

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1895.

NUMBER 31.

HER NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden locks,
The stone had scratched her dimpled
knees,
I stooped and lifted her up with ease,
And softly whispered, "May be!"
"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shinee-Eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your lass?" She shook her
head,
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single flig about it."
"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?"
Dust Shinee-Eyes. A bright thought
came,
"Yes, when you're good; but when they
blame
You, little one—is't just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"
"My mamma neber scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing.
"Cept when I've been a frowning stone,
And then she says" (the culprit owns),
"Mehetable Sapphira Jones,
What have you been a-doing?"

IT CLAIMED ITS PREY.



HORTLY after midnight one dark and cold night, our watch routed us from our warm bunks (by the familiar cry, "All hands tack ship!"), just as we were dozing off into the land of dreams. We tumbled out as usual, growling at the old man, the ship and the weather, and hurried to our stations. Our ship was bound around the Horn to San Francisco, and as we were then inside the

Falkland Islands the southwest wind blew straight from the snow-clad Andes. As we reached the deck a hail squall swept down upon us, and as we stood shivering at our stations waiting for it to pass over, pelted by the icy bullets and showered now and then by sheets of spray, as a sea struck the side of the ship, we had a sample of Cape Horn weather. My chum was making his first voyage around the Horn, and as he shivered at his station and tried to shelter himself from the hail and flying spray, I heard him say:

"If this is a sample of Cape Horn I've had enough, and if I ever reach Frisco I'll never round the Horn again."
This sample was but a foretaste of fully three weeks of real Cape Horn weather, but the ship succeeded in forcing her way to the westward and finally reached port.

Here my chum left and went to work ashore, but having indifferent success, and becoming tired of California, he decided to return East, so when his old ship arrived in San Francisco, over a year later, he seized the opportunity to return in her and shipped for the return voyage.

As he sailed out through the Golden Gate one bright midwinter day, bound for home, little did he think of his remarks made so many months before about rounding the stormy old cape again.

Fine trade winds sped us on our way to the south, and, as we were homeward bound, all hands were in good spirits, little dreaming what the hour had in store for us. After crossing the equator our good fortune deserted us, and the ship made slow progress. Early in March we crossed 40 degrees south latitude and entered far to the westward of Cape Horn what sailors call the roaring forties. With the prevailing westerly wind of this region we began running down our easting. A hail squall swept down over the ocean now and then, but the old man held on to all sail as long as he dared, and the good ship raced along before the big billows at an increasing rate of speed. As is usually the case, we were all anxious to "turn the corner" as soon as possible, as Cape Horn in March is not very lamblike, and as the ship rapidly lessened the distance our hopes rose.

down the rounded surface of the sail without success; finally several of them clinging to the lifts, or supports of the yard, climbed over on the hard balloon-like sail, and jumped it down by sheer weight. After a sharp fight the sail was muzzled and the sailors swung themselves into the rigging to return to the deck.

Suddenly a shriek rent the air, and, on glancing up, I saw two dark objects come sailing down and strike the deck with sickening thuds. The unusual noise roused the watch below, and they rushed out only half dressed, while the men aloft, although seemingly glued to the rigging for an instant, now hurried down to pick up their watch-mates, who had fallen from the yard over 120 feet above.

With tender hands were the crushed and motionless forms picked up and carried below. Both were ordinary seamen, hardly more than mere boys, and as no one saw them fall we could not tell how the accident happened, although no doubt the uneasy roll of the ship caused them to lose their hold. The older one was dead when picked up, and it seemed as if almost every bone in his body was broken. The other was still breathing, but unconscious, and as the gale was rapidly increasing he had to be left in care of the steward. Little or nothing could be done for the unfortunate fellow.

Once more on deck all hands were set to work, as the safety of the ship required it. In a slight lull about 1 o'clock we were given a chance to get our dinner, but although hungry after the hard work of the morning, no one felt like eating, as the terrible accident was ever present in our minds. The men said but little during their hasty meal, then turning to their pipes, they smoked in silence. Outside, every hour saw the gale increasing in fury, and the ship now rose, fell, and rolled uneasily in the high confused sea which went down on her lee quarter. Running before the gale we could carry sail much longer, but we had not finished our smoke when the cry "All hands shorten sail!" again called us on deck.

Jumping out, the big mainsail was hauled up, and, after a severe tussle, furled. Then the big topsails were lowered, and as we went aloft to double-reef these sails the accident of the morning came into our minds afresh and we took care to watch the unsteady roll of the ship and make sure of our hold and footing.

In this vast southern ocean during a heavy gale the seas become real mountains. As the immense walls of water rose up on the ship's quarter the stern rose, and as the ship plunged forward with increased speed on the big billows the crest would sweep over the rail and go rushing across the deck as the ship rolled.

Coming down from aloft the reefed topsails had to be hoisted, and as we stood at the halyards the seas swept over us in rapid succession. Floating around the decks were the ropes used in furling the other sails, and as the ship rolled these tangled masses would go with the water, making regular battering rams, and the unfortunate man who happened to be struck would have his feet knocked from under him like a flash, and away he would go down into the lee scuppers, and on picking himself up he would be as wet as old Father Neptune just emerging from the sea, if not bruised.

The next sail to come in was the jib, and after hauling it down, three men sprang out to furl it, while the others were sent aft to coil up some of the ropes which were strewn around in endless confusion, washing back and forth with every roll of the ship. Suddenly a shout was heard way forward, and an instant later the thrilling cry: "Two men overboard!" rang out above the howling of the gale.

Of the three men who went out to furl the jib, only one could be seen, and he was making his way in on deck as fast as possible.

The mate and several sailors rushed to the lee rail, hoping to be able to throw a rope to the unfortunate men, but no sign of them could be seen. "Run to the windward two or three of you!" shouted the mate.

At the weather quarter we found the old man, leaning far over the rail, rope in hand all ready to heave it should he catch a sight of either of the men.

The poor fellows, weighted down by heavy sea boots and oil suits, must have gone down at once, or else the great speed of the ship had swept us beyond the spot before they rose to the surface.

To bring the ship to the wind and beat back in the teeth of such a gale was out of the question, and even with the best of lifeboats it would have been impossible to pull back against such a high, confused sea. It seemed cruel and even heartless to leave these poor fellows to their fate, but we were powerless to help them, as, dressed in their heavy clothing, they could not have kept afloat long in such a sea.

With a sad face the captain called all hands aft to see who the missing ones were. One was a young sailor who had made the outward voyage in a ship, and the other my chum of the voyage two years before, who had said that he would never round the Horn again. At sea death usually comes suddenly, without a moment's warning, and al-

though sailors become more or less accustomed to sudden loss of life, we found it hard to realize that so many of our shipmates, perfectly well and strong only a few hours before, had left us forever. The loss of four men in as many hours was a shock even to the roughest old salt, but the raging gale now claimed our attention, as the safety of the ship and our own lives required quick and energetic work.

It was well the old man did not turn back for the lost men, for the gale increased so rapidly that short-handed as we were, all hands had to turn to and shorten sail.

With only lowered topsail and a reefed foresail set, the ship drove on before the furious wind and sea, giving the two helmsmen all they could do to handle her.

As the gale increased the seas rolled up higher and higher astern and swept on board in greater volume, so it was only with the greatest caution that we could move around on deck. When at last the ship was reduced almost to bare poles the men gathered in a group forward and talked over the events of the day.

The old sailors declared the ship was fated and said we had not seen the last of our ill-luck yet. The loss of our shipmates cast a deep gloom over the small crew, which increased as the night shut down dark and wild over the ocean.

My chum had been the musician of the crew, and in the dog watch just the night before had amused us by playing on his zither.

One of the men had jokingly said to him at the time, "We always have a gale after you play on that harp," and this sudden gale, with the awful result, was further cause for uneasiness among some of the men.

Eight bells called us on deck again, and a sad and dreary night it was, but even the longest night has an end. Day broke at last, and although it ushered in a cold, gray morning, we were glad to see daylight again. Although the gale was still raging it had abated somewhat, and the seas did not look so high and dangerous. At noon, with the gale howling mournfully through the rigging, the ship was "hoove to" and all hands called aft to bury our dead shipmates. A wooden grating was lashed on the lee rail, and upon this, covered by the stars and stripes, were two canvas bags containing the bodies. Standing in two lines on either side, the captain took his place at the end, with the mates just behind. Our captain was a man past middle life, and it had been his custom to have service each Sunday in the cabin. The sailors had attended these services well, and they now stood with uncovered heads while he read a short passage of scripture and offered prayer. On finishing the short but impressive prayer the word was given to raise the grating, and the two bodies slid off and disappeared beneath the stormy waves.

Rough men as these sailors were and accustomed to harsh treatment and dangers without number, tears stood in the eyes of more than one as they turned to their work and heaved the ship once more for Cape Horn.

With our crew thus reduced in numbers we had to proceed very cautiously, and many a watch below was broken as we were called out to battle, short-handed as we were, with the heavy and frozen sails.

Cape Horn was rounded at last, to the relief of all hands, and in time we reached New York without further accident.

Catching a Deer by Hand.
A few days ago John Wert was in the woods in the east end of Miles township, when he heard the approach of dogs after a deer. Stationing himself behind a stout sapling, he soon observed the dogs and deer coming along, the deer considerably run down, and that it was coming quite close to him and the sapling. It was a buck, and as he passed the tree Wert reached out and caught it by the horns, and with the other arm around the sapling held the deer against the tree. Then came the fix—to let go his hold the deer would for Wert and make it hot for him, and he could not hold on to him forever. Here was the dilemma. Fortunately, Nathaniel Hawk came that way and, seeing the box the man and deer were in, Hawk, with a dirk, proceeded to cut the deer's throat, but a hind leg of the animal soon came along and sent the knife a-kiting out of Hawk's hand. A Barlow was then brought into requisition and with this they managed to saw off the buck's throat.—Center Hah (Pa.) Reporter.

A Momentous Journey.
The Bavarian master of the horse, Count Maxe von Holstein, whose death has just been announced, took part in the Franco-German war and will be remembered as the bearer of the historic letter from Prince Bismarck to the late King Louis of Bavaria in December, 1870. This led King Louis to treat the King of Prussia to take the title German Emperor and he sent a letter to that effect by the same messenger, who journeyed from Munich to Versailles without stopping. The double journey was accomplished on horseback in six days and won for the count a high encomium from Prince Bismarck.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON TONGUES OF FIRE.

They Who Have Received the Divine Presence in Their Hearts Are Lifted Above Sorrow and Misfortune—Labors of Noted Evangelists.

By the Holy Spirit.

When Dr. Talmage ascended the platform of the New York Academy of Music Sunday afternoon he faced an audience quite as large as any that had assembled in the great building since these services began, while several thousand others were outside unable to secure seats or even standing room. He took for his subject, "Tongues of Fire," the text selected being Acts xix, 2, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

The word ghost, which means a soul or spirit, has been degraded in common parlance. We talk of ghosts as baleful and frightful and in a frivolous or superstitious way. But my text speaks of a ghost who is omnipotent and divine and everywhere present and ninety-one times in the New Testament called the Holy Ghost. The only time I ever heard this text preached from was in the opening days of my ministry, when a glorious old Scotch minister came up to help me in my village church. On the day of my ordination and installation he said, "If you get into the corner of a Saturday night without enough sermons for Sunday, send for me, and I will come and preach for you." The fact ought to be known that the first three years of a pastor's life are appallingly arduous.

No other profession makes the twentieth part of the demand on a young man. If a secular speaker prepares one or two speeches for a political campaign, it is considered arduous. If a lecturer prepares one lecture for a year, he is thought to have done well. But a young pastor has two sermons to deliver every Sabbath, before the same audience, besides all his other work, and the most of ministers never recover from the awful nervous strain of the first three years. Be sympathetic with all young ministers and withhold your criticisms.

Electrifying Words.

My aged Scotch friend responded to my first call and came and preached from the text that I now announce. I remember nothing but the text. It was the last sermon he ever preached. On the following Saturday he was called to his heavenly reward. But I remember just how he appeared as leaning over the pulpit, he looked into the face of the audience and with earnestness and pathos and electric force asked them, in the words of my text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" The object of this present discourse is to open a door, to unveil a Personage, to introduce a force not sufficiently recognized. He is as great as God. He is God. The second verse of the first chapter of the Bible introduces him. Genesis i, 2, "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters"—that is, as an albatross or eagle spreads her wings over her young and warms them into life and teaches them to fly, so the eternal Spirit spread his great, broad, radiant wings over this earth in its callow and unfledged state and warmed it into life and fluttered over it and set it winging its way through immensity. It is the titip of all beautiful and sublime suggestiveness. Can you not almost see the outspread wings over the nest of young worlds? "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Another appearance of the Holy Ghost was at Jerusalem during a great feast. Strangers speaking seventeen different languages were present from many parts of the world. But in one house they heard what seemed like the coming of a cyclone or hurricane. It made the trees bend and the houses quake. The cry was, "What is that?" And then a forked flame of fire tipped each forehead, and what with the blast of wind and the dropping fire a panic took place until Peter explained that it was neither cyclone nor conflagration, but the brilliance and anointing and baptismal power of the Holy Ghost.

That scene was partially repeated in a forest when Rev. John Easton was preaching. There was the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, and the people looked to the sky to see if there were any signs of a storm, but it was a clear sky, yet the sound of the wind was so great that horses, frightened, broke loose from their fastenings, and the whole assembly felt that the sound was supernatural and Pentecostal. Oh, what an infinite and Almighty and glorious personage is the Holy Ghost. He brooded this planet into life, and now that through sin it has become a dead world he will brood it the second time into life. Perilous attempt would be a comparison between the three persons of the Godhead. They are equal, but there is some consideration which attaches itself to the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Ghost, that does not attach itself to either God the Father or God the Son. We may grieve God the Father and grieve God the Son and be forgiven, but we are directly told that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost which shall never be forgiven, either in this world or in the world to come. And it is wonderful that while on the street you hear the name of God and Jesus Christ used in profanity you never hear the words Holy Ghost. This hour I speak of the Holy Ghost as a Biblical interpreter, as a human reconstructor, as a solace for the broken-hearted, as a preacher's re-enforcement.

Power of the Holy Ghost.
The Bible is a mass of contradictions, and affirmation of impossibilities, unless the Holy Ghost helps us to understand it. The Bible says of itself that the Scriptures are not for "private interpretation," but "holiness of men of God speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"—that is, not private interpretation, but Holy Ghost interpretation. This on your study table all the commentators of the Bible—Matthew, Henry and Scott and Adam Clarke and Albert Barnes and Bush and Alexander—

and all the archaologists, and all the Bible dictionaries, and all the maps of Palestine, and all the international series of Sunday school lessons, and if that is all you will not understand the deeper and grander meanings of the Bible so well as that Christian mountaineer, who Sunday morning, after having shaken down the fodder for the cattle, comes into his cabin, takes up his well worn Bible, and with a prayer that stirs the heavens asks for the Holy Ghost to unfold the book.

No more unreasonable would I be if I should take up The Novice Vemaya of St. Petersburg, all printed in Russian, and say, "There is no sense in this newspaper, for I cannot understand one line of all its columns," than for any man to take up the Bible and without getting Holy Ghost illumination as to its meaning say: "This book insults my common sense. I cannot understand it. Away with the incongruity!" No one but the Holy Ghost, who inspired the Scriptures, can explain the Scriptures. Fully realize that you will be as enthusiastic a lover of the old book as my venerable friend who told me in Philadelphia last week that he was reading the Bible through the fifty-ninth time, and it became more attractive and thrilling every time he went through it. In the saddle bags that hung across his horse's back I rode from Jerusalem down to the Dead Sea and up to Damascus I had all the books about Palestine that I could carry, but many a man on his knees in the privacy of his own room has had flashed upon him more vivid appreciation of the word of God than many a man who has visited all the scenes of Christ's birth, and Paul's sequence, and Peter's imprisonment, and Joshua's prowess, and Elijah's ascension. I do not depreciate any of the helps for Bible study, but I do say that they all together come infinitely short without a direct communication from the throne of God, in response to prayerful solicitation. We may find many interesting things about the Bible without special illumination, as how many horses Solomon had in his stables, or how long was Noah's ark, or who was the only woman whose full name is given in the Scriptures, or which is the middle verse of the Bible, and all that will do you no more good than to be able to tell how many beards there are in your neighbor's garden.

The learned Earl of Chatham heard the famous Mr. Cecil preach about the Holy Ghost and said to a friend on the way home from church, "I could not understand it, and do you suppose anybody understood it?" "Oh, yes," said his Christian friend, "there were uneducated women and some little children present who understood it." I warrant you that the English soldier had under supernatural influence read the book, for after the battle of Inkerman was over he was found dead with his hand glued to the page of the open Bible by his own blood, and the words adhered to his hands as they buried him, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though dead, yet shall he live."

Comfort from Within.

The Holy Ghost comfort, I think, generally comes in the shape of a soliloquy. You find yourself saying to yourself: "Well, I ought not to go on this way about my mother's death. She had suffered enough. She had borne other people's burdens long enough. I am glad that father and mother are together in heaven, and they will be waiting to greet us, and it will be only a little while anyhow, and God makes no mistakes," or you soliloquize, saying: "It is hard to lose my property. I am sure I worked hard enough for it. But God will take care of us, and, as to the children, the money might have spoiled them, and we find that those who have to struggle for themselves generally turn out best, and it will all be well if this upsetting of our worldly resources leads us to lay up treasures in heaven." Or you soliloquize, saying: "It was hard to give up that boy when the Lord took him. I expected great things of him, and, oh, how we miss him out of the house, and there are so many things I come across that make one think of him, and he was such a splendid fellow, but then what an escape he has made from the temptations and sorrows which come to all who grow up, and it is a grand thing to have him safe from all possible harm, and there are all those Bible promises for parents who have lost children, and we shall feel a drawing heavenward that we could not have otherwise experienced." And after you have said that you get that relief which comes from an outburst of tears. I do not say to you, as some say, do not cry. God pity people in trouble who have the parched eyeball, and the dry eyelid, and cannot shed a tear. That makes maniacs. To God's people tears are the dew of the night dashed with sunrise. I am so glad you can weep. But you think these things you say to yourself are only soliloquies. No, no. They are the Comforter, who is the Holy Ghost.

Notice also the Holy Ghost as the preacher's re-enforcement. You and I have known preachers encyclopedic in knowledge, brilliant as an iceberg when the sun smites it, and with Chesterfieldian address, and rhetorical hand uplifted with diamond big enough to dazzle an assembly, and so surcharged with vocabulary that when they left this life it might be said of each of them as De Quincy said of another that in the act of dying he committed a robbery, abducting with a valuable polyglot dictionary, yet no awakening or converting or sanctifying result, while some plain man, with humblest phraseology, has seen audiences whelmed with religious influence. It was the Holy Ghost. What a useful thing it would be if every minister would give the history of his sermons!

Words of an Evangelist.

The difference in evangelical usefulness is not so much a difference in brain, in a telegraph or electrician's gifts as in Holy Ghost power. You will not have much surprise at the extraordinary career of Charles G. Finney as a soul winner if you know that soon after his conversion he had this experience of the Paraclete. He says:

"As I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire I received a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of

it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Ghost descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me body and soul. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and eddies of liquid love, for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. No words can express the wonderful love that is shed abroad in my heart. I went along with joy and love. These waves came over me, and over me, and over me one after the other until I recall I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.'"

Now, my hearers, let 500 of us, whether clerical or lay workers, get such a divine visitation as that, and we could take this world for God before the clock of the next century strikes one.

How many marked instances of Holy Ghost power! When a black trumpeter took his place in Whitefield's audience proposing to blow the trumpet at a certain point in the service and put everything into derision, somehow he could not get the trumpet to his lips, and at the close of the meeting he sought out the preacher and asked for his prayers. It was the Holy Ghost. What was the matter with Hedley Vicars, the memorable soldier, when he sat with his Bible before him in a tent and his deriding comrades came in and jeered, saying, "Turned Methodist, eh?" And another said: "You hypocrite! Bad as you were, I ever thought you would come to this, old soldier!" And then he became the soldier evangelist, and when a soldier in another regiment hundreds of miles away telegraphed his spiritual anxieties to Hedley Vicars, saying, "What shall I do?" Vicars telegraphed as thrilling a message as ever went over the wires, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." What power was being felt? It was the Holy Ghost.

Tongues of Fire.

And what more appropriate, for the Holy Ghost is a "tongue of fire," and the electricity that flies along the wires is a tongue of fire? And that reminds me of what I might do now. From the place where I stand on this platform there are invisible wires or lines of influence stretching to every heart in all the seats on the main floor and up into the boxes and galleries, and there are other innumerable wires or lines of influence reaching out from this place into the vast beyond, and across continents, and under the seas, for in my recent journey around the world I did not find a country where I had not been preaching this gospel for many years through the printing press. So as a telegraph operator sits or stands at a given point and sends messages in all directions, and you only hear the click, click, click of the electric apparatus, but the telegrams go on their errand, God help me now to touch the right key and send the right message along the right wires to the right places! Who shall I first call up? To whom shall I send the message? I guess I will send the first to all the tired, wherever they are, for there are so many tired souls. Here goes the Christy message, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary, and I will give you rest." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will be to the fatherless and widows, and here goes God's message, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Who next shall I call up? I guess my next message will be to those who have buried members of their families, and here it goes, "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will go to those who think themselves too bad to be saved. Here it goes, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon." Who next shall I call up? I guess it will be those who may think I have not yet touched their case. Here it goes, "Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever will, let him come."

A Gospel Battery.

And now may God turn on all the electric power into this gospel battery for the last tremendous message, so that it may thrill through this assemblage and through all the earth. Just six words will compose the message, and I touch the key of this gospel battery just six times and the message has gone! Away! Away it flies! And the message is, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"—that is, do you feel his power? Has he enabled you to sorrow over a wasted life, and take full pardon from the crucified Christ, and turned your face toward the wide open gates of a welcoming heaven?

We appeal to thee, O Holy Ghost, who didst turn the Philippian prisoner, and Saul of Tarsus, and Lydia of Thyatira, and helped John Bunyan out of darkness, when, as he describes it, "Down fell I as a bird shot from the top of the tree into fearful despair, but was relieved by the comfortable word, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseeth from all sin,'" and helped John Newton when standing at the helm of the ship in a midnight hurricane and mightier than the waves that swept the decks came over him the memory of his blasphemous and licentious life, and he cried out, "My mother's God, have mercy on me!" and helped one nearer home, even me, De Witt Talmage, at about 18 years of age, that Sunday night in the lovely village of Blawenburg, N. J., when I could not sleep because the question of eternal destiny seized hold of me, and has helped me ever since to use as most

expressive of my own feeling:
"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see."

"Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come,
'Tis grace brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home."

Is that sweet mood which pleasant thoughts bring and thoughts to the mind.—Wordsworth.