

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1895.

NUMBER 2.



TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TALKS ON THE MOST CONSPICUOUS FIGURE IN HISTORY.

A Sermon that Must Be Full of Inspiration to Christians Everywhere—Christ the Object of Faith and Love and Hope—Treasures in Heaven.

Christ Is the Chief.

For his sermon for Sunday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Talmage selected a topic which must prove of inspiration to Christians everywhere. The title of his discourse was "The Chief," and the text, "The chiefest among ten thousand," Canticles v. 10.

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction, Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the "vox humana" in all music, the gracefulst line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climates, the dome of all cathedral grandeur and the peroration of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the Alpha and the Omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them, "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

The Christain.

What does that Scripture mean which says of Christ, "He that cometh from above is above all?" It means after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits; Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain, but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens, but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well unite in the words of Paul and cry out, "Above all!" "Above all!" But Solomon in my text prefers to call Christ "The Chief," and so to-day I hail him.

First, Christ must be chief in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds that sermons ought to be. That sermon is the most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism, of all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flower, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars, and we do not propose in our Sunday school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

Words and Their Power.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, and between Almighty God and the human race. What did Christ write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath school class, in your reformatory institutions and what we need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death, when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed 8,000 different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than 1,000 words that we can manage, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the conqueror we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy has eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into 98,000 different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to those young men who come from the theological seminaries into our services, and, after a while, going to preach Jesus Christ: You will have the largest liberty and un-

limited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Christ's Power.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direct guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghostliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher. Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ the chief. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweat, his tears, his blood, his atonement, his intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared to put it on, but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weakest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brazen German student had found a Latin Bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake, and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we that have been such very awful sinners praise his grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are fearless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have his grace. Why, he made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard boots of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily rimmed, put out the thirst of his soul.

Consolation for the Dying.

Again, I remark that Christ is chief in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stonemason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a common sense idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the halliards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosy and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrow of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death, and in the hour when a man shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas, poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, virtues circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to them, and to know no word, if only Christ could ramp through the wilderness, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow

of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going, and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Their Last Words.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in door of a heathen temple, said, "Glory to thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn maker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches and honor and glory and majesty and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Hare, in his last moments, had such rapturous vision that he cried, "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his finger upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it, and so great was his placidity that after awhile he said, "Stopped!" and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn-out first missionary, when in the Mamerline dungeon he cried: "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing?" Do you not see that Christ is chief in dying alleviations?

Hope for the Redeemed.

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset I say, "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close the Bible on Sabbath night I say, "Another season gone forever." When I bury a friend I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting place. Aye, it is known in heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment. Brighter than a banqueting hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send his angels to guard your slumbering dust, until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So also Christ is chief in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing his throne, all the palms waved before his face, all the crowns down at his feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit, shall recite the Savior's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of his suffering, in silence first, afterwards breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say, "This is the Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scouring through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in his arms and blessed us, and, when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitude of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and he brought us home. We were guilty, and he has made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverance and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together into a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$100,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said, "And I heard in my dream, and, lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy, and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and, lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to ring praises withal, and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

After an Esquimaux is buried so member of the family visits the grave. It is considered unlucky to do so.

WORN BY THE WOMEN

SOME OF THE VERY LATEST IDEAS IN DRESS.

Frivolity is to Reign in the Makeup of Fall Fashions—Taffetas and Changeable Silks, Dresden and Stripes Will Be as Popular as Ever.

Styles for September. New York Correspondence:



LENTIFUL is the supply of handsome woolen goods to be found in the stores, and these materials have so much to recommend them that they are sure to be much worn. Soft wool in new weaves that give exquisite grace of fold with the becoming surface of wool unimpaired are shown in all sorts of delicate shades, and it is to be hoped that there will be a little rest from the glare and crackle of silk. Certain it is that silk has been so much worn for the past few years that any especially artistic significance that it should have been lost. At the same time taffetas and changeable silks, dresden and stripes, opal and sunset taffetas will be as popular as ever. Whole gowns of the petticoat fashion will be made of these materials and the



A SAFE DEGREE OF ELABORATION.

gleam of a satin petticoat all be-frilled with lace and a flutter with ends of ribbon will offer no rest to the eye. Frivolity is to reign, and the young woman who has made an impression of late for smooth locks and demure old-time gowns must doff all that and pretend herself a coquette, from the ruffle at the red-heeled foot to the nodding feathers in her curling locks.

With woolen goods to start with as the basis of the new costume, it is not easy to attain such a degree of airiness, nor is it desirable, but on the other hand, these new wool weaves are not intended for entirely plain designs. If it seems incongruous to adorn them with laces and ribbons, there is still left an opportunity to express originality in a don't-care-for-the-cost way, by slashing the dress goods here and there to show a richer stuff beneath. For her who desires that her fall gown shall be distinguished by this characteristic, the costume shown beside the initial letter presents a model of interest. The cloth of this bodice is cut in straps that fasten in front with numerous pearl buttons over a round vest of fancy silk that extends to the waist. Its standing collar has a lace frill finish, and the wide elbow sleeves are gathered several times at the shoulder. In the skirt there is no outright change from the style of summer, but its front breadth takes unusual shape, and buttons to match those on the bodice are put at



IN GRAY SUITING WITH CHIFFON SLEEVES.

top and bottom. There are women who can advertise the change of seasons by new dresses that are markedly different

in important items from those they have but just discarded, but their number is small, and the million are much wiser to meet fashion's shift slowly with such dresses as this.

In to-day's second pictured model there is shown the extreme of elaboration in a dress of woolen stuff that is likely to prove tasteful. It would certainly seem as if there was no need of more elaborateness to satisfy any one's



SIMPLY MADE OF GRAY BRILLIANTINE, taste, but there are always a plenty of women who are forever overdoing in such matters. The dress material here is brown chevrot and the entire bodice is covered with a cuirass of cream guipure threaded with gold. Then belt, collar, bretelles and rosettes are of brown and white striped satin ribbon. With so much that is highly wrought about the bodice, an entirely plain skirt would hardly be in keeping, so it is fan pleated from its central boxpleat, and two pleats at the left side are set off by showy steel buttons.

To return to sleeves, examination of the next illustration will show that decrease in their size is not apparent in every dress, nor is it at the shoulder an essential. Indeed, the indications are, now that the powers that be have granted permission for smaller sleeves, that there will be a flood of odd shapes, each one representing the attempt of some ambitious designer to control the change of style. These were probably made as big as they are in the hope that they would be more readily accepted because of their being little changed in respect to dimensions from the shapes that were passing. They had interlining of the dress goods and the four puffs were gray chiffon. The gray suiting of the bodice was entirely covered with embroidery of black silk, except for slashes in front through which accordion-pleated gray chiffon showed.

Departure is made in the concluding two pictures from costumes that are in-



JAUNTINESS IN OUTFIT DRESS.

tended to be dressy, for one presents a dress for the garden, or to roam the fields in, and the last is a neat tailor rig for fall outing use. The first of these is of gray brilliantine, with full, untrimmed skirt. Its blouse waist has a vest of blue satin covered with guipure and a pointed satin yoke. On either side of the vest a pleat extends from waist to neck and is finished with a draped collar of the satin. The full sleeves are draped with green knots, and end in lace-covered blue cuffs.

The outfit costume is taken from gray-striped chevrot and includes a fitted pocket having a plain basque and coat revers with turned down collar, finished with stitching at the edges. A linen chemisette with tie of bright plaid and a taller-made vest with shawl collar and double row of buttons offers a pleasant change from the customary shirt waist or silk blouse, although either can be worn, if preferred. The hat is a felt alpine with a jaunty feather at the side.

Copyright, 1895.

A fortnight after Easter the English formerly observed a festival called Hock Tide. It was customary for the women to go out into the streets with cards and bind the men, whom they met, until the latter purchased their release with small contributions of money.