

WAS DEAD, YET LIVES

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON AN ONLY SON.

Christ the Man and Christ the God—The Master of Life and Death—The Wonders of the Resurrection—Christ In Season of Sorrow.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 19.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Australia on his round the world tour, has selected as the subject for today's sermon through the press "An Only Son," the text chosen being Luke vii, 12-15: "Now, when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and much people of the city were with her. And when the Lord saw her he had compassion on her and said unto her, Weep not, and she came and touched the hem, and they that bore him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee arise! And he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and he delivered him to his mother."

The text calls us to stand at the gate of the city of Nain. The streets are a-rush with business and gaiety, and the air is deafened with the hammer of mechanism and the wheels of traffic. Work, with its thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, fills all the street, when suddenly the crowd parts, and a funeral passes. Between the wheels of work and pleasure there comes a long procession of mourning people. Who is it? A trifer says: "Oh, it's nothing but a funeral. It may have come up from the hospital of this city, or the almshouse, or some low place of the town," but not so, says the serious observer.

There are so many evidences of dire bereavement that we know at the first glance some one has been taken away greatly beloved, and to our inquiry, "Who is this that is carried out with so many offices of kindness and affection?" the reply comes, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow." Stand back and let the procession pass out! Hush all the voices of mirth and pleasure! Let every head be uncovered! Weep with this passing procession and let it be told through all the market places and bazars of Nain that in Galilee today the sepulcher hath gathered to itself "the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

There are two or three things that, in my mind, give especial pathos to this scene. The first is, he was a young man that was being carried out. To the aged death becomes beautiful. The old man halts and pants along the road, where once he bounded like the roe. From the midst of immedicable ailments and sorrows he cries out, "How long, Lord, how long?" Footsore and hardly bested on the hot journey, he wants to get home. He sits in the church and sings, with a tremulous voice, some tune he sang 40 years ago and longs to join the better assemblage of the one hundred and forty and four thousand who have passed the flood. How sweetly he sleeps the last sleep! Push back the white locks from the wrinkled temples. They will never ache again. Fold the hands over the still heart. They will never toil again. Close gently the eyes. They will never weep again.

But this man that I am speaking of was a young man. He was just putting on the armor of life, and he was exciting to think how his sturdy blows would ring out above the clangor of the battle. I suppose he had a young man's hopes, a young man's ambitions and a young man's courage. He said: "If I live many years, I will feed the hungry and clothe the naked. In this city of Nain, where there are so many bad young men, I will be sober and honest and pure and magnanimous, and my mother shall never be ashamed of me." But all these prospects are blasted in one hour. There he passes lifeless in the procession. Behold all that is left on earth of the high hearted young man of the city of Nain.

There is another thing that adds very much to this scene, and that is he was an only son. However large the family flock may be, we never could think of sparing one of the lambs. Though they may all have their faults, they all have their excellencies that commend them to the parental heart, and if it were peremptorily demanded of you today that you should yield up one of your children out of a very large family you would be confounded, and you could not make a selection. But this was an only son, around whom gathered all the parental expectations. How much care in his education! How much caution in watching his habits! How would carry down the name to other times. He would have entire control of the family property long after the parents had gone to their rest. He would stand in society a thinker, a worker, a philanthropist, a Christian. No, no. It is all ended. Behold him there. Breath is gone. Life is extinct. The only son of his mother.

where, day by day, he ate out of an earthen bowl—everything put into that bowl. One day his hand trembled so much he dropped it, and it broke, and the son, seated at the elegant table in midfloor, said to his wife, "Now we'll get father a wooden bowl, and that he can't break." So a wooden bowl was obtained, and every day old grandfather ate out of that, sitting in the corner. One day, while the elegant young man and his wife were seated at their table, with chased silver and all the luxuries, and their little son sat upon the floor, they saw the lad whistling, and they said, "My son, what are you doing there with that knife?" "Oh," said he, "I'm making a trough for my father and mother to eat out of when they get old!"

But this young man of the text was not of that character. He did not belong to that school. I can tell it from the way they mourned over him. He was to be the companion of his mother. He was to be his mother's protector. He would return now some of the kindnesses he had received in the days of childhood and boyhood. Aye, he would with his strong hand uphold that form already enfeebled with age. Will he do it? No. In one hour that promise of help and companionship is gone. There is a world of anguish in that one short phrase, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow."

Now, my friends, it was upon this scene that Christ broke. He came in without any introduction. He stopped the procession. He had only two purposes to make—the one to the mourning mother, the other to the dead. He cried out to the mourning one, "Weep not," and then, touching the bier, on which the son lay, he cried out, "Young man, I say unto thee arise!" And he that was dead sat up.

I learn two or three things from this subject, and first that Christ was a man. You see how that sorrow plied upon all the chords of his heart. I think we forget this too often. Christ was a man more certainly than you are, for he was a perfect man. No sailor ever slept in ship's hammock more soundly than Christ slept in that boat on Gennesaret. In every nerve and muscle and bone and fiber of his body, in every emotion and affection of his heart, in every action and decision of his mind he was a man.

He looked off upon the sea just as you look off upon the waters. He went into Martha's house just as you go into a cottage. He breathed hard when he was tired, just as you do when you are exhausted. He felt after sleeping out a night in the storm just like you do when you have been exposed to a tempest. It was just as humiliating for him to beg bread as it would be for you to become a pauper. He felt just as much insulted by being sold for 30 pieces of silver as you would if you were sold for the price of a dog. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot he was a man. When the thorns were twisted for his brow, they hurt him just as much as they hurt your brow if they were twisted for it. He took not on him the nature of angels. He took on him the seed of Abraham. "Ecce homo!"—behold the man!

But I must also draw from this subject that he was a God. Suppose that a man should attempt to break up a funeral obsequy. He would be seized by the law, he would be imprisoned, if he were not actually slain by the mob before the officers could secure him. If Christ had been a mere mortal, would he have a right to come in upon such a procession? Would he have succeeded in his interruption? He was more than a man, for when he cried out, "I say unto thee, arise!" he that was dead sat up. What excitement there must have been thereabout! The body had lain prostrate. It had been mourned over with agonizing tears, and yet now it begins to move in the shroud and to be flashed with life, and at the command of Christ he rises up and looks into the faces of the astonished spectators.

Oh, this was the work of a God! I hear it in his voice; I see it in the flash of his eye; I behold it in the snapping of death's shackles; I see it in the face of the rising slumberer; I hear it in the outcry of all those who were spectators of the scene. If, when I see my Lord Jesus Christ mourning with the bereaved, I put my hands on his shoulders and say, "My brother," now that I hear him proclaim supernatural deliverance, I look up into his face and say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Do you not think he was a God? A great many people do not believe that, and they compromise the matter, or they think they compromise it. They say he was a very good man, but he was not a God. That is impossible. He was either a God or a wretch, and I will prove it, if a man professes to be that which he is not, what is he? He is a liar, an impostor, a hypocrite. That is your unanimous verdict. Now, Christ professed to be a God. He said over and over again he was a God, took the attributes of a God and assumed the words and offices of a God. Dare you now say he was not? He was a God, or he was a wretch. Choose ye.

tent, unhindered and unabashed. That hand that was nailed to the cross holds the stars in a leash of Jove. That hand that dropped on the boom in fainting and death shall make the world quake at its nod. That voice that groaned in the last pang shall sweep over the trembling world that time shall be no longer. Oh, do not insult the common sense of the race by telling us that this person was only a man in whose presence the paralytic arm was thrust out well, and the devils crouched, and the lepers dropped their scales, and the tempests folded their wings, and the boy's satchel of a few loaves made a banquet for 5,000, and the sad procession of my text broke up in congratulation and hosanna!

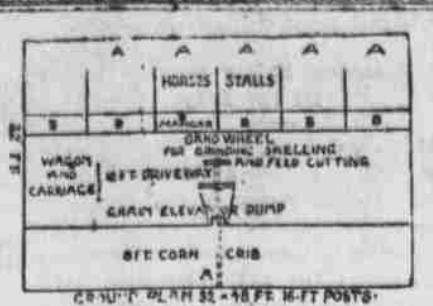
Again, I learn from this subject that Christ was a sympathizer. Mark you, this was a city funeral. In the country, when the bell tolls, they know all about it for five miles around, and they know what was the matter with the man, how old he was and what were his last experiences. They know with what temporal prospects he has left his family. There is no haste, there is no indifference in the obsequies. There is nothing done as a mere matter of business. Even the children come out as the procession passes and look sympathetic, and the trees shadows seem to deepen, and the brooks weep in sympathy as the procession goes by. But, mark you, this that I am speaking of was a city funeral. In great cities the carriages jostle, and there is mirth and gladness and indifference as the weeping procession goes by. In this city of Nain it was a common thing to have trouble and bereavement and death. Christ saw it every day there. Perhaps that very hour there were others being carried out, but this frequency of trouble did not harden Christ's heart at all. He stepped right out, and he saw this mourner, and he had compassion on her, and he said "Weep not!"

Now I have to tell you, O bruised souls, and there are many everywhere—have you ever looked over any great audience and noticed how many shadows of sorrow there are? I come to all such and say, "Christ meets you, and he has compassion on you, and he says, 'Weep not.'" Perhaps with some it is financial trouble. "Oh," you say, "it is such a silly thing for a man to cry over lost money!"

Is it? Suppose you had a large fortune, and all luxuries brought to your table, and your wardrobe was full, and your home was beautiful by music and sculpture and painting and thronged by the elegant and educated, and then some rough misfortune should strike you in the face and trample your treasures and taint your children for their faded dress and send you into commercial circles an underling where once you waved a scepter of gold, do you think you would cry then? I think you would. But Christ comes and meets all such today. He sees all the straits in which you have been thrust. He observes the sneer of that man who once was proud to walk in your shadow and glad to get your help. He sees the protested note, the uncanonized judgment, the foreclosed mortgage, the heartbreaking exasperation, and he says: "Weep not. I own the cattle on a thousand hills. I will never let you starve. From my hand the fowls of heaven peck all their food. And will I let you starve? Never; no, my child, never!"

Perhaps it may be a living home trouble that you cannot speak about to your best friend. It may be some domestic unhappiness. It may be an evil suspicion. It may be the disgrace following in the footsteps of a son that is wayward, or a companion who is cruel, or a father that will not do right, or a wife that will not have a vulture striking its beak into the vitals of your soul, and you sit there today feeling it is worse than death. It is. It is worse than death. And yet there is relief. Though the night may be the blackest, though the voices of hell may tell you to curse God and die, look up and hear the voice that accented the woman of the text as it says, "Weep not."

Earth hath no sorrow That heaven cannot cure. I learn, again, from all this that Christ is the master of the grave. Just outside the gate of the city Death and Christ measured lances, and when the young man rose death dropped. Now we are sure of our resurrection. Oh, what a scene it was when that young man came back! The mother never expected to hear him speak again. She never thought that he would kiss her again. How the tears started, and how her heart throbbled as she said, "Oh, my son, my son!" And that scene is going to be repeated. It is going to be repeated 10,000 times. These broken family circles have got to come together. These extinguished household lights have got to be rekindled. There will be a stir in the family lot in the cemetery, and there will be a rush into life at the command, "Young man, I say unto thee arise!" As the child shakes off the dust of the tomb and comes forth fresh and fair and beautiful, and you throw your arms around it and press it to your heart, angel to angel will repeat the story of Nain, "He delivered him to his mother." Did you notice that passage in the text as I read it? "He delivered him to his mother." Oh, ye troubled souls! Oh, ye who have lived to see every prospect blasted, peeled, scattered, consumed, wait a little! The seedtime of tears will become the wheat harvest. In a clime cut of no wintry blast, under a sky palled by no hurrying tempest and amid redeeped ones that weep not, that part not, that die not, friend will come to friend, and kindred will join kindred, and the long procession that marches the avenues of gold will lift up their palms as again and again it is announced that the same one who came to the relief of this woman of the text came to the relief of many a maternal heart and repeated the wonders of resurrection and "delivered him to his mother." Oh, that will be the harvest of the world. That will be the coronation of princes. That will be the Sabbath of eternity.



The interior of corncrib should be made of 1 by 4 inch strips perpendicular. Driveway may be covered all over and large hay doors made in each gable to receive the hay, or partly cover and put hay up from inside; should be about three windows back of horses. Cost of barn will depend upon location and size.

Growing Carrots. At the Oregon station better success has been gained with carrots than with mangels. The beets are affected by dry weather during the summer months more than the carrots. Very often the mangels will scarcely recover from the effects of the drought sufficient to make growth after the rains come in September or October. It is not so with the carrots, which send their roots deeper and are thus able to gather moisture from the lower layers of the soil. These roots seem to enjoy the dry weather, and while they do not make much growth as in a vigorous condition to make rapid strides during the fall.

Among the new varieties grown at this station the Mastodon makes the best yield. It is smooth, uniform in shape and yellowish in color. The flesh is very firm, which is indicative of good keeping qualities. The White Voges, grown for the first time last season, is one of the best varieties. It is the most uniform in shape of any variety and is very smooth. The flesh is white and firm. Of the varieties which have been grown successfully upon the experimental grounds for several years the Long White Belgian takes the lead, and the improved Long Orange is next. For young calves and colts and for older horses carrots are a most excellent food to keep the digestive organs in a healthy and vigorous condition. Bran, shorts, ground oats or oilmeal assist in making a good milk ration when carrots are fed to cows, according to the station's report.

Field Experiments With Fertilizers. Results obtained in 1892 at the Kentucky agricultural experiment station in field experiments with fertilizers for corn, potatoes and tobacco are thus summarized in a bulletin recently issued: 1. Wherever potash was one of the ingredients of the fertilizer used, whether on corn, tobacco or potatoes, there was an increased yield. 2. That where phosphoric acid or nitrogen or both were used without potash there was scarcely any increase in yield over those plots receiving no fertilizer. 3. That there was a profit in the use of fertilizer in every instance where potash was one of the ingredients. 4. That there was a loss by the use of fertilizer where potash was not one of the ingredients, except in the tobacco experiments. 5. That potash fertilizer applied on corn has shown its effect for four seasons after the application.

The soil of the station farm, it ought to be explained, is what is termed "blue grass soil." Good Health Above Wealth. Everybody knows this, and if questioned will acknowledge it. Yet many who will spend any amount of labor in getting money, when it comes to taking a precaution against sickness or using some simple remedy for its cure, will use neither time nor money. Alcock's Porous Plasters are the cheapest and most efficient external remedy ever offered for the relief and cure of pains in the chest, side, back and limbs. Stiffness in the joints, strains and twitching of the muscles disappear under their touch, and even deep seated pains of the stomach, liver and kidneys are relieved and cured. Alcock's Porous Plasters are a mine of wealth in that they enable man to work for wealth.

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