

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE CHIEFTAIN" SUBJECT OF DISCOURSE.

The Golden Text: "The Chiefest Among Ten Thousand"—Canticles, Chapter V, Verse 10—Jesus Christ Is Chief & Heaven.



THE MOST CONSPICUOUS character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the "vox humana" in all music, the gracefulst line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedral grandeur, and the peroration of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the Alpha and the Omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them: "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

What does that Scripture mean which says of Christ, "He that cometh from above is above all?" It means after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all unite in the words of Paul, and cry out, "Above all! Above all!" But Solomon in his text prefers to call Christ "The Chieftain," and so to-day I hail him.

First, Christ must be chief in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is the most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism, of all the world treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the barn-yard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work in the Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need, is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death, when there is such limitless source. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes, Milton employed 8,000 different words for poetic purposes, Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than 1,000 words that we can manage, and that makes us so stupid.

theological seminaries into our services, and are, after awhile, going to preach Jesus Christ: You will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color, compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm; complete pardon for direst guilt; sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony; brightest hope for grimmest death; grandest resurrection for darkest sepulchre. Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ the Chief! His birth, his suffering, His miracles, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared to put it on. But this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weakest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded, grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins!" said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners, saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we that have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrifying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock, the Christian, from the cups of granite, lily-rimmed, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again I remark that Christ is chief in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stone mason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after awhile he would need. A, there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the conqueror and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the billiards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosy and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's

gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death, and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas! poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shade and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in door of a heathen temple, said: "Glorious to thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Toplady, the great hymn-maker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from his guardsmen, and went bounding, and leaping, and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Hare, in his last moments had such rapturous vision that he cried: "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his finger upon the pulse in his wrist and counted and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after awhile he said: "Stopped!" and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn-out first missionary when, in the Mamertine dungeon, he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is chief in dying alleviations?

So, also, Christ is chief in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit, shall recite the Savior's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flames through which they passed, will say, "This is the Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and, when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitude of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say, "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty, and He made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$100,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land, in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way said: "And I heard in his dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and the men walked on them, harps in their hands, to ring praises withal; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

Where We Are Going.
"I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail and not drift or lie at anchor."—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

IN the suburbs of a nice town we found an enterprising young man working a one-acre market garden where all kinds of garden truck was being nicely and thoroughly cared for. Not a weed was to be seen. Every plant showed a remarkable thrifty growth. We remarked, You must have had lots of rain here. Oh no, says the proprietor, not until quite recently, but I have spent the most of my time cultivating and hoeing this patch, and have sold to date (June 10th) \$30 worth, and his harvest had just begun. Two days later, not far from this place, we heard of a man that was running a twenty-acre garden. We were anxious to see it, and a short drive brought us to the spot. It was a big spot, too. Weeds were numerous all over it. The manager seemed to be in no particular hurry. His entire crop had a backward appearance, and we predict a failure

plug. At only one station of the seven did the topped plots give the larger yield, and the average difference of thirteen bushels per acre in favor of the corn which was not topped was more than the feeding value of the fodder secured.

The Deadly Nightshade.

The nightshade (*Hycosyamus niger*) is frequently found growing in great profusion about old gardens and in plowed fields which are not cultivated to any great extent after the early part of the season. In gardens and fields where much hoeing is done it is not usually seen, and this fact suggests a means of practically exterminating it. It is a low-growing, branching plant of rapid growth. During late summer it bears a profusion of black berries, which are likely to attract the attention of children, and very often we hear of death from their having eaten them. The stramonium is a weed found growing almost everywhere at the north, and I presume at the south as well. It is a plant having coarse, ovate leaves, thick stalks, and large, tubular white flowers borne on short peduncles in the forks of the branches. These flowers are produced throughout the season. It is popularly known as "Jimson weed"—probably a corruption of Jamestown weed, as there is a story extant in old chronicles that several soldiers who had been sent to help quell the Baker rebellion at Jamestown were poisoned by eating a salad made from young shoots of this plant, which they found growing plentifully in the vicinity of the

NOT ALL KILLED BY SHOT.

Splinters Were More Destructive Than Shells in the Russian War.
The recent war between Japan and China has taught the officers of the American navy at least one new thing in the construction of vessels. There will be scarcely any woodwork in the Oregon, that is rapidly nearing completion at the Union Iron works. This is due to the fact that there were more people killed and injured in the seven battles in the orient by flying wooden splinters than by the bullets or exploding shells. Most of the cruisers and battle ships that took part in the war were constructed with steel hulls, and all of them were more or less protected with heavy armor plates. The interior fittings and furnishings of the quarters and the deck coverings, however, were of wood. When a shot pierced the hull of a vessel and tore through the wood in the interior of the ship splinters were sent flying in all directions. In most cases the shot passed through the vessel without injuring any of the crew, but the shower of wooden splinters filled the sick bay and kept the sailmaker sewing up the dead in canvas sacks for burial. On the battleship Oregon practically no wood will be used. All the bulkheads and partitions dividing the rooms in the officers' quarters are to be of iron. No wood will be used on the decks, but instead linoleum will be cemented to the iron deck to prevent slipping. All the doors will be of iron, and all those leading to the decks will be made watertight.

What Makes a Man Do This?

What makes a man of 30 or 40 take a sailboat when he can't sail it, put in his friends or family for ballast, and go right out to capsizing and tragedy? You can't answer that any more than you can explain how such a fool has made out to survive to his present age. Why didn't he reach his deserved fate long before? No one can say. Enough that it does overtake him and he gets from ten lines to a column in the paper, according to how big a fool he was. At the shore we see sailboats run away out into the sound, until they can hardly be seen, and when the clouds come up and it begins to thunder the venturesome amateur who is away out there is the last to start for shelter. He doesn't know enough to know his danger. So it goes each summer, and each summer has its long string of drowning tragedies for a part of its history. But, as we said before, no one summer does it up completely, so as to give civilization a fresh chance. A lot of people are drowned for their folly this year who lived through last year, which was just as good a year for drowning, and a lot will live through this year and go out and drown in 1896 as readily as if they were led.—Ex.

Though contrary to the usual practice, night air will ventilate a cellar more thoroughly and cause less humidity than the hot air of midday. Open the cellar windows at sunset and leave them open until 6 in the morning, and the air will be cooler and drier than if the cellar is closed at night and open during the day. The screens or gratings should be so arranged that the windows can be opened and closed without moving them.—New York Evening Post.

A Mutual Service.
He—I am very unfortunate; it seems I can please nobody.
She—Come, cheer up; I have no one to admire me, either.
He—Tell you what—let's found a society for mutual admiration; I, for instance, admire your beautiful eyes; and what do you admire in me?
She—Your good taste.—Brooklyn Life.

NEWSY MORSELS.
Emily Soldene has been appearing with success in "La Fille de Mme. Angot" at Sydney, Australia.
The latest information from the moon is that 132,856 craters have been counted on its surface, all dead.
Oregon has just passed a law against fishing in the Columbia river on Sunday. It is intended to give the salmon a rest.
There is a warm controversy in Utah over the right of women to vote in that territory next November, when the constitution will be presented for ratification.
After an existence of twenty-two years the English Palaeontological society has come to an end. During its existence it published 550 fac similes of manuscripts and inscriptions.
The butchers of Bridgeport, Conn., have decided to revive an old custom among members of their trade. They will, this year, hold a barbecue and roast a lot of oxen and sheep.
A thief in New York set himself to chase and catch a thief. He succeeded, and made off with the booty, while the victimized piffer of the first part was arrested and locked up.
On the day of the feast of St. Theodore, observed annually at Helmsgen, Roumania, all the young married women go about the town kissing the men and offering them a drink of wine.
Japanese postmen whose routes carry them into the country use bicycles. Their wheels are made by local manufacturers, who have appropriated improvements from both British and American patents.
In the Danish budget a curious tax entitled the "rank tax" is calculated to produce \$2,261. Social rank is highly prized in Denmark, and everyone of any consideration has his clearly defined position in the social hierarchy.
A valuable Greek inscription has recently been added to the Louvre. It comes from the neighborhood of Djerach, in Syria, and contains portions of an ancient law concerning the management of vineyards and their produce under various circumstances.

SILVERY WORMWOOD (ARTEMESIA FRIGIDA).



The cut on this page shows a specimen of silvery wormwood. It will be noticed that the sketch has been made with the main stem cut off so as to condense the illustration. To have the plant as it actually looks, imagine the stem filled with flowers put back on the cane from which it has been cut. The stem is slightly woody at its base and is white-silky. The leaves are base pinnately parted and 2-5 cleft, the

divisions narrow linear. The flower heads are globose, racemose. The plant grows to a height of six feet, and is found on dry hills and among the rocks. Gray, botanist, describes its native habitat as St. Anthony's Falls, Wisconsin, Lake Superior, and northward. Its nearest relative among the plants is common wormwood (*artemesia absinthium*).

for him. Now the one-acre man will have much to say about the remarkable productiveness and great value of Dakota soil, while the twenty-acre man will curse the soil, climate, railroads and everything else but himself. In Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado we have seen the same clearly demonstrated. These facts, coupled with what we have seen in the older eastern states, prompts us to repeat that there is no section of this great country where the intelligent, pushing, enterprising young man with a little money can get as much and as sure an income from his labor and money as in those states, if he will keep in mind the story of the little farm well tilled.—Dakota Farmer.

Topping Corn.
The practice of topping corn is quite common in all parts of the country, but a series of tests made at the different experiment stations show that the work is seldom profitable, and that the loss to the corn is not made up by the fodder secured. At the Mississippi station the plan has been followed during three years, the tops being removed after the corn had become well glazed, and in every case the yield of corn has shown a marked decrease, for which the value of the tops did not compensate. The average loss in the total feeding value has been more than 20 per cent, which is somewhat larger than the usual loss from such work in the north, as the tops are worth less here than there. The records of seven other stations where similar work has been done show the average yield of the fields which were topped to have been 68.3 bushels per acre, while the untouched check plots averaged 81.3 bushels, a loss of 18 per cent from top-

town. We do not hear of much injury from it because its foliage has such a disagreeable odor when disturbed that children are repelled by it, but because of the poisonous qualities which it is known to possess it should be promptly destroyed wherever found. It is a near relative of the tobacco plant, which is not a very favorable recommendation for the latter. Indeed, the narcotic principles of tobacco is simply a variation or modification of the poisonous principle of the stramonium.—The Ladies' Home Journal.

A Long Root.—L. A. Clapp, of Centerville, has had a wonderful experience with the roots of a small elm tree, one of which found its way into a tile drain which conducted waste water from his residence to an old well which he used as a cesspool. The elm root entered the tile through a hole the size of a lead pencil and then proceeded to flourish amazingly. The four-inch tile was completely filled with a fibrous root for a distance of twenty feet to the well, and there a single root extended eighteen feet from the opening of the tile to the water at the bottom of the well. The tree had shown marvelous growth—the result of obtaining nourishment in this manner.—Three Rivers Tribune.