

# THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENCHOTER & GIBSON, Eds and Pubs.  
LOUP CITY, NEB.

Our ostrich farms are profitable. Birds are worth \$100 apiece and a good specimen yields about \$25 worth of feathers at a plucking.

Fifteen thousand two hundred and sixty feet is the height of the snow line on the equator. It is about 5,000 feet in the latitude of London.

To the kid glove trade of the world France is the undisputed center, and the beautiful city of Grenoble, 400 miles south of gay Paris, is the veritable cradle of this most interesting industry.

A road is being built in the high Alps which passes the Great St. Bernard and also the hospice of that name. This great engineering feat will be finished and opened to traffic in July of next year.

The total annual production of timber and firewood of the German forests is estimated at 38,000,000 tons, and this is supplemented by an import of 4,600,000 tons. The material progress of the country would not be possible had it not the large home production to fall back upon.

The roof garden at the Merritt building, Eighth avenue and Nineteenth street, New York, has been crowded every night since it was opened, July 1. The admittance is free, and religious meetings, with much music, are held every evening. Although the garden holds 1,500, the crowds were so great last week that hundreds had to be turned away.

The Foreign Tract society has translated Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" into no less than ninety-five different languages and dialects. Some of these, as might have been anticipated, are of a jaw-breaking character. So much so, indeed, have the composers of the Oxford University Press found the Eskimo language to be that they have demanded a higher rate of payment in regard to it.

A comparative statement concerning the importation of pork, bacon, and lard into the Philippines during the calendar year 1900, as compared with the calendar year 1899, has been prepared in the division of insular affairs of the war department. The total importation of these commodities for 1900 was valued at \$233,523, as against \$144,669 for 1899, showing an increase of 61 per cent.

That concrete is to take the place of brick and stone as a building material is the hopeful belief of Mr. Edison, who has discovered a cheap method of making Portland cement. Before many years, he says, a contractor will just take his wooden form—one of twenty or thirty standard shapes—and go out and "pour a house" which will cost very little and will be fireproof. Hall the happy day! Such a structure should be almost as imperishable as the bill for the rent.

The Oriental maxim that nobody should run if he can get along by walking, or stand if sitting will answer, or sit if it is possible to lie down, finds many adherents in days of extreme heat. Telephone offices are unusually busy because so many people resort to them to save making a trip, and street-cars are filled with those who would otherwise walk. In short, all easy ways of doing things are at a premium, with the result that those persons who are employed in the occupations that save physical effort on the part of the public are worked harder than ever.

Public attention has been centered of late upon the Chinese in their own country; but the position of Chinese in the United States now demands consideration. The act of 1882 suspended the immigration of Chinese laborers for ten years, and the act of 1892 continued the exclusion for ten years more. This part of the law will expire by limitation next year. A bill will be introduced in the next Congress to extend its provisions for another period of twenty years. On the other hand, an effort will be made to repeal the act. Thus the whole question of the treatment of Chinese immigration will be reopened.

In the smaller places in England horses have to be borrowed for the fire engines. Often thirty to fifty minutes are wasted in getting horses, which, when an alarm of fire was given, were at work at their daily duty. A considerable amount of time is also lost in finding the proper harness for them. The horsing of steam fire engines in country districts is a very difficult problem. There is hardly a town of any size in the United States which does not have one or more fire engines, and they can be got under way with a delay of from thirty seconds to a minute and a half, while in the larger cities even thirty seconds would be considered slow work.

One of the most notable exemplars of peculiar dietary custom is an American army officer of good physique, who, in several years of exacting service at an out-of-the-way western post, subsisted entirely on "canned goods." It was his custom to open cans at haphazard, a single can for each meal; whether the contents were fish, fowl, or flesh, vegetables, or fruit, he ate that and nothing more, and he lives to tell the tale. But he was always active, physically and mentally, except when asleep, and he breathed fresh air.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

RELIGION THE GREAT REFRESHMENT OF OUR TIMES.

When All the Flocks Are "Gathered Together"—Why Some Are Kept Back—Trust in God's Providence—Christ's Eternal Fountain—To the Gospel Well.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.] Washington, Aug. 11.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage represents religion as a great refreshment and invites all the world to come and receive it; text, Genesis xxix, 8, "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

A scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off, and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it, "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that scene occurred Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot until all the flocks are gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Coming to the Gospel Well. If a herd of swine come to a well, they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating, they come together peaceably. We want a great multitude to come around the gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd; they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church, it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave church because so many other people come to it. Not so did these oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All this city is a flock, all New York in a flock, all London in a flock, all the world in a flock.

This well of the gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the 1,600,000,000 of the race. Do not let the church by a spirit of exclusiveness keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations. "Whoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the south. Come in furs, come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning at this well of salvation Christ, our Shepherd, will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of his affection while all heaven will cry out: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him."

Why Some Are Kept Back. Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar, "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made 500 apologies; yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately apparelled you. Your health from him, your companion from him, your children from him, your home from him, all the bright surroundings of your life from him.

Oh, man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martyrdom and feel his lifeblood trickling on your forehead and cheek and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

Heart of Stone, relent, relent, Touched by Jesus' cross subdued; See his body, mangled, rent, Covered with a gore of blood. Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Crucified the Eternal Son!

Jacob, with a good deal of tug and push, took the stone from the well's mouth so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this day my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up to the gospel well. Yea, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like oriental shepherds, I proceed to water - the sheep. Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life.

Christ's Eternal Fountain. There are men who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy today, to be unhappy forever unless you come to this gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus and of all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you today. In the far east there was a king who used once a year to get on the scales, while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems—indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king. Then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ today steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says, "All are yours; all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity—all are yours." We do not appreciate the promises of the gospel.

When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him, "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject. You know all about it and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and the old man clasped his hands and in his dying moment said, "That's just the promise I have been waiting for—The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promise!

The Cry for Comfort. If I could gather all the griefs of all sorts from these crowded streets and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say as a Christian man; "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say; "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort. Give us comfort!" For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come. "Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health and about their departed friends and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their souls.

After two persons have lived together for 40 or 50 years and one is taken away, what desolation! I shall not forget the cry of Dr. De Witt of New York when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife and after the obsequies had ended he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell, farewell!"

To lean on a prop for 50 years and then have it break under you! There were only two years' difference between the death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease my father used to go around as though looking for something. He would often get up from one room without any seeming reason and go to another room, and then he would take his cane and start out, and some one would say, "Father, where are you going?" and he would answer, "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something! Though he was a tender-hearted man I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After 60 years' living together it was hard to part. And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this gospel, and I come to them and offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this gospel well. Sit down, father or mother, sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come, David, the psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the psalmist; "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright. He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah; "down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your ailing eyesight and falling limbs.

Trust in God's Providences. You get a little worried for fear that some time you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp to you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? What do you think the Lord is? Are his granaries empty? Will he feed the raven and the rabbit and the lion in the desert and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. And do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say, "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not. If you were of no more use, he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you 70 or 80 years? He thinks more of you to-day than he ever did because you think more of him. May the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Paul the aged be your God forever! But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined that no one shall go out of this house unrefreshed. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician lest he touch the wound too roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician. So I come to your timid and shrinking soul to-day and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medication.

But people when they have trouble go any where rather than to God. De Quincey took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the gospel.

Gathering Cloves. Cloves are now cultivated in many of the tropical regions of the earth. A clove-tree begins to bear at the age of ten years and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five years. There are two crops a year, one in June and one in December. The tree is an evergreen and grows from forty to fifty feet high, with large oblong leaves, and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty. The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava. The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green, and at the time of gathering bright red. Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark color which proclaims them ready for shipment. In this country and in England they are used almost wholly as a condiment, but in France they are used largely in the manufacture of certain liquors; and to some degree they are employed in medicine for their tonic properties.

Petroleum Kills San Jose Scale. The farmer has found petroleum his best friend in dealing with other pests than the mosquito. It is the only thing that will kill the tree scales, including the famous San Jose scale, and it is the sovereign remedy for a line of bacterial ill in vegetation. Not merely the invisible parasites are combated with oil, but the visible insects, as well. Kerosene emulsion goes far to compensate for the loss of insectivorous birds out of doors, and is absolutely indispensable in dealing with the pests in poultry houses and stables.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII. AUG. 25: GENESIS 22: 1-14.

Golden Text—By Faith Abraham, When He Was Tried, Offered Up Isaac—Heb. 11: 17—Abraham and Isaac—3: 13; Supreme Test of Faith.

Historical Setting.—Time.—Probably about B. C. 1871. Twenty-six years after our last lesson. The exact time is uncertain. It depends on the age of Isaac, who was born B. C. 1896. He was certainly a young man at this time. He was twenty-five, as Josephus says, then the date of the present lesson would be 1871. Place.—Abraham's home was now Beersheba instead of Hebron, as in our last lesson. It was a town on the southern border of Palestine, forty-five miles south of Jerusalem.

I. The Supreme Test of Abraham's Faith and Obedience.—Vs. 1, 2. "The sacrifice of Isaac was the supreme act of Abraham's life. The faith which had been schooled by so singular an experience and by so many minor trials was here perfected and exhibited as perfect. The strength which he had been slowly gathering during a long and trying life was here required and used. This is the act which shines like a star out of those dark ages, and has served for many storm-tossed of souls over whom God's bid- lows have gone, as a mark by which they could still shape their course when all else was dark."

II. Abraham Endures the Test. Like Gold Tried in the Fire.—Vs. 3-14. "3. And Abraham rose up early." An early start on a journey is all-important in the East. Thus would the traveler avoid the heat of the day in the open sun.—Whedon. "Saddled," girdled, to carry the wood, "Clave the wood." He carried the wood with him to have that which was dry and would burn.

4. On the third day. The usual time to take them to go the forty-five miles to Jerusalem. "Saw the place afar off." The hill Moriah can be seen about three miles by a traveler from Beersheba.—Stanley.

5. And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here. He would be alone in his agony, and in his communion with God. Isaac, too, had a spiritual conflict and victory, and all would be best done with only father and son present, and no onlookers. It was for the same reason as Christ's command to enter into thy closet, and to pray in secret, but will reward openly (Matt. 6: 6).

6. The wood.—and laid it upon Isaac. As the younger and stronger, and as his part of the load, while Abraham carried the brazier of fire. "And he took the fire in his hand." That is, carrying in his hand the vessel containing the wood of the fire. Caravans carry with them the iron grating for the fire, and sometimes, owing to the difficulty experienced in obtaining a light, the charcoal fire which has been used the previous night is carried, suspended by a chain and kept burning. "Catalogue's Treasury. Matches were not then invented, and fire was difficult to kindle.

7. My father, where is the lamb for a burnt offering? Only the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary surpass this.—Jacobus.

8. My son, God will provide himself a lamb. In v. 14 the expression is "Jehovah will provide," and the place is named "Jehovah-jireh."

9. And bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar. This must have required a faith and obedience in Isaac that made him the worthy successor of his father as the heir of all the promises.

10. And Abraham . . . took the knife. Abraham, so far as his heart and his intent are concerned, has shown the deed virtually done. Paul shows that he was regarded by God (Heb. 11: 17). "By faith Isaac, when he was tried, offered up Isaac." It is not the act, so much as the deed and the purpose of heart, which God regards. He will take the will for the deed, but never the deed for the will.—Jacobus.

11. The angel of the Lord (Jehovah) called unto him out of heaven. A voice so familiar to Abraham not to be once recognized as that of God himself.—Bush.

12. Lay not thine hand upon the lad. Abraham had now gone as far as God intended. The event shows that he never intended Abraham to sacrifice his son, but only to have the mind and will that would give his best to God, and would obey God to the utmost. "Now I know that thou fearest God." Abraham had perfectly borne the test. The moral purpose of the trial was accomplished, and there was no need of going further. The shortest and surest way out of trials is perfect submission to God's will.

13. And behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns. Here occurs the wonderful substitution in which God set forth as in a figure the plan of the Mosaic economy for the offering of animal victims instead of human sacrifices.

III. The Supreme Blessing.—Not so much a reward, as a result made possible by this act of faith, the promises to Abraham were renewed and emphasized. It would not be well for a bad man, or a weak man, or a man of little faith, to have his descendants multiplied as the stars of heaven and as the sand upon the seashore.

IV. Practical Lessons and Illustrations.—1. Everything must be tested before it is safe to put it to use—the ship, the engine, the bridge. And there must be a stronger test for a larger use. The whole of life is a testing and an education by testing.

2. Most of the time the trial is through little things, every-day thoughts and experiences. These are often a severer trial than most great things.

3. Then a few times in life come great and severe trials, like college or school examinations, as distinct from the daily recitations.

4. The trials of life are often a great mystery to the one who suffers the trials. "If God is so rich, why does he let us be so poor? If God is so strong, and so good, why does he let us have so much pain and sorrow?" He gives us for answer: "To prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments, or no" (Deut. 8: 2).

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