

THE USES OF TROUBLE.

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE, SUNDAY, OCT. 27.

A Discourse Based Upon the Recent Affliction Suffered by the Congregation of the Popular Brooklyn Divine—A Large Congregation Present.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 27.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached to an overflowing congregation at the Academy of Music today.

THE COMING TABERNACLE. Before preaching he said that a mistaken notion was abroad that the insurance on his destroyed church was enough to rebuild. The repetition of disasters left us in debt. We have practically built three churches since I came to Brooklyn.

Before I help dedicate a new church we must have every dollar of it paid. I will never again be pastor of a church in debt. I have crippled us in our movements, and I shall never again wear the shackles.

ALL TEARS TO BE WIPED AWAY. Dr. Talmage's text was: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii, 17. He said:

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as ever I saw it shine; and I thought, what a beautiful spectacle this is!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual northwest? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths.

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First—is it the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence.

Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everywhere, but I have failed. Now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort.

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He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father, but gets no help. Saturday night comes and he is moved to the hospital. Getting there he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon.

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth."

The old man's hand trembles as he turns over his apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take up his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is to soon immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and trees planted, and mansions built.

OUR DEPENDENCE UPON GOD. Again: It is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God.

Again: It is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that, if he had been present at the creation, he could have made a better world than this.

When I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if he might drive, I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glow with which she drove.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled.

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Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

TRouble MAKES US SYMPATHIC. Again: It is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy.

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LEONARD W. JEROME'S POSITION.

The Reform of Racing and Subsequent Fortunes and Misfortunes. (Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—Leonard W. Jerome has recently resigned the presidency of the New York Jockey club—the new racing organization, which is said to have the finest course in the world—and was re-elected president of the Coney Island Jockey club. And thereby hangs a tale.

Leonard Jerome, brother of the late Larry Jerome—the greatest wit and practical joker this country has ever produced—and father of Lady Randolph Churchill, can fairly be termed the father of the American turf. While, of course, it cannot be claimed for him that he is the first man to have started running racing in America, yet it can be justly asserted that when this greatest of sports had lost its popularity through the chicanery which had debauched it, it was he who, unaided, lifted it again to the plane of its former respectability.

For a period of thirty years prior to the close of the civil war the turf was tabooed by decent people. It was the custom in those times to run races in heats, and it was not unusual for those who found that they had bet the wrong way to purchase the winner of the first heat before he made his second trial.

For thirty years gentlemen sterner set their face against racing. Two attempts were made in New York to revive this sport as the pastime for respectable people, but the recollections of the past were too vivid, and two failures were the only results. It was while this dark cloud hovered over the turf that Leonard W. Jerome, then a man of immense wealth, and with the keen sporting proclivity of a true gentleman, determined upon a resurrection.

His determination was to make it a resort for ladies as well as gentlemen, to give it a club house surrounded with all the social rigidity of the most exclusive organization, and to make even the suspicion of fraud in the racing of horses not only so odious but so severely punishable as to remove all possibility of the slightest attempt at chicanery. It is needless now to narrate the successful result of that experiment. Doubting friends flocked around the master mind, ejaculating only, "We did not know you were going to do it this way." Fashion smiled upon the project. Money rolled into the new association's coffers. Racing was again made the foremost sport of America.

The story of its subsequent strides—a tale the narration of which is only made possible by Mr. Jerome's efforts—is told in New York having tracks at Monmouth park, at Coney Island, at Westchester, at Jerome park, at Brooklyn, at Elizabeth, at Linden, at Clifton and at Brighton beach, all within easy traveling distance of the metropolis; a story emphasized by successful courses at Saratoga, at Pimlico, at Ivy City, at Latonia, at St. Louis, at Chicago, at Lexington, at New Orleans and Minneapolis; a story that tells of millions of dollars invested in horseflesh, of millions of dollars wagered on horseflesh, and of hundreds of thousands of people shouting and gesticulating over the panting struggles of the noblest creatures God has made.

Fortune, however, has her whirligigs. The Leonard Jerome of today is the same true-hearted gentleman and the same upright sportsman of twenty-five years ago, but he is not the same millionaire. The story of his financial shipwreck can be told in two words—Pacific Mail. Jerome Park today is only Jerome Park in name, for the foot of the stranger is upon it. It is this condition of affairs which has made Leonard W. Jerome's yearly salary of \$5,000 as president of the Coney Island Jockey club an item in his financial calculations which is not to be despised. That position he has occupied for many years past. Recently he, with many others, had good reason to believe that the famous Jerome track will be taken by the city of New York as the site for a new water reservoir. The then existing commissioners favored the commendation of the property.

To John A. Morris, who has made a fortune of many millions by the manipulation of the Louisiana lottery scheme, Leonard Jerome expressed his belief that the Jerome track would be seized, and that a new track in that vicinity would be immensely profitable. Morris was quick to act upon the suggestion, and Mr. Jerome was made president of the new racing association, which was named the New York Jockey club. Work was begun at once, and as the result of an expenditure of between \$1,200,000 and \$1,400,000 there was constructed what good authorities claim to be the finest racing track in the world.

But Mr. John Hunter, enjoying a yearly salary of \$10,000 as the president of the Jerome Park association, did not look kindly upon the destruction of the enterprise of which he is the well paid head. Mayor Grant appointed new commissioners with different views concerning the reservoir site, and, as a result, when the new track was opened, Jerome Park still lingered as a rival and an obstacle to its financial prosperity. John A. Morris is human, and consequently John A. Morris is vexed. Rumor has it that he foolishly lays at Mr. Jerome's door the blame of his non-paying investment, and rumor stronger still says that, in return for more than a year of the most arduous labor given up to the creation of the new track, a work made more onerous by the accumulated years of Mr. Jerome, the father of the American turf has received, to use the exact language of one of the best known racing judges in this country, "Not one dollar and a half."

Fact, however, truthful rumor may be, has it that Mr. Jerome was kindly informed recently by the directors of the Coney Island Jockey club that he must decide between it and its Westchester rival. His conclusion was prompt. He instantly resigned the presidency of the new race track, and was again elected to watch over the destinies of the Coney Island association. And this is the tale which hangs upon this action.



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