and the mean, stingy thing didn't give him a single prize, not one, and they don't cost but a couple of dollars, either.—New York Weekly.

In a Rage.

First Grasshopper—You look felled.

Second Grasshopper—Yes, I'm hopping mad.—New York Sun.

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