

TALMAGE IN KANSAS.

HE PREACHES TO A LARGE AUDIENCE AT WINFIELD.

"The Constellations of the Redeemed." His Subject—Christian Workers Shall Reign Forever and Ever—We Shall Choose Our Associates in Heaven.

WINFIELD, Kan., June 24.—Uncounted multitudes were present today at a great outdoor meeting held in this place, where the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., was the preacher. Not only this but adjoining states were represented in the congregation, and the occasion will be long remembered. The text was: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever"—Daniel xii, 3; and the subject: "The Constellations of the Redeemed." Dr. Talmage said:

Every man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth, his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done a mighty work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values, or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

It would be absurd for me to stand here and, by elaborate argument, prove that the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! crash! The only question now is, by what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed?

I want to show you how we may turn many to righteousness, and what will be our future pay for so doing.

First—We may turn them by the charm of a right example. A child, coming from a filthy home, was taught at school to wash its face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed her face. And when the father of the household came home, and saw the improvement in domestic appearance, he washed his face. The neighbors happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example, and the whole city felt the result of one schoolboy washing his face. That is a fable, by which we set forth that the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution is to have our own heart and life cleansed and purified. A man with grace in his heart, and Christian cheerfulness in his face, and holy consistency in his behavior, is a perpetual sermon; and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head, and the longer it runs the better. There are honest men who walk down Wall street, making the teeth of iniquity chatter. There are happy men who go into a sick room, and, by a look, help the broken bone to knit, and the excited nerves drop to calm beating. There are pure men whose presence silences the tongue of uncleanness. The mightiest agent of good on earth is a consistent Christian. I like the Bible folded between lids of cloth, of calfskin, or morocco, but I like it better when, in the shape of a man, it goes out into the world—a Bible illustrated. Courage is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a man with all the world against him confident as though all the world were for him. Patience is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a buffeted soul calmly waiting for the time of deliverance. Faith is beautiful to read about; but rather would I find a man in the midnight walking straight on as though he saw everything. Oh, how many souls have been turned to God by the charm of a bright example!

When, in the Mexican war, the troops were wavering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting, "Men, follow!" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him and gained the victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All your commands to others to advance amount to nothing so long as you stay behind. To affect them aright, you need to start for heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of "Men, follow!"

Again: We may turn many to righteousness by prayer. There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship mid Atlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity, or how the telegraphic operator, by touching the instrument here, may dart a message under the sea to another continent; nor can we, with our small intellect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take ship and go to some other country, and get there at 11 o'clock in the morning. You telegraph to New York, and the message gets here at 6 o'clock in the same morning. In other words, it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the road, you may spur up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train from the country village and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow; but a mother's prayer will be on the deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the curtain before he winds the rope around it, and on the sea, against the sky, as the vessel

plows on toward it. There is a mightiness in prayer. George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his face upon Edinburgh and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion tamer. It reached up, and took the sun by its golden bit, and stopped it. We have all yet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American church will pray with its face toward the west, and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gambling table, and go down to the wharf to find out which ship starts first for America.

Not one of us yet knows how to pray. All we have done as yet has only been pottering, and guessing, and experimenting. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and hammer, and tries to make something, but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and takes the same saw and hammer, and builds the house or the ship. In the childhood of our Christian faith, we make but poor work with the weapons of prayer, but when we come to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, then, under these implements, the temple of God will rise, and the world's redemption will be launched. God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers; but it is the faith in them that tells. Believing prayer scars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than diving bell ever sunk; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed. Though we have used only the back of this weapon instead of the edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved, we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in desire for the rescue of souls, we might in prayer lay hold of the resources of the Lord Omnipotent.

We may turn many to righteousness by Christian admonition. Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone today. Between this and your place of stopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just one question. Just one look. The formal talk that begins with a sigh and ends with a canting snuffle is not what is wanted, but the heart-throb of a man in dead earnest. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock, sixteen hundred feet high and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take it. Artillery and sappers and miners and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men, reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rock, and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment may be made to hoist the flag of redemption.

But is all this admonition, and prayer, and Christian work for nothing? My text promises to all the faithful eternal lustre. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

As stars, the redeemed have a borrowed light. What makes Mars and Venus and Jupiter so luminous? When the sun throws down his torch in the heavens the stars pick up the scattered brands and hold them in procession as the queen of the night advances; so all Christian workers, standing around the throne, will shine in the light borrowed from the Sun of Righteousness—Jesus in their faces, Jesus in their songs, Jesus in their triumph. Christ left heaven once for a tour of redemption on earth, yet the glorified ones knew he would come back again. But let him abdicate his throne, and go away to stay forever, the music would stop, the congregation disperse, the temples of God be darkened, the rivers of light stagnate, and every chariot would become a hearse, and every bell would toll, and there would not be room on the hill sides to bury the dead of the great metropolis, for there would be pestilence in heaven. But Jesus lives, and so all the redeemed live with him. He shall recognize them as his comrades in earthly toil, and remember what they did for the honor of his name and for the spread of his kingdom. All their prayers and tears and work will rise before him as he looks into their faces, and he will divide his kingdom with them; his peace—their peace; his holiness—their holiness; his joy—their joy. The glory of the central throne reflected from the surrounding thrones, the last spot of sin struck from the Christian orb and the entire nature a-tremble and a-flash with light, they shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have a light independent of each other. Look up at the night, and see each world show its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were the only star; so our individualism will not be lost in heaven. A great multitude—yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated, as if in all the space, from gate to gate, and from hill to hill, he were the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush; each Christian worker standing out illustrious—all the story of earthly achievement adhering to each one; his self denials, and pains, and services, and victories published. Before men went out to the last war, the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country, and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song; but go to the graveyard in Richmond and you will find there 6,000 graves, over each one of which is the inscription, "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes;

but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in heaven. Each one known by all; grandly known; known by acclamation; all the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek, and brow, and foot and palm. They shall shine with distinct light as the stars, forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall shine like the stars in clusters. In looking up you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters—they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The worlds do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity.

So Christian workers in heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters. I am sure that some people I will like in heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. The never laughed. They walked every hour anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they loved God; and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small hearted Christians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle, and blaze like Mars, these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriots. Our souls, as they go up to heaven, will seek out the most congenial society. Yonder is a constellation almost merry with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathy and songs, and tears and raptures, and congratulations. When they prayed their words took fire; when they sang, the tune could not hold them; when they wept over a world's woes, they sobbed as if heart broken; when they worked for Christ, they flamed with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! constellation of joy! galaxy of fire! Oh, that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might at last sail in the wake of that fleet, and wheel in that glorious group, as the stars forever and ever!

Again: Christian workers will shine like the stars in swiftness of motion. The worlds do not stop to shine. There are no fixed stars save as to relative position. The star most thoroughly fixed flies thousands of miles a minute. The astronomer, using his telescope for an Alpine stock, leaps from world crag to world crag, and finds no star standing still. The chamois hunter has to fly to catch his prey, but not so swift is his game as that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of observatory. Like petrels mid Atlantic, that seem to come from no shore, and be bound to no landing place—flying, flying—so these great flocks of worlds rest not as they go—wing and wing—age after age—forever and ever. The eagle hastens to its prey, but we shall in speed beat the eagles. You have noticed the velocity of the swift horse under whose feet the miles slip like a smooth ribbon, and as he passes the four hoofs strike the earth in such quick beat your pulses take the same vibration. But all these things are not swift in comparison with the motion of which I speak. The moon moves fifty-four thousand miles a day. Yonder, Neptune flashes on eleven thousand miles in an hour. Yonder, Mercury goes one hundred and nine thousand miles in an hour. So like the stars the Christian worker shall shine in swiftness of motion.

You hear now of father, or mother or child sick one thousand miles away, and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but it takes you three days to get there. Oh, the joy when you shall, in the fulfillment of the text, take starry speed, and be equal to one hundred thousand miles an hour. Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London, and its spirit must be taken up to God; you are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested from going into that gate of sin; you are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot, or stroke of wing, or by the force of some new law that shall hurl you to the spot where you would go, I know not; but my text suggests velocity. All space open before you, with nothing to hinder you in the vision of light, and love and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of motion as the stars forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers, like the stars, shall shine in magnitude. The most illiterate man knows that these things in the sky, looking like gilt buttons, are great masses of matter. To weigh them, one would think that it would require scales with a pillar hundreds of thousands of miles high, and chains hundreds of thousands of miles long, and at the bottoms of the chains basins on either side hundreds of thousands of miles wide, and that then omnipotence alone could put the mountains into the scales and the hills into the balance. But puny man has been equal to the undertaking, and has set a little balance on his geometry, and weighed worlds against worlds. Yea, he has pulled out his measuring line, and announced that Herschel is thirty-six thousand miles in diameter, Saturn seventy-nine thousand miles in diameter and Jupiter eighty-nine thousand miles in diameter, and that the smallest pearl on the beach of heaven is immense beyond all imagination. So all they who have toiled for Christ on earth shall rise up to a magnitude of privilege, and a magnitude of holiness, and a magnitude of joy; and the weakest saint in glory becomes greater than all that we can now imagine of an archangel.

Brethren, it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Wisdom that shall know everything; strength that shall do everything; glory that shall circumscribe everything! We shall not be like a taper set in a sick man's window, or a bundle of sticks kindled on the beach to warm a shivering crew; but you must take the diameter and the circumference of the world if you would get any idea of the greatness of our estate when we shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this point my mind almost breaks down under the con-

templation—like the stars, all Christian workers shall shine in duration. The same stars that look down upon us looked down upon the Chaldean shepherds. The meteor that I saw flashing across the sky the other night, I wonder if it was not the same one that pointed down to where Jesus lay in the manger, and if, having pointed out his birthplace, it has ever since been wandering through the heavens, watching to see how the world would treat him. When Adam awoke in the garden in the cool of the day he saw coming out through the dusk of the evening the same worlds that greeted us on our way to church to-night.

In independence hail is an old cracked bell that sounded the signature of the Declaration of Independence. You cannot ring it now; but this great clime of silver bells that strike in the dome of night ring out with as sweet a tone as when God swung them at the creation. Look up at night, and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our King are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all the centuries.

The stars at which the mariner looks to-night was the light by which the ships of Tarshish were guided across the Mediterranean, and the Venetian flotilla found its way into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright to-night as when, in ancient battle, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. To the ancients the stars were the symbols of eternity.

But here the figure of my text breaks down—not in defeat, but in the majestics of the judgment. The stars shall not shine forever. The Bible says they shall fall like autumnal leaves. It is almost impossible for a man to take in a course going a mile in three minutes, but God shall take in the worlds, flying a hundred thousand miles an hour, by one pull of his little finger. As, when the factory band slips at nightfall from the main wheel, all the smaller wheels slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they come to a full stop, so this great machinery of the universe, wheel within wheel, making revolution of appalling speed, shall by the touch of God's hand slip the band of present law and slacken and stop. That is what will be the matter with the mountains. The chariots in which they ride shall halt so suddenly that the kings shall be thrown out. Star after star shall be carried out to burial amid funeral torches and burning worlds. Constellations shall throw ashes on their heads, and all up and down the highways of space there shall be mourning, mourning, mourning, because the worlds are dead. But the Christian workers shall never quit their thrones—they shall reign forever and ever. If by some invasion from hell, the attempt were made to carry them off into captivity from heaven, the souls they have saved would rally for their defense, and all the angels of God would strike with their scepters, and the redeemed, on white horses of victory, would ride down the foe, and all the steep of the sky would resound with the crash of the overwhelmed cohorts tumbled headlong out of heaven.

An Armless Artist in Europe.

When I was in Antwerp I met with a person who interested me very much. I was in the picture gallery there, and had walked through a long line of rooms to the end apartment. There I saw upon an easel a picture nearly finished, which was a copy of a very fine painting upon the wall. I was attracted by the beauty of this copy, which seemed to me as well painted as the original close by it; and I was going away when I saw a tall, clerically man come into the room, and take his seat upon a stool in front of the easel. He wore baggy, loose slippers, and, to my astonishment, the first thing he did was to kick them off. Then I noticed that his stockings were cut off a little below the instep, leaving his toes exposed.

Leaving back on his stool, he lifted up his long and active legs and took up his palette and maul stick with his left foot, putting his great toe through the hole in the palette, just as an ordinary artist would use his thumb. Then he took a brush between the first and second toes of his right foot, and touching it to the paint on the palette, he began to work upon the painting upon the easel. This artist had no arms, having been born without them, and he had painted the beautiful picture on the easel with his toes. It was astonishing to see him leaning back with upraised legs and putting the delicate lights and shades into the eyes of the portrait on his canvas with a brush held between his toes. He has long been known as a most skillful and successful painter in certain branches, and his beautiful work is not only interesting in itself, but it points a moral which we can each think out for ourselves.—St. Nicholas.

In the Distant Northwest.

A syndicate of American capitalists has employed an engineer to explore thoroughly the provinces of Athabasca, Alberta and British Columbia, and then to take a look at Alaska, all with the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of building a railway line from some point on the Northern Pacific railway, in Dakota, to Calgary, on the Canadian Pacific, thence through Alberta to Edmonton, the heart of a wheat district richer than Dakota in its fertility. Thence the proposed road is to run across the rich plains and through the enormous forests of Athabasca, rounding the northern limit of the Rocky mountains, and having its northwestern terminus at or near Fort Wrangle, Alaska, and having close connection by steamer with Sitka and Yukon. The country through which it is proposed to run the road is all open, except here and there a patch of woods, and the finest farming and grazing lands in the world. The foothills of the Rocky mountains in the region are rich in coal and iron, and along the Athabasca, Liard and Peace rivers there is gold in large quantities.—Frank Leslie's.

Strength of the Y. M. C. A.

The new Year Book of the Young Men's Christian association gives the number of associations throughout the world as 3,804, of which 1,240 are in the United States and Canada. The American associations own real estate to the value of \$6,708,230, an increase of nearly \$1,100,000 during the previous year. The association was never so strong and prosperous as it is now.—New York Tribune.

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