DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Herding the Sheep"—Prays That His Flock May Listen to the Piping of the Good Shepherd, Bidding Them to Renounce Sin and Ask Pardon.

TEXT: "The Lord is my shepherd."—Psalms xxiii., 1.

What with post and rail fences and our pride in Southdown, Astrakhan and Flemish varieties of sheep, there is no use now of the old-time shepherd. Such a one had abundance of opportunity of becoming a poet, being out of doors twelve hours a day, and ofttimes waking up in the night on the hills. If the stars or the torrents or the sun or the flowers had anything to say, he was very apt to hear it. The Ettrick Shepherd of Scotland, who afterward took his seat in the brilliant circle of Wilson and Lockhart, got his wonderful poetic inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks of Mr. Laidlaw. There is often a sweet poetry in the rugged prose of the Scotch shepherd. One of these Scotch shepherds lost his only son, and he knelt down in prayer and was overheard to say, "O Lord, it has seemed good in Thy providence to take from me the staff of my right hand at the time when to us sand blind mortals I seemed to be most in need of it, and how I shall climb up the hill of sorrow and auld age without it Thou mayst ken, but I dinna!"

David, the shepherd boy, is watching his father's sheep. They are pasturing on the very hills where afterward a Lamb was born of which you have heard much, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." David, the shepherd boy, was beautiful, brave, musical and poetic. I think he often forgot the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp string that is thrilling through all ages. David the boy was gathering the material for David the poet and David the man. Like other boys, David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree, and when he became a man he said, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David the boy, like other boys, had been fond of hunting the birds' nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were under her, and when he became a man he said, "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house." In boyhood he had heard the terrific thunderstorm that frightened the red deer into premature sickness, and when he became a man he said, "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." David the boy had lain upon his back looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embroidery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars, and he became a man and wrote, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers." When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bethlehem hills, and he cries out in the text, "The Lord is my shepherd."

If God will help me, I will talk to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dogs, the shepherd's pasture grounds and the shepherd's flocks.

And first the shepherd's plaid. It would be preposterous for a man going out to rough and besoiling work to put on splendid apparel. The potter does not work in velvet; the serving maid does not put on satin while toiling at her duties; the shepherd does not wear a splendid robe in which to go out amid the storms and the rocks and the nettles; he puts on the rough apparel appropriate to his exposed work. The Lord our Shepherd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our humanity. There was nothing pretentious about it. I know the old painters represent a halo around the babe Jesus, but I do not suppose that there was any more halo about that child than about the head of any other babe that was born that Christmas eve in Judæa. Becoming a man, he wore a seamless garment. The scissors and needle had done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have been a sack with three holes in it—one for the neck and two for the arms. Although the gamblers quarreled over it that is no evidence of its value. I have seen two ragpickers quarrel over the refuse of an ash barrel. No, in the wardrobe of heaven he left the sandals of light, the girdles of beauty, the robes of power and put on the besoiled and tattered raiment of our humanity. Sometimes he did not even wear the seamless robe. What is that hanging about the waist of Christ? Is it a badge of authority? Is it a royal coat of arms? No, it is a towel. The disciples' feet are filthy from the walk on the long way and are not fit to be put upon the sofas on which they are to recline at the meal, and so Jesus washes their feet and gathers them up in the towel to dry them. The work of saving this world was rough work, rugged work, hard work, and Jesus put on the raiment, the plain raiment, of our flesh.

Next I mention the shepherd's crook. This was a rod with a curve at the end, which, when a sheep was going astray, was thrown over its neck, and in that way it was pulled back. When the sheep were not going astray the shepherd would often use it as a sort of crutch, leaning on it, but when the sheep were out of the way the crook was always busy pulling them back. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and had it not been for the Shepherd's crook we would have fallen long ago over the precipices.

Here is a man who is making too much money. He is getting very vain. He says: "After awhile I shall be independent of all the world. Oh, my soul, eat, drink and be merry!" Business disaster comes to him. What is God going to do with him? Has God any grudge against him? Oh, no. God is throwing over him the shepherd's crook and pulling him back into better pastures. Here is a man who has always been well. He has never had any sympathy for invalids. He calls them coughing, wheezing nuisances. After awhile sickness comes to him. He does not understand what God is going to do with him. He says, "Is the Lord angry with me?" Oh, no. With the shepherd's crook he has been pulled back into better pastures. Here is a happy household circle. The parent does not realize the truth that these children are only loaned to him, and he forgets from what source came his domestic blessings. Sickness drops upon those children and death swoops upon a little one. He says, "Is God angry with me?" No. His shepherd's crook pulls him back into better pastures. I do not know what would have become of us if it had not been for the shepherd's crook. Oh, the mercies of our troubles! You take up apples and plums from under the shade of the trees, and the very best fruits of Christian character we find in the deep shade of trouble.

When I was on the steamer coming across the ocean, I got a cinder in my eye, and several persons tried to get it out very gently, but it could not be taken out in that way. I was told that the engineer had a facility in such cases. I went to him. He put his large, sooty hand on me, took a knife and wrapped the lid of the eye around the knife. I expected to be hurt very much, but without any pain and instantly he removed the cinder. Oh, there come times in our Christian life when our spiritual vision is being spoiled and all gentle appliances fail. Then there comes some giant trouble and, black handed, lays hold of us and removes that which would have ruined our vision forever. I will gather all your joys together in one regiment of ten companies, and I will put them under Colonel Joy. Then I will gather all your sorrows together in one regiment of ten companies and put them under Colonel Breakheart. Then I will ask which of these regiments has gained for you the greater spiritual victories. Certainly that under Colonel Breakheart.

There is no animal that struggles more violently than a sheep when you corner it and catch hold of it. Down in the glen I see a group of men around a lost sheep. A plowman comes along and seizes the sheep and tries to pacify it, but it is more frightened than ever. A miller comes along, puts down his grist and caresses the sheep, and it seems as if it would die of fright. After awhile some one breaks through the thicket. He says, "Let me have the poor thing." He comes up and lays his arms around the sheep, and it is immediately quiet. Who is the last man that comes? It is the shepherd. Ah, my friends, be not afraid of the shepherd's crook. It is never used on you save in mercy to pull you back. The hard, cold iceberg of trouble will melt in the warm gulf stream of divine sympathy.

There is one passage I think you misinterpret, "The bruised reed He will not break." Do you know that the shepherd in olden times played upon these reeds? They were very easily bruised, but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another one, he would snap the old one and throw it away and get another. The Bible says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music is gone out of a man's soul, God does not snap him in twain and throw him away. He mends and restores. "The bruised reed He will not break."

Next I speak of the shepherds' dogs. They watch the straying sheep and drive them back again. Every shepherd has his dog, from the nomads of the Bible times down to the Scotch herdsman watching his flocks on the Grampian hills. Our shepherd employs the criticisms and persecutions of the world as his dogs. There are those, you know, whose whole work it is to watch the inconsistencies of Christians and bark at them. If one of God's sheep gets astray, the world howls. With more avidity than a shepherd's dog ever caught a stray sheep by the flanks or lugged it by the ears worldlings seize the Christian astray. It ought to do us good to know that we are thus watched. It ought to put us on our guard. They cannot bite us if we stay near the Shepherd. The sharp knife of worldly assault will only trim the vines until they produce better grapes. The more you pound marjoram and rosemary the sweeter they smell. The more dogs take after you the quicker you will get to the gate.

You have noticed that different flocks of sheep have different marks upon them—sometimes a red mark, sometimes a blue mark, sometimes a straight mark and sometimes a crooked mark. The Lord our Shepherd has a mark for his sheep. It is a red mark, the mark of the cross. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Furthermore, consider the shepherds' pasture grounds. The old shepherds used to take the sheep upon the mountains in the summer and dwell in the valleys in the winter. The sheep being out of doors perpetually, their wool was better than if they had been kept in the hot atmosphere of the sheep cot. Wells were dug for the sheep and covered with large stones in order that the hot weather might not spoil the water. And then the shepherd led his flock wherever he would. Nobody disputed his right. So the Lord our Shepherd has a large pasture ground. He takes us in the summer to the mountains and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come, and we stand on sun gilt Sabbaths and on hills of transfiguration, and we are so high up we can catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the heavenly city. Then cold wintry days of trouble come, and we go down into the valley of sickness, want and bereavement, and we say, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" But, blessed be God, the Lord's sheep can find pasture anywhere. Between two rocks of trouble a tuft of succulent promises, green pastures beside still waters, long sweet grass between bitter graves. You have noticed the structure of the sheep's mouth? It is so sharp that it can take up a blade of grass or clover top from the very narrowest spot. And so God's sheep can pick up comfort where others can gather none. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

Lastly, consider the shepherd's fold. The time of sheep shearing was a very glad time. The neighbors gathered together, and they poured wine and danced for joy. The sheep were put in a place inclosed by a wall, where it was very easy to count them and know whether any of them had been taken by the jackals or dogs. The inclosure was called the sheepfold. Good news I have to tell you, in that our Lord the Shepherd has a sheepfold, and those who are gathered in it shall never be struck by the storm, shall never be touched by the jackals of temptation and trouble. It has a high wall—so high that no troubles can get in—so high that the joys cannot get out. How glad the old sheep will be to find the lambs that left them a good many years ago. Millions of children in heaven. Oh, what a merry heaven it will make! Not many long meter psalms there. They will be in the majority and will run away with our song, carrying it up to a still higher point of ecstasy. Oh, there will be shouting. If children on earth clapped their hands and danced for joy, what will they do when to the gladness of childhood on earth is added the gladness of childhood in heaven?

It is time we got over these morbid ideas of how we shall get out of this world. You make your religion an undertaker planing coffins and driving hearses. Your religion smells of the varnish of a funeral casket. Rather let your religion to-day come out and show you the sheepfold that God has provided for you. Ah, you say, there is a river between this and that. I know it, but that Jordan is only for the sheep washing, and they shall go up on the other banks snow white. They follow the great Shepherd. They heard his voice long ago. They are safe now—one fold and one Shepherd.

Alas for those who are finally found outside the inclosure! The night of their sin howls with jackals; they are thirsting for their blood. The very moment that a lamb may be frisking upon the hills a bear may be looking at it from the thicket.

In June, 1815, there was a very noble party gathered in a house in St. James' square, London. The prince regent was present, and the occasion was made fascinating by music and banqueting and by jewels. While a quadrille was being formed suddenly all the people rushed to the windows. What is the matter? Henry Percy had arrived with the news that Waterloo had been fought and that England had won the day. The dance was abandoned, the party dispersed, lords, ladies and musicians rushed into the street, and in fifteen minutes from the first announcement of the good news the house was emptied of all its guests. Oh, ye who are seated at the banquet of this world or whirling in its gayeties and frivolities, if you could hear the sweet strains of the gospel trumpet announcing Christ's victory over sin and death and hell, you would rush forth, glad in the eternal deliverance. The Waterloo against sin has been fought, and our Commander-in-Chief hath won the day. Oh, the joys of this salvation! I do not care what metaphor, what comparison you have, bring it to me, that I may use it. Amos shall bring one simile, Isaiah another, John another. Beautiful with pardon. Beautiful with peace. Beautiful with anticipations. Or to return to the pastoral figure of my text, come out of the poor pasturage of this world into the rich fortunes of the Good Shepherd.

The shepherd of old used to play beautiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. To-day my heavenly Shepherd calls to you with the very music of heaven, bidding you to leave your sin and accept His pardon. Oh, that all this flock would hear the piping of the Good Shepherd.

After having been robbed a dozen times in three months, a Huntington (Ind.) grocer has sold out in disgust. His successor announces his readiness to greet the robbers, if they come again, with a warmth that will make them remember him as well as they have remembered the store.

THE LIMIT OF HUMAN LIFE.

Authorities Differ on It and Centenarians Are Uncertain Quantities.

How may a man prolong his life indefinitely?

This question is discussed, but by no means settled, in an article by Langdon Kain, M. D., in the North American Review.

The writer points out that authorities disagree by over a century as to the utmost limit of the human life, and are widely divergent as to the means for prolonging it.

Where one instance is found of a centenarian who has lived abstemiously and kept regular habits another springs up of an equally aged man who has been a noted drunkard and smoker all his life.

Authorities on the subject have been puzzled to note that in countries where prosperity, intelligence and general civilization are highest, centenarians are fewest.

Dr. Kain explains this by saying that among such persons the death certificates are more rigidly kept, while among people of less education the exact age is left in doubt and wild guesses are made as to every old man or woman's years.

This would seem to discount many of the tales of persons who claim to be 150 or 180.

This theory is borne out by the fact that nearly all alleged centenarians belong to the poorer, less educated classes. Hiram Lester, said to have been the oldest citizen of this country, died in an almshouse in 1896 at the alleged age of 128. Noah Raby, another pauper, celebrated what he said was his 126th birthday at Piscataway, N. J., recently. A German statistician claims to have found an African named Bruno Coburn, now living at Rio de Janeiro, at the age of 150. Josiah Field, of Red Bank, N. J., died last year at the fairly authenticated age of 104. He remained a bachelor until he was seventy-five, when he married and became the father of three children. Margaret Kasiocona, a Pole, was a similar case, having married her third husband when she was ninety-four, and bearing him three children. Ireland holds the prize as a centenarian producing country. Of its 5,000,000, 578 are said to be centenarians. England, with a population of 28,000,000, has but 146, while Germany, with 50,000,000 inhabitants, boasts only seventy-eight centenarians.

A Cheap Trick.

To manufacture a cheap kalsomine stuck on the wall with glue, claiming it to be the "same thing" or "just as good" as the durable Alabastine or to buy and sell such goods on such representations would seem a cheap trick. Some resort to it. To be safe, buy Alabastine only in packages and properly labeled.

Horse-Power.

Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, introduced into the vocabulary of machinists the term horse-power. When he first began the manufacture of steam engines, he experienced much difficelty in ascertaining from his distant customers what sized engine they required, and they were not less puzzled how to communicate to him the information. He was frequently guided, however, by their mentioning the number of horses which the engine ordered was designed to replace. Acting upon this hint, he ascertained by experiment that the very strongest of the London brewers' horses (animals of wonderful size and strength), could exert a force equivalent to raising 33,000 pounds one foot in a minute. This force he called one horse-power, and adopted it as the standard in regulating the size of steam engines. Now, not one horse in a hundred is able to exert that degree of strength. A steam engine of ten horse-power can, in reality, do the work of about twenty horses.

A Judge Killed by a Turkey.

The fashion by which Judge Samuel Ashe of the First North Carolina Supreme Court came to his death must have been extremely mortifying to him. He was killed by a turkey gobbler. One day, after he had become very old and infirm, he was placed in a chair under the shade of a tree in his yard. A red cap protected his ancient noddle from the attacks of flies, and his comfort was so well provided for in every way that a sweet slumber stole upon him, and caused him to nod. A large turkey gobbler, which patrolled that precinct, mistaking this for a challenge, immediately gave battle. On a sudden the Judge's sweet slumbers were broken by the flap of hostile wings, and ere he could collect his scattered senses a well-directed spur smote him in the temple, and he fell down and gave up the ghost.—Law Notes.

No Clocks.

Liberia is the only more or less civilized country where clocks are almost entirely dispensed with. The sun rises exactly at 6 a. m., and sets at 6 p. m. throughout the year, and is vertically overhead at noon.

In Germany peroxide of hydrogen is said to be mixed with various drinks, in order to give them the mellow flavor of age.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, nervous, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. *Try it to-day.* Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

The Presbyterian Church has a missionary debt of half a million dollars.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Five hundred Navajo Indians offered their services against Spain.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

For the first time in the history of the country an income tax has been imposed in Brazil.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

A traveler can nowadays journey round the world in fifty days.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street., Phila., Pa.

A seventy-year-old medical student at Vienna died the other day just before his final examination.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists.

Great Britain's bill for coal on railroad locomotives in the last half of 1897 was $7,633,270.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

The German Emperor owns 365 carriages for the use of himself and court.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The United States contain eleven pin factories.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Of the earth's surface, 1,500,000 acres are devoted to tobacco culture.

The Ethnology of Kissing.

The kiss was unknown, I think, among the aboriginal tribes of America and of Central Africa. From the most ancient times, however, it has been familiar to the Asiatic and European races. The Latins divided it into three forms—the osculum, the basium, and the suavium; the first being the kiss of friendship and respect, the second of ceremony, and the third of love. The Semites always knew the kiss, and Job speaks of it as part of the sacred rites, as it is today in the Roman Church. The Mongolian kiss, however, is not the same as that which prevails with us. In it the lips do not touch the surface of the person kissed. The nose is brought into light contact with the cheek, forehead or hand; the breath is drawn slowly through the nostrils, and the act ends with a slight smack of the lips. The Chinese consider our mode of kissing full of coarse suggestiveness, and onr writers regard their method with equal disdain. Darwin and other naturalists have attempted to trace back the kiss to the act of the lower animals, who seize their prey with their teeth, etc.—Science.

Russia in the Business, Too.

Speaking of "land grabbing," it is amusing to find a Russian journal denouncing the process. Russia owns over one-seventh of the habitable globe. It is twice as large as all Europe and three times larger than the United States. She has obtained all this territory by land grabbing. She has seized a large portion of Turkey's territory in Europe, and appropriated the portion of Asia from the Ural Mountains and the Black Sea to the waters of the Pacific, and north of the Himalayas, Thibet and China, where she has recently continued the land grabbing begun by the wily Count Ignatieff a few decades ago, and has practically added Manchuria and the important port of Port Arthur and Ta-Lien-Wan to her Pacific Coast acquisitions, and has a strong grip upon Korea.—Minneapolis Journal.

Copper-Plated Aluminum.

A German engineer has recently succeeded in plating aluminum with copper by a welding process, and makes the combined materials in such forms that they may be soldered, rolled, drawn and plated. If this process is successful on a commercial scale, it would seem as if the increased usefulness of aluminum is to become practically unlimited, as the copper coating would remove all obstacles to its use where it must be in contact with fluids, soldered, and painted or plated.

Perfect Passenger Ships—Chesapeake Line

The traveler going South, who desires a short trip by water, seeking comfort, safety and pleasure, cannot select a more delightful trip than via Baltimore and the Chesapeake Bay, touching at Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, thence South via the Southern Railway, the great highway of travel between North and South, East and West. The Chesapeake Line is the fast mail route. The fleet consists of the most magnificent steamships afloat, City of Atlanta, Charlotte, Danville and Baltimore, leaving Baltimore every week day at 6.30 P. M., for Norfolk, touching at Old Point Comfort. These ships were especially constructed for the Bay service, and their appointments are as perfect as taste can suggest. The Atlanta, the Queen of the Bay, there has no vessel of her class ever been built to equal in magnificence. The cabinet work, upholstering and tapestries give a perfect combination of comfort and luxury. The cuisine is perfect, and the tables are supplied with the best the market affords. For full particulars regarding Chesapeake Line, call or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway.

Eighty per cent. of the electrical appliances in use in England are of American manufacture.

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Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

It has been found that the ostrich thrives splendidly on the alfalfa grass that grows in Arizona.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A woman at No Name Pond, Me., has given birth to her twenty-fifth son.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

A cat in a Chicago dog hospital has brought up a family of five puppies.