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## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### A FORCEFUL DISCOURSE ON THE BURDENS OF LIFE.

He Gives Comfort to the Weary and Heavily Laden Burdens of the Heart and of the Body—Living Troubles and Dead—Subject Was "Heavy Weights."

Sermon in San Francisco.

Dr. Talmage while in San Francisco before embarking for Honolulu on his round the world tour, preached to a large and deeply interested audience on the subject of "Heavy Weights," the text being taken from Psalms iv, 22, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

David was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet, out of his own experience he advises you and me as the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden bearing. During the past few days things came from across the sea of a mighty and good man fallen. A man full of the Holy Ghost was he, his name the synonym for all that is good, and kind, and gracious, and beneficent. Word came to us of a scourge sweeping off hundreds and thousands of people, and there is a burden of sorrow, sorrow on the sea and sorrow on the land. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text is not gloriously appropriate. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

In the far East wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water, but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder.

A Practical Religion.

The day I left home to look after myself and for myself in the wagon my father said driving, and he said that day something which has been with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family, but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in all the gift of the people of the county, and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust Him."

Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion. The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. I had a friend who entered the life of an evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that in the morning at prayers he said: "O Lord, Thou knowest we have not a mouthful of food in the house! Help me, help me!" And he started out on the street, and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know I am a poor merchant. If you won't be offended, I should like to send you a barrel of flour." He cast his burden on the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Now, that is the kind of religion we want.

In the strait of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where, whichever way a ship captain puts his ship, he finds the wind against him. And there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. Some of them may be in this assemblage, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Heart Burdens.

There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man worried and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say, "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah, that man may not be to blame at all. When a man plants a business, he does not know what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are powed in the cheek, and the stocks go up by mountains and go down by valleys, and they are at their wits' ends and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all these severities of rivalry in business how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart!

You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through

the street, and that is the commonest accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are toiling on for others. To educate their children, to put wings of protection over their households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poorhouse—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store, the vast majority of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business. Some of us remember that when the Central American was coming home from California it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into the lifeboats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand, and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down that young man shouted to a comrade in the boat: "Here, John, catch this gold. There are \$2,500. Take it home to my old mother it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world.

Ah, my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities. He knows what mortgage is about to foreclose. He knows what note you cannot pay. He knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves. He knows all your trials from the day you took hold of the first yardstick down to that sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes and you find your property going, just take this book and put it down by your ledger and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the inspiring letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the inspiring letter and then read of the friendship of Him who "sticks closer than a brother."

A young accountant in New York city got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right, he would go into disgrace and ruinous banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "O Lord, Thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make those things come out right! Help me today—help me this morning!" The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that?

Other Crosses.

Oh, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil. He knows how heavy is the load of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder on the wall. He hears the pickaxe of the miner down in the coal shaft. He knows how strong the tempest strikes the sailor at masthead. He sees the factory girl among the spindles and knows how her arms ache, he sees the sewing woman in the fourth story and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment, and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Then there are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted, and all his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded he runs only against rivalry and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and the r successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had admirers. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it.

It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. He sure if you have anything to do for church or State and you attempt it with all your soul the lightning will strike you.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by scold and grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages and in all lands the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber."

Ill Treatment.

Now, if you have come across ill treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ, and Luther, and Gallei, and Columbus, and John Jay, and Josiah Quincy, and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven.

Budge not one inch, though all hell break upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knew all about persecution? Was he not hipped at? Was he not struck on the head? Was he not pursued all the days of his life? Did they not expectorate upon him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon him." And cannot he understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Then there are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce cholera and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God, but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics, and their plasters, and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants.

Oh, how few people there are completely well. Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time, but how you have had to war against physical ailments! Antediluvians, without medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds, but he who has gone through the gantlet of disease in our time and has come to seventy years of age is a hero worthy of a pain.

Efficiency of Faith.

The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatism and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and sores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky, and the sparkle out of the wave, and the sweetness out of the fruit, and the luster out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ears roar with unhealthy oscillations, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous!

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord," does your head ache? His wore a thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under the cross. While you are in every possible way to try to remember that more vitalizing than any anodyne, more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do know that the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvelous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family, "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr. Talmage."

This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abscess, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God, and the abscess began immediately to be cured. She is entirely well now and without knife and without any surgery." So that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from all parts of the earth. Oh, ye who are sick, go to Christ! Oh, ye who are worn out with agonies of body, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

The Burden of Bereavement.

Another burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. Ah, these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune; if we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity, but who will bring back the dear departed?

Alas, me, for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again! Alas, me, for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps! Alas, the cry of widowhood and orphanage! What bitter Marasms in the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what hands trembling with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Aye, let that soul ride into the harbor of my text:

The soul that on Jesus has learned to repose I will not, I will not desert his side; That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never forsake.

Now the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The scarred feet of him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

Burden of Sin.

Then there are many who carry the burden of sin. Ah, we all carry it unless it be the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear of the mask of human defilement or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud, and the rapine, and the murder, and the crime of all centuries! Aye, if I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the soul of the best men in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight. Sin, grim, and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch will never relax

unless it be under the heel of Him who came to destroy the works of the devil.

Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul. Is there no way to have the burden moved? Oh, yes, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless one came to take the consequences of our sin. And I know he is in earnest. How do I know? By the streaming temples and the streaming hands as he says: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavily laden, and I will give you rest."

Why will prodigals live on swine's huts when the robe, and the ring, and the father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara desert of your sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life, and the fountains of living water? Why be homeless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

Benton in "The Globe" Office.

One of the upper stories of "The Globe" building on Pennsylvania-ave. was used for all the fashionable gatherings. It was known as Jackson Hall, and was the scene of many a grand ball and banquet. The publisher of "The Globe" reported the proceedings of both branches of Congress under contract with the Government. They were then published in the columns of the paper and made up into "The Congressional Globe," by E. V. Murphy, now the official stenographers of the Senate, were seen in those days engaged in their work for the paper. Thomas H. Benton and Cass were daily visitors at the office, and were on speaking terms with everybody. Benton was a great stickler for absolute accuracy, and had his own way of using capitals and punctuation marks. His system did not comport with the system in use on "The Globe," but out of deference to the great commoner the printers were obliged to allow his ideas. One day Benton went into the composingroom and got up on a box, from which he delivered an impromptu lecture to the members of the staff on the correct use of capitals, punctuation marks and grammar. He had a wonderful memory, said Mr. Wise. He used to commit a long speech and then await his opportunity of delivering it. Sometimes it would be in type in the "The Globe" office four weeks before it was delivered. Once, continued Mr. Wise, when his time expired before he was through and he was cut short by the President's gavel, but was afterwards allowed to finish his speech, he walked up to the make-up in "The Globe" office and named the exact word at which the gavel caused him to suspend speaking.—Washington Post.

Girls Who Sell Their Hair.

"Do we have many girls come to sell their hair?" Well I should say so; but we don't make a business of buying, on account of the risks we would have to run. I have had girls come to me and offer to sell their hair as it was on their heads. No, they don't get good prices—\$1.50 to \$2.50 being as much as I ever gave. I know of one case, however, where a well-known society woman took a fancy to the hair of a young lady she met accidentally, and she paid the highest price I have ever known for a head of hair. The young lady in question had a luxuriant growth of golden brown hair, and one day she was approached by this lady, who was compelled to use false hair, who said to her: "Miss —, if at any time you desire to part with your hair, you can find a customer in me." The young lady was in need of pin money at the time and said: "Well, I am not particular about keeping it now, as it is a little to light for my taste." So she agreed to have her hair cut and in payment received \$8.50. If girls could always get such a sum for their flowing locks, there would be a great many more short-haired young ladies about the city."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Story of Dumas.

In the "Figaro" Mme. Ceine Chaumont tells a story of Alexander Dumas which illustrates his kindness of heart. He met her at a time when she was little known, poor and almost starving herself to keep a sick husband and the r child. Not knowing the circumstances Dumas, who was shocked at her appearance, told her she ought to go home, eat a good meal and drink some good wine, which she explained was impossible. That evening she found that a big basket had arrived at her house accompanied by the following letter in Dumas's handwriting: "My dear child, I am dining at Biabant's with a few friends and drinking a claret which would restore your color and strength. Do me the kindness to taste it. Don't thank me; what I do is only for the love of a t. I said you would show ta ent some day, and you must have a chance of proving it, or I shall look like a fool. You needn't be afraid of depriving u. Biabant says he has got another bottle. Cheer up!"—London Globe.

It is the privilege of every Christian to have a mountain-moving faith, and yet how many grow faint at the sight of a mole hill.

If there were less platitudes in pulpits there would be fewer scores in pews.

—THE—

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