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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER'S SUBJECT WAS "STRANGERS IN TOWN."

It was from the text, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in"—Where the stranger should and should not go—Exploring a City's Iniquities.

At the Tabernacle.

Before no audience in the world could such a sermon as Rev. Dr. Talmage preached last Sunday be so appropriate as in the Brooklyn tabernacle, where it is estimated that 150,000 strangers attend every year. It was a sermon that had for them a special interest. The text selected was Matthew xxv, 35, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

It is a moral disaster that jocosity has despoiled so many passages of Scripture, and my text is one that has suffered from irreverent and misapplied quotation. It shows great poverty of wit and humor when people take the sword of divine truth for a game at fencing or chip off from the Kohinoor diamond of inspiration a sparkle to decorate a fool's cap. My text is the salutation in the last judgment to be given to those who have shown hospitality and kindness and Christian helpfulness to strangers.

By railroad and steamboat the population of the earth are all the time in motion, and from one year's end to another our cities are crowded with visitors.

Every morning on the tracks of the Hudson River, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Long Island railroads, there come passenger trains more than I can number, so that all the depots and the wharves are a-rumble and a-clang with the coming in of a great immigration of strangers. Some of them come for purposes of barter, some for mechanism, some for artistic gratification, some for sightseeing. A great many of them go out on the evening trains, and consequently the city makes but little impression upon them; but there are multitudes who, in the hotels and boarding houses, make temporary residence. They tarry here for three or four days, or as many weeks. They spend the days in the stores and the evenings in sightseeing. Their temporary stay will make or break them not only financially, but morally, for this world and the world that is to come. Multitudes of them come into our morning and evening services, and are conscious that I stand in the presence of many this moment. I desire more especially to speak to them. May God give me the right word and help me to utter it in the right way.

More Awful Than Wintry Midnight.

There have glided into this house those unknown to others, whose history, if told, would be more thrilling than the deepest tragedy, more exciting than Patti's song, more bright than a spring morning, more awful than a wintry midnight. If they could stand up here and tell the story of their escapes, and their temptations, and their bereavements, and their disasters, and their victories, and their defeats, there would be in this house such a commingling of groans and exclamations as would make the place unendurable.

There is a man who, in fancy, lay in a cradle satin lined. Out yonder is a man who was picked up, a foundling, on Boston common. Here is a man who is coolly observing this religious service, expecting no advantage and caring for no advantage for himself, while yonder is a man who has been for ten years in an awful conflagration of evil habits, and he is a mere cinder of a destroyed nature, and he is wondering if there shall be in this service and escape or help for his immortal soul. Meeting you only once perhaps face to face, I strike hands with you in an earnest talk about your present condition and your eternal well being. St. Paul's ship at Melita went to pieces where two seas meet, but we stand today at a point where a thousand seas converge, and eternity alone can tell the issue of the hour.

The hotels of this country for beauty and elegance are not surpassed by the hotels in any other land, but those that are most celebrated for brilliancy of tapestry and mirror cannot give to the guest any costly apartment unless he can afford a parlor in addition to his lodging. The stranger, therefore, will generally find assigned to him a room without any pictures and perhaps any rocking chair. He will find a box of matches on a bureau, and an old newspaper left by the previous occupant, and that will be about all the ornamentation. At 7 o'clock in the evening, after having taken his request, he will look over his memorandum book of the day's work, he will write a letter to his home, and then a desperation will seize upon him to get out. You hear the great city thundering under your windows, and you say, "I must join that procession," and in ten minutes you have joined it. Where are you going? "Oh," you say, "I haven't made up my mind yet." Better make up your mind before you start. For he who goes to the city and does not always go. Twenty years ago there were two young men who came down the Astor House steps and started out in a wrong direction, where they have been going ever since.

The Hectic Flash of Death.

"Well, where are you going?" says one man. "I am going to the Academy to hear some music." Good. I would like to join you at the door. At the tap of the orchestral baton all the gates of harmony and beauty will open before your soul. I congratulate you. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to see some advertised pictures." Good. I should like to go along with you and look over the same catalogue and study with you Kenneth and Blerisdat and Church and Moran. Nothing more elevating than good pictures.

Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to the Young

Men's Christian Association rooms." Good. You will find there gymnastics to strengthen the muscles, and books to improve the mind, and Christian influence to save the soul. I wish every city in the United States had as nice a palace for its Young Men's Christian Association as New York has. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to take a long walk up Broadway, and so turn around into the Bowery. I am going to study human life." Good.

A walk through Broadway at 8 o'clock at night is interesting, educating, fascinating, appalling, exhilarating to the last degree. Stop in front of that theater and see who goes in. Stop at that saloon and see who comes out. See the great tides of life surging backward and forward and beating against the marble of the curbstone and eddying down into the saloons. What is that mark on the face of that debauchee? It is the hectic flush of eternal death. What is that woman's laughter? It is the shriek of a lost soul.

Who is that Christian man going along with a vial of anodyne to the dying pauper on Elm street? Who is that belated man on the way to a prayer meeting? Who is that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these clusters of bright and beautiful faces? They are going to some interesting place of amusement. Who is that man going into the drug store? That is the man who yesterday lost all his fortune on Wall street. He is going in for a dose of belladonna, and before morning it will make no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. I tell you that Broadway between 7 and 12 o'clock at night, between the Battery and Central Park, is an Austerlitz, a Gettysburg, a Waterloo, where kingdoms are lost or won, and three worlds mingle in the strife.

Seeing the Signs.

I met another coming down off the hotel steps, and I say, "Where are you going?" You say, "I am going with a merchant of New York who has promised to show me the underground life of the city. I am his customer, and he is going to oblige me very much." Stop! A business house that tries to get or keep your custom through such a process as that is not worthy of you. There are business establishments in our cities which have for years been tending to destruction hundreds and thousands of merchants. They have a secret drawer in the counter, where money is kept, and the clerk goes and gets it when he wants to take these visitors to the city through the low slums of the place.

Shall I mention the names of some of these great commercial establishments? I have them on my lips. Shall I? Perhaps I had better leave it to the young men who, in that process, have been destroying others. I care not how high sounding the name of a commercial establishment if it proposes to get customers or to keep them by such a process as that. Drop their acquaintance. They will cheat you before you get through. They will send you a style of goods different from that which you bought by sample. There will be in the package half a dozen less pairs of suspenders than you paid for. They will rob you. Oh, you feel in your pockets and say, "Is my money gone?" They have robbed you of something for which dollars and cents can never give you compensation.

When one of these Western merchants has been dragged by one of those commercial agents through the slums of the city, he is not fit to go home. The mere memory of what he has seen will be moral pollution. I think you had better let the city missionary and the police attend to the exploration of New York and underground life. You do not go to a small box hospital for the purpose of exploration. You do not go there because you are afraid of contagion.

And yet you go into the presence of a moral leprosy that is as much more dangerous to you as the death of the soul is worse than the death of the body. I will undertake to say that nine-tenths of the men who have been ruined in our cities have been ruined by simply going to observe without any idea of participating.

Exploring a City's Iniquities.

The fact is that underground city life is a filthy, fuming, reeking, pestiferous depth which blinds the eye that looks at it. In the reign of terror of 1792 in Paris, people escaping from the officers of the law, got into the sewers of the city and crawled and walked through miles of that awful labyrinth stifled with the atmosphere and almost dead, some of them, when they came out to the river Seine, where they washed themselves, and again breathed the fresh air. But I have to tell you that a great many of the men who go on the work of exploration through the underground gutters of New York life never come out at any Seine river, where they can wash off the pollution of the moral sewage. Stranger, if one of the representatives of a commercial establishment proposes to take you and show you the "sights" of the town and underground New York, say to him, "please, sir, what part do you propose to show me?"

About sixteen years ago, as a minister of religion, I felt I had a divine commission to explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not ask counsel of my session, or my presbytery, or of the newspapers, but asking the companionship of three prominent police officials and two of the elders of my church I unrolled my commission and it said: "Son of man, dig into the wall, and when I had digged into the wall behind a door, and he said, go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here, and I went in and saw, and behold!" Brought up in the country and surrounded by much parental care, I had not until that time seen the haunts of iniquity. By the grace of God defended, I had never sowed my "wild oats." I had somehow been able to tell from various sources something about the iniquities of the great cities, and to preach against them, but I saw, in the destruction of a great multitude

of people, that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and I said, "I will explore." I saw thousands of men going down, and if there had been a physical percussion answering to the physical percussion, the whole air would have been full of the rumbles, and roar, and crack, and thunder of the demolition, and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should hear the crash, crash!

Where Ruined Souls Are Buried.

Just as in the sickly season you sometimes hear the bell at the gate of the cemetery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the bell at the gate of the cemetery where ruined souls are buried was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, "I will explore." I went as a physician goes into a fever lazaretto, to see what practical and useful information I might get. That would be a foolish doctor who would stand outside the door of an invalid writing a Latin prescription. When the lecturer in a medical college is done with his lecture, he takes the students into the dissecting room, and he shows them the reality. I went and saw, and came forth to my pupils to report a plague, and to tell how sin dissects the body, and dissects the mind, and dissects the soul.

"Oh," say you, "are you not afraid that in consequence of such exploration of the iniquities of the city other persons might make exploration and do themselves damage?" I reply, "if in company with the commissioner of police, and the captain of police, and the inspector of police, and the company of two Christian gentlemen, and not with the spirit of curiosity, but that you may see sin in order the better to combat it, then, in the name of the eternal God, go. But, if not, then stay away." Wellington, standing in the battle of Waterloo when the bullets were buzzing around his head, saw a civilian on the field. He said to him: "Sir, what are you doing here? Be off!" "Why," replied the civilian, "there is no more danger here for me than there is for you." Then Wellington flushed up and said, "God and my country demand that I be here, but you have no errand here."

Now, I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on that exploration and onto that battlefield. If you bear a like commission, go, if not stay away.

A young man comes in from the country bragging that nothing can do him any harm. He knows all about the tricks of city life. "Why," he says, "did not I receive a circular in the country telling me that somehow they found out I was a sharp business man, and if I would only send a certain amount of money by mail or express, charges prepaid, they would send a package with which I could make a fortune in two months, but I did not believe it. My neighbor did, but I did not. Why, no man could take my money. I carry it in a pocket inside my vest. No man could take it. No man could cheat me at the faro table. Don't I know all about the 'cue-box,' and the dealer's box, and the cards stuck together as though they were one, and when to hand in my checks? Oh, they can't cheat me. I know what I am about," while at the same time, that very moment, such men are succumbing to the worst satanic influences in the simple fact that they are going to observe. Now, if a man or woman shall go down into a haunt of iniquity for the purpose of reforming men and women, or for the sake of being able intelligently to warn people against such perils; if, as did John Howard, or Elizabeth Fry, or Thomas Chalmers, they go down among the abandoned for the sake of saving them, then such explorers shall be God protected, and they shall come out better than when they went in. But if you go on this work of exploration merely for the purpose of satisfying a morbid curiosity I will take 20 per cent. of your moral character.

The Seventh Day Sacred.

Sabbath morning comes. You wake up in the hotel. You have had a longer sleep than usual. You say: "Where am I? A thousand miles from home? I have no family to take to church today. My pastor will not expect my presence. I think I shall look over my accounts and study my memorandum book. Then I will write a few business letters and talk to that merchant who came in on the same train with me." Stop! You cannot afford to do it.

"But," you say, "I am worth \$500,000. You cannot afford to do it. You say, 'I am worth \$1,000,000.' You cannot afford to do it. All you gain by breaking the Sabbath you will lose. You will lose one of three things—your intellect, your morals, or your property—and you cannot point in the whole earth to a single exception to this rule. God gives us six days and keeps one for himself. Now, if we try to get the seventh, he will upset the work of all the other six.

I remember going up Mount Washington, before the railroad had been built, to the Tip-Top House, and the guide would come around to our horses and stop us when we were crossing a very steep and dangerous place, and he would tighten the girth of the horse and straighten the saddle. And I have to tell you that this road of life is so steep and full of peril we must at least one day in seven stop and have the harness of life readjusted and our souls re-equipped. The seven days of the week are like seven business partners, and you must give to each one his share, or the business will be broken up. God is so generous with us; he has given you six days to his one. Now, here is a father who has seven apples, and he gives six to his greedy boy, proposing to keep one for himself. The greedy boy grabs for the other one and loses all the six.

Getting the Sabbath.

How few men there are who know how to keep the Lord's day away from home! A great many who are consistent on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Alabama, or the Mississippi are not consistent when they get so far as the East River. I repeat—though it is putting it on low ground

—you cannot financially afford to break the Lord's day. It is only another way of tearing up your government securities and putting down the price of goods and blowing up your store. I have friends who are all the time slicing off pieces of the Sabbath. They cut a little of the Sabbath of that end and a little of that end. They do not keep the twenty-four hours. The Bible says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

I have good friends who are accustomed to leaving Albany by the midnight train on Saturday night and getting home before church. Now, there may be occasions when it is right, but generally it is wrong. How if the train should run off the track into the North River? I hope your friends will not send me to preach your funeral sermon. It would be an awkward thing for me to stand up by your side and preach—you a Christian man, killed on a rail train traveling on a Sunday morning. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." What does that mean? It means twenty-four hours. A man owes you a dollar. You don't want him to pay you 90 cents. You want the dollar. If God demands of us twenty-four hours out of the week, he means twenty-four hours and not nineteen. Oh, we want to keep vigilantly in this country the American Sabbath and not have transplanted here the European Sabbath, which, for the most part, is no Sabbath at all. If any of you have been in Paris, you know that on Sabbath morning the vast population rush out toward the country with baskets and bundles, and toward night they come back fagged out, cross and intoxicated. May God preserve to us our glorious, quiet, American Sabbath.

Into the Tower of God's Mercy. Oh, strangers, welcome to the great city. May you find Christ here, and not any physical or moral damage. Men coming from inland, from distant cities, have been found, God and found Him in our service. May that be your case to-day. You thought you were brought to this place merely for the purpose of sightseeing. Perhaps God brought you to this roaring city for the purpose of working out your eternal salvation. Go back to your homes and tell them how you met Christ here—the loving, patient, pardoning, and sympathetic Christ. Who knows but the city which has been the destruction of so many may be your eternal redemption?

A good many years ago Edward Stanley, the English commander, with his regiment, took a fort. The fort was manned by some 30 Spaniards. Edward Stanley came close up to the fort, leading his men, when a Spaniard thrust at him with a spear, intending to destroy his life, but Stanley caught hold of the spear, and the Spaniard, in attempting to jerk the spear away from Stanley, lifted him up into the battlements. No sooner had Stanley taken his position on the battlements than he swung his sword, and the whole regiment leaped after him, and the fort was taken. So it may be with you, O stranger. The city influences which have destroyed so many and dashed them down forever shall be the means of lifting you up into the power of God's mercy and strength, your soul more than conqueror through the grace of Him who has promised an especial benediction to those who shall treat you well, saying, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

The Power of Thought.

"Human beings often die from the effects of imagination," said Dr. E. T. Sincter. "One case, well known in medical annals, but which has never been given general publicity, is that of a condemned murderer whom the Royal Medical Society obtained the consent of the crown to experiment upon. He was to have been hanged, but the day before the execution he was told that instead of hanging he was to be bled to death at 6 o'clock in the morning. At that time physicians entered. The eyes of the condemned man were bandaged, his head held over a basin of water. A sharp, quick stroke with a knife, made over the temple, not sufficient, however, to break the skin, and a physician dropped tepid water a drop at a time, upon the supposed wound and from there into the basin. In twenty minutes the man was unconcious, and in an hour and a half he was dead. The cases where men have had a premonition, which they believed, that they would die at a certain time, are explained usually upon this principle. Premonitions of this kind are very a t to prove fatal, and then they are considered as occult and mysterious."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Song of Hope.

A well-known man of business in this city is noted for his remarkably cheerful disposition. Though he has suffered financial disasters more than once, his bonhomie has carried him through without a wrinkle. Asked to explain how he managed to retain so much Mark Tapley philosophy through every crisis, he replied: "When I was a young man in business my disposition was quite different. Though I was provided with everything desirable the least setback caused me excessive worry, and once, thinking my firm was on the verge of failure, I resolved upon self-destruction. Early one morning, after a sleepless night, I started out toward the river, brooding deeply upon my troubles. I happened to look up and saw an old rag picker going cheerfully about his work, humming 'Pop Goes the Weasel.' I stopped and turned back. The contrast between his condition and disposition and mine left a lasting impression, and I have hummed that same care-dispelling air, at intervals, ever since."—Philadelphia Record.

—THE—

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