DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES AT EAST HAMPTON, L. I.

Why Did God Let Sin Come Into the World?-No One Can Tell Until Ile Gets on the Other Side of the River of Death. Imparting Comfort to the Troubled.

East HAMPTON, N. Y., Sept. 2.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., who spends a good part of his summer rest here, took for the subject of his vacation sermon of this date, "Plasters That Will Not Stick." His text was, "Miserable comforters are ye all."-Job xvi, 2. Following is the sermon:

The man of Uz had a great many trials-the loss of his family, the loss of his property, the loss of his health; but the most exasperating thing that came upon him was the tantalizing talk of those who ought to have sympathized with him. Looking around upon them, and weighing what they had said, he utters the words of my text. Why did God let sin come into the

world? It is a question I often hear discussed, but never satisfactorily answered. God made the world fair and beautiful at the start. If our first parents had not in Eden, they might have gone out of that garden and found fifty paradises all around the earth-Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America-so many flower gardens, or orchards of fruit, redolent and luscious. I suppose that when God poured out the Gihon and the Hiddekel, he poured out, at the same time, the Hudson and the Susquehanna; the whole earth was very fair and beau-tiful to look upon. Why did it not stay so? God had the power to keep back sin and woe. Why did he not keep them back? Why not every cloud roseate, and every step a joy, and every sound music, and all the ages a long jubilee of sinless men and sinless women? God can make a rose as easily as he can make can make a rose as easily as he can make a thorn. Why, then, the predominance of thorns? He can make good, fair, ripe fruit as well as gnarled and sour fruit. Why so much, then, that is gharled and sour? He can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids? Why not have for our whole race perpetual leisure, instead of this tug and toil and tussle for a livelihood? I will tell you why God let sin come into the world-when I get on the other side of the River of Death, That is the place where such questions will be answered and such mysteries solved. He who this side of that river attempts to answer the question only illustrates his own ignorance and incompetency. per in the world, I think, for this very All I know is one great fact, and that is that a herd of woes have come in upon us, trampling down everything fair and beautiful. A sword at the gate of Eden, soothes. If there are men and women and a sword at every gate. More people here who have old people in the house, under the ground than on it. The grave or near at hand so they can easily reach yards in vast majority. The six thonsand them, I congratulate them, Some of us winters have made more scars than the have had trials in life, and although we six thousand summers can cover up. have had many friends around about us, Trouble has' taken the tender heart of we have wished that father and mother this world in its two rough hands and pinched it until the nations wail with the agony. If all the mounds of graveyards not say much, but it would have that have been lifted were put side by side, you might step on them and on nothing else, going all around the world, through the trials of life know how to and around again, and around again. give condolence. Cherish them; let them These are the facts. And now I have to lean on your arm-these aged people. If, say that, in a world like this, the grandest occupation is that of giving condolence. This holy science of imparting you have to say it a second time, when comfort to the troubled we ought all of you say it the second time, do not say it us to study. There are many of you sharply. If you do, you will be sorry for who could look around upon some of it on the day when you take the last look your very best friends who wish you and brush back the silvery locks from the well and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in your lid on. Blessed be God for the old peo-days of trouble, "Miserable comfortery ple! They may not have so much strength are ye all." I remark, in the first place, that very voluble people are incompetent for the heart, work of giving comfort. Bildad and Eliphaz had the gift of language, and selves with their words almost bothered Job's They may talk very beautifully, and life out. Alas for these voluble people they may give you a great deal of poetic that go among the houses of the afflicted sentiment; but while poetry is perfume life out. Alas for these voluble people and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk! that smells sweet, it makes a very poor They rehearse their own sorrows, and then they tell the poor sufferers that they feel badly now, but they will feel worse all over with flowers, it is a grave yet. after awhile. Silence! Do you expect, Those who have not had grief themwith a thin court plaster of words, to heal a wound deep as the soul? Step very heart. They know not the meaning of gently around about a broken heart. Talk very softly around those whom God | to put to bed at night, or the standing in has bereft. Then go your way. Deep a room where every book and picture and sympathy has not much to say. A firm door is full of memories-the door mat grasp of the hand, a compassionate look, just one word that means as much as a drank-the place where she stood at the whole dictionary, and you have given, door and clapped her hands-the odd figperhaps, all the comfort that a soul ures that she scribbled-the blocks she needs. A man has a terrible wound in built into a house. Ah no, you must have his arm. The surgeon comes and binds trouble yourself before you can comfort it up. "Now," he says, "carry that arm | trouble in others. But come all ye who in a sling, and be very careful of it. Let no one touch it," But the neighbors have heard of the accident, and they come in, and they say, "Let us see it." And the bandage is pulled off, God comforted me, and he will comfort and this one and that one must feel it, you;" and that will go right to the spot, and see how much it is swollen; and In other words, to comfort others, we there is irritation, and inflammation, and must have faith in God, practical exexasperation, where there ought to be perience, and good, sound common sense. healing and cooling. The surgeon comes in, and says, "What does all this mean? You have no business to touch those those who are sorrowful and distressed, bandages. That wound will never heal and that we can always bring to them, unless you let it alone." So there are knowing that they will effect a cure. souls broken down in sorrow. What And the first consideration is that God hey most want is rest, or very careful sends our troubles in love. I often hear and gentle treatment; but the neighbors people in their troubles say, "Why, I loss, and they come in to sympathize, and they say, "Show us the wound. What were his last words? Rehearse now the whole scene. How did means of the scene of the now the whole scene. How did you feel not remember that passage of Scripture, when you found you were an orphan?" "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth?" tearing off the bandages here, and pulling them off there, leaving a ghastly in its hand and you try to extract it. It wound that the balm of God's grace had is a very painful operation. The child already begun to heal. Oh, let no loqua- draws back from you, but you persist. ious people, with ever rattling tongues, o into the homes of the distressed! Again I remark, that all those persons incompetent to give any kind of mfort who act merely as worldly philexpected. The laws of nature must have their way;" and then they get eloquent over comething they have seen in post-mortem examinations. Now, away arm yourselves against them; and, as in with all human philosophy at such a tropical climes, when a tiger comes down timet What difference does it make to from the mountains and carries off a that father and mother what disease child from the village, the neighbors their son died of? He is dead, and it hand together and go into the forest and

ist not cry so. You must cultivate a self reliance, self government, self con-trol;" an iceberg reproving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye. A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now evoking strains of joy, and now strains of sadness. He can not play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of emotions were made to play on it. Now an anthem, now a dirge. It is no evidence of weakness when one is overcome of sorrow. Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a

horse's neck, caressing him, and some one said, "Why, the great man has lost his mind!" No; that horse belonged to his son who had recently died, and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome of their sorrows. Thank God for the relief of tears. Have you never been in trouble when you could not weep, and you would have given anything for a good cry? David did well when he mourned for Absalom, Abraham did well when he bemoaned Sarah, Christ did well when he wept for Lazarus; and the last man I want to see come anywhere near me when I have any kind of trouble is a worldly philosopher.

Again I remark, that those persons are incompetent for the work of comfort bearing who have nothing but cant to offer. There are those who have the idea that you must groan over the distressed and afflicted. There are times in grief when one cheerful face dawning upon a man's soul is worth a thousand dollars to him. Do not whine over the afflicted. Take the promises of the Gospel, and utter them in a manly tone. Do not be afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do was foreordained; it will not be any comfort to know it was a million years coming. If you want to find splints for a broken bone do not take cast iron. Do when they need valerian.

Again I remark that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snowflake--it never saw a snowflake; and those people who have always lived in the summer of work of sympathy. They have been through all these trials. They know all that which irritates and all that which when you speak to them, they cannot hear just what you say the first time, and wrinkled brow just before they screw the lid on. Blessed be God for the old peoto go around, but they are God's appointed ministers of comfort to a broken People who have not had trial themselves cannot give comfort to others. salve. If you have a grave in your pathway, and somebody comes and covers it all over with flowers, it is a grave yet. selves know not the mystery of a broken childlessness, and the having of no one where she sat, the cup out of which she But there are three or four considerations that I will bring this morning to A child comes in with a very bad splinter You are going to take that splinter out, so you take the child with a gentle but firm grasp, for, although there may be pain in it, the splinter must come out. And it is love that dictates it, and makes their son died of i He is dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the epigastric or hypogratric re-

them. But no; they come from a Father so kind, so loving, so gentle, that the prophet, speaking of his tenderness and mercy, drops the idea of a father, and says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Again I remark, there is comfort in the thought that God, by all this process, is going to make you useful. Do you know that those who accomplish the most for God and heaven have all been under the harrow? Show me a man that has done anything for Christ in this day, in a public or private place, who has had no trouble and whose path has been smooth. Ah, no.

I once went through an ax factory, and I saw them take the bars of iron and thrust them into the terrible furnaces. Then besweated workmen with long tongs stirred the blaze. Then they brought out a bar of iron and put it into a crushing machine, and they they put it between jaws that bit it in twain. Then they put it on an anvil, and there were great hammers swung by ma-chinery-cach one a half ton in weight-that went thump! thump! thump! If that iron could have spoken it would have said, "Why all this beating? Why must I be pounded any more than any other iron?" The workmen would have said: "We want to make axes out of you, keen, sharp axes-axes with which to hew down the forest, and build the ship, and erect houses, and carry on a thousand enterprises of civilization. That's the reason we pound you." Now, God puts a soul into the furnace of trial, and then it is brought out and run through the crushing machine, and then it comes down on the anvil, and upon it blow after blow, blow after blow, and the soul cries out, "O Lord, what does all this mean?" God says, "I want to make something very useful out of you. You Christian friends, we want more tools in the church of God. Not more wedges to split with; we have enough of these. Not more bores with which to drill; we have too many bores. What we really want is keen, sharp, well tempered axes, and if there be any other way of making them than in the hot furnace, and on the hard anvil, and under the heavy hammer, I do not know what it is. Remember that if God brings any kind of chastisement upon you, it is only to make you useful. Do not sit down discouraged, and say, "I have no more reason for living, I wish I were dead." Oh, there never was so much reason for your living as now! By this ordeal you have been con-secrated a priest of the Most High God. Go out and do your whole work for the Master.

Again, there is comfort in the thought that all our troubles are a revelation. Have you ever thought of it in that connection? The man who has never been through chastisement is ignorant about a thousand things in his soul he ought to know. For instance, here is a man who prides himself on his cheerfulness of character. He has no patience with any-body who is depressed in spirits. Oh, it is easy for him to be cheerful, with his fine house, his filled wardrobe and well strung instruments of music and tapestried parlor and plenty of money in the bank waiting for some permanent investment. It is easy for him to be cheer-

poor-you whose homes have been shat-lered-not they. You do not dwell much with your families in this world. All day long you are off to business. Will it not be pleasant when you can be together all the while? If you have had four children and one is gone, and any-body asks how many children you have, do not be so infidel as to say three. Say four-one in heaven. Do not think that the grave is unfriendly. You go into your room and dress for some grand entertainment, and you come forth beautifully appareled; and the grave is only the place where we go to dress for the glorious resurrection, and we will come out radiant, radiant, mortality, having become immortality. Oh, how much condolence there is in this thought! expect to see my kindred in heaven; I expect to see them as certainly as I expect to go home today. Ay, I shall more certainly see them. Eight or ten will come up from the graveyard back of Somerville; and one will come up from the mountains back of Amoy, China; and another will come up from the sea off Cape Hatteras; and thirty will come up from Greenwood; and I shall know them better than I ever knew them here. And your friends-they may be across the sea, but the trumpet that sounds here will sound there. You will come up on just the same day. Some morning you have overslept vourself, and you open your eyes, and see that the sun is high in the heavens, and you say, "I have overslept, and I must be up and off." So you will open your eyes on the blaze of God's light, and you will say, "I must be up and away." Oh yes, you will come up, and there will be a reunion, a reconstruction of your family. I like what Halburton, I think it was-good old Mr. Halburton-said in his last moments, "I thank God that I ever lived, and that I have a father in heaven, and a mother in heaven, and brothers in heaven, and sisters in heaven, and I am now going up to see them." I remark once more, our troubles in this world are preparative for glory. What a transition it was for Paul-from the slippery deck of a foundering ship to the calm presence of Jesus! What a transition it was for Latimer-from the stake to a throne! What a transition it was for Robert Hall-from insanity to glory! What a transition it was for Richard Baxter-from the dropsy to the "saint's everlasting rest!" And what a transition it will be for you-from a world of sorrow to a world of joy! John Holland, when he was dying, said, "What means this brightness in the room? Have you lighted the candles?"

"No," they replied, "we have not lighted any candles." Then said he, "Welcome heaven!" the light already beaming upon his pillow. O ye who are persecuted in this world! your enemies will get off the track after a while, and all will speak well of you among the thrones. Ho! ye who are sick now, no medicines to take there. One breath of the ejernal hills will thrill you with immortal vigor. And ye who are lonesome now, there will be a thousand spirits to welcome you into their companionship. O ye bereft souls! there will be no grave digger's spade that will cleave the side of that hill, and there will be no dirge wailing from that temple. The river of God, deep as the joy of heaven, will roll on between banks odorous with balm, and



ful. But suppose his fortune goes to pieces and his house goes down under the sheriff's hammer and the banks will not have anything to do with his paper. Suppose those people who were once elegantly entertained at his table get so short sighted that they cannot recognize him upon the street. How then? Is it so easy to be cheerful? It is easy to be cheerful in the home, after the day's work is done, and the gas is turned on, and the house is full of romping little ones. But suppose the piano is shut because the fingers that played on it will no more touch the keys, and the childish voice that asked so many questions will ask no more. Then is it so easy? When a man wakes up and finds that his resources are all gone, he begins to rebel, and he says, "God is hard, tiod is outrageous. He had no business to do this to me." My friends, those of us who have been through trouble know what a sinful and rebellious heart we have, and how much God has to put up with, and how much we need pardon. It is only in the light of a flaming furnace that we can learn our own weakness and our own lack of moral resource.

There is also a great deal of comfort in the fact that there will be a family reconstruction in a better place. From Scotland, or England, or Ireland a child emigrates to this country. It is very hard parting, but he comes, after a while writing home as to what a good land it is. Another brother comes, a sister comes, and another, and after a while the mother comes, and after a while the father comes, and now they are all here, and they have a time of great congratulation and a very pleasant reunion. Well, it is just so with our families; they are emigrating to a better land. Now, one goes out. Oh, how hard it is to part with him! Another gaes. Oh, how hard it is to part with her! And another, and another, and we ourselves will after a while go over, and then we will be together. Oh, what a reunion! Do you believe that? "Yes," you say, You do not! You do not believe it as you believe other things. If you did, and with the same emphasis, why, it would take nine-tenths of your trouble off your heart. The fact is, heaven to many of us is a great fog. It is away off somewhere, filled with an uncertain and indefinite population. That is the kind of heaven that many of us dream about; but it is the most tremendous fact in all the universe—this heaven of the Gospel. Our departed friends are not afloat. The residence in which you live is not so real as the residence in which they stay. You are afloat, you who do not know in the morning what will happen before night. They are housed and safe forever. Do not, there-fore, pity your departed friends who have died in Christ. They do not need any of your pity. You might as well send a letter of condolence to Queen Victoria on her obscurity, or to the Rothschilds on their poverty, as to pity those who have won the palm. Do not say of those who are departed, "Poor child!" "Poor father!" "Poor

skies roseate with gladness, argoales of light going down the stream to the stroke of glittering car and the song of angels! Not one sigh in the wind; not one tear mingling with the waters. 'rhere shall I bathe my weary soul

In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trabble roll Across my penceful breast.

Castelar's Expulsion from Rome

Senor Castelar gives a dramatic picture of his expulsion from Rome, in the days before Victor Emanuel entered that capital. The landlord of his hotel, having received a domiciliary visit from the police, went to his guest and asked him in a terrified manner, "Why did you conceal your rank from me?" "My rank? I have none to conceal." "Your importance?" "I am not of any conse-quence." "You are a distinguished per-son." "I distinguished?" said Senor Castelar; "bah! you are mocking me." "I have kept the police from coming to your chambers by saying that I would communicate to you their orders." "What orders?" "The orders to leave Rome immediately." Senor Castelar had written books that were on the "Index Expurgatorius," and besides he was told that he was a triend of Garibaldi and Mazzini, a democrat and revolutionist, and that if he did not leave Rome by the first train in the morning he would be imprisoned, and might even be hanged. It was then 9:30; the next

in it.-New York Tribune

train left at 10, and Emilio Castelar left

A Prediction Concerning Gladstone. The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, which was celebrated recently, recalls a reminiscence of the day, now more than half a century distant, when Mrs. Gladstone first saw her future husband. It was at a dinner party in London, where the younger Miss Glynne's attention was directed by an eminent statesman who was by her side to a tall, handsome young member of parliament who sat opposite. "Do you see that young man?" said he, "note him well and mark my words. If his life is spared he will one day be prime minister." Miss Glynne naturally took keen note of Mr. Gladstone, but they did not speak, nor was it until some time afterward that she made his acquaintance in Italy. The prediction, however, has been thrice fulfilled, and Mrs. Gladstone will probably have the gratification of seeing it fulfilled 05 the fourth time before long .- Home Journal.

Great Britain's Latest Addition.

The latest addition to the British empire is a small island in the Pacific ocean, lying south of the Sandwich Islands and about two degrees north of the equator. It is a small and almost barren island. and received its name of Christmas Island because Capt. Cook spent Christmas on it 110 years ago last winter. - Once a Week,

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