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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

WORK OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES IN CEYLON.

Nature's Luxuriance Adds Weight to the Belief that It Is the Site of the Garden of Eden—Christianity Must Triumph Over Hindoo Superstition.

The Isle of Palma.

In continuing his series of round the world sermons through the press Rev. Dr. Talmage has this week chosen for his subject "Ceylon, the Isle of Palma," the text selected being, "The ships of Tarshish first" (Isaiah lx. 9).

The Tarshish of my text by many commentators is supposed to be the island of Ceylon, upon which the seventh sermon of the round the world series lands. Ceylon was called by the Romans Taprobane. John Milton called it "Golden Chersonese." Moderns have called Ceylon "the island of palms," "the island of flowers," "the pearl drop on the brow of India," "the show place of the universe," "the land of hyacinth and ruby." In my eyes for scenery it appeared to be a mixture of Yosemite and Yellowstone park. All Christian people want to know more of Ceylon, for they have a long while been contributing for its evangelization. As our ship from Australia approached this island there hovered over it clouds thick and black as the superstitions which have hovered here for centuries, but the morning sun was breaking through like the gospel light which is to scatter the last cloud of moral gloom. The sea lay along the coast calm as the eternal purposes of God toward all islands and continents. We swung into the harbor of Colombo, which is made by a breakwater built at vast expense. As we floated into it the water is black with boats of all sizes and manned by people of all colors, but chiefly Tamils and Cingalese.

There are two things I want most to see on this island—a heathen temple, with its devotees in idolatrous worship and an audience of Cingalese addressed by a Christian missionary. The ethnologist may have his capture of brilliant insects, and the sportsman his best adorned with snail and the painter his portfolio of gorge 3,000 feet down and of days dying on evening pillows of purple cloud etched with fire, and the botanist his camp full of orchids and crocuses and gentians and valerian and lotus. I want most to find out the moral and religious triumph—how many wounds have been healed, how many sorrows comforted, how many enthralled nations resurrected. Sir William Baker, the famous explorer and geographer, did well for Ceylon after his eight years' residence in this island, and Professor Ernst Haeckel, the professor from Jena, did well when he swept these waters and rummaged these hills and took home for future inspection the insects of this tropical air. And forever honored be such work, but let all that is sweet in rhythm, and graphic on canvas, and imposing in monument, and immortal in memory, be brought to tell the deeds of those who were his heroes and heroine for Christ's sake.

Site of Paradise.

Many scholars have supposed that this island of Ceylon was the original garden of Eden where the snake first appeared on reptilian mission. There are reasons for belief that this was the site where the first homestead was opened and destroyed. It is so near the equator that there are not more than 12 degrees of Fahrenheit difference all the year round. Perpetual foliage, perpetual fruit, and all styles of animal life prosper. What luxuriance and abundance and superabundance of life! What styles of plumage do not the birds sport! What styles of scales do not the fishes reveal! What styles of song do not the groves have in their libretto!

Here on the roadside and clear out on the beach of the sea stands the cocoanut tree, saying: "Take my leaves for shade. Take the juice of my fruit for delectable drink. Take my saccharine for sugar. Take my fiber for the cordage of your ships. Take my oil to kindle your lamps. Take my wood to fashion your cups and pitchers. Take my leaves to thatch your roofs. Take my smooth surface on which to print your books. Take my 20,000,000 trees covering 500,000 acres, and with the exportation enrich the world. I will wave in your fans and spread abroad in your umbrellas. I will vibrate in your musical instruments. I will be the scrub in bushes on your floors." Here also stands the palm tree, saying: "I am at your disposal. With these arms I feel your ancestors 150 years ago, and with these same arms I will feel your descendants 150 years from now. I defy the centuries." Here also stands the nutmeg tree, saying: "I am ready to spice your beverages and enrich your puddings, and with my sweet dust make insipid tungs palatable."

Here also stands the coffee plant, saying: "With the liquid boiled from my berry I stimulate the nations morning by morning. Here stands the tea plant, saying: "With the liquid boiled from my leaf I soothe the world's nerves and stimulate the world's conversation evening by evening."

Here stands the cinchona, saying: "I am the foe of malaria. In all climates my bitterness is the slaughter of fevers." What miracles of productiveness on these islands! Enough sugar to sweeten all the world's beverages. Enough bananas to pile all the world's fruit baskets. Enough rice to mix all the world's puddings. Enough cocoanut to powder all the world's cakes. Enough flowers to garland all the world's beauties.

But in the evening, riding through a cinnamon grove, I first tasted the leaves and bark of that condiment so valuable and delicate that, transported on ships, the aroma of the cinnamon is dispelled if placed near a rival bark. Of such great value is the cinnamon shrub that years ago those who injured it in Ceylon were put to death. But that which once was a jungle of cinnamon is now a park of gentlemen's residences. The long, white dwelling houses are bounded with this shrub, and all other styles of growth con-

gregated there make a botanical garden. Doves called cinnamon doves hop among the branches, and crows, more poetically styled ravens, which never could sing, but think they can, fly across the road giving full vent of their vociferous. Birds which learned their chanting under the very eaves of heaven overpower all with their grand march of the tropics. The hibiscus dapples the scene with its scarlet clusters. All shades of brown and emerald and saffron and brilliance; melons, limes, mangoes, custard apples, guavas, pineapples, jasmine so laden with aroma they have to hold fast to the wall, and begonias, gloriosa on fire and orchids so delicate other lands must keep them under conservatory, but here defiant of all weather, and flowers more or less akin to azaleas, and honeysuckles and foxes and fuchsias and chrysanthomums and rhododendrons and foxgloves and pansies, which dye the plains and mountains of Ceylon with heaven.

Two processions I saw in Ceylon within one hour, the first led by a Hindoo priest, a huge pot of flowers on his head, his face disfigured with holy lacerations and his unwashed followers beating as many discords from what are supposed to be musical instruments as at one time can be induced to enter the human ear. The procession halted at the door of the huts. The occupants came out and made obeisance and presented small contributions. In return therefor the priest sprinkled ashes upon the children who came forward, this evidently a form of benediction. Then the procession, led on by the priest, started again—more noise, more ashes, more genuflection. However keen one's sense of the ludicrous, he could find nothing to excite even a smile in the movements of such a procession—meaningless, oppressive, squalid, filthy, sad.

Returning to our carriage, we rode on for a few moments, and we came on another procession, a kindly lady leading groups of native children, all clean, bright, happy, laughing. They were a Christian school out for exercise. There seemed as much intelligence, refinement and happiness in that regiment of young Cingalese as you would find in the ranks of any young ladies' seminary being chaperoned on their afternoon walk through Central Park, New York, or Hyde Park, London. The Hindoo procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Hindooism can do for the world. The Christian procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Christianity can do for the world. But those two processions were only fragments of two great processions ever marching across our world—the procession blasted of superstition and the procession blessed of gospel light. I saw them in one afternoon in Ceylon. They are to be seen in all nations.

American Missionaries.

Nothing is of more thrilling interest than the Christian achievements in this land. The Episcopal Church was here the national church, but disestablishment has taken place, and since Mr. Gladstone's accomplishment of that fact in 1880 all denominations are on equal platform, and all are doing mighty work. America is second to no other nation in what has been done for Ceylon. Since 1816 she has had her religious agents in the Jaffna peninsula of Ceylon. The Spauldings, and the Howlands, the Drs. Poor, the Samders, and others just as good and strong have been fighting back monsters of superstition and cruelty greater than any that ever swung the tusk or roared in the jungles.

The American missionaries in Ceylon have given special attention to medical instruction and are doing wonders in driving back the horrors of heathen surgery. Cases of suffering were formerly given over to the devil worshippers and such torments inflicted as may not be described. The patient was trampled by the feet of the medical attendants. It is only of God's mercy that there is a living mother in Ceylon. Oh, how much Ceylon needs doctors, and the medical classes of native students under the care of those who follow the example of the late Samuel Fish Green are providing them, so that all the alleviations, and kindly ministrations, and scientific acumen that can be found in American and English hospitals will soon bless all Ceylon. In that island are thirty-two American schools, 210 Church of England schools, 234 Wesleyan schools, 234 Roman Catholic schools. Ah, the schools decide most everything!

How suggestive the incident that came to me in Ceylon! In a school under the care of the Episcopal church two boys were converted to Christ and were to be baptized. An intelligent Buddhist boy said in the school, "Let all the boys on Buddha's side come to this part of the room and all the boys on Christ's side go to the other part of the room." All the boys except two went on Buddha's side, and when the two boys who were to be baptized were scoffed at and derided one of them yielded and retired to Buddha's side. But afterward that boy was very sorry that he yielded to the persecution, and when the day of baptism came stood up beside the boy who remained firm. Some one said to the boy who had vacillated in his choice between Buddha and Christ, "You are a coward and not fit for either side," but he replied, "I was overcome of temptation, but I repent and believe." Then both the boys were baptized, and from that time the Anglican mission moved on more and more vigorously. I will not say which of all the denominations of Christians is doing the most for the evangelization of that island, but know this—Ceylon will be taken for Christ! Sing Bishop Heber's hymn:

"What though the spicy breezes Blow soft over Ceylon's isle."

Among the first places I visited was a Buddhist college; about 100 men studying to become priests, gathered around the teachers. Stepping into the building where the high priest was instructing the class, we were apologetic and told him we were Americans and would like to see his mode of teaching if he had no objections, whereupon he began, doubled up as he was on a lounge, with his right hand playing with his foot. In his left hand he held a package of bamboo leaves, on which were written the words of the lesson, each student holding a similar package of bamboo leaves. The high priest first read, and then one of his students read. A group of as fastly formed young

men as I ever saw surrounded the venerable instructor. The last word of each sentence was intoned. There was in the whole scene an earnestness which impressed me. Not able to understand a word of what was said, there is a look of language and intonation that is the same among all races. That the Buddhists have full faith in their religion no one can doubt. That, in their opinion, the way to heaven, what Mohammed is to the Mohammedans and what Christ is to the Christian Buddha is to the Buddhist. We waited for a pause in the recitation, and then, expressing our thanks, retired.

Near by is a Buddhist temple, on the altar of which before the image of Buddha are offerings of flowers. As night was coming on we came up to a Hindoo temple. First we were prohibited going farther than the outside steps, but we gradually advanced until we could see all that was going on inside. The worshippers were making obeisance. The tom-toms were wildly beaten, and shrill pipes were blown, and several other instruments were in full bang and blaze, and there was an indescribable hubbub and the most laborious style of worship I had ever seen or heard. The dim lights, and the jargon, and the gloom, and the fitting figures mingled for eye and ear a horror which it is difficult to shake off. All this was only suggestive of what would there transpire after the tollers of the day had ceased work and had time to appear at the temple. That such things should be supposed to please the Lord or have any power to console or help the worshippers is only another mystery in this world of mysteries. But we came away saddened with the spectacle, a sadness which did not leave us until we arrived at a place where a Christian missionary was preaching in the street to a group of natives.

I had that morning expressed a wish to witness such a scene, and here it was. Standing on an elevation, the good man was addressing the crowd. All was attention and silence and reverence. A religion of relief and joy was being commended, and the dusky faces were illumined with the sentiments of pacification and re-formation. It was the Rose of Sharon under walking among nettles. It was the morning light after a thick darkness. It was the gospel after Hindooism.

Ancient Civilization.

But passing up and down the streets of Ceylon you find all styles of people within five or six miles. Afans, Kins, Portuguese, Moormen, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, American—all classes, all dialects, all manners and customs, all styles of apparel. The most interesting thing on earth is the human race, and specimens of all branches of it confront you in Ceylon. The island of the present is a quiet and inconspicuous affair compared with what it once was. The dead cities of Ceylon were larger and more imposing than are the living cities. On this island are dead New Yorks, and dead Pakings, and dead Edinburghs, and dead Londons. Ever and anon at the stroke of the archaeologist's hammer the tomb of some great municipality flies open, and there are other buried cities that will yet respond to the explorer's pickax. The Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Italy are small compared with the Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Ceylon. Yonder is an exhumed city which was founded 500 years before Christ, standing in pomp and splendor for 1,200 years. Stairways, and which fifty men might pass side by side; curved pillars, some of them fallen, some of them aslant, some of them erect; Phidias and Christopher Wren never heard of here performed the marvels of sculpture and architecture; aisles through which royal processions marched; arches under which kings were carried; city with reservoir twenty miles in circumference; exterminated lakes that did their cooling and refreshing for twelve centuries; ruins more suggestive than Melrose and Kenilworth; Ceylonian Karnaks and Luxors; ruins retaining much of grandeur, though worn and battered; and time put his chisel on every block, and more than all, vegetation put its anchors and pries and wrenches in all the crevices.

You can judge somewhat of the size of the cities by the reservoirs that were required to slake their thirst, judging the size of the city from the size of the cup out of which it drank. Cities crowded with inhabitants, not like American or English cities, but packed together as only barbaric tribes can pack them. But their knell was sounded. Their light went out. Giant trees are the only royal family now occupying those palaces. The growl of wild beasts where once the guffaw of wassail ascended. Anurajapura and Polonnaruwa will never be rebuilt. Let all the living cities of the earth take warning. Cities are human as well as time to be born and a time to die. No more certainly have they a cradle than a grave. A last judgment is appointed for individuals, but cities have their last judgment in this world. They bless, they curse, they worship, they blaspheme, they suffer, they are rewarded, they are overthrown.

Preposterous, says some one, to think that any of our American or European cities which have stood so long can ever come through life to extinction. But New York and London have not stood as long as these Ceylonese cities stood. Where is the throne outside of Ceylon on which 103 successive kings reigned for a lifetime? Cities and nations that have lived far longer than our present cities or nation have been supplanted. Let all the great municipalities of this and other lands ponder. It is as true now as when the psalmist wrote it and as true of cities and nations as of individuals, "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

Regular police were employed in Babylon 2,000 years before Christ. Among the tablets discovered are found certain records believed to be reports of the arrests made by the "peelers" of that far-removed antiquity. Rome had a large police. The London watch was instituted in 1258, and as late as 1556 bellmen were appointed to ring a bell in the streets at night and call "Take care of the fire and pray for the dead."

I truly enjoy no more of the world's good things than what I willingly distribute to the needy.—Seneca.

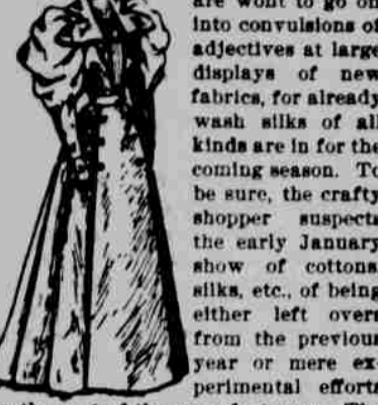
FANCIES OF FASHION.

GREAT VARIETY IN THE STYLES FOR THIS SEASON.

Large Displays of New Fabrics for the Coming Season Are Already Seen—Furred from Chin to Toe—Sleeve of a Dressy Pattern.

Dame Fashion's Decree.

AVING over beautiful summer goods is now in order for those women who are wont to go off into convulsions of adjectives at large displays of new fabrics, for already wash silks of all kinds are in for the coming season. To be sure, the crafty shopper suspects the early January show of cottons, silks, etc., of being either left overs from the previous year or mere experimental efforts on the part of the manufacturers. The last is the shrewd guess, and anyone is safe to buy a little of whatever new thing strikes her fancy as being particularly pretty. Thus she will have a hand in making the fashion for the coming season, for the output when goods are really on the market will be made considerably in accordance with the impression the new things seemed to make in the January experiment. The prices set at first are really reasonable, because the manufacturers de-



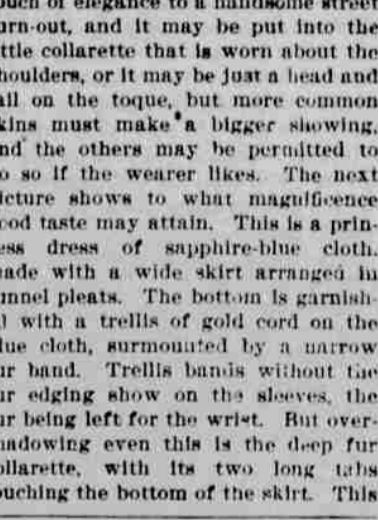
sition of the next pictured gown, but there is so much newness in the design that it is not missed. Then the fabric is Russian green velours, so there is not much need for adding richness. The arrangement of the wide skirt is one that demands a half-dress lining, and inside that the dress-maker puts pale-green watered silk, the patron not daring to say her nay, lest she be accused of striving for economy. On the outside it is trimmed at the sides with large jet flaps ending in long fringes. The bodice is fitted and has no belt, being hooked to the skirt all around the waist. Down the front it hooks beneath a large double box-pleat of velvet, ornamented in the center with fancy jet buttons. Leap-

strakhan is used for trimming of all other furs, and also for street gowns. The latter idea is carried out by a skirt that is astrakhan from the hem to the knees and a bodice all astrakhan, opens over a vest of broadcloth. Nothing could be more stylish, either in all black or in black astrakhan combined with blue cloth, dull green or gray. When shipped to bits and used as edging it is also very ornamental. A good idea of a tasteful way of employing it is given in the next illustration, where it is put on black broadcloth. The waist is double-breasted and has two rows of cloth-covered buttons. Over it and extending to the sleeves comes a new sort of cape, opening in front and at the sleeves, dark green velvet straps and buttons serving as frogs. A band of this velvet edged at top and bottom with fur comes around the bottom of the skirt, which is gored pleated. The skirt is slashed and ornamented to accord with the bodice, and the fur edging is applied as indicated. A stand-



ing collar of cloth edged with velvet is added, and buttons and a strip of fur go on the sleeve cuffs. Few designs necessitate as much fur edging as this, many have not more than a third as much, so there's one small chance to economize after all.

It's a sleeve and a dainty one that makes distinct the final street dress shown here. Its draping is accomplished and held by a black passementerie ornament in a way that gives a thoroughly novel effect. The rest of the bodice is made of white moire, slightly gathered at the neck and waist, where it is finished with a plain watered silk belt. It is garnished with a black cloth yoke having tabs in front and back which are hooked to the belt. The yoke is embroidered, and the collar is a white watered silk ruff. The black cloth gives the plain skirt, and it is lined with black and white striped taffeta.



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In Switzerland a milkmaid or man get better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it has been discovered that a cow will yield one-fifth more milk if soothed during the milking by a pleasant melody.

The great artesian well at Grenelle, France, has been flowing steadily, with-out apparent diminution of volume, for fifty-two years.

JAPAN WANTS MILLS.

A Chicago Man on His Way to the Mikado to Give Estimates.

One of the passengers on the North-western Railway through trains to the Pacific coast recently, says the Chicago Record, was Edward C. Potter, the son of O. W. Potter, for many years the president of the Illinois Steel Company and the present vice president of the Commercial National Bank. The destination of E. C. Potter is Japan.

The events that occasioned this trip have been gathering for a long time. Mr. Potter goes to Japan in response to an invitation by cablegram received last week from the government of that country. His mission while there is to determine the most suitable location for a mammoth steel-rail and armor-plate mill, prepare the plans for the buildings and the necessary machinery. All of this he expects to accomplish before his return to this country in April.

The Japanese government has for years been studying the advisability and feasibility of establishing steel-rail and armor-plate mills of its own. The experiment of the United States government in fostering the armor-plate industry has had no more interested observer than the Mikado. The success of the experiment of this country satisfied him that Japan could produce equally as good results, providing that one of the requisite quality could be found and coal and limestone in sufficient quantities and accessible enough to warrant the construction of works.

The item of steel rails also is important to Japan. The country has about 200 miles of railway, owned and operated by the government. The rails and equipment were furnished by English and German firms, and, owing to the long voyage and cost of transportation, have proved expensive.

"A crying need of the empire is more railway lines," said O. W. Potter. "But these the government will not construct until it can furnish its own rails. In all probability it will be able within two years not only to do this for itself but for all the countries in its immediate vicinity. This war with China has evidently shown the government that it has got to have these mills. The nation has a magnificent navy, yet if a plate on its armored vessels is injured it has to send to England or Germany for one to take its place. Cost! Of course it will cost; bear in mind that the Japanese are a wealthy nation. Besides, they are going to exact a swinging big cash indemnity from China, and at the close of their war will have an overflowing treasury. I estimate the cost of the works they contemplate at from \$2,500,000 to \$10,000,000. It will be this latter figure if they decide to put in a boiler-plate mill, pipe-mill, etc., as they have been talking of doing.

"These things will all be decided upon when my son arrives in Japan. The orders for the necessary machinery will, no doubt, all be placed in this country. The United States beats the world in steelmaking machinery and methods. The contracts will undoubtedly be let by competition, and if Chicago can make and deliver the goods at tidewater as cheaply as other sections can it will probably get the work."



Dogs and Their Playthings.

The dog, the greatest friend of man, is known to emulate the virtues and even the vices of mankind; but few would suspect the intelligent and stately Newfoundland dog of as great a love of playthings as any child for dolls. An owner of as splendid a Newfoundland as ever gladdened the heart of Landseer, records the fact that it was intensely fond of its playthings.

It was in the orchard, said this dog's master, that it usually found its playthings and conveyed them to its sanctuary. These consisted chiefly of sardine tins, balls, flower pots, chunks of wood, etc.; but the prime favorite of all its possessions was a large teakettle. This it would bark to and play with for hours. By day it kept it in a corner of its stall and carried apples to it from the orchard. At night it sleeps close to the doggie's side, sometimes quite buried up with straw.

It was clear that there was nothing half so sweet in life to this Newfoundland dog as that old black kettle, as any one soon discovered on making any attempt to deprive it of its loved plaything.

Big Bee Farms.

The largest bee farm in the world is said to be near Beeton, Canada. It covers four acres, and the owner in a favorable year secures not less than 75,000 pounds of honey from 19,000,000 workers. Mr. Hurlbison, of California, has about 6,000 hives, which yield nearly 200,000 pounds of honey. Greece has 30,000 hives, Denmark 90,000, the Netherlands 240,000, France 860,000, Germany 1,450,000, Austria 1,558,000. The United States has 2,800,000, which produce 61,000,000 pounds of honey annually. The largest weight of honey taken in a single season from one hive was 1,000 pounds, in Texas.

£5 for a Frisco.

Here is a new lottery scheme adopted by a London restaurant: A small casket contains a £5 note. Each customer is given a key, but only one of the whole lot will unlock the casket. The man who has the key that fits gets the prize.