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TALMAGE'S SERMON, best specimen of Mexican cactus lever cometh our help." From the mona-

to another one.

The Snowdrop of Christians.

ing Australia on his round the world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press this week. "The Royal Garden" the text being taken from Solomon's Song v. 1, "I am come into my garden." The world has had a "great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne ad-ded to the glory of his reign by de-creeing that they be established ail through the realim decreeing even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV, at Montpellier, cs-tablished gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Christ has planted, I also find the snowdrops, beautiful but cold looking, seemingly another phase of the win-ter. I mean those Christians who are and luxuriance, gathering into them Aldine, Pyrenean, and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as srowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears: they never get excited: they never say anything pre-cipitately. Their palses never flutter: their nerves never twitch: their indig-nation never boils over. They live long-er than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In the music of their life they have no staccato pas-sages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service, or they would not be there. Snowdrops always snowdrops. precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little im-His writings have made but little im-pression on the world, but his garden, "The Leasowes." will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and foun-tain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest toilage. There was no life more diligent, no soal more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius were brought to the adornment of that one treassured spot. He sold it for ±17,000. The Garden of the Charch. service, or they would not be there. Snowdrons, always snowdrops. But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a "century plant," your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a nun-dred years more before other petals

The Garden of the Church.

And yet I am to tell you of a richer And yet 1 am to tell you of a richer garden than any 1 have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune. And now in the crimson flow-ers of those gardens you can almost dred years more before other petals will come out." But 1 have to tell you of a blant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that 1,900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion flower of the cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethle-hem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting, and the dead out up in their a module ers of those gardens you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,00) sacrificed him. But I have to tell you the him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye wo-men who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted Him and let Him down. Tell me, thou sun that didst hide ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it." If, then, the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly He has a crimson flower-blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the Heaven. Come O winds, from the North and winds from the South and winds from the East and winds from the West, and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ, my Lord. belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, this morning, walk ap and down these aisles and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself. ately compared to a garden, because it is a place of select fruits. That would

The church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice towers, of select

Saw.PREACHER TALKS OF THE FLOW-
ERS OF THE CHURCH.There are others planted in Christ's
garden who are always ardent, always
radia.d, always impressive more like
the roses in deep hue that we oc-
casionally find called "giants of battle"
-the Martin Luthers, st. Fauls, Chry-
sostoms, Wyklifs, Latimers, and Sam-
uel Rutherfords. What in other men
is a spark, in them is a conflagration,
When they sweat, they sweat great
drops of blood. When they pray,
their prayer takes fire. When they
preach, it is a Pentecost. When they
preach, it is a martyrdom. You must be and Charter of the summer of the sum Lord's support are smeduces. Water to reach the unclear water to seak the third, water to reach the unclear water to seak the third, water to wash the unclear water to seak the unclear water to seak the through the through the train to so that it can be used to reach upon the great support of a material scale to the latter page are not to be adminted, but by arise to carry concealed weapons on the water of a water to seak the door having it to be defined to the stater of store and turned on the water. I saw the page the initial of a cach one, in sterling, placed on the state of one and turned on the water. I saw the the stater of store state to maker the reach the third, but be that the stater be disting rough to obtain what you desire to any place to the high here with the turned to the water. I saw the the state of the state to state with the turned to the water. I saw the origination to the state the state of store and turned on the water. I saw the origination to the state the state of store and turned on the water. I saw the originater to the state to the state of store and turned on the water. I saw the origination to out welding list at the saw the store the state to the state of store and turned to the water. I saw the origination to the part of your welding list at the saw the store the state of store and turned to the water of or allow the originater to the state of the store with the church of tool. Every store the state of the store with the church of tool. Every thing comes from above, sanctification from above, sanctification the waters of salvation of your welding the minter of your welding the minter of your welding the with the church of tool. Every store the state to the with the church of tool. Every store the state to the state to the state to the store the store the store the store the store salvate to to the store the store the store the store the s preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopyle. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say. "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Na-poleons and Humboldts and Welling-tons?" God gives to some ten talents, to another one. In this garden of the church, which

with twelve weils of water and three-score and ten pain trees. The Gardener Comes. Hark, I hear the latch at the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming I hear the voice of Christ, "I am come into my garden." I say: "Come in, O Jesus; we have been waiting for thee. Walk al' through these paths. Look at the flowers; look at the fruit Pluck that which thoo wilt for the: man.⁵ Then thrist goes up another garden path, and he comes to a soul in trouble and says: "Peace: all is well: I have seen thy tears; I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite the by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve theo from all evil. He will pre-serve thy soul. Courage, O touble spirit!" Then I see Jesus going u another garden path, and I see gra. excitement among the leaves, and t hasten up that garden path to set

ne Things It Will Be Well to Thing About Beforehand. When you respond don't feel obliged to let out your voice like a newsboy halloing an extra. Neither mumble it as if you had a hot potato

ADVICE TO THE BRIDE.

haritage and that this day we might each find our places to be "Elims," with twelve wells of water and three sheepish or disconcerted. Others

guests, mention the number and Pluck that which thou wilt for thy self.' Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man and toucnes him and says: "Almost home, father. Not many more aches for three. I will never leave the. I will never forside thes. Take compared a list of this sort it is conwith hever leave the courage a littly forsake thee. Take courage a littly ionger, and i will scauge that you have any bands steps, and i will souther thy troubles, and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then thristgoes up another

excitement among the leaves, and T hasten up that garlen path to see what Jesus is doing there, and, lo, 15 is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean, from the stem, and I say. "Stop, Jesus don't kill those beautiful flow-ers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into my garden to gather lifes, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrace and for the garden around my palace, and there I will plant them and in better soil and in Now I have only one thing to re-

-THE-

COMMERCIAL BANK.

and a second state of the second state of the

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fruits, and of thorough irrigation. Christ, the Gardener.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If no-where else, they will be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it the old fashioned hollyhock, or dahila, or coreopsis, but if there larger means then you will find the Mexican cactus, and dark veined arbutellon, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well now, Christ comes to his garden and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that of them are violets, unconspicious, but sweet in heaven. You have to search for such spirits to find them. You do not see them very often perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightening face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand. and the window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are the glare of the sinlight. They are perhaps more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly amid the thorns and briers of life, giving kies for sting, and many a man who has had in his way pome great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it all over with flowering invites. over with flowering asmine running in and out amid the crevices. These Christians in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but whenever darkness hovers over a sou that needs to be comforted there they stand, night blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus-thorns without, loveliness within men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpness. Many a man has had very hard ground to culture, and it has only been through severe toil he has raised even the smallest crop of grace. Concerning Temper.

A very harsh minister was talking A very harsh minister was taking with a very placid elder, and the pincid elder said to the harsh minister, "Doc-tor, I do wish you would control your temper" "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years. It is harder for some men to do right than for others to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the church." I said, "Why?" "Oh." he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large amount of water into the milk can and I said to him, 'I think that will

apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard or they are set out on the sunny hillside, but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden.

you of a plant that was gathering up

nations. Its touch is life, its breath is

His worth, if all the nations knew, : Sure the whole earth would love Him too Again, the church may be appropri-

be a strange garden which had in it

no berries, no plums, no peaches or

The Choicest Truits.

it.

So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beau-titul things patience, charity, generosity, integrity - but He intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a proc-tical, life giving, healthful fruit not posies, but apples. "Oh." says some-body, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from, and your hos-pitals, and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them. He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, He laid the cornerstone of every blind and the cornerstone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galile, He laid the cornerstone of every lunatic asylum that ever has been established. When Christ said to the sick man. "Take up thy bed and walk," He laid the cornerstone of every hespital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison, and ye visited me." He laid the corperstone of every prison reform as-so lation that has ever been formed. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to there are some weeds that ought to have been thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab apple trees that ought to be cut down. 1 know that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted, but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm eaten leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnaried fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women holy. blessed, useful, consecrated, and triumphant. There is no grander collec-tion in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

A Well Watered Garden.

Again, the church in my text is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty o. water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxurient. All around was dearth and barrenness, but there were pipes, aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think i ought to join the church?' Nevertheless that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, but sweetness within-the

plant them and in better soil and in NOW 1 have only one thing to rebetter air. They shall put forth quest, and that is that you milk your brighter leaves and sweeter redolence. and no forest shall touch them for- night an i the first thing on Monday And 1 looked up into His face ever. morning."

and said: "Well, it is His garden and He has a right to do what He will with Thy will be done"-the hardest prayer a man ever made. I notice that the fine gardens some-

times have high fences around them, man!" and I cannot get in. It is so with the King's garden. The only glimpses you ever get of such a garden is when the King rides out in his splendid car-riage. It is not so with this garden the King's carden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many o'you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a always thought cows died a natura enagrin. So it was with Theodore deoth, and that we only ate oxen! He made all the world laugh. | Hook. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems, but he could not make his his poems, but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities, he confronted a look-ing glass, and he saw himself and said: "There, that is true, I look just as I am, done up in body, mind, and burse." So it was with Shenstone, of whose garden i told you at the beginning of my series.

my sermon.

"Save Me Next!" He sat down amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happi-ness. I am angry and envious and frantic and despise everything around cow beef! He! he." me, just as it becomes a madman to do." Oh, ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden today and pluck a little heartsease! Chris. is the only rest and the only pardon for a per-turbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting have postponed it five. ten, twenty, the wrong thirty years, do not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? Oh man, what gradge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come now to some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck, waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went came and went ing nature I ever met with. He in-but her turn did not seem to come. Sulted you grossly some years ago, After awhile she could wait no longer, and ever since you have devoted and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boat man: "Save me next! Save me next." "That's it, precisely," remarked man: "Save me next! Save me next." Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have ac-cepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not this morning make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you and heaven and earth ring with the ory: 'Save me next! Save me next.

cows the last thing on Saturday . Who could hearken to a man in the pulpit, or out of it, after that?" said one old countryman. "But

then, you see, he's a book-larnt Another "book-larnt man" was standing by one day when a country

parson was looking at his cows. the country arson, apostrophizing one quietly chewing her cul. "I'm

afraid we must soon part company." "But why" exclaimed the other. "To go the butcher's ' "To go to the butche.'s? Why, I

always thought cows died a natural Dawkins, the countryman of the previous tale, was on the other side of the hedge grunting emphatically at intervas, and the country parson looked across at him with a twinkle router at k ns⁵⁰ asked he. "Wherever has he hid hisself all

"Wherever has he had had in ir-these days?" asked Dawkins, in ir-représsible scorn. "But then," représsible scorn. "But then,"

Duma's Revenge.

Alexa dre Dumas, the elder, had, as it is well known, some black blood in him, and was of an unforgiving, if not almost cruel nature. In his year and year for some good oppor-tunity in which to accept Christ, but Alexandre took no apparent notice of

He took him with him into society, introduced him here, presented him there, and so continued for three stood as "best man" at his friend's marriage. The wedding feast being

conclude , Alexand e i umas was leaving the house, when an acquaintance joined him, and, as they walked along, said: "I have often wishe | to say how 1 have wondered at your kindness to Monsieur X, whom we have just seen married. You have the most forgiving nature I ever met with. He in-

"That's it, precisely," remarked Dumas, sl wly, with a sinister chuckie. "I flatter myself that I have given him the worst mother -inlaw in Fran e."

PAYING the preacher's salary does not cancel all other debts.

Oils and Varnishes

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vears, at the end of which time he Parties desiring to buy or sell real estate should not fail to call on them.

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