

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WASHINGTON FOR GOD" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "Beginning at Jerusalem"— Luke xiv, 47—The Spread of Christian Grace Should Begin at the Nation's Capital.



HERE it is, said the driver, and we all instantly and excitedly rose in the carriage to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, so long the joy of the whole earth. That city, coroneted with temple and palace and radiant, whether looked up at from the valley of Jehoshaphat or gazed at from adjoining hills, was the capital of a great nation. Clouds of incense had hovered over it. Chariots of kings had rolled through it. Battering-rams of enemies had thundered against it. There Isaiah prophesied, and Jeremiah lamented, and David reigned, and Paul preached, and Christ was martyred. Most interesting city ever built since masonry rung its first trowel, or plumb-line measured its first wall, or royalty swung its first scepter. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish kingdom, Washington is to our own country—the capital, the place to which all the tribes come up, the great national heart whose throbs send life or death through the body politic, clear out to the geographical extremities.

What the resurrected Christ said in my text to his disciples, when he ordered them to start on the work of gospelization, "beginning at Jerusalem," it seems to me God says now, in his Providence, to tens of thousands of Christians in this city. Start for the evangelization of America, "beginning at Washington." America is going to be taken for God. If you do not believe it, take your hat now and leave, and give room to some man or woman who does believe it. As surely as God lives, and he is able to do as he says he will, this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregon, from the Highlands of the Nevadink to the Golden Horn, from Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and Christ will walk every lake, whether bestormed or placid, and be transfigured on every mountain, and the night skies, whether they hover over groves of magnolia or over Alaskan glacier, shall be filled with angelic overture of "Glory to God and good-will to men."

Again and again does the old Book announce that all the earth shall see the salvation of God, and as the greater includes the lesser, that takes America gloriously in. Can you not see that if America is not taken for God by his consecrated people, it will be taken for Apollyon! The forces engaged on both sides are so tremendous that it cannot be a drawn battle. It is coming, the Armageddon! Either the American Sabbath will perish and this nation be handed over to Herods, and Hildebrands, and Diocletians, and Neros of baleful power, and alcoholism will reign, seated upon piled-up throne of beer barrels, his mouth foaming with domestic and national curse, and crime will lift its unhindered knife of assassination, and rattle keys of burglar, and wave torch of widest conflagration, and our cities be turned into Sodoms, waiting for Almighty tempests of fire and brimstone, and one tidal wave of abomination will surge across the continent, or our Sabbaths will take on more sanctity, and the newspapers will become apocalyptic wings of benediction, and penitentiaries will be abandoned for lack of occupants, and holiness and happiness, twin son and daughter of heaven, shall walk through the land, and Christ reign over this nation either in person or by agency so glorious that the whole country will be one clear, resounding echo of heaven. It will be one or the other. By the throne of him who liveth forever and ever, I declare it will be the latter. If the Lord will help me, as he always does—blessed be his glorious name—I will show you how a mighty work of grace begun at Washington would have a tendency to bring the whole continent to God, and before this century closes.

Why would it be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, "beginning at Washington?" First, because this city is on the border between the north and south. It is neither northern nor southern, it commingles the two climates. It brings together the two styles of population. It is not only right, but beautiful, that people should have especial love for the latitude where they were born and brought up. With what loving accentuation the Alabamian speaks of his orange groves! And the man from Massachusetts is sure to let you know that he comes from the land of the Adames—Samuel, and John, and John Quincy. Did you ever know a Virginian or Ohiolian whose face did not brighten when he announced himself from the Southern or Northern State of Presidents? If a man does not like his native clime, it is because while he lived there, he did not behave well. This capital stands where, by its locality and its political influence, it stretches forth one hand toward the north and the other toward the south, and a mighty work of grace starting here would probably be a national awakening. Georgia would clasp the hand of New Hampshire, and Maine the hand of Louisiana, and California the hand of New York, and say, "Come, let us go up and worship the God of Nations, the Christ of Golgotha, the Holy Ghost of the pentecostal three thousands." It has often been said that the only way the north and the south will be brought into complete accord, is to have a war

with some foreign nation, in which both sections, marching side by side, would forget everything but the foe to be overcome. Well, if you wait for such a foreign conflict, you will wait until all this generation is dead, and perhaps wait forever. The war that will make the sections forget past controversies is a war against unrighteousness, such as a universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls, in which about forty million northerners and southerners shall be on the same side, and shoulder to shoulder. In no other city on the continent can such a war be declared so appropriately, for all the other great cities are either northern or southern. This is neither, or, rather, it is both.

Again, it would be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, because more representatives men are in Washington than in any other city between the oceans. Of course there are accidents in politics, and occasionally there are men who get in to the senate and house of representatives and other important places who are fitted for the position in neither head nor heart; but this is exceptional and more exceptional now than in other days. There is not a drunkard in the national legislature, although there were times when Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, Illinois, New York and Massachusetts had men in senate or house of representatives who went maudlin and staggering drunk across those high places. Never nobler group of men sat in senate or house of representatives than sat there yesterday and will sit there to-morrow, while the highest judiciary, without exception, has now upon its bench men beyond criticism for good morals and mental endowment. The soul of a man who can bring a thousand or ten thousand other souls into the kingdom of God is worth a thousand times or ten thousand times more than the soul of a man who can bring no one into the kingdom. A great outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this capital, reaching the chief men of America, would be of more value to earth and heaven than in any other part of the nation, because it would reach all the states, cities, towns, and neighborhoods of the continent. Oh, for the outstretched right arm of God Almighty in the salvation of this capital.

Some of us remember 1857, when, at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in which five hundred thousand people were converted in different states of the Union. Do you know where one of its chief powers was demonstrated? In Washington. Do you know on what street? This street. Do you know in what church? This church. I picked up an old book a few days ago, and was startled, and thrilled, and enchanted to read these words, written at that time by the Washington correspondent of a New York paper. He wrote: "The First Presbyterian church can scarce contain the people. Requests are daily preferred for an interest in the prayers offered, and the reading of these forms one of the tenderest and most effective features of the meetings. Particular pains are taken to disclaim and exclude everything like sectarian feeling. General astonishment is felt at the unexpected rapidity with which the work has thus far proceeded, and we are beginning to anticipate the necessity of opening another church." Why, my hearers, not have that again, and more than that? There are many thousands more of inhabitants now than then. Beside that, since then the telephone, with its semi-omnipotence, and the swift cable car, for assembling the people. I believe that the mightiest revival of religion that this city has ever seen is yet to come, and the earth will tremble from Capitoline Hill to the boundaries on all sides with the footsteps of God as he comes to awaken and pardon and save these great populations. People of Washington, meet us next Thursday night, at half past seven o'clock, to pray for this coming of the Holy Ghost—not for a pentecostal three thousand, that I have referred to, but thirty thousand. Such a fire as that would kindle a light that would be seen from the sledges crunching through the snows of Labrador to the Caribbean sea, where the whirlwinds are born. Let our cry be that of Hezekiah, the blank verse poet of the Bible: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years made known: in wrath remember mercy." Let the battle-cry be, Washington for God! The United States for God! America for God! the world for God! We are all tired of skirmishing. Let us bring on a general engagement. We are tired of fishing with hook and line. With one sweep of the Gospel net let us take in many thousands. This vast work must begin somewhere. Why not here? Some one must give the rallying cry, why may not I, one of the Lord's servants? By providential arrangement, I am every week in sermonic communication with every city, town, and neighborhood of this country, and now I give the watchword to north and south, and east and west. Hear and see it, all people—this call to a forward movement, this call to repentance and faith, this call to a continental awakening!

From where the seaweed is tossed on the beach by the stormy Atlantic, to the sands laved by the quiet Pacific, this country will be Emanuel's land, the work beginning at Washington, if we have the faith and holy push, and the consecration requisite. First of all, we ministers must get right. That was a startling utterance of Mr. Swinock's, when he said, "It is a dreadful thing to fall into hell from under the pulpit, but, oh! how dreadful a thing to drop thither out of the pulpit." That was an all-suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others,

I myself should be a castaway." That was an inspiring motto with which Whitefield sealed all his letters: "We seek the stars." Lord God! Wake up all our pulpits, and then it will be as when Venn preached and it was said that men fell before the Word like slacked lime. Let us all, laymen and clergymen, do the work. What Washington wants most of all is an old-fashioned revival of religion, but on a vast scale, so that the world will be compelled to say, as of old, "We never saw it on this fashion!" But remember there is a human side as well as a Divine side to a revival. Those of us brought up in the country know what is called "a raising," the neighbors gathered together to lift the heavy frame for a new house, after the timbers are ready to be put into their places. It is dangerous work, and there are many accidents. The neighbors had gathered for such a raising, and the beams had all been fitted to their places except one, and that very heavy. That one, on the long pikes of the men, had almost reached its place, when something went wrong, and the men could hoist it no higher. But if it did not go in its place it would fall back upon the men who were lifting it. It had already begun to settle back. The boss carpenter shouted, "Lift, men, or die! All together! Yo—heave!" With mightier push they tried to send the beam to its place, but failed. Still they held on, all the time their strength lessening. The wives, and mothers, and daughters stood in horror looking on. Then the boss-carpenter shouted to the women, "Come and help!" They came, and womanly arms became the arms of giants, for they were lifting to save the lives of husbands, and fathers and sons, as well as their own. Then the boss-carpenter mounted one of the beams and shouted, "Now! Altogether! Lift or die! Yo—heave!" And with a united effort that almost burst the blood-vessels, the great beam went to its place, and a wild huzza was heard. That is the way it sometimes seems in the churches. Temples of righteousness are to be reared, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few are lifting all they can, but we want more hands at this raising, and more hearts. More Christian men to help, ay, more Christian women to re-enforce. If the work fall, it means the death of many souls. All together! Men and women of God! Lift or die! The topstone must come to its place "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." God is ready to do his part; are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the knee of prayer, but for the shoulder of up-heaval.

And now I would like to see this hour that which I have never seen, but hope to see—a whole audience saved under one flash of the Eternal Spirit. Before you go out of any of these doors, enter the door of Mercy. Father and mother, come in and bring your children with you. Newly-married folks, consecrate your lifetime to God, and be married for eternity as well as time. Young man, you will want God before you get through this world, and you want him now. Young woman, without God this is a hard world for women. One and all, wherever you sit or stand, I lift my voice so that you can hear it, out in the corridors and on the street, and say, in the words of the Mediterranean ship captain, "Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

**Real Help.**  
"I will strengthen thee," says God; "yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Can there be a more gracious promise? Can there be one more absolutely suited to the needs of human nature? Long centuries since it was found out that it is not in man who walketh "to direct his steps," and the intervening ages have only furnished additional proof that it is human weakness and human perversity which stand in the way of human happiness.

**FASHION NOTES.**  
What are called "French zephyrs" are fine soft gingham made on Scotch looms. Pique dresses for small girls are made with the plain round waist and skirt with a wide hem, and worn over a white gimp. Collars and revers of cream-white open-work embroidered batiste over white satin are a novel and showy trimming for black satin capes. Feathery horse-chestnut blossoms look very pretty on pale yellow straw hats trimmed with bronze-brown velvet ribbon rosettes and yellow lace. New beautiful creamy French batistes are used by many dressmakers in the fashioning of poetic-looking toilets for summer, in preference to the less durable chifon textiles.

The more you make people believe your advertising, the more your advertising will make them believe in you, and the more you will believe in advertising.

If people exercised as much care and shrewdness when investing in advertising as they do when investing in banks, mining stocks and real estate, there would be more believers in the value of printers' ink.

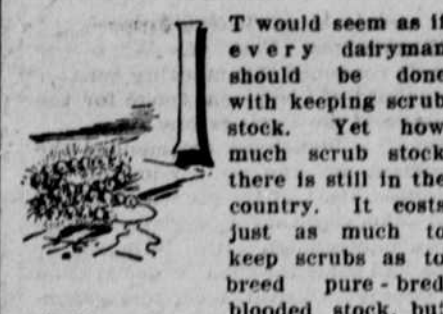
In hard times the advertisements of sharp merchants contain many great bargains. The failures of unsuccessful firms give stronger ones chances to buy goods cheap and sell them under the usual price. Some people's misfortunes are other people's opportunities.

In our own day the name of bicny as a kingdom has for the first time been wiped from the map of Europe by its incorporation with Italy—a country in which the vicissitudes of rule have been scarcely less checked. To "pile on agony" is popularly supposed to be an Americanism. It is, however, found in one of the letters of Charlotte Brontë, and was used in English popular literature before the beginning of the present century.

# 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.



It would seem as if every dairyman should be done with keeping scrub stock. Yet how much scrub stock there is still in the country. It costs just as much to keep scrubs as to breed pure-bred blooded stock, but what a vast difference in results. The scrub cow gives perhaps one hundred pounds of butter fat in a year, while an improved cow produces three or even four hundred pounds of butter in the same period of time. The contrast is very plain and obvious. In one case we have nothing but lost opportunity and money losses. In the other reasonable profits and a comfortable, successful business. What with oleo and heavy butter production, the dairyman can ill afford to neglect the best chance he has. If he cannot fix market prices, he can produce large quantities of the best butter at lowest practicable cost. Another thing to think of is whether or not the best and cheapest feeds are being used. The dairyman must be a close observer and student of market values and composition of feeding stuffs. He must not only know what are the best feeds for his own purpose but what are really cheapest for him under the conditions with which he is surrounded. What is the most economical feed for one feeder would not be the same for another. Gluten, cottonseed and linseed meals are now quite

With concrete floors and plaster for an absorbent we may add much to the value of manure, not alone by saving the fertilizing value of the liquids, but by retaining moisture in the pile.—Rural New-Yorker.

**Plymouth Rock-Leghona Cross.**

I have been engaged in raising chickens for thirty years in a small way, with moderate success. My experience has been mostly with mixed breeds, having tried Plymouth Rocks for a few years, but as I was after eggs principally I got some Brown Leghorns and crossed them with the Plymouth Rocks and have a fair-sized fowl and very good layers. We are getting 18 or 20 eggs per day now, and the mercury is hovering about zero. In the laying season we sell about 40 dozen per week from 200 hens. During the summer months we go to the poultry dealers and get a 36-dozen egg case and fill with nice, fresh eggs and take them back, hand them in, get our money and another case, and don't have to wait to have the eggs counted; we gather our eggs clean every evening, using plaster paris for nest eggs, which we make by pouring contents of egg out through small hole broken in small end and filling shell with plaster paris. When it hardens we have a nest egg that won't freeze, break or rot. We use a house for the poultry to roost in, 10x20, with ventilators in ends, with roost five feet above the ground floor. We whitewash with lime twice a year inside and out, and spray the roost with carbolic acid and coal oil at least twice a year, and are seldom bothered with lice. If our chickens get a touch of the cholera or roup we use carbolic acid, sulphur and salts in their food, which soon stops the disease.

Our chickens have the run of a cattle barn and feed from the warm droppings from the cattle during the winter season; what little grain they get is wheat screenings and corn scattered out on the ground in the morning before letting them out. We keep them shut up mornings until all the farm animals are

**Ayrshire Cows.**  
The illustration on this page shows two Ayrshire cows, named "Oilyhill" and "Mate." They are considered very fine types of their breed. The cuts are reproduced from the United States consular report. The consul at Leeds, England, makes the following report on the Ayrshire breed in the United Kingdom.

The Ayrshire ranks among the best cattle for dairy purposes. It has few equals for this, but is not held in high estimation for beef, because too small. The Ayrshires are good feeders when dry. They are a hardy race. Their home on the Clyde and near the Irish Sea consists of moorland, hills, and in some parts undulating surface of common clay. The hills are light, rocky, and with poor herbage. The narrow valleys have sweeter food. Toward the sea there are great stretches of barren sand. The climate is moist, and the district greatly exposed to continual wind and moist vapors from the Atlantic. There are a few tracts of useful land, but throughout the fertility is very moderate.

The Ayrshires at one time were used in the London dairies, but have been relinquished in favor of the Yorkshire or Teeswater Shorthorn. They did not come to the weight and condition desired for slaughter after they had ceased to be profitable for milk. They have been supplanted by animals better adapted to being fed for beef after they have served their time in the dairy.

The origin of this breed is difficult to trace. No particular men seem to have stood out prominently as breeders or improvers. The chief excellence of the breed is supposed to have arisen from the peculiar circumstances of climate, soil and situation of several of the western counties of Scotland. The farmers in these districts noted the points that indicated good milkers, and, as a consequence, a very superior breed of milkers was established. No breed of cattle in Scotland produce a like quan-



AYRSHIRE COWS.

low in price, and, as they are very rich foods for both milk and manure, it behooves the dairyman to employ one or the other of them as a stock food. The dairyman who keeps his eyes open and buys and sells to best advantage can yet make a good income.—W. P. Perkins in Farmers' Review.

**Indiana Dairy Statistics.**  
The commissioner of the bureau of statistics for the state of Indiana has compiled a report of the farm products of that state for 1895. The figures given, the commissioner says, are "in no case estimates, but are the results of questions asked every farmer in the state by sworn officers of the state."

It would seem from this that such information might be deemed fairly reliable. In the light of such a conclusion, we give the following facts as taken from the report:  
Total number of Jersey cattle in the state, 49,136.  
Total number of Holstein cattle in the state, 9,606.  
Total number of Short-horn cattle in the state, 55,255.  
Total number of all other breeds in the state, 813,495.  
Total number of cows of all breeds, 468,043.  
Total number of gallons of milk taken last year, 145,396,868.  
Pounds of butter made, 35,200,916.  
Pounds of cheese made, 394,645.  
By an analysis of these figures we find that the average milk production of Indiana cows is 2,500 lbs. per cow. Allowing that the milk is up to standard, containing 4 per cent of butter fat, we find that the average butter production of the state cannot possibly exceed 100 pounds a year.—Ex.

**Concrete in Cow Stables.**

Some one has said that you can't abstract fertility through a concrete floor. It is true. Drainage away from a manure pile indicates a lack of drainage. It is hard for some farmers to understand that the liquid manure contains all the digested portions of the food that are passed by the animal. These digestible parts are soluble, and not only quickest in their action as plant food, but easiest to run away if not jalled by a concrete floor. As Dr. Young says, any place that is to hold manure should be floored with concrete if possible. It is a wise provision of Nature that man has this power of grinding up concrete, and then molding it to suit his will into artificial stone to cover any desired surface with a water-tight covering. This wonderful action is as useful in its way as is the chemical action of fire. It is one of the things placed in our hands with which to prevent a loss, and there are few losses so serious to the farmer as the loss of fertility.

fed and have time to eat. We set two hens at the same time, and when they hatch we take the best dispositioned hen and let her mother both sittings and coop up the other hen a few days, when she is ready to go to laying again.

We use a separate coop for each brood of chicks and shut them up nights to guard against "varmints" and make handy for feeding mornings. We feed and water morning, noon and evening, using coarse meal and cracked wheat for the little chicks, and shelled corn for the larger ones.

When they get big enough to wean we carry or drive them to the henhouse a few times and shut them with the old chickens, and are not let out in the morning until the little ones are fed. We sell \$175 worth of eggs each year and about \$30 worth of chickens, besides what we use for a family of nine.—R. A. Garinger in Farmers' Review.

**Temperature in Poultry Houses.**

Rucker Bros., Illinois—We use no thermometer. We try to keep the temperature just so water won't freeze. Do not use artificial heat, as we do not think it advisable. The fowls are more liable to take cold. As to construction of a poultry house there are various things to be said. If you have a hill that faces to the south, one good plan is to excavate a place there, after the manner of building a basement barn. This will give a good warm house. Another plan to keep the house warm, is to line it inside and out with building paper, so that it will give a dead air space. The paper should be under the siding and sheeting. This is better than to fill the space between the studding with sawdust or fine cut straw.

We would suggest that, where it is possible to do so, the building should be located in a protected position, where the force of the strong north winds will be broken. These winds will penetrate through every crack and crevice that has been overlooked when the house was built. It is not so difficult to keep the temperature even when the weather is calm. This is the main secret to success in the winter time, especially if you want healthy birds and lots of eggs.—Farmers' Review.

**A Poisonous Wood.**

Cocuouswood has for many years been used in the manufacture of flutes, because it gives forth a flexible and mellow tone, but it has been found by certain flutists that this wood not infrequently poisons the lips. This particular form of poisoning was the subject at the recent meeting of the Massachusetts Homeopathic Medical society.

tity of milk, butter and cheese with the Ayrshire.—Farmers' Review.

**Stable Floors.**

In the Western prairie states wood is perhaps the most extensively used material for flooring stables for stock. It is largely used on account of its convenience and general adaptability, though there is a growing feeling that it is on the whole quite unsatisfactory. The plank floor is short lived; it is made water tight with difficulty, and above all it is objectionable for horses that are confined much to the stall. For cattle and hogs the same objections prevail to a considerable degree. Cement floors are gaining in favor and are quite acceptable though rather expensive. They should also be covered with plank for horses. The cement floors in the new station barn have been in use over a year now and have given good satisfaction. When well bedded they are very satisfactory for cattle, hogs and sheep. The station floors were made by laying three inches of concrete composed of five parts of clean, sharp sand to one of Portland cement, well mixed and packed well on a foundation of sand and gravel, and the surface was finished with a three-quarter inch covering of cement and sand in proportion of four of cement to seven of sand, and troweled smooth and level except as otherwise provided. These floors have worn well even where horses wearing shoes have walked on it. Such a floor is cold in winter, however, unless used inside of a warm building and bedding used freely. This kind of a floor may be made at a cost of 10 cents a square foot.—C. F. Curtiss in Rural Life.

**Sound Breeding Animals.**

The greatest drawback in the way of progress in breeding and growing horses is the stubbornness of men who stand in their own light and refuse to change practices, even when satisfied that gain will follow. They cling to the old broken down mares and persist in using the cheapest stallions, regardless of quality. What a mating will be likely to insure is of minor consideration, so that a colt is bred. It is for this reason that some of the more progressive breeders have withdrawn their stallions from public service and admit only selected mares owned by men who are seeking to grow and develop the best. If there is a dollar for the owner of a sound brood mare, then he should seek to avail himself of the most by the use of none but the best.—Ex.

The right kind of goodness is always good for something.