

DEFENSE OF YOUNG MEN.

DIVINE SERVICES IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Dr. Talmage's Advice to Those About Starting in Life—No Way to Genuine Success Except Through Toll Either of Head or Hand.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 30.—Six thousand people sitting and standing in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and all the adjoining rooms packed, and people turned away? Such was the scene today. The congregation sang:

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached on the subject, "Defense of Young Men," and took his text from II Kings vi, 17: "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man." He said:

One morning in Dothan a young theological student was scared by finding himself and Elisha, the prophet, upon whom he waited, surrounded by a whole army of enemies. The venerable Elisha was not scared at all, because he saw the mountains full of defense for him, in chariots made out of fire, wheels of fire, dashboard of fire, and cushions of fire, drawn by horses with nostrils of fire, and mane of fire, and haunches of fire, and hoofs of fire—a supernatural appearance that could not be seen with the natural eye. So the old minister prayed that the young minister might see them also, and the prayer was answered, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he also saw the fiery procession, looking somewhat, I suppose, like the Adirondacks or the Alleghenies in this autumnal splendence.

Many young men, standing among the most tremendous realities, have their eyes half shut or entirely closed. May God grant that my sermon may open wide your eyes to your safety, your opportunity and your destiny.

A mighty defense for a young man is a good home. Some of my hearers look back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rural and rustic, hidden among the hills, and architect or upholsterer never planned or adorned it. But all the fresco on princely walls never looked so enticing to you as those rough hewn rafters. You can think of no park or arbor of trees planted on fashionable country seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farm house and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway, adorned with statue of bronze, and swung open by obsequious porter in full dress, has half the glory of the swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling place, your adopted home, that also is sacred forever. There you built the first family altar. There your children were born. All these trees you planted. That room is solemn, because once in it, over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect when your work is done to lie down and die. You try with many words to tell the excellency of the place, but you fail. There is only one word in the language that can describe your meaning. It is home.

Now, I declare it, that young man is comparatively safe who goes out into the world with a charm like this upon him. The moment parental solicitude, watching, planning and praying, will be to him a shield and a shelter. I never knew a man faithful both to his early and adopted home, who at the same time was given over to any gross form of dissipation or wickedness. He who seeks his enjoyment chiefly from outside association, rather than from the more quiet and unassuming pleasures of which I have spoken, may be suspected to be on the broad road to ruin. Absalom despised his father's house, and you know his history of sin and his death of shame. If you seem unnecessarily isolated from your kindred and former associates, is there not some room that you can call your own? Into it gather books, and pictures, and a harp. Have a portrait over the mantel. Make ungodly mirth stand back from the threshold. Consecrate some spot with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, and a mother's love, and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another defense for a young man is industrious habit. Many young men, in starting upon life in this age, except to make their way through the world by the use of their wits rather than the toil of their hands. A child now goes to the city and fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great tower. Sitting in some office, rented at \$1,000 a year, he is waiting for the bank to declare its dividend, or goes into the market expecting before night to be made rich by the rushing up of the stocks. But luck seemed so dull he resolved on some other tack. Perhaps he borrowed from his employer's money drawer, and forgets to put it back, or for merely the purpose of improving his penmanship makes a copy of a merchant's signature. Never mind, all is right in trade. In some dark night there may come in his dreams a vision of Blackwell's Island or of Sing Sing, but it soon vanishes. In a short time he will be ready to retire from the busy world, and amid his flocks and herds culture the domestic virtues. Then those young men who once were his schoolmates, and knew no better than to engage in honest work, will come with their ox teams to draw him logs, and with their hard hands help him up his castle. This is no fancy picture. It is every day life. I should not wonder if there were some rotten beams in that beautiful palace. I should not wonder if dire sicknesses should smite through the young man, or if God should pour into his cup of life a draught that would thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if his children should become to him a living curse, making his home a pest and a disgrace. I should not wonder if he goes to a miserable grave, and beyond it into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

My young friends, there is no way to genuine success, except through toll either of the head or hand. At the battle of Creecy, in 1346, the Prince of Wales, finding himself heavily pressed by the enemy, sent word to his father for help. The father, watching the battle from a windmill, and seeing that his son was not wounded and could gain the day if he would, sent word: "No, I will not come. Let the boy win his spurs, for if God will I desire that this day be his with all

its honors." Young man, fight your own battle all through, and you shall have the victory. Oh, it is a battle worth fighting. Two monarchs of old fought a duel, Charles V and Francis, and the stakes were Kingdoms, Milan and Burgundy. You fight with sin, and the stake is heaven or hell.

Do not get the fatal idea that you are a genius, and that therefore there is no need of close application. It is here where multitudes fail. The great curse of this age is the geniuses, men with enormous self conceit and egotism, and nothing else. I had rather be an ox than an eagle; plain and plodding and useful, rather than high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Extraordinary capacity without the extraordinary failure. There is no hope for that person who begins life resolved to live by his wits, for the probability is he has not any. It was not safe for Adam, even in his unfallen state, to have nothing to do, and therefore God commanded him to be a farmer and horticulturist. He was to dress the garden and keep it, and had he and his wife obeyed the divine injunction and been at work, they would not have been sauntering under the trees and lingering after that fruit which destroyed them and their posterity; proof positive for all ages to come that those who do not attend to their business are sure to get into mischief. I do not know that the prodigal in Scripture would ever have been reclaimed had he not given up his idle habits and gone to feeding swine for a living. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, which having no overseer or guide provideth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." The devil does so often attack the man who is busy with the pen, and the book, and the trowel, and the saw, and the hammer. He is afraid of these weapons. But we to that man whom this roaring lion meets with his hands in his pockets. Do not demand that your toil always be elegant and cleanly and refined. There is a certain amount of drudgery through which we must all pass, whatever be our occupation. You know how men are sentenced, a certain number of years in prison, and after they have suffered and worked out the time, then they are allowed to go free. And so it is with all of us. God passed on us the sentence, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." We must endure our time of drudgery, and then, after a while, we will be allowed to go into comparative liberty. We must be willing to endure the sentence. We all know what drudgery is connected with the beginning of any trade or profession, but this does not continue all our lives, if it be the student's, or the merchant's, or the mechanic's life. I know you have at the beginning many a hard time, but after a while these things will become easy. You will be your own master. God's sentence will be satisfied. You will be discharged from prison. Bless God that you have a brain to think, and hands to work, and feet to walk with, for in your constant activity. O young man, is one of your strongest defenses. Put your trust in God and do your level best. That child had it right when the horses ran away with the load of wood and he sat upon it. When asked if he was frightened, he said: "No, I prayed to God and hung on like a beaver."

Again, profound respect for the Sabbath will be to the young man a powerful preservative against evil. God has thrust into the toil and fatigue of life a recreative day, when the soul is especially to be fed. It is no new fangled notion of a wild brain reformer, but an institution established at the beginning. God has made natural and moral laws so harmonious that the body as well as the soul demands this institution. Our bodies are seven day clocks, that must be wound up as often as that, or they will run down. Failure must come sooner or later to the man who breaks the Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the Lord's day, and he who devotes it to the world is guilty of robbery. God will not let the sin go unpunished either in this world or the world to come. This is the statement of a man who had broken this divine enactment.

"I was engaged in manufacturing on the Lehigh river. On the Sabbath I used to rest, but never regarded God in it. One beautiful Sabbath, when the noise was all hushed, and the day was all that loveliness could make it, I sat down on my piazza and went to work inventing a new shuttle. I neither stopped to eat nor drink till the sun went down. By that time I had the invention completed. The next morning I exhibited it, heasted of my day's work, and was applauded. The shuttle was tried and worked well, but that Sabbath day's work cost me \$30,000. We branched out and enlarged, and the curse of heaven was upon me from that day onward."

While the divine frown must rest upon him who tramples upon this statute, God's special favor will be upon that young man who scrupulously observes it. This day, properly observed, will throw a hallowed influence over all the week. The song, and sermon, and sanctuary will hold back from presumptuous sinners. That young man who begins the day of life with either secret or open disrespect of the holy day, I venture to prophesy, will meet with no prominent successes. God's curse will fall upon his ship, his store, his office, his studio, his body, and his soul. The way of the wicked he turneth upside down. In one of the old fables it was said that a wonderful child was born in Bagdad, and a magician could hear his footsteps 6,000 miles away. But I can hear in the footsteps of that young man, on his way to the house of worship this morning, step not only of a lifetime of usefulness, but the coming step of eternal joys of heavens yet millions of miles away.

Again, a noble ideal and confident expectation of approximating to it, will infallibly advance. The artist completes in his mind the great thought that he wishes to transfer to the canvas or the marble before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. The architect plans out the entire structure before he orders the workmen to begin, and though there may for a long time seem to be nothing but blundering and rudeness he has in his mind every Corinthian wreath and Gothic arch and Byzantine capital. The poet arranges the entire plot before he begins to chime the first canto of tingling rhythms. And yet, stranger to us, there are men who attempt to build their char-

acter without knowing whether in the end it shall be a rude traitor's den or a St. Mark's of Venice. Men who begin to write the intricate poem of their lives without knowing whether it shall be a Homer's Odyssey, or a rhymester's botch. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are living without any great life plot. Boated, and spurred, and plumed, and urging their swift courses in the hottest haste, I come out and ask: "Halloo, man, whither away?" His response is: "Nowhere." Rush into the busy shop or store of many a one, and taking the plane out of a man's hand, and laying down the yard stick, say: "What, man, is all this about, so much stir and sweat? The reply will startle you and break down between teeth and lips. Every day's duty ought only to be the following up of the main plan of existence. Let men be consistent. If they prefer misdeeds to correct courses of action, then let them draw out the design of knavery, and cruelty, and plunder. Let every day's falsehood and wrong doing be added as coloring to the picture. Let bloody deeds red stripe the canvas, and the clouds of a wrathful God hang down heavily over the canvas, ready to break out in clamorous tempest. Let the waters be choked, the reply will startle you and break down between teeth and lips. Every day's duty ought only to be the following up of the main plan of existence. Let men be consistent. If they prefer misdeeds to correct courses of action, then let them draw out the design of knavery, and cruelty, and plunder. Let every day's falsehood and wrong doing be added as coloring to the picture. Let bloody deeds red stripe the canvas, and the clouds of a wrathful God hang down heavily over the canvas, ready to break out in clamorous tempest. Let the waters be choked,

rested, and propel that which ought to be propelled. It fills up the gulley. It elevates and transforms. To beauty it gives more beauty, to tact more tact, to enthusiasm of nature more enthusiasm. When the Holy Spirit impresses the image of God on the heart, he does not spoil the canvas. If, in all the multitudes of young men upon whom religion has acted, you could find one nature that had been the least damaged, I would yield this proposition. You may now have enough strength of character to repel the various temptations to gross wickedness which assault you, but I do not know in what strain you may be thrust at some future time. Nothing short of the grace of the cross may then be able to deliver you from the lions. You are not meeker than Moses, nor holier than David, nor more patient than Job, and you ought not to consider yourself invulnerable. You may have some weak point of character that you have never discovered, and in some hour when you are assaulted the Philistines will be upon thee, Samson. Trust not in your good habits, or your early training, or your pride of character; nothing short of the arm of almighty God will be sufficient to uphold you. You look forward to the world sometimes with a chilling despondency. Cheer up! I will tell you how all may make a fortune. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all other things will be added unto you." I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. Give God the freshness of your life. You will not have the heart to drink down the flaming cup of life then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a Saviour so infinitely generous you have not the heart to act like that. That is not brave, that is not honorable, that is not manly. Your greatest want in all the world is a new heart. In God's name I tell you that. And the Blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities and privileges of this holy hour. Put the cup of life eternal to your thirsty lips. Thrust it not back. Mercy offers it, bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Reject all other friendships, be ungrateful for all other kindness, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your immortal soul—don't you do that.

I would like to see some of you this hour press out of the ranks of the world and lay your conquered spirit at the feet of Jesus. This hour is no wandering vagabond staggering over the earth, it is a winged messenger of the skies whispering mercy to thy soul. Life is smooth now, but after a while it may be rough, wild and precipitate. There comes a crisis in the history of every man. We seldom understand that turning point until it is far past. The road of life is forked and I read on two signboards: "This is the way to happiness." "This is the way to ruin." How apt we are to pass the forks of the road without thinking whether it comes out at the door of bliss or the gates of darkness.

Many years ago I stood on the anniversary platform with a minister of Christ who made this remarkable statement: "Thirty years ago two young men started out in the evening to attend Park Street, New York, where a play was to be acted in which the cause of religion was to be placed in a ridiculous and hypocritical light. They came to the steps. The consciences of both smote them. One started to go home, but returned again to the door and yet had not courage to enter and finally departed. But the other young man entered the pit of the theatre. It was the turning point in the history of those two young men. The man who entered was caught in the whirl of temptation. He sank deeper and deeper in infamy. He was lost. That other young man was saved, and he now stands before you to bless God that for twenty years he has been permitted to preach the Gospel."

"Believe, O young men, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Weaving in Diligent Times. There were not many regular manufacturers among the ancient Jews. There are, however, several beautiful allusions to weaving by Job, but this, like spinning the thread, was carried on as a family employment rather than as a regular trade. It is so now among eastern nations. The loom and the instruments for spinning are of the plainest and simplest kind. In the description of the virtuous woman, Proverbs xxxi, 10, to the end we have a full and minute account of the manner in which these family employments were directed by the mistress. Nor was this only in the families of the lower and middle ranks. In the Greek and Roman histories we read of the wives of kings and generals being thus engaged. Homer, who lived soon after the time of Solomon, describes two queens—Penelope and Helen—employed at their looms. Dr. Shaw found that the women in Barbary at the present day were the only persons who wove the hykes or upper garments. These were coarse articles and they did not use shuttles, but passed the threads of the wool with their fingers. Solomon's virtuous woman is represented by our translators of the Bible as having clothing of silk; the word rendered silk, according to some authorities, should be fine cotton cloth or muslin, as they state silk was then scarcely, if at all, known. Aurelian, the Roman emperor, 1,300 years after the time of Solomon, refused his wife a silk gown because it was too expensive. We can, therefore, hardly suppose that a Jewish woman of the middle class could have such clothing.—Philadelphia Call.

Quack Dentists Abroad. American dentistry is generally held in good repute in Germany, and American dentists were used to call themselves "approved in America." A good deal of quackery having taken refuge under that questionable "approval," the Prussian authorities now require every dentist not in possession of a German diploma to use the real title obtained at foreign schools of dentistry, such as "doctor of dental surgery," after having proved the actual possession of the diploma to the satisfaction of the authorities. Without such proof not one will in future be allowed to practice dentistry.—Foreign Letter.

Princess Beatrice is said to be writing some clever verse. Two of her little gems have recently found their way into a collection of English poems.

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