

FREE GRACE.

DIVINE SERVICES IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning—Other Worlds Than Ours Inhabitable—The Religion of Christ Not an Abstraction.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 2.—The capacity for a still larger audience has been made at the Brooklyn tabernacle. An adjacent lecture room has been built, so that during the week it is used by itself, but on the Sabbath it is thrown into the main auditorium and filled by those sitting or standing. Notwithstanding the enlargement the crowds that go away not able to get inside the building are greater this fall than ever before. To-day the pastor explained appropriate passages of Scripture. Professor Browne rendered upon the organ the first sonata in D minor, Rite.

The text of the sermon was from II Corinthians, chapter viii, verse 9: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor." Dr. Talmage said: "That all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are inhabitable is an absurdity. Philosophers tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing until it is almost fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of the respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe and the metropolis of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas or poem or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters and pronounce it heaven. That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been in it a headache, or a headache, or a headache. There had never been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic brightness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, 'What is sin? what is bereavement? what is sorrow? what is death? the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there were silence in heaven for half an hour. The Prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street, the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshippers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days he was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest of the land, but at other times he took chariot, and among the 20,000 that David spoke of his was the swiftest and most flaming; or, as when John described him, he took white palfrey with what prince of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes, waiting for the father to die and then take the throne. When a few years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the royal gallery representing Emperor William on the throne, and the crown prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said: 'Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it.'

Already enthroned was the heavenly prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What myriads of admirers! What unending rounds of glories! All the towers chimed the prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the center of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "He was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one sceptor, build all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate would not express his affluence. Yes, Paul was right. Solomon had in gold 680,000,000 pounds and in silver 1,920,000,377 pounds sterling. But a greater than Solomon is here. Not the millionaire, but the quadrillionaire of heaven. To describe his celestial surroundings the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them agate in the temple window, and hoisting twelve to them into a wall from striped jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, gray of chrysopterus, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment aquamarine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harps, trumpets, doxologies. There stood the Prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich as God.

But one day there was a big disaster in a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the seat of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains, and seas and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness,

and from it a groan reached heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress, or an echo of agony. At that one groan the Prince rose from all the blissful circumstances, and started for the outer gate, and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what a rough sea! "Stay with us," cried angel after angel, and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince; "I cannot stay; I must be off for that wreck of a world. I must stop that groan. I must lash that distress. I must fathom that way. I must redeem those nations. Farewell, thrones and temples, companions cherubic, scribbled, and angelic! Excuse this absence, for I will come back again, carrying on my shoulder a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly sojourn to heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, bright zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye to the groan that grows mightier while I wait. Farewell! farewell!"

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor." Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the midnight of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of his earthly arrival? Sure enough, the angels were out that night in the sky, and especial meteor acted as escort, but all that was from other worlds, and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot cheers resound, and the bands play, and the flags wave. But for the arrival of this missionary Prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and pomp were overhead. Our world opened for him nothing better than a barn door. The rajah of Cashmere sent to Victoria a bedstead of carved gold and canopy that cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the world had for the Prince of heaven and earth only a litter of straw. The crown jewels in the Tower of London amount to fifteen million dollars, but this member of eternal royalty had nowhere to lay his head. To know how poor he was, ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the East who afterward came there, young Caspar and middle-aged Balthasar and old Melchior. To know how poor he was examine all the records of real estate in all that Oriental country, and what vineyard, or what house, or what field he owned. Not one. Of what moment was his earthly estate? Of what lease was he the lessee? Who ever paid him rent? Not owning the boat on which he rode, or the pillow on which he slept. He had so little estate that in order to pay his tax he had to perform a miracle, putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after his death the world rushed in to take an inventory of his goods, and the entire aggregate was the garment he had worn, sleeping in them by night and traveling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. Paul in my text did not go far from hitting the mark, did he, when he said of the missionary Prince: "For your sakes he became poor?"

The world could have treated him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making his earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before, when Pompey, the general, arrived at Brindisi he was greeted with arches and a costly column, which celebrated the 12,000,000 people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robe in the senate. The world had applause for imperial butchers, but buffetings for the Prince of Peace. Plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put his lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after he had begged for a drink. Poor? Even in another man's home, and eating at another man's table, and cruising the lake in another man's fishing smack, and buried in another man's mausoleum. Four inspired writers wrote of his biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but he composed his autobiography in a most compressed way. He said: "I have trodden the wine press alone." Poor in the estimation of nearly all the prosperous classes. They called him Sabbath breaker, wine bibber, traitor, blasphemer, and ransacker the dictionary of opprobrium from lid to lid to express their detestation. I can think now of only two well-to-do men who espoused his cause—Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. His friends for the most part were people who in that climate where ophthalmia or inflammation of the eyeball sweeps ever and anon as a scourge, had become blind; sick people who were anxious to get well, and troubled people in whose family there was some one dead or dying. If he had a purse at all it was empty, or he could have heard what was done with the contents at the post mortem. Poor? The pigeon in the dove cote, the rabbit in its burrow, the silk worm in its cocoon, the bee in its hive is better provided for, better off, better sheltered. Aye, the brute creation has a home on earth, which Christ has not.

On windy days the raven Gambol like a dancing skiff, Not the less he loves his haven On the bosom of the cliff. If it were with eagle pinion Over the Alps the chamois roam. Ye be the same as small dominion Which no doubt he calls his home. But the Crown Prince of all heavenly dominion has less than the raven, less than the chamois, for he was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the throne to the bottom of the cross? Cleopatra, giving a banquet to Antony, took a pearl worth a hundred thousand dollars and dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it. But when our Prince, according to the evangelist, in his last hours took the vinegar, in it had been dissolved all the pearls of his heavenly royalty. Down until there was no other depth for him to touch, troubled until there was no other harassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

Only those who study this text in two places can fully reach its power, the Holy Land of Asia Minor and the holy land of heaven. How I should like some day to take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the Sermon on the Mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary at about 3 o'clock, the hour at which closed the crucifixion, and sit under the sycamores and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of him who came our ally to save. But you and I will probably be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well we may how poor our heavenly Prince became. And in the other holy land above, we may all study the riches that he left behind when he started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this; we will get it by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ who, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace. Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more precious word. It means free and unmerited kindness. It is the great monopoly of the world. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it. John Newton sang of it when he wrote: "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!" Philip Doddridge put it into all his hymnology when he wrote: "Grace 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear, Heaven with the echo shall hear, And all the world shall hear."

One of John Bunyan's great books is entitled "Abounding Grace." "It is all of grace that I am saved" has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. The boy Sammy was right when, being examined for admission into church membership, he was asked: "Whose work was your salvation?" and he answered: "Part mine and part God's." Then the examiner asked: "What part did you do, Sammy?" and the answer was: "I opposed God all I could, and he did the rest." Oh, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the grace of God! Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased the king, the king offered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered: "There is only one thing I want, and that is more grace." Yes, my blood bought heaven, grace to live by and grace to die by. Grace that saved the publican, that saved Lydia, that saved the dying thief, that saved the jailer, that saved me. But the riches of that grace will not be fully understood until heaven breaks in upon the soul. An old Scotchman, who had been a soldier in one of the European wars, was sick and dying in one of our American hospitals. His one desire was to see Scotland and his old home, and once again walk the heather of the Highlands, and hear the bagpipes of the Scotch regiments. The night that the old Scotch soldier died a young man, somewhat reckless but kindhearted, got a company of musicians to come and play under the old soldier's window, and among the instruments there was a bagpipe. The instant that the musicians began to play the dying old man in delirium said: "What's that, what's that? Why it's the regiments coming home, that's the tune, yes, that's the tune. Thank God, I have got home once more." "Bonny Scotland" and "Bonny Doon" were the last words he uttered as he passed up to the Highlands of the better country. And there are here today hundreds who are homesick for heaven, some because you have so many bereavements, some because you have so many temptations, some because you have so many ailments, homesick, very homesick for the fatherland of heaven; and I name that you want to hear now is the song of free grace, and the music you want to hear when you die is free grace; and forever before the throne of God you will sing of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, for your sakes became poor."

Yes, yes; for your sakes! It was not on pleasure excursions that he came, for it was all pain. It was not on astronomical exploration, for he knew this world as well before he lighted his candle as he did when he came. It was not because he was compelled to come, for he volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for he knew that it would be thorn and spike, and hunger and thirst, and vociferation of angry mobs. For your sakes! Wipe away your tears. To forgive your wrongdoing, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last, kindling up the mists that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn. For your sakes! No! I will change that; Paul will not care, and Christ will not care if I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say: "For our sakes!" For we all have our temptations, and bereavements, and conflicts. For our sakes! We who deserve for our sins to be expatriated into a world as much poorer than this than this earth was poorer than heaven. For our sakes! But what a fruitful coming down to take us gloriously up. When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tiresias, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garment. The king said: "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tiresias. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate. See the startling and comforting fact, while our Prince throws off the habit he not only allows us to wear it but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the poverty of our spiritual state we may put on the splendors of heavenly regalement. For our sakes! O, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, not an ice castle like that which Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, over a hundred years ago ordered constructed, winter with its trowel of crystal cementing the huge blocks that

had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the north, but a Father's house with a wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration, and light, and cheer, something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, recreations, and joys and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift like the galley presented to Ptolemy, which required four thousand men to row, and its draught of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever!

Right about face! For you are going in the wrong direction. While you are in a favorable mood for it enter into life. Here and just now decide everything that makes for peace and heaven. Agassiz says that he has stood at one place in the Alps where he could throw a chip into the water in one direction and it would roll on into the German ocean, or he could throw a chip into the water in another direction and it would reach the Black sea by the Danube, or he could throw a chip in another direction and it would enter the Mediterranean by the Rhone. How far apart the Mediterranean and the Black sea and the German ocean! Standing today on this Alps of Gospel privilege you can project your soul into right currents, and it will roll on into the ocean of life, or project it in the wrong direction and it will roll into the sea of death. But how far apart the two distances! May God help us to appreciate more and more the momentous meaning of our text! The seven wise men of Greece were chiefly known each for one aphorism; Solon for the saying, "Know thyself"; Pericles for the saying, "Nothing is impossible to industry"; Chilo for the saying, "Consider the end"; Thales for the saying, "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin"; and Paul, distinguished for a thousand utterances, might well afford to be memorable for the saying, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

MEN WITH MARVELOUS MEMORIES.

People Whose Brains Never Forget—Peculiar Powers of Recollection. Parsons, the Greek scholar, could repeat Milton's "Paradise Lost" backwards. A monk who resided in Moscow in the fifteenth century could repeat the whole of the New Testament. George III of England, though deficient in education, never forgot a name once heard or a face once seen.

It is said of Themistocles that he could call by their names the people of Athens, which city then numbered 20,000 inhabitants. It has been written of the Bourbons that they never forgot a man's name nor his face, and this has been sometimes considered as a true sign of their royal natures.

A school teacher of London, whose name was Duvson, possessed a remarkable memory. He could repeat the book of Job and the Psalms, and on a wager of £200 he repeated, without the aid of a book, Spenser's "Faerie Queene," a poem of nearly 4,000 stanzas of nine lines each. Houdin was once invited with his son to a gentleman's house to give a private seance, and as they went up stairs they passed the library door, which was partially open. In that single moment young Charles Houdin read all the names of twelve volumes and recognized the position of two busts.

Boone, the blind negro pianist, who has given performances through several states, has a most wonderful memory in connection with his art. From once hearing it he was able to play Liszt's celebrated "Hungarian Rhapsody" without missing a note. Blind Tom also performed similar feats. Mozart, when only 12 years old, played a new opera from one hearing, which had been composed expressly to test his skill. A writer, referring to this incident, says: "He not only reproduced the opera from memory—which was a very difficult piece—without missing a single note, but on a second playing threw in variations in such a manner that all who heard him were speechless with astonishment."

McKenzie tells us a most interesting story about Carolan, a blind Irish harper and composer, who once challenged a famous Italian violinist to a trial of skill. The Italian played the fifth concerto of Vivaldi on his violin; then, to the astonishment of all present, Carolan, who had never before heard the concerto, took his harp and played it through from beginning to end without missing a single note.

Strata of a Brooklyn Street.

They are digging for foundations of the elevated railroad on the made ground at the foot of Fulton street, Brooklyn. Just in front of the Annex ferry house is a hole which has historical interest. At a depth of two feet a brick pavement was reached resting immediately upon a layer of cobble stones. This was the grade of Fulton street at that point twenty-three years ago, when turntables were used to reverse the street cars. Four feet below the surface is a pavement of rough round stones, and this was in use fifty years ago when the old stage line halted there. Eight feet down is a deep black stratum showing the high water mark of the old landing used in colonial times. The piles will probably have to go very deep to obtain a firm hold, for all the old maps show that less than 70 years back a little bay ran up Fulton street as far as Front street, and Jewell's mill was out on a point.—New York Sun.

Hawk and Coyote. A coyote in Walla Walla was attacked by an immense hawk that hit him fair on the back of the head. The coyote would duck his head, then make a snap at the hawk, but could not reach it, and at the end of twenty minutes was literally pecked to death.—New York Sun.

Costa Rica's Mineral Springs. The recent discovery of several valuable springs of different mineral waters in Costa Rica has caused the government to issue a decree declaring all such to be the property of the state, and ordering that in future none shall be transferred to private ownership.—Chicago Times.

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