

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

STRIKING LESSON FOR MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

"And There Were Also with Him Other Little Ships, and There Arose a Great Storm"—Mark, iv: 35-37—Delivered Sunday, Sept. 22, 1895.



IBERIAS, Gallies and Gennesaret were three names for the same lake. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance. The surrounding hills, high, terraced, sloping, gorged, were so many hanging gardens of beauty. The streams rumbled down through rocks of grey lime stone, and flashing from the hillside, bounded to the sea. In the time of our Lord the valleys, headlands, and ridges were covered thickly with vegetation, and so great was the variety of climate, that the palm tree of the torrid and the walnut tree of rigorous climate were only a little way apart. Men in vineyards and olive gardens were gathering up the riches for the oil-press. The hills and valleys were starred and crisscrossed with flowers, from which Christ took his text, and the disciples learned lessons of patience and trust. It seemed as if God had dashed a wave of beauty on all the scene until it hung dripping from the rocks, the hills, the clearers. On the back of the Lebanon range the glory of the earthly scene was carried up as if to set it in range with the hills of heaven.

No other gem ever had so exquisite a setting as beautiful Gennesaret. The waters were clear and sweet, and thickly inhabited, tempting innumerable nets, and affording a livelihood for great populations. Bethsaida, Chorazin and Capernaum stood on the bank, roaring with wheels of traffic and flashing with splendid equipages, and shooting their vessels across the lake, bringing merchandise for Damascus and passing great cargoes of wealthy produce. Pleasure boats of Roman gentlemen, and fishing smacks of the country people who had come down to cast a net there, passed each other with nod and shout and welcome, or side by side swung idly at the mooring. Palace and luxurious bath and vineyard, tower and shadowy arbor, looked off from the calm, sweet scene as the evening shadows began to drop, and Hermon, with its head covered with perpetual snow, in the glow of the setting sun looked like a white-bearded prophet ready to ascend in a chariot of fire. I think we shall have a quiet night! Not a leaf winks in the air, or a ripple disturbs the surface of Gennesaret. The shadows of the great headlands stalk across the water. The voices of evening-tide, how drowsily they strike the ear—the splash of the boatman's oar, and the thumping of the captured fish on the boat's bottom, and those indescribable sounds which fill the air at nightfall. You hasten up the beach of the lake a little way, and there you find an excitement as of an embarkation. A flotilla is pushing out from the western shore of the lake—not a squadron with deadly armament; not a clipper to ply with valuable merchandise; not pirate vessels with grappling-hook, to hug to death whatever they could seize, but a flotilla laden with messengers of light, and mercy, and peace. Jesus is in the front ship; his friends and admirers are in the small boats following after. Christ, by the rocking of the boat and the fatigues of the preaching exercises of the day, is induced to slumber, and I see him in the stern of the boat, with a pillow perhaps extemporized out of a fisherman's coat, sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn-out sleeper, and on its surface there riseth and falleth the light ship, like a child on the bosom of its sleeping mother! Calm night, starry night. Beautiful night. Run up all the sails, and ply all the oars, and let the boats—the big boat and the small boats—go gliding over gentle Gennesaret.

The sailors prophesy a change in the weather. Clouds begin to travel up the sky and congregate. After a while, even the passengers hear the moan of the storm, which comes on with rapid strides, and with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The boat, caught in the sudden fury, trembles like a deer at bay, amid the wild clangor of the bounds. Great patches of foam are flung through the air. The loosened sails, flapping in the wind, crack like pistols. The small boats poised on the white cliff of the driven sea tremble like ocean petals, and then plunge into the trough with terrific swoop until a wave strikes them with thunder-crack, and overboard go the cordage, the tackling, and the masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the stern of the boat, and shout amid the hurricane, "Master, earnest thou not that we perish?" That great Personage lifted his head from the fisherman's coat, and walked out to the prow of the vessel, and looked upon the storm. On all sides were the small boats tossing in helplessness, and from them came the cries of drowning men. By the flash of lightning I see the calmness of the uncovered brow of Jesus, and the spray of the sea dripping from his head. He has two words of command—one for the wind, the other for the sea. He looks into the tempestuous heavens, and he cries, "Peace!" and then he looks down into the infuriate waters, and he says, "Be still!" The thunders beat a retreat. The waves fall flat on their faces. The extinguished stars rekindle their torches. The foam melts. The storm is dead. And while the crew are untangling the cordage

and the cables, and baling out the water from the hold of the ship, the disciples stand wonder-struck, now gazing into the calm sky, now gazing into the calm sea, now gazing into the calm face of Jesus, and whispering one to another, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

I learn, first, from this subject that when you are going to take a voyage of any kind you ought to have Christ in the ship. The fact is, that these boats would have all gone to the bottom if Christ had not been there. Now, you are about to voyage out into some new enterprise—into some new business relation; you are going to plan some great matter of profit. I hope it is so. If you are content to go along in the treadmill course and plan nothing new, you are not fulfilling your mission. What you can do by the utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, that you are bound to do. You have no right to be colonel of a regiment if God calls you to command an army. You have no right to be stoker in a steamer if God commands you to be admiral of the navy. You have no right to engineer a ferry-boat from river bank to river bank if God commands you to engineer a Cunarder from New York to Liverpool. But whatever enterprise you undertake, and upon whatever voyage you start, be sure to take Christ in the ship. Here are men largely prospered. The seed of a small enterprise grew into an accumulated and overshadowing success. Their cup of prosperity is running over. Every day sees a commercial or a mechanical triumph. Yet they are not puffed up. They acknowledge the God who grows the harvests, and gives them all their prosperity. When disaster comes that destroys others, they are only helped into higher experiences. The coldest winds that ever blew down from snow-capped Hermon and tossed Gennesaret into foam and agony could not hurt them. Let the winds blow until they crack their cheeks; let the breakers boom—all is well, Christ is in the ship. Here are other men, the prey of uncertainties. When they succeed, they strut through the world in great vanity, and wipe their feet on the sensitiveness of others. Disaster comes, and they are utterly down. They are good sailors on a fair day, when the sky is clear and the sea is smooth; but they cannot out-ride a storm. After awhile the packet is tossed abeam's end, and it seems as if she must go down with all the cargo. Push out from the shore with lifeboat, long-boat, shallop, and pinnace. You cannot save the crew. The storm twists off the masts. The sea rises up to take down the vessel. Down she goes! No Christ in that ship.

I speak to young people whose voyage in life will be a mingling of sunshine and of darkness, of arctic blast and of tropical tornado. You will have many a long, bright day of prosperity. The sky is clear, the sea smooth. The crew exhilarant. The boat staunch will bound merrily over the billows. Crowd on all the canvas. Heigh, ho! Land ahead! But suppose that sickness puts its cup to your lips; suppose misfortune with some quick turn of the wheel, hurls you backward; suppose that the wave of trial strikes you athwart-ships, and bowsprit shivered, and halliards swept into the sea, and gangway crowded with piratical disasters, and the wave beneath, and the sky above, and the darkness around are filled with the clamor of the voices of destruction. Oh! then you will want Christ in the ship.

I learn, in the next place, that people who follow Christ must not always expect smooth sailing. When these disciples got into the small boats they said: "What a delightful thing this is! Who would not be a follower of Christ when he can ride in one of these small boats after the ship in which Jesus is sailing?" But when the storm came down these disciples found out that following Jesus did not always make smooth sailing. So you have found out and I have found out. If there are any people who you think ought to have a good time in getting out of this world, the apostles of Jesus Christ ought to have been the men. Have you ever noticed how they got out of the world? St. James lost his head. St. Phillip was hung to death against a pillar. St. Matthew was struck to death by a halberd. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less had his brains dashed out with a fuller's club. St. Matthias was stoned to death. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. John Huss in the fire, the Abbigenates, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they always find smooth sailing? Why go so far? There is a young man in a store in New York who has a hard time to maintain his Christian character. All the clerks laugh at him, the employers in that store laugh at him; and when he loses his patience they say: "You are a pretty Christian." Not so easy is it for that young man to follow Christ. If the Lord did not help him hour by hour he would fall. There are scores of young men today who would be willing to testify that in following Christ one does not always find smooth sailing. There is a Christian girl. In her home they do not like Christ. She has hard work to get a silent place in which to say her prayers. Father opposed to religion. Mother opposed to religion. Brothers and sisters opposed to religion. The Christian girl does not always find it smooth sailing when she tries to follow Jesus. But he of good heart. As seafarers, when winds are dead ahead, by setting the ship on starboard tack and bracing the yards, make the winds that oppose the course propel the ship forward, so opposing troubles, through Christ, veering around the bowsprit of faith, will waft you to heaven, when, if the winds had been abaft, they might have rocked and sung you to sleep, and while dreaming

of the destined port of heaven you could not have heard the cry of warning and would have gone crashing into the breakers.

Again, my subject teaches me that good people sometimes get very much frightened. From the tone and manner of these disciples as they rushed into the stern of the vessel and woke Christ up, you know that they are fearfully scared. And so it is now that you often find good people wildly agitated. "Oh!" says some Christian man, "the infidel magazines, the bad newspapers, the spiritualistic societies, the importation of many foreign errors, the church of God is going to be lost, the ship is going to founder! The ship is going down!" What are you frightened about? An old lion goes into his cavern to take a sleep, and he lies down until his shaggy mane covers his paws. Meanwhile, the spiders outside begin to spin webs over the mouth of his cavern, and say: "That lion cannot break out through this web," and they keep on spinning the gossamer threads until they get the mouth of the cavern covered over. "Now," they say, "the lion's done, the lion's done." After awhile the lion awakes and shakes himself, and he walks out from the cavern, never knowing there were any spiders' webs, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. Let the infidels and the skeptics of this day go on spinning theories, spinning them all over the place where Christ seems to be sleeping. They say: "Christ can never again come out; the work is done; he can never get through this logical web we have been spinning." The day will come when the Lion of Judah's tribe will arouse himself and come forth and shake mightily the nations. What then all your gossamer threads? What is a spider's web to an aroused lion? Do not fret, then, about the world's going backward. It is going forward.

You stand on the banks of the sea when the tide is rising. The almanac says the tide is rising, but the wave comes up to a certain point, and then it recedes. "Why," you say, "the tide is going back." No, it is not. The next wave comes up a little higher, and it goes back. Again you say the tide is going out. And the next time the wave comes up a little higher, and then to a higher point. Notwithstanding all these recessions, at last all the shipping of the world knows it is high tide. So it is with the cause of Christ in the world. One year it comes up to one point, and we are greatly encouraged. Then it seems to go back next year. We say the tide is going out. Next year it comes up to a higher point and falls back, and next year it comes to a still higher point and falls back; but all the time it is advancing, until it shall be full tide, "and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea."

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ is God and man in the same person. I go into the back part of that boat and I look on Christ's sleeping face, and see in that face the story of sorry and weariness, and a deep shadow comes over his face, and I think he must be dreaming of the cross that is to come. As I stand on the back part of the boat looking on his face, I say: "He is a man! He is a man!" But when I see him come to the prow of the boat, and the sea kneels at his presence, and the winds fold their wings at his command, I say: "He is God! He is God!" The hand that set up the sturdy pillars of the universe wiping away the tears of an orphan! When I want pity and sympathy, I look at him, and I say: "O Lord Jesus, thou weary One, thou suffering One, have mercy on me." "Ecco homo!" Behold the man! But when I want courage for the conflict of life, when I want some one to beat down my enemies, when I want faith for the great future, then I come to the front of the boat, and I see Christ standing there in all his omnipotence, and I say, "O Christ, thou who couldst hush the storm, can hush all my sorrows, all my temptations, all my fears." "Ecco Deus!" Behold the God! * * *

There is one storm into which we must all run. When a man lets go this life to take hold of the next, I do not care how much grace he has, he will want it all. What is that out yonder? That is a dying Christian rocked on the surges of death. Winds that have wrecked magnificent flotillas of pomp and worldly power come down on that Christian soul. All the spirits of darkness seem to be let loose, for it is their last chance. The wailing of kindred seems to mingle with the swirl of the waters, and the scream of the wind, and the thunder of the sky. Deep to deep, billow to billow; yet no tremor, no gloom, no terror, no sighing for the dying Christian. The fact is that from the back part of the boat a voice sings out: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." By the flash of the storm the dying Christian sees that the harbor is only just ahead. From heavenly castles voices of welcome come over the waters. Peace drops on the angry wave as the storm subsides itself to rest like a child falling asleep amid tears and trouble. Christ hath hushed the tempest.

Religion and Reform.
Seven Pines, near Richmond, Va., is a prohibition town, each purchaser of a lot being required to sign an article forfeiting the title if liquor is ever sold on the premises. Special rates are also given to total abstainers.

The New York Sun says that 6,000 of the 7,000 saloons in New York are controlled directly or indirectly by one of the great liquor monopolies, and the saloon keeper is practically subject to the demands of these monopolists.

Mr. Norwood, the agent of the American Bible Society in Venezuela, reports exceptionally large sales of scripture by his colporteurs in parts of the country which have never before been visited by any Bible society agent.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



OME of the calculations presented to show dairy profits seem to us to omit important elements. One writer says a cow which annually produces 300 pounds of butter that is sold at 20 cents realizes \$60 to her owner. Assuming the yearly expense of keeping her to be \$40, \$20 of this sum remains as profit, and this represents the interest at 6 per cent on an investment of \$333. But such a cow is rarely sold for \$100 and is frequently purchased for \$75. Assuming \$100 as her value the operation gives 20 per cent, and this is compared to investments in city real estate which gives a 10 per cent interest on invested capital, and is thought to be twice as good as the real estate investment, because \$20 is 20 per cent of the price of the cow.

The vice of such calculation lies in the fact that the cow will in a few years either die or go to the butcher for a nominal price, and the original cost will be wholly lost, whereas, in the case of the real estate it is not only making 10 per cent, but instead of dying or going to the butcher it is

interest in the whole poultry subject, which has never since died out. They come next to the Brahmas in size.

The cock will weigh ten or twelve pounds when three or four years of age. The hen will weigh from eight to ten pounds. The principal varieties of the breed are buff, black, white, partridge, pea-combed partridge and silky Cochins or emu fowl. They are of gentle disposition, more hardy than any other breed, except Brahmas. They grow fast and are prolific layers, especially in winter, bearing confinement well. They cannot fly and can thus easily be kept within a small inclosure. The chickens feather rather slowly.

Buff Cochins.

The buff Cochin is one of the most popular varieties of this breed. Its color, as the name indicates, is a clear uniform buff, sometimes light in shade, and often deeper, the deep buff being considered the more desirable color. Black penciling in the hackle is considered very objectionable, and a disqualification in a poultry exhibit. But we often find birds with a darker marking about the neck where it is not considered a grave fault, though the greater the uniformity of shade, the better.

Merits and Defects of Cochins.
Cochins are good layers, especially in winter, when eggs are most scarce. They make excellent, careful mothers, and in this respect are unsurpassed, though perhaps the Brahmas are their equals. The chicks grow rapidly and are soon ready for the market. They fatten readily and are not so particular about their food as are some breeds.

In consequence of their fattening propensities, it is better not to feed them too much corn during the laying season, as they will then fatten to such an extent as to interfere with the lay-

sheep and lambs can be kept on an acre of well-prepared land in a dry year. Let it be borne in mind that the sheep are pastured—none of the food is cut for them. A bulletin will be issued giving all the particulars at the close of the pasturing season.—Northwestern Farmer.

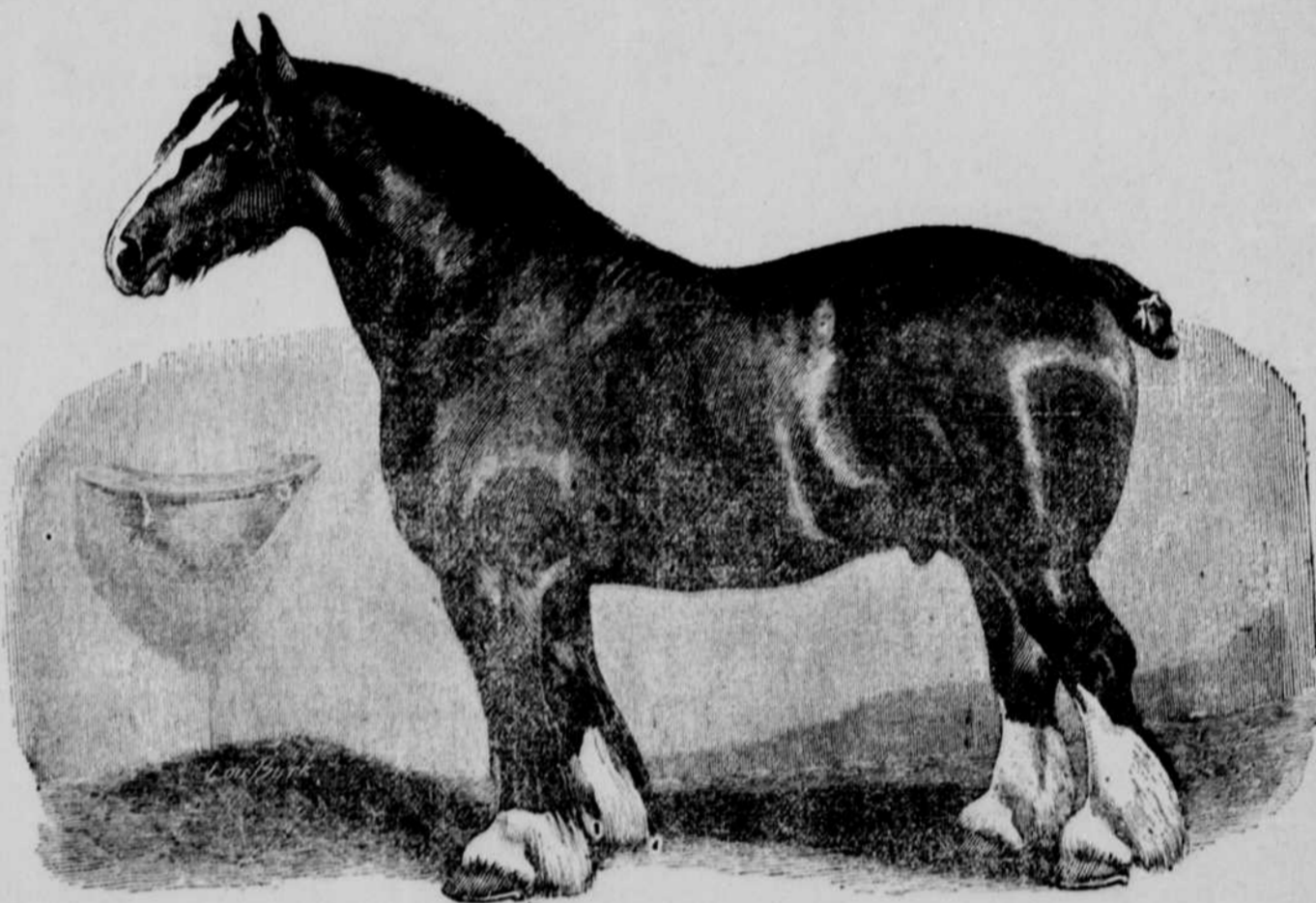
Growth of the Hoof.

The growth of horn takes place by the deposition of new material from the secreting surface, says a writer in Horse Breeder. This deposition is effected at the commencement or roots of the fiber, when the horn is yet soft, and its incessant operation causes these fibers to be mechanically extended or pushed downward toward the ground in a mass. Once formed they are submitted to other change than that of becoming denser, harder, less elastic and dryer, as they recede farther down from the surface from where they originated.

So regular is this growth generally in every part of the hoof that it would appear as if the secreting membrane is endowed with an equal activity throughout. But this equality in the amount of horn secreted over so wide a surface is an undoubted fact, yet under the influence of certain conditions the growth or descent of the material may be effected in an irregular manner, either a portion of the secretory apparatus assuming a more energetic activity, or being imparted or hindered more or less in its functions.

For example, the way the foot is planted on the ground has a marked influence on the amount of horn secreted, also on that subjected to wear. When the weight is equally distributed over the lower face of the hoof, the foot may be said to be properly placed as

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or ought to be annually increasing in value.

There are, however, some calculations that can be advantageously made. Mr. Abbott, in the Practical Dairyman, gives one of them. He supposes a dairyman to have 20 cows, 10 of which make 160 pounds of butter per year, and the remainder 300 pounds per year. The uniform cost of keeping the cows is placed at \$40 per head. Here the butter product from the entire herd is 4,600 pounds, which sells at 20 cents, yielding a gross income of \$920. The cost of keeping the cows is \$800, leaving a profit of \$120. The difficulty of such a herd, however, is that 10 of the cows not only fail to produce any profit at all, but eat into the profits of the other 10. The cows of least production do not repay their keep by \$5 per head. Those of larger production make a profit of \$20 per head. It would pay the owner of such a herd a larger net return to get rid of the 10 cows which yield 160 pounds a year per head and not replace them, for the 10 making the larger yield make a net profit of \$200 while the entire herd, as the calculation shows, makes a profit of only \$120.

It is here that the importance of knowing just what every cow in the herd is doing comes in. Those that pay their way and something more should be ascertained and kept. Those that do not can not be weeded out a day too soon. They should be treated just as a guest at a hotel is treated who will not pay his board, namely, gotten rid of.—Ex.

Cochins.

Many Miles in a recently published book has the following to say on the Cochins:

No breed of poultry has ever attracted so much attention or such high prices for so long a time as the Cochins on their introduction to this country. They were introduced from China about the year 1847, and created a great sensation at the time, which has been humorously termed the "poultry mania" or "hen fever."

So great was the desire to possess them that fabulous prices were paid. In England a hundred guineas was often paid for a single cock, and equally high prices in this country. A reaction must of necessity follow, as a natural result, and the breed is not now as fully appreciated as it deserves, for it possesses really great merit. It is in the main now superseded by those of greater merit, the Brahmas.

The mania attending its introduction, however, absurd as it was, resulted in great benefit by awakening a general

ing of eggs. Sometimes the deposits of fat are so great that death results.

They are extremely docile in disposition, quiet and we might add lazy in their habits, are naturally gentle and tame, consequently easily domesticated. They seldom quarrel. They are very large and heavy, and as their wings are proportionately small they cannot fly. A fence two feet high will easily keep them within bounds. They have little tendency to scratch; and hence the damage from this source is small. They bear confinement well, and will thrive when some other breeds would droop and die for want of extended range.

As to their defects: Though they make most desirable mothers in all respects, the serious objection is their frequent and persistent inclination to sit. This fever generally comes on after every dozen or twenty eggs laid. It requires about three days' absence from the nest to break up this propensity each time. Although this is usually considered an objection, yet when a regular and constant succession of chickens is desired, it becomes a great convenience, as chickens can be hatched with great regularity.

The flesh is not regarded as equal in quality with that of some other breeds, though when quite young it is good. The breast meat is not abundant, which affects its popularity on the market. Cochins are considered valuable for crossing with other breeds, such as Dorkings or Crevecoeurs.

Sixteen Sheep on an Acre.

An experiment is conducted by Prof. Shaw, at the experiment farm, which certainly means a great deal, not only to the northwest but to all the United States. He has undertaken to pasture 6 sheep and 10 lambs on an acre of land. The experiment is succeeding beyond his expectations. The food is at the present time nearly two months ahead of the sheep. They are doing splendidly on the food, and have kept in perfect health from the first. His plan is to sow a succession of foods, so there will always be something for the sheep on one or the other of the plots. The acre is divided into four plots, and the sheep are pastured on these in succession. The harrow is generally used on each plot after it has been pastured, and in some instances fresh seed is sown. The season has of course been very favorable, but to offset that, in part at least, the land is not so good as the average prairie soil, and it has not been manured for several years.

Prof. Shaw says he has not exhausted all the resources in this line, and is hopeful that as large a number of

a basis of support to the limb. But when, through mismanagement or defective form, this basis is uneven—one side higher than the other—the weight must fall on the lower part to a degree greater than it does on the higher side, thus causing not only disturbance in the direction of the limb and its movements, but considerably modifying the growth of the horn.

This growth is diminished at the part most subjected to pressure in all probability from a smaller amount of blood being allowed to pass through the secretory surface; while to the side subjected to less weight and wear or pressure the blood is more abundantly supplied, and the formation of the horn is thereby increased or augmented. This is a fact of much importance, and should be of interest to the man whose vocation is shoeing. It proves that any irregularity in the distribution of weight of the body on the foot has a bad effect on the secreting portion of the organ, and as a result shows itself in the form of the foot.

Oleo in Texas.—Texas probably pays \$2,000,000, or more, every year for vegetable oil, not a pound of which is made in the state, and the probability is just as great that 99 pounds of every 100 is eaten under the impression that it is butter. The laws of many states protect the caterers, but the man with the stomach is defrauded, because he does not know what the stuff is. The consumer ought to be protected, as well as all other purchasers, so that those who prefer oleo and other compounds of slaughter-pen fats and cotton oil may safely exercise their right of choice, and those who ask for butter may pay the price and get it. In the matter of protecting the masses against fraud our country is so far a failure; but when it comes to protecting the perpetrators of frauds she is a grand and glorious success. Oh, long may she wave.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

Mayor Pingree's Potato Patch.—Mayor Pingree, with the members of his agricultural commission, made an extended tour of his potato patches on the east side of Detroit and found them in a comparatively prosperous condition, though many have suffered from the drought. An estimate in various fields showed the yield would be from 100 to 150 bushels an acre. At many places the Polish women left their work and rushing up to the mayor, kissed his hand. In the 300 acres visited it was estimated the yield would reach nearly 40,000 bushels of potatoes. About 150 men, women and children were at work in the fields.—Ex.