

TALMAGE IN THE SOUTH.

"AND HE WAS ANGRY, AND WOULD NOT GO IN."

The Self Congratulatory, Self Satisfied, Self Worshipful Man Is Full of Faults. Two Kinds of Higher Life Men—Reformed Prodigals.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 12.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, is in this region. He has spoken several times at the great Piedmont Chautauque, and his public appearances are attended by vast multitudes everywhere. Preaching from the text (Luke xv, 28), "And he was angry and would not go in," he said:

Is the elder son of the parable so un-sympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition? The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermon breeze, and the cranching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that for a long time I was unable to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I never could get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery or the clerical were poor or the sinner moved in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a side face or a three quarters or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side and the other goes down over the starboard side; but they both go down.

From the window of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries. Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "thrum!" go the harps, "click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goat-skin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the oriental schottische. No. There he stands. His brow lowers. His lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation. He sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out barchanded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He says, "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I stayed at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but the scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted, and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant, he said, "Myself, when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self congratulatory, self satisfied, self worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self righteous man of my text, like every other self righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. He was a liar, for he said that the recent son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion, and, instead of being a pauper, was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in all my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; keep your hand on your pocketbook! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves.

This self righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life.

Now, there are two kinds of higher life men. The one are admirable, and the kind of higher life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kinder and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a wing and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm; goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist; is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home; runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills or running up a difficult line of figures and asks him how is soul; makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; stabling in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he has to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on; that by climbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands! I tell you plainly that a roaring, roystering, bounding sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never does. The younger brother of the parable came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious of his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the serpent blamed the devil, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in, too, and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine; but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas! my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the reformed. You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say: "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say: "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal, or strike the timbrel too loud; and if you kill a calf, kill the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that has returned and strayed home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all directions in this audience and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail in the warm gulf stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it. But you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of their company, and the general rule is, away with the man who has been wounded with sin. Now, I say the more ones a man has broken the more need he has of a hospital, and that the more a man has been bruised and cut with sin the more need he has to be carried into human and divine sympathy. But for such men there is not much room in this world—the men who want to come back after wandering. Plenty of room for elegant sinners, sinners in velvet and satin and lace, for sinners high salaried, for kid gloved and patent leather sinners, for sinners fixed up by hair dresser, pomatumed and lavendered and oiled and frizzled and crimped and "banged" sinners—plenty of room! Such we meet elegantly at the door of our churches, and we invite them into the best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God, and put soft ottomans under their feet, and put a gilt edged prayer book in their hand, and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls! take out the exquisite portemonnaie, and open it, and with diamond finger push down beyond the ten dollar gold pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord of one cent. For such sinners, plenty of room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his coat is threadbare and his face is erysipelated, and his wife's wedding dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging broken bread at the basement doors of the city—the man, body, mind and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the scathing, scorching, blasting, consuming cup which the drunkard takes, trembling and agonized and affrighted, and presses to his parched lip and his cracked tongue and his shrieking yet immortal spirit—no room.

Oh, if this younger son of the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassail, the protest

would not have been so severe; but going clear over the precipice as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in.

Oh, be not so hard in your criticism of the fallen, lest thou thyself also be tempted. A stranger one Sunday staggered up and down the aisles of my church, disturbing the service until the service had to stop until he was taken from the room. He was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of a sister denomination! That man had preached the Gospel, that man had broken the bread of the Holy Communion for the people. From what a height to what a depth! Oh, I was glad there was no smiling in the room when that man was taken out, his poor wife following him with his hat in her hand, and his coat on her arm. It was as solemn to race as two funerals—the funeral of the body and the funeral of the soul. Beware lest thou also be tempted.

An invalid went to South America for his health, and one day sat sunning himself on the beach, when he saw something crawling up the beach, wriggling toward him, and he was affrighted. He thought it was a wild beast, or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man, an immortal man, a man made in God's own image; and the poor wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink, and the invalid took his wine flask from his pocket, and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and then under the stimulus he rose up and gave his history. He had been a merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was so reduced in poverty that he was lying in a boat just off the beach. "Why," said the invalid, "I knew a merchant in Glasgow once," a merchant by such and such a name, and the poor wretch straightened himself and said, "I am that man." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was wrong to him. He said, "I have stayed at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands." Alas for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica, Caligula and Torquatus, Caesar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyse and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman. Dionysius and Philoxenus, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters. Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy from which he dies. Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other. Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other. Religions of jealousy. The Mahomedans praying for rain during a drought, no rain coming. Then the Christians began to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mahomedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying; but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that he sent rain right away so he would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died and a statue was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body and it is killing to the soul. How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear of a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden, ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in the way of assault. The French general, riding on horseback at the head of his troops, heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine a bullet from the sharpshooter struck the rider and he fell dead. Then the general said, "How much safer it is to walk than to ride."

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the putting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many putting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of our churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—putting, putting, putting at society, putting at the fashions, putting at the newspapers, putting at the church, putting at the government, putting at the high heaven. Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cruges in their caster always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper! Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the putting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had embraces for

the returning prodigal and coaxing words for the sphenetic malcontent.

Ah! the face of this putting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we may better understand the forgiving and the radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever, and forever, and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples, and mercy in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your dogologies. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches! Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender all! Oh, go in today and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fattened calf, and afterwards, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. "It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

SELECTED PARAGRAPHS.

Greece is about to begin a national library.

An organ being built for Sydney will have 126 sounding stops and five manuals. A velvet pile Persian carpet was recently sold at auction for \$7,600.

A New Haven artist has painted a \$1 bill so realistically that he got \$900 for the picture.

Two superb private railway carriages have been made in Paris for the emperor and empress of China.

Chestnut has become the fashionable color in London. It is the craze, and predominates in all dress goods. How many people know it to be a fact that the legislature of Kansas years ago offered \$1,000 to the first man who raised a family of thirteen children within the borders of the state? Such is a fact.

A very interesting speck of strife is the suggestion that the Greek government may make an attempt to recover from France all Grecian objects of antiquity which France has obtained unlawfully. The paper money of Chili is so depreciated in value that a guest at a hotel ordinarily pays \$600 a day for his accommodation. At one time, only a few years ago, calico sold for \$2,000 a yard in these depreciated bills.

The British government proposes to replace private schools in India by government institutions, and to engage British specialists to supervise and enlarge technical education. Moral training will be provided for by a text book on morality, based on natural religion.

An Allentown (Pa.) firm of tailors employs a pretty young lady as collector. If a debtor murmurs something about being short of money, and hints at "calling again," she smiles sweetly at him and takes a seat, from which she seldom rises without the money due in her hand.

A patch of sweet potatoes in full bloom in Port Fulton, Ind., is attracting a great deal of attention from the curious, scores of whom go out every morning to see the freak of nature. The flowers are highly prized for their medicinal qualities, and are similar in appearance to those of the morning glory.

A society called the Columbia has started a carrier pigeon service between Strasburg and Vienna, and recently a number of pigeons were started at the latter city at 5 o'clock one evening, and the first of them reached Strasburg at 6 o'clock the next morning, having traveled at the rate of over thirty-one miles an hour all night.

The Anglican church of New South Wales has resolved to raise \$1,000,000 in five years to commemorate centennial year, and have made a start with \$250,000. The Wesleyans in the same colony propose to raise \$250,000 in five years. Other colonies and other sections of the church are similarly marking the year, and jubilee funds are in high favor.

The Texas and Pacific railway is equipping the entire line with Sheffield paper wheel hand cars, which are capable of being easily run fifteen miles an hour. This enables the laborers to put in more hours at work for the company, and here is where the advantage comes in. With the old style hand car it took the section hands a great part of the day to go to and come from their work.

The method of demagnetizing watches by burying them in the ground has been condemned in round terms by the treasurer of the Waltham Watch company and the electricians of the New England and American Bell Telephone companies. Not only will it fail to demagnetize the time piece, but it will render it worthless by corrosion. A Connecticut doctor was the author of the dangerous theory.

France is surprised at the operation of its new divorce law. The first year such a thing as divorce was recognized by the law there were 1,800 granted, the second year 4,000, and the third year 4,500. Sixty women demand divorce for every forty men, and in more than half the cases that come before the courts there are no children. There are four divorces for every 1,000 marriages in France now, and in Paris the rate is forty-seven for every 1,000 marriages.

Perhaps the oldest railroad engineer in the country in length of service is Benjamin Hafner, who has been employed by the Erie road for forty-seven years. In all that time no train in his charge has met with a serious accident.

LACTATED FOOD 150 Meals for \$1.00 FOR INFANTS and INVALIDS THE PHYSICIAN'S FAVORITE. BABIES CRY FOR IT. INVALIDS RELISH IT. Perfectly Nourishes a Baby with or without the addition of milk. Three Sizes. 25c. 50c. \$1.00. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Bennett & Tutt. Will call your attention to the fact that they are headquarters for all kinds of Fruits and Vegetables. We are receiving Fresh Strawberries every day. Oranges, Lemons and Bananas constantly on hand. Just received, a variety of Canned Scups. We have Pure Maple Sugar and no mistake.

BENNETT & TUTT. JONATHAN HATT & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CITY MEAT MARKET. PORK PACKERS AND DEALERS IN BUTTER AND EGGS. BEEF, PORK, MUTTON AND VEAL. THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS ALWAYS ON HAND. Sugar Cured Meats, Hams, Bacon, Lard, &c., &c. of our own make. The best brands of OYSTERS, in cans and bulk, at WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. GIVE 'EM A CALL

THE BONNER STABLES, W. D. JONES, Proprietor. HAS THE FINEST RIGS IN THE CITY. Carriages for Pleasure and Short Drives Always Kept Ready. Cor. 4th and Vine - Plattsmouth.

FRED GORDER. IS THE Oldest Agricultural Dealer, In Cass County. HE KEEPS ON HAND A FULL LINE OF

AGRICULTURAL IMPLIMENTS To suit all seasons of the year. He keeps the Buckeye, Minneapolis and McCormick Binders, the Nichols and Shepard Threshing Machines, Peter Shelter and all the leading Wagons and Buggies kept constantly on hand. Branch House Weeping Water. Be sure and call on Fred before you buy, either at Plattsmouth or Weeping Water. Plattsmouth and Weeping Water, Nebraska

F. G. FRICKE & CO., (SUCCESSOR TO J. M. ROBEY'S) Will keep constantly on hand a full and complete stock of pure Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils DRUGGIST'S SUNDRIES. PURE LIQUORS.