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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUBJECT OF HIS DISCOURSE: "THE SWELLING OF JORDAN."

THE GREAT PREACHER DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A REAL ATHEIST IN ALL THE WORLD—JOHN BUNYAN AND THE DEUKARD.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 27.—At the Tabernacle this morning a vast throng rose to sing the opening doxology: Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

After a brief exposition of Scripture by the pastor, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., and the singing of a hymn, Professor Henry Eyre Browne rendered an organ solo, Sonata No. 1, in D minor, by Guillemant. The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "The Swelling of Jordan," and his text Jer. xii, 5: "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustest thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" The eloquent preacher said:

Not in a petulant but in kindly terms I must complain that a wrong has been done me and the cause of honest journalism, by a pretended sermon that is going the rounds of hundreds of papers with my name appended, a sermon entitled: "Frauds Detected," text, Numbers xxxii, 23: "But if ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out." Not one sentence of that pretended sermon did I preach. If this were the only offense of the kind I would not speak of it. Such a fraud is not only a wrong to me but to the gentleman who, at these tables, Sabbath by Sabbath, takes accurate report of what is said and done; and is a gross wrong to the 2,000 newspapers which give every week my sermon in full to their readers, and often at great expense to themselves. The only fault I have to find with the newspaper press of this country is, that they treat me too well. But cannot be made responsible for entire sermons not one word of which did I preach. But now I turn from personal explanation to the more important text.

Jeremiah had become impatient with his troubles. God says to him: "If you cannot stand these small trials and persecutions, what are you going to do when the greater trials and persecutions come? If you have been running a race with footmen and they have beaten you, what chance is there that you will outrun horses?" And then the figure is changed. You know, in April and May, the Jordan overflows its banks and the waters rush violently on, sweeping everything before them. And God says to the prophet: "If you are overcome with smaller trials and vexations which have assailed you, and what will you do when the trials and annoyances and persecutions of life come in a freshet! If in the land of peace wherein thou trusted they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

I propose, if God will help me, in a very practical way to ask—if it is such a difficult thing to get along without the religion of Jesus Christ when things are comparatively smooth, what will we do without Christ amid the overpowering misfortunes and disasters of life that may come upon us? If troubles, slow as footmen, surpass us, what will we do when they take the feet of horses? and if now in our lifetime we are beaten back and submerged of sorrows because we have not the religion of Jesus to comfort us, what will we do when we stand in death, and we feel all around about us "the swelling of Jordan?" The fact that you have come here, my brother, my sister, shows that you have some things you believe in common with myself. You believe that there is a God. There is not an atheist in all this house. I do not believe there ever was a real atheist in all the world. Napoleon was on a ship's deck bound for Egypt. It was a bright, starry night, and as he paced the deck thinking of the great affairs of the state and of battle, he heard two men on the deck in conversation about God, one saying there was a

God and the other saying there was none. Napoleon stopped and looked up at the starry heavens, and then he turned to these men in conversation and said: "Gentlemen, I heard one of you say there is no God, will you please to tell me who made all that?" "Aye, if you had not been persuaded of it before, you are persuaded of it now; for the shining heavens declare the glory of God and the earth shows his handiwork. But you believe more than that; you believe that there was a Jesus; you believe that there was a cross; you believe that you have an immortal soul; you believe that it must be regenerated by the spirit of God, or you can never dwell in bliss eternal. I think a great many of you will say that you believe it is important to have a religion of Jesus Christ every day of our life, to smooth our tempers and purify our minds, and hold us imperturbable amid all the annoyances and vexations of life. You and I have seen so many men trampled down by misfortunes because they had no faith in Jesus, and you say to yourself: "If they were so easily overcome by the trials of life, what will it be when greater misfortunes come upon them—heart breaking calamities, tremendous griefs?" Oh, if we have no God to comfort us when our fortune goes, and we look upon the grave of our children and our houses are desolate what will become of us? What a sad thing it is to see men all unhelped of God, going out to fight giants of trouble; no closet of prayer in which to retreat, no promise of mercy to soothe the soul, no rock of refuge in which to hide from the blast. Oh, when the swift courses of trouble are brought up, champing and panting for the race, and the reins are thrown upon their necks, and the lathered flanks at every spring feel the stroke of the lash, what can we do on foot with them? How can we compete with them? If having run with the footmen they wearied us, how can we contend with horses?

We have all yielded to temptation. We have been surprised afterward that so small an inducement could have decoyed us from the right. How insignificant a temptation has sometimes captured our soul! And if that is so, my dear brother, what will it be when we come to stand in the presence of temptation that prostrated a David, and a Moses, and a Peter, and some of the mightiest men in all God's kingdom? Now we are honest; but suppose we were placed in some path of life, as many of God's children have been, where all the forces of earth and hell combine to capture the soul! Without Jesus we would go down under it. If ready we have been beaten by insignificant footmen, we would be distanced 10, 800 leagues by the horses. Ah! I don't like to hear a man say: "I could not commit such a sin as that. I can't understand how a man could be carried away like that." You can't know what you could do if the grace of God lets you. You know what John Bunyan said when he saw a man staggering along the street, thoroughly embroiled in his habits. He said: "There goes John Bunyan, but for the grace of God." I can say when I see one utterly fallen: "There goes De Witt Talmage, but for the grace of God!" If we have been delivered from temptation it is because the strong arm of Lord Almighty has been about us, and not because we were any better than they. It is a great folly to borrow trouble. If we can meet the misfortunes of to-day we will be able to meet the troubles of to-morrow; but suppose now, if through a lack of the religion of Jesus, we are overthrown by small sorrows, does not our common sense teach us that we cannot stand up against great ones? If we cannot carry a pound, can we carry 1,000 pounds? If we are discomfited coming into battle with one regiment, a brigade will cut us to pieces. If we are unfit to cope with one small trial, won't we be overcome by greater ones? If the footmen are too great for us, won't the odds be more fearful against us when we contend with horses? I thank God that some of his dear children can be delivered. How was it that Paul could say: "Sorrowful yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things?" And David,

the psalmist, soars up into the rock of God's strength and becomes thoroughly composed amid all his sorrows saying: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in the time of trouble; therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah."

But my text suggests something in advance of anything I have said. We must all quit this life. However sound our health may be, it must break down; however good our title may be to houses, land and estates, we must surrender them. We will hear a voice bidding us away from all these places. We will have to start on a pilgrimage from which we can never come back. We will have seen for the last time the evening star, and watched the last summer cloud, and felt the breath of the spring wind for the last time. Harsh of loved ones may be stretched out to hold us back, but they cannot; go we must. About all other exits and changes we may trifle, but not about this. Stupendous moment of life quitting. O, when the great tides of eternity arise about us, and fill the soul and surround it, and sweep it out toward rapture or woe, ah! that will be the "swelling of Jordan!" I know people sometimes talk very merrily about the departure from this life. I am sorry to hear it. But men do make fun of the passage from this world to another. Byron joked a great deal about it, but when it came he shivered with horror. Many an infidel has scoffed at the idea of fearing a future world, but lying upon his pillow in the last hour his teeth have chattered with terror. I saw in Westminster abbey an epitaph which a poet ordered to be put upon his tomb:

Life is a jest,
And all things show it,
I thought so once,
But now I know it.

I thought how inapt that, in a place of sepulchre, men should try their witticisms. A great German having rejected Christ, in his last moment said: "Give me light, give me light!" Oh, we may be smart about our witticisms about the last hour; but when it comes, and the tides are rising, and the surf is beating, and the winds are howling, we will each one, my brethren find for himself that it is "the swelling of Jordan!" Our natural courage won't hold out then. However familiar we may have been with scenes of mortality, however much we may have screwed our courage up, we want something more than natural resources. When the Northeast wind blows off from the sea of death, it will out all earthly lights. The lamp of the Gospel, God lighted, in the only lamp that can stand in that blast. The weakest arm holding that shall not be confounded; the strongest one rejecting that shall stumle and die. When the Jordan rises in its wrath the first dash of its wave will swamp them forever. We feel how sad it is for a man to attempt this life without religion. We see what a doleful thing it is for a man to go down into the misfortunes of life without Christian solace; but if that be so, how much more terrible when that man comes face to face with the solemnities of the last hour! Oh, in the bright sunshine of health and prosperity a man felt the need of something better, how will he feel when the shadows of the last hour gather above his pillow? If, in the warmth of worldly prosperity he was sometimes dismayed, how will he feel when the last chill creeps over him? If while things were comparatively smooth he was disquieted, what will he do in the agonies of dissolution? If, in the land of peace in which he trusted, they wearied him, what will he do amid "the swelling of the Jordan?"

Oh, I rejoice to know that so many of God's children have gone through that pass without a shudder. Some one said to a dying Christian: "Isn't it hard for you to get out of this world?" "Oh, no," he says, "it is easy dying, it is blessed dying, it is glorious dying;" and then he pointed to a clock on the wall and he said: "The last two hours in which I have been dying, I have had more joy than in all the years of my life." A general came into the hospital after a battle, and there were many seriously

wounded, and there was one man dying, and the general said: "Ah, my dear fellow, you seem very much wounded. I am afraid you are not going to get well." "No," said the soldier, "I am not going to get well, but I feel very happy." Oh, I have seen them, and so have you, go out of this life without a tear on their cheek! There was weeping all round the room, but no weeping in the bed; the cheeks were dry. They were not thrown down into darkness, they were lifted up. We saw the tides rising around them and the swelling of the wave. It washed them off from the cares and toils of life; it washed them on toward the beach of heaven. They waved to us a farewell kiss as they stood on deck, and leaped down further and further, washed by gales from heaven until they were lost to our sight—mortality having become immortality.

Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
How blest the righteous when he dies!
While heaven and earth combine to say
How blest the righteous when he dies!

What high consolation to you that your friends were not submerged in the swelling of Jordan! The Israelites were just as thoroughly alive on the western banks of the Jordan, as they had been on the eastern banks of the Jordan; and our departed Christian friends have only crossed over—not sick, not dead, not exhausted, not extinguished, not blotted out, but with healthier respiration and stouter pulses, and keener eyesight, and better prospects, crossed over, their sins, their physical and mental disquiet, all left clear this side, and eternally flowing impassable obstacle between them and all human and satanic pursuit. Crossed over! Oh, I shake hands of congratulation with all the bereaved in the consideration that our departed Christian friends are as e!

Why was there years ago so much joy in certain circles in New York when people heard from their friends who were on board the City of Brussels? It was thought that vessel had gone to the bottom of the sea; and when the friends on this side heard that the steamer had arrived safely in Liverpool, had we not the right to congratulate the people in New York that their friends had got safely across? And is it not right this morning that I congratulate you that your departed friends are safe on the shores of heaven? Would you have them back again? You know how hard it was sometimes for them to get their breath in the stifled atmosphere of the summer. Would you have them back in this summer? Didn't they use their brain long enough? Would you have your children back again? Would you have them take the risk of the temptations which throng every human pathway? Would you have them cross the Jordan three times in addition to crossing it already, and cross it again to greet you now, and then cross back afterward? For certainly you would not want to keep them forever out of heaven. If they had lived forty or fifty years longer would they have been saved? Perhaps so, perhaps not. Pause and weep, not for the freed from pain, but that the sigh of love would pull them back again.

I ask a question, and there seems to come back the answer in heavenly echo: "What! will you never be sick again?" "Never—sick—again?" "What! will you never be tired again?" "Never—tired—again?" "What! will you never weep again?" "Never—weep—again." "What! will you never die again?" "Never—die—again." Oh, ye army of departed kindred, we hail you from bank to bank! Wait for us when the Jordan of death shall part for us. Come down and meet us half-way between the willowed banks of earth and the palm groves of heaven.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To that fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises on my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

that says now, while I speak: "I am immortal; the stars shall die, but I am immortal." You feel that your existence on earth is only a small piece of your being. It is only a mile up to the grave, but it is ten thousand miles beyond. The slab of the tomb is only the milestone on which we read of infinite distance yet to be traveled. The world itself will grow old and die. The stars of our night will burn down in their sockets and expire. The sun, like a spark struck from an anvil, will flash and go out. The winds will utter their last whisper, and ocean heave its last groan; but you and I will live forever, Gigantic—immortal. Mighty to suffer or enjoy. Mighty to love or hate. Mighty to soar or sink. Then, what will be to us the store, the shop, the office, the applauses of the world, the scorn of our enemies, the things that lifted us up, and the things that pressed us down? What to John Wesley are the mobs that howled after him? What to Voltaire are all the nations that applauded him? What to Paul now, the dungeons that chilled him? What to Latimer now, the flames that consumed him? All those who through the grace of Christ reach that land, will never be disturbed. None to dispute their throne, then shall reign for ever and ever. But, alas for those who have made no preparation for the future! When the sharp-edged hoofs of eternal disaster come up, panting and swift to go over them, how will they contend with horses? And when the waves of their wretchedness rise up, white and foamy, under the swooping of eternal storms, and the billows become more wrathful and dash more high, oh, what will they do amid the swelling of Jordan?"

If I could come into your heart this moment, I would see that many of you, my dear friends, had vowed to the Lord. I know not what sickness it was or what trial; but I verily believe there is not a man in the house but has some time vowed he would be the Lord's. It might have been at the time when your child lay sick, you said: "O Lord if thou wilt let this child get well, I will be a Christian." Or it might have been in some business trouble, when you have said: "O Lord, if thou wilt let me keep my property, I will be a Christian." You kept your property your child got well, the peril passed. Are you a Christian? History says that long ago it had been announced that the world was coming to an end, and there was great excitement in London. It was said that the world would perish on a certain Friday. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the people were in the cathedral, praying and weeping. It seemed as if the whole English nation was being converted to God, for it was announced as certain by philosophers that on that coming Friday the world would perish. Friday came and there were no portents, no fires in the air, no earthquakes. The day passed along just like every other day, and when it passed and the night came, it is said that in London there was a scene of riot, and wassal, and drunkenness, and debauchery such as had never been witnessed. They forgot their vow, they forgot their repentance, they forgot their good resolutions. O how much human nature in that! While trials and misfortunes come to us, and we are down deep in darkness and trouble we make vows. We say: "O Lord do so, and I will do so." The darkness passes, the peril goes away. We are as we were before, or worse; for oh, how often have I seen men start for the kingdom of God, come up within arm's reach of it, and then go back farther from God than they ever were before, dropping from the very moment of their privilege into darkness forever! Oh, how ungrateful we have been! Do you know how much God has done for you and for me? Have you never felt it? How much He did for you to-day? Who spread the table for you? Who watched you last night? Who has been kind and good to you all your life long? Oh, how ungrateful we have been! Methinks the goodness of God ought to lead this whole audience to repentance. I know not your individual history. Some of you I never saw before, some of you I will never see again; but I know that God has been good to you. What return have you made? There was a

steamer on one of the western lakes heavily laden with passengers, and there was a little child who stood on the side of the taffrail leaning over and watching the water, when she lost her balance and dropped into the waves. The lake was very rough. The mother cried: "Save my child! Save my child!" There seemed none disposed to leap into the water. There was a Newfoundland dog on deck. He looked up in his master's face, as if for orders. His master said: "Tray, overboard, catch 'em!" The dog sprang into the water, caught the child by the garments, and swam back to the steamer. The child was picked up by loving hands, the dog was lifted on deck and the mother, ere she fainted away, in utter thanksgiving to that dog, threw her arms around its neck and kissed it; but the dog shook himself off from her embrace and went and laid down as if he had accomplished nothing. Shall a mother be grateful to a dog that saves her child and be ungrateful to the Son of God who, from the heights of heaven, plunged into the depths of darkness and suffering, and woe, that he might lift us up out of our sin and place us on the rock of ages? Oh, the height the depth, the length, the infinity, the horror of our ingratitude! Don't you treat Jesus like that any more. Don't you thrust Him back from your soul. He has been the best friend you ever had. You will want Him after awhile. When the world is going away from your grasp and all the lights that shine on your soul are going out, and the friends that stand around you can do you no good, and you feel your feet slipping from beneath you—oh, then you will want Him—the loving Jesus, the sympathetic Jesus, the pardoning Jesus—to stand close by you and hold you up "amid the swelling of Jordan?"

FARM NOTES.

FOWLS ON THE FARM.

An English authority, in relation to keeping poultry on farms objects to the management there. The same will apply to many farms in the United States. Too many fowls are kept in one flock, and little attention is given to the plain requirements necessary to success in the way of feeding, care, shelter, etc. The gist of the whole argument is below.

The way in which fowls are generally kept on farms is not conducive to success, as they are allowed all to run together, and roost in any shed or house, whether suitable or otherwise, not wanted for other purposes. This is a mistaken system, as it is much better to divide them into flocks of fifty to 100 each and place them in different parts of the farm. The reason why fowls pay better in this way can only be attributed to the greater purity of atmosphere in the roosting-house when few are kept, but whatever is the cause it is a fact that more eggs are laid, the fowls thrive better, and there is less risk of disease. The house can be built of wood, made roughly and cheaply, but yet comfortable for the birds, and can also be placed upon wheels, so as to be easily moved from place to place.

We have seen a capital plan adopted with great success, namely, giving the fowls fresh runs every year, and growing crops on the land last used by them. In one instance where this has been tried vegetables are grown, with the result that the crops are very heavy indeed, and disease has been unknown. We do not see why grain or roots could not be made to follow in the same way, and it may be that some day poultry will form one of the series in the rotation of crops. By this means the land would get well manured by the fowls and before being again used for them would be sweetened by the crops grown thereon. In this way thousands of fowls could be kept in every district, to the direct advantage of the producer and to the indirect benefit of the people generally.

It may not be generally known that fowls do little or no harm to growing crops in one respect, and good in another, as they clear the ground of slugs and worms, and if the plants are four to six inches above the ground they do not peck at them. Not long ago a farmer told us that he allows the hens to wander all over the root crops, as soon as the plants are above the ground, and never found them to do the least harm.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

IF I WERE YOU!

Beautiful little mamma,
What do you think I'd do
If you were a baby smiling,
And I a mamma like you?
I never would leave my baby
Waiting to be caressed,
But reach out my arms and take her,
And gather her to my breast!
That's what I'd do
If I were you!

Beautiful little mamma,
Sometimes I hear you sigh,
Sitting alone at the window,
Looking up at the sky,
If I had a baby coming,
Trying to win a smile,
I'd kiss her and be so happy,
And forget, forget for a while
That's what I'd do
If I were you!

SOMETHING TO CRY OVER.

Dr. John Hall, in an article entitled, "A Thing to Cry Over," touches in a pathetic manner the common habit of laughing at drunken men. Dr. Hall stood on a boat in New York harbor. Not far off was a well-dressed but tipsy young man. Beside the doctor was a plainly dressed man. When Dr. Hall saw the people laughing at the drunkard, he saw in his neighbor's eyes such a sad, pitying look that he said to him, "They should hardly laugh at him." Said the man: "It is a thing to cry over." Then he told Mr. Hall of his own wife, who took to drink in Scotland, and who promised to reform if he would come to this country, but did not and died of drunkenness; and when the doctor hoped that he had sorrowed in the children, he said, "One, the second, is; she is a good child. The oldest is not steady. I can do nothing with her; and the youngest, a boy, can't be kept from drink. Pre-empt my place, and am going to a town in Ohio where, I am told, no liquor can be had—to try to save him." Dr. Hall closes as follows: "Who would not wish for abstinence societies, tracts, books, ministers' sermons, young people's pledges, humane laws? One almost cries out for anything that will stop this slow, cruel murder of home love, of men, of women, of little children, of hope, of peace, of immortal souls."

HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

Hold on to your hand when you are at out to punch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be your best wealth.

SHON AT HIMSELF.

Many years since, in California, old Judge C— kept a little dead-fall, as they call a run-mill out there, a few miles above Marysville, and made frequent trips to San Francisco to deposit his "hard-earned" savings and lay in a fresh stock. One night he sat up late, imbibed much, and assisted at a "little game of draw." An hour after going to bed he awoke, and to his horror saw a robber staring at him through the window near the foot of his berth. Judge dodged back; robber dodged back. Judge peeped; robber peeped. Judge put hand under pillow; threw out "navy," and fired—through a looking-glass! The trade price of which was an even \$25. The robber did not again appear; the Judge did treat.

Conspicrate a few dollars to the cause of home and humanity. The fate of some son or grandson is at stake.