

TALMAGES' SERMON.

"THE POWER OF EXAMPLE" LAST SUNDAY'S THEME.

Golden Text: "And Abimelech Took an Axe in His Hand and Cut Down a Bough from the Trees and Laid It on His Shoulders"—Jud. 12, 45.



ABIMELECH is a name malodorous in Bible history, and yet full of profitable suggestion. Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are. The snake's rattle is hideous, but it gives timely warning. From the piazza of my summer home, night by night, I saw a lighthouse fifteen miles away, not placed there for adornment, but to tell mariners to stand off from that dangerous point. So all the iron-bound coast of moral danger is marked with Saul, and Herod, and Rehoboam, and Jezebel, and Abimelech. These bad people are mentioned in the Bible not only as warnings, but because there were sometimes flashes of good conduct in their lives worthy of imitation. God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer.

The city of Shechem had to be taken, and Abimelech and his men were to do it. I see the dust rolling up from their excited march. I hear the shouting of the captains and the yell of the besiegers. The swords clack sharply on the parrying shields, and the vociferation of two armies in death grapple is horrible to hear. The battle goes on all day; and as the sun is setting Abimelech and his army cry: "Surrender!" to the beaten foe. And, unable longer to resist, the city of Shechem falls; and there are pools of blood and dismembered limbs, and glazed eyes looking up beggling for mercy that he never shows, and dying soldiers with their head on the lap of mother, or wife, or sister, who have come out for the last offices of kindness and affection; and a groan rolls across the city, stopping not, because there is no spot for it to rest, so full is the place of other groans. A city wounded! A city dying! A city dead! Wall for Shechem, all ye who know the horrors of a sacked town.

As I look over the city, I can find only one building standing, and that is the temple of the god Berith. Some soldiers outside of the city in a tower, finding that they can no longer defend Shechem, now begin to look out for their own personal safety, and they fly to this temple of Berith. They go within the door, shut it, and they say: "Now we are safe. Abimelech has taken the whole city, but he cannot take this temple of Berith. Here we shall be under the protection of the gods." O Berith, the god! do your best now for these refugees. If you have eyes, pity them. If you have hands, help them. If you have thunderbolts, strike for them. But how shall Abimelech and his army take this temple of Berith and the men who are here fortified? Will they do it with sword? Nay. Will they do it with spear? Nay. With battering-ram, rolled up by hundred-armed strength crashing against the walls? Nay. Abimelech marches his men to a wood in Zalmon. With his axe he hews off a limb of a tree, and puts that limb upon his own shoulder, and then he says to his men: "You do the same. They are obedient to their commander. There is a struggle as to who shall have axes. The whole wood is full of bending boughs, and the cracking and the hacking, and the cutting, until every one of the host has the limb of a tree cut down, and not only that, but has put it on his shoulder just as Abimelech showed him how. Are these men all armed with the tree branch? The reply comes "All armed." And they march on. Oh, what a strange army, with that strange equipment! They come up to the foot of the temple at Berith, and Abimelech takes his limb of a tree and throws it down; and the first platoon of soldiers come up and they throw down their branches; and the second platoon, and the third, until all around about the temple of Berith there is a pile of tree branches. The Shechemites look out from the window of the temple upon what seems to them childish play on the part of their enemies. But soon the flints are struck, and the sparks begin to kindle the brush, and the flame comes up all through the pile, and the red elements leap to the casement, and the woodwork begins to blaze, and one arm of flame is thrown up on the right side of the temple, and another arm of flame is thrown up on the left side of the temple, until they clasp their lurid palms under the wild night sky, and the cry of "Fire!" with it, and "Fire!" without, announces the terror, and the strangulation, and the doom of the Shechemites, and the complete overthrow of the temple of the god Berith. Then there went up a shout, long and loud, from the stout lungs and swarthy chests of Abimelech and his men, as they stood amid the ashes and the dust crying: "Victory! victory!"

Now I learn first from this subject, the folly of depending upon any one form of tactics in anything we have to do for this world or for God. Look over the weaponry of olden times—javelins, battle-axes, habergeons, and show me a single weapon with which Abimelech and his men could have gained such complete triumph. It is no easy thing to take a temple thus armed. I have seen a house where, during revolutionary times, a man and his wife kept back a whole regiment hour after hour, because they were inside the house, and the assaulting soldiers were outside the house. Yet here Abimelech and his army come up, they surround

this temple, and they capture it without the loss of a single man on the part of Abimelech, although I suppose some of the old Israelitish heroes told Abimelech: "You are only going up there to be cut to pieces." Yet you are willing to testify to-day that by no other mode—certainly not by ordinary modes—could that temple so easily, so thoroughly have been taken. Fathers and mothers, brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, what the Church most wants to learn, this day, is that any plan is right, is lawful, is best, which helps to overthrow the temple of sin, and capture this world for God. We are very apt to stick to the old modes of attack. We put on the old-style coat of mail. We come up with the sharp, keen, glittering spear of argument, expecting in that way to take the castle; but they have a thousand spears where we have ten. And so the castle of sin stands. Oh, my friends, we will never capture this world for God by any keen sabre of sarcasm, by any glittering lances of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowder explosions of indignation, by sharpshootings of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously caparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen and grenadiers.

My friends, I propose a different style of tactics. Let each one go to the forest of God's promise and invitation, and hew down a branch and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then with this pile, kindled by the fires of holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life, we will burn them out. What steel cannot do, fire may. And I announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of Church and State. If one style of prayer does not do the work, let us try another. If the Church music of to-day does not get the victory, then let us make the assault with a backwoods chorus. If a prayer-meeting at half past seven in the evening does not succeed, let us have one as early in the morning as when the angel found wrestling Jacob too much for him. If a sermon with the three authorized heads does not do the work, then let us have a sermon with twenty heads, or no heads at all. We want more heart in our song, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preaching.

Still further, I learn from this subject the power of example. If Abimelech had sat down on the grass, and told his men to go and get the boughs, and go out to the battle, they would never have gone at all, or if they had, it would have been without any spirit or effective result; but when Abimelech goes with his own axe and hews down a branch, and with Abimelech's arms puts it on Abimelech's shoulder, and marches on, then, my text says, all the people did the same. How natural that was. What made Garibaldi and Stonewall Jackson the most magnetic commanders of the century? They always rode ahead. Oh, the overwhelming power of example! Here is a father on the wrong road; all his boys go on the wrong road. Here is a father who enlists for Christ; his children enlist. I saw in some of the picture galleries of Europe, that before many of the great works of the masters—the old masters—there would be sometimes four or five artists taking copies of the pictures. These copies they are going to carry with them, perhaps to distant lands; and I have thought that your life and character are a masterpiece, and it is being copied, and long after you are gone it will bloom or blast in the homes of those who knew you, and be a Gorgon or a Madonna. Look out what you say. Look out what you do. Eternity will hear the echo. The best sermon ever preached is a holy life. The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk. If you want others to serve God, serve him yourself. If you want others to shoulder their duty, shoulder yours. Where Abimelech goes his troops go. Oh, start out for heaven to-day, and your family will come after you, and your business associates will come after you, and your social friends will join you. With one branch of the tree of life for a baton, marshal just as many as you can together. Oh, the infinite, the semi-omnipotent power of a good or bad example!

Still further, I learn from this subject the advantage of concerted action. If Abimelech had merely gone out with a tree-branch the work would not have been accomplished; or if ten, twenty, or thirty men had gone; but when all the axes are lifted and all the sharp edges fall, and all these men carry each his tree-branch down and throw it about the temple, the victory is gained—the temple falls. My friends, where there is one man in the Church of God at this day shouldering his whole duty, there are a great many who never lift an axe or swing a bough. It seems to me as if there were ten drones in every hive to one busy bee; as though there were twenty sailors sound asleep in the ship's hammocks to four men on the stormy deck. It seems as if there were fifty thousand men belonging to the reserve corps, and only one thousand active combatants. Oh, we all want our boats to get over to the golden sands; but the most of us are seated either in the prow or in the stern, wrapped in our striped shawl, holding a big-handled sunshade, while others are blistered in the heat, and pull until the oar-locks groan, and the blades bend till they snap. Oh, you religious sleep-heads, wake up! You have lain so long in one place that the ants and caterpillars have begun to crawl over you! What do you know, my brother, about a living Gospel made to storm the

world? Now, my idea of a Christian is a man on fire with zeal for God; and if your pulse ordinarily beats sixty times a minute when you think of other themes, and talk about other themes, if your pulse does not go up to seventy-five or eighty when you come to talk about Christ and heaven, it is because you do not know the one, and have a poor chance of getting to the other.

In a former charge, one Sunday, I took into the pulpit the church records, and I laid them on the pulpit and opened them, and said: "Brethren, here are the church records. I find a great many of you whose names are down here are off duty." Some were afraid I would read the names, for at that time some of them were deep in the worst kind of oil stocks, and were idle as to Christian work. But if ministers of Christ to-day should bring the church records into the pulpit and read, oh, what a flutter there would be! There would not be fans enough in church to keep the cheeks cool. I do not know but it would be a good thing if the minister once in a while should bring the church records in the pulpit and call the roll, for that is what I consider every church record to be—merely a muster-roll of the Lord's army; and the reading of it should reveal where every soldier is and what he is doing.

Still further, I learn from this subject the danger of false refuges. As soon as these Shechemites got into the temple, they thought they were safe. They said: "Berith will take care of us. Abimelech may batter down everything else; he can not batter down this temple where we are now hid." But very soon they heard the timbers crackling, and they were smothered with smoke, and they miserably died. I suppose every person in this audience this moment is stepping into some kind of refuge. Here you step in the tower of good works. You say: "I shall be safe in this refuge." The battlements are adorned; the steps are varnished; on the wall are pictures of all the suffering you have alleviated, and all the schools you have established, and all the fine things you have done. Up in that tower you feel you are safe. But hear you not the tramp of your unpardoned sins all around the tower? They each have a match. You are kindling the combustible material. You feel the heat and the suffocation. Oh, you leap in time, the Gospel declaring: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified."

"Well," you say, "I have been driven out of that tower; where shall I go?" Step into this tower of indifference. You say: "If this tower is attacked, it will be a great while before it is taken." You feel at ease. But there is an Abimelech, with ruthless assault, coming on. Death and his forces are gathering around, and they demand that you surrender everything, and they clamor for your overthrow, and they throw their skeleton arms in the window, and with their iron fists they beat against the door, and while you are trying to keep them out you see the torches of judgment kindling, and every forest is a torch, and every mountain a torch, and every sea a torch, and while the Alps, and Pyrenees, and Himalayas turn into a live coal, blown redder and redder by the whirlwind breath of a God omnipotent, what will become of your refuge of lies?

"But," says some one, "you are engaged in a very mean business, driving us from tower to tower." Oh, no! I want to tell you of a Gibraltar that never has been and never will be taken; of a wall that no Satanic assault can scale; of a bulwark that the judgment earthquakes cannot budge. The Bible refers to it when it says: "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Oh! fling yourself into it. Tread down unceremoniously everything that intercepts you. Wedge your way there. There are enough hounds of death and peril after you to make you hurry. Many a man has perished just outside the tower, with his foot on the step, with his hand on the latch. Oh! get inside. Not one surplus second have you to spare. Quick! quick! quick!

WELL KNOWNS.

Dr. Felix Vulpus, who died in Welmar the other day, was the nephew of the wife of Goethe, the poet. He was 73 years old.

Ex-Speaker Crisp was not born in this country, which explains his temerity in wandering to considerable distances from his cyclone cellar.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and others are preparing to write a volume of comments on texts of the Bible usually considered as hostile to woman in her latter day aspirations.

John Rogers' statue of Abraham Lincoln, which has been set up in the Manchester (N. H.) public library, represents the president as studying a war map. The figure is one-third larger than life size.

Old Jules Simon is quoted as saying that the young German emperor speaks French like a Parisian, whereas the first Napoleon spoke it all his days with an Italian accent, and the third Napoleon with a strong German accent.

Lady Florence Dixie is the president of the British Ladies' Football club, which was founded last year by its present secretary and captain, Miss Nettie Honeyball. The members wear divided skirts of blue serge resembling knickerbockers, and the teams are distinguished by wearing blouses of pale blue or of cardinal red.

Charles G. Delmonico, the present proprietor of the famous dining places, was not born a Delmonico. His mother was a sister of the famous Lorenzo Delmonico and married a man named Crist, by whom she had two sons, Charles and Louis. So the present representative of the great Delmonico was Charles Crist until, for commercial reasons, he assumed the better known name. Sixty-seven years ago the first restaurant bearing the name of Delmonico was opened.

The defunct Sherr bank at Metamora, Ill., owes \$102,000, and the assets may realize \$60,000.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



Observation leads us to believe that seven-tenths of the fancy poultry breeders of this country live in town. By town we mean city, village and hamlet. The straight out farmer fanciers are very few indeed. Some—in fact, a large per cent—of the town people who keep fine fowls have suburban homes, but the range is generally measured by feet and not by acres. We believe fully 50 per cent of all the poultry fanciers keep their fowls on ordinary town lots—usually on the back end of the lot in pens of small size. We have done so, and been successful, too.

We have fowls in town on an ordinary lot in pens from 15 to 20 feet square. The town chickens really look better than the country chickens in their large sized grassy runs. Why? Because in the country we depend on the grass in the runs for green food; at this season it gets old and tough, the fowls can't eat it and hence they have no green food.

In town we grow little patches of oats, rye and mustard, pull it while young, fresh and tender, and feed it to the fowls daily. Result: Bright combs and eyes, smooth plumage, eggs, thrift and profit.

Early in the season we planted corn and sunflower scattering in our cultivatable spots, and it is around and about the corn and the sunflowers that we grow the green stuff. Chickens like such coverings and will work about in them all day. We throw millet seed in there for which they scratch.

We need a United States law which shall place filled cheese in the same category with oleomargarine, licensing the manufacturers producing it, placing a small tax on each pound manufactured, and holding up its identity until it reaches the consumer.—W. A. Henry, University of Wisconsin.

Protect Your Trade.

Protect your trade by not selling scrubs to anyone. Kill and sell for poultry everything not worth \$3 per head or more. If every breeder of thoroughbred fowls would do this we should hear less about hucksters and dishonest dealers. Can a man who pretends to breed thoroughbred stock afford to use birds worth less than \$3 each? Would he not be better off and sell far more birds if he did not use a bird worth less than \$5, and from that to \$20 each for females, and \$10 to \$50 for males? The men who stand the best and sell the most stock are the breeders who use none but the best, and do not put into their own pens birds they would sell for less than \$5 each. Suppose all the first-class breeders should make a solid compact to kill every specimen they raise not worth the retail price of \$5; the effect would be this, that the merit and excellence of the thoroughbred market would be much higher than to-day. Every scrub you sell, no matter what the price, stands in the way of a purchase of a better one. The men who now buy a dozen scrubs would put the same amount of money into a less number of better birds; and you as a breeder would receive more money and a better profit, and stop the propagation from scrubs, whose influence is lowering the average standing of the breed, and the evil effect upon your trade which comes from having these scrubs pointed out as coming from you; for if you have an enviable reputation, rest assured your name will be used by the second party to persuade the third to buy from among these low grades. I believe one better wing the necks of culls and give them to the poor than to sell them alive—it is policy.—Poultry Monthly.

Our Foster Mother.

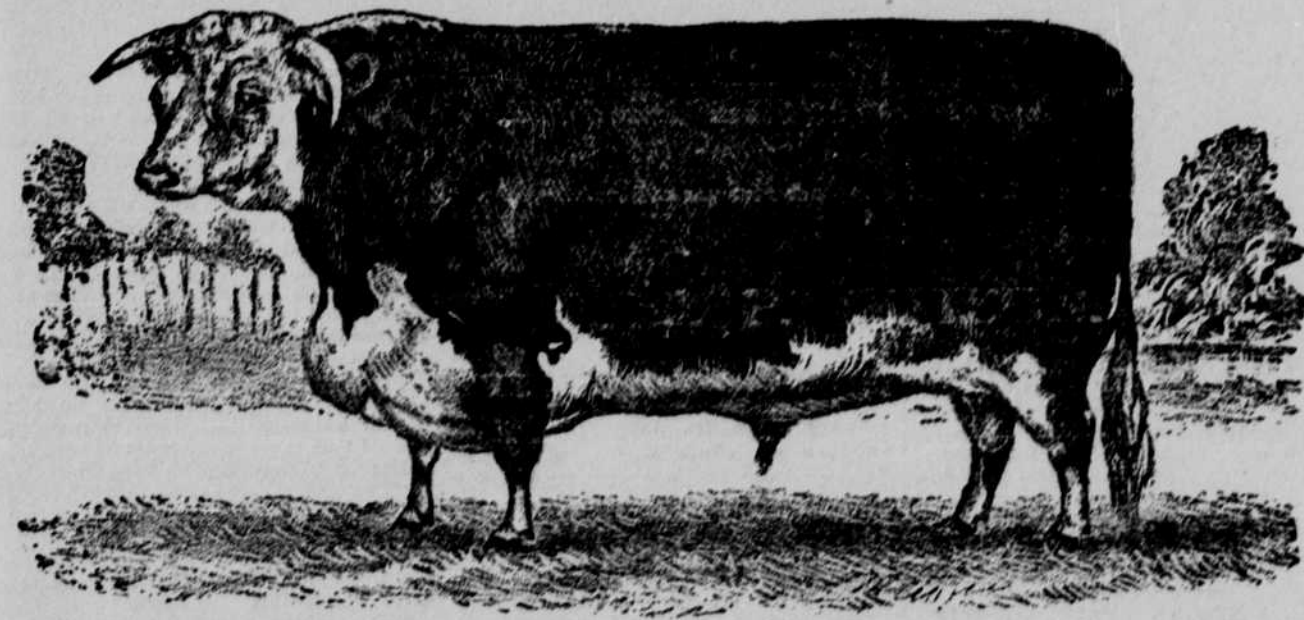
At a dairy meeting in New York, re-

ment Station recently purchased twenty-four young cattle for use in feeding experiments. The cattle were such as could be obtained in the vicinity. There are better cattle and many worse ones in the territory. Eight calves averaged 415 pounds, eight two year old steers averaged 750 and eight yearlings averaged 555 pounds. That is the yearling steers had been kept for a year for an average gain of 140 pounds, the two year olds another year for a gain of 225 pounds. Two of the calves weighed more each than did one of the yearlings, and one yearling weighed within 70 pounds of as much as one of the two year olds. As the exact ages were unknown, it is possible there was less than a year's difference in the age in each case. It is also true that the calves were better bred than either of the older lots. But in any case there was very little pay for the food consumed by the older cattle.

Sheep for Mutton.

The best mutton sheep is the sheep which has a long body, round barrel, and is hardy and early in maturing. It should also be plump and solid—not merely fat—in those portions of the carcass where the best mutton is located. The wool sheep may be very different. He is "cultivated" for his outside, while the mutton sheep is grown for his inside. Mutton is a great dish in "merrie England," though not quite so national as roast beef; but it has long been popularly appreciated there, and now is constantly growing in favor on this side of the water. The great drawback in America has been the poor quality of mutton offered. Butchers call anything that belonged to the sheep family "spring lamb," utterly regardless of its age and toughness, and thus fostered a distrust of mutton for table use. Properly prepared it is a delicious meat—delicate and tender; but do not select ten year old animals as candidates for popular favor. The strong and sinewy mutton so often put on the market as spring lamb, has made inexperienced home-keepers suspicious of everything "sheepish," and has caused sheep to be raised for wool rather than for food. The tide is turning now, for the good

ENGLISH BRED BULL ROMEO.



Sometimes the chicks eat it, and often they cover it up; we wet it down at night, and in a day or so they have a fresh green sprout instead of a seed.

We let the chicks in on the green intended for them, but that grown for the fowls we pull and feed in the pens. Green stuff is the basis of health and vigor in both fowls and chickens, and, mind you, it cuts a big figure in the feed bill. It cuts it down about half, for from a peck of seed we can grow several bushels of sprouts.

The green that we grow for the old fowls we gather or pull over three or four times before reseeding, taking care not to pull up the roots. Hens will lay and chickens grow and thrive in the back yard to the city residence if they have their "cases" of green.—Poultry Journal

We Lose By Fraud.

In 1880 the United States exported cheese to the value of \$12,170,000. In 1894 the United States exported cheese to the value of \$7,180,000—a decrease in exports in fourteen years of 40 per cent.

In 1880 Canada exported cheese to the value of \$3,900,000. In 1894 Canada exported cheese to the value of \$15,500,000—an increase in fourteen years of nearly 400 per cent.

In Canada the manufacture of filled and skimmed cheese is prohibited by law, backed up by strong public sentiment. From the humblest cheesemaker to the highest government officials the energies of the people have been bent toward honest, wholesome cheese and world-wide markets.

In this country, in marked contrast with Canada, many people have been working to produce cheaper cheese and not better cheese. Within our own state trade has been greatly injured in past years by skimmed cheese and more recently by filled cheese. This has now been stopped by law. Illinois manufactures enormous quantities of filled cheese each winter, branding much of it as Wisconsin goods, thus stealing what should be a good name and breaking down our markets with a fraud product.

New York and Wisconsin are the great cheese-exporting states. Wisconsin is by nature the greatest cheese state in the Union, made so by the natural adaptation of the soil to nutritious grasses, the pure waters and the cool nights in summer time.

Our commonwealth has lost millions of dollars because of the laxness of our own people in the matter of high quality and honest goods, and now that reformation has come all our good acts will count for little, so long as other states make fraud cheese and brand them Wisconsin made.

ported by the Country Gentleman, J. S. Woodward said:

I have traveled over a large part of this state and have been in many stables. I address the brightest and most intelligent body of dairymen in the state; and as I saw how the cows had been treated, I made a vow to say some good words for our real foster mother. Many barns and stables are not over 7½ feet high, often not over 6½ feet. There are stables so dark that if the door is shut it is necessary to have a lantern to see by in midday. Some are very cold; some are damp and dripping. A stable 26 by 45, by 6½ feet had 26 cows in it, weighing over 1,000 pounds each, and there were no ventilators. Not 100 miles from Syracuse I saw a stable 45 by 24 by 7 feet, in which there were 32 grade Jersey cows, weighing over 700 pounds each. This means only 268 cubic feet of air space for each cow, and is equivalent to putting a man of average size into a box measuring 6 feet by 34 inches width and 35 inches height, with no ventilation. In 90 per cent of the stables, also, the cows are kept in the old-fashioned rigid stanchions. God pity the heart of him who confines his cows in this way for 24 hours of the day, and makes them sleep, or try to sleep, in the stanchions also!

Many farmers feed all dry food through the winter, with no succulence whatever. Oat straw and corn meal are all fat; they contain no bone or muscle, and yet farmers think they are feeding well when they give their cows this ration. Many cattle get drink only once in 24 hours during the winter, when they are turned out into the stable-yard, and the water is cold enough to chill them all through. From such conditions as I have described, cows often become distorted and deformed, with shoulders out of shape and bunches on the knees, the result of rigid stanchions. These are not fancy sketches; I have seen them many a time.

The farmer should study his cows, raise the height of stables, learn more of cow-ology. The cow is 90 per cent artificial.

Old or Young Bees.

The great markets of the country are showing that the time in which very heavy cattle can be profitably marketed has gone by. During recent weeks yearling cattle have sold more readily and at higher prices than fine, fat steers weighing 1,600 pounds or more. These yearlings would weigh 1,000 pounds or more and were of fine quality. The extra time and food required to mature the large cattle were poorly paid for. A like mistake is made by many farmers.

The Oklahoma Agricultural Experi-

of the herder and of the consumer also.—Ex.

Caerphilly Cheese.

Caerphilly cheese is made by a sweet curd process. The milk is set at about 86 deg. Fahr., and such milk should be perfectly sweet. Add sufficient rennet to coagulate the milk firmly in one hour. Break down carefully as in Cheddar cheesemaking, making the curd about the size of large peas. Stir for half or three-quarters of an hour. Let settle about half an hour. The whey is then drawn and the curd ladled out into a clean cloth, and tied up, with a little weight—say 14 pounds—placed upon it. If a large quantity of curd, no weight is required. Cut up and turn each half hour. At the end of about three hours from the time the rennet is added, the curd is broken up finely into the hoops, where it stands for two hours or so, when it is placed under the press, gradually turning the screw and pressing up to 10 cwt. at the end of three hours. The first cloth used is fine. Turn the cheese once during the evening into the same cloth. Next day the cheese is salted on the outside twice, about ½ ounce being used to each pound of curd. Fine salt is best and after each salting, morning and evening, the cheese is replaced in dry cloths in the press with about 15 cwt. pressure on. Press altogether for three days. The cheeses are then taken to the cheeserooms, which are kept about 65 deg. Fahr. In these rooms they are wiped each day with a wet cloth, and should be ready to sell in from 20 to 30 days.—London Dairy.

Wisconsin Dairy Statistics.—A phenomenal increase in the dairy industry in Wisconsin during the past ten years is shown by the state census returns for 1895, now being compiled. The census returns show there are now in the state 1,325 cheese factories, valued at \$959,531, and 729 creameries, valued at \$1,550,707. The greater number of these have been erected during the past ten years. The entire number of cattle and calves on hand, including cows in 1895, was 1,543,899, valued at \$26,062,508.16. This year the number of milk cows 2 years old and over in the state is 842,039, valued at \$17,442,144, and the cattle and calves, including milk cows, number 2,352,827, valued at \$38,900,766. In 1885 the number of pounds of cheese reported was 33,478,900, valued at \$2,984,813.92, while this year the number of pounds reported was 52,480,815, and the value \$3,984,103. In 1885 the number of pounds of butter reported was 36,240,431, valued at \$5,850,492.50. This year the number of pounds reported was 74,652,730, and the value \$13,310,372.