

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Heaven's Redeemed Multitude." (Preached in London).

TEXT: "After this I beheld, and told a great multitude, no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."—Revelation vii., 9, 10.

It is impossible to come in contact with anything grand or beautiful in art, nature or religion without being profited and elevated. We go into the art gallery and our soul meets the painter, and we see the hum of his forests and the clash of his conflicts and see the cloud blossoming of the sky and the foam blossoming of the ocean, and we come out from the gallery better men than when we went in. We go into the concert of music and are lifted into enchantment; for days after our soul seems to rock with a very tumult of joy, as the sea, after a long stress of weather, rolls and surges a great while before it comes back to its ordinary calm.

On the same principle it is profitable to think of heaven, and look off upon that landscape of joy and light which St. John depicts—the rivers of gladness, the trees of life, the thrones of power, the comminglings of everlasting in the streets, and the very things that I could bring heaven from the list of intangibles and make it seem to you as if it really is—the great fact in all history, the depot of all ages, the parlor of God's university.

This account in my text gives a picture of heaven as it is on a holiday. Now, if a man came to New York for the first time on the day that Kosuth arrived from Hungary, and he saw the arches lifted, and the flowers flung in the streets, and he heard the guns booming, he would have been very foolish to suppose that that was the ordinary appearance of the city. While heaven is always grand and always beautiful, I think my text speaks of a gala day in heaven.

It is a time of triumph, and the whole of the birth or the resurrection of Jesus, perhaps of the downfall of some despotism, perhaps because of the rushing in of the millennium, I know not what, but it does seem to me in reading this passage as if it were the day of the world. "After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, and held harps, and sang, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

I shall speak to you of the glorified in heaven—their number, their antecedents, their crowns, and then I will speak to you of how small I begin by telling you of the numbers of those in heaven? I have seen a curious estimate by an ingenious man who calculates how long the world was going to last, and how many people there are in each generation, and then comes up with the matter, and says he thinks there will be twenty-seven trillions of souls in glory. I have no faith in his estimate. I simply take the plain announcement of the text—it is "a great multitude, which no man can number."

One of the most impressive things I have looked upon is an army. Standing upon a hillside you see forty thousand or fifty thousand men pass along. You can hardly imagine the impression if you have not actually felt it. They march in the ranks, the armies that the earth has ever seen—the legions of Semachab and Cyrus and Cesar, Xerxes and Alexander and Napoleon, and all or modern forces and put them in the great array, and then on some swift steed you may ride along the lines and review the troops; and that accumulated host from all ages seems like a half formed regiment compared with the great array of the redeemed.

Food one day at Williamsport, and saw on the opposite side of the Potomac the forces coming down, regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade. It seemed as though there was no end to the procession. But now let me take the field gins of St. John and look off upon the hosts of heaven—thousands upon thousands, ten thousand times ten thousand, one hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands of thousands, until I put down the field gins and say, "I cannot estimate it—a great multitude that no man can number."

You may tax your imagination and torture your ingenuity and break down your powers of calculation in attempting to express the multitudes of the redeemed from earth and the hosts of heaven, and talk of hundreds of hundreds of thousands, of thousands of thousands of thousands, of millions of millions of millions, until your head aches and your heart faints, and exhausted and overburdened you exclaim: "I cannot count them—a great multitude that no man can number."

But my subject advances, and tells you of their antecedents, "of all nations and kindreds and tongues." Some of them speak Scotch, Irish, German, English, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Choctaw, Burnese. After men have been long in the land you can tell by their accentuation from what nationality they came, and I suppose in the great throng around the throne it will be difficult to tell from what part of the earth they came.

These resplendent Sicilian wheat fields and those picked cotton from the pods. These under blistering skies gathered tamarinds and yams. Those crossed the desert on camels, and those glaucous over the snow, drawn by Siberian dogs, and these milked the goats far up on the Swiss crags. These fought the waters and white foam in regions of everlasting snow, and those heard the song of fiery-winged birds in African thickets. They were white. They were black. They were red. They were copper color. From all lands, from all ages. They were plunged into the Austrian dungeons. They passed through Spanish inquisitions. They were confined in London Tower. They fought with beasts in the amphitheater. They were Moravians. They were Waldenses. They were Aborigines. They were Scotch Covenanters. They were Sandwich Islanders.

In this world men prefer different kinds of government. The United States wants a republic. The British Government needs to be a constitutional monarchy. Austria wants absolutism. But when they come from earth from different nationalities they will prefer one great monarchy—King Jesus ruler over it. And if that monarchy were disbanded and it were submitted to all the hosts of heaven who would rule, then by the unanimous suffrages of all the redeemed Christ would become the president of the whole universe. Magas Guaritas, bills of right, houses of burgesses, tripartite congresses, parliaments—nothing in the presence of Christ's superior away over all the people who have entered upon the great glory. Oh! can you imagine it? What a strange commingling of tastes, of histories, of nationalities, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues."

My subject advances and tells you of the dress of those in heaven. The object of dress in this world is not only to veil the body but to adorn it. The God who dresses up the spring morning with blue ribbon of dew around the brow and earrings of dew-drops hanging from tree branch and mantle of crimson cloud flung over the shoulder and the violetted slippers of the grass for her feet—I know that God does not despise beautiful apparel. Well, what shall we wear in heaven? It is a great mystery, but I speak looking for us and not flinging us. Will they come down to the gate and ask if we have passed through, and not find us reported as having come? Will they look for the robes of the fallen of eternal light and find our names unrecorded? It is all a question of a land we shall never see, of a song we shall never sing!

course it is. It is appropriate; but when all the toll of earth is past and there is no more drudgery and no more weariness, we shall stand before the throne robed in white. On earth we sometimes had to wear mourning apparel—black scarf for the arm, black veil for the face, black gloves for the hands, black band for the hat. Abraham mourning for Sarah; Isaac mourning for Rebecca; Rachel mourning for her children; David mourning for Absalom; Mary mourning for Lazarus. Every second of every minute of every day of every day a heart breaks.

The earth from zone to zone and from pole to pole is cloth with sepulchral rent, and the earth can easily afford to bloom and blossom when it is so rich with moldering life. Graves! graves! graves! But when these bereavements have all passed, and there are no more graves to dig, and no more coffins to make, and no more sorrow to suffer, we shall put off this mourning and be robed in white. I see a soul going right up from all this scene of sin and trouble into glory. I seem to hear him say:

I journey forth rejoicing From the dark vale of tears, To heavenly joy and freedom, From earthly care and fears.

When Christ my Lord shall gather All His redeemed again, His kingdom to inherit— Good-night till then!

I hear my Saviour calling: The joyful hour has come; The angel quarts and strikes them, To guide me to our home.

When Christ our Lord shall gather All His redeemed again, His kingdom to inherit— Good-night till then!

My subject advances, and tells you of the symbols they carry. If my text had represented the good in heaven as carrying cypress branches, that would have meant sorrow. If my text had represented the good in heaven as carrying nightshade, that would have meant sin. But it is palm branches they carry, and that is victory. When the people came home from war in olden times the conqueror rode at the head of his troops, and there were triumphal arches, and people would come out with branches of the palm tree and wave them all along the host. What a significant type this of the greeting and of the joy of the redeemed in heaven! On earth they were condemned, and were put out of polite circles. They had infamous hands strike them on both cheeks. Infernal spite spat in their faces. Their back ached with sorrow. Their brow reeked with unrelieved toil. How weary they were! Sometimes they broke the heart of the midnight in the midst of all their anguish crying out, "O God!" But hark now to the shout of the delivered captives, as they lift their arms from the shackles and they cry out, "Free! free!" They look back upon all the trials through which they have passed, the battles they have fought, the burdens they carried, the misrepresentations they suffered, and because they are delivered from all these they stand before God waving their palms. They come to the feet of Christ, and they look up into His face, and they remember His sorrows, and they remember His pain, and they remember His groans, and they say: "Why, I was saved by that Christ. He pardoned my sins. He soothed my sorrows, and all standing there they shall be exultant, waving their palms."

That hand once held the implement of toll or wielded the sword of war, but now it picks down branches from the tree of life as they stand before the throne waving their palms. Once he was a pilgrim on earth; he crunched the hard crusts—he walked the weary way, but it is all gone now; the sin gone, the weariness gone, the sickness gone, the sorrow gone. As Christ stands up before the array of the saved and he recounts His victories it will be like the rocks, and the tossing of a forest in a tempest, as all the redeemed rise up, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, waving their palms.

My subject makes another advancement, and speaks of the song they sing. Dr. Dick, in a very learned work, says that among other things in heaven he thinks they will give a great deal of time to the study of arithmetic and the higher branches of mathematics. I do not believe it. It would upset my idea of heaven if I thought so; I never liked mathematics; and I would rather take the representation of my text, which describes the occupation of heaven as being joyful psalmody. "They cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our Lord God." In this world we have secular songs, nursery songs, boatmen's songs, harvest songs, sentimental songs; but in heaven we will have to sing only one song, and that will be the song of salvation from an eternal death to an eternal heaven, and the blood of the Lamb that was slain.

In this world we have plaintive songs—songs tremulous with sorrow, songs dirgeful for the dead; but in heaven there will be no sighing of winds, no wailing of anguish, no dirgeful symphony. The famous song will be hallelujah—the dulcetest tune a triumphal march. Joy among the cherubim! Joy among the seraphim! Joy among the ransomed! Joy forever!

On earth the music in churches is often poor, because there is no interest in it or because there is no harmony. Some would not sing, some could not sing, some sang too high, some sang too low, some sang by fits and starts, but in the great audience of the redeemed all voices will be accordant, and the man who on earth could not tell a plantation melody from the "Dead March in Saul" will lift an anthem that the Mendelssohns and Beethovens and the Schumanns of our age never imagined, and you will stand through all eternity and listen and there will not be one discord in the great anthem that forever rolls up against the great heart of God. It will not be a solo, it will not be a quartet, it will not be a quintet, but an innumerable host before the throne, crying, "Salvation unto our God and unto the Lamb." They crowd all the temples, they bend over the battlements, they fill all the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of heaven with their hosannas.

When people were taken into the Temple of Diana it was such a brilliant room that they were always put on their guard. Some people had lost their sight by just looking on the brilliancy of that room, and so the keeper when he brought a stranger to the door and let him in would always charge him, "Take heed of your eyes."

Oh! when I think of the song that goes up around the throne of God, so jubilant, many voiced, multitudinous, I feel like saying, "Take heed of your ears." It is so loud a song, it is so blessed an anthem. They sing a rock song, saying, "Who is He that sheltered us in the wilderness, and shadowed us in a weary land?" And the chorus comes in, "Christ the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

They sing a star song, saying, "Who is He that guided us through the thick night, and when all other lights went out arose in the sky the morning star, pouring light on the soul's darkness?" And the chorus will come in, "Christ, the morning star, shining on the soul's darkness." They will sing a flower song, saying, "Who is He that brightened all our way, and breathed sweetness upon our soul, and blossomed through frost and tempest?" And the chorus will come in, "Christ, the lily of the valley, blossoming through frost and tempest." They sing a water song, saying, "Who is He that quenched us from the burning frag, and lightened the darkest ravine of iron, and brought cooling to the temples and refreshment to the lip, and was a fountain in the midst of the wilderness?" and then the chorus will come in, "Christ, the fountain in the midst of the wilderness."

My friends, will you join that anthem? Shall we make rehearsal this morning? If we cannot sing that song on earth, can it be that our good friends in that land will walk all around that great throne of which I speak looking for us and not finding us. Will they come down to the gate and ask if we have passed through, and not find us reported as having come? Will they look for the robes of the fallen of eternal light and find our names unrecorded? It is all a question of a land we shall never see, of a song we shall never sing!



FARM GARDEN

SCIENTIFIC FEEDING OF ANIMALS.

It is much the fashion now to feed animals on what is known as a scientific ration, and all the science about it is that the foods are compounded of various elements. The excellence of this method is that one of these helps to digest the others, and thus the whole food is more nutritious and healthful. It is the same in our own eating. A variety of food is not only agreeable, but more digestible and useful. This is understood by the professors of dietetics, who vary the food as much as possible, making up a ration that is more nutritious and effective than any single article of it.—New York Tribune.

THE CUD OF A COW.

Rumination is a part of the digestive process, and in it the cow brings up from the first stomach, or rumen, a quid or cud of the food. This may be seen to pass up the gullet when the cow is in the act of ruminating. A cow cannot "lose her cud." This term is commonly used to signify that the function is suspended from some disturbance of the digestive process, and the remedy for trouble is simply to restore the action by giving a dose of one pint or a quart of raw linseed oil, or as much melted lard, by which the stomach is relieved of its load of undigested food. A cud cannot be given to a cow; it is a natural part of the digestion of the food, and not a thing like a chew, or quid, or cud of tobacco, which a man may take.—New York Times.

HOG CHOLERA AND INOCULATION.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 8, of the United States Department of Agriculture, prepared by Dr. D. E. Salmon, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, consists of a review of several attempts made in recent years for the protection of swine against hog cholera by inoculation. It presents a large amount of evidence gathered from those who have tried it, giving the results of their experience, as also a full report of the inoculation experiments conducted in La Salle County, Illinois, last year under the supervision of a committee of farmers. Dr. Salmon's conclusions, based upon the evidence which he presents in this bulletin upon the results of the investigations made by the bureau on the subject, is that inoculation as a preventive against hog cholera is a failure from whatever point of view it be regarded, and the farmers are warned against the use of that method, which he shows to have been in many cases more fatal than the disease it is intended to prevent. As an instance of this he cites the fact that whereas the losses following inoculation in Nebraska during the past year were ten per cent., the losses among uninoculated animals were but four per cent. Copies of the bulletin may be had upon application to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

FEED THE GROWING CHICKS WELL.

In June and July your early spring chickens are growing more rapidly than at any other period of the year. They love the warm weather, if they are of the larger varieties, especially; and if they have roaming room, they cannot well be over-fed, because they find such a variety of insect and green food in the course of their daily journeys around the farm or country plot.

Their condition is quite different from that of adult or mature grown fowls. These may be over-fed easily, and will put on fat internally, to their discomfort and detriment. But the young stock, in good thrift, convert what they eat into flesh, bone and muscle, and continue to thrive during the heated season upon all they will ordinarily pack away in their craws, particularly if allowed a variety of good provender.

Don't stint them, therefore, in feeding, but give them all they will eat up clean. Thus they will grow in stature and keep generally in good health. It is a mistake to under-feed the growing chickens. They require more solid food from the time they are three to six or seven months of age, in proportion, than at any time before or afterward in their lives. This fact is worth observing and remembering by all who aim to have the "best birds" in the succeeding fall and winter, annually.—American Poultry Yard.

HUMANE WATERING OF HORSES.

That a horse should never be watered often than three times a day, or in twenty-four hours, is a mistaken idea and brutal practice. A horse's stomach is very sensitive and will suffer under the least interference, causing a feverish condition. Feeding a horse principally on grain and driving it five hours without water is like giving a man salt mackerel for dinner and not allowing him to drink before supper. If you know anything about the care of horses and have any sympathy for them, water as often as they want to drink—once an hour if possible. By doing this you will not only be merciful to your animals, but benefit yourself, as they will do more work, look better, and live longer. If you are a skeptic, and know more about horses than any one else, you are positive that the foregoing is wrong, because you have had horses die from watering too much, and boldly say that the agitators of frequent watering are fools in your estimation, and you would not do such a thing. Just reason for a moment, and figure out whether the animal would have overdrunk and overchilled his stomach if he had not been allowed to become overthirsty. A horse is a great deal like a man. Let him get overworked, over-

Birdseye View of Paraguay.

Paraguay has 430,000 people on her 91,970 square miles of territory. Large numbers of uncolonized Indians are not counted. The country is rich in vegetation, but only 160,000 acres are under cultivation. Among the notable products are algroba and quebracho for tanning, and algroba, indigo and anatto for dyeing. There is an abundance of resins, copal, gum elastic, drug plants, balsams. Besides cotton, Paraguay produces textile and fibrous plants like ramie, jute and palma. The foreign trade is about \$5,000,000 a year, but the United States gets very little of it. The principal exports are tobacco, hides, lumber and oranges. Paraguay has no seaport. Her products go out by the Paraguay and Panama Rivers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Dreaded Sleeping Car.

Coughs, Colds and Pneumonia are contracted in the Palace Sleeper spite of all precautions, save one, and that is to be armed with a bottle of Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure. This is not only a cure, but a universal preventive of Croup, and Pneumonia. Sold by prominent druggists. See Manufactured by A. F. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him. WEST & TRUXAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Mr. J. Lane, general manager Georgia Southern and Florida Railroad, says: "I was entirely relieved of headache by Bradycrine in fifteen minutes. It is the only thing that relieves me." All druggists, fifty cents.

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If you are troubled with malaria take Beefham's Pills. A positive specific. Nothing like it. 25 cents a box.

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