

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"JEALOUSY" THE SUBJECT OF SUNDAY MORNING'S DISCOURSE.

It Combines All That Is Obnoxious in the Human Race and in the Brute Creation—It Pierces and Envenoms the Earth with its Raging Fire.

BROOKLYN, April 13.—The hymn sung by the congregation in the Tabernacle this morning begins:

No more let human blood be spilled, Vain sacrifice for human guilt.

Professor Henry Eyre Brown rendered the second sonata in E minor by Ritter. Having expounded passages of Scripture in regard to the behavior of Jacob and Esau, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached on the subject of "Jealousy," taking his text from Proverbs vi, 34. "Jealousy is the rage of a man." He said:

Some subjects a religious teacher touches a thousand times, now coming on them from one direction, now from another. But here is a Bible theme that for some reason is left testatorially alone. This morning asking your prayers and in the strength of God, I want to grapple it.

There is an old sin, haggard, furious, monstrous and diabolical, that has for ages walked and crawled the earth. It combines all that is obnoxious in the races human, quadrupedal, ornithological, reptilian and insectile, horned, tusked, hoofed, fanged, stinged; the eye of a basilisk, the tooth of an adder, the jaws of a crocodile, the crushing folds of an anaconda, the stings of a scorpion, the tongue of a cobra and the coil of the worm that never dies. It is in every community, in every church, in every legislative hall, in every monetary institution, in every drawing room levee, in every literary and professional circle. It whispers, it hisses, it lies, it debauches, it blasphemes, it damns.

My text names it when it says "Jealousy is the rage of a man." It is grief at the superiority of others; their superiority in talent, or wealth, or beauty, or elegance, or virtue, or social, or professional, or political recognition. It is the shadow of other people's success. It is the sliver in our pocketbook because it is not as fat as some one else's pocketbook. It is the twinge in our tongue because it is not as eloquent as some one else's tongue. It is the flutter in our robes because they are not as lustrous as some one else's robes. It is the earthquake under our house because it is not as many feet front and deep as our neighbor's house. It is the thunder of other people's popularity soaring the milk of our kindness. It is the father and mother both of one-half of the discontent and outrages and detractions and bankruptcies and crimes and woes of the human race.

It was antediluvian as much as it is postdiluvian. It put a rough stick in the hands of the first boy that was ever born and said to him: "Now Cain, when Abel is looking the other way, crush in his skull; for his sacrifice has been accepted and yours rejected." And Cain picked up the stick as though just to walk with it, and while Abel was watching some bird in the tree top, or gazing at some waterfall, down came the blow of the first assassination, which had its echo in all the fratricides, matricides, uxoricides, horricides, infanticides, and regicides of all ages and all nations. This passion of jealousy so disturbed Caligula at the prominence of some of the men of his time, that he cut a much admired curl from the brow of Cincinnatus, and took the embroidered collar from the neck of Torquatus, and had Ptolemæus killed because of his purple robe, which attracted too much attention. After Columbus had placed America as a gem in the Spanish crown, jealousy set on the Spanish courtiers to depreciate his achievement, and aroused animosities till the great discoverer had his heart broken. Urged on by this kind passion, Dionysius flayed Plato because he was wiser than himself, and Philoxenus because his made was too popular. Jealousy made Korah lie about Moses and Sacerdot deprecate Gideon.

Jealousy made the trouble between Jacob and Esau. That hurled Joseph into the pit. That struck the twenty-three fatal wounds into Julius Cæsar. That banished Aristides. That fired Antony against Cicero. Tiberius exiled an architect because of the fame he got for a beautiful porch, and slew a poet for his fine tragedy. That set Saul in a rage against David. How graphically the Bible puts it when it says: "Saul eyed David." It seems to take possession of both eyes and make them flash and burn like two portholes of hell. "Saul eyed David." That is, he looked at him as much as to say: "You little upstart, how dare you attempt anything great? I will grind you under my heel. I will exterminate you. I will, you miserable hound. Crouch, crawl, sink into that rut. I will reach those women to sing some other song, instead of 'Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands.'" When Voltaire heard that Frederick the Great was forgetting him and putting his literary admiration on Beaumont d'Arnaud, the old infidel leaped out of his bed and danced the floor in a maniacal rage, and ordered his swiftest horses hooked up to carry him to the Prussian palace.

That despicable passion of jealousy led Napoleon I to leave in his will a bequest of 5,000 francs to the ruffian who shot at Wellington when the victor of Waterloo was passing through Paris. That stationed the grouchy elder brother at the back door of the homestead when the Prodigal Son returned, and threw a chill on the family reunion while that elder brother complained, saying: "Who ever heard of giving roast veal to such a prodigal?" Aye, that passion rose up and under the darkest cloud that ever shadowed the earth and amid the loudest thunder that ever shook the mountains, and amid the wildest flash of lightning that ever blinded or stunned the nations, hung up on two pieces of rough lumber buck of Jerusalem the kindest, purest, loveliest nature that Heaven could delegate, and stopped not until there was no power left in hammer or bramble or javelin to hurt the dead Son of God.

heavens. It would, if it could, capture the palace of God, and dethrone Jehovah, and chain the Almighty in eternal exile, and after the demolition of the universe would cry: "Satisfied at last, here I am! Alone! the undisputed and everlasting I. Me, Mine, Myself." That passion keeps all Europe perturbed. Nations jealous of Germany, of England, of Russia, and those jealous of each other, and all of them jealous of America.

In our land this passion of jealousy keeps all the political world a-bill. There are at least 500 people who are jealous of Governor Hill and would like to be his successor, about 5,000 who are jealous of Grover Cleveland and would like to relieve him of the cares of office, and after the nominations of next summer have been made a whole pandemonium of defamation, scurrility, hatred, revenge, falsehood, profanity and misrepresentation will be turned upon this land. The tariff, about the raising or lowering or reformation of which many of them care nothing except as to its effect on votes, will be discussed from a thousand platforms, and the people of Louisiana will be told that the taxes must be taken off sugar, the people of Virginia will be told that the taxes must be taken off tobacco, and the people of Pennsylvania will be told that the taxes must be taken off iron, and the people of Kentucky will be told that the taxes must be taken off whisky, and the people of Ohio that the taxes must be taken off wool, while Massachusetts and Connecticut will be promised protection for manufactures, and all the monetary interests, north, south, east and west will be told in each neighborhood that the taxes and tariff will be fixed to suit them, irrespective of anybody else; and, the presidential election over, all will settle down as it was before. If you think that all this discussion in public places is from any desire of the welfare of the dear people and not for political effect, you are grievously mistaken.

Go into all occupations and professions, and if you want to know how much jealousy is yet to be extirpated, ask master builders what they think of each other's houses, and merchants what their opinion is of merchants in the same line of business in the same street, and ask doctors what they think of doctors, and lawyers what they think of lawyers, and artists what they think of artists. As long as men and women in any department keep down and have a hard struggle, they will be faintly praised and the remark will be: "Oh, yes; he is a good, clever sort of a fellow." "She is rather, yes, somewhat, quiet—well, I may say, tolerably nice kind of a woman." But let him or her get a little too high and off goes the aspiring head by social or commercial deprecation.

Remember that envy dwells more on small deficits of character than on great forces, makes more of the fact that Domitian amused himself by transfixing flies with his penknife than of his great conquests; of the fact that Handel was a glutton than of the fact that he created imperishable oratorios; more of Coleridge's opium habit than of his writing "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner"; more of the fact that Addison drank too much than of the fact that he was the author of "The Spectator"; more of a man's peccadilloes than of his mighty energies, more of his defeats than of his victories.

Look at the sacred and heaven-descended science of healing, and then see Dr. Mackenzie, the English surgeon, who prolonged the life of the crown prince of Germany until he became emperor, and I hope may yet cure him, so that he may for many years govern that magnificent German nation, than which there is no grander. Yet so great are the medical jealousies that Dr. Mackenzie dare not walk the streets of Berlin. He is under military guard. The medical students of Germany can hardly keep their hands off of him. The old doctors of Germany are writhing with indignation. The fact is, that in saving Frederick's life Dr. Mackenzie saved the peace of Europe. There was not an intelligent man on either side the ocean that did not fear for the result if the throne passed from wise and good old Emperor William to his inexperienced grandson. But when, under the medical treatment of Dr. Mackenzie, the Crown Prince Frederick took the drape, a wave of satisfaction and confidence rolled over Christendom. What shall the world do with the doctor who saved his life? "Oh," cried out the medical jealousies of Europe, "Destroy him; of course, destroy him."

What a brutal scene of jealousy we had in this country when President Garfield lay dying. There were faithful physicians that sacrificed their other practice and sacrificed their health for all time in fidelity to that deathbed. Drs. Bliss and Hamilton and Agnew went through anxious and tiring and fatiguing such as none but God could appreciate. Nothing pleased many of the medical profession. The doctors in charge did nothing right. We who did not see the case knew better than those who gazed over it in the sick room for many weeks. I, who never had anything worse than a run round on my thumb, which seemed to me at the time was worthy all the attention of the entire medical fraternity, had my own ideas as to how the president ought to be treated. And in proportion as physicians and laymen were ignorant of the case, they were sure the treatment practiced was a mistake. And when in post mortem the bullet dropped out of a different part of the body from that in which it was supposed to have been lodged, about 200,000 people shouted, "I told you so." "There, I knew it all the time." There are some doctors in all cities who would rather have the patient die under the treatment of their own schools than have them get well under some other party.

Yes; look at the clerical profession. I am sorry to say that in matters of jealousy it is no better than other professions. There are now in all denominations a great many young clergymen who have a faculty for superior usefulness. But they are kept down and kept back and crippled by older ministers who look askance at these rising evangelists. They are snubbed. They are justified. They are patronizingly advised. It is suggested to them that they had better know their place. If here and there one with more nerve and brain and consecration and divine force go past the seniors who want to keep the chief places, the young are advised in the words of Scripture: "Tarry at Jericho till their beards are grown." They are charged

with sensationalism. They are compared to rockets that go up in a blaze and come down sticks, and the brevity of their career is jubilantly prophesied. If it be a denomination with bishops, a bishop is implored to sit down heavily on the man who will not be molded; or if a denomination without bishops, some of the older men, with nothing more than their own natural heaviness and theological aversion, are advised to flatten out the innovator. In conferences and presbyteries and associations and conventions there is often seen the most damnable jealousy. Such ecclesiastical tyrants would not admit that jealousy had any possession of them, and they take on a heavenly air, and talk sweet oil and sugar plums and balm of a thousand flowers, and roll up their eyes with an air of unctuous sanctity, when they simply mean the destruction of those over whom they pray and snuff. There are cases where ministers of religion are derelict and criminal, and they must be put out.

But, in the majority of cases that I have witnessed in ecclesiastical trials, there is a jealous attempt to keep men from surpassing their theological fellows, and as at the presidential elections in country places the people have a barbecue—which is a roasted ox round which the people dance with knives, cutting off a slice here, and pulling out a rib there, and saving off a beefsteak yonder, and having a high time—so most of the denominations of Christians keep on hand a barbecue in which some minister is roasted, while the church courts dance around with their sharp knives of attack, and one takes an ear, another a hand, another a foot, and it is hard to tell whether the ecclesiastical plaintiffs of this world or the demons of the nether world most enjoy it. Albert Barnes, than whom no man has accomplished more good in the last 1,000 years, was decreed to sit silent for a year in the pew of his own church while some one else occupied his pulpit, the pretended offense that he did not believe in a limited atonement, but the real offense the fact that all the men who tried him put together would not equal one Albert Barnes.

Yes; amid all professions and businesses and occupations and trades, and amid all circles needs to be heard what God says in regard to envy and jealousy, which, though not exactly the same, are twins: "Envy is the rottenness of the bone." "Where envy and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." "Jealousy is the rage of a man." My hearers, if this evil passion is in any of your souls, cry mightily unto God for its expulsion. That which has downed kings and emperors and apostles and reformers and ministers of religion and thousands of good men and women, is too mighty for you to contend against unaided. The evil has so many roots, of such infinite convolution, that nothing but the engine of omnipotence can pull it out. Tradition says that when Moses lifted up his hand to pray it was all encircled with mamma, and no sooner do you pray than you are helped. Away with the accused, stenchful, blackening, damning crime of jealousy. Allow it to stay and it will eat up and carry off all the religion you can tack into your soul for the next half century. It will do you more harm than it does any one it leads you to assail. It will delude you with the idea that you can build yourself up by pulling somebody else down. You will make more out of their misfortunes, when they are out of their misfortunes. Speak well of everybody. Bitch no man in the back. Be a honey bee rather than a spider; be a dove rather than a buzzard.

Surely this world is large enough for you and all your rivals. God has given you a work to do. Go ahead and do it. Mind your own business. In all circles, in all businesses, in all professions, there is room for straightforward success. Jealousy entertained will not only dwarf your soul, but it will flatten your skull, bemean your eye, put pinchedness of look about your nostril, give a bad curl to the lip, and expel from your face the divine image in which you were created. When you hear a man or woman abused, drive in on the defendant's side. Watch for excellences in others rather than for defects, morning glories instead of nightshade. If some one is more beautiful than you, thank God that you have not so many perils of vanity to contend with. If some one has more wealth than you, thank God that you have not so great stewardship to answer for. If some one is higher up in social position, thank God that those who are down need not fear a fall. If some one gets higher offices in church or state, than you, thank God there are not so many to wish for the hastening on of your obsequies.

The Duke of Dantzig in luxurious apartments was visited by a plain friend, and to keep his friend from jealousy, the duke said: "You can have all I have if you will stand twenty paces off and let me shoot at you 100 times." "No, no," said his friend. "Well," said the duke, "to gain all my honors I faced on the battle field more than 1,000 gunshots fired not more than ten paces off."

A minister of small congregation complained to a minister of large congregation about the sparseness of his attendants. "Ah," said the one of large audience, "son, you will find in the day of judgment that you had quite enough people for whom to be held accountable." Substitute for jealousy an elevating emulation. Seeing others good, let us try to be better. Seeing others industrious, let us work more hours. Seeing others benevolent, let us resolve on giving larger percentages of our means for charity. May God put congratulations for others into our right hand and cheers on our lips for those who do brave and useful things. Life is short at the longest; let it all be filled up with helpfulness for others, work and sympathy for each other's misfortunes, and our arms be full of white mantles to cover up the mistakes and failures of others. If an evil report about some one comes to us, let us put on it most favorable construction, as the Rhone enters Lake Lemman foul and comes out crystalline. Do not build so much on the transitory differences of this world, for soon it will make no difference to us whether we had \$10,000,000 or ten cents, and the ashes into which the tongue of Demos then dissolved are just like the ashes into which the tongue of the veriest stammerer went.

If you are assailed by jealousy make no answer. Take it as a compliment,

for people are never jealous of a failure. Until your work is done you are invulnerable. Remember how our Lord behaved under such exasperations. Did they not try to catch him in his word? Did they not call him the victim of intoxicants? Did they not misinterpret him from the winter of the year 1 to the spring of the year 33; that is, from his first infantile cry to the last groan of his assassination? Yet he answered not a word! But so far from demoralizing either his mission or his good name, after near nineteen centuries he outranks everything under the skies, and is second to none above them, and the archangel makes salutation at His footstool. Christ's bloody antagonists thought that they had finished Him when they wrote over the cross His accusation in three languages, Hebrew and Greek and Latin, not realizing that they were by that act introducing Him to all nations, since Hebrew is the holiest language, and Greek the wisest of tongues, and Latin the widest spoken.

You are not the first man who had his faults looked at through a microscope and his virtues through the wrong end of a telescope. Pharaoh had the chief butler and baker endunged, and tradition says that all the butler had done was to allow a fly in the king's cup, and all the baker had done was to leave a gravel in the king's bread. The world has the habit of making a great ado about what you do wrong and forgetting to say anything about what you do right, but the same God will take care of you who provided for Merlin, the Christian martyr, when Merlin, for his pursues in a hay mow in Paris, and a hen came and laid an egg close by him every morning, thus keeping him from starvation. Blessed are they that are persecuted, although persecution is a severe castastrophe. Ointment may smart the wound before healing it. What a soft pillow to die on if when we leave the world we can feel that though 1,000 people may have wronged us, we have wronged no one; or, having made anxious and jealous attack on others, we have repented of the sin and as far as possible made reparation. The good resolution of Timothy Poland, in his quaint but exquisite hymn, entitled "Most Any Day," we might well unanimously adopt:

We'll keep all right and good within, Our work will then be free from sin; Upright we'll walk through thick and thin Straight on our way. Deal just with all; the prize we'll win Most any day.

When he who made all things just right Shall call us to his realms of light, Be it morn or noon or e'en or night, We will obey.

We'll be prepared to take our flight Most any day.

Our lamps we'll fill brim full of oil, That's good and pure, that would not spoil, And keep them burning all the while To light our way; Our work all done, we'll quit the sod Most any day.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The guards about the Bank of England have been increased.

There are said to be several gypsies in New York that are worth over \$100,000 apiece.

Crematoriums are to be opened in Turin, San Remo, Bologna and other Italian cities.

An author in New York is going to give a reading to consist entirely of poems on animals, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the fund for a monument to the late Henry Bergh.

At a fashionable school in Washington mail culture is almost a part of the curriculum, and the boarders are visited regularly by a manicure and instructed in the mysteries of ungual adornment.

Among the Japanese engravings which are now exhibited in London is one in which is shown a little boy exposing his body to the attacks of mosquitoes, so that his parents may be spared the bites.

Bald mountain, in North Carolina, is again showing signs of commotion in its interior. People living near it think that it is really a slumbering volcano, and expect some day to see it burst out with a flood of lava.

A Boston orphan asylum has received a gift from a truly conscientious bachelor. He said that it was the duty of every man to support a family, and as he had never married and was not able to perform that duty, he wished to give to the orphan asylum enough money to support five orphans.

One of the wrinkles among fashionable women during the coming summer will be to carry telescopes. Many strong telescopes, made so that they can be carried in a small compass, have been purchased to be used at seaside resorts and in traveling. It has been in vogue abroad for some time, but is just being introduced here.

The French Radicals are beginning to growl over the magnificence of French bishops. Investigation has shown that the bishop of Constance has thirty-three chambers for his personal use in his palace, ninety-four for his assistants, and twenty-four kitchens, all manned with chefs. The bishop of Angers has eight kitchens in his palace and about sixty rooms for himself and assistants. The bishop of Bourges has ten sumptuous salons besides his private apartments. The Radicals want their salaries stopped.

Preaching Under Difficulties.

A curious case of the pursuit of preaching under difficulties came under my notice. In a country church in the remote districts of the west of England a swarm of bees had taken up their quarters in the oaken woodwork at the back of the pulpit, to the dismay and discomfort of the weekly occupant of that structure. During the discharge of his peculiar function he was not only annoyed with the busy sullen roar of the hive, but his fear of arousing their animosity by the loud challenge of his tones, or by the vibration of the pulpit, was stimulated by the light skirmishes which used to come out and perform all sorts of minatory maneuvers within reasonable distance of his nose. The annoyance at length became intolerable, and orders were given to smoke out the bees. This was effectually done; but, unfortunately, the clerk in smoking out the bees set fire to the church, and it was burned to the ground.—Chambers' Journal.

The Plattsmouth Herald Is enjoying a Boom in both its DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS. The Year 1888

Will be one during which the subjects of national interest and importance will be strongly agitated and the election of a President will take place. The people of Cass County who would like to learn of

Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

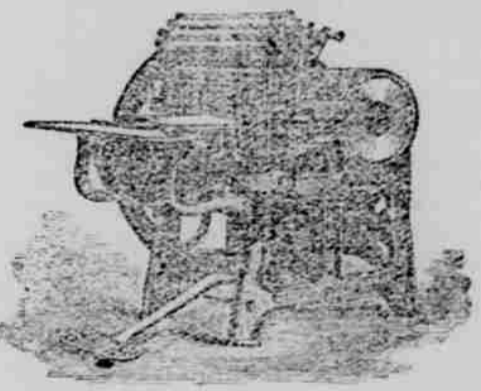
of this year and would keep pace with the times should

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