

# THE TALMAGE SERMON

## SHEEP THAT ARE NOT OF THE CHURCH FLOCK.

Bring Them In and Put on Their Helmets, Their Sandals and Their Breastplates—The Battleground Is Yonder, the Fight Is On.



HERE IS NO MONOPY in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we may fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park at which we look through the barred gateway, wishing we might go in and see the deer and the stags, and the sheep, and the sheep-dog.

royal conservatory. No, it is the Father's orchard and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood, next to the country school house, there was an orchard of apples, owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying, and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. One day, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who were ruined by the same temptation, some of us invaded that orchard; but we soon retreated, for the man came after us at a speed remarking on our lameness worse, and cried out, "Boys, drop those apples, or I'll set the dog on you!"

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world; but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business here though the Lord wants them all to come and take the finest and ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea that because you were baptized at thirteen months of age and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, that thereby you have a right to one whole side of the good table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? If I tell you no, you will have to haul in your elbows, for I shall place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there; for, as Christ said to his favored people long ago, so he says to you and to me: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

MacDonald, the Scotchman, has four or five dozen head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some of them are in his yard; they are scattered around in eight or ten different places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says: "I see you have thirty sheep; I have just counted them." "No," says MacDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than that. Some are here and some are elsewhere. They are scattered all around about. I have four or five thousand in my flocks. Other sheep I have which are not in this fold."

So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians and there is a knot of Christians but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pentecostal fold, the only difference between these last two being the mode of sheep washing, and so they are scattered all over; and we come with our statistics and say there are so many thousands of the Lord's sheep; but Christ responds: "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of my flock. They are scattered all over the earth. Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Christ, in my text, was prophesying the conversion of the Gentiles with as much confidence as though they were already converted; and he is now, in the words of my text, prophesying the coming of a great multitude of outsiders that you never supposed would come in, saying to you and saying to me: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

In the first place, I remark, that the heavenly Shepherd will find many of his sheep among the non-church goers. There are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skeleton leaves which, by chemical preparation have had all the greenness and verdure taken off them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week and with ostrich feathers dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of a church is an armory with perpetual sound of drum and bugle; gathering recruits for the Lord of Hosts. We say to every applicant: "Do you want to be on God's side, the safe side and the happy side? If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to be cleansed. Here are sandals to put upon your feet. Here is a helmet for your brow. Here is a breast plate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battle field. Quit yourselves like men!"

There are some here who say: "I stopped going to church ten or twenty years ago." My brother, is it not strange that you should be the first man I should talk to to-day? I know all your case; I know it very well. You have not been accustomed to come into religious assemblage, but I have a surprising announcement to make to you; you are going to become one of the Lord's sheep. "Ah," you say, "it is impossible. You don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about it. I have wandered up and down the world and I understand your case. I have a still more startling announcement to make in regard to you; you are not only going to become one of the Lord's sheep, but you will become one to-day. You will stay after this service to be talked with about your soul. People of God, pray for that man! That is the only way for you. I shall not break off so much as a crumb for you, Christians. In this sermon, for I am going to give it all to the outsiders. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

When the Atlantic went to places on Mars' Rock, and the people clamored upon the beach, why did not that heroic minister of the Gospel, of whom we have all read, sit down and take care

of those men on the beach, wrapping them in flannels, kindling fire for them, seeing that they got plenty of food? Ah, he knew that there were others who would do that. He says: "Yonder are men and women freezing in the rigging of that wreck. Boys, launch the boat!" And now I see the oar blades bend under the strong pull; but before they reached the rigging a woman was frozen and dead. She was washed off, poor thing! But he says: "There is a man to save;" and he cries out: "Hold on five minutes longer and I will save you. Steady! Steady! Give me your hand. Leap into the life boat. I thank God he is saved!" So there are those here to-day who are safe on the shore of God's mercy. I will not spend any time with them at all; but I see there are some who are freezing in the rigging of sin and surrounded by perilous storms. Pull away, my lads! Let us reach them. Alas! one is washed off and gone. There is one more to be saved. Let us push out for that one. Clutch the rope. Oh! dying man, clutch it as with a death grip. Steady, steady, on the slippery places. Steady there! Saved! Saved! Just as I thought. For Christ has declared that there are some still in the breakers who shall come ashore. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Christ commands his ministers to be fishermen, and when I go fishing I do not want to go among other churches, but into the wide world, not sitting along Hobokus creek, where eight or ten other persons are sitting with hook and line, sailing off and dropping net away outside, four or fifty miles from shore. Yes, there are non-church goers here who will come in. Next Sabbath they will be here again, or in some better church. They are this moment being swept into Christian associations. Their voice will be heard in public prayer. They will die in peace, their bed surrounded by Christian sympathies, and to be carried out by devout men to be buried, and on their grave be chiseled the words: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." And on resurrection day you will get up with the dear children you have already buried and with your Christian parents who have already won the palm. And all that grand and glorious history begins this hour. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Again I remark, that the heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many sheep among those who have been flogged of evil habit. It makes me sad to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links and after they had run out there was nothing to touch the depth of a very bad case. If they were hunting and got off the track of the deer, they would look longer among the brakes and bushes for the lost game than they have been looking for that lost soul. People tell us that if a man has delirium tremens twice, he can not be reclaimed; that after a woman has sacrificed her integrity, she can not be restored. The Bible has distinctly intimated that the Lord Almighty is ready to pardon four hundred and ninety times; that is, seventy times seven. There are men before the throne of God who have wallowed in every kind of sin; but, saved by the grace of Jesus and washed in his blood, they stand there radiant now. There are those who have plunged into the very lowest of all the hells in New York, who have for the tenth time been lifted up, and finally, by the grace of God, they stand in heaven gloriously rescued by the grace promised to the chief of sinners. I want to tell you that God loves to take hold of a very bad case. When the church casts you off and when the club room casts you off and when society casts you off and when business associates casts you off and when father casts you off, and when mother casts you off and when every body casts you off, your first cry for help will bend the Eternal God clear down into the ditch of your suffering and shame.

The Good Templars can not save you, although they are a grand institution. The Sons of Temperance can not save you, although they are mighty for good. Signing the temperance pledge can not save you, although I believe in it. Nothing but the grace of the Eternal God can save you, and that will if you will throw yourself on it. There is a man in this house who said to me: "Unless God helps me I can not be delivered. I have tried everything, sir; but now I have got in the habit of prayer and when I come to a drinking saloon I pray that God will take me safe past and I pray until I am past. He does help me." For every man given to strong drink there are scores of traps set; and when he goes out on business to-morrow he will be in infinite peril, and no one but the everywhere-present God can see that man through. Oh! they talk about the catacombs of Naples and the catacombs of Rome and the catacombs of Egypt—the burial places under the city where the dust of a great multitude lies; but I tell you New York has its catacombs and Boston its catacombs and Philadelphia its catacombs. They are the underground restaurants, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Young man, you know it. God help you. There is no need of going into the art gallery to see the skillful sculpture that wonderful representation of a man and his sons would around with serpents. There are families represented in this house, that are wrapped in the martyrdom of fang and scale and venom—a living Laocoon of ghostliness and horror. What are you to do? I am not speaking into the air. I am talking to hundreds of men who must be saved by Christ's gospel or never saved at all. What are you going to do? Do not put your trust in bromide of potassium, or in Jamaica ginger, or in any thing that apothecaries can mix. Put your trust only in the Eternal God and he will see you through. Some of you do not see temptations every day. It is a periodic temptation that comes every six weeks or every three months, when it seems as if the powers of darkness kindle around about your tongue the fires of the pit. It is well enough at such a time, as some of you do, to seek medical counsel; but your first and most inopportune cry must be to God. If the fiends will drag you to the slaughter, make them do it on your knees. Oh, God! now that the paroxysm of thirst is coming again upon that man, help him! Fling back into the pit of hell the fiend that assaults his soul this moment. Oh, my heart aches to see men go on in this fearful struggle without Christ.

There are in this house those whose hands so tremble from dissipation that they can hardly hold a book, and yet

I have to tell you that they will yet preach the Gospel and on communion days carry around consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody because of their holy life and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is going to save you. Your home has got to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The church of God is going to rejoice over your discipleship. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

While I have hope for all prodigals, there are some people in this house whom I give up. I mean those who have been church goers all their life, who have maintained outward morality but who, notwithstanding twenty, thirty, forty years of Christian advantage, have never yielded their heart to Christ. They are Gospel hardened; their names now and if they would rise up they would rise up in scores. Gospel hardened. A sermon has no more effect upon them than the shining moon on the city pavilion. I can say: "The publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of God before them." They have resisted all the opportunity of Divine mercy, and have gone on, during thirty years, through most powerful earthquakes of religious feeling and they are further away from God than ever. After a while they will lie down sick, and some day it will be told that they are dead. No hope! But I turn to outsiders with hope that thrills through my body and soul. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." You are not Gospel hardened. You have not heard or read many sermons during the last few years. As you have never yielded to anything, you are novel and all the services are suggestive of your early days. How sweet the opening hymn sounded in your ears and how blessed is this hour. Everything suggests to you that you do not weep, but the shower is not far off, and you have noticed that there is already a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas for the future! Everything is dark—so dark, so dark! God help me! God pitie me!" Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition, that sets all heaven flying this way, and God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennel, and around the poor wounded soul but the coverlet of his pardoning mercy. Hark! I hear something fall. What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheep fold. The shepherd lets them down and the hunted sheep of the mountain land in some of them their fleece torn with the briars, some of them their feet lame with the dogs; but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

### FLYING MACHINES.

#### They May Be Perfected, But Man Himself Will Never Be Able to Fly.

Mr. Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the famous gun which bears his name, is a firm believer in the possibility of so far perfecting flying machines that they may be used in warfare. He has been explaining his views on this subject to a contributor to Cassell's Saturday Journal, who has been to see him at his English residence at Boxley. Mr. Maxim thinks that highly civilized nations, able to make and use first-rate machinery, will in the near future utilize flying machines in their armies. This mode of warfare, he believes, could be carried on in spite of armaments and weapons of war as we understand them now, and if one civilized nation used flying machines in such a way, others would be compelled to follow suit. At the same time, he has no faith in man's ability to fly. In France, especially, attempts have been made to navigate balloons, and vast sums of money have been spent upon them, but no balloon has ever been navigated against even a very light wind. Another point, Mr. Maxim thinks, is this, that man will never be able to fly by energy derived from his own muscles. A man with sufficient energy would have to weigh seventy-five pounds to have forty-pound muscles to his arms and seventy-pound muscles to his chest, and he would have to have a breast-bone twenty-eight inches.

#### Nickel-in-the-Slot Gas Meters.

The use of the "nickel-in-the-slot" gas meters for small consumers attracts a good deal of attention in England. There are estimated to be between 80,000 and 100,000 houses and tenements, for instance, in South London without any gas supply and the prepayment meter is looked upon as the solution of the problem of furnishing gas to the poor people occupying such premises. The cost of gas is greater than it is to the ordinary consumer, and hence a higher rate of charge is necessary. The would-be consumer of this class will not buy fittings and pay for fitting them, nor can he put down a deposit, which he generally does not possess. A quarterly account or monthly bill is out of the question where removals of tenants are so frequent and hence the tariff has to be raised in order to help the gas company recoup itself on the unusual investment. But the service proves a great boon to the workmen of humbler condition and hence the rapid extension of the system is expected.

#### It Was a Brilliant Affair.

A London society woman, wishing to give a fancy ball recently, was besieged by letters after her invitations were out asking permission to appear in an ordinary evening dress. Alarmed at the prospect of a colorless ball, she diplomatically replied that any woman over thirty-five might come in evening dress. The ball was a brilliant affair, and every woman came in a character gown. Which story is matched by one told at a woman's club last week of the efforts of a good clergyman to interest the women of his flock in some church movement. "I will ask," said he, at the close of the sermon, "the elderly ladies of the congregation to remain a few minutes after the benediction." He found himself alone with one woman—the mother of the teller of the story, who, at thirty-five, was willing to sacrifice herself for the sake of her pastor and remained to point out to him his grievous blunder. The same notice, differently worded, the following Sunday, secured a numerous response.

#### Ready for Anything.

Fair Patient—Is there no way of telling exactly what is the matter with me, doctor?

Dr. Emdee—Only a post-mortem examination would reveal that.

Fair Patient—Then, for heaven's sake, make one. I don't see why I should be squashed at such a time as this.

## IS BATTLE SCARRED.

### MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH AND HER ARMY WORK.

She Tells of Her Struggles in Behalf of Those Who Have Fallen by the Wayside—A Woman of Beautiful Character in Blue.



WE ARE REACHING, and reaching, and still we touch but the fringes of the problem," said Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, her fine eyes dilating as she talked of rescue work. "A problem—yes, that is the way that every one is approaching it, and yet I doubt if it will ever be solved so. It must be done individually—through individual toiling and battling on either side, through men struggling to free themselves and their country from that evil which brings shame upon themselves and so much misery upon others. Through women struggling to put away that despair which comes to a woman when she has erred, and she reasons that she has nothing left but to go on sinking, down, down to the uttermost depths, and then—suicide, or death in a hospital—and then—the potter's field!"

The speaker shut her eyes for a moment of weariness. There is no affection or cant about Mrs. Ballington

changed heart and regenerate life, and that there is nothing impossible. Oh, I have seen brought into our rescue homes criminals so depraved and wrecked that it has seemed that all we could do for them would be to pass them through the hospital, treat them with a little love, and then bury them. And I have seen these same poor creatures arise clothed and in their right minds, praising God and living upright and honest and useful lives in his service. A miracle? Yes, we believe in miracles of that sort."

### The Depth of the Pacific.

A little more than thirty miles from the coast of Japan the Pacific ocean is found to be more than 4,643 fathoms deep. Some officers, surveying for a telegraph cable, had their wire break at this depth without reaching the bottom. This is said to be the deepest sounding ever made, and is so deep that the two highest mountains in Japan, placed one over the other in this abyss, would leave the summit of the upper one two thirds of a mile below the surface of the water.

### HENRY CLAY EVANS.

#### The First Republican Governor of Tennessee.

Below is a portrait of Henry Clay Evans, the first republican governor that the state of Tennessee has ever had. Gov. Evans is still on the sunny side of 50, and with the exception of the executive of South Carolina, is the youngest governor in the south. Though a republican in name, he does not agree with his party on the lead-



MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Booth. She is simply a sweet young woman in army dress, one with natural beauty and refinement and repose of manner that come but with birth and breeding.

Even the austere garb can not conceal her womanly charm, any more than the enforced plainness of her coiffure can tame the riotous waves of her bonnie brown hair or the earnestness of her mien disguise the racing dimples or the gleam of perfect teeth. When one thinks of it afterward, a little figure in the garb of a Salvation army soldier has, but strange setting in a handsome modern drawing room, and yet among the marbles and bronzes and tapestries and broadsides of Mrs. William Jordan's splendid rooms Mrs. Booth fits in like a jewel in its proper socket. She laughs a little when somebody drops a remark about her costume. "Yes, we of the army are wonderfully free from the tyranny of dressmakers; our gowns last a long while and they never go out of fashion, nor are they ever too good to kneel down in the public streets or to go into the vilest slums. When they grow dirty we just wash them with soap bark and they are nearly as good as new, and sleeves—oh! we can always draw our coats over our dress sleeves without the least bit of trouble."

"I wouldn't depreciate the methods of any other organization," she says, "but I do think that the Salvation army has opportunities for rescue work that are unapproached by other and different methods. The army goes into the slums, and learns to know the people, and gathers the fallen into the homes, while most rescue homes simply set their doors ajar, and say 'here is a home for you—if you will come to it.' And the victims don't come. They wait to be brought, and it is the army soldiers which bring them. Oh, I believe that the doctors will do a great deal to help along the work. I'm a firm believer in the medical fraternity. Many a poor girl will turn to a physician with confidences which she never would take to a clergyman. If I hadn't been what I am, I think I should have been a surgeon—they come so near to the hearts and lives of people. In New York we have one dear physician who attends to our rescue home work faithfully and well, and without money and without price—simply for the work's sake! Yes, we take in all grades. Poor drunks, whom we try to keep apart and to themselves; young beginners in crime, whom we also seek to shield from contact with the others, and even those unfortunates who have sunk so low that even the vilest saloon will no longer harbor them. Humanly speaking, I grant you, these last seem beyond redemption, but we of the army believe in the miracle of a

ing questions of the day, he being an advocate of theories heretofore generally ascribed to populists. His election was by a plurality so narrow that a contest has been begun with a view of unseating him. It is not likely, however, that these efforts will meet with any success, particularly as the



HENRY CLAY EVANS.

leading democratic papers are against the plan.

### To Time the Cars.

"Papa," said little Willie the other day as he and his papa were traveling from New Orleans to Bay St. Louis. "I wonder how fast we are going now." They had passed Chef Menteau and the train was bowling along at a fair rate of speed, and little Willie, with his face glued to the window panes of the car, was watching the telegraph poles as they whirled past. "That is easy to tell, Willie," said his papa, pulling out his watch and looking at the second hand. "Now, just count how many clicks you hear, which is the noise made by the wheels of the car passing over the joints of the rails, until I tell you to stop." Willie counted up to thirty, when his papa called out to him to stop. "We are going just about thirty miles an hour." "How can you tell, papa?" said Willie, who was of an inquiring turn of mind. "Well, you see," said his papa. "I just count how many clicks there are in twenty seconds, or from sixty to twenty, as shown by the small hand on my watch, and that is the rate at which we are traveling." Willie wondered much, but did not say a word.

### Those Big Sleeves.

The big sleeves which fashion decrees as the only wear for women are intruding themselves into the wrong places, a Topeka amateur actress having refused to play Lady Macbeth unless she could have balloon sleeves in her sleep walking gown.

## CARVING A TURKEY.

### LAWS LAID DOWN FOR THE WIELDER OF THE KNIFE.

Explicit Directions Given the Carver by a Woman Expert—The Drumsticks Should Wear Paper Ruffles and a Fine Brown Color.

In her admirable little monograph, "Carving and Servicing," Mrs. D. A. Lincoln, of the Boston cooking school, describes the method to be employed where the turkey is carved on the table by the head of the family in the presence of the guests. She begins by stating that in preparing to roast a turkey the bird should first be well trussed, the wings and thighs being brought close to the body and secured in position by skewers. The ends of the drumsticks should either be drawn into the body or crossed over the tail and firmly tied. After roasting the ends of the drumsticks should be freed from the body and trimmed with a paper ruffle, so the carver may, if necessary, take hold of them without soiling his fingers. The turkey should be placed upon the platter with the head at the left. Unless the platter is very large, provide an extra dish and a special fork for serving. Insert the tines of the carving fork across the middle of the breastbone. Cut through the skin between the breast and the thigh. Bend the leg over and cut it off close to the body and through the joint. Cut through the top of the shoulder down through the wing joint. Shave off the breast in thin slices, slanting from the front of the breastbone down toward the wing joint.

If the family be small and the turkey is to be served for a second dinner, carve only from the side nearest you. Tip the bird over slightly with the point of the knife, remove the "oyster" and the small dark portion found on the side-bone. Then remove the fork from the breast and divide the leg and wing. Cut through the skin between the body and breast, and with a spoon remove a portion of the stuffing. Serve light or dark meat and stuffing as preferred. If carved in this way the turkey will be left with one-half entire, and if placed on a clean platter with the cut side nearest the carver, and garnished with parsley, will present nearly as fine an appearance as all but the carver, as when first served.

When there are many to be served, or the carver wishes to show his skill in completely dismembering the bird, put the fork in firmly across the middle of the breast-bone, take off the leg and wing from each side, and slice the whole of the breast before removing the fork, being careful to take a portion of the crisp outside with each slice. Shave off the oyster skin near the neck in order to reach the stuffing. Insert the point of the knife at the front of the breastbone, turn back the wishbone and separate it. Cut through the cartilage on each side, separating the collar-bones from the breast. Tip the body over slightly and slip the knife under the end of the shoulder-blade; turn it over toward the wing. Repeat this process on the opposite side.

Cut through the cartilage which divides the ribs, separating the breast bone from the back. Lay the breast on one side and remove the fork from it. Take the stuffing from the back. Turn the back over; place the knife midway just below the ribs, and with the fork lift up the tail end, separating the back from the body. Place the fork in the middle of the backbone and cut close to the backbone from one end to the other, on each side, freeing the side bones. Then divide the legs and wings at the joints. The joint in the leg is not quite in the middle of the bone, but a trifle nearer the thigh. It requires some practice to strike these joints in the right spot. Cut off the meat from each side of the bone in the second joint and leg, as those when large are more than one person requires, and it is inconvenient to have so large bones on one's plate. It is best to finish the carving before beginning to serve. An expert carver will have the whole bird disjointed and literally in pieces with a very few strokes of the knife.

One must learn, first of all, to carve neatly, without scattering crumbs or splashing gravy over the cloth or platter; also to cut straight, uniform slices. Be careful to divide the material in such a manner that each person may be served equally well. Lay each portion on the plate with the browned or best side up. An essential to easy carving is that the platter be large enough to hold not merely the joint or fowl whole, but also the several portions as they are detached. The platter should be placed near the carver so he may easily reach any part of it. All skewers and strings should be removed before the dish is brought to the table. The carving knife should have a handle easy to grasp, a long, thin, sharp, pointed blade, and be of a size adapted to the article to be carved and to the person carving. A lady or child will prefer a small knife. Be as particular to have the knife sharp as have it bright and clean, and always sharpen it before announcing dinner. The fork should be strong, with long tines, and have a guard. Don't grasp it as though it were a dagger, but let its hilt rest in the palm of the hand, with the fore finger extended down its handle. Do not seem to make hard work of carving. Avoid scowling or contortions of the mouth if a difficult part is touched. Don't let your countenance betray the toughness of the fowl or your own lack of skill. Work slowly and skillfully.

In photographic portraits the very largest size are most in demand.