

GOD IS LOOKING ON.

THE SLIGHTEST SERVICE TO MANKIND WILL GET REWARD.

It Need Not Be Done in Public.—Second Washington Sermon by Dr. Talmage.—Another Large Audience Hears the Great Preacher.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3, 1895.—Dr. Talmage to-day preached his second sermon since coming to the National Capitol. If possible the audience was even larger than last Sunday. The subject was "The Disabled," the text selected being: 1. Sam. 30:24, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

If you have never seen an army change quarters, you have no idea of the amount of baggage—twenty loads, fifty loads, a hundred loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double-quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage, and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expeditions, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march thirty miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight, who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are two hundred of those crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arm in a sling, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowards shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital, and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage, the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed whole countries, are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyration of heel and toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger-rings and ear-rings, the necklaces, the wristlets, the headbands, diamond starred, and the coffers with coronets, and carnellans, and pearls, and sapphires, and emeralds, and all the wealth of plate, and jewels, and decanters, and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries, and the robes, and the turbans, and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to sweep on them. So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn, because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous celebration, while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Chedorlosomer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So, in our Civil War, more than once the battle was lost because one of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are backed to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccuping off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the wardrobes, the jewels, and put them upon the back of camels, and into wagons, and they gather together the sheep and cattle that had been stolen, and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come, yonder they come. The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzzas. The Bible says David saluted them. That is, he asked them how they got all well. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now came a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men stayed at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had stayed in the garrison, and he looked around and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and the little general looks up from under his helmet and says: "No, no, let us have fair play," and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonish garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and

he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that he had brought back from the Amalekites, and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulants, and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekites' banquet, and the two hundred crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who carried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the two hundred men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and minds his own business, and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty is as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places, and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman coming to this land brought from the Earl of Kintore the same message! Alas! that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do, the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life. But that man, surrounded by all palatial surroundings, and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses, and of Joshua, and of David, and of Luther, and of John Knox, and of Deborah, and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still, I shall never preach on Mars' Hill, I shall never defy the Diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital." There are women who say, "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had, I should be as brave and as grand; but my business is to get children off to school, and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready, and to keep account of the household expenses, and to hinder the children from being strangled by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal, and so insignificant, I am clear discouraged." Women, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who moving so often night by night with a light in her hand through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Suppose you give to two of your children errands, and they are to go off to make purchases, and to one you give one dollar and to the other you give twenty dollars. Do you reward the boy that you gave twenty dollars to for purchasing more than that amount of money than the other boy purchased with one dollar? Of course not. If God give wealth or social position or eloquence or twenty times the faculty to a man that he gives to the ordinary man, is he going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? Oh, no. In other words, if you and I were to do our whole duty, and you have twenty times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because he gave you more? That would not be fair, that would not be right. These two hundred men of the text who fainted by the Brook Besor did their whole duty; they watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff; and they got as much of the spoils of victory as any man who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this for all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of the confidential clerks—the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know the combination lock? A distinguished merchant goes forth at the summer watering place, and he flashes past, and you say: "Who is that?" "Oh," replies some one, "don't you know? That is the great importer, that is the great banker, that is the great manufacturer." The confidential clerk has his week off. Nobody knows him, and after awhile his week is done, and he sits down again at his desk. But God will reward his fidelity just as much as he recognizes the work of the merchant philanthropist whose investments this unknown clerk so carefully guards. Hudson River Railroad, Pennsylvania

Railroad, Erie Railroad, New York & New Haven Railroad—business men know the names of the presidents of these roads and of the prominent directors; but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the recklessness of an engineer, or the unfaithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to mind the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of them. Some men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages, and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives, and I very often ask the question as we shoot around some curve, or under some ledge of rocks, "How much wages do you get?" And I am always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility. Do you suppose God is not going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that hour than was known last night the brakeman who, on the Erie Railroad, was jammed to death amid the car couplings. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights, and rushed down into the hold of the ship, and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time; but by the blessing of God, and the faithfulness of the men in charge, we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when, years after, I heard of his death, I was compelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews; but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight, as the Captain, who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood, every eventide, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening, she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts: I love to steal awhile away From every cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day, In humble, grateful prayer. Shall there be no reward for such unpretending, yet everlasting service?

Knew Just How Others Felt. "I think the flavor of pure cod liver oil is very pleasant," said a citizen, "but my wife can never see me take any without twisting up her face, and exclaiming: 'Oh, the horrid stuff! How can you possibly like it?' A few days ago I was in a drug store when an old school physician came in and asked for a quart of castor oil. As the druggist poured the stuff into a measure the doctor thrust one of his fingers into the stream of oil and transferred a spoonful at least to his mouth. 'That's good oil,' said he, smacking his lips. Then for a moment I knew just how my wife feels when I smack my lips over cod liver oil."

RELIGION AND REFORM. An Endeavor society has been organized in the Home of Incurables at Baltimore. The Christian Endeavor Societies of Australia have sent seventeen of their members to foreign mission fields. Los Angeles has a Chinese Christian Endeavor Society of fifteen boys and girls who support a native helper in China. Christian Endeavor in Madagascar is not yet four years old. Nevertheless it now numbers ninety-one societies, with 3,377 members. The mosque which stands on Mount Horeb on the site of Aaron's grave is being repaired by the Turkish government at national cost. The Literary World asks a place in Westminster Abbey for a tablet to Mrs. Browning, calling her "the greatest woman poet of all ages."

The government of Canada has prohibited the sale of intoxicants among the Indians of Hudson Bay territory, and punishes severely any violation of this law. As an outcome of the late meeting of the Calvinistic Methodists in London, a committee has been formed to mature a scheme for a missionary to labor among the Welsh in the great city. Lieutenant Greeley says of those who went with him to the North Pole, of the seventeen of his men who died, all were smokers but one, and he died last. Of the seven survivors none were smokers. St. Paul's American Institute at Tarsus, Asia Minor, a school founded by the late Elliott F. Shepard, was attacked by a Turkish mob which maltreated the students and threatened the missionaries.

The Duke of Marlborough is three inches shorter than his prospective bride. But he will not be so "short" when he gets her millions.

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.

GRASSES are, of all vegetable growths, doubtless of the most importance to man. They seem to be almost universally diffused over the globe, being nonexistent only at the poles. The fact that the cereals are all members of the grass family will make it more easy for our readers to comprehend the great service to mankind rendered by the grass family. In their variety they supply the varied forces necessary to build up the animal body, namely the bones, muscles and fat.

The number of individual species in the family is probably not yet accurately ascertained. As early as 1825 scientists had agreed that there were at least 812 species. Other and more recent writers give the number as in excess of 1,800. Speculators, judging the grasses growing in the unexplored regions of the earth by those in sections of the earth already known, judge the number to be not less than 3,200.

There is great difference in the appearance of grasses. Some would never be recognized as grasses at all. An example is our Indian corn, one of the most valuable of all grasses. Also there is great difference between the grasses in different zones. The tropical grasses sometimes grow to such height that they assume the appearance of trees. Some of them, of the species Bambusa, attain a height of sixty feet. The leaves of grasses in

REED GRASS (PHRAGMITES VULGARIS.)



Stems tall and stout, 5 to 10 or more feet high and sometimes almost an inch in diameter, from very coarse fibrous roots, and large, scaly creeping stems, which are at or near the surface of the ground; leaves broad, (one to two inches) and flat, smooth; panicle very large, loose, more or less nodding, about one foot long, reddish, becoming woolly at maturity. This grass is widely distributed and grows in shallow water in ponds and sloughs and along the margins of lakes and larger streams. Stock seldom eat it, except when it is young or when the better grasses are scarce.

the tropics are broader than those of grasses native to the temperate zones. Sorghum is an example of the tropical grass, and bamboo, one of the giant grasses. Among our grasses may be named Indian corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, rice, broom-corn, sugar-cane, millet, and a long list of cultivated grasses, like timothy and red top. The list is simply too long to be enumerated in its entirety. We need not call the attention of the reader to the immense commercial value of the grasses. What is the immense corn crop of this year worth to agriculture? How much all the pasture and hay in the United States alone?

Keeping Sweet Potatoes. W. F. Massey, horticulturist, North Carolina Experiment Station, says: The following method I have found to keep sweet potatoes in perfect order until June. Procure a good supply of pine straw from the woods in a dry time and keep it under cover ready for use. Dig the potatoes as soon as frost cuts the vines. If not convenient to dig at once, cut the frozen vines off at once or they will harbor fungus growth that will damage the potatoes. Dig on a warm, sunny day—lay the potatoes along the row as dug, and do not allow them to be bruised by throwing into piles. Handle at all times as gently as eggs. Allow them to lie in the sun during the day, and in the evening haul to a convenient place. Place a good layer,

a foot thick, of pine or other straw on the ground, and on this pile the potatoes in steep heaps, not over 25 bushels in a pile. Cover the piles thickly all over with the dry pine straw—now build a rough board shed over the piles and let them remain until the weather gets colder, or until they have gone through a sweat and dried off. Then cover the heaps with earth six or eight inches thick and beat smooth. The important points are the sweating under the previous cover of the pine straw before covering with earth, very careful handling, and the board covering overhead. Dry earth keeps out more cold than wet earth. If for family use, put in smaller piles and take up an entire heap at once for use, keeping them in a dry warm place while using.

Bleaching Horses. At Batesville, Ark., a recent shooting affray brought to notice a woman known as Sorrel Sue. She had always appeared in public riding a sorrel horse. It is believed she belonged to a gang who stole horses.

A surgeon who was summoned to attend one of her admirers, who had been wounded in the row, mistook his way and wandered into Sue's cabin. Before he could be hustled off he saw things which aroused his suspicions.

These he reported to Sheriff Tinoco, who, with a posse, managed to surround the den of horse thieves, capturing Sue and two of her gang. He found that Sue had applied the means of bleaching her own hair to that of her horses. When the posse entered they found a horse enveloped in a jacket made of rubber coats, being treated to a sulphur vapor bath. The appliances were very ingenious and worked very well.

A black or bay horse would be stolen and run into the bleaching. After its color was changed and its mane and tail trimmed the disguise became so pronounced that without any risk the animal could be taken in daylight through the very district from which it had been stolen. It was Sue's business not only to superintend the

Mushroom Growing.

An account is given by the Florists' Exchange of successful and profitable mushroom growing by Mr. John Scott, a florist of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Scott grows his mushrooms on the benches, under the benches, and in a cellar, having in all about 2,600 square feet set apart for the purpose. One bed of a width of eight feet is under the center bench of an ordinary three-quarter span greenhouse, eighty-seven feet long and twenty feet wide. Here the bed is formed on the ground; boarding extends from the edge of the bench on each side right down to the floor. No heating pipes are nearer this bed than those which run under the side benches of the greenhouse. The bottom of this center bench, which is made of boards, is covered by a coating of cement,—this prevents the possibility of drip on the mushroom bed. Plants are raised on this bench which the temperature of the house will suit, it being kept from 55 degrees to 60 degrees, which Mr. Scott considers most suitable for growing mushrooms.

In an even span greenhouse, sixty feet long, is a bed under a side bench four feet wide, and under a side bench of another even-span house, ninety-two feet long, is another bed, the heating pipes in both cases being boarded off. The hot water system of heating is used.

Another place which Mr. Scott has utilized for mushroom culture is a corridor which extends the entire width of the houses, some 114 feet. Benches were erected in this corridor, which has a gradual incline toward the entrance. At the lower half mushrooms were grown on the benches to a distance of fifty-five feet, the beds extending over one of the two four-inch pipes which supply heat for this part of the establishment, the bench being about two feet above the pipes. These beds were prepared in the ordinary manner and after spawning were covered by sash which was shaded with a coating of whitening. Mr. Scott says it is immaterial how near the glass the beds are. In the winter the mushrooms will stand all the light available, but towards spring it is too strong for them. The sash keeps the beds close and prevents draughts and drying out. They are placed on a gentle slant so as to carry off any condensed moisture which may gather on them. In this corridor the temperature last winter was sometimes down as low as forty-five degrees, yet a good crop of mushrooms was picked from the bed. In the remaining sixty feet of the corridor beds were placed under the bench, flowering plants being grown on the bench itself.

Mr. Scott obtains his supply of horse manure from near-by livery stables on very favorable terms. As it is brought to the establishment it is piled in a shed and then mixed with about one-fourth loam and turned every second day. This gentleman believes in packing his beds, and the manure with this quality of loam in it renders it more available for that purpose, besides obviating its tendency to overheat, the loam also absorbing the ammonia in the manure. When the compost is of the consistency that it will expand after being squeezed in the hand it is ready for use. The beds are made up to a depth of seven inches, and spawned when the temperature falls to 50 degrees. After spawning the beds are covered with about two inches of loam. Mr. Scott begins the formation of his beds about the first week in October, and keeps on preparing them in succession as often as he can get the manure, right along until March. Thus he has mushrooms from Thanksgiving to the first week in June.

The spawn used is the English Mill-track; it is broken into pieces of about two inches square and placed in the beds eight or nine inches apart, to a depth of two or three inches. The beds are never watered until the mushrooms appear if it can possibly be avoided. Sometimes portions of them will dry out, and these are gone over with a watering-can having a fine nose. During the winter water at a temperature of 80 degrees to 90 degrees is used, and in May and June water is applied with a hose. Mr. Scott says he has picked mushrooms twenty-two days after spawning; but the usual time when a crop can be gathered is from six to seven weeks. The mushrooms are pulled from the beds, never cut; care being taken to remove the roots also, as if these are allowed to remain in the bed they will decay and kill off many of the mushrooms which are left, and every thread of mycelium which comes in contact with them. The holes left by the removal of the roots are filled up with soil.

Mr. Scott has never calculated the yield to a square foot. Sometimes he has gathered individual specimens which weighed three-quarters of a pound. However, he finds mushroom growing sufficiently remunerative to warrant him continuing it. Two of the most vital points for success are selection of good spawn and the proper preparation of the manure. These assured, the remaining work is easy.

Clay Soils—These are called "heavy" soils, evidently because they are hard to work, just as sandy soils are called light, because they are easy to work. Such soils frequently need to be drained. They are good retainers of moisture. They are very strong soils, that is, have a natural wealth of mineral matter, and retain manures applied.

It is estimated that 30,000,000 roses and 15,000,000 carnations are sold by the New York florists every year, and that the wholesale men get a profit of \$1,500,000 out of their business. Violets rank third in popularity, and the lily of the valley runs a good fourth.

As a rule it is the slip shod way we have of doing things that allows the manure to lie about the barn yard and waste.

There are 300 idle printers in Chicago.