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## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON "OUT OF THE BRICK KILNS."

More Joy in One Drop of Christian Satisfaction Than in Rivers of Sinful Delight.—Napoleon, Voltaire and the Apostle Paul.—Danger in Delay.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

In the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage preached to a crowded assembly on a subject of unusual interest, as illustrating the sustaining power of religion to those who are in daily contact with the world, its trials and temptations. The text chosen was Psalms lxxviii, 13, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

I suppose you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian slavery. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brickkiln there were also other utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food, and when these poor slaves, tired of the day's work, lay down to rest, they lay down among the implements of hard work. When they arose in the morning, they found their garments covered with the clay and the smoke, and the dust, and begrimed and begrimed with the utensils of cookery. But after while the Lord broke up that slavery, and He took these poor slaves into a land where they had better garb, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh make his own bricks. When David, in my text, comes to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brickkilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

Was a Hard Taskmaster.

Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes saw people in the East cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she had often seen, just before sundown, pigeons and doves which had during the heat of the day been hiding among the kettles and the pans, with which the food was prepared, picking up the crumbs that they might find. Just before the hour of sunset they would spread their wings and fly heavenward, entirely unsoiled by the region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird. And as the pigeons flew away the setting sun would throw silver on their wings and gold on their breasts. So you see it is not a far-fetched simile or an unnatural comparison when David in my text says to these emancipated Israelites and says to all those who are brought out of any kind of trouble into any kind of spiritual joy, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters. Worse than Pharaoh. It keeps us drudging in a most degrading service, but after awhile Christ comes and He says, "Let my people go," and we pass out from among the brickkilns of sin into the glorious liberty of the gospel. We put on the clean robes of a Christian profession, and when at last we soar away to the warm nest which God has provided for us in Heaven; we shall go fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

I am going to preach something which some of you do not believe, and that is that the greatest possible adornment is the religion of Jesus Christ. There are a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible; they have not properly examined it. Dr. Johnson said that Hume told a minister in the bishopric of Durham that he had never particularly examined the New Testament, yet all his life was warring against it. Halley, the astronomer, announced his skepticism to Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton said: "Now, sir, I have examined the subject, and you have not, and I am ashamed that you, professing to be a philosopher, consent to condemn a thing you never have examined." And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it something undesirable, something that will not work, something Pecknitarian, something hypocritical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful you might compare it to a chaffinch, you might compare it to a robin dressed, you might compare it to a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

Paths of Peace.

But how is it if a young man becomes a Christian? All through the club-rooms where he associates all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiseration. They say, "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should so have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no particular present worth." Here is a young woman who becomes a Christian; her voice, her face, her manners the charm of the drawing-room. Now all through the fashionable circles the whisper goes, "What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, that such a graceful gait should be crippled, that such worldly prospects should be obliterated!" Ah, my friends, it can be shown that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace; that religion, instead of being dark and fearful and repulsive, is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

See, in the first place, what religion will do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder; I do not say he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged, but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man not a Christian depends upon worldly success to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has a large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows how to spend—everything goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes—there are many young men in the house this morning who can testify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come—his friends are gone; his salary is gone; his health is gone; he goes down, down. He becomes sour, cross, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the church, blames everything, rushes perhaps to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble he drowns his body and drowns his soul.

But here is a Christian young man. Trouble comes to him. Does he give up? No! He throws himself back on the resources of Heaven. He says, "God is my Father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine; Christ is mine; Christian companionship is mine; Heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Righteousness gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe in the promise, 'All are yours.' What though my worldly friends fall away? Ministering angels are my bodyguard. What though my fare be poor, and my bread be scant? I sit at the king's banquet."

Fairer Than the Dove.

Oh, what a poor, shallow stream is worldly enjoyment compared with the deep, broad, overflowing river of God's peace, rolling midway in the Christian heart! Sometimes you have gone out on the iron bound beach of the sea when there had been a storm on the ocean, and you have seen the waves dash into white foam at your feet. They did not do you any harm. While there you thought of the chapter written by the psalmist, and perhaps you recite it to yourself while the storm was making commentary upon the message. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will I not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." Oh, how independent the religion of Christ makes a man of the worldly success and worldly circumstances. Nelson, the night before his last battle, said: "To-morrow I shall win either a peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey." And it does not make much difference to the Christian whether he rises or falls in worldly matters. He has everlasting renown anyway. Other plumage may be torn in the blast, but that soul adorned with Christian grace is fairer than the dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with gold.

Napoleon, Voltaire, and Paul.

Oh, do you know of anything, my hearers, that is more beautiful than to see a young man start out for Christ? Here is some one falling; he lifts him up. Here is a vagabond boy; he introduces him to a mission school. Here is a family freezing to death; he carries them a scuttle of coal. There are 900,000,000 perishing in heathen darkness; by all possible means he tries to send them the gospel. He may be laughed at, and he may be sneered at, and he may be caricatured, but he is not ashamed to go everywhere, saying, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." Such a young man can go through everything. There is no force on earth or in hell that can resist him. I show you three spectacles:

Spectacle the First.—Napoleon passes by with the host that went down with him to Egypt, and up with him through Russia and crossed the continent, on the bleeding heart of which he set his iron heel, and across the quivering flesh of which he went grinding the wheels of his gun carriages—in his dying moment asking his attendants to put on his military boots for him.

Spectacle the Second.—Voltaire, bright and learned and witty and eloquent, with tongue and voice and stratagem infernal, warring against God and poisoning whole kingdoms with his fidelity, yet applauded by the clapping hands of thrones and empires and continents—his last words, in delirium supposing Christ standing by the bedside—his last words, "Crush that wretch!"

Spectacle the Third.—Paul, insignificant in person, thrust out from all refined association, scourged, spat on, hounded like a wild beast from city to city, yet trying to make the world good and Heaven full; announcing resurrection to those who mourned at the barred gates of the dead; speaking consolations which light upon the eyes of widowhood and orphanage and wait with glow of certain and eternal release unflinching before those who could take his life, his cheek flushed with transport and his eye on Heaven; with one hand shaking defiance at all the foes of earth and all the principalities of hell, and with the other beckoning messenger angels to come and bear him away as he says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give."

A Throne of the Tempest.

Which of the three spectacles do you most admire? When the wind of death struck the conqueror and the infidel, they were tossed like sea gulls

in a tempest, drenched of the wave and torn of the hurricane, their dismal voices heard through the everlasting storm, but when the wave and the wind of the earth struck Paul like an albatross he made a throne of the tempest and one day floated away into the calm clear summer of Heaven, brighter than the dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold. Oh, are you not in love with such a religion—a religion that can do so much for a man while he lives, and so much for a man when he comes to die?

I suppose you may have noticed the contrast between the departure of a Christian and the departure of an infidel. Diodorus, dying in chagrin because he could not compose a joke equal to a joke uttered at the other end of his table; Zeuxis, dying in a fit of laughter at the sketch of an aged woman—a sketch made by his own hand; Mazarin, dying playing cards, his friends holding his hands because he was not able to hold them himself. All that on one side, compared with the departure of the Scotch minister, who said to his friends: "I have no interest as to whether I live or die; if I die, I shall be with the Lord, and if I live, the Lord will be with me." Or the last words of Washington: "It is well." Or the last words of McIntosh, the learned and great, "happy." Or the last words of Hannah More, the Christian poetess, "joy!" Or those thousands of Christians who have gone, saying: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Behold the contrast! Behold the charm of the one; behold the darkness of the other. Now, I know it is very popular in this day for young men to think there is something more charming in skepticism than in religion. They are ashamed of the old fashioned religion of the cross, and they pride themselves on their free thinking on all these subjects. My young friends, I want to tell you what I know from observation—that while skepticism is a beautiful land at the start, it is the great Sahara desert at the last.

The Dying Infidel.

Years ago a minister's son went off from home to college. At college he formed the acquaintance of a young man whom I shall call Ellison. Ellison was an infidel. Ellison scoffed at religion, and the minister's son soon learned from him the infidelity, and when he went home on his vacation broke his father's heart, by his denunciation of Christianity. Time passed on, and vacation came, and the minister's son went off to spend the vacation and was on a journey and came to a hotel. The hotel keeper said: "I am sorry that to-night I shall have to put you in a room adjoining one where there is a very sick and dying man. I can give you no other accommodation." "Oh," said the young college student and minister's son, "that will make no difference to me except the matter of sympathy with anybody that is suffering." The young man retired to his room, but could not sleep. All night long he heard the groaning of the sick man or the step of the watchers, and his soul trembled. He thought to himself: "Now, there is only a thin wall between me and a departing spirit. How if Ellison should know how I feel? How if Ellison should find out how my heart flutters? What if Ellison knew my skepticism gave way?" He slept not. In the morning, coming down, he said to the hotel keeper, "How is the sick man?" "Oh," said the hotel keeper, "he is dead, poor fellow! The doctors told us he could not last through the night."

"Well," said the young man, "what was the sick one's name. Where is he from?" "Well," said the hotel keeper, "he is from Providence College." "Providence College? What is his name?" "Ellison." "Oh," said the young man, "I was his old college mate—dead without any hope." It was many hours before the young man could leave that hotel. He got on his horse and started homeward, and all the way he heard something saying to him: "Dead! Lost! Dead! Lost!" He came to no satisfaction until he entered the Christian life, until he entered the Christian ministry until he became one of the most eminent missionaries of the cross, the greatest Baptist missionary the world has ever seen since the days of Paul no superior to Adoniram Judson. Mighty on earth, mighty in Heaven—Adoniram Judson. Which do you like the best, Judson's skepticism or Judson's Christian life, Judson's suffering for Christ's sake, Judson's almost martyrdom? Oh, young man, take your choice between these two kinds of lives. Your own heart tells you this morning the Christian life is more admirable, more peaceful, more comfortable, and more beautiful.

Kings and Queens Forever.

Oh, if religion does so much for a man on earth, what will it do for him in Heaven? That is the thought that comes to me now. If a soldier can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he goes into battle, how much more jubilantly he can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he has gained the victory! If religion is so good a thing to have here, how bright a thing it will be in Heaven! I want to see that young man when the glories of Heaven have robed and crowned him. I want to hear him sing when all huskiness of earthly colds is gone, and he rises up with the great doxology. I want to know what standard he will carry when marching under arches of pearl in the array of banners. I want to know what company he will keep in the land where they are all kings and queens forever and ever. If I have induced one of you this morning to begin a better life, then I want to know it. I may not in this world clasp hands with you in friendship, I may not hear from your own lips the story of temptation and sorrow, but I will clasp hands with you when the sea is passed and the gates are opened.

That might woo you to a better life, and that I might show you the glories with which God clothes His

dear children in Heaven, I wish I could this morning swing back one of the twelve gates, that there might dash upon your ear one shout of the triumph, that there might flame upon your eyes one blaze of the splendor. Oh, when I speak of that good land, you involuntarily think of some one there that you loved—father, mother, brother, sister, or dear little child garnered already. You want to know what they are doing this morning. I will tell you what they are doing. Singing! You want to know what they wear. I will tell you what they wear. Coronets of triumph! You wonder why oft they look to the gate of the temple and watch and wait. I will tell you why they watch and wait and look to the gate of the temple. For your coming! I shout upward the news to-day, for I am sure some of you will repent and start for Heaven: "Oh, ye bright ones before the throne, your earthly friends are coming. Angels poised midair, cry up the name. Gatekeeper of Heaven, send forward the tidings! Watchman on the battlements celestial, throw the signal!"

Louis Philippe's Mistake.

"Oh," you say, "religion I am going to have. It is only a question of time. My brother, I am afraid that you may lose Heaven the way Louis Philippe lost his empire. The Parisian mob came around the Tuilleries. The National Guard stood in defense of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe: 'Saa! I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place.'" "No," said Louis Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the General, "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the General, "it is too late now. Don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. Away from the earth went the house of Orleans and all because the King said, "Not yet, not yet." May God forbid that any of you should add to this great subject of religion and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late, too late—you losing a throne in Heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth.

When the Judge descends in might,  
Clothed in majesty and might,  
When the earth shall quake with fear,  
Where, oh, where, wilt thou appear?

Calling Smith.

Miss Kate Field related at some length an experience which she had in trying to sleep in a hotel in a Utah mining town, where the partitions between the rooms were of boards merely, and quite innocent of lath and plaster. The ordinary going and coming of the early part of the night and the snoring of the later hours were bad enough, but toward morning, when at last she had fallen asleep, a loud voice shouted from her keyhole:

"Smith! Smith!"  
As her name was not Smith, she made no response.  
"Smith," came the shout again.  
"It's time to skip!"  
"My name is not Smith," she then answered.

"What is your name then? If it ain't Smith, it ought to be. You're down on the register as Smith."  
From across the hall came the call of the day clerk, who occupied the room there:  
"No, that ain't Smith. Smith's at the end of the hall."  
"Well, this is the end of the hall," came from the neighborhood of the keyhole again. It was the voice of the porter.  
"Ain't there two ends to the hall? It's the other end, you blockhead!"  
"Who wants Smith?" came a sharp voice from the distance. "I'm Smith."  
"What's the matter? I'm Smith," came still another voice.  
"Well, whichever Smith wants to get up at four o'clock, him's the one!" growled the porter.  
Both these Smiths slammed their doors with a vehement protestation that they didn't want to get up.  
"It's Smith in Number One!" screamed the day clerk.  
The right Smith has not been waked at all. So the porter found No. 1, and pounded on the door so hard that everybody in the house who had not already been waked was aroused, and several people rushed out into the hall, thinking there was a fire.  
The porter went down complacently to the office on the floor below.  
"Well," he said to the night clerk, "I waked him up, anyhow!"

Antioch.

Oleomargarine is a French invention. It is said that it originated in the desert to the French government to provide the poorer classes with a cheap substitute for butter. M. Mege was employed by the government to make experiments in this line, and the original process of making oleo is his work. But France has very strict laws regulating the sale of oleo. Under statutes for the "repression of frauds in the sale of butter," it is absolutely forbidden to offer for sale, import or export under the name of butter, oleo or any other butter substitute, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, confiscation of the articles and publication of the convictions. The sale, transportation, and importation of butter substitutes are permitted only when they are in packages legibly labeled with their true name. As far as French law can go, the oleo tub must stand on its own bottom.  
A woman likes to be a heroine to one man; a man has an ambition to be a hero to a hundred women.

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