FARMING A GOSPEL TYPE

TALMAGE TALKS TO A GONGREGA

A Fine For Flowing, a Fine for Sowing, a Fine for Harrowing, a Time for Reap-

LERANON, Par, Aug. II.—Pie American Farmer's ancampment at Mount Grotia, near this city, broken listoned attentively to a romarketole discourse by the great Brooklyn peraction, Nev. Dr. Do With Talmage. The subject was one poculiarly subject to the vast audience, being ou "Farming a (rospet Type," I. Kings size 18; "Rishe the son of Shephat, who was plowing with twolve oxen before him, and he with the search."

"Noah was the first farmer. We say not thing about Cain, the titles of the soil. Adam was a gurdener on a large souls, but to Noah was given allesse across of the earth. Wisha was an agriculturist, not culturing a fen-acre but, for in my text you find him flowing with twick a yoke of exem vefore him, and he with the walve. In little times the land was so planty and the inhabitants so few, that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of the land, that land, if eithered, ever after to be like own possession. They were not small erops raised in those times, for though the arts were rule, the

times, for through the arts were rune, the plaw turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the east of the harvesters. Piny tells of one stalk of groun that had on it harvesn three and four numbed ears. The rivers and the brooks through artificial chemist, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a fiver whoseverit is wanted, Solomon refers hand of the Lord, and He turneth it as the

The wild beart was caught, and then a kepk was put into their now, and then they were led ever the field, and to that God refers when He says to wicked Sennacherly: "I will put a heek in thy ness and I will bring theo back by the way which thou cause." And took has a hook in every man's now, whether it he Nebuchadusen or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but sometime in his life or in the per of his donth, he will find that the Lord Limitely has a hook in his note.

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This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalf not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the foily of over putting intelligent and useful and phable men in association with the ambient and the unmanageable. The this majority of troubles in the churches and in reformation with the command of the Lord: "Thou shall not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Montitue paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax- Johnad 7,000 sheep 8,000 camels, 500 yoke of ozen. The time of

sheep as an annual tax? Johnson 7,000 safely 8,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of whitage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the Winepress, and then have men would get into the press and trample out the jutes from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ Himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifizion, made this alluston when the question was asked; the hopotogo are then red in thine apparel Winavatt Ha responded to have trodden

In all ages there has been great honer paid to appointing. Sovereighths of the brophe in every country are discluded the play. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrial flow you manry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthaga, Straba wrote twenty-sight Books on agricultural Hashed wrote a poem on the same subject. The Works and Dayse Onto was presider of his work on husbandry than all of his military conquests. But I much not be topped into a discussion of agricultural complicate Standing amid the thevests and orchards and vineyards of the Bills, and standing amid the harvests and freneris and vineyards of our own country hand to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace the sout all those sucred writers making

to the first place I conark, in grace as in the first there must be a place. That which wans (all conviction is only the plow show turning up the sine that have been so told and matted in the soul. The diffon a with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subset plow of God's fruth ought to be put

th up to the beam.

Aty worst is to all Sathanis-golool teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—from the place And If in four personal experience you are up to take a lentent view of the shiful side of your nature, put down into your soul the ten commandments which feven the boliness of (Jed., and that sharp and allthoung coulter will turn up your soul to the deepost depths. If a man presches to you that you are only a little out of order by is a on of sin and that you need only a His of kingsup, he deceives! You have suffor at an appailing injury by reason of sinthe the druggist could give you one drop that would kill the body. And sin is like that

dine is virtient, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Doop plowing for a crop, beep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Proken al or no harvest. Why was it that Proton all or no harrest. Why was to that the publican and the publican and the publican and that michosuch allo about their sins! Had they best that senses! No. The plowdare stock those. Conviction turned up a practical chings that were forgotten. As a farmman, things that was targetten. As tarther prowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monager long ago buried, so the plowshare of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sin long ago smeanhed. Geologists never brought up from the dopths of the mountain mightler

the hyperment or megatherium.

10th what means all this crocked plewing, these crocked furrows, the repentance that continue, the repentance that colds in nothing? Men processor that colds in nothing? Men processor that the but in nothing? Mon group over their sine but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but determined. They get convicted, but determined the farm we get a standard with a real flag at the chier one of the held. We kept our eye on that We almed at that We plowed up to that Louise dath of the matter of conviction we must keye some alandard to guide us. It is a real transfer that the cross Keeping your eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Louise again of it you will make a straight furrow. Louise again of it you will make a straight furrow. Louise again to the form will make a straight furrow. Louise again to the form will make a straight furrow. Louise again to the cross that you will make a straight furrow. Louise again to the group will make a straight furrow. Louise again to the order in the contact of the horizontal place of the cross, but at the up right place in the contact of the horizontal place of the cross, but at the up right place in the contact of the horizontal place of the cross, but at the up right place in the contact of the horizontal place of the cross, but at the up right place in the contact of the horizontal place of the cross, but at the up right place in the contact of the horizontal place of the cross.

The largest denomination in this country is the denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system of negations. You say to one of them, "What do you believe?" "Well, I don's relieve in infant haptism?" "What do y believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints. Well, now, tell me what do you believe? "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of cyphers. Relieve something, and teach it; or, to resume the figure of my text, scatter abroad the right kind of seed.

kind of seed.

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to the harrow thut goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but a harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sluking it down into the earth so that it can take root. There are now kinds of harrows, but the harrow as I remember it was made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the underside of doth har was furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses were hitched to it, it went tearing and leaping across the field, griving the seed down into the earth until it spring up in the harvest. Re-resymment, sorrow, persecution, are the Lord's harrows to sink the gaspel truth into your heart. There were truthe that you heard thirty years ago that have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth wie harvowel in, and it has contemp. What did God mean in, and it has conteup. What did fod mean in this country in [167] For a century there was the gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnes of it produced no result. Then God narnessed a wild panie to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall street and up Wall street, down Third street and up Third street, down State street and and up Third street, down State street and up State street until the whole land was torn to please as it never had been before. What followed the harrows A great awakening in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow,

as crop.
Again, I remark, in grace so in the farm Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a metter of economics or indurance. They expect to resp in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Getter up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this after noon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank (local for what you have and next for more. for what you have and pray for more. You for what you have and pray for more. You are no worse ensiavened than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scongged than was Paul. Yet, amid the ratting of fetters, and amid the glocm of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of food. The weakest man here has 500 acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse, You wonder why this great trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ab, that fromble is the grindstone on which you sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as four pull them down. To the fields! Reap!

"Again, fromark, in grace as in farming there is a time for threshing. I tell you buntly that it is death. Just as a farmer beats the wheat out of the straw, so death beats the soul out of the body. Meery slokness is a stroke of the flath, and the sickbed is the threshing-floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw! That is all. An agod man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the many porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmy he received the message to leave this world. He hade a pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rails the kindred. come, wasting ones more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hates from his brow; it will never ache Fut him away in the slumber of the He will not be afraid of that night. Granifather was never affaid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrecfion. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice always mingled in the doxe-logy of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything glastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the

straw. That is all.

The Savier folds a lamb in his bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are all scattered up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the strate. That is all. hand that plucked four o'clocks out of the meadow is still f it will wave the eternal friumph. What if the voice that made amsie in the home is still ! It will sing the ternal heading. Put a white rose in one hand and a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow ; the wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white rose for victory, the red flower for the Savier's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for the marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no. The sun went down and the flower shur. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying, boy, the sep of one of my elders "Dear Lord, give me sleep," and we closed his eyes and he awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said: "Those last wants were beautifully poetic. 'Dear Lord, give me sleep.'
"Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath

"Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath That the reaper came that day;
Twas an angel that risited the earth.
And took the flower away."

And took the flower away."

So it may be with us with our work is all dose. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have one more thought to present. I have opened of the plowing, of the sowing, of the tarrowing, of the reaging, of the threaking. I must now speak a moment of the partering.

Where is the garner! Need I tell your charactering. Where is the garner! Need I tell your charactering. Where is the garner! Need I tell your charactering of the partering of the hard that are the same hard the real time of the hard that are the put it to their hot lips and they order, of the pressible let this and they order, of the pressible let this

of it you will make a groome reprove.

If the gross. Aith not at either end of the horizontal piece of the gross, but at the upright piece if the gross, but at the upright piece if the country of it, the heart of it.

Son of field will be a grown to give repeated by the piece in the grown to be a Prince and Savieur to give repeated in the gross.

Again, I remark in grace as in the field there will not allow these sheaves to portain in the country of the antifundation weather you that the farmer going across the field at a stride of about two price in the antifundation that a stride of a stride in pute his limit into a sack of grain and he sprinkles this a call even over the field at a stride of a pute his limit into a sack of grain and he sprinkles this a call even over the field at a stride in pute his limit into a sack of grain and he sprinkles this a call even over the field in field the field. It looks affly to a more wind, and the old wagthe field. It looks affly to a more wind the wind, and the old wagthe field. It looks affly to a more wind the wind, and the old wagthe field. It looks affly to a more wind the wind, and the old wagthe field the pute his limit into a sack
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ulled so have the harness came up in effeather on their lack, and when the one when struck the cornect theor of the or, until the workings gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain, the horse pullet in the load; then they were unharmessed, and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the now. O my friends, our getting into leaven may be a pull, a hard getting into heaven may be a pull, a narve pull, a very heret pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I soe the load at last com-ing in the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks

under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, can go no rarther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the we coming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard; "Harvest home!"

The Newsboy's Story. Joe was a newsboy, mister.
Differ'nt from all the rest;
Scarce a day over seven,
An' a weak little chap at best.

Timid an' bashful sorter; 'Most like a gal in his ways; Never would chaw terbacker, An' cues, an' take in the plays

An' 'stead of tryin' to down him, The fellers was kind to Jos; An' lots bought papers of him, a'cause Of the hump on his back, yer know. An' I from from the first right to him, An' he somehow collared to me, Till we parded it all 'cept night time Lived with his mother, yer see.

She had worked till the fever took her, An' nothin' was left to eat; But the kid, you kin bet, was plucky, An' so he struck for the stree

An' hustlet Well, now you're shoutin'! Sailed right in like a brick! All for that mother of his'n, Lyin' so weak and sick! Ketch him foolin' his money

Away like the other chaps, Matchin' a feller pennies, Orplayin' a game of craps! Monu Books at a Stanley Dinner.

An admirable detail of the American tes-An admirable detail of the American tes-timonial banquet to Mr. Stanley last evening was the book of the menu. In place of the usual card, every diner found in front of him a handsome gilt-edged album bound in sub-stantial leather—Carthaginian cowhide, some-body wished those present to observe—stamp-ed with a heraldic device on which the name Stanley was boldly emblasoned 'mid Stars and Stripes and laurei offered by the spread eagle. Opening this book, the guests were pleasantly confronted not only with the particulars of the feast, but with finely executof photographs of its heroes, and of the tes-imphial shield and medallions to be presentdimonial shield and medallions to be presented to them. Under the photographs appeared the autographs of the originals, and in the case of Mr. Stanley's officers the compliments bestowed upon them by Mr. Stanley himself in the well-chosen words appropriate to each. Mr. Stanley's own certificate of merit, presumably drawn up by the commit-tee ran thus: "Henry M. Stanley, with de-votion to duty, served in the Magdala and Ashantee campaigns, found and relieved Dr. Livingston, first circumnavigated the great lakes of Central Africa, first revoked the extreme southern sources of the Nile, discovered the Albert Edward Nyanza, first traced the Congo to the sea, created the Congo Free State, discovered the Mountains of the Moon, and rescued fimin Pasha." This interoccasion precured the committee, from those present, many compliments. Nobody was observed to leave his menu behind.—London

Who Are the Greatest Readers? Which class of our population is the most addicted to reading! Some interesting light is thrown on this question by the latest report of the Birmingham Free Libraries Committee. Amongst other tables therein given is one showing the occupation of borrowers admitted during 1889. Here are some of the fgures: Scholars and students, 1,392; clerks and book-keepers, 1,138; errand and office boys, 301; teachers, 208; shop assistants, 290; jeweilers, 216; compositors and printers, 192; milliners and dresemakers, 100. Almost at the bottom of the list come journalists, news agents, 2; and reporters, 2. Is this, because they have libraries of their own, or because the people who write in newspapers

loss their taste for reading books?-Pail Mall The Largest wan for Russia. The Krupp Company has just despatched, the largest gun which has ever been man-ufactured from Essen to Hamburg for ship-ment to Cronstadt, it being the property of is made of east steet, weighs 255 tons, and has a calibre of 1314 inches, and a barrel 40 feet in length. It flies two shots per minute, and each charge costs £300. It was tested at Essen before a number of fluesters. and after penetrating 19 inches of armour the projectile went 1,400; yards beyond the Right.—Truth.

Raying Crasy. Witness-An' then, Mr. Sime, thar, 'lowed he was a rooster, an' strapped on a tin bill, an' went to pickin' corn with the chickens.

Probate Judge-Probably the extreme heat made him a little flighty. He'll come ont of it all right, I reckon,

Witness-Next day he wandered out on the street, an' told every new-comer he met that this town wa'n't boomin', an'-Spectators (in one voice) - Ravin' crazy!-

He Discavered Her Age. Mary Jane-What did yeb tell Silas Jone Mary Jane what did yet tell Shat Jones when he ast yeh for me the other night that yeh had set apart a calf for me on my first birthday?

Ifor Father—I thought he'd like ter know

Mary Jane-Well, after yeh told him he went down the the barnyard an' counted the rise on the ole cow's horns an' I ain't seen him direct.—Charter.

The They Roop Their Heads Dry.

Build Dis never going into the surf with
Jack again. He ducked me yesterday.

Mand-And washed off the paint, eht-

When it comes to stories of queer dreams. the person most reticent about this form of if-revelation is likely to think if not to sent-revenued is akely to think it not to speak of some extraordinary experience in the Land of Nod. When Dr. Holmes "saw huge fishes boiled to rage bob through the bubbling brine" in his famous nightmare of

PADRE VERDUGO'S CATS.

Padre Rateo Verdugo was the venerable priest in charge of an Indian mission near the coast of California. The mission is now a majestic ruin; but sixty years ago Padre was a busy man.

One morning while the sacristan slept, Padre Mateo sat outside his door with a big The padre had almost failen asleep, when, hearing the patter of bare feet, he looked up to see dark-skinned boys carrying a litter of kirtens towards the creek.

"Que! Que!" cried the padre, rubbing his "Que! Que!" oried the padre, rubbing his eyes. "Would you destroy the poor ki'tous?" "Si, padre," replied one little Indian. "Para que!" questioned the priest. "They are too many, padre," answered the little Indian, poking his great too in the

"But wait! The pretty things! They have not yet beheld the light of day. Give them to me!" cried the benignant priest. "They shall not perish, for I will care for them myself. Are they not pretty, my worthy Gaudaloupet Open thine eyes for one in-

Had the sacristan foreseen the conseque he would have made remonstrance before

he padre's passion strengthened; but, being leepy and selfish, Guadaloupe settled himself for another nap.

At the end of the second year Padre Mateo's cats were the bane of the sacristan's

"Must I," thought he, with rising spleen, "I, who am seventy years old and have a stitch to my back-must I, besides dusting the altar and ringing four heavy bells and nes to yowling cats! Es vergonzoso, in-

Had he not feared the padre's malediction he would have murdered the creatures without compunction. The cats figurished, and out computation. The case it girlsned, and the padre's fondness increased, and Guadaloupe was scolded more frequently than ever. "Heart of stone!" the priest would exclaim, "would you let them starve? I am sure you gave no milk to Carmina's new kittens this day? and well you know she has not nourishment enough for them all! You shall do

remonstrate with great humility, "I had no milk left after supplying the sick babe of the squaw who died last week. Surgly the kittens can wait.

"Wait!" stowned to

not wailing from hunger even now? Their cries pierce my heart Howcan I leave them to your charge, and go away for eight long days- and go I must !

At these words hope sprang up anew in Guadaloupe s perfid ous heart.
"Art thou going away, everend padre?" he asked, meekly. "Am I indeed, to be left alone for eight days?"

"It is true," replied the riest, sadly. "I must go. I am summonel to report to my superior at San Luis Rey; and the journey will receive the san Luis Rey; and the journey will receive a san Luis Rey; and the journey will receive a san Luis Rey; and the journey will receive a san Luis Rey; and the journey will receive a san Luis Rey; and the journey will receive a san Luis Rey; and the journey will receive a san Luis Rey; and the journey and the san Luis Rey; and the journey are large.

will require eight days. But how can I got The Indians can get along vell enough, to be sure, but what, I ask you heart of wood,

what will become of my cats?"

Next day, as Padre Mato trudged slowly down the road, a sardonic smile came upon the countenance of the wicked sacristan It was nearing mid-day. Already Ignatius, the oldest and leanest and hungriest of the cate had appeared, sniffing, to learn if dinner was being cooked.

"I will teach thee-villais!" muttered the sacristan, fiercely, as he bused himself building a fire. "I will teach thee to sit and glower at me while I work till my body shakes When the meal was nady Guadaloupe

went to the door, "Come, Carlota, dearest! Come, my Pedro! Come, (arios!" he called, tenderly. Hasten within, for thy dinner waits! Be quick, then; al of you!" When the cats were sated, Guadaloupe, after tightly closing the doors, hurried to the chapel. From the altar he selected the largest crucifix, and, bearing this in the left

Holding the crucifx before him, the sacristan entered the room where the cats were assembled. "Now wetches! brutes! villains!" he shouted, and at each word came a cut from the whip,—"finds! monsters! ungrateful beasts! Receive your punishment."

The astonished creatures leaped from their

till at last he could no longer wield the

Thrice each day a sinilar scene was enact ed, till at the sight of he crucifix the creatures would spring willly from their seats

and seek to escape.
Padre Mateo returned at night, and was welcomed cordially bythe perfidious sacristan. In the morning, fundaloupe called the padre to the breakfast neal.

Guadaloupe shruggedhis shoulders, with a look of sadness: "Speaknot of them, rever-

"But I want my cats!"
"Your excellency—I lear you have been

"Where are my cats?"
"Well, then, I will call them, venerable
padre, but first let me speak. I fear the creatures are not mere common cats, else why did they conduct themselves so strangely in

your absence?"
"Nonsense!" roared the padre. "Call my "But wait, your revenue, As your rev-

"But wait, your revence, As your reverence knows, it is my duty always, on a Thursday, to clean the andlesticks and the sacred crucifixes on the alta. Your reverence well remembers that it is my custom always to bring them offside into the air that the dust may not soil its altar cloth. What will your reverence that when I reveal the wickedness of your reverence's cats? They are all devils, surely, ilse why should they run from the crucifix, is the evil one would

"Nonsense!" roared he padre. "Call my cate!" So the sacristal did as he was bid.
"Now," said Padre Lateo, triumphantly, when all the cats were sated about the table, "we will test this thing! Bring in the cruci

fix!"

Without a word thewicked sacristan flewto the chapel, and retuned holding the sacred
emblem aloft before his. At its appearance
the unhappy cats gaves discordant howl of
despair, and fied.

As the last swellen tail disappeared the
pedre gave a gasp and aught the sacristan's
arm for support.

"Devils!" he wailed at last, wringing his
trembling hands. "hings of evil! Alasi
alas! How ye have desired me! My worthy
Guadaloupe, thou hat spoken truly—but—
oh! how I have loved them!

"Get thy gun, my juadaloupe. They are
fiends! Get thy gun and rend their wicked
hearts!"

Someting in R. from my wife.
Brown—Did she pt anything in it she gave it to you!

Robinson—Oh, ye. the unpaid bill for pocketbook was in it—Manney's Westiy.



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hand, and a great unip behind him in his right hand, he remrned to the padre's EYE, EAR & THROA

DR. G. S. RYERSON.

The astonished creatures leaped from their seats and tore maily about the little room, but they could not get bey ond the reach of Guadaloupe's whip. He lashest right and left, still holding the crucifix before him, till at last he could no longer wield the May be consulted at his rasidence, 60 Colleg Avenue, Toronto.

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