LOSS AND GAIN.

DIVINE SERVICES AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Expounds a Familiar Text with Characteristic Clearness and Originality—A False and Malicious Report Concerning the Doctor Denounced.

BROOKLYN, May 6.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., told the congregation at the tabernacle today that a malicious 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:

Salvation! O, the joyful sound,
'Tis 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 cost 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 instructions to the circumstances of those to whom he spoke. When he talked to fishermen, he spoke of the Gospel net. When he talked to the farmers, he said: "A sower went forth to sow." When he talked to the shepherds, he told the parable of the lost sheep. And am I not right when speaking this morning to an audience 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. The flowers are God's thoughts in bloom. Its rocks are God's thoughts in stone. Its dewdrops are God's thoughts in pearl. This world is God's child—a wayward child indeed; it has wandered off through the heavens. But about 1,888 years ago, one Christmas night, God sent out a sister world to call that wanderer back, and it hung over Bethlehem only long enough to get the promise of the wanderer's return, and now that lost world, with soft feet of light, comes treading back through the heavens. The hills, how beautiful they billow up, the edge of the wave white with the foam of crocuses! How beautiful the rainbow, the arched bridge on which heaven and earth come and talk to each other in tears, after the storm is over! How nimble the feet of the lamp lighters that in a few minutes set all dome of the night ablaze with brackets of fire! How bright the oar of the saffron cloud that rows across the deep sea of heaven! How beautiful the spring, with bridal blossoms in her hair! I wonder who it is that beats time on a June morning for the bird orchestra. How gently the harebell tolls its fragrance on the air! There may be grander worlds, swarthier worlds, larger worlds than this; but I think that this is a most exquisite world—a mignonette on the bosom of immensity! "Oh," you say, "take my soul! give me that world! I am willing to take it in exchange. I am ready now for the bargain. It is so beautiful a world, so sweet 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. After you have looked at the property and found out that it suits you, you send an attorney to the public office, and he examines the book of deeds, and the book of mortgages, and the book of judgments, and the book of liens, and he decides whether the 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 morning to say that it is impossible to get a good title to this world. If I settle down 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 after I give up my soul for the world I may 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 may be blotted out; all captivating sounds through the ear, but my ear may be deafened; all lusciousness of fruits and viands 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 warantee 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 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 ware house 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. Geologists tell us that it is already on fire; that the heart of the world is one great living coal; that it is just like a ship on fire at sea, the flames not bursting out because the hatches are kept down. And yet you propose 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 wash over all the land and put out the fire." Oh no. There are inflammable elements in the water, hydrogen and oxygen. Call off the hydrogen, and then the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans would blaze like heaps of shavings. You want me to take this world, for which you can give no possible insurance.

Astromers have swept their telescopes through the sky, and have found out that there have been thirteen worlds, in the last two centuries, that have disappeared. At first they looked just like other worlds. Then they got deeply red; then they were on fire. Then they got ashen, showing they were burned down. 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 giving 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 possession? 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 to drink.

Oh, yes, he had trouble with it; and so did Napolean. After conquering nations by the force of the sword, he lies down to die, his entire possession the military boots that he insisted on having upon his feet while he was dying. So it has been with men who had better ambition. Thackeray, one of the most genial and lovable souls, after he had won the applause of all intelligent lands through his wonderful genius, sits down in a restaurant 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 finds that it is Thackeray in the mirror. Oh, yes, this world is a cheat. Talk about a man gaining 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-thousandth part of it. You are demanding that I sell my soul, not for the world, but for a fragment of it. Here is a man who has had a large estate for forty or fifty years. He lies down to die. You say: "That man is worth millions and millions of dollars." Is he? You call up a surveyor, with his compass and chains, and you say: "There is a property extending three miles in one direction, and three miles in another direction." Is that the way to measure that man's property? No! You do not want any surveyor, with his compass and chains. That is not the way you want to measure that man's property now. It is an undertaker that you need, who will come and put his finger in his vest pocket and take out a tape line, and he will measure five feet nine inches one way and two feet and a half the other way. That is the man's property. Oh, no, I forgot; not so much as that, for he does not own even the place in which he lies in the cemetery. The deed to that belongs to the executors and the heirs. Oh, what a property you propose to give me for my soul! If you sell a bill of goods, you go into the counting room and say to your partner "Do you think that man is good for this bill? Can he give proper security? Will he meet this payment?"

Now, when you are offered this world as a possession, I want you to test the matter. I do not want you to go into this bargain blindly. I want you to ask about the title, about the insurance, about whether men have ever had any trouble with it, about whether you can keep it, about whether you can get all, or the 10,000th, or 100,000th part of it.

There is the world now. I shall say no more about it. Make up your mind for yourself, as I shall, before God, have to make up my 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 a mistake for your soul.

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, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia mint, and, as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man, with all its tremendous faculties—it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment seat 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 becomes 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 overvaults 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; and yet all the joy it has here does not test its capacity. You are in a concert before the curtain hoists, and you hear the instruments 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 harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

You cannot test the full power of the soul for 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 righteous?

Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after a while! A conqueror comes back after the battle. He has been fighting for us. He comes upon the platform. He has one arm in a sling, and the other arm 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 redeemed 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 gazing 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! Hosanna! Worthy is the Lamb that is 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 tremendous 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 priceless soul, a majestic soul, a tremendous soul.

Now, you have seen the two properties—the world, the soul. One perishable, the other immortal. One unsatisfying, the other capable of ever increasing felicity. Will you trade? Will you trade even? 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 sea. He said: "The last time I crossed the ocean we had a terrific 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 passengers 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 become 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? Not one. Then Christ said: "Lo! I come to do thy will, O God;" and he went down through the dark stairs 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 love! oh, the endurance! oh, the horrors of the sacrifice 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?"

A Railroad to Burmah.

The English are incessant in their endeavors to open a trade route from India to China. One of the preliminary steps to reach this object is the establishment of a railroad from the valley of the Brahmaputra to the upper part of the Irawadi, by which means they expect to strengthen their position in Burmah. The region to be traversed is extremely mountainous, and the road will have to cross the Patkoi mountains Recently an expedition has been sent out to ascertain the feasibility of building the road, of which Messrs Michell and Needham were in charge. They found that the Patkoi range, which was formerly considered an insurmountable barrier for the trade between Assam and Burmah, can be crossed on a number of passes not exceeding 2,500 feet in height. They succeeded in crossing it on one of these passes with five elephants, and state that a road can be built without great difficulties. Thus the recent reports of Colquoun and Woodthorpe are confirmed. At the present time the trade between China and Burmah is carried on by caravans consisting of from 200 to 2,000 animals, which cross the range during the dry season, i. e., between the months of November and May. They cross the territory of the Kachins, who exact heavy payments from them; nevertheless the caravans are subject to frequent attacks, and must be protected by an escort of armed men.—Science.

A Crab Catching Ape.

"That's a lone fisherman," said a bird dealer as he pointed to a Java ape. "It is the best crab catcher known."

"How does he manage to get the crab?"

"Catches him with his tail. He is the only kind of ape that has a long tail. When it sees a crab the ape backs up to the hole where the crab has disappeared, thrusts his tail into it and awaits events. The crab, feeling somewhat angry at the intrusion, nabs the tail, the ape leaps forward, and before the crab can say 'Jack Robinson' it finds itself on dry land with 8,000 miles of terra firma under the ape, who soon chews up the crab and then tackles the next hole on its list."—New York Telegram.

Use of the Trawl.

The incessant use of the trawl has depleted the fisheries on the east coast of England to such an extent that the fishermen are in distress, and the government is urged to place restrictions on this mode of fishing.—Chicago Herald.

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Consult your best interest by insuring in the Phœnix, Hartford or Ætna companies, about which there is no question as to the high standing and fair dealing. TORNADO POLICIES—The present year bids fair to be a disastrous one from tornadoes and wind storms. This is foreshadowed by the number of storms we have already had—the most destructive one so far this year having occurred at Mt. Vernon, Ill., where a large number of buildings were destroyed or damaged. The exemption from tornadoes last year renders their occurrence more probable in 1888. Call at our office and get a Tornado Policy. Unimproved lands for sale or exchange.

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Notice of Probate of Will.

In the of the last will and testament of John Richardson, deceased,
In County Court, Cass county Nebraska

Notice is hereby given that on the 18th day of May A. D. 1888, at the County Judge's office in Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska at one o'clock in the afternoon, the following matter will be heard and considered: The application of M. M. Richardson to admit to probate the last will and testament of John Richardson late of Plattsmouth, in said county deceased, and for letters of administration with will annexed to W. C. Showalter.

Dated May 1st 1888.

By order of the Court,
C. RUSSELL,
County Judge.
7-3w.

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Probate Notice.

In the matter of the estate of John Nash deceased, in the county court of Cass county Nebraska.

Notice is hereby given that Mary Nash and Thomas L. Nash administrators of the estate of the said John Nash deceased, has made application for final settlement, and that said cause is set for hearing at my office at Plattsmouth, on the 19 day of May A. D., 1888, at 10 o'clock a. m., on said day; at which time and place all persons interested may be present and examine said accounts.

C. RUSSELL, Co. Judge.

Plattsmouth, April 27th 1888. 2w

You can get any kind of saddle at bed rock prices at W. G. Keefer's harness store. 6-3