

HEAVEN IS LOOKING.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES HIS FIRST WASHINGTON SERMON.

Choose the Famous Passage from Hebrews: "Seeing We Are Also Compassed About with So Great a Cloud of Witnesses."



In this, my opening sermon in the national capital I give Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church, so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers beside Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly forty-three years in this conspicuous pulpit.

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the old world—the Amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count 49 elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings, and the twenty-five thousand excited spectators. At the sides of the arena, and under the galleries, are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right hand. The twenty-five thousand sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half-starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet, he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thousand people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says: "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and read thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify, when every man and woman has a lion to fight, if there be one here who has no besetting sin let him speak out, for him have I offered. If you have not fought the lion it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trojan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many

a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena, around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages; and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold-blooded conquests, but our King hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed and the tears wiped away and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordman or the lion beat; but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard-of condescensions! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the old time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

In all the anguish of our heart, The Man of Sorrows bore a part. Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair; the lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King in this case is our brother and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet; he will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put trust in him!"

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are: the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child. That one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish Armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of one hundred and eighty-five thousand corpses. Those yonder, chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem, until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven, and serenaded the new born world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity; but this one is leader of the twenty thousand chariots of God, and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God, and leap on their fallen carcasses! Oh, bending throng of bright, angelic faces, and swift wings, and lightning foot! I hail you, today, from the dust and struggle of the arena.

I look again, and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea, and Jeremiah, and Daniel, and Isaiah, and Paul, and Peter, and John, and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark; and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return; and John, of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that Time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They have been in the fight themselves; and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre, the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David ex-

claims: "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again, and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached; and so he died, the night before swinging from the bed-post in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of six thousand six hundred and sixty? They are the Theban Legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—eight hundred and eighty-four thousand—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are, together—a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said, in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed, as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red-hot pincers; they were sewn up in the skins of animals, and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight, all the world over, bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all-observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage! down there in the arena!"

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give, and cry, "Hail! sons and daughters of the fire!" I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the Presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher, and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together. There is George Whitefield, and the Bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers, Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts, and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there, the band of missionaries: David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainerd, of the aborigines evangelized; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweated in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized.

ODD ENDS.

There is said to be a total of 482 systems of shorthand in practical use.

Orange growers of Southern California have realized \$1,850,000 for their crop.

The income of the London Daily Telegraph is said to be about \$59,000 per year.

Thirty per cent of the iron made in Tennessee is sold outside the Southern States.

There are now 249,273 Indians in this country, or were at the taking of the last census.

Illinois stands third among the states in the number of its milk kine, with 1,087,886 animals.

Pomona County, California, will produce 750 tons of apricots this year, against 2,800 tons last year.

A snake alleged to be fourteen feet long, steals chickens, ducks and geese at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.

The largest map of the world is in fifteen feet wide and 126 feet long.

Bacharest has the reputation of being the place of residence of the greatest number of swindlers in the world.

In 1889, 10,350,419 bushels of flax seed and 241,259 pounds of fiber were produced on 1,318,693 acres in this country.

Beer frozen and called "hops frappe" is very popular in the Sunday resorts of Philadelphia since the enforcement of the Sunday law.

JUST FOR FUN.

"And you say your father was wounded in the war?" "Bad, sir." "Was he shot in the ranks?" "No, sir—in the back."

Tom—"I can't realize, old man, that you are a father." George—"Can't you just come round and spend the night with me?"

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



N bulletin 28, of the Iowa experiment station, Prof. Pammel says: Poisoning from eating the root of Cowbane (*Cicuta maculata*, L.) is not infrequent in the state of Iowa and elsewhere. It affects man, cattle and horses. Every now and then, there are accounts of poisoning from "wild parsnips" in our papers. The writer has at various times received communications with specimens of "wild parsnips." The subject is of considerable interest and especially so because the plant is widely distributed in Iowa, and a large number of people are not aware of the poisonous nature of the root. Spotted Cowbane is a member of the carrot family, or as it is known botanically, Umbelliferae.

It is a smooth marsh perennial 2.5 feet high with pinnately compound leaves 2-5 times pinnate; the leaves have long petioles, the coarsely serrate leaflets are lanceolate to oblong lanceolate 1-5 inches long. Stalk of the umbellets numerous and unequal. Flowers white, fruit broadly ovate to oval, small, 1 1/2 lines long. Grows in



COWBANE (*Cicuta maculata*), showing leaves, flowers and fruit. From the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, division of Botany. Slightly reduced.

marshes and in low grounds. The stems spring from thick, fleshy underground roots that taper at the lower end. These usually number from three to five, but single specimens are also met with. On cutting the roots a sharp pungent odor is given off, intensified by boiling.

Mistaken for Parsnips. Public opinion, in the west at least, has answered this question in the affirmative. There is a diversity of opinion concerning the plant which causes the poisoning. The majority of people attribute the cause to the parsnip running wild, and this belief is indeed very wide spread. So wide spread is this belief that it seems quite

evidence is needed than these where persons have eaten the wild parsnip and no ill effects have followed. People should therefore become familiar with the deadly plant described above and throw aside superstitious belief. In this very common belief we have another evidence that writers who have attributed the poisoning to cultivated parsnips running wild have not investigated for themselves, they have assumed that the plant is poisonous.

The Banana Trade.—The New Orleans Times-Democrat says: California and the eastern fruit have played havoc with the banana trade of New Orleans. Nearly all the steamship lines plying between this port and the Central American banana ports have reduced the number of vessels in service, and the banana trade is set down as diminishing 50 per cent from the last spring trade. The California crop of fruit has been an exceptionally large one this summer, and has flooded northern, eastern and western markets to the detriment even of the local fruit in those sections, and peaches are about 50 cents a box there and apples as low as \$1.50 per barrel. Bananas being an all year crop have been brought in competition with this seasonal fruit, and they can be bought cheaper in the localities mentioned than in New Orleans.



Figure 1.—Faciated roots of Cowbane, slightly reduced. Young stems coming out near the top. At (1) cross section of root. At (2), longitudinal section.

impossible to dispell it from the minds of some people. I have been particularly fortunate in the cases which are here recorded to identify the specimen in every case which caused the poisoning, and moreover, I have also to offer good evidence that the cultivated parsnip running wild does not cause poisoning.

The wide spread belief of the poisonous nature of the cultivated parsnip running wild is entertained by a large number of people, and also to some extent by the medical fraternity. A few years ago, Prof. Frederick B. Power, of Passaic, New Jersey, and one of his pupils, Mr. J. T. Bennett, undertook some experiments to determine whether the cultivated parsnip running wild had any toxic properties.

Mr. Bennett failed to detect the pres-

ence of any poisonous principle in the root of the true wild parsnip (*Pastinaca sativa*), and when the boiled roots were fed, in considerable amounts to a cat, no symptoms of poisoning were manifested. We may add as a further testimony, that Prof. Power reports that his associate, Dr. Cramer, insisted upon eating one-half of the raw roots from Mr. Rynning, of West Salem, Wis., which were supposed to cause cases of the poisoning. Dr. Cramer reports no ill effect whatever. One of the largest of the fresh raw roots weighing three and one-half ounces avoirdupois, was chopped fine, mixed with some raw meat and fed to a small dog. The animal ate it greedily and without disturbance. There were no symptoms whatever of any poisonous action. I have on different occasions eaten the wild parsnip, *Pastinaca sativa*, without any ill effect, so that the above results are corroborated. I will admit that I had some hesitancy at first, and that Mr. Sexton, the foreman of the agricultural department, did not expect to see me alive by evening. I must confess also that the roots were somewhat woody and not very palatable.

Dr. J. J. Brown, Sheboygan, Wis., as quoted by Dr. Power, states that he had prepared and dug enough wild parsnips for a good dinner, which he ate, and can testify that he can discover but little difference, cooked or raw, from cultivated parsnips and those which had run wild for about fifty years.

The cases reported by Prof. Power, the writer and others are instructive as showing that in nearly all cases where it was attributed to parsnips running wild, the roots sent with specimens indicated that Cowbane had been eaten. Experimentally no better

Domestic Flax Crop. The Minneapolis Market Record says: "The movement of the new crop of flax dates from about three weeks ago, when receipts at Minneapolis jumped from little or nothing to as high as 31,000 bushels in a day. These heavy receipts began about a week earlier than in 1894, 1893 or 1892, and about two weeks earlier than in 1891. But taking the first three weeks' movements of all years on record, this year outdoes them all, so far as receipts at this market are concerned. In 1891, the year conceded to have brought forth the heaviest crop yet harvested, the receipts at Minneapolis during the first three weeks of the movement of that crop were 16,820 bushels, but later the arrivals became heavier, and continued very heavy until the next August. In 1892 the first three weeks of the new crop saw 30,192 bushels received on this market, or nearly twice as much as in 1891, but receipts fell off much earlier that season, and for the crop year they were much lighter. In 1893 the receipts during the first three weeks of the movement were 24,220 bushels. This year they dropped off soon after January 1, and continued small to the close of the crop year. Last year, 1894, the receipts during the corresponding period were 85,910 bushels, but this year during the same time they have been 166,240 bushels, or nearly twice those of any previous year, and about ten times as much as was received during the same period in the memorable year of 1891. The yield this year promises to exceed that of any year since 1891, so that in three states a harvest fully as great as that of 1891 might reasonably be expected."

Spinach. This is one of our very hardiest crops, and seed can be sowed very early in spring, and again in September for late fall and winter crops, and in October for winter and spring crop. The differences between the leading varieties are slight. Long Standing Summer Spinach, especially for spring planting is best. Sow seed with the drill. The indicator will tell you how to set it for sowing this seed. Don't raise more than you are reasonably sure you can sell. If demand and prices are good when the plants have made some, but not their full growth, it may in some cases pay to thin them, leaving the remaining ones three or four inches apart to come to full size, and selling thinnings. We use ordinary ten-quart peach baskets in which to put up the crop for market. Or the plants may be put in bushel crates or barrels, and sold by the peck or other measure, or by the barrel to retailers. Usually we cut the whole rows down as fast as the crop is needed for sale, pushing a sharp and bright "crescent" hoe under the plants just on top of the ground, thus cutting the plants off and leaving them ready for gathering, washing and putting up for market. Applications of nitrate of soda often have a wonderful effect on this crop. If we are crowded for room, we sow a row of spinach between each two rows of early cabbages. The spinach has to be taken off in good season, when all the space is needed for cabbages.—Ex.

Wet or Dry Foods. From a strictly theoretical standpoint we are taught that these foods should be given dry that the animal will eat it slowly, giving ample time for the salivary secretions to form, as does man when eating crackers, etc. But is this true? My experience says no. Our horses and cattle are a little lower down in the animal scale than man, and their animal natures are not controlled by mental faculty as that of man is or should be. Place food in reach of the hungry animal and the one object is to swallow it as quickly as possible. Again, let a man attempt to make a meal from strictly dry food and he finds a glass of water a very satisfactory accompaniment. Probably it suits our tastes better in this way than to have it ground and made into a mush, but the animal does not object to it so, and the fluids thus taken answer the same purpose. Furthermore the salivary secretions in both horse and ox have been found by chemical analysis to contain little or nothing of a digestive nature farther than emulsification.—Ex.

Preventing Potato Scab. A bulletin of the Indiana experiment station says:

1. Potato scab is caused by the attack of a minute vegetable parasite, as was first demonstrated at this station.
2. It chiefly attacks the crop through infected seed material.
3. The seed material may be disinfected by immersion in a bath of corrosive sublimate.
4. The corrosive sublimate solution should be of the strength of one pro mille (2 oz. to 15 gal. of water).
5. The bath should be about an hour and a half long, although some variation in time is immaterial.
6. Cutting and planting is done as usual.
7. The result of the treatment is a crop essentially free from surface blemishes, and of greater market value.
8. Sometimes a considerable increase in yield results from the treatment.
9. The method is easily and cheaply applied, and worthy of extended trial.

Turnips as a Hoed Crop.—It is cheaper and better every way to have turnips grown in rows so that they can be cultivated and hoed than to sow them broadcast. The latter method has generally prevailed owing to the too common idea that growing a crop with little labor makes it cheaper. But where the turnips are drilled and cultivated this extra labor is more than repaid by increased product, thus making the drilled turnips cost less per bushel than those sown broadcast. There is a further advantage in the fact that the cultivated turnip may be kept free from weeds, thus saving labor in future crops.—Ex.