

# THE BUNDLE OF LIFE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Inspired by a Familiar and Homely Simile.

The Things Which Go to Make Up Man's Earthly and Heavenly Existence--They Are Bound Together in the Divine Economy.

Washington, March 5. — Under the familiar image of a bundle Dr. Talmage shows in this sermon the things which go to make up man's earthly and heavenly life; text, I. Samuel xxv, 29, "The soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God."

Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic plea for the rescue of her inebriate husband, who died within ten days, addresses David the warrior in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically and intellectually and spiritually, is a valuable package or bundle, divinely bound up and to be divinely protected.

That phrase "bundle of life" I heard many times in my father's family prayers. Family prayers, you know, have frequent repetitions, because day by day they acknowledge about the same blessings and deplore about the same frailties and sympathize with about the same misfortunes, and I do not know why those who lead at household devotions should seek variety of composition. That familiar prayer becomes the household liturgy. I would not give one of my old father's prayers for 50 eulogistic supplications. Again and again, in the morning and evening prayer, I heard the request that we might all be bound up in the bundle of life, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was a Bible phrase.

Now, the more I think of it the better I like it. Bundle of life! It is such a simple and unpretending, yet expressive comparison. There is nothing like grandiloquence in the Scriptures. While there are many sublime passages in Holy Writ, there are more passages homely and drawing illustrations from common observation and everyday life. In Christ's great sermons you hear a hen clucking her chickens together and see the photograph of hypocrites with a sad countenance and hear of the grass of the field, and the black crows which our heavenly Father feeds, and the salt that is worthless, and the precious stones flung under the feet of swine, and the shifting sand that lets down the house with a great crash and hear the comparison of the text, the most unpoetical thing we can think of—a bundle. Ordinarily it is something tossed about, something thrown under the table, something that suggests garrets or something on the shoulder of a poor wayfarer. But there are bundles of great value, bundles put up with great caution, bundles the loss of which means consternation and despair, and there have been bundles representing the worth of a kingdom.

During the last spell of cold weather there were bundles that attracted the attention and the plaudits of the high heavens—bundles of clothing on the way from comfortable homes to the door of the mission room, and Christ stood in the snowbanks and said as the bundles passed: "Naked, and ye clothed me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Those bundles are multiplying. Blessings on those who pack them! Blessings on those who distribute them! Blessings on those who receive them!

## It is a Precious Bundle.

With what beautiful aptitude did Abigail, in my text, speak of the bundle of life! Oh, what a precious bundle is life! Bundle of memories, bundle of hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of destinies! Once in a while a man writes his autobiography, and it is of thrilling interest. The story of his birthplace, the story of his struggles, the story of his sufferings, the story of his triumphs! But if the autobiography of the most eventful life were well written it would make many chapters of adventure, of tragedy, of comedy, and there would not be an uninteresting step from cradle to grave.

Bundle of memories are you! Boyhood memories, with all its injustices from playmates, with all its games with ball and bat and kite and sled. Manhood memories, with all your struggles in starting—obstacles, oppositions, accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes. Memories of the first marriage you ever saw solemnized, of the first grave you ever saw opened, of the first mighty wrong you ever suffered, of the first victory you ever gained. Memory of the hour when you were affianced, memory of the first advent in your home, memory of the rosate cheek faded and of blue eyes closed in the last sleep, memory of anthem and of dirge, memory of great pain and of slow convalescence, memory of times when all things were against you, memory of prosperities that came in like the full tide of the sea, memories of a lifetime. What a bundle!

I lift that bundle to-day and unloose the cord that binds it, and for a moment you look in and see tears and smiles and laughter and groans and noontays and midnights of experience, and then I tie again the bundle with heartstrings that have some time vibrated with joy and anon been thrummed by fingers of woe.

Bundle of hopes and ambitions also is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will harvest, or what reputation he will achieve, or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win. What makes college commencement day so entrancing to all of us as we see the students receive their diplomas and take up the garlands thrown to their feet? They will be *Fardays* in science; they will be *Tomnyons* in poetry; they will be Willard Parkers in surgery; they will be Alexander Hamiltons in national finance; they will be

Horace Greeleys in editorial chair; they will be Websters in the Senate. Or she will be a Mary Lyon in educational realms, or a Frances Willard on reformatory platform, or a Helen Gould in military hospitals. Or she will make home life radiant with helpfulness and self-sacrifice and magnificent womanhood. Oh, what a bundle of hopes and ambitions! It is a bundle of garlands and scepters from which I would not take one sprig of mignonette nor extinguish one spark of brilliance. They who start life without bright hopes and inspiring ambitions might as well not start at all, for every step will be a failure. Rather would I add to the bundle, and if I open it now it will not be because I wish to take anything from it, but that I may put into it more coronets and hosannas.

## The Power to Think.

Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think—to think of the past and through all the future, to think upward and higher than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abyss to fathom. Power to think right, power to think wrong, power to think forever, for, once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and eternity itself shall have no power to bid it halt. Faculties to love—filial love, conjugal love, paternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enthronement or choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thought of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David, and which we ought to see in every human, yet immortal, being!

Know, also, that this bundle of life was put up with great care. Any merchant and almost any faithful householder will tell you how much depends on the way a bundle is bound. The cord or rope must be strong enough to hold, the knot must be well tied. You know not what rough hands may toss that bundle. If not properly put together, though it may leave your hands in good order and symmetrical, before it reaches its proper destination it may be loosened in fragments for the winds to scatter or the rail train to lose.

Now, I have to tell you that this bundle of life is well put together—the body, the mind, the soul. Who but the omnipotent God could bind such a bundle? Anatomists, physiologists, physicists, logicians, metaphysicians, declare that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. That we are a bundle well put together I prove by the amount of journeying we can endure without damage, by the amount of rough handling we can survive, by the fact that the vast majority of us go through life without the loss of an eye, or the crippling of a limb, or the destruction of a single energy of body or faculty of mind. I subpoena for this trial that man in yonder view 70 or 80 years of age and ask him to testify that after all the storms and accidents and vicissitudes of a long life he still keeps his five senses, and, though all the lighthouses as old as he is have been reconstructed or new lanterns put in, he has in under his forehead the same two lanterns with which God started him, and, though the locomotives of 60 years ago were long ago sold for old iron, he has the original powers of locomotion in the limbs with which God started him, and, though all the electric wires that carried messages 25 years ago have been torn down, his nerves bring messages from all parts of his body as well as when God struck them 75 years ago. Was there ever such a complete bundle put together as the human being? What a factory! What an engine! What a mill race! What a lighthouse! What a locomotive! What an electric battery! What a furnace! What a masterpiece of the Lord God Almighty! Or, to employ the anticlimax and use the figure of the text, what a bundle!

## Is Properly Directed.

Know also that this bundle of life is properly directed. Many a bundle has missed its way and disappeared because the address has dropped and no one can find by examination for what city or town or neighborhood it was intended. All great carrying companies have so many misdirected packages that they appoint days of vendue to dispose of them. All intelligent people know the importance of having a valuable package plainly directed, the name of the one to whom it is to go plainly written. Baggage master and expressman ought to know at the first glance to whom to take it.

This bundle of life that Abigail, in my text, speaks of is plainly addressed. By divine parenthood it is directed heavenward. However long may be the earthly distance it travels, its destination is the eternal city of God on high. Every mile it goes away from that direction is by some human or infernal fraud practiced against it. There are those who put it on some other track, who misplace it in some wrong conveyance, who send it off or send it back by some diabolic miscarriage. The value of that bundle is so well known all up and down the universe that there are a million dishonest hands which are trying to detain or divert it, or so forever stop its progress in

the right direction. There are so many influences abroad to ruin your body, mind and soul that my wonder is not that so many are destroyed for this world and the next, but that there are not more who go down irremediably.

Every human being is assailed at the start. Within an hour of the time when this bundle of life is made up the assault begins. First of all, there are the infantile disorders that threaten the body just launched upon earthly existence. Scarlet fevers and pneumonias, and diphtherias and influenzas, and the whole pack of epidemics surround the cradle and threaten its occupant, and infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes was not more imperiled by the monsters of the Nile than every cradle is imperiled by ailments all devouring. In after years there are foes within and foes without. Evil appetite joined by outside allurements. Temptations that have utterly destroyed more people than now inhabit the earth. Gambling saloons and rummeries, and places where dissoluteness reigns supreme, enough in number to go round and round and round the earth. Discouragements, jealousies, revenges, malevolences, disappointments, swindles, arsons, confagurations and cruelties which make continued existence of the human race a wonderment. Was any valuable bundle ever so imperiled as this bundle of life? Oh, look at the address and get that bundle going in the right way! "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul, and mind and strength." Heaven with its 12 gates standing wide open with invitation. All the forces of the Godhead pledged for our heavenly arrival if we will do the right thing. All angel-doms ready for our advance and guidance. All the lightnings of heaven so many drawn swords for our protection. What a pity, what an everlasting pity, if this bundle of life, so well bound and so plainly directed, does not come out at the right station, but becomes a lost bundle, cast out amid the rubbish of the universe!

## Value of the Bundle.

Know also that a bundle may have in it more than one invaluable. There may be in it a photograph of a loved one and a jewel for a carcanet. It may contain an embroidered robe and a Dore's illustrated Bible. A bundle may have two treasures. Abigail, in my text, recognized this when she said to David, "The soul of my lord is bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God," and Abigail was right. We may be bound up with a loving and sympathetic God. We may be as near to him as ever were emerald and ruby united in one ring, as ever were two deeds in one package, as ever were two vases on the same shelf, as ever were two valuables in the same bundle. Together in time of joy. Together on earth. Together in heaven. Close companionship of God. Hear him, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." And when those Bible authors compared God's friendship to the mountains for height and firmness they knew what they were writing about, for they well knew what mountains are. All those lands are mountains. Mount Hermon, Mount Gilboa, Mount Gerizim, Mount Engedi, Mount Horeb, Mount Nebo, Mount Pisgah, Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount Lebanon, Mount Sinai, Mount Golgotha. Yes, we have the divine promise that all those mountains shall weigh their anchorage of rocks and move away from the earth before a loving and sympathetic God will move away from us if we love and trust him. Oh, if we could realize that according to my text we may be bound up with that God, how independent it would make us of things that now harass and annoy and discompose and torment us. Instead of a grasshopper being a burden a world of care would be as light as a feather, and tombstones would be marble stairs to the king's palace, and all the giants of opposition we would smite down hip and thigh with great slaughter.

A God away up in the heavens is not much consolation to us when we get into life's struggle. It is a God close by, as near to us as any two articles of apparel were near to each other in that bundle that you sent the other day to that shivering home, through whose roof the snow sifted and through whose broken window pane the night winds howled. It was sanctified irony and holy sarcasm that Elijah used when he told the idolaters of Baal to pray louder, saying that their god might be asleep, or talking, or on a journey, or gone a hunting, but our God is always wide awake, and always hears, and is always close by, and to him a whisper of prayer is as loud as an archangel's trumpet, and a child's "Now I lay me down to sleep" is as easily heard by him as the prayer of the great Scotchman amid the highlands when pursued by Lord Claverhouse's miscreants. The Covenantant said, "O Lord, cast the lap of thy cloak about these children of the covenant," and a mountain fog instantly hid the pursued from their bloodthirsty pursuers. I proclaim him a God close by. When we are tempted to do wrong, when we have questions of livelihood too much for us, when we put our darlings into the last sleep, when we are overwhelmed with physical distresses, when we are perplexed about what next to do, when we come into combat with the king of terrors we want a God close by. How do you like the doctrine of the text, "Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God?" Thank you, Abigail, kneeling there at the foot of the mountain uttering consolation for all ages, while addressing David. No wonder that in after time he invited her to the palace and put her upon the throne of his heart as well as upon the throne of Judah.

## Will Be Welcomed in Heaven.

Know also that this bundle of life will be gladly received when it comes to the door of the mansion for which it was bound and plainly directed. With what alacrity and glee we await some package that has been foretold by letter; some holiday presentation; something that will enrich and ornament our home; some testimony of admiration and affection! With what glow of expectation we untie

the knot and take off the cord that holds it together in safety, and with what glad exclamation we unroll the covering and see the gift or purchase in all its beauty of color and proportion. Well, what a day it will be when your precious bundle of life shall be opened in the "house of many mansions" amid saintly and angelic and divine inspection! The bundle may be spotted with the marks of much exposure. It may bear inscription after inscription to tell through what ordeal it has passed. Perhaps splashed with wave and scorched of flame, but all it has within undamaged of the journey. And with what shouts of joy the bundle of life will be greeted by all the voices of the heavenly home circle!

In our anxiety at last to reach heaven we are apt to lose sight of the gloe or welcome that awaits us if we get in at all. We all have friends up there. They will somehow hear that we are coming. Such close and swift and constant communication is there between those uplands and these lowlands that we will not surprise them by sudden arrival. If loved ones on earth expect our coming visit and are at the depot with carriage to meet us, surely we will be met at the shining gate by old friends now sainted and kindred now glorified. If there were no angel of God to meet us and show us the palaces and guide us to our everlasting residence, these kindred would show us the way and point out the splendors and guide us to our celestial home, bowered and fountained and arched and illumined by a sun that never sets. Will it not be glorious, the going in and the settling down after all the moving about and upsets of earthly experience? We will soon know all our neighbors, kingly, queenly, prophetic, apostolic, seraphic, archangelic. The precious bundle of life opened amid palaces and grand marches and acclamations. They will all be so glad we have got safely through.

## Bound Up With God's Love.

Once there it will be found that the safety of that precious bundle of life was assured because it was bound up with the life of God in Jesus Christ. Heaven could not afford to have that bundle lost, because it had been said in regard to its transportation and safe arrival, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." The veracity of the heavens is involved in its arrival. If God should fail to keep his promise so just one ransomed soul the pillars of Jehovah's throne would fall, and the foundations of the eternal city would crumble, and infinite poverties would dash down all the chalcies and close all the banqueting halls, and the river of life would change its course, sweeping everything with desolation, and frost would blast all the gardens, and immeasurable sickness slay the immortals, and the new Jerusalem become an abandoned city, with no chariot wheel on the streets and no worshippers in the temple—a dead Pompeii of the skies, a buried Herculaneum of the heavens. Lest anyone should doubt, the God who cannot lie smites his omnipotent hand on the side of his throne, and takes affidavit, declaring, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Oh! I cannot tell you how I feel about it, the thought is so glorious.

## Strength of Character.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now, it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him—before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong. He, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And, hence, composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in ambush stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet remain himself and forgive, these are strong men—the spiritual heroes.

## Sorrow Not an Accident.

Sorrow is not an accident, occurring now and then—it is the very wool which is woven into the warp of life. God has created the nerves to agonize and the heart to bleed; and before a man dies almost every nerve has thrilled with pain and every affection has been wounded. The account of it which represents it as a probation is inadequate; so is that which regards it chiefly as a system of rewards and punishments. The truest account of this mysterious existence seems to be that it is intended for the development of the soul's life, for which sorrow is indispensable. Every son of man who would attain the true end of his being must be baptized with fire. It is the law of our humanity, as that of Christ, that we must be perfect through suffering. And he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain, has yet to learn what life is. The cross manifested as the necessity of the highest life alone interprets it.

## Least Missed.

Father—Son, can't you possibly out down your college expenses?  
Son—I might possibly do without any books.—Yale Record.

## And the One Before That.

Hewitt—Does your wife always have the last word?  
Jewett—Yes, and the next to the last too.—Ally Sloop.



## HANDLING MILK.

Methods Employed at the Kansas Agricultural College Dairy.

Every effort is made to keep the stables clean and the stalls well bedded and to have as little dust floating at the time of milking as possible. To accomplish this latter point the feeding is done after rather than before the milking. The handling of the hay, ensilage or even grain fills the atmosphere full of dust and carries with it millions upon millions of germs, many of which will fall into the milk and not only cause it to sour, but will develop undesirable flavors in the butter and cheese made from it. The hay bacillus, a germ that has great tenacity of life, exists in immense quantities in cured hay, and when allowed to develop unchecked in ripening cream will cause the butter to have a very disagreeable, offensive flavor.

Before beginning to milk, says Professor Otis, each milker sees that his hands are clean, not merely that they look clean, but are as free as possible from germs. For this purpose it is often necessary to wash in hot water previous to milking. Each milker is provided with a cotton flannel cloth, which is moistened and used to wipe off the sides and udder of the cow. This removes the loose particles of dust and moistens the rest so that they will not so readily fall into the milk bucket. These cloths, as well as the cloth strainers, are thoroughly washed and sterilized with boiling water after each milking.

The milk pail used is called the "sanitary dairy pail." It is made of heavy tin and is covered on top. In this cover is a six inch hole, into which fits a circular removable strainer. The milk is milked directly into this strainer. This style of milk pail keeps out of the milk the dust and hairs that fall in spite of the precautions already mentioned. Any one doubting the desirability of such a milk pail need doubt no longer after once seeing the appearance of the pail after milking. In spite of the best precautions, the top of the pail will be covered with numerous hairs and dust particles, enough to spoil the digestion of any man if he only knew what he was swallowing when he drinks the milk out of an open milk pail.

Each cow's milk is weighed, sampled and again strained through a wire strainer and finally through four thicknesses of cheesecloth. This wire strainer is so constructed that the milk is strained on an upward pressure. Any particles of dirt remaining in the milk and settling to the bottom will not be forced through the strainer by the pressure of the milk above.

From the cheese cloth strainer the milk is received into 40 quart milk cans. We have two styles of cans, the New York and the Chicago. We prefer the former for two reasons. In the first place the lid is oval and will not collect dust like the lid of the Chicago can and can be cleaned much easier. In the second place, when it is desired to keep the milk any length of time the New York can may be immersed in water. The lid projects below the top of the can, and the pressure of the air inside keeps the water from the milk, on the same principle as the cans of the Cooley creamer.

The milk is brought to the dairy room as soon as possible after being milked and strained and is aerated a half a can at a time with the Hill aerator. A tin pipe projects above the roof of the dairy room, where fresh air is secured and conducted through absorbent cotton, to remove any germs or dust particles, into bellows, where it is forced through the milk. Any one standing near the can of milk while this operation is being performed cannot fail to notice the cowy odor that is given off. This is kept up until the animal odor is removed. In this way nearly all the taints in milk not due to germs can be removed, and it has been found by experience that milk is much more digestible after being aerated.

After aeration the milk is cooled over a Star or Champion cooler to between 50 and 60 degrees F., at which temperature it is kept until delivered to the college dining hall or the creamery or warmed up for the separator. When separation takes place immediately after milking, the milk goes directly from the aerator to the separator without being cooled.

## How Often to Feed Cows.

The cow is a ruminant animal, and this means that she takes time to digest her food in the most thorough manner. If fed liberally night and morning and in sufficient variety, she will eat more heartily than if three full meals are offered to her per day. At noon a few cornstalks or clover hay may be given. In feeding grain to cows it should be ground and mixed with enough cut feed to make it bulky. If cows eat whole grain or meal not mixed with cut feed, it goes to their second stomach and does not come up to be chewed in the cud.—Boston Cultivator.

## Wet Hands.

Milking with wet hands is a thing of the past. The milker's hands should be dry and clean.