PLATTSMOUTH WEEKLY HERALD, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1887.

WATERING THE FLOCKS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SECOND SERMON AT THE HAMPTONS.

The World's Great Want Is a Cool, Refreshing, Satisfying Draught-The Gospel Well Deep Enough to Quench the Thirst of All.

THE HAMPTONS, July 17 .- The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., pastor at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, continues to enjoy the summer in this pleasant place. His sermon for today was on the text, "We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the

sheep."-Genesis xxix, 8. A scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memo-rable meeting. Jacob married that shep-herdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that some accurred about! But before that scene occurred, Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are illed, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot, until all the flocks are gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep." Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for

the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying afternoon I shall put an end to my own draught. We wander around and we find the cistern empty. Long and tedi-ous drought has dried up the world's fountains, but nearly nineteen centuries ago a shepherd with crook in the shape of a cross, and feet cut to the bleeding, ex-plored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the cust, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong and musical that rang through the ages, "Ho, every one that thirstell, come ye to the waters!"

Now a great flock of sheep today gather around this Gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gatherwhy so many stay thirsty; and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying: "We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered to-

your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar: "The God treated anybody as badly as you have treated God you would have made 500 been an apology. Three times a day you have been scated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately appareled you. Your health from him, your companion from him, your children from him, your home from him; all the bright surrounding of your life from him. O man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martyrdom, and feel his warm life trickling on your forehead,

and cheek, and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus. Heart of stone, relent, relent, Touched by Jesus' cross subdued, See his body, mangled, rent, Covered with a gore of blood, Sinful soul, what hast thou done?

Crucifled the eternal Son.

Jacob with a good deal of tug and push took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this morning my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up to the Gospel well. Yes, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures; but works of art dld not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At 4 c'clock this existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, con-chided his earthly life. There are men in this house who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy today, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this Gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Crusus, and of all the Stewarts, and of all the Barings, and all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miscrable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers

from this water of life by the stone of an late Rev. Dr. De Witt, of New York, obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth when he stood by the open grave of his of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had ended, he looked down into the open place yet to do you the first kindness, or | and sild: "Farewell, my honored, faithful you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his hap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is Farewell." To lean on a prop for fifty years, and then have it break under you! There were only two years' difference between the death in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy of noy father and mother. After my way, thou hast not glorified." If you moth r's decease, my father used to go around as though looking for something; he would often get up from one apologies; yea, your whole life would have room, without any seeming reason, and go to another room; and then he would take his cane and start out and some one would say: "Tother, where are you going" and he would answer: "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something. Though he was a tender hearted man, I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years' living together it was hard to part. And there are aged people today who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to teli them there is perfect enclantment in the promises of this Gospel; and I come to them and offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this Gospel. Sit down, father or mother, sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come, David, the Psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the Psalmist: "They shall bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright, he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in me." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophacies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah: "Down to old age, I am with thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your failing cyesight and failing limbs. You get a little worried for fear some time you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp at you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? Who do you think the Lord '3? Are his granaries empty? Will he feel the raven, and the rabbit, and the lion in the desert, and forget you? Why, natur. lists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. And do you suppose the Lord of heaven and orth has not as much sympathy as the first of the sea? But you say: "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not; if you were of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you today than he ever did, be muse you think more of him. May the Cod of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. and Paul the aged, be your God forever

group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their nocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparking supply. "Behold, happy is the roan whom God correcteth." "Though you today. In the far east there was a he cause grief, yet will be have compas-sion." "Many are the afflictions of the king who used once a year to get on a scales, while on the other side the scales righteous, but the Lord delivereth him on were placed gold and silver and gems; inof theia all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined this morning that no one shall to out of this house uncomforted Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering, as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician lest he touch the wound too roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician. soul to day and compel you to come out in the pr. sence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wound's for many years, and he will give you g ntlo and omnipotent medicament. But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God. DeQuincy took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb thing stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theat cal dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their mis-fortance. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the But some one says in the audience: "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning I find no alleviation for my troubl s." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. Is am going to soothe you talkative we may be, there will come a time v aen the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no an-SWET. for the final silence no power on earth can break their taciturnity. But where, oh Chi stian, will be your spirit? In a scene of he ven whying its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle showle ; their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of etc nal joy. In one group God and angels and the redeemed-Paul and Silas, Lating r and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael, the archangel. Long line of quero marching from gate to gate. You amone them. waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize F schel the shepherdess. And standing on me side of the well of eternal rap-ture, y ur children; and standing on the other s le of eternal rapture, your Chris-tian a cestry, you will be bounded on all side by a joy so keen and grand that no oth r world has ever been permitted to exprisence it. Out of that one deep well of heaven the shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end will herdess at the well in Mesopotamia.

-CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shilloh's cure. Sold by Smith & Black Bros

"A Few English Wayside Birds," as seen by American eye, will be sketched by Theodore H Mead, in the American Magazine for August. The article will, it is hoped, show that most of the common birds of England are cheery little fellows, with none of the vices of the detested sparrow.

-For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents Sold by Smith & Black Bros.

Taking the Hint. New York Sun.

rested on his hoe, "they say the fish bite first rate now." "No, do they?" responded the old man,

'Well, you go on an an' finish this patch o' corn an I'll skip down to the creek an' see what kind o' luck I'll have."

-SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Smith & Black Bros.

-A Chicago man paid \$1,000 for a copy of the Nible. When he reaches the with a loud and angry want .- Minneap olis Tribune.

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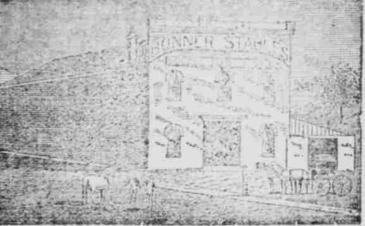
"You what to marry my daughter, do you?" sail the rich old parent to the gilded youth who had evidently hovered about the front parlor for the last three months, wether the gas was lit or not.

"Yes, sir," said the youth, apparently much relieved.

"Very well," said the old gentleman with a soli-satisfied chuckle, "you can have her. Here, by the way, are a few But I gather all the promises today in a of her bills, which I may as well submit

to you now as at any other time," "Ah, yes," murnaured the young man, not in the least abashed, "here are my bills, too," as he pulled a bandful of papers out of his pocket, "we'll just stack





"Father," said the farmer's boy, as he Have anything you want from a two wheeled go cart to a twenty-four passenger wagon,

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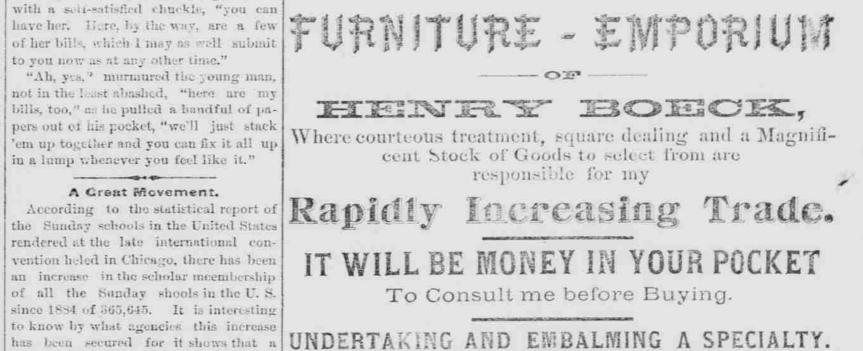
are always kept ready. Cabs or tight carriages, pall-bearer wagons and everything for funerals turnished on short notice. Terms cash.

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After Diligent Search has at last been Lecated, and the Public will not be greatly surprised to know that it was found at the Large



gether, and till they roll the stone from the well's month; then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating ; they come together peacefully. We want a great multitude to come around the Gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd — they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impa-tient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave our church because so many other people come to it. No so did these oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the Gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All Brooklyn in a flock; all New York in a flock; all London in a flock; all the world in a flock. This Gospel well is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the twelve hundred millions of the race. Do not let the church, by a spirit of exclusiveness, keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations, "Whosoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the heat. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now, As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning at this well of salvation Christ our Shepherd will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of his affection, while all heaven will cry out, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered; and I find on the well of salvation today impediments and obstacles, which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this gospel. In your case the empediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry, coming to a you like when you are dry, coming to a town pump, as compared with sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sin-ners. You want to get to heaven, but it must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where ten thousand sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet; give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

deed enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ today steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says: "All are yours-all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity; all are yours." We don't appreciate the promises of the Gospel. When an aged clergyman was dying-a man very eminent in the church-a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him: "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and the old man clapped his hands, and in his dying moment said: "That's just the promise I have been waiting for. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promises!

Come also to this Gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at 15 years of age with what your view is of it at 40, or 60, or 70. What a great contrast of opinion! Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands-the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place Greenwood is from what it used to be? Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate when you went in with the procession, it is a sad place and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God. only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shaftered, and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble. If I could gather all the griefs, of all sorts, from this great audience, and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say, as a Chris-tian man, "I was becoming arro-gant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends have you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say, "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort, give us comfort." For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come.

"Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health, and about their departed friends, and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their souls. After two persons have lived toto me." Away with all your hindrances gether for forty or fifty years, and one but at last accounts there were enough of pride from the well's mouth. Here is another usan who is kept back I shall not forget the cry of the residence uncomfortable.—Alta California.

A Bonanza in Honey.

Prison Director Sonntag recently moved into the Orr residence at San Rafael. During the late hot weather he was surprised to find streams of honey dripping seen to come and go from the kitchen roof, and on removing a board Mr. Sonntag discovered a bonanza of honey ten

em up together and you can fix it all up. in a lump whenever you feel like it."

A Great Movement.

According to the statistical report of the Sunday schools in the United States rendered at the late international convention heled in Chicago, there has been So I come to your timid and shrinking an increase in the scholar meembership of all the Sunday shools in the U.S. since 1884 of 565,645. It is interesting to know by what agencies this increase great missionary work has been done to bring an army of 365,000 into active took to punch. Theodore Hook to some- membership with our Sunday schools. No more important work can be conceived of, for it has to do with the destiny of our entire country.

The three last annual reports of the American Sunday School union, the old deep and inexhaustible well of the Gospel. undenominational society "that cares for the children" who are provided for by no one else, show that since 1884, it has brought 185,034 children into 4,947 new Sunday schools, a number equal to 5,000 with the thought of heaven. However more than one half of all the increase reported as having been secured by this and all other agencies during these three As soon as we have closed our lips years. But this American Sunday School union did more than this- it aided 4, 825 other schools which have 46,774 of infighte gladness. The spring morning teachers and 515,714 scholars -so that in these three years it reached 9,872 communities and Sunday schools, and 700, 748 children and youth and then reaided and revisited these schools 9.245 times, besides making 92,584 visits to families, supplying 45,019 destitute persons with choris is reaching across the hills. Seas the scriptures and holding 27,247 religof joy lashing to the white beach. Con- ious meetings. That there is great need for more of just such work in our coun-Oh, that a great flock of sheep God will try, is evident from the fact that accord-gather around the celestial well! No stone on the well's mouth while the Shepherd there are but \$2034 478 scholars in all the ing to the international secretary's report there are but 8'034,478 scholars in all the Sunday schools in the United States that report to this convention, which the chairman of the executive committee said was five per cent too small. If five per cent were added, we have 8,436,201 scholars in all our Sunday schools. But

the statement was made that 20 per cent should be deduced for those over 21 and poor, 1 salth for the sick, rest for the wenry. And then all the flock of the under six years of age and those who attend more than one school and praise : ne Lord that on this summer Sab- are counted twice; which deduction bath m rning we were permitted to study would leave 0,948,961 children and the story of Jacob and Rachel the shep- youth of school age in all our Sunday schools, while there are at least 9,000,000

more children of that age in our country, and very likely most of them attend no Sunday school.

Truly the American Sunday school from the eaves of his house. Bees were union is doing a great work for present and future America, for which there is most urgent need. Any who would like feet long by two feet thick. He managed to take out 100 pounds. Before the find could be atilized the bees had to be killed, ENSIGN, Supt., 154 Madison street, Chi-

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