

## A WONDERFUL WORD.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE PREACHES AN ABLE SERMON ON "COME."

This Word May Be Used for Good or for Evil—It Is Found Many Times in the Scriptures—It Beckons, Other Words Drive.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 18.—Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning to an overflowing congregation in the Academy of Music, this city. At night, when The Christian Herald service was held in the New York Academy of Music, fully six thousand persons were massed in the large building. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and at its close many persons in various parts of the house rose at the invitation of the preacher to ask for prayers for their salvation. Dr. Talmage chose the following texts for his sermon: "Come" (Gen. vi, 18); "Come" (Rev. xxii, 17).

Imperial, tender and all persuasive is this word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times is it found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the post-diluvians into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons.

All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of church and from the seraglio of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heifer of most of the past, and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and prodigal. It is the mightiest of all sollicitants either for good or bad.

ALL THE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY IS IN THAT WORD.

Today I weigh anchor, and haul in the planks and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the farther shore. I will let down the fathoming line into this sea and try to measure its depths, and, though I tie together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word "Come." The dictatorial and commendatory in religion is of no avail. The imperious mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people saved. They cannot be driven.

Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which keep young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word "Come!" That man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions, and the trials of twenty or thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

MANY SLAIN BY THAT WORD "COME."

You must remember that in many cases our "come" has a mightier "come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "come." "Come and click wine glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gambling table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation." "Come with me and read those innuendo tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay boat through underground New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "come."

A SUBLIME FAITH. I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury lane, London, in a humble home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found a kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said, "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter in the home said, "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said, 'What is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house?' she said, 'My child, God will provide. Thirty years he has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help though we do not yet see how.' We have been waiting all the day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things

the world may call coincidences, but I call them almighty deliverances, and though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

But the word "Come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive today, and in good health and buoyant in this journey of life, who would have been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion!

So we say "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences and say "Come!"

HOW TO COME.

What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to console! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow storm on a prairie of the far west. Night coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh, and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and, as the tendency of those who are thus confused in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round; for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all-persuasive invitation.

THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world—the prosperities or the adversities, the consoling or the obscuring. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others, the envious and jealousies are let loose from their kennels. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; one reaches it, and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects.

On the other hand the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business, and the uncertainty of crops, and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike, and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands of such heroes and heroines who live unstung and die unhonored.

What we all need, whether up or down in life or half way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle or saw or ax or yardstick or pen or type or shovel or shoelast, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency, no one need be left in the lurch.

A SUBLIME FAITH.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury lane, London, in a humble home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found a kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said, "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter in the home said, "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said, 'What is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house?' she said, 'My child, God will provide. Thirty years he has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help though we do not yet see how.' We have been waiting all the day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things

the world may call coincidences, but I call them almighty deliverances, and though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackles? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No; no! As the one word "Come" has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then sending down in an avalanche of power many of these gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "Come, for all things are now ready." "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come' and let him that hearth say 'Come' and let him that athirst come." "The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned, and rightly lifted, and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky saying "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Yea, all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming "Come, come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who will come!

PEACE!

When Russia was in one of her great wars the sufferings of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says peace?" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says peace?" and all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says peace?" Then the messenger responded, "The czar says peace." That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches.

So today, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry: "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "Who says peace?" I answer, "Christ our King declares it." "My peace I give unto you." "Peace of God that passeth all understanding!" Everlasting peace!

A Military Road in the West.

A military road was constructed by the United States government to connect the military posts of the far west with one another. Beginning at Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri river, it passed through Fort Riley at the junction of the forks of the Kaw, and then, still keeping up the north side of the Republican fork, went on to Fort Kearny, still farther west, then to Fort Laramie, which in those days was so far on the frontier of our country that few people ever saw it except military men and the emigrants to California. At the time of which I am writing there had been a very heavy emigration to California, and companies of emigrants, bound to the golden land, still occasionally passed along the great military road.

Interlacing this highway were innumerable trails and wagon tracks, the traces of the great migration to the Eldorado of the Pacific; and here and there were the narrow trails made by Indians on their hunting expeditions and warlike excursions. Roads, such as our emigrants had been accustomed to in Illinois, there were none. First came the faint traces of human feet and of unshod horses and ponies; then the well defined trail of hunters, trappers and Indians; then the wagon track of the military trains, which in course of time were smoothed and formed into the military road kept in repair by the United States government.—Noah Brooks in St. Nicholas.

A Proposed Railway Revolution.

The ideal construction for a railway absolutely to avoid derailment would seem to be tubular, with the cars inside; but as tunnels are decidedly unpopular we must confine our cars by devices placed entirely below the windows. Fortunately the modern methods of bridge truss design lend themselves readily to a trough like construction of considerable depth, with undercut sides that will confine the wheels, or some other projecting part of a car running in the trough, so that it cannot escape in any direction. This, too, can be done without much extra material beyond that required for the depth and consequent strength of the trusses themselves. Such construction is obviously unobjectionable for crossing any other kind of roadway at grade, and therefore must, in many situations, be elevated upon columns or arches.—Oberlin Smith in Forum.

Destructive Sea Waves.

In 1864 a revolving storm passed over Calcutta, the accompanying wave rose ten feet above the highest spring tides, and drowned 45,000 persons. Coringa was destroyed by a storm wave in 1789, and 20,000 people perished. A great hurricane blew at Karatong in 1846, and a vessel from Tahiti was driven by the storm wave over the palm trees island. Her captain informed a missionary that he felt the tree tops grating against his vessel's bottom as she sped along with the wave.—Chambers' Journal.

## SOCIETY'S BLESSINGS.

CONVERSATIONALIST AND THE CLEVER DINNER GIVER.

Philosophical Reflections Upon the Necessities of Perfect Social Success—Three Indispensable Requirements—Three Opinions.

Three young men stood upon the street corner the other day. One was an "old chappie," the other was an "old man," and the third was a "dear boy." They were discussing the question of what were the greatest blessings on earth. "Old chappie" thought a woman who conversed well was the noblest work of the Almighty; but then he is a great talker himself, and was speaking entirely from a personal point of view. The "old man," being a great eater, declared a man that gave good dinners was the best man in the world, and the "dear boy," who is rich and lazy, thought a good family servant was the most desirable thing on earth. They were not far out the way, after all. Now, the woman who listens well is the one that converses well, for conversation is not monologue. The person that simply listens, although she appears to listen well, will eventually be found out. She is not so modest, if she is bright, that she is content to hear simply what you have to say without having her own say. You are boring her, and you'll find it out, and then your conversation will not have been pleasant to you. She is a flatterer, this listener, and nothing less. She starts you on your hobby. She is wrapt in attention as you ride the poor brute to death.

You pause for an instant and she says a word showing the deepest interest in a subject that is in reality entirely uninteresting to her, and off you go again. But when you finally dismount your Rosinante and take your leave you are painfully conscious that you did all the talking; that your ideas were being exhibited the whole evening, and if you know that she has ideas of her own you cannot help the reflection that she might herself have wished to give them a little airing, and you may come to the conclusion that the lady has been practicing a mild amount of hypocrisy.

"Old chappie" was right when he said a woman that conversed well was a social blessing, and there are many more blessings of this kind among women than there are among men. Women, generally speaking, have more leisure than men have; they read more light literature, they see more company, and they give more attention to the elegancies of life. Unfortunately the men who do nothing in our country, who should be the ones to cultivate the ornamental side of life, are not usually capable of cultivating anything but their own personal adornment.

But if it is impossible to get a good conversationalist out of a fool that does nothing it is equally impossible to expect a man to cultivate this luxury of social life when almost all of his time is devoted to his business or his profession. The shop should not be lugged into the parlors or the dining room, but how can it be expected that it should be excluded from those sacred precincts when men spend so much of their time in the shop? There should be more leisure, and then there would be more men who are able to maintain agreeable conversations. Where the conversationalist shines with most luster is at dinner, and this brings us around to the remark at the beginning of this article of the "old man," who thought that the giver of good dinners was the greatest social blessing of all. Perhaps he is, and he is not only a blessing, but he is usually a man of intelligence as well. "Cookery is an art," says Brillat Savarin, "but to roast requires genius." That is a remark that applies to cooks and not to the employers of cooks.

The latter require talent, not only in the planning of the menu but also in the selection of the people who are to discuss it. A man is generally dependent upon the servants in the matter of the food and its cooking, and the good masculine dinner giver is thus nearly always a man of means; but the female dinner giver, who is the greatest blessing of all, need not be rich. Bad housekeepers, careless wives who do not love good eating themselves and are indifferent to the feelings of others, always have poor cooks.

But the woman who takes the trouble to teach the cook and to superintend her when she is engaged in her difficult art—may, the elegant, well bred lady who does not disdain herself to sometimes make a good dish, and who is not ashamed to tell her guests that their praises of it are due to her rather than to her cook—this is the woman whom to dine with is a pleasure.

The subject of servants is perhaps the most important household problem of the present day. The truth of the matter is that American life doesn't develop good servants. The American would rather do anything else than be a servant, because the servant is so generally degraded into a mere menial. To blacken another man's boots, to help another man to dress, to run on another man's errands, to be obliged to submit without a word to the humors and petty tempers of another man—all this is something that clashes with the independent feelings of the Americans. Because of this valets and butlers are never Americans, but are usually foreigners, who swallow their pride, pocketing "perquisites" in the mean time.

The colored man likewise, that used in the old times to be the ideal house servant, is getting too independent to follow his old calling with humility. There is not a bright outlook in this question of men servants. There will be no change for the better, as indeed it is unreasonable to expect that there should be. If any change is desirable it is a change on the part of the employers. If they would treat their servants less as menials and more as employes who are equals, and are only subject to reasonable orders which they must execute respectfully, then there might be a larger supply of men who are willing to become house servants.—Washington Star.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

MANURES FOR WHEAT.

In an experiment made by the North Carolina experiment station a series of plots was laid out in such manner that one end of each plot should be on land on which cow peas had been previously plowed under and the other end on land without peas. The whole was sown to wheat, and kainit, acid phosphate and cottonseed meal were applied to the several plots, singly and in combination, two plots being left without any fertilizer. The result was that on the land which had had no fertilizer the highest increase of any of the fertilized over the unfertilized plots was four bushels per acre for 200 pounds cotton-seed meal, while on the green manured land the increase from the pea vines was from six bushels at the least to fifteen bushels per acre, averaging ten bushels.

THE CHESTNUT AS A TIMBER TREE.

The value of the chestnut as a timber tree is increased by the fact that the stumps of cut trees have unusual power of producing shoots, which soon form trunks large enough for posts and railway ties, so that a forest of chestnut trees may be cut over every thirty or forty years and continue productive during several generations, according to *Garden and Forest*. The American chestnut possesses a great deal of value as an ornamental tree. It grows rapidly even in light, porous drift, and soon makes a handsome round-headed specimen. It is very beautiful when it is covered early in July with its showy yellow flowers, whose odor some people find, however, extremely disagreeable. Few insects prey upon its handsome glossy foliage, and the fruit, which grows and ripens in the short period of about two months and a half, possesses even in its unimproved condition considerable money value.

DILUTING FRESH MILK.

[Jersey Bulletin.]

Perhaps the most valuable lessons learned in the dairy world during 1890 were taught by the failure of the ice crop of last winter. Creameries and many large dairies had become so accustomed to a plentiful supply of ice that they had come to think they could not get along without it. But experiment and experience have discovered that by diluting fresh milk 25 per cent. with either warm or cold water the time of cream raising may be so much reduced as practically to do away with the necessity of using ice for creaming milk. The lesson is of great value, and has already been the means of saving many dollars, and, rightly used, may become so a means of saving more. We do not know of any carefully conducted experiments bearing upon the point, but from the few observations made by ourselves we are inclined to think that those who have made really good butter without the use of ice will find that it keeps sweet longer and stands up better when exposed to the air than butter made with ice. When ice is abundant it is apt to be used too freely and the milk, cream and butter be made too cold. Whether or not diluting the milk has any influence on the creaminess of the cream remains to be tested so far as we know.

SHELTER FOR COWS.

[Southwestern Cultivator.]

"Why do cows require more shelter now than they did years ago? This is a question often asked with all confidence in the assumption that it is true. But is it true? The cows of 'years ago' probably required just as much shelter as those of to-day, but they did not get it. Many cows to-day require more shelter than they get. They would do better and be of more profit to the owners if they were better sheltered, fed and cared for. But it is unreasonable to expect a cow that excels and is the product of better conditions to retain and show her excellence to the same degree under unfavorable treatment that she would under better conditions. She possesses a superior and necessarily a more sensitive and tender organism; it is therefore more easily deranged and injured. Force her to live under the conditions of the cows of 'years ago' and you will make her like the cows of 'years ago'—perhaps not quite so tough and rugged, but inferior and scrubby like her. As the rich when reduced to poverty and self-help suffer more than those who are used to such hardships and never knew better fare, so the high-blooded cow of to-day, when subjected to neglect and abuse, suffers more and does not stand it as well as the scrub that never knew a better condition.

GENERAL NOTES.

Hatching hens' eggs take twenty-one days; ducks and turkeys, twenty-eight days; geese, thirty days.

Infertile eggs can never be hatched, and never become rotten. A rotten egg is a sign that there has been a germ of life.

Saunders and kerosene oil are among the best exterminators of vermin, whether in the vegetable or animal kingdom.

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ARISING FROM A  
DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH  
OR AN  
**INACTIVE LIVER.**

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