



D. TALMAGE, drawing his illustrations from a deer hunt, in this discourse calls all the pursued and their thirst at the deep river of divine comfort; text, Psalm xiii, 1. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Asia, in Bible times, there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the deers, the showers, the lakes, washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac the patriarch longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as the hart."

Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too busy to cook it, saying, "The storkish man sauteeth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, heard a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startled him, and he says to himself, "I wonder what those dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket and by an instinct which all hunters recognize the creature plunges into a pool of lake or river to cool its thirst and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself, "Ah, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me, I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David to himself, "that reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its fore legs and nostrils into the cool wave that washes its lathered flanks and it swims away from the fiery canines and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Like a Deer at Bay. Well, now, let all those who have come after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in anywise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The onset of the men and women whom I happened to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-vouring troubles. Many of you have the mistake of trying to fight them. A body mostly attacks you, and you attack them; they deprecate you, you deprecate them, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them, or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive you are fighting that bereavement. You charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure, or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred, or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold and wonder why you cannot be like other people, and you angrily blame the neuritis, or the laryngitis, or the ague, or the sick headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cooler of the gospel and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love you are fighting a whole kennel of harriers.

I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters near by, "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered, "A deer hurt him." And I saw he had a great swollen paw and a lathered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers, you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you, but after all it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound, while he is off for the upper Sarsanic, into which the mountains of God's eternal shadow look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the more archaic you can take is preferable, and the best medicine is religion.

I know people who were only a little afflicted, yet have fretted themselves into complete relativarianism, while others who trust in God and come up through the very shadow of death and have been gloriously twenty-five years with their eyes shut. A man with one leg, but whose leg is better off than a golden mine, or, I have seen one of the most fortunate of, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in his parents, blessed in the piece of my activity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a consummate profession, blessed in the hope

DEER

Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over 800 in the great wilderness of New York. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes, each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages they pursued have been drinking out of them they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply and confront your trouble, and you are sored with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn around and lower your head, and it is simply another against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, "He has hung it on the stag's horns," and a proverb in the far east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer sheds her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers, be as wise as next spring will be all the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

The Redeemer's Reward. But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if you are assembled between here and Golden Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly treated should raise both their hands and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare, "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignity or invalidism or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you know the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had the roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gate the hunters would have said, "Pshaw, don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the scent and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides incline the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the backs of hills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their necks in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your make up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed, but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing. Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead." Therefore the world goes gunning for you with its best Maynard breech-loader. Highest compliment is it to your talent or your virtue or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest being of the world ever saw had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvarian meadows. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble, four spikes and a cross.

Master of the Hounds. Yes, for some people in this world there seems no let up. They are pursued from youth to manhood and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, the Earl of Yarborough's hounds, the Duke of Rutland's hounds, and Queen Victoria pays \$8,500 a year to her master of buckhounds. But all of them put together do not equal in number or speed or power to hunt down the great kennel of hounds of which sin and trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all this pursuit of trouble and annoyance and pain and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-O-D, the one for whom David longed, and the one whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Screen Lake, and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul when flying from trouble and sin with anything less deep and high and broad and immense and infinite and eternal than God. His comfort—why, it embosoms all distress. His arm, it wrenches off all bondage. His hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement, it makes us all right with the past and all right with the future, all right with God and all right with man, and all right forever.

Go's Promise. For him I thirst, for his grace I beg, oh, his promise I build my all. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world, I have been one of the most fortunate of, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in his parents, blessed in the piece of my activity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a consummate profession, blessed in the hope

that my soul will go to heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless he be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever present help I should be wretched and terror-stricken. But I want more of him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul I can cry out, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Through Jesus Christ make this God your God, and you can withstand anything and everything that will inspire you. Oh, Christian men and women, pursued of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be over. If ever a whelp looks ashamed and ready to sink out of sight, it is when in the Adirondacks a deer by one tremendous plunge into Big Tupper lake gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little way, but, defeated, swims out again and creeps with humiliated yawn at the feet of his master. And how ashamed and ashamed will all your earthly troubles be when you have dashed into the river from under the throne of God, and the heights and depths of heaven are between you and your pursuers.

Oh, when some of you get there, it will be like what a hunter tells of when pushing his canoe far up north in the winter and amid the ice floes and 100 miles, as he thought, from any other human being! He was started one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle, ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him and found out where he had lived and took him to his home and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred miles were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him, and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung and guns were fired and banquets spread and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, sometimes late amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kisses, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caters of heaven to spread the banquet and the bellmen to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the challoes click at the feast and the bells clang from the turrets it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment.

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SHORT SERMONS.

Personality.—The greatest power in the world is a living personality. Man, made in God's image, is greater than any of man's works, and is God's own greatest creation. We all know the magnetic influence of personality. Christ felt that power was imparted from him when the woman touched the hem of his garment.—Bishop J. H. Vincent, Methodist, Detroit, Mich.

Trust in the Lord.—When Jesus came near the disciples, walking on the waves, they did not know him, and were alarmed. So in the midst of our trials we sometimes fail to recognize the hand of our Divine Master. If we only knew that God's hand was in it all, and that he as surely loves us as he did his lone disciples on the sea, it would give us hope and all us with courage.—Rev. Mr. Winship, Methodist, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Secular and Sacred.—We have drawn an arbitrary line between secular and sacred. Such a line does not really exist. The best and the mightiest being of the world ever saw had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvarian meadows. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble, four spikes and a cross.

Acquainted with God.—He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty. The power that we see manifested in nature is better understood and we learn to know more of her wonderful workings as we increase in our knowledge of her creator. Our power to further develop the sciences, our grasp of intellect and our spiritual force cannot fail to be enhanced, as history abundantly testifies, by a personal knowledge of the true God.—Bishop I. W. Joyce, Methodist, Detroit, Mich.

God's Hand.—God's hand rests on the wheels of history. Even the wraith of man can be turned to account. The world moves between the efforts of the angelic and demonic forces. The influence of Christianity on warfare has diminished the frequency of it. War at first was a pastime with them. Later came the instinct of self-aggrandizement by the adding of territory. Now we have come to a war which is not for a selfish end, but for the liberty of other people. We have stepped in between a bully and his prey.—Rev. Frank T. Bailey, Congregationalist, Denver, Colo.

Christian Victory.—God causeth us to triumph. We do all things through Christ. He fights for us; we must triumph. If God be for us, who can be against us? Oh, what a world this will be when the Gospel shall have fully realized its divine mission! I believe that that period will one day come. Sin's thunderstorms will not always be silent on this world. Every conflicting element shall be hushed. Every cloud shall melt into sunshine, every mountain and every valley shall blossom with beauty. The great God shall look down on the moral world as he did on the material, and pronounce all things good.—Rev. Dr. Magin, Methodist, Astbury Park, N. J.



FARMERS' CORNER.

White Wyandots. It is probably a fact that no variety of fowls has so quickly and so completely taken captive the heart of the practical poultry keeper as have the White Wyandots. They are encroaching upon the popularity of the Barred Plymouth Rock, which for a decade has been the most popular breed of poultry, by far, in the list. The reason for the high estimation in which the Wyandot is held is not far to see. In the first place, it has a splendid market form and is, moreover, a most excellent layer. The fowls are quiet and the hens make excellent mothers.—In fact, they cannot be excelled in this respect. When wanted for market, the Wyandot is always plump and fat, and this is a condition, too, that is true of them at almost any time after they are ten



weeks old. Another point in favor of the Wyandot is its quick maturity. It can be got to laying in five months after hatching. All varieties of Wyandots are of great practical worth, but the white variety is accepted everywhere as being the practical fowl par excellence.—New England Farmer.

Fruit Tree Peats. Orchardists in Tasmania are subject to a fine of from \$2.50 to \$5, with costs, if they fail to bandage their trees to keep down the codling moth, or if they fail to gather and destroy an infested fruit. Wormy apples sent to market are liable to confiscation and destruction, and the shipper to prosecution. In New South Wales all infested fruit coming from other colonies may be seized and destroyed, or returned to the shipper at his own expense. Fruit growers are generally assisting the Government in enforcing these laws. Similar laws in this country for a few years would seem a hardship to many parties, but would be of benefit to fruit growers and to the country if they were strictly enforced.

The Guernsey. If there is what is commonly called a special all-purpose cow, that is, one which is excellent for the dairy and good for beef, it is doubtless the Guernsey. It belongs to the so-called Channel Island races, the origin of which seems to have been the cattle of Normandy, the nearly adjoining province of France, but being a part of



Great Britain for many centuries. The cut is one of a prize cow which recently gained the first prize at the English dairy exhibition, and the Lord Mayor's cup in a milking contest in London. She is an excellent type of this breed, which is noted specially for the high quality of butter, and its fine color, beating the Jersey in as regards the fine grain and high rich flavor of her product. This cow will surpass the Jersey, one half at least, in the weight of carcass, and still more in the quality of the meat. In this respect this breed stands very high, and very nearly approaches the Devon. This cow gave 27½ pounds of milk in a week, of which was made sixteen pounds of butter weighed before salting. The breed generally is noted for gentleness and good disposition.

Butter Making. Butterfat cannot compete with good butter. There is no such thing as medium butter. If it is not choice it deserves no place in the market. Much of the butter sold is unfit for use, and the cause is ignorance in making it. In Europe dairy schools have been established for many years, the result being a rapid advance in the methods of butter-making. In this country dairy schools are beginning to be established and are well attended. Butter-making begins when the milk is drawn from the udder, the strictest cleanliness being observed. Filth and carelessness are the obstacles in the way of good butter.

The English Sparrow. At the recent meeting in Boston of the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, it was stated that the English sparrow eats the caterpillar of the brown-tail moth with avidity. It would seem to have met this moth in England and to have acquired an appetite for it. It has doubtless kept it in check there, and may do so here. At least the use of the much-maligned English sparrow has been discovered.

Light Feeding, Little Milk. It has been demonstrated that a cow will eat as much as seventy-five pounds of green food in one day. This appears as a large quantity, but each cow are also producers of more milk than cows

which eat but little. It is of no advantage to have what is termed a "light feeder," as it is impossible for a cow to yield milk in large quantities unless she consumes sufficient food from which to produce the milk. Do not reduce the food because of a scarcity, but buy bran and linseed meal. Economy in the saving of food means a loss in the product. Food brought on the farm is not only an addition to the raw material to be utilized, but increases the manure heap.

A Supply of Ladders. One of the most important things in harvesting fruit is to have a good supply of ladders. The modern methods of pruning trees do not require the long and inconvenient ladders that were formerly used by leaning them against the tree and picking the fruit from the outside. This always had the effect of destroying many small limbs and stripping the bark from larger ones where the ladder rested. Light, self-supporting ladders that can be set under trees, so that the picker need not climb through them, are what are needed. The saving in fruit by picking from these self-supporting ladders will repay their cost any year when the fruit crop is abundant.

Wood Ashes. All farmers know that wood ashes are valuable for fertilizers. But this value is due very much to the material from which the ashes come. Thus ashes made from hard wood are more valuable than ashes made from soft wood. It has also been found that the value is largely governed by the part of the tree from which the ashes is made. It is declared by chemists that the ash of the young twigs is of more value than the ash of the trunk of the tree, and the ash of leaves still more valuable.

Far Mending Harness. Take two pieces, 1x5 inches, 2½ feet long, trim one end of each to a nice edge to hold leather, and nail to block 4x5 inches, cut five inches long and chamfered off so as to bring points of board together at top. Saw one board off one-half inch below top of block, and rejoin with hinge of leather or rubber belting. Nail two strips 1x2 inches and 20 inches long, one on each end of block to make stand up. Make



hand lever, as figure 1, with a cylindrical roll at end, 2 inches in diameter and 2½ inches long. Put hole one-half inch from upper side, fasten in place with two pieces of stray iron running through slots in clamp boards, and with holes in each end to receive sixteen-penny wire nails, one through hand lever and one on outside of opposite board. An old bed spring will do for spreader.—Practical Farmer.

Ripe Isabella Grapes. The Isabella grape is an old-fashioned variety that came into general cultivation years before any of the newer varieties were originated. As a consequence, being a late-ripening variety, it was long grown by farmers whose locality was not adapted to it and who could not get it to ripen. To be at its best, the Isabella requires as long a season as does the Catawba. It should hang on the vine two weeks or more after turning black. Then it is nearly or quite as good as the Catawba, though with quite a difference in flavor.

Temporary Fencing. The zigzag plan of building temporary board fences is recommended by a correspondent, who says: If the boards are 16 feet long, set the posts 7½ feet apart and in a straight line. Put the boards on as shown in sketch, nailing one panel on one side of the post and the next one on the other, with the post in the center of the board on the opposite side of the board. This method of putting on boards bends them slightly, and the boards are inclined to hug to



the post. In case an animal pushes a board loose from the post if it is not broken it will spring back to its place, making it appear tight, thus preventing no inducement to stock to jump.—Farm and Home.

Hints for Beekeepers. Moth worms bother Italian bees very little. Spring dwindling is the result of bad wintering. Bees require ventilation in the hive during the winter. The nourishment of the bee consists of honey and pollen. Honey will ripen just as well outside of the hive as in it. In wintering it is always best to take away all but one queen. Do not allow any drone comb to remain in the hive except the colonies you wish to breed from. A piece of ground taken up with bee hives is of little value for anything else except fruit. The pure Italian bees show three yellow or golden bands encircling the body when the bees are filled with honey. The hives should not be shifted around from one place to another, as the bees will get confused and it will often invite robbing.—St. Louis Republic.



To Polish or Glaze Limes. After the limes have been carefully starched, have ready at hand a basin of cold water, clean-covered ironing-board, a piece of soft rag, and a well-beated polishing iron. To polish collars, take one at a time; place it flat on the board, dip the clean rag into the cold water, and then lightly wet the surface of the collar. On no account must it be made too wet, or it will blater, and be careful that no drops of water fall on it. Hold the collar in position with the left hand, and run the polishing iron up and down it with the right. At first the linen will have a streaky appearance, but the smoothing must be continued until the surface is glossed all over. Different kinds of glazes are to be had for polishing linen, which are used instead of the polishing iron, but they do not give such a high gloss, and are sometimes injurious to the linen.

Small Kitchens. "By all means have a small kitchen," writes Mrs. S. T. Horer in reply to an inquiry in the Ladies' Home Journal. "A large kitchen with a cellar door at one side, a table at another, a range at another, and the sink at still another, requires too much walking. Time is consumed in going from one place to another, rather than with actual work. Have your range placed in a light and convenient part of the kitchen. In front have a good-sized table, containing drawers and spaces underneath for keeping utensils, one portion of the top covered with zinc and the other half left plain. Have underneath the top a baking board which you can easily pull out. The sink should be near at hand. The pantry may be on the other side of the kitchen, and be sufficiently large to hold a barrel of flour, a small pastry table and a convenient arrangement for shelves."

Take Care of Old Newspapers. Old newspapers form an important part in domestic economy, and are useful for polishing window glasses, for the cleaning of lamp chimneys, for testing and cleaning flatirons, and for a dozen other things. You will also need heaps of them when you come to pack away the winter clothing. The clothes moth, like other evil-doers, has an aversion to printers' ink. An excellent mothproof bag may be made of two thicknesses of newspaper, with the edges folded as if for an inch-wide hem, and securely pasted.

Cleaning Glass Decanters. For cleaning discolored glass decanters, should the better known remedies of shot, sand, and soda, and so forth, fail of their purpose, fill the bottles with chopped potato skins, cork them closely and leave untouched for several days until the skins have fermented. Then empty and rinse out with much cold water, to which has been added a small proportion of liquid ammonia.

Effect of Olive Oil on Flies. If you trace a circle on a piece of wood with olive oil, flies will never cross it. Those which pass over a plate covered with this oil fall asphyxiated. They never approach meat which has been rubbed with olive oil.

Hints. Breakfast bacon is said to be almost a cure for dyspepsia, and is one of the best things a dyspeptic can eat. For stings and poisons a strong solution of saleratus and water, immediately and frequently applied, give relief and sure cure. We hope that mothers will remember that good brandy is a cure for summer complaint; in bad cases a teaspoonful three or four times a day. Oil stains may be removed from wall paper by applying, for four hours, powdered pipe clay mixed with water to the thickness of cream. For earache rub a small onion until soft, dip it in sweet oil and insert in the ear. When the pain is relieved take out the onion and put raw cotton in it. To cure a felon take a lump of common rock salt, dry it in the oven, pulverize it, moisten with turpentine, spread on a cloth and wrap the finger in it.

A flannel cloth, wet in hot brandy, or better, camphor and brandy, mixed and heated, will relieve the pain of bowels if frequently laid over the stomach and bowels. Don't sit down and wait for your fortune to turn up. If you do a thing you are ashamed of you can always depend upon its being found out. Seymour Keyser, postmaster at Manhattan, N. Y., has an apple tree which was brought from Holland in the seventeenth century. It still bears fruit. Tulip is derived from the Persian word "dulband," meaning turban. Busbeck, a German traveler, brought the first bulb to Europe in the sixteenth century. It is the highest of earthly honors to be descended from the great and good. They alone cry out against a noble ancestry who have none of their own.—Ben Jonson. Blanche Sully, who died recently in Philadelphia, was a daughter of Thomas Sully, the famous portrait painter, and had the unique distinction of posing in the royal robes and jewels worn by Queen Victoria at her coronation, for her father's portrait of that monarch now owned by the Society of the Sons of St. George in Philadelphia.