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## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CHRIST THE CONQUEROR," HIS SUBJECT SUNDAY.

The Untired Soldier Went Forth to Do Battle Against Sin with the World Arrayed Against Him—How the Victor Treated the Conquered.

At the Tabernacle.  
From the startling figure of the text chosen by Rev. Dr. Talmage in his sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday, the preacher brought out the radical truth of the Christian religion. It was sacramental day in the Tabernacle. The subject of the sermon was "Christ the Conqueror," the text being Isaiah liii. 1, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah—this that is glorious in His apparel, traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

Edom and Bozrah having been the scene of fierce battle, when those words are used here or in any other part of the Bible, they are figures of speech setting forth scenes of severe conflict. As now we often use the word Waterloo to describe a decisive contest of any kind, so the words Bozrah and Edom in this text are figures of speech descriptive of a scene of great slaughter. Whatever else the prophet may have meant to describe, he most certainly meant to depict the Lord Jesus Christ, saying, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

When a general is about to go out to the wars, a flag and a sword are publicly presented to him, and the maidens bring flowers, and the young men load the cannon, and the train starts amid a huzza that drowns the thunder of the wheels and the shriek of the whistle. But all this will give no idea of the excitement that there must have been in Heaven when Christ started out on the campaign of the world's conquest. If they could have foreseen the siege that would be laid to Him, and the maltreatment He would suffer, and the burdens He would have to carry, and the battles He would have to fight, I think there would have been a million volunteers in Heaven who would have insisted on coming along with Him. But, no, they only accompanied Him to the gate, their last shout heard clear down to the earth, the space between the two worlds bridged with a great hosanna.

The Untired Soldier.  
You know there is a wide difference between a man's going off to battle and coming back again. When he goes off, it is with epaulets, untroubled, with banner unspecked, with horses sleek and shining from the groom. All that there is of struggle and pain is to come yet. So it was with Christ. He had not yet fought a battle. He was starting out, and though this world did not give Him a warm-hearted greeting there was a gentle mother who folded Him in her arms, and a babe finds no difference between a stable and a palace, between courtiers and camel drivers. As Jesus stepped on the stage of this world, it was amid angelic shouts in the galleries and amid the kindest maternal ministrations.

But soon hostile forces began to gather. They deployed from the sanctuary. They were detailed from the standing army. They came out from the Caesarian castles. The vagabonds in the street joined the gentlemen of the mansion. Spirits rode up from hell, and in long array there came a force together that threatened to put to rout this newly arrived one from Heaven. Jesus now seeing the battle gathering lifted his own standard. But who gathered about it?

How feeble the recruits! A few shopmen, a blind beggar, a woman with an alabaster box, another woman with two mites and a group of friendless, moneyless and positionless people came to His standard. What chance was there for Him? Nazareth against Him. Bethlehem against Him. Capernaum against Him. Jerusalem against Him. Galilee against Him. The courts against Him. The army against Him. The throne against Him. The world against Him. All hell against Him.

No wonder they asked Him to surrender. But He could not surrender: He could not apologize: He could not take any back steps. He had come to strike for the deliverance of an enslaved race, and He must do the work. Then they sent out their pickets to watch Him. They saw in what house He went and when He came out. They watched what He ate and who with, what He drank and how much. They did not dare to make their final assault, for they knew not that behind Him there might be a re-enforcement that was not seen.

But at last the battle came. It was to be more fierce than Bozrah, more bloody than Gettysburg, involving more than Ansterlitz, more combatants employed than at Chalons, a ghastlier conflict than all the battles of the earth put together, though Edmund Burke's estimate of thirty-five thousand million of its slain be accurate. The day was Friday. The hour was between 12 and 3 o'clock. The field was a slight hill-lock northwest of Jerusalem. The forces engaged were earth and hell, joined as allies on one side, and Heaven, represented by a solitary inhabitant on the other.

An Uneven Battle.  
The hour came. Oh, what a time it was! I think that day the universe looked on. The spirits that could be spared from the heavenly temple and could get conveyance of wing or chariot came down from above, and spirits getting furlough from beneath came up, and they listened, and they looked, and they watched. Oh, what an uneven battle! Two worlds armed on one side, an unarmed man on the other. The regiment of the Roman army at that time stationed at Jerusalem began the attack. They knew how to fight, for they belonged to the most thoroughly drilled army of all the

world. With spears glittering in the sun they charged up the hill. The horses prance and rear amid the excitement of the populace, the heels of the riders plunged in the flanks, urging them on.  
The weapons begin to tell on Christ. See how faint he looks! There the blood starts, and there and there and there. If he is to have reinforcements, let him call them up now. No, he must do this work alone—alone. He is dying. Feel for yourself of the wrist, the pulse is feeble. Feel under the arm: the warmth is less. He is dying. Aye, they pronounce him dead. And just at that moment that they pronounced him dead he rallied, and from his wounds he unsheathed a weapon which staggered the Roman legions down the hill and hurled the satanic battalions into the pit. It was a weapon of love—infinite love, all conquering love. Mightier than javelin or spear, it triumphed over all. Put back, ye armies of earth and hell!

The tide of battle turns. Jesus hath overcome. Let the people stand apart and make a line that he may pass down from Calvary to Jerusalem, and thence on and on all around the world. The battle is fought. The victory is achieved. The triumphal march is begun. Hark to the hoofs of the warrior's steed and the tramping of a great multitude, for He has many friends now. The hero of earth and Heaven advances. Cheer! cheer! "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

We behold here a new revelation of a blessed and startling fact. People talk of Christ as though he was going to do something grand for us after awhile. He has done it. People talk as though ten or twenty years from now, in the closing hours of our life, or in some terrible pass of life, Jesus will help us. He has done the work already. He did it 1,861 years ago. You might as well talk of Washington as though he was going to achieve our national independence in 1894 as to speak of Christ as though He were going to achieve our salvation in the future. He did it in the year of our Lord 33—1,861 years ago—on the field of Bozrah, the Captain of our salvation fighting unto death for you and for my emancipation.

All we have to do is to accept that fact in our heart of hearts, and we are free for this world and free for the world to come. But lest we might not accept Christ comes through here today, "traveling in the greatness of His strength," not to tell you that He is going to fight for you some battle in the future, but to tell you that the battle is already fought and the victory already won.

You have noticed that when soldiers come home from the wars they carry on their flag the names of the battle-fields where they were distinguished. The Englishman coming back has on his banner Inkerman and Balaklava; the Frenchman, Jena and Eylau; the German, Versailles and Sedan. And Christ has on the banner He carries as conqueror the names of 10,000 battle-fields He won for you and for me. He rides past all our homes of bereavement, by the doorbell swathed in sorrow, by the wardrobe black with weep, by the dismantled fortress of our strength.

Come out and greet Him to-day, O ye people! See the names of all the battle-passes on His flag. Ye who are poor, read on this emblem the story of Christ's hard crusts and pillowless head. Ye who are persecuted, read here of the ruffians who chased Him from His first breath to His last. Mighty to soothe your troubles, mighty to balm your calamities, mighty to tread down your foes, "traveling in the greatness of His strength." Though His horse be brown with the dust of the march, and the fetlocks be wet with the carnage, and the bit be red with the blood of your spiritual foes, He comes up now, not exhausted from the battle, but fresh as when He went into it—coming up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of His strength."

How Jesus Treats His Captives.  
You know that when Augustus and Constantine and Trajan and Titus came back from the wars, what a time there was. You know they came on horseback or in chariots, and there were trophies before, and there were captives behind, and there were people shouting on all sides, and there were garlands hung from the window, and over the highway a triumphal arch was sprung. The solid masonry to-day at Benevento, Rimini, and Rome still tell their admiration for those heroes. And shall we let our conqueror go without lifting any acclaim? Have we not powers red enough to depict the carnage, white enough to celebrate the victory, fragrant enough to breathe the joy?

Those men of whom I just spoke dragged their victims at the chariot wheels, but Christ our Lord takes those who once were captives and invites them into His chariot to ride, while He puts around them the arm of His strength, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the waters shall not drown it, and the fires shall not burn it, and eternity shall not exhaust it."  
If this be true, I cannot see how any man can carry his sorrows a great while. If this conqueror from Bozrah is going to beat back all your griefs, why not trust Him? Oh, do you not feel under this gospel your griefs falling back and your tears drying up as you hear the tramp of a thousand illustrious promises led on by the conqueror from Bozrah, "traveling, traveling, in the greatness of His strength?"

The Death of Sin.  
On that Friday which the Episcopal Church rightly celebrates, calling it "Good Friday," your soul and mine were contended for. On that day Jesus proved himself mightier than earth and hell, and when the lances struck Him He gathered them up into a sheaf, as a reaper gathers the grain, and he stalked them. Mounting the horse of the Apocalypse, He rode down through the ages, "traveling in the greatness of His strength." On that

day your sin and I are perished, if we will only believe it.

There may be some one here who may say: "I don't like the color of this conqueror's garments. You tell me that His garments were not only spattered with the blood of conflict, but also they were soaked, that they were saturated, that they were dyed in it." I admit it. You say you do not like that. Then I quote to you two passages of Scripture: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." "In the blood is the atonement." But it was not your blood. It was His own. Not only enough to reddens His garments and to reddens His horse, but enough to wash away the sins of the world. Oh, the blood on His brow, the blood on His feet, the blood on His side! It seems if an artery must have been cut.

There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Loss all their guilty stains.

Blood for Blood.  
At 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toll. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous systems and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them.

Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous.

There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At 1 o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child. The food is set in the fresh air.

This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the Kingdom of Heaven. Life for life. Substitution!

The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption, some call it nervous prostration, some call it intermittent or malarial disposition, but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

A Mother's Sacrifice.  
Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some remembrance, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation nurses him till he gets well, and starts him again and hopes and expects and prays and counsels and suffers until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words—"My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-three years ago there went forth from our homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud. They slept in snowbanks. They marched till their feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homoeck and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies.

No one but the infinite God, who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length and breadth and depth and height of anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did

these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes, but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and afflicted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of pulse and studying of symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest. You look miserable."

But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls back and is weaker and weaker and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet He has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said, "I was sick, and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Some of our modern theologians who want to give God lessons about the best way to save the world tell us they do not want any blood in their redemption. They want to take this horse by the bit and hurl him back on his haunches and tell this rider from Bozrah to go around some other way. Look out, lest ye fall under the flying hoofs of this horse: lest ye go down under the sword of this conqueror from Bozrah! What meant the blood of the pigeons in the old dispensation, the blood of the bullock, the blood of the heifer, the blood of the lamb? It meant to prophesy the cleansing blood, the pardoning blood of this conqueror who comes up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of His strength."

I catch a handful of the red torrent that rushes out from the heart of the Lord, and I throw it over this audience, hoping that one drop of its cleansing power may come up on your soul. O Jesus, in that crimson tide wash our souls! We accept Thy sacrifice! Conqueror of Bozrah, have mercy upon us! We throw our garments in the way! We fall into line! Ride on, Jesus, ride on! "Traveling, traveling in the greatness of Thy strength."

But after awhile the returning conqueror will reach the gate, and all the armies of the saved will be with Him. I hope you will be there and I will be there. As we go through the gate and around about the throne for the review, "a great multitude that no man can number"—all Heaven can tell without asking right away which one is Jesus, not only because of the brightness of His face, but because, while all the other inhabitants in glory are robed in white, saints in white, cherubim in white, seraphim in white—His robes shall be scarlet, even the dyed garments of Bozrah. I catch a glimpse of that triumphant joy, but the gate opens and shuts so quickly I can hear only half a sentence, and it is this: "Unto Him who hath washed us in His blood!"

An All-Purpose Horse.

To the average farmer an all-purpose horse or term is an absolute necessity—economy and general utility considered. The theory that farmers must necessarily have large horses, weighing 1,600 to 1,800 pounds, had a long and impartial trial, but after due deliberation it was pronounced impracticable. Most farmers do not need or require a horse of huge dimensions, and not many farmers can afford to keep specialty teams and riding horses. The farmer usually desires a horse or team that will answer all purposes: that is, work to the sod breaker, the mower, the hay rake, the farm wagon, the light or spring wagon, the buggy, and the road cart. Now, there are many who, of necessity, require all these desirable qualities of their limited number of horses. This work may be satisfactory, or it may be performed in such a way as to give only partial satisfaction, owing to the kind of horses employed. If the number of horses be limited, as is usually the case, it is easily seen that the heavy draught horse will not answer the purpose to any reasonable degree of satisfaction. This style of horse is emphatically a specialty horse: and as such, not the kind the average farmer should own.

In his special sphere the heavy draught horse is both useful and profitable, but, outside this sphere, he cannot work to the satisfaction of his owner. Yet for the heavy draught horse there is a good market and a steady demand, and generally at figures that are remunerative. For the farmer the most profitable horse is neither the largest nor the smallest, but one of that weight and symmetry which will enable him to perform all kinds of work: he should weigh from 1,150 pounds to 1,250 pounds.—Tribune.

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