

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DANIEL, THE COEUR-DE-LION OF ALL AGES.

Golden Text: "His Windows Being Opened in His Chamber Toward Jerusalem" - Daniel, VI: 10 - Delivered at New York Sunday, September 2.



HE scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paws and teeth of the lions, who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaws on the ground, howling till the earth trembles.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window, and said: "Just see that man defying the law; he ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide-open window.

What a picture it would be for some artist: Darius, in the early dusk of morning, not waiting for footmen or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in dishabille, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime minister!

But our text stands us at Daniel's window, open toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonian successes could not make him forget it.

But, mark you, that good lion-tamer is not standing at the window, but kneeling, while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God and civilization sacrificed himself; and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majwara, found him in the tent by the light of a candle, stuck on the top of a box, his head in his hands upon the pillow, and dead on his knees.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf, you see the long line of sailer with shouldered mail-bags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose to be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the post-offices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons sud-

ing that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say: "When are you coming home to see us? Brother has gone into the army, Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come to you, or will you come to us? All join in love, and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Good-bye."

Yes, yes; in all these cities, and amid the flowering western prairies, and on the slopes of the Pacific, and amid the Sierras, and on the banks of the lagoons, and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who, this hour, stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of these people played on the heather of the Scottish hills. Some of them were driven out by Irish famine. Some of them, in early life, drilled in the German army. Some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor Hugo and Gambetta. Some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss, when far away from home, hearing the national air of his country sung, the melody of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often; and, if you have surplus means and they are poor, make practical contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of sanguinity as in no other nation.

But Daniel, in the text, kept this porthole of his domestic fortress unclosed because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the Holy of Holies. There was the Ark of the Covenant. There stood the temple. We are tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side, toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshippers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom.

Windows open toward the flats, instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god is like something I saw in the museum of Strasburg, Germany—the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. The victim in olden time was brought there, and this figure would open its arms to receive him, and, once enfolded, the figure closed with a hundred knives and lances upon him, and then let him drop one hundred and eighty feet sheer down. So the world first embraces its idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor; but, out of sixty-three emperors, it allowed only six to die peacefully in their beds.

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In olden time the Earl of Westmoreland said he had no need to pray, because he had enough pious tenants on his estate to pray for him; but all the prayers of the church universal amount to nothing unless, like Daniel, we pray for ourselves. Oh, men and women, bounded on one side by Shadrach's red-hot furnace, and the other side by devouring lions, learn the secret of courage and deliverance by looking at that Babylonish window open toward the southwest! "Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the Arabian Desert!" Yes,

but on the other side of the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is heaven. The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting grounds, partridge, and deer, and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round, and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have have traversed the deep in all directions, and found no Hesiod's islands of the blessed. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting-ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in the Bible heaven. No mere sea—that is, no wide separation. No more night—that is, no insomnia. No more tears—that is, no heart-break. No more pain—that is, dismissal of lancet and bitter draught and miasma, and banishment of neuralgias, and cataplexies, and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black; all the music in the major-key, because celebrative and jubilant. River crystalline, gate crystalline, and skies crystalline, because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure fragrance of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits and that means luscious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen, and hallelujah, in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting antiphon, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I may have all that, and have it forever through Christ, if we will let him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out our sin, and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward that Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on.

An ingenious man has taken the heavenly furlongs as mentioned in Revelation, and has calculated that there will be in heaven one hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each ascending soul, though this world should lose a hundred millions yearly. But all the rooms of heaven will be ours, for they are family rooms; and as no room in your house is too good for your children, so all the rooms of all the palaces of the heavenly Jerusalem will be free to God's children and even the throne-room will not be denied, and you may run up the steps of the throne, and put your hand on the side of the throne, and sit down beside the king according to the promise: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

But you cannot go in except as conquerors. Many years ago the Turks and Christians were in battle, and the Christians were defeated, and with their commander Stephen fled toward a fortress where the mother of this commander was staying. When she saw her son and his army in disgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the fortress rolled shut, and then from the top of the battlement cried out to her son, "You cannot enter here except as conqueror!" Then Stephen rallied his forces and resumed the battle and gained the day, twenty thousand driving back two hundred thousand. For those who are defeated in battle with sin and death and hell, nothing but shame and contempt; but for those who gain the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ the gates of the New Jerusalem will hold, and there shall be an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord toward which you do well to keep your windows open.

The largest Bible in the world is a manuscript Hebrew Bible in the Vatican, weighing 320 pounds. In the gardens around London there are more specimens of the cedar of Lebanon than on Mount Lebanon itself. In some parts of south Africa much damage is done by baboons, which go in large marauding parties to rob gardens.

In Albania the men wear petticoats and the women trousers. The women do all the work and their husbands attend to the heavy standing round.

In the British museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass, with an engraved emblem of the monarch, Thothmes III., who lived 3,400 years ago. Nevada is the most sparsely settled State. There are nearly two and a half square miles to each inhabitant, next to each square mile. Montana and Wyoming each have less than one.

As the supply of ivory is becoming short billiard balls of cast steel are being used in Sweden. By making them hollow the weight is made to correspond with that of ivory balls.

The Mexican torch thistle, growing to a height of fifty or sixty feet, looks more like a candelabra than a tree. Another variety of the same species has long gray bristles, which give it the appearance of the head of an old gray-haired man.

A Pennsylvania railroad train recently went 82 1/2 miles from Camden to Atlantic City in forty-five minutes, an average rate of 10 2/3 miles an hour. This is considered the fastest time ever made by a railroad train in this country. The fastest single mile was made in forty-one seconds.

The practice of ringing the curfew bell appears to have prevailed throughout Europe long before the Norman conquest of England, its object being the laudable one of preventing fires, which on account of the houses being built chiefly of wood were at that time quite frequent and destructive.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

IN the suburbs of a nice town we found an enterprising young man working a one-acre market garden where all kinds of garden truck was being nicely and thoroughly cared for. Not a weed was to be seen. Every plant showed a remarkable thrifty growth. We remarked, You must have had lots of rain here. Oh no, says the proprietor, not until quite recently, but I have spent the most of my time cultivating and hoeing this patch, and have sold to date (June 10th) \$30 worth, and his harvest had just begun. Two days later, not far from this place, we heard of a man that was running a twenty-acre garden. We were anxious to see it, and a short drive brought us to the spot. It was a big spot, too. Weeds were numerous all over it. The manager seemed to be in no particular hurry. His entire crop had a backward appearance, and we predict a failure

SILVERY WORMWOOD (ARTEMESIA FRIGIDA).



The cut on this page shows a specimen of silvery wormwood. It will be noticed that the sketch has been made with the main stem cut off so as to condense the illustration. To have the plant as it actually looks, imagine the stem filled with flowers put back on the cane from which it has been cut. The stem is slightly woody at the base and is white-silky. The leaves are pinnately parted and 3-5 cleft, the

divisions narrow linear. The flower-heads are globose, rhombic. The plant grows to a height of six feet, and is found on dry hills and among the rocks. Gray, botanist, describes its native habitat as St. Anthony's Falls, Wisconsin, Lake Superior, and north-westward. Its nearest relative among the plants is common wormwood (artemesia absinthium).

for him. Now the one-acre man will have much to say about the remarkable productiveness and great value of Dakota soil, while the twenty-acre man will curse the soil, climate, railroads and everything else but himself. In Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado we have seen the same clearly demonstrated. These facts, coupled with what we have seen in the older eastern states, prompts us to repeat that there is no section of this great country where the intelligent, pushing, enterprising young man with a little money can get as much and as sure an income from his labor and money as in those states, if he will keep in mind the story of the little farm well tilled.—Dakota Farmer.

The practice of topping corn is quite common in all parts of the country, but a series of tests made at the different experiment stations show that the work is seldom profitable, and that the loss to the corn is not made up by the fodder secured. At the Mississippi station the plan has been followed during three years, the tops being removed after the corn had become well glazed, and in every case the yield of corn has shown a marked decrease, for which the value of the tops did not compensate. The average loss in the total feeding value has been more than 20 per cent, which is somewhat larger than the usual loss from such work in the north, as the tops are worth less here than there. The records of seven other stations where similar work has been done show the average yield of the fields which were topped to have been 58.3 bushels per acre, while the untouched check plots averaged 81.3 bushels, a loss of 16 per cent from top-

ping. At one station of the seven did the topped plots give the larger yield, and the average difference of thirteen bushels per acre in favor of the corn which was not topped was more than the feeding value of the fodder secured.

The readily Nightshade. The nightshade (Hyoscyamus niger) is frequently found growing in great profusion about old gardens and in plowed fields which are not cultivated to any great extent after the early part of the season. In gardens and fields where much hoeing is done it is not usually seen, and this fact suggests a means of practically exterminating it. It is a low-growing, branching plant of rapid growth. During late summer it bears a profusion of black berries, which are likely to attract the attention of children, and very often we hear of death from their having eaten them. The stramonium is a weed found growing almost everywhere at the north, and I presume at the south as well. It is a plant having coarse, ovate leaves, thick stalks, and large, tubular white flowers borne on short peduncles in the forks of the branches. These flowers are produced throughout the season. It is popularly known as "Jimson weed"—probably a corruption of Jamestown weed, as there is a story extant in old chronicles that several soldiers who had been sent to help quell the Baker rebellion at Jamestown were poisoned by eating a salad made from young shoots of this plant, which they found growing plentifully in the vicinity of the

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Ironing Table.—The combination ironing table that can be turned into a seat has been put to other than kitchen use by some clever women. One has been stained a deep olive green and had the seat upholstered with olive corduroy fastened with white nails. Another seat stained an oak color had a pattern on the back picked out with fancy-headed wrought iron nails. This one was covered with figured paper in oak color, fastened in place with the same kind of nails used on the back. A seat of the kind in a bedroom is painted with white enamel and has its seat covered with scarlet.—Chicago Post.

Winter Window Garden.—The authorities say that slips of geraniums, heliotropes and some plants should be started now. As soon as the slips are started we them and sink the pot in the ground. Pinch off any flower buds that appear and keep the growth and shape firm. This will give good results. A row of straggling old-fashioned plants are no ornament in the window, but that is the display you will have if you take no preparations until the first of August.—Es.

Marketing Honey.—There are things to learn about marketing honey. The first thing necessary is to sort the honey is carefully sorted. It should be thoroughly cleaned and put into neat, white crates. Another important thing is, the crates should be the same all through; that honey should all be just what appears to be on the face of it, is a great deal of talk nowadays, but low prices and slow sales, but if you has an honest, clean, firm article of any kind need not be going for customers, even in these

Wool is the farm product that takes the most money in proportion to the labor to the producer.

Prices of Wheat.

The Home, Field and Forum gives the following table showing the prices of wheat in England for 100 years:

Table with columns for Year and Price per bushel. Data ranges from 1795 to 1894.

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