

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The text was Matt. iv., 1-21: "James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets."
 "I go fishing," cried Simon Peter to his comrades, and the most of the apostles had hands hard from fishing tackle. "It is not a good day for fishing and three men are in the boat repairing the broken fishing nets. If you are fishing with a hook and line and the fish will not bite, it is a good time to put the angler's apparatus into better condition. Hardly anything is more provoking to nearly land a score or a hundred of trophies from the deep, and when you are in the full glee of hauling in the spotted treasures, through some imperfection in the net they splash back into the wave. That is too much of a trial of patience for man, ordinarily correct of speech, in such circumstances comes to an intensity of utterance unjustifiable. Therefore, no good fisherman considers the time wasted that is spent in mending his net."

The trouble with many of our nets is that the meshes are too large. If a fish can get his gills and half his body through the net-work, he tears and rends and works his way out, and leaves the place through which he squirmed a tangle of broken threads. The Bible weaves faith, and works tight together the law and the gospel, righteousness and forgiveness. Some of our nets have meshes so wide that the sinner floats in and out, and is not at any moment caught for the heavenly landing. In our desire to make everything so easy we relax, we loosen, we widen. We let men, after they are once in the gospel net, escape into the world and go into indulgences, and swim all around Galilee from north side to south side and from east side to west side, expecting that they will come back again. We ought to make it easy for them to get into the kingdom of God, and, as far as we can, make it impossible for them to get out. The poor advice now-a-days to many is: "Go and do just as you did before you were captured for God and heaven. The net was not intended to be any restraint or any hindrance. What you did before you were a Christian do now. Go to all styles of amusement, read all the styles of books, engage in all styles of behavior as before you were converted."

Furthermore, many of our nets are torn to pieces by being entangled with other nets. It is a sad sight to see fishermen fighting about sea room and pulling in opposite directions, each to get his net, both nets damaged by the struggle and losing all the fish. In a city like this of more than 800,000 there are at least 500,000 dot in Sabbath schools or churches. And in this land where there are more than 64,000,000 people there are least 30,000,000 not in the Sabbath schools and churches. And in the world of more than 1,400,000,000 people there are at least 800,000,000 not in schools and churches. In such an Atlantic ocean of opportunity, there is room for all the nets and all the boats and all the fishermen and for millions more. There should be no rivalry between churches. There should be no rivalry between ministers. God never repeats Himself, and He never makes two ministers alike, and each one has a work which no other man in the universe can accomplish. If fishermen are wise, they will not allow their nets to entangle; or if they do accidentally get entangled, the work of extrication should be kindly and gently conducted. What glad spectacle for men and angels when on our recent dedication day ministers of all denominations stood on this platform and wished for each other widest prosperity and usefulness. But there are cities in this country where there is now going on an awful ripping and rending and tearing of fishing nets. Indeed, all over Christendom at this time there is a great war going on between fishermen, ministers against ministers.

Now I have noticed a man cannot fish and fight at the same time. He either neglects his net or his market. It is amazing how much time some of the fishermen have to look after other fishermen. It is more than I can do to look after my own net. You see the wind is just right and such a good time for fishing, and the fish are coming in so rapidly that I have to keep my eye and hand busy. There are about 200,000,000 souls wanting to get into the kingdom of God and it will require all the nets and all the fishermen of Christendom to safely land them. At East Hampton, L. I. where I summer, out on the bluffs some morning, we see the flags up; and that is the signal for launching out into the deep. For a mile the water is tinged with that peculiar color that indicates whole schools of piscatorial revelry, and the beach swarms with men with their casts off and their sea cap on and those of us who do not go out on the wave stand on the beach ready to rejoice when the boats come back, and in our enthusiasm we rush into the water with our hands on to help get the boats up the beach, and we all lay hold the lines and pull till we are red in the face, and as the living things of the deep come bubbling in on the sand, I cry out: "How many?" And as no answer comes, "How many?" And as no answer comes, "How many?" And as no answer comes, "How many?"

ever to take the human race for God and heaven. Aye, we ought to have that enthusiasm of the beach multiplied a hundred fold and by so much as an immortal soul is worth more than a blue fish. O, brethren of ministry! Let us spend our time fishing instead of fighting. But if I angrily jerk my net across your net, and you jerk your net angrily across mine, we will soon have two broken nets and no fish.

Do you know that the world's heart is bursting with trouble and if you could make that world believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is a soothing omnipotence, the whole world would surrender tomorrow; yea would surrender this hour. The day before James A. Garfield was inaugurated as president, I was in the cars going from Richmond to Washington. A gentleman seated next to me in the cars knew me and we were soon in familiar conversation. It was just after a bereavement and I was speaking to him from an over-burdened heart about the sorrow I was suffering. Looking at his cheerful face, I said: "I guess you have escaped all trouble. I shall judge from your countenance that you have come through free from all misfortune." Then he looked at me with a look I shall never forget and whispered in my ear: "Sir, you know nothing about trouble. My wife has been in an insane asylum for fifteen years." And then he turned and looked out of the window and into the night with a silence I was too overpowered to break. That was another illustration of the fact that no one escapes trouble. Why that man seated next to you in church has on his soul a weight compared with which a mountain is a feather. That woman seated next to you in church has a grief the recital of which would make your body, mind and soul shudder.

Oh, this important work of mending our nets! If we could get our nets right we would accomplish more in soul saving in the next year than we have in the last twenty years. But where shall we get them mended? Just where old Zebedee and his two boys mended their nets—where you are. "James! why don't you put your oar in Lake Galilee, or hoist your sail and land at Capernaum or Tiberias, or Gadara, and, seated on the bank, mend your net?" "John, why don't you go ashore and mend your net?" No, they sat on the guards of the boat, or at the prow of the boat, or in the stern of the boat, and they took up the thread and needle, and the ropes and the wooden blocks, and went to work; sewing, sewing; tying, tying; weaving, weaving; pounding, pounding, until the net mended, they push it off in the sea and drop paddle and hoist sail, and the cut-water went through amid the shoals of fish, some of the descendants of which we had for breakfast one morning while we were encamped on the beach of beautiful Galilee. James and John had no time to go ashore. They were not fishing for fun, as you and I do in summer time. It was their livelihood and that of their families. They needed their nets where they were, in the ship. "Oh," says some one, "I mean to get my net mended, and I will go down to the public library, and I will see what the scientists say about evolution and about 'the survival of the fittest,' and will read up what the theologians say about advanced thought." I will leave the ship awhile, and will go ashore and stay there till my net is mended." Do that my brother and you will have no net left. Instead of their helping you mend your net they will steal the pieces that remain. Better stay in the gospel ship, where you have all the means of mending your net. What are they, do you ask? I answer all you need you have where you are; namely, a Bible and a place to pray. The more you study evolution and adopt what is called advanced thought, the bigger fool you will be. Stay in the ship and mend your net. That is where James, the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, stayed. That is where all who get their nets mended stay.

These dear brethren of all denominations, afflicted with theological fetters had better go to the mending nets instead of breaking them. Before they break up the old religion and try to foist on us a new religion, let them go through some great sacrifice for God that will prove them worthy for such a work, taking the advice of Talleyrand to a man that wanted to upset the religion of Jesus Christ and start a new one, when he said: "Go and be crucified and then raise yourself from the grave the third day." Those who propose to mend their nets by secular and skeptical books are just like a man who has just one week for fishing, and six of the days he spends reading Isaac Walton's Complete Angler, and "Scott's Fishing in Northern Waters," and "Fullman's Vade Mecum of Fly Fishing for Trout," and then on Saturday morning, his last day goes to the river to ply his art, but that day the fish will not bite, and into on Saturday night he goes home with empty baskets and disappointed heart.

trying to catch one eel? No; that work was too slow. These men were not mending a hook and line. They were mending their nets. So let the church of God not be content with having here one soul and next month another soul brought into the kingdom. Sweep all the seas with nets—scoop nets, seine nets, drag nets, all-encompassing nets—and take the treasures in by hundreds and thousands and millions, and nations be born in a day, and the hemispheres quake with the tread of a ransoming God. Do you know what will be the two most tremendous hours in our heavenly existence? Among the quadrillions of ages which shall roll on, what two occasions will be to us the greatest? The day of our arrival there will be to us, one of the two greatest. The second greatest, I think, will be the day when we shall put in parallel lines before us what Christ did for us, and what we did for Christ, the one so great, the other so little. That will be the only embarrassment in heaven. My Lord and my God? What will we do and what will we say when, on one side are placed the Savior's great sacrifices for us, and our small sacrifices for him; his exile, his humiliation, his agonies on one hand, and our poor weak, insufficient sacrifices on the other. To make the contrast less over-whelming let us quickly amend our nets, and like the Galilean fishermen may we be divinely helped to cast them on the right side of the ship.

No One Discovered It

Two neighboring Yorkshire rectors recently exchanged pulpits on Sunday morning. Both gentlemen are in the habit of preaching a sermon from the collection of some noted divine when a week passes without their writing a sermon, which is quite often the case. They defended their practice in this respect alleging first, that sermons so borrowed are much better than any they could write, and secondly, that the few peasants in smock frocks who attend service never understand the sermon anyhow, and in fact would suspect their rector of heresy if they did understand him. On the day in question it happened that they both decided to use the same sermon from Blair's collection for the morning exchange, and on thinking the matter over they both concluded that it wouldn't be worth while to prepare a sermon for the second service. The result of all this, of course, was, that the same sermon of Blair's was preached twice in each church, though not one in either church discovered the fact.

A New Game

Blindman's buff under the new name of blindgirl's buff is in our midst, says the New York World. This is the way it is done. The pretty buffer is blindfolded by means of a long black mask which effectually keeps her from gazing underneath. She is then seated in the middle of the room, while the company, joining hands, slowly walk around her. High above her head the buffer flourishes a weapon not unlike the shield which the darkies down south use for protection against flies and mosquitoes.

As the mystic circle silently passes around the blindfolded enchantress, the latter brings down her wand lightly upon the head of any one whom its aim may concern. He quickly catches it, kisses the hand of the Queen of the Mask and takes his place upon the throne where he in turn sways the scepter. Should a young woman be touched with the wand she embraces her ex-queen and tries her own hand with the wand.

The game is made interesting by the announcement that should the queen fall in three strokes to touch one of her subjects she is presented, later on, with the Court Jester's paper cap and bells, and should any subject be so fortunate as to be three times chosen she is given a jubilee and is awarded a gilt crown, or prettier still, a flower one.

Country Life in the Argentine.

In a new country the traveller must not be particular, much less exacting; above all, he must not expect to find refinement among the inhabitants whose whole efforts barely suffice to sustain the combat against the elements. Still, I cannot refrain from noting the impression of sadness and disgust produced by the sight of the towns and colonies of the pampa, and by a glimpse of the life that the inhabitants lead. Verily the majority live worse than brutes, for they have not even the cleanly instincts of the beast of the field. Their houses are less agreeable to the eye than an Eskimo's hut. The way they maltreat their animals is sickening to behold. Rarely do you see the face of a man woman or child that does not wear a bestial and ferocious expression. In the villages there are no clubs, no libraries, no churches, no priests, rarely even a school. The men and women work out, and sleep, and their only distractions in the grossest bestiality, gambling and drinking in the *peperia*, with occasionally a little knitting and revolver-arming. During my whole stay in the Argentine, and in all the centres that I visited, I was struck by the utter absence of moral restraint, and by the moral materiality of the 'flesh of the people' from the highest down to the lowest. *Horacio Martin.*

OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

Farmer's Barn Yards.

Some day, when you have nothing else to do, take a ride through the country and count all the neatly kept barn-yards you see. Even if you have other duties, go, if for no other reason than out of curiosity. In a ride of twenty miles you will not see ten half neatly-kept barn-yards, and not more than two—more likely not one—as it should be kept. You will see a wagon here, another there, over there a sled and in another place a hay-rack, flat on the ground, all ranged about the middle of the lot; and besides all these things you will see plows, corn-planter, harrows, small hay-stacks piles of boards, rails, posts and many other things I cannot now enumerate, thrown around in a haphazard way that ought to put any farmer to shame. Not a blade of grass to be seen, when there should be a well-sodded yard.

In thinking of the many, many farmers I have known, I can remember but one who has a well-kept barn-yard. And, as the yard indicates, he is a very methodical farmer. "A place for every thing and everything in its place," is his motto, and the entire farm shows that his motto has become a reality, not a mere theory.

When he drives into the lot his wagon has a place of its own, each piece of machinery has its own place. Nothing is left in the center of the lot for a horse to run over and perhaps cripple itself. This barn-yard furnishes pasture for two work horses during the summer months, and for four or five calves through the entire summer, yet it does not contain over two acres. But the horses are never allowed to run in it when the ground is soft. Of course, it never becomes cut up and rough. The farmer has hauled plenty of gravel about the barn, and little or no mud is found there.

As most barn-lots are along the road in line with the house-yard, one would suppose as much care would be taken to keep them in order as is used on other premises. There is just where you are mistaken, as a ride will convince you. The house-yard may be perfectly neat and the adjoining barn-lot may be a perfect slough of filth and disorder.

Why do not these men realize that their lots are but lots on an otherwise lovely picture? Why not use a little forethought when driving in with machinery and vehicles? It takes no longer to drive a wagon to the same place each time, than it does to unhitch wherever the horses may happen to stop.

"But," says one, "I haven't room." You think you have not room simply because your lot is in such a confused jumble that you do not know yourself how much room you have until you "size up," as the housekeepers say. Just try it once; if not for your own satisfaction, do so for the pleasure of the people who pass your place. At first they may make remarks and be inclined to wonder what can have taken possession of you, it is so unlike you to have order in your barnyard. But never do you mind their talk, when this systematic plan has become a habit with you, others may be led, seeing your "light," to "go and do likewise."

Why Popcorn Won't Pop

The question is often asked why popcorn sometimes fails at the critical moment to pop. The trouble is that the corn has either been pulled too green or has become too dry, explains California Fruit Grower. In the former case the skin would be too tender to retain the heated air until the explosion took place, and in the latter case the skin is so brittle that the air escapes without bursting the kernel. If the corn is too dry, which is most frequently the trouble, immerse the unshelled ears half a minute in water and the grains will pop with a delightful exuberance.

Bradstreet states that there are in New England half a hundred stock farms, where twenty years ago there were practically none, and in California the breeding of fast horses has become almost a craze.

The importance of economy in feeding is illustrated by the statement accredited to Dr. Collier, of the New York experiment station, that saving of one cent a day upon the dairy cows of New York is over \$6,000,000 a year.

Statistics of the agricultural department place the total number of sheep in the United States Jan. 1, 1891, at 43,431,186, valued at \$108,367,447. Jan. 1, 1890, the number of sheep in the United 44,836,072, valued at \$100,650,761.

The fowls should have good attention during cold spells, they should have warm feed every morning and feed of grain in the evening; be sure to give them water. They want warm, comfortable quarters in which to roost; these things are necessary. Cold damp quarters and no feed will cause them to take roup, and perhaps kill half the flock.

Hens must have dusting materials near to them all the time; it is like a bath in water to a duck, they enjoy and receive much benefit from it. If you failed to buy in a supply of road dust when it was plenty the next thing to substitute for it is any good sand. Supply something always.

Make a Good Garden.

No man should spend his labor and time over so large an acreage as to fail in making a first-class garden. In this much of the satisfaction and often no little part of the profit of country and farm life consists. It is rather disheartening for the city resident who goes into the country during summer for fresh air home-grown small fruits and garden vegetables to look into back yards and find tin cans carelessly thrown away, which that even for such common table luxuries as tomatoes, green corn, and often green peas, the farmer and his family have nothing better for him than he could himself buy at the retail grocery. If farmers wish to attract other men to their business, as it is clearly their business to do, they must in every way make farm life as pleasant and enjoyable as possible. Labor-saving machinery enables the farmer to take life easier if he will. He complains that low prices for staple crops take off all his profit. Grow less of crops then, and devote a larger share of time to fruit, especially the small fruits, and to garden vegetables. So soon as the farmer grows enough of all kinds of vegetables for table use in their season he has procured luxuries that only wealthy men can afford. As he thinks over what he would have been obliged to pay for such delicacies, the harder lines of his life fade away. It seems worth while to live on a farm, and when he gets to feeling this way it is ten to one that he falls into the habit of marketing surplus he does not need, and thus after a few years develops into market gardening the natural way. First make a garden that will supply your own table with all garden delicacies, and if there is a surplus it will be sure of a profitable market.

Strawberry Beds.

These should have a thorough clean up and a heavy mulching of farm-yard manure. The Dutch hoe should be run through the rows, and the beds raked lightly before applying the mulch. If the soil is of very heavy nature, and subject to cracking on the surface, it may be picked up with a fork, but light soils are better when not disturbed except by the hoe and rake. In mulching them, pack plenty of the material close up to the plants. Go over all autumn-planted beds, and tread the soil firmly about the plants, mulching these beds likewise with some kind of mild manure; only poor land will require mulchings. Young plants of strawberries standing in nurse beds should be planted out 20 by 24 inches apart on a plot deeply trenched and thoroughly manured land, planting them firmly. Put a large label to mark each variety and make notes of the names and positions of each variety, in case of the loss of the labels. Those who make a practice of planting their forced plants should now get the land dug for them, so that it may settle before planting time arrives.—Gardner's Chronicle.

Racing Bullocks in India.

In India the favorite animals, both for speed and for endurance, are the native bullocks. The animals are small, wiry, muscular and swift. They are trained to race and run well, not only under the saddle, but in harness. The Indians are fond of racing their beasts, and the sport is encouraged by the English part of the population. The animal is guided by a cord through the nose, but the driver places more reliance on whip and voice than on the cord. The Indians are natural gamblers, and will bet their last rupee on the result of the race, taking so much interest in it that a penniless native has been known to wager his liberty and that of his family for an entire year, and sell himself into voluntary slavery as the result of losing a bet. The races are frequently attended by serious accidents, from the fact that although the bullocks may be trained to great swiftness, it seems almost impossible to teach them to run in a straight line. They will bunch together and thus frequently smash one or more of the vehicles.

Exciting as are the bullock races when the beasts are harnessed and driven by native drivers, they are far more so when the bullocks are ridden by European soldiers or sailors. The chief danger in a race of this description lies in the fall which are the almost inevitable result of an attempt to ride these awkward animals.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Ouida" is Growing Old.

"Ouida" is growing old now, and her works of late lack much of the eloquence and poetic fervor that used to make them so irresistibly attractive. She cannot at present be far from sixty. She never was a beauty, though in her prime she possessed her striking points; her "amber hair," of precisely the shade which she used to describe in her earliest novels, and a pair of exquisite little feet, of whose small size and perfect symmetry she was justly vain. She used to walk down the long dining room of the Langham hotel with her golden locks hanging down her back and with her long skirts held up in one hand so as to show off her pretty feet in the daintiest of Parisian slippers. She immortalized Mr. Sanderson, who was at the time manager of the hotel aforesaid, by making him the hero of her novel of "Trictrac." She dislikes American people with an intensity of hatred that is altogether surprising and never misses a chance of caricaturing them and holding them up to ridicule.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

New Silks for Summer Gown.

Changeable twilled silks more finely twilled than sarahs, with designs of dots, stripes, waving ribbons, and bouquets of flowers, in ecru or white, promise to rival the smoothly woven lake silks as summer dresses. They are made into charming dresses by Paris modistes, who delight in color this season, and add silk of a bright contrasting hue for their trimming. Thus a green and red changeable silk dress with ecru baskets of flowers is trimmed with pale blue sarah facings, and has a collar plastron, and pointed belt of Louis Seize embroidery of rose-buds, and gold done on pale blue cloth. The seamless bodice with cool skirts is a favorite model. The fronts gathered on the shoulders cross diagonally to lap under the blue belt and the changeable silk laid over pale blue sarah, each frill cut with selvage finish. The waist back is shirred at the waist line. The coat skirts are three loops, ten inches deep when doubled, of the material showing facings of pale blue. They are slightly full, and are gathered to the bodice back of the pointed belt under a twist or scarf of the twilled silk. The mutton leg sleeves are very long, and without trimming. The skirt of five breadths has the front breadth turned under at the foot, and faced with blue to match the coat skirts, then falling open on each side on a flounce of pale blue silk. This design is not confined to changeable silks, but is beautifully carried out in foulards, as one with gray ground strewn with large white leaves, made up with a collar and belt of gold embroidery, and facings of yellow India silk in the frill and coat skirts.

Chameleon silks, as the changeable silks are called, are imported in glossy taffetas with tiny dots and figures, to be used for sleeves, vests, and flounces of wool dresses, and also in heavier falls, with chine flowers and ribbon stripes for entire gown. A lovely house dress of yellow silk shading to pink has eline bouquets of violets, roses, and carnations. It is made all in one piece, the skirt sewed to the round waist, which fastens invisibly in the back under a plastron of olive green velvet that extends the length of the bodice in front also. The silk is pleated full on the high shoulders, and drawn without darts next the velvet pieces. A single under-arm form is on the side. A standing frill of velvet edges the low rounded throat. Sleeves full to the elbow have a gathered frill below. The skirt of six breadths has three breadths for the front and sides, extending around to meet at the back, where three other dem-tained breadths are massed in pleats in scarcely an inch of space at the waist, and spread out widely below. White embroidery in upturned points is set at the foot of the skirt.

Fashion's Fancies.

Cloth-like fabrics are very popular this season. The Louis Seize coat basque is one of the leading styles for house and street wear.

Effective trimmings for an evening dress are the jeweled butterflies that are sold in sets, to be used for the hair, shoulders, front of corsage, and amid the drapery of the skirt.

Gilt and black passementeries and gimps are used for new costumes, while gilt brocade ornaments are used on the front of basques and there are flat, open-interlaced insertions of gilt, and also gilt cord of twisted strands, that are used on the edge of seams and basques.

Green is the favorite color for fancy articles, and pretty little purses for young ladies are of green leather, ornamented with a silver monogram.

Silk is more used than it has been for many seasons, and panels, waist-coats, and sleeves of silk in most of the woolen stuffs are now seen.

Benigaline is the particular choice of the season, both plain and figured, because it is soft in drapery, lustrous, rich looking, and not expensive.

Light shades prevail for woollen materials, while chevrot, diagonal and serge will be employed for traveling and street gowns.

The hair band, or small coronet, has been received for hair dressing, and it is set with jewels, just like the old-fashioned article, and is equally becoming with high or low coiffures.

A new Parisian fancy is to have small jewels sewed upon the material of the dress, and in some cases even knitted into the stockings.

Yellow is the favorite color of the season for dressy toilets, and for the decoration of plainer gowns, while white strewn with tiny sprays of pink roses and forget-me-nots is a most effective combination for waistcoats.

Mrs. Catherine Banville, of Washington, has since the death of her husband, five years ago, carried on his business of horse-shoeing, and is thus supporting and educating her four little boys. Mrs. Banville is said to be a thoroughly practical woman and pays her employes unless prices. She has done work for some of the finest stables in Washington, including that of Senator Ireland Stanford, and the sergeant-at-arms, Captain Valentine, lately awarded her the contract for this class of work for the United States Senate.

Women who wear stiff little dicky fronts under the cutaway vests of their tweed frocks carry plain parasols of sheet silk, with apples or cherries or peaches or most unwholesome looking bunches of green currants dangling from the handles.

Girls who carry long stalks of roses in the new esthetic fashion have other rose sprays knotted upon their parasols.