

HAPPINESS AT HOME.

BY DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

With the Grandest Luxury Given to Man. Happiness Not Dependent on Outward Circumstances—"Godliness with Contentment is Great Gain."

BROOKLYN, July 15.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his subject today: "In Good Humor with Our Circumstances." His text was Hebrews xii, 5: "Be content with such things as ye have."

If I should ask some one, "Where is Brooklyn today?" he would say, "At Brighton Beach, or East Hampton, or Shelter Island." "Where is New York today?" "At Long Branch." "Where is Philadelphia?" "Cape May." "Where is Boston?" "At Martha's Vineyard." "Where is Virginia?" "At the Sulphur Springs." "Where the great multitude from all parts of the land?" "At Saratoga," the modern Bethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest multitude are at home, detained by business circumstances. Among them all newspaper men, the hardest worked and the least compensated, city railroad employes, and ferry masters, and the police and the tens of thousands of clerks and merchants waiting for their turn of absence, and households with an invalid who cannot be moved, and others hindered by stringent circumstances, and the great multitude of well-to-do people who stay at home because they like home better than any other place, refusing to go away simply because it is the fashion to go.

Now the genuine American is not happy until he is going somewhere, and the passion is so great that there are Christian people with their families detained in the city, who come not to the house of God, trying to give people the idea that they are out of town; leaving the doorplate unscoured for the same reason, and for two months keeping the front shutters closed while they sit in the back part of the house, the thermometer at ninety! My friends, if it is best for us to go, let us go and be happy. If it is best for us to stay at home, let us stay at home and be happy. There is a great deal of good common sense in Paul's advice to the Hebrews: "Be content with such things as ye have." To be content is to be in good humor with our circumstances, not picking a quarrel with our obscurity, or our poverty, or our social position. There are four or five grand reasons why we should be content with such things as we have.

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit advised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make a great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health of body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted, and fondled, and spoiled by fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury, and have it alone, than, without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagles' down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's ax or a reaper's scythe than wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge and venison, and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. We look back at the glory of the last Napoleon, but who would have taken his Versailles and his Tuileries if with them we had been obliged to take his gout? "Oh," says some one, "it isn't the grosser pleasures I covet, but it is the gratification of an artistic and intellectual taste." Why, my brother, you have the original from which these pictures are copied.

What is a sunset on a wall compared with a sunset hung in loops of fire on the heavens? What is a cascade silent on a canvas compared with a cascade that makes the mountain tremble, its spray ascending like the departed spirit of the water slain on the rocks? Oh, there is a great deal of hollow affectation about a fondness for pictures on the part of those who never appreciate the original from which the pictures are taken. As though a parent should have no regard for his child, but go into ecstasies over its photograph. Bless the Lord today, O man! O woman! that though you may be shut out from the works of a church, a Bierstadt, a Rubens, and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre, or the Luxembourg, or the Vatican—the royal gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky.

Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last leaf is on the table, and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war whoop, and hospitality freezing to death in a cheerless parlor. I stopped one day on Broadway at the head of Wall street, at the foot of Trinity church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who

swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was finer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple stand knitting. I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of an humble home than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theater.

I find Nero growling on a throne. I find King Abah going to bed at noon through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, prime minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat; and Ahithophel, one of the greatest lawyers of Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself. The wealthiest man, forty years ago, in New York, when congratulated over his large estate, replied: "Ah! you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it." Byron declared in his last hours that he had never seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. I do not believe he had seen twelve minutes of thorough satisfaction. Napoleon I said: "I turn with disgust from the cowardice and selfishness of man. I hold life a horror; death is repose. What I have suffered the last twenty days is beyond human comprehension." While, on the other hand, to show how one may be happy under the most disadvantageous circumstances, just after the Ocean Monarch had been wrecked in the English channel, a steamer was cruising along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water, and he bore down toward that voice, and found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer, singing to the tune of St. Martin's:

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high.

The heart right toward God and man, we are happy. The heart wrong toward God and man, we are unhappy.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that all the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the land you cultivate, the places in which you labor, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver mounted mahogany or rosewood. Go down among the resting places of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a great difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The hand that greeted the senator, and the president, and the king is still as the hand that hardened on the mechanic's hammer, or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now, whether there is a plain stone above them from which the traveler pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtue to the skies.

In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of chariot wheels, and there is never heard the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the fields in the east for the enrichment of the soil, is the dust raked out from the scapulars of kings and lords and mighty men. O the chagrin of those men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called Egyptian guano.

Of how much worth now is the crown of Caesar? Who bids for it? Who cares now anything about the Amphictyonic council or the laws of Lycurgus? Who trembles now because Xerxes crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats? Who fears because Nebuchadnezzar thunders at the gates of Jerusalem? Who cares now whether or not Cleopatra marries Antony? Who crouches before Ferdinand, or Bonifaz, or Almiraz? Can Cromwell dissolve the English parliament now? Is William, prince of Orange, king of the Netherlands? No, no! However much Elizabeth may love the Russian crown, she must pass it to Peter, and Peter to Catherine, and Catherine to Paul, and Paul to Alexander, and Alexander to Nicholas. Leopold put the German scepter into the hand of Joseph, and Philip comes down to the Spanish throne to let Ferdinand go on. House of Aragon, house of Hapsburg, house of Stuart, house of Bourbon, quarreling about everything else, but agreeing in this: "The fashion of this world passeth away." But have all these dignitaries gone? Can they not be called back? I have been in assemblages where I have heard the roll called, and many distinguished men have answered. If I should call the roll today of some of those mighty ones who have gone, I wonder if they would not answer. I will call the roll. I will call the roll of the kings first: Alfred the Great! William the Conqueror! Frederick II! Louis XVI! No answer. I will call the roll of the poets: Robert Southey! Thomas Campbell! John Keats! George Crabbe! Robert Burns! No answer. I call the roll of artists: Michael Angelo! Paul Veronese! William Turner! Christopher Wren! No answer. Eyes closed. Ears deaf. Lips silent. Hands palsied. Scepter, pencil, pen, sword, put down forever. Why should we struggle for such baubles?

Another reason why we should culture this spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that God knows what is best for his creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not as liberal with him as you ought to be. He criticizes your discipline, and you, loving that child, do what in your deliberate judgment is best for him. Now, God is the best of fathers. Sometimes his children think that he is hard on them, and that he is not as liberal with them as he might be. But children do not know as much as a father. I can tell you why you are not largely affluent, and why you have not been grandly successful. It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your own self-education; but God roughened that path, so you have to take hold of his hand. If the weather had been mild, you would have loitered along the water courses; but at the first howl of the storm you quickened your pace heavenward, and wrapped around you the warm robe of a

Saviour's righteousness. "What have I done?" says the wheat sheaf to the farmer, "what have I done, that you beat me so hard with your flail?" The farmer makes no answer, but the rake takes off the straw, and the mill blows the chaff down at the foot of the windmill. After a while, the straw looking down from the mill upon the golden grain hanked up on either side the floor, understands why the farmer beat the wheat sheaf with the flail.

Who are those before the throne? The answer came: "These are they who, out of great tribulation, had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Would God that we could understand that our trials are the very best thing for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth, then we should know why it was that John Noyra, the martyr, in the very midst of the flames reached down and picked up one of the fagots that was consuming him, and kissed it, and said: "Blessed be God for the time when I was born to this preferment." They who suffer with him on earth shall be glorified with him in heaven. Be content, then, with such things as you have.

Another consideration leading us to the spirit of the text is the assurance that the Lord will provide somehow. Will he who holds the water in the hollow of his hand allow his children to die of thirst? Will he who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and all the earth's luxuriance of grain and fruit, allow his children to starve? Go out tomorrow morning at 5 o'clock into the woods and hear the birds chant. They have had no breakfast, they know not where they will dine, they have no idea where they will sup; but hear the birds chant at 5 o'clock in the morning. "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your Father feedeth them: Are you not much better than they?" Seven thousand people in Christ's time went into the desert. They were the most improvident people ever heard of. They deserved to starve. They might have taken food enough to last them until they got back. Nothing did they take. A lad, who had more wit than all of them put together, asked his mother that morning for some loaves of bread and some fishes. They were put into his satchel. He went out into the desert. From this provision the seven thousand were fed, and the more they ate the larger the loaves grew until the provision that the boy brought in one satchel was multiplied so he could not have carried the fragments home in six satchels. "O," you say, "times have changed, and your day of miracles has gone." I reply that what God did then by miracles, he does now in some other way, and by natural laws. "I have been young," said David, "but now I am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." It is high time that you people who are fretting about worldly circumstances, and who are fearing you are coming to want, understood that the oath of the eternal God is involved in the fact that you are to have enough to eat and to wear.

Again, I remark that the religion of Jesus Christ is the grandest influence to make a man contented. Indemnity against all financial and spiritual harm! It calms the spirit, dwindles the earth into insignificance and swallows up the soul with the thought of heaven. O ye, who have been going about from place to place expecting to find in change of circumstances something to give solace to the troubled spirit, I commend you this morning to the warm-hearted, earnest, practical, common sense religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked," and as long as you continue in your sin you will be miserable. Come to Christ. Make him your portion, and start for heaven, and you will be a happy man—you will be a happy woman.

Yet, my friends, notwithstanding all these inducements to a spirit of contentment, I have to tell you this morning the human race is divided into two classes—those who scold and those who get scolded. The carpenter wants to be anything but a carpenter, and the mason anything but a mason, and the banker anything but a banker, and the lawyer anything but a lawyer, and the minister anything but a minister, and everybody would be happy if he were only somebody else. The anemone wants to be a sunflower, and the apple orchards throw down their blossoms because they are not tall cedars, and the scow wants to be a schooner, and the sloop would like to be a seventy-four pounder, and parents have the worst children that ever were, and everybody has the greatest misfortune, and everything is upside down, or going to be. Ah! my friends, you never make any advance through such a spirit as that. You cannot fret yourself up; you may fret yourself down. Amid all this grating of tones I strike this string of the Gospel harp: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. We brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain we can carry nothing out; having food and raiment let us therewith be content."

Let us all remember, if we are Christians, that we are going after awhile, whatever be our circumstances now, to have a glorious vacation. As in summer we put off our garments and go down into the cool sea to bathe, so we will put off these garments of flesh and step into the cool Jordan. We will look around for some place to lay down our weariness; and the trees will say: "Come and rest under our shadow;" and the earth will say: "Come and sleep in my bosom;" and the winds will say: "Hush! while I sing thee a cradle hymn;" and while six strong men carry us out to our last resting place, and ash comes to ashes, and dust to dust, we will see two scarred feet standing amid the broken soil, and a lacerated brow bending over the open grave, while a voice, tender with all affection and mighty with all omnipotence, will declare: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Comfort one another with these words.

A southern woman who took a contract for splitting rails, and without help of any kind out and split 400 a week, did not spend much time arguing upon the proper position of woman. She had a family to support, and worked up to the full measure of her capacity.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE. Newspaper Notes Concerning the Fair Sex—Personal Comments.

A two-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Levy, the cornetist, shows extraordinary talent for music.

Mrs. Charles Mason, of Fitchburg, Mass., is the author of "Do They Miss Me at Home?"

Mrs. Dr. Smith has contributed \$12,000 for the purpose of constructing a "playhouse" for the use of the children of Newark, N. J., who have no place but the streets to play in.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, now slightly past middle age, is still youthful in appearance and spirits. Her "Hans Brinker" is almost as popular in England as in this country, and furnishes a material part of her income.

Mrs. Stanford, the wife of the rich senator from California, has just endowed another \$1,000 bed, making eight in all, in different charitable institutions in Washington. She has endowed about sixty-six such beds in California, and probably a hundred more in various parts of the country.

Tewfik Pasha's sister, the wife of Mansur Pasha, is described as having inherited the artistic tastes and boundless extravagance of her father, Ismail Pasha. She is said to be inextricably involved in debt, and to have placed her finest jewels as pledges in the banks of Alexandria. The statement, however, that she owes 30,000 francs on her cigarette account ought perhaps to be accepted with some allowance.

Mlle. Gabrielle Dumontet is today perhaps the most distinguished young woman in France. At the recent examinations in medicine and surgery, under the auspices of the Women's Union of France, she gained the first prize and was awarded the medal and diploma of honor. Besides being unusually proficient in her profession and scientific studies, she is an accomplished linguist, musician and painter, and a brilliant woman in society.

Alice French is the veritable name of the lady who writes for the magazines over the signature of "Octave Thanet." She has Mayflower blood in her veins, and is the daughter of Judge French, of Davenport, Ia. She says that her method of work is "simply to tell the truth in as good and simple English as I can pick up." This is good as far as it goes. Miss French, it is said, has lately been studying character and life on an Arkansas plantation.

"Princess Letitia Bonaparte," says a writer in The American Register, "is a tall and beautiful woman, and there is a possibility that she may become the queen of Italy. I have seen it recently asserted—I know not with how much truth—that the present crown prince of Italy is not very strong and has not, humanly speaking, a very long lease of life. However that may be, this is sure, that some sudden accident (which may Heaven avert!) might easily take off King Humbert and his son. Then it would be that Prince Amadeo would be the rightful heir to the throne of Italy, and his spouse would be the queen of Italy."

Mme. Pauline Lucca will make a professional visit to the United States in the fall. It has been a great many years since Mme. Lucca was heard in this country, but her voice will have to have lost a great deal if it fails to attract large audiences if she is heard in "Faust" or "La Favorita." After her last visit to this country Mme. Lucca went home and bought a farm, where she rested for a while and raised pigs and chickens; and she hopes soon to return to the same pastoral occupation. It is the dream of every prima donna who ever trod the boards to one day retire to a farm. Italy is now swarming with farming prime donkeys, who find a great charm in contrasting their past with their present life.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe now scarcely weighs more than 100 pounds, and is not much larger than a good sized 12-year-old girl. Her face is most expressive, and always bears a gentle and kindly look. Her thin gray hair is neatly arranged over a broad and thoughtful brow, beneath which are eyes that always twinkle merrily when she speaks of a subject of interest. Her mouth is more expressive than any other feature. It constantly speaks, though no word is spoken. She enjoys a good joke at all times, and laughs loud and long when one is fastened on herself by her children or intimate friends. She says that since the war she has spent eighteen winters in her southern home, and had met all classes and conditions of southern people, but they had all treated her with the utmost cordiality and courteousness, with but very few exceptions.

Weary of High Art. It's getting very hard for a plain man of ordinary, every day, practical tastes to get on in the world now. When he comes to the city and expects to see the sights he is taken to picture galleries and theatres with strong French plays in progress and to bric-a-brac exhibitions. A simple, honest countryman was taken to a picture gallery and a violent and persistent effort made to entertain him with a subject he did not care about. They showed him around the gallery, they expatiated on the great pictures, the superb art, and all that sort of thing. He said nothing until he reached a window which looked out on the street. Then, as a horse cart went rattling by, he turned wearily to his artistic friend and said: "What kind of axle grease do they use in this town?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Caution to Correspondents. Under the recent act of congress, approved by the president, any envelope, wrapper or postal card containing on the outside anything which reflects injuriously upon the person addressed, or any one else, or upon his character or conduct, or is plainly calculated and intended to injure his feelings or reputation, or bring him into discredit, or which threatens him, will be excluded from the mails. Anything in the nature of an offensive or threatening dun apparent upon an envelope, outside cover or postal card, or conveying the suggestion that such dun is inclosed, will be excluded as non-mailable under this act.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Volapuk club has been formed at Walla Walla, Wy. T.

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 apace with the times should

SUBSCRIBE

Daily or Weekly Herald.

Now while we have the subject before the people we will venture to speak of our

JOB DEPARTMENT.

Which is first-class in all respects and from which our job printers are turning out much satisfactory work.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.