

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Pr. Talmage text was 1st Peter iv, 14: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther the Beautiful was the wife of Ahasuerus the abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Israelitish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work lest she should lose her own life; but her uncle Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther had her God-appointed work—you and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of people we ought to be in order that we may meet the demand of the age in which God has cast our lot. If you have come expecting to hear abstractions discussed, or dry technicalities of religion glorified, you have come to the wrong place; but if you would really like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Christian men and women, then I am ready in the Lord's name to look you in the face. When two armies have rushed into battle the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder; they want someone to man the batteries and swap out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic and triumphant help.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakably aggressive Christian. Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The church of Jesus Christ will be better without 10,000 of them. They are the chief obstacle to the church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may have come here today the bondmen of the world, and yet before you go out of these doors you may become the princes of the Lord God Almighty. You know what excitement there is in this country when a foreign prince comes to our shores. Why? Because it is some day expected he will sit upon a throne. But what is all that to the honor to which God calls you—to be the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, yea, to be queens and kings unto God? "They shall reign with Him forever and forever."

But my friends, you need to be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of piety of the day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more outdoor exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust health if he kept all the days and weeks and months and years of his life feeling his pulse instead of going out into active, earnest, everyday work?

O, my friends! if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flower-pot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the church of God is more brawn of piety.

"But," says some man, "I liberally support the gospel, and the church is open and the gospel is preached; all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come to be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility." Ah! is that the Master's spirit? Is there not an old book somewhere that commands us to go out into the highways and hedges and compel the people to come in? What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if He had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if He had not with the crushed hand of the crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the republic of our "spiritual" death, crying, "Lazarus, come forth?" Oh, my Christian friends, this is no time for inertia, when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast; when steam printing presses are publishing infidel tracts; when express railroad trains are carrying monuments of sin; when fast clipper are

laden with opium and rum; when the night air of our cities is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the 10,000 saloons of dissipation and abandonment; when the fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who, only a little while ago, were corrupt. Never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the church to sleep! The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian churches, the great audiences are gathered in the temples of sin—temples of unutterable woe their baptism, the blood of crushed hearts the awful wine of their sacrament, blasphemies their litany, and the groans of the lost world the organ dirge of their worship.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm, and on the other hand not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless and they are unhappy. Few plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cisatlantic, transatlantic. Ah, my brother, do not adopt a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of a judgment day.

But on the other hand, do not adhere to anything merely because it is old. There is not a single enterprise of the church or the world but has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies; and where a few young men met near a hay stack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian church. They said the undertaking was preposterous. And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out: "Whoever heard of such theories or ethics or government! Whoever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has? Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Capernaum and Gennesaret, and he drew his illustrations from the lakes from the sand, from the ravine from the lilies from the cornstalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! How Caiaphas hissed! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in His face and they called Him 'this fellow!' All the great enterprises in and out of the church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among every-day men rather than that which makes excursion on rhetorical stilts. O, that the church of God would wake up to adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Christ in this day do not reach the great masses. There are 50,000 people in Edinburgh who never hear the gospel. There are 1,000,000 people in London who never hear the gospel. There are at least 30,000,000 in Brooklyn who come not under the immediate ministrations of Christ's truth; and the Church of God in this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, read and known of all men, is more like a "dead letter" post-office.

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ."

Never, unless the church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the church converting the world, the world is converting the church. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around it, cuts off the supplies and says: "Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months and perhaps a year, pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But my friend, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God it will be by storm; you will have to bring up the great siege guns of the gospel to the very wall and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements you will have to give the quick command, "Forward! Charge!"

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do in order to achieve this grand accomplishment! Here is a pulpit and a clergyman preaches in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house of God. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in this place, and through cowardice or self-seeking, may keep back the word I ought to utter; while you with sleeves rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundation of heaven with the shout of a great victory. Oh, that today this

whole audience might feel that the Lord Almighty is putting upon them the hands of ordination. Everyone, go forth and preach this gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have or as any man has. Only find out the pulpit where God will have you preach, and there preach. Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said: "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after awhile, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him: "Oh, you are nothing but a fanatic." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troop into a Bible class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. Havelock went into the heathen temple in India while the English army was there, and put a candle into the hands of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles, held up by the idols, General Havelock preached righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaven that Havelock had not the right to preach?

I think that before the sun of this century shall set the last tyranny may fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of His eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of His world, God will make a path for His own triumph and returning from universal conquest He will sit down, the grandest, strongest throne of earth His footstool.

When shall the nations' songs ascend
To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,
Thine heaven's high arch resounds again
With: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

I preach a sermon because I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The last despotism will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more battle cries, then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march on! For you the time and work will soon be passed, and amid the out flashings of the judgement throne, and the trumpeting of resurrection angels and the upheaving of a world of graves, and the hosanna of the saved and the groaning of the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and amen.

Russian Servility.

Nothing impressed Motke, when in Russia, more strongly than the devoted submissiveness of the people, whether soldiers or civilians. "The Russian," he writes "must positively have a master; if he has none he sets himself to find one. Each community chooses its starost, or elder, from its white haired men, else it would be like a swarm of bees without a queen. 'Our land is good, but we have nobody over us. Come and rule us.' Thus ran the message of the Russian common to Rurik, the Varangian. And so it is with the Russian soldier. Without his captain he would be in deadly perplexity. Who would think for him, lead him or punish him?"

"His captain may possibly defraud him of his due, or ill treat him in anger, but nevertheless he loves him better than he would a German officer whose punishments are just and well considered. If an European soldier were to see his non-commissioned officer drunk, discipline would become impossible, but the Russian puts him to pen, wipes him clean and obeys him as faithfully as ever on the morrow when his fit is over."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Buttermilk for Freckles.
There is nothing that equals fresh buttermilk for removing tan, freckles, sunburn or moth spots. It has the great advantage that it does not injure the skin, but renders it soft like a little child's. Take a soft cloth or sponge and bathe the face, neck and arms thoroughly with buttermilk before retiring for the night; then wipe off the drops lightly. In the morning wash it thoroughly and wipe dry with a crash towel. Two or three such baths will take off all the tan and freckles. It will keep the hands soft and smooth.

The Best of Friends.
Ethel—Why don't you go and talk to the other girls? You know I don't care whether you go or not.

Jack—Yes, I know. But I am not interested you know. In fact, I'm a perfect bore, and I'd rather bother you than them.—New York Epoch.

OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

Poultry Notes.

Laying hens must have exercise. Scatter leaves, cut straw, or dry dirt over a part of the floor and scatter all grains fed them in it so as to compel them to work. The good scratcher is also a good layer.

When your fowls have swelled heads or eyes, or hoarse breathing, if you examine closely you will find a crack or crevice in your house or a draught from your top ventilator strikes them. That top ventilator has caused thousands of deaths.

A fatten is a poor layer, and if she lays any eggs at all they will either fail to hatch or produce deformed and weak chicks. Soft shelled eggs, double yolk eggs and other irregularities, are a sure indication that your hens are too fat.

Did you ever try boiling the water for your fowls? Sometimes water that has not been boiled seems to cause diarrhea in chickens in the winter season. The water should be given fresh and in clean vessels daily.

Windmill or Creek, Which?

The winter water supply for the farm animals should be carefully investigated now, when arrangements for needed changes may be placed upon the list for fall improvements. The creek supply of water for open weather in spring, summer and fall is too great a convenience to be argued against successfully. But when we review our experience in handling stock at the creek—cutting ice to keep open the drinking places, paying doctor's bills for animals injured on the ice, and the dozen other inconveniences and difficulties arising from a dependence upon creek watering for the winter season we feel like endorsing any suggestion that has for its aim an encouragement of a more general use of well water for stock in the cold season. The following we take from the National Stockman by a correspondent, "Retse":

"There is considerable loss in turning stock out of warm stables in winter to go to the creek for water. If the distance be ten rods, no one would estimate the exposure to cold and the drinking of ice-cold water which the heat of the animals would have to warm up at a figure less than one cent an animal, for it has to consume extra fodder to make up for this loss, the tendency of which is also to check growth, and in the case of cows milk secretion. At this rate twenty animals waste 20 cents a day. And then the farmer leading his horses to that creek twice a day for water travels unceasingly forty-five miles a year. This consumes two days, worth \$3. More loss at the creek is worth \$1 more. A windmill could be erected to supply water to the stables at a cost the daily interest on which would be over ten times less than the amount of this daily waste. All the stock would get water at the right temperature and clean water at that. Creek or other surface water may contain any or all kinds of path, and the practice of permitting milk cows to drink it is not always a mark of cleanliness. Water from beneath the surface, in right localities, is the only stamp of freedom from the germs of disease.

Hogs in Subbie Fields.

Stockman and Cultivator: The custom of turning hogs into the wheat stubble fields to glean the heads that are dropped is almost universal. This practice is well enough where the field is to be plowed and reseeded to grain; but such fields are the exception and not the rule in almost every place where clover is grown in a crop rotation, and this now the larger part of the country. If the hogs would confine their attention to looking for the stray wheat heads remaining in the stubble they would be kept busy in these days of twice binders picking up enough to live on. But his hogship is too indolent to confine himself to one kind of employment in hot weather, and too indifferent to wheat in the chaff to hunt for it when sweet and tender clover is within his reach. The result is the "hog in the stubble" becomes the pig in clover, and the wheat is eaten only as a side issue. This turns out fairly well so far as the pig is concerned, but is awfully expensive in clover.

Whoever will take the care to examine a young clover plant in his field will find that the crown of the clover plant forms just at the surface of the ground, and that the clover plant, although a vigorous grower, is also the most tender of all grasses. The one tap root which characterizes the clover plant has no habit of sprouting below the crown, and when this part of the plant is destroyed the plant is done for. Now while clover is young and tender the hog is specially fond of the succulent root of the plant, and with his chisel-like teeth quickly and effectually clips the crown off the plant or gouges the entire root out of the ground. It does not require close observation to see this work going on in any clover field where hogs are grazing, and they do most damage where the plants are thin and the growth slight.

It is poor economy to pasture a field newly seeded to clover with any kind of stock. The amount of nutrition the young clover furnishes is small and the damage done to the plant by close grazing and tramping is irreparable.

Selling Cattle.

It takes about two acres of good pasture to keep a cow through the season. In other words a 20 acre lot will furnish pasture for 10 cows. Where land is cheap and abundant it is not a very expensive method to keep cattle as it involves little labor. Most farmers think it is best to have two ten-acre lots instead of 20, so as to afford a change. Experience teaches that every time the cattle are changed from one lot to the other they will not feed quietly until they have spent a day in exploration and in the investigation of the fence question. Cattle do best when in quiet; they fill themselves and then lie down to ruminate. It will take a full week and good fences to settle down to this method after a change of pasture is made.

Certainly double the stock or more can be kept on the same number of acres when the feed is out and fed to the stock in a small lot or at the end of a tether. Of course, this involves labor and judgment. But it pays where land is worth \$100 or more per acre. Grass cannot be cut and left in heaps while the dew is on or after rain has fallen. It should, under such conditions, be spread out and dried off. It is not meant to be made into hay, but simply to get rid of surface water and perhaps of a part by evaporation, as newly or fresh cut grass is full of sap or water—a superabundance of which is of no value or use to the stock.

Every farmer has noticed that cattle will not eat close to their droppings even for months afterwards; hence we see many tufts of high, good grass all over the pasture; when cut and partially cured, the stock will eat it readily. This leads me to remark that these droppings ought to be spread and distributed in pasture or meadow frequently, so that all the land, more or less, can have the benefit of the fertilizer.

Working Butter.

A subscriber writes: "I would like to hear something about working and salting butter. I know some people who are considered the best butter makers in the neighborhood and they think that butter cannot be made right without making it with the hands."

Well, each one has a right to his own opinion about butter making as well as anything else, but he ought to be able to give good reasons why his method is the right one. There is not much to be said in its favor. In the first place it is a dirty practice because, even though the hands be cleanly washed the perspiration will leave them and remain in the butter; the heat of the hands has a tendency to melt the butter and the working is not so evenly done as it would be by the use of a worker or the paddles; the grain is more easily injured and the butter is liable to have a greasy look.

Spruce Beer.

This is also an excellent summer drink. It should be made and bottled in the spring. To make it, allow one ounce of hops and a spoonful of ground ginger to each gallon of water; when well boiled, strain it and put in one pint of molasses and half a pint, or less, of the essence of spruce; when cool add a teaspoonful of yeast, and put into a clean cask and cork tightly. Let it ferment for a few days, then bottle it for use. If more convenient, boil sprigs of spruce fir, instead of using the essence.—Good Housekeeping.

The trotting horse interests in Iowa have received an infusion of new life this spring. There are more horses in training on the tracks in Iowa today than ever before.

Johnston has been defeated in his first race after his long retirement. At Grand Rapids, last week, Yolo Maid won a free-for-all race against Johnston and Grant's Abdallah, the best time being 2:12.

Practical Philanthropy.

A sound scheme of philanthropy has been carried out with good result by M. Felix Deleuze, a gentleman of fortune in Paris, who some years ago, bereft of wife and children, adopted six orphan girls. These he installed in his fine but desolate house under a suitable staff of governesses, and had them educated carefully under his own supervision. Two of the girls, now grown to be women, were happily married last year, three more, attended by nine of their companions, were wedded at a triple ceremony this spring, and two have taken the veil. Each girl is presented with \$4,000 and an excellent trousseau on her wedding day, but as the magnificent fortune of their benefactor is to not become their property they are brought up with no luxurious tastes or extravagant expectations.—New York Sun.

California's Lack of Song Birds.

In the autumn the society organized for colonizing foreign song birds in this state will commission a practical dealer to select and purchase as many song birds in Europe as the money at his command will permit. The money is being secured by contributions, and is being paid in gradually. The absence of song birds in California is a misfortune. The presence of song birds in California would be an everlasting enjoyment. Golden Gate park should be alive and merry with them. They would be an attraction there as beautiful as the many hued flowers, the graceful trees and the smiling land scape.—San Francisco Post.

OUR WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Italian Women's Busts.

The women of heathen Rome took much better care of the systems than the Christian women of this knowing era take of theirs, says the New York Ledger. They wore loose garments that gave their lungs full play. Their muscles were systematically developed and educated. They were prohibited by law from all usages and practices likely to impair their health or their constitutions. Hence their sons were the hardest race of men that the world has ever seen; hence for 700 years Rome triumphed over all her enemies. We talk of the Roman fathers, but it was to the habits of the Roman mothers and the vigor engendered by those habits that the republic and the empire largely owed their greatness. Even yet the figures of the Italian women show the inherited effect of the old training. Where else in the world are such magnificent female busts to be found as in Italy?

Notes of Fashion.

Grenadine is a new groundwork for galleons.

Gold threads and rubies form some exquisite garnitures.

Black kid worked with flowers, shells, beetles, etc., are new.

Louis XV basket designs in jet on a trellis work of silver and pearls are new.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde's latest gown is said to be a "furniture like white crepe covered with small flowers and fastened at the waist by a curious chain.

Silk muslin, brocaded with bright posies, is used for the summer tea gown. It is fashioned in medieval style with full, big sleeves and slightly draped skirts.

Mrs. O'Shea Parnell is said to be a woman of high literary and mental tastes and of considerable acquirements. She is strong-minded, original and brilliant, besides possessing a winning personality.

At handson Lady Brooke, not at all discomfited by recent events, was in the royal box in green and brown shot silk, trimmed with black lace. Her hat was a small round one trimmed with blue flowers.

Dotted dimity night robes are a new feature. They make pretty chamber gowns with their clear white grounds and tiny blue or pink polka dots. They are tucked in shape of a yoke, the back being laid in front in tiny box plait.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, had a daughter married to a Cambridge don the other day. Mrs. Maxwell, for so called when she isn't writing novels, gave her a wedding reception and bloomed in black and gold as handsome as the bride.

John Stranhe Winter, the author, who, in private life, is Mrs. Arthur Stannard, is a very handsome young woman. She is tall and slender, with fine dark eyes, a pretty mouth and a well shaped head. Altogether she is pretty enough to be a summer girl instead of a Winter.

Young matrons wear dinner gowns of chamelon silks—yellow, lilac or Nile green—with stripes of deeper tints, and china blossoms or great bouquets in spaces between. The trimmings are real laces, forming coat collars and a plastron on the low pointed corsage with panels on the skirt.

Miss Urne Tsuda, a student in Bryn Mawr college, is taking a special course in English literature and American history, in order to continue her work in the peeresess' school in Tokio. Miss Tsuda was one of the five little girls sent by the Japanese government in 1871 to be educated in America for a term of ten years. She is, in connection with her studies, soliciting contributions to a Japanese fund for the establishment of a scholarship in the United States to fit three or four Yum Yums for teachers every year.

There is nothing like self possession in all emergencies. Not long ago a clever woman was dining at a handsome board in an interior city. She had never, as it happened, seen lime juice offered in the course of a meal. When the bottle was handed around some salad had just been served her, and without giving the matter any thought she assumed the liquid to be a sauce piquante for the salad and dashed a few drops on her lettuce hearts. In an instant she became aware, by that sort of intuition which is in the air at such times, that she had done something wrong, and when she saw her neighbor adding some of the bottle to his glass of water, she divined at once what her blunder had been.

The meal progressed and she finished her salad with apparent relish. Her hostess pressed more upon her and she accepted a second serving. Then with a little air of not having everything to her liking, she looked up and down the table and signaled the waitress: "The lime juice, please," she said, nonchalantly, and as if salad without lime juice were an unesteatable dish. This bit of adroitness at once set her in a niche among the company as an epicure of occult and unquestioned knowledge.

Gold rope is much used for picture frames. It should not be more than an inch in diameter, except for large pictures. Hemp and manilla are also used; but hemp is better, for it is smooth.