

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

NUMBER 8.

-THE-

COMMERCIAL BANK.

(ESTABLISHED 1888.)

Harrison, Nebraska.

D. E. GRISWOLD, President.

C. F. CURRY, Vice-President.

D. E. GRISWOLD, Cashier.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$50 000.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

CORRESPONDENTS:

AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK, New York.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK, Omaha.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Chicago.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

DRAFTS SOLD ON ALL PARTS OF EUROPE.

THE PIONEER

Pharmacy,

J. E. PHINNEY, Proprietor.

Pure Drugs, Medicines, Paints,

Oils and Varnishes.

ARTIST'S MATERIAL.

BRUSHES.

School Supplies.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Day or Night.

SIMMONS & SMILEY,

Harrison, Nebraska.

Real Estate Agents.

Have a number of bargains in choice land in Sioux county.

Parties desiring to buy or sell real estate should not fail to call on them.

School Lands

leased, taxes paid for non-residents; farms rented, etc.

CORRESPONDENTS SOLICITED.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TALKS ON THE NECESSITY OF PRAYER WITH WORK.

The Mariners at First Killed on Their Oars, but in Their Extremity Called on God, and So Must All the Sorrowful and Anxious.

Jonah in the Storm.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his round the world tour selected as the subject of last Sunday's sermon through the press, "The Oarsmen Defeated," the text chosen being Jonah I, 13, 14, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Navigation in the Mediterranean Sea always was perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canvas or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side the vessel. You would not venture outside your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in, but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord, and when a man is running away from the Lord he has to run very fast.

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian Sea. It is a very hard thing to see a sailor, I have seen them when the crew of the vessel was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee deep in the surf, and the small boats by the side of the vessel had been crushed as small as kindling wood, whistling as though no living had happened, but the Bible says that these mariners of whom I speak were frightened.

That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" had become a blinding, deafening, swamping fury. How mad the wind can get at the water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of the sail of a ship no larger than the palm of my hand. That piece of canvas was all that was left of the largest sail of the ship Greece that went into the storm 200 miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He knew that the tempest was on his account, and he kept the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous hearted race, and they resolved to make their escape if possible without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh, how they did pull, the broad seamen, as they laid back into the oars. But rowing on the sea is very different from rowing upon a river, and as the vessel hoists the oars skip the water and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flying paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crushes the last mast and sweeps the oarsmen from their places and tumbles everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The men rowed hard to bring it to land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Salvation from the Storm.

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very subject, and I got a letter from Houston, Tex., the writer saying that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another letter from South Australia saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought several souls to Christ. And then I thought, "Why not take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that God who can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now through another phase of the same subject bring salvation to the people who shall hear and salvation to the people who shall read? Men and women who know how to pray lay hold of the Lord God Almighty and wrestle for the blessing." Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in his sermon in the midst of his argument and say, "Now I will tell you a fable," and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important religious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring on ashore were discomfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down on their paddles and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts we are making to bring our souls to God. His pardon and safety. If this world could have been saved by man's effort, it would have been done long ago. John Howard took hold of one oar, and Carey took hold of another oar, and Adamant took hold of another, and John Knox took hold of another oar, and they all pulled until they fell back dead from exhaustion. Some dropped in the laps of martyrs, some on the sharp knives of savages and some into the plague struck room of the lazaretto, and still the chains are not broken, and still the despotisms are not demolished, and still the world is un saved. What then has done the work, and made no effort? I do not advise that, but I want you, Christian brethren, to understand that the church, and the school, and the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities, and if this work is ever done at all God must do it, and He will do it in answer to our prayer. "They rowed hard to bring

it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

It is Not in Human Strength.

Again the unavailing effort of those Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying to row his own soul into safety. When the eternal spirit flashes upon our condition, we try to save ourselves. We say, "Give me a stout oar for my right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No. A wave of sin comes and dashes you one way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are plenty of rocks on which to founder seemingly no harbor into which to sail. Sin must be thrown overboard, or we must perish.

There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe all I say in regard to a future world. They believe that religion is the first, the last, the in-need necessity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They bend forward with all earnestness, and they lie back until the muscles are distended, and yet they have not made one inch in ten years toward Heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go to work. You might as well take a frail skiff, put it down at the foot of Niagara and then head it up toward the churning thunderbolt of waters and expect to work your way up through the lightning of the foam into calm Lake Erie, as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into hope and pardon and placidity of the gospel. You cannot do it that way. Sin is a rough sea, and longboat, yawl, pinnace and gondola go down unless the Lord deliver, but if you will cry to Christ and lay hold of divine mercy you are safe from eternal condemnation as safe as you had been twenty years in Heaven.

I wish I could put before my unimpaired readers the own helplessness. No human arm was ever strong enough to unlock the door of Heaven. No foot was ever mighty enough to break the shackles of sin. No oarsman swarthy enough to row himself into God's harbor. The wind is against you. The tide is against you. The waves are against you. The rocks are against you. The pinnace and gondola are against you. Not so helpless a traveler guided by twenty miles of practice on fire. Prove it, you say. I will prove it. John vi, 67, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him."

Salvation Is of Grace.

But while I have shown your helplessness I want to put by the side of it your "shoulders." They carried him on, but the journey was a long and tatter while the crew fainted from hunger and from weariness and could carry him no longer. Then the father called his own boy and put him on his shoulder and carried him on mile after mile, until, overcome himself by hunger and weariness, he, too, fainted by the way. The boy lay down and died, and the father, at the time rescue came to him, also perished. Being only long enough to tell the story—and story indeed!—but glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and lying condition and put us on the shoulder of his strength and by the omnipotence of his gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life and at last through the open gates of Heaven. He is mighty to save. Though your sin be long and black, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitable, indelible. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders lashed fast to each other that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of the earth are exhausted that we may touch the depth. Let the anchor be in a crown of eternal ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to God that where man's oar gives out God's arm begins. Why will you carry your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready?

The Treasure Recovered.

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin, take the robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to let you in a smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase of the subject I have drawn my present illustrations, you see, chiefly from the water. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Bermuda a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board, but the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyage they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasure rolled out. What was found afterward to be worth in American money, worth \$1,000,000, the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. Oh, ye who have been rowing toward the shore

and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night that your boat hovers over infinite treasures. All the riches of God are at your feet. Treasures that never all and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two hands of blood stretched out toward thy soul, a Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

HUNTING A TROOP OF WOLVES.

They Charged Until the Wolves Flew and then Made Off.

On, on they came, each eager to get ahead of the other, and lessening the distance between us and them at a rapid rate. But we stood firm, with rifles raised and sighted on the two in advance till Ned thought they were near enough. Then, after careful aim, his rifle sang out and the foremost wolf, with a convulsive bound, dashed to one side and fell over on the ice.

I had good aim on the other, and as Ned's shot made the pack slacken their speed I luckily sent a ball through its head and dropped it in its tracks.

This reception quite cooled the courage of the nearest wolves and they cut their race short and began spreading out around us. Those farther back slackened speed, which showed their doubt and hesitation. We would have thought the battle won had not the little one, who seemed to be the leader, come bounding on as fast as ever, passing those ahead one after the other and inspiring them with fresh courage. We knew not what this might lead to and reserved our buckshot for the occasion. It looked serious for a while and we were afraid that a second attack would prove barrier to repel them the first. We had not much time to consult on the matter, but we decided that Ned at the proper moment was to make sure of the little one, and immediately after I was to send my charge into the foremost one, following.

On the leader madly rushed to a point within thirty yards of us, then, with a wolf's cunning, turned suddenly to one side, says a St. Nicholas writer. This brought the others to a halt and relieved us of any fear we had, for we saw that their attack was mere bluster. But if they were ready for a parley we were not. We sent our buckshot into the thickest of the crowd and knocked the little one over, which sent the rest flying away, either to the woods or back to the deer, and left us masters of the field.

The Chinese Teahouse.

The restaurant or teahouse in China takes the place of the Western clubroom. All the current news and gossip is here circulated and discussed over their eating or gambling. One of their games of chance, which we have frequently noticed, seems to consist in throwing their fingers at one another, and shouting at the top of their voices. It is matching of numbers, for which the Chinamen make signs on their fingers, up to the numeral 10.

The Chinese of all nations seem to live in order to eat, and from this race of epicures has developed a nation of excellent cooks. Our fare in China, outside the Gold District was far better than in Turkey or Persia, and for this reason, we are better able to endure the increased hardships. A plate of sliced meat, stewed with vegetables, and served with a pungent sauce, sliced radishes and onions with vinegar, two leaves of Chinese no-mo or steamed bread, and a pot of tea, would usually cost us about a cents apiece.

Everything in China is sliced so that it can be eaten with the chopsticks. These we at length learned to manipulate with sufficient dexterity to pick up a dove's egg—the highest attainment in the chopstick art. The Chinese have rather a sour than a sweet tooth. Sugar is rarely used in anything, and even in tea. The steeped teaflowers, which the higher classes use, are really more tasty without it.—The Century.

Time of Day in Nepal.

There are no public schools in Nepal. The sons of Princes and nobles—even our young King, while he is yet only a boy—are taught at home by the guru, or household priest, who is supposed to be also a pundit, or very learned man. Later, the young men of rank are sent to Patna, Benares, or Calcutta, where they learn to speak English and to wear English clothes, and to tell the time of day by an English clock; for in Nepal time is measured by means of a copper vessel, with a small hole in the bottom, set afloat on a tank or pool.

Sixty times a day this kettle fills and sinks, and every time it sinks a gong is struck; so that the day is divided into sixty "gongs" or "bells"—a sailors reckon time aboard ship. The poor Bhootya shepherds or the Newar women who make pottery in the fields say that the day is begun when they can count the tiles on the roof of a house, or when they can see the hairs on the back of a man's hand by holding it up against the light.—St. Nicholas.