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## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### THE PREACHER CHOOSES A SUBJECT OF WIDE INTEREST.

He Calls for Votes, Pens, Printing Presses, and Pulpits to Respond in Defense of the Holy Day—A National Peril Eloquently Outlined.

#### Save the Sabbath.

For last Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen a subject of world wide interest as the theme of his sermon through the press—viz, the necessity of guarding the Christian Sabbath against invasions that aim at its destruction. The text selected was Exodus xxxi, 13, "Verily my Sabbath ye shall keep."

The wisdom of cessation from hard labor one day out of the seven is almost universally acknowledged. The world has found out that it can do less work in seven days than in six, and that the fifty-two days of the year devoted to rest are an addition rather than a subtraction. Experiments have been made in all departments. The great Lord Castlereagh thought he could work his brain 365 days in the year, but after awhile broke down and committed suicide, and Wilberforce said of him: "Poor Castlereagh! This is the result of the nonobservance of the Sabbath!"

A celebrated merchant declared, "I should have been a maniac long ago but for the Sabbath." The nerves, the brain, the muscles, the bones, the entire physical, intellectual and moral nature cry out for the Sabbath rest. What is true of man is for the most part true of the brute. Travelers have found out that they come to their places of destination sooner when they let their horses rest by the way on the Sabbath. What is the matter with those forlorn creatures harnessed to some of the city cars? Why do they stumble and stagger and fall? It is for the lack of the Sabbath rest.

In other words, when the herdsmen drove their sheep and cattle from the far West down to the seaboard, it was found out by experiment that those herdsmen and drovers who halted over the seventh day got down sooner to the seaboard than those who passed on without the observance of the holy Sabbath. The fishermen of the coast of Newfoundland declare that those men during the year catch the most fish who stop during the Lord's day.

#### Needs of the Lord's Day.

When I asked the Rocky Mountain engineer why he changed locomotives when it seemed to be a straight route, he said, "We have to let the locomotive stop and cool off or the machinery would soon break down." Men who made large quantities of salt were told that if they allowed their kettles to cool over Sunday they would submit themselves to a great deal of damage. The experiment was made, some obliterating the fires to go down and the kettles to cool once a week were compelled to spend only a few pennies in the way of repairs, while in the cases where no Sabbath was observed, many dollars were demanded for repairs.

In other words, intelligent man, dumb beast, and dead machinery cry out for the Lord's day. But while the attempt to kill the Sabbath by the stroke of ax and flail and yardstick has beautifully failed it is proposed in our day to drown the Sabbath by flooding it with secular amusements. They would bury it very decently under the wreath of the target company and to the music of all brass instruments.

There are to-day in the different cities 10,000 hands and 10,000 pens busy in attempting to cut out the heart of our Christian Sabbath and leave it a bleeding skeleton of what it once was. The effort is organized and tremendous, and unless the friends of Christ and the lovers of good order shall rouse up right speedily their sermons and protests will be uttered after the castle is taken. There are cities in the land where the Sabbath has almost perished, and it is becoming a practical question whether we who received a pure Sabbath from the hands of our fathers shall have piety and piety enough to give to our children the same blessed inheritance. The eternal God helping us, we will!

#### Sunday Theaters.

I protest against this invasion of the holy Sabbath in the first place because it is a war on divine enactment. God says in Isaiah, "If thou turn away thy foot from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, thou shalt walk upon the high places." What did He mean by "doing thy pleasure?" He referred to secular and worldly amusements. A man told me he was never so much frightened as in the midst of an earthquake, when the beasts of the field bellowed in fear and even the barnyard fowls screamed in terror. Well, it was when the earth was shaking and the sky was all full of fire that God made the great announcement, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Go through the streets where the theaters are open on a Sabbath night; go up on the steps; enter the boxes of those places of entertainment, and tell me that is keeping the Sabbath holy. "Oh," says some one, "God won't be displeased with a grand sacred concert." A gentleman who was present at a grand sacred concert on Sabbath night in one of the theaters of our great cities said that during the exercises there were comic and sentimental songs, interspersed with coarse jokes, there were dances, and a farce, and tight rope walking, and a trapeze performance. I suppose it was a holy dance and a consecrated tight rope. This is what they call a "grand sacred concert."

We hear a great deal of talk about "the rights of the people" to have just such amusements on Sunday as they want to have. I wonder if the Lord has any rights. You rule your family; the Governor rules the state; the Pres-

ident rules the whole land. I wonder if the Lord has a right to rule the nations and make the enactment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and if there is any appeal to a higher court from that decision, and if the men who are warring against that enactment are not guilty of high treason against the Maker of heaven and earth. They have in our cities put God on trial. It has been the theaters and the opera houses, plain-tiffs, versus the Lord Almighty, defendant. The suit has been begun, and who shall come out ahead you know. Whether it be popular or unpopular, I now announce it as my opinion that the people have no rights save those which the great Jehovah gives them. He has never given the right to man to break his holy Sabbath, and as long as his throne stands he never will give that right.

#### A Mean Thing.

The prophet asks a question which I can easily answer, "Will a man rob a man?" Yes, they robbed him last Sunday night at the theaters and the opera houses, and I charge upon them the infamous and high handed larceny. I hold the same opinion as a sailor I have heard of. The crew had been discharged from the vessel because they would not work while they were in port on the Lord's day. The captain went out to get sailors. He found one man, and he said to him, "Will you serve me on the Sabbath?" "No." "Why not?" "Well, replied the old sailor, "a man who will rob God Almighty of his Sabbath would rob me of my wages if he got a chance."

Suppose you were poor, and you came to a dry goods merchant and asked him for some cloth for garments, and he should say, "I'll give you six yards," and while he was off from the counter binding up the six yards you should go behind the counter and steal one additional yard. That is what every man does when he breaks the Lord's Sabbath. God gives us six days out of seven, reserving one for himself, and if you will not let him have it it is mean beyond all computation.

Again, I am opposed to this desecration of the Sabbath by secular entertainments because it is a war on the statutes of most of the States. The law in New York State says:

"It shall not be lawful to exhibit on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, to the public, in any building, garden, grounds, concert room, or other room or place within the city and county of New York, any interlude, tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, play, farce, negro minstrelsy, negro or other dancing, or any other entertainment of the stage, or any part or parts thereof, or any equestrian, circus, or dramatic performance, or any performance of jugglers, acrobats, or rope dancing."

Was there ever a plainer enactment than that? Who made the law? You who at the ballot boxes decided who should go to Albany and sit in the Legislature; you who in any region exercise the right of suffrage. They made the law for you and your families, and now I say that any man who attempts to override that law insults you and me and every man who has the right of suffrage.

#### A Foreign Invasion.

Still further, I protest against the invasion of the Sabbath because it is a foreign war. Now, if you heard at this moment the booming of a gun in the harbor, or if a shell from some foreign frigate should drop into your street, would you keep your seats in church? You would want to face the foe, and every gun that could be made would be brought into use, and every ship that could be brought out of the navy yard would swing from her anchorage, and the question would be decided. You do not want a foreign war, and yet I have to tell you that this invasion of God's holy day is a foreign war.

As among our own native born population there are two classes—the good and the bad—so it is with people who come from other shores. There are the law abiding and the lawless. The former are welcome here. The more of them the better we like it. But let the lawless come from other shores expecting to break down our Sabbath and institute in the place of it a foreign Sabbath.

How do you feel, ye who have been brought up amid the hills of New England, about giving up the American Sabbath; ye who spent your childhood under the shadow of the Adirondacks on the Catskills; ye who were born on the banks of the Savannah or Ohio or Oregon, how do you feel about giving up the American Sabbath? You say, "We shall not give it up. We mean to defend it as long as there is left any strength in our arm or blood in our heart. Do not bring your Spanish Sabbath here. Do not bring your Italian Sabbath here. Do not bring your French Sabbath here. Do not bring your foreign Sabbath here. It shall be for us and our children forever a pure, consecrated, Christian, American Sabbath."

#### Contrasts.

I will make a comparison between the American Sabbath, as some of you have known it, and the Parisian Sabbath. I speak from observation. On a Sabbath morning I was aroused in Paris by a great sound in the street. I said, "What is this?" "Oh," they said, "this is Sunday." An unusual rattle of vehicles of all sorts. The voices seemed more boisterous than on other days, a copic running to and fro, with baskets or bundles to get to rail trains or gardens. It seemed as if all the vehicles in Paris, of whatever sort, had turned out for the holiday. The Champs Elysees one great mob of pleasure seeking people. Balloons flying, jetties chattering, footballs rolling, jetties hawking their knickknacks through the streets. Punch and Judy shows in a score of places, each one with a shouting audience. Hand organs, cymbals, and every kind of racket, musical and unmusical. When the evening came down, all the theaters were in full blaze of music and full blaze of light. The wine stores and saloons were thronged with

an unusual number of customers. At eventide I stood and watched the excursionists coming home, fagged out men, women, and children, a gulf stream of fatigue, irritability and wretchedness, for I should think it would take three or four days to get over that miserable way of Sundaying. It seemed more like an American Fourth of July than a Christian Sabbath.

Now, in contrast, I present one of the Sabbaths in one of our best American cities. Holy silence coming down with the day dawn. Business men more deliberately looking into the faces of their children and talking to them about their present and future welfare. Men sit longer at the table in the morning because the stores are not to be opened, and the mechanical tools are not to be taken up. A hymn is sung. There are congratulations and good cheer all through the house. The street silent until 10 o'clock, when there is a regular, orderly tramp churchward. Houses of God, vocal with thanksgiving for mercies received with prayers for comfort, with charities for the poor. Rest for the body, rest for the soul. The nerves quieted, the temples cooled, the mind cleared, the soul strengthened and our entire population turned out on Monday morning ten years younger, better prepared for the duties of this life, better prepared for the life that is to come.

#### A Wrong to Employ.

Which do you like best—the American Sabbath or the Parisian Sabbath? Do you know in what boat the Sabbath came across the seas and landed on our shores? It was in the Mayflower. Do you know in what boat the Sabbath will leave us if it ever does? It will be in the ark that floats over a deluge of national destruction.

Still further, I protest against the invasion of the Lord's day because it wrongs a vast multitude of employees of their rest. The play actors and actresses can have their rest between their engagements, but how about the scene shifters, the ballet dancers, the callboys, the innumerable attendants and supernumeraries of the American theater? Where is their Sunday to come from? They are paid an amount of money at the best. Also for them. They appear on the stage in tinsel and tinsel, with hair-bosoms, or in gauze, whirling in toe tortures, and they might be mistaken for fairies or queens, but after 12 o'clock at night you may see them trudging through the streets in faded dresses, shivering and tired, a bundle under their arms, seeking their homes in the garrets and cellars of the city. Now, you propose to take from thousands of these employees throughout this country, not only all opportunity of moral culture, but all opportunity of physical rest. For Heaven's sake, let the crushing juggernaut stop at least one day in seven.

#### A War on Spiritual Welfare.

Again, I oppose this modern invasion of the Christian Sabbath because it is a war on the spiritual welfare of the people. You have a body? Yes. You have a mind? Yes. You have a soul? Yes. Which of these secular halls on the Sabbath day will give that soul any culture? Now, admitting that a man has a spiritual and immortal nature, which one of the places of amusement will culture it? Which one of the Sabbath performances will remind men of the fact that unless they are born again they cannot see the Kingdom of God? Will the music of the "Grand Duchesse" help people at last to sing the song of the one hundred and forty and four thousand? Besides, if you gentlemen of the secular entertainment have six days in the week to exercise your alleged beneficial influence, ought you not to allow Christian institutions to have twenty-four hours? Is it unreasonable to demand that if you have six days for the body and intellect we should have one day at least for our immortal soul? Or put it in another shape, do you not really think that our imperishable soul is worth at least one-seventh as much as our perishable body?

An artist has three gems—a corneal, an amethyst, and a diamond. He has to cut them and to set them. Which one is he most particular about? Now, the corneal is the body, the amethyst is the intellect, the diamond is the soul. For the two former you propose six days of opportunity, while you or no opportunity at all for the last, which is in value as compared with the others like \$100,000,000,000 to one fartherthing. Besides you must not forget that nine-tenths, aye, ninety-nine one-hundredths—of all the Christian efforts of this country are put forth on the Lord's day. Sunday is the day on which the asylums and hospitals and the prisons are visited by Christian men. That is the day when the youth of our country get their chief religious information. In Sunday schools. That is the day when the most of the charities are collected. That is the day when under the blast of 60,000 American pulpits, the sin of the land is assaulted and men are summoned to repent. When you make war upon any part of God's day, you make war upon the asylums, and the reform associations, and the homes of the destitute, and the church of the living God, which is the pillar and the ground of the truth.

#### War on Political Institutions.

I am opposed to the invasion of the Sabbath because it is a war on our political institutions. When the Sabbath goes down, the republic goes down. Men who are not willing to obey God's law in regard to Sabbath observance are not fit to govern themselves. Sabbath breaking means dissoluteness, and dissoluteness is incompatible with self government. They wanted a republic in France. After awhile they got a republic, but one day Napoleon III, with his cavalry, rode through the streets, and down went the republic under the clattering hoofs. They have a republic there again, but France never will have a permanent republic until she has restored Sabbath and devotes one day in every week to the recognition of God and sacred institutions. Abol-

ish the Sabbath, and you abolish your religious privileges. Let the bad work go on, and you have "the commune," and you have "the revolution," and you have the sun of national prosperity going down in darkness and blood, from that reign of terror may the God of peace deliver us.

Still further, I am opposed to this invasion of the Sabbath because it is unfair, and it is partial. While secular amusements in different cities are allowed to be open on the Sabbath day, dry goods establishments must be closed, and plumbing establishments, and butcher's, and the baker's, and the shoemaker's, and the hardware stores. Now, tell me by what law of justice you compel a man to shut the door of his store while you keep open the door of your worldly establishment. May I please your honors, judges of the Supreme Court, if you give to secular places the right to be open on the Sabbath day, you have to give, at the same time, the right to all commercial establishments to be open and to all mechanical establishments to be open. If it is right in the one case, it is right in all cases.

#### Remember the Sabbath.

But we are told that they must get money on Sabbath nights in order to pay the deficits of the other nights of the week. Now, in answer to that I say that if men cannot manage their amusements without breaking the Lord's day they had better all go into bankruptcy together. We will never surrender our Christian Sabbath for the purpose of helping these violators to pay their expenses. Above all, my confidence is in the good hand of God that has been over our cities since their foundation. But I call this day upon all those who befriend Christian principle, and those who love our political freedom, who stand in solid phalanx in this Thermopylae of our American history, for I believe as certainly as I stand here that the triumph or overthrow of American institutions depends upon this Sabbatic contest.

Bring your voices, your pens, your printing presses and your pulpits into the Lord's artillery corps for the defense of our holy day. To-day in your families and in your Sabbath schools recite, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Decree before high Heaven that this war on your religious rights and the cradles of your children shall bring ignominious defeat to the enemies of God and the public weal. For those who die in the contest battling for the right we shall chisel the epitaph, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." But for that one who shall prove in this moral crisis recreant to God and the church there shall be no honorable epitaph. He shall not be worthy even of a burial place in all this free land, but the appropriate interment for such a one would be to carry out his remains and drop them into the sea, where the lawless winds which keep no Sabbath may gallop over the grave of him who lived and died a traitor to God, the church and the free institutions of America. Long live the Christian Sabbath. Perish forever all attempts to overthrow it!

#### A Reminder of Webster.

On his way back from Boston Col. Hitchcock stopped over a few days in Washington, and while there heard a good story. It is seldom that the old Colonel goes any where without hearing a good story. This one was one of those old colored barbers so numerous at the capital—ex-slaves, who have been there for years and who claim to have scraped the faces of every President and statesman from George Washington's time. One of these old fellows was annotating the smooth countenance of a newly ledged Congressman with creamy lather, which he quietly rubbed into the skin with his slow hand. He was talkative, like all the barbers of his race, and anxious to "jolly" the new arrival, seeing in perspective a fresh and regular patron. So he gazed admiringly into the countenance of the budding statesman, grinned approvingly and said: "Do you know, sah, you remind me so much of Dan'l Webster?"

Of course the young Congressman was greatly pleased at the compliment, and he smiled visibly. He would have straightened up proudly did he not have his head in a barbarous chancery, so to speak. "Indeed," he said, "Shape of my head, I suppose?"

This staggered the aged colored man somewhat. He had not expected a question in reply, and had merely laid the foundation for his complimentary bluff, never thinking that there would be a call for an explanatory superstructure.

"No, sah," he stammered in reply. "Not yo' head, sah: it's yo' breff."—Chicago Times.

#### Nature's Barometer.

A remarkable geological substance found in Finland is a stone which foretells, by a change in color, the probable character of the weather in the near future—a natural barometer—known by the name of semakur, and which is said to turn black shortly before an approaching rain, while in the weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time, it appears, this interesting phenomenon was inexplicable, but on an analysis of the stone it was shown to be a fossil mixed with clay, and containing a portion of rock salt and nitre.

A MAN always wants the same sort of affection from a woman that she lavishes on her sister or mother.

A GOD politician never writes any letters, and never burns any.

—THE—

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