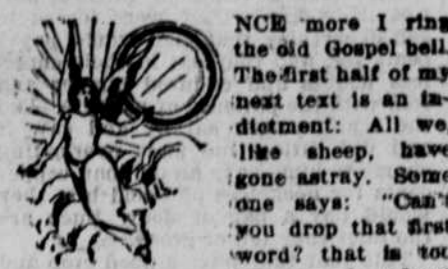


TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE SHEEP ASTRAY" CHOSEN FOR SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "Ware He Turned Every-one To His Own Way, and the Lord Hath Laid on Him the Iniquity of Us All"—Isaiah, liii, 6.



NCE more I ring the old Gospel bell. The first half of my next text is an indictment: All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? that is too general; that sweeps too wide a circle." Some men rise in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house and says: "There is a blasphemer; and I understand how he has gone astray. And there is another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My next text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, All we, like sheep, have gone astray. I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh! my sins, my sins!" and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the east, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry, as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways: either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us get astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ put us on short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of a distant stream, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God, through Jesus Christ, gave our soul, and we wandered on, and we wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread, and we found garbage. The farther we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the club house when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associates? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you—perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life.

There is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints immortal reign,
Bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him! The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried: "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success. Poor pasturage for your soul you find in the world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze at the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow
On Nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dog. The hounds get over into the pasture-land. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost

sheep never gets home unless the farmer gets after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. Oh! man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the fountains of your earthly failures, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!" Sinal's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." When Sebastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble, the cannonade, and the conflagration, and the multiplication, and the multitude of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harp with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, him of the bloody sweat, him of the resurrection throne, him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." "Oh!" says some man, "that isn't generous, that isn't fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street—both hale, hearty and well—I ask you to carry me, you say rightly, "Walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades, saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen, and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything beaming in my accepting that kindness? Oh! no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts, then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt, cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabres of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God. Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of his fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon his knee, and then with a dead lift he raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will a man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Appennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other. How much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime? Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights; I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts; put them on my shoulder, put them on my heart." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamery and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is as black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just

the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

Some one comes here to-day and I stand aside. He comes up three steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place he spreads abroad his hands, and they were nailed. You see his feet; they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say: "Art thou weary?" "Yes," he says, "weary with the world's woe." I say: "Whence comest thou?" He says: "I came from Calvary." I say: "Who comes with thee?" He says: "No one; I have trodden the wine-press alone." I say: "Why comest thou here?" "Oh!" he says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people." And he kneels. He says: "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And, conscious of my own sins first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says: "Yes, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst thou bear any more?" He says: "Yes, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst thou bear more?" "Yes, more." And I gather up all the sins of those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst thou bear more?" "Yes, more." But he is departing. Clear the way for him, the Son of God. Open the door and let him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abyss, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take your sins to-day? or, do you say, "I will take charge of them myself. I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" I know not how near some of you have come to crossing the line. A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath: "Before next Saturday night one of his audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night, I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said: "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh! no," the other replied: "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last. To-day the Savior calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off, he jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "whosoever will, let him come;" whosoever, whosoever, whosoever!

While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinner, haste, O! haste away
While yet a pardoning God is found.

A Grand King.
Rev. Dr. Ferguson, at a gathering of the Scottish Temperance league, in Glasgow, pertinently said: "The visit of the three African chiefs has been a great blessing and a great help to the temperance cause. They have been going through our land giving object lessons in this, that 'the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,' whether he be black or white. I could use of them the words of the Song of Solomon: 'They are black but comely, comely with meekness, with humility, Christian comeliness, and also temperance firmness. What better can I call it than temperance mission-zeal?' for they have come to us to teach us, and to teach the queen and Mr. Chamberlain a great lesson in prohibition. I think that the lesson has this impression, that if we prohibit drink in King Khama's territory should it not be prohibited at home?"

CHIPS FOR CAPITALISTS.
The shipment of frozen salmon from British Columbia is found to be a commercial success.

Fifteen coal companies in Iowa have organized to keep up prices and reduce the cost of production.

A charcoal iron furnace which is said to be the largest in the world, is now being built at Gladstone, Mich.

Within four years New York has spent \$3,000,000 for asphalt pavements at prices per square yard ranging from \$2.30 to \$3.14.

South Africa produced 56,960,114 of gold last year, an increase of nearly \$2,000,000 over 1893, and of over \$2,500,000 over 1892.

Negotiations are reported in progress for the organization of "an excelsior trust, comprising thirty manufacturers, operating chiefly in Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan."

In its industrial items Bradstreet's reports that a firm in that city has succeeded in forming a "trust" of all the cotton mills in Alabama producing Osnaburgh, a staple in the dry goods trade much resembling duck.

It is said that "the recent settlement of the wage question by the Southern Railway has caused so much dissatisfaction that there is a possibility of an extended strike on the part of the American Union, which in the Tennessee district has had a large increase in membership."

ABOUT WOMEN.
Twenty-one neighboring farmhouses in North Paris, Mo., have sent out twenty-four schoolma'ams.

New black lace butterfly evening bonnets are studied with tiny rhinestones, with very brilliant effect.

There are said to be over 1,600 women in New York who, in one way or another, make their living by their pen.

It is said that the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is the godmother of more children than any other woman in the world.

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.

I AM deeply interested in your paper, but especially so in the poultry department. I have a flock of 50 Plymouth Rocks. I like them better than any other breed, for I think they meet my wants, and those situated as I am, better than any other. They are good layers and are good for flesh and are more easily confined than many other kinds. My hen house is 12x14, built as warm as most of the dwellings and plastered inside, so it is easy to keep clean from lice.

I notice in your paper of January 8th a number of plans for drinking dishes. I have one of my own invention that I think beats them all. Take what they call a half cracker box, take the top off, then turn the bottom up; take a 6-quart pressed tin pan, lay it face down on the bottom of the box; mark around the pan with a pencil, then take a key-hole saw, cut a hole in the bottom of the box a little smaller than the mark, so when cut out the pan will go into the rim. The box will make a firm stand so they cannot tip it over, and is very easily cleaned. If the water freezes, then take the pan

THE JERSEY COW MAYBLOSSOM.



The illustration shows the Jersey cow, Mayblossom, the property of Dr. Herbert Watney, Buckhold, Berks, England. She has been a prize winner now for three successive years. Her best butter make for one day was two

pounds, eleven and three-fourths ounces. She was seven years old the first of last May.—Farmers' Review.

turn it over and put a little warm water on the bottom of the pan and the ice will come out. I was troubled a good deal in this line before I invented this.

This is a cheap dish, as it will not cost over 10 cents. I write this for it may be of some benefit to those that have small flocks.

I like this feature of the Review, for in comparing views and opinions we can learn in a short time what would take a long time to learn by experience.—E. A. Weigun in Farmers' Review.

Light Brahmas.

I have been raising hens for thirty-five years. The first fifteen years we kept mongrels or mixed breeds, but for the last twenty years we have kept pure bred Light Brahmas exclusively, infusing new blood every two years by purchasing male fowls of pure blood from the most reliable breeders. This breed suits me best. My poultry houses have been just ordinary structures, such as are generally found on farms, and that can be pulled down and cleaned up every year and again rebuilt in the fall. In the morning my fowls get cooked food, such as potatoes, bread crumbs, ship stuffs, corn meal, all mixed together. At night we feed corn, oats and wheat. We market our fowls largely when they become broody. We get plenty of eggs in winter when the hens are kept warm and are fed cooked food, mixed with meat scraps and cayenne pepper. We have lost no fowls from disease, but some years minks have destroyed some. We have generally had good success in raising broods when the sitting hen has been placed in a yard by herself. I have never had any sick hens to doctor, except some that have had scaly legs. These we grease with coal oil and sulphur; it cures every time. Light Brahmas raised in March and well cared for will begin to lay in October and are the most profitable as winter layers. There is most profit with light Brahmas to market all chickens at two years old, as they are very heavy by that time, and young hens are the most profitable to keep. A Light Brahma well kept will weigh eight pounds at six months old.—C. E. Lovett in Farmers' Review.

Marketing Butter.

Always use neat, clean packages, as it always adds to the price. Never

ship a package of butter that you are ashamed to own, or put a tag on with your name on as the maker of the same. I have marked every package of my butter for the last eight years. Always market the butter as soon as possible after it is packed, as all butter loses more or less of that nice flavor after two or three weeks. I have tried several ways of marketing butter: First, the commission man, which took too much of the profits, the freight, cartage and commission, and always a shrinkage of from one to four hundred per package, and all this comes out of the producer. Next, the retail grocer of Chicago. At first it was all right, but they soon got to beating me on the price; and now I will tell you how I caught them at their tricks, as they had been saying the butter was off, and I knew it was not. My wife and I went to Chicago and I went to the grocer and I played the role of buyer, I wanted to buy some good and pure butter and some that he could recommend; as such, he showed me some of my own butter and said he never had any poor butter from the man he got it from, he said he got it from a farmer in Wisconsin, and it cost him 28 cents per pound, when he was only giving me 16 cents. I then handed him one of my cards, and you may imagine the scene that followed.—J. W. Smith.

Future of Baby Beef.

It is a growing opinion among many who are interested in the subject that young steers are destined soon to outweigh in the favor of meat dealers the heavy bullocks of three and four years old. The well-fed two-year-old just now is more popular among retail butchers than any other. It cuts up to greater advantage on the block, many say, and epicures ask for it. The latter fact is noted here with the fact in

Decadence of Turkish Horses.

Turkey, which once used to breed a large number of horses yearly, appears to be in a bad way now in that respect. Quite recently the Turkish minister of war, wishing to horse a few squadrons, found that horse breeding had fallen completely through. It was impossible for the minister of war to find, throughout the extent of the empire, the number of horses necessary to remount the cavalry, and therefore recourse had to be had to Hungary and Russia. Owing to these circumstances efforts are now being made to once more raise horse breeding to its former level. The sultan has ordered several haras to be formed, the largest being in Liban, which 150 foals are expected yearly. It has also been resolved to create or reorganize horse races on the model of those given of late years at Beyrout, in Syria, on the same conditions as in Europe. In addition, the minister of war will distribute medals and rewards to those breeders who present the finest colts to the remount committee. Most of the stallions approved by the government are Arabs, although some Russian and English stallions have also been introduced. The exportation of horses is rigidly forbidden in Turkey. The only exception being in favor of the French administration of haras, which is permitted to purchase a few Arab stallions.—London Live Stock Journal.

Breeding Kws.

A ewe may be kept in a breeding flock just as long as she continues to raise a good lamb each year. There is greater range of variation in ewes than in any other of the domestic animals, and hence the possibilities of selection are exceedingly great. Some ewes will continue to be profitable until they are ten years old, others become unprofit-

Feed for Eggs.

At the Illinois Farmers' Institute recently held in Springfield, W. C. Garrison of Jefferson county, Illinois, made a few remarks on poultry. The discussion was on the getting of winter eggs. He said he had been feeding wheat and corn to his hens, and as they had comfortable quarters he did not see why he got no eggs. Now, friend Garrison, we believe your feed of corn and wheat is a poor one for winter eggs. We have fed exactly that in years past and got the same result as you—no eggs. Wheat and corn will do as a partial ration, but oats should be made the basis of the feed. The hens will not get crop-bound if the oats are kept before them all the time, but that might result from too much fasting, followed by over-feeding.—Farmers' Review.

Butter for China.

Mr. B. S. Schmerhorn, of Portland, Ore., recently carried over to China a sample lot of fine butter with a view of opening a market. Although the steamers have no refrigerator service, he got the samples over in fair condition, despite the hot weather encountered at Honolulu, and he obtained better prices than he could have realized at home. He says that to better develop the trade the butter should be put up in tins instead of wooden tubs and such a condition is imperative, because Australia is doing it, the butter keeping better and selling at higher prices. Australia is pushing the trade all over the Orient, but the United States need have no fear of her, as her season is from September to January, and when we have a surplus to sell in the summer the grass is very short in that country. If the business is developed the steamers will provide a refrigerator service for the Pacific Coast.

Fresh Cows Needed.

The professional instructors in butter-making have had a time of it in explaining why a certain creamery is troubled with the body of its butter, the commission firm saying that the body is short and brittle and crumbles badly in retailing. One says there is too much water in it, one says it was worked too cold, one questions if the feed did not do the bad job, etc. It is not easy for the creamery men to get to the bottom facts in all cases, as they do not know how the cows are handled. A private dairyman finds that feed does effect the hardness of the butter-fats, that a warm water bath after washing the butter will soften it so it will not be so brittle, but the main reason for hard fats and brittle body is the lack of fresh cows. When the strippers are dried and fresh cows take their place this trouble disappears. Sterine fats predominate in strippers' milk as truly as they do when cotton seed is fed, and more warmth is required to soften the hard fats in either case, but the butter cannot be made quite so good anyhow, as butter from fresh cows' milk.—Rural Life.

Shall We Keep Sheep?

George E. Douglass discusses the question in the Stockman. "Shall We Keep Sheep?" and reaches these conclusions: First, considering the amount that the sheep would bring if sold now as the investment and the cost of keeping they are paying a better per cent than four or five years ago. Second, considering the length of time sheep have been law it will not be long until the shepherd's bright and prosperous day will dawn and everybody will want sheep, and we will have them for sale.—Ea.