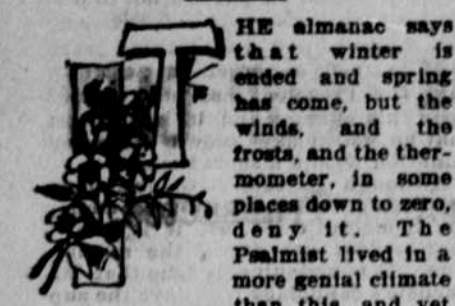


# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## "HOW TO WARM THE WORLD" THE LATEST SUBJECT.

Question Text: "He Giveth Food He Like Mercies; Who Can Stand He Gave His Cold?"—Psalm 147: 17—Delivered Sunday, March 18.



HE almanac says that winter is ended and spring has come, but the winds, and the frosts, and the thermometer, in some places down to zero, deny it. The Palmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been out by the sharp weather. In this chapter he speaks of the snow like wool, and frost like ashes, the hailstones like marbles, and describes the congelation of low-ent temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost? "Who can stand before his cold?" This challenge of the text has many times been accepted. October 19th, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand men, fifteen thousand horses, six hundred pieces of cannon, forty thousand stragglers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wraithier than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks. An army of arctic blasts, with icicles for bayonets and hailstones for shot, and commanded by voice of tempest, marched after them. The flying artillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles and huddle themselves together for warmth; but when the day broke they rose not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of corpses. The way was strewn with the rich stuffs of the east, brought as booty from the Russian capital. An invisible power seized one hundred thousand men and hurled them dead into the snow-drifts, and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers, and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. The freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of my text: "Who could stand before his cold?" In the middle of December, 1777, at Valley Forge, eleven thousand troops were, with frosted ears and frosted hands and frosted feet, without shoes, without blankets, lying on the white pillow of the snow bank. As during our civil war the cry was: "On to Richmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the revolutionary war there was a demand for wintry campaign until Washington lost his equilibrium and wrote emphatically: "I assure those gentlemen it is easy enough seated by a good fireside and in comfortable homes to draw out campaigns for the American army; but I tell them it is not so easy to lie on a bleak hillside, without blankets and without shoes." Oh, the frigid horrors that gathered around the American army in the winter of 1777! Valley Forge was one of the tragedies of the century. Renumbed, senseless, dead! "Who can stand before his cold?" "Not we," say the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men, dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his men, falling back from the fortresses of ice which they had tried in vain to capture. "Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the Intrepid, the Resistance and the Jeannette. "Not we," say the procession of American martyrs returned home for American sepulture, De Long and his men. The highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice; Mont Blanc, Jungfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers much of the year are in captivity of ice. The greatest sculptors of the ages are the glaciers, with arm and hand and chisel and hammer of ice. The cold is imperial and has a crown of glittering crystal and is seated on a throne of ice, with footstool of ice and scepter of ice. Who can tell the sufferings of the winter of 1433, when all the birds of Germany perished? Or the winter of 1658 in England, when the stages rolled on the Thames, and temporary houses of merchandise were built on the ice? Or the winter of 1821 in America, when New York harbor was frozen over and the heaviest teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island? Then come down to our own winters when there have been so many wrapping themselves in furs, or gathering themselves around fires, or thrusting their arms about them to revive circulation—the millions of the temperate and the arctic zones who are compelled to confess, "None of us can stand before his cold."

One-half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the north, the cotton of the south, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every winter, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers: "None of us can stand before his cold." Now this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms; that the God of January is the God of June. The question is to how shall we warm this world up to a question of immediate and all-encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless hearths, so many broken window-panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and faggots

and thick coats are better for warming up such a place than tracts, and Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm. Nearly all the pictures of Martha Washington represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign ambassadors; but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's but in the engagement, the but sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide—she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington. Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaziers at broken window-sashes, hundreds of whole-souled men and women, are necessary to warm the wintry weather. What are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not, my friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand before his cold? It is useless to preach to bare feet, and to empty stomachs, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common sense when, before preaching the Gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, he gave them a good dinner. When I was a lad I remember seeing two rough woodcuts, but they made more impression upon me than any pictures that I have ever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcut represented the coming of the snow in winter, and a lad looking out at the door of a great mansion, and he was all wrapped in furs and his cheeks were ruddy, and with glowing countenance he shouted: "It snows! It snows!" On the next page was a miserable tenement, and the door was open, and a child, wan and sick, and ragged and wretched, was looking out, and he said: "Oh! My God, it snows!" The winter of gladness or of grief; according to our circumstances. But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here to consult with you as to the best way of warming up the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your homes throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat; and it has a door in which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced, and it will turn the arctic zone into the temperate, and the temperate into the tropics. It is the powerful heater, it is the glorious furnace of Christian sympathy. The question ought to be, instead of how much heat can we absorb? how much heat can we throw out? There are men who go through the world floating icebergs. They freeze everybody with their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting, the temperature drops from eighty above to ten degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their eyebrows.

Recently an engineer in the southwest, on a locomotive, saw a train coming with which he must collide. He resolved to stand at his post and slow up the train until the last minute, for there were passengers behind. The engineer said to the fireman, "Jump! one man is enough on this engine! Jump!" The fireman jumped and was saved. The crash came. The engineer died at his post. How many men like that engineer would it take to warm this cold world up? A vessel struck on a rocky island. The passengers and the crew were without food, and a sailor had a shell-fish under his coat. He was saving it for his last morsel. He heard a little child cry for her mother. "Oh, mother, I'm so hungry, give me something to eat—I am so hungry!" The sailor took the shell-fish from under his coat and said, "Here, take that." How many men like that sailor would it take to warm the cold world up? Xerxes fleeing from his enemy got on board a boat. A great many Persians leaped into the same boat and the boat was sinking. Some one said: "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" and a majority of those who were in the boat leaped overboard and drowned to save their king. How many men like that would it take to warm up this cold world? Elizabeth Fry went into the horrors of Newgate prison, and she turned the imprecation and the obscenity and the filth into prayer and repentance and a reformed life. The Sisters of Charity, in 1863, on northern and southern battlefields, came to boys in blue and gray while they were bleeding to death. The black bonnet with the sides pinned back and the white bandage on the brow, may not have answered all the demands of elegant taste, but you could not persuade that soldier dying a thousand miles from home that it was anything but an angel that looked him in the face. Oh, with cheery look, with helpful word, with kind action, try to make the world warm!

Count that day lost whose low descending sun Views from thy hand no generous action done.

It was his strong sympathy that brought Christ from a warm heaven to a cold world. The land where he dwelt had a serene sky, balsamic atmosphere, tropical luxuriance. No storm-blasts in heaven. No chill fountains. On a cold December night Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the world's frigidly. The thermometer in Palestine never drops below zero, but December is a cheerless month, and the pasturage is very poor on the hillsides. Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the cold world that cold December night. The world's reception was cold. The surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepulchre was cold. Christ came, the great warmer, to warm the earth, and all Christendom to-day feels

the glow. He will keep on warming the earth until the Tropic will drive away the Arctic and the Antarctic. He gave an imitation of what he was going to do when he broke up the funeral at the gate of Nain and turned it into a reunion festival, and when with his warm lips he melted the Galilean hurricane and stood on the deck and stamped his foot, crying, "Silence!" and the waves crouched and the tempests folded their wings.

Oh, it was this Christ who warmed the chilled disciples when they had no food by giving them plenty to eat, and who in the tomb of Lazarus shattered the shackles until the broken links of the chain of death rattled into the darkest crypt of the mausoleum. In his genial presence the girl who had fallen into the fire and water is healed of the catalepsy, and the withered arm takes muscular, healthy action, and the ear that could not hear an avalanche catches a leaf's rustle, and the tongue that could not articulate trills a quail-rain, and the blind eye was returned, and Christ, instead of staying three days and three nights in the sepulchre, as was supposed, as soon as the worldly curtain of observation was dropped began the exploration of all the underground passages of earth and sea, wherever a Christian's grave may after awhile be, and started a light of Christian hope, resurrection hope, which shall not go out until the last ceremony is taken off and the last mausoleum breaks open.

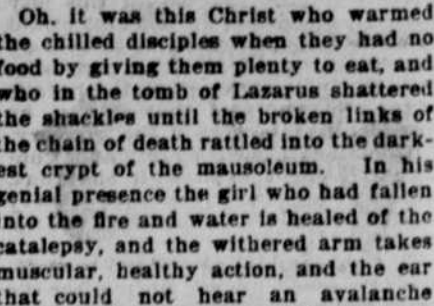
Notwithstanding all the modern inventions for heating, I tell you there is nothing so full of geniality and sociality as the old-fashioned country fireplace. The neighbors were to come in for a winter evening of sociality. In the middle of the afternoon, in the best room in the house, some one brought in a great baglog with great strain and put it down on the back of the hearth. Then the lighter wood was put on, armful after armful. Then a shovel of coals was taken from another room and put under the dry pile, and the kindling began, and the crackling, and it rose until it became a roaring flame, which filled all the room with geniality and was reflected from the family pictures on the wall. Then the neighbors came in two by two. They sat down, their faces to the fire, which ever and anon was stirred with tongs and readjusted on the andirons, and there were such times of rustic repartee, and story-telling, and mirth as the black stove and the blind register never dreamed of. Meanwhile the table was being spread, and so fair was the cloth and so clean was the cutlery, they glisten and glisten in our minds to-day. And then the best luxury of orchard and farmyard was roasted and prepared for the table, to meet the appetites sharpened by the cold ride. Oh! my friends, the Church of Jesus Christ is the world's fireplace, and the woods are the cedars of Lebanon, and the fires are fires of love, and with the silver tongs of the altar we stir the flame and the light is reflected from all the family pictures on the wall—pictures of those who were here and are gone now. Oh! come up close to the fireplace. Have your worn face transfigured in the light. Put your cold feet, weary of the journey, close up to the blessed conflagration. Chilled through with trouble and disappointment, come close up until you can get warm clear through. Exchange experience, talk over the harvests gathered, tell all the Gospel news. Meanwhile the table is being spread. On it, bread of life. On it, grapes of Eshcol. On it, new wine from the kingdom. On it, a thousand luxuries celestial. Hark, as a wounded hand raps on the table, and a tender voice comes through saying: "Come, for all things are now ready. Eat, oh, friends! drink, yea, drink abundantly, oh, believe!"

My friends, that is the way the cold world is going to be warmed up, by the great Gospel fireplace. All nations will come in and sit down at the banquet. While I was musing, the fire burned. "Come in out of the cold, come in out of the cold!"

# DAIRY AND POULTRY.

## INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



HERE is a gentleman here from Illinois who is making the statement publicly that the dairymen of the Elgin district and Southern Wisconsin have discarded the silo altogether, on account of the silage producing abortion in cows and brood mares. Will you be kind enough to inform me, through the columns of the Review, whether his statement is true or false, as I wish to build one, but if the statement is true I would not wish to go to the trouble and cost of building. S. C. Gibbs, Goodhue County, Minn.

We have no hesitancy in saying that the statement as to abortion or any other disease being produced by silage is not true. You might as well say that green grass or green corn stalks or sauer kraut would produce such results as to attribute it to the silage. The statement as to the abandonment of the silo is also not true. There are more silos being built now than ever before and more in use to-day than ever before. Here and there are localities where silos have been put up and have been abandoned, but it will be found that the silos were either not built right or that the silage has not been handled right. Just how many have been abandoned in the Elgin district

we do not know, and just how many have been abandoned in the southern part of Wisconsin we do not know, but we do know that the assertion made in general terms that the silo has been abandoned in Southern Wisconsin is not true. Take for illustration the county of Jefferson, that state. There are a great many silos there and more are being built. Of the patrons of the Hoard creameries alone more than 100 now have silos and others are to build them the coming year.

The gentleman that makes the statement our correspondent refers to very likely does so in good faith. The first silos built in Wisconsin and Illinois and in fact, in all of the states, were very poor affairs. Moreover, many men lost their silage, either by putting it in too green and having it sour too much or by putting it in too dry and having it heat too much. Some others used B. and W. corn, which matures enough in some localities and not enough in others. All of these were exposed to possibility of failure, and many farmers did not fill their silos a second year. Then, too, there was a prejudice at first against silage for milk when the latter was to be used in the condensing factories. Some of these factories would not buy milk made from silage. This caused the abandonment of many silos, especially in some parts of Northern Illinois. Condensing factories in some states have already withdrawn their objections to milk made from silage, provided that the silage is not spoiled when fed to the cows. We certainly advise the building of silos, but a man must not think that he is sure of getting good silage the first time. It is a question requiring study to solve. Brains and the silo go together. We believe that silage well put up is one of the best and one of the most economical of feeds.—Farmers' Review.

**FACTS TERSELY TOLD.**

The Ascot races were founded by Queen Anne.

The largest landed proprietor among the peers is the Duke of Sutherland, who owns more than a million acres.

James P. Jump of Owen, Ky., is not egotistical in claiming that he is the champion egg-eater. He recently climbed outside of twenty-two of them at one sitting.

Cultivated plums, of which there are now several hundred varieties, all descended from the original species, which was a native of the south Caucasian country.

It is calculated that 10,000,000 photographs of the queen, the Prince and the Princess of Wales are produced annually, and find a ready sale all over the world.

So much has the art of dressing and dyeing feathers been developed that numbers of the seemingly rare feather boas worn have already been made from the plumage of the ordinary fowl.

There is a gigantic "rocking-stone" or balanced boulder on the pinnacle of Tandil mountain, Buenos Ayres. It is twenty-four feet in height, ninety feet long and will weigh twenty-five tons.

Glass is the most perfectly elastic substance in existence. A glass plate kept under pressure in a bent condition for five and twenty years will return to its exact original form. Steel comes next.

The ancient Chinese and Japanese frequently used to draw pictures with their thumb nails. The nails were allowed to grow to a length of some eighteen inches, and were pared to a point and dipped in vermilion or sky-blue ink.

Elbert, the center of the French woolen manufacture, is so well off that it has abolished nearly all its town taxes and now petitions the government for leave to do away with the octroi, the duty on provisions entering the town.

"Experience is the best teacher," remarked Flooding Pats. "Yes," said Meandering Mike; "but my personal observation is that it's a mighty poor way ter study law."

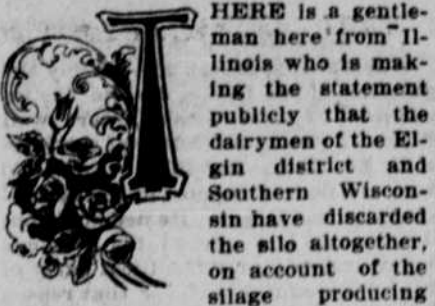
**Fair Winter Layers.**

I have tried a number of breeds, among them the Leghorns, Black Spanish, Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks. I prefer the Plymouth Rocks before any of the others I have tried. For winter quarters I have a warm house with double siding and the space between packed with straw. I also have glass windows in the houses. In winter time I feed oats, corn and wheat, and in the summer they get some of the growing wheat and rye. I also keep them supplied with lime and sand. For eggs and poultry we have a home market, and the merchants in turn ship the product to St. Louis and Chicago. I have 90 hens, and in winter they produce about one dozen eggs per day. We lose a few fowls from lice, diseases and predatory animals, but we use preventive medicines and so prevent disease to a great extent. In raising broods we are fairly successful, when we give proper care, and proper feed. We think we cure roup by the use of meats and oils. The best egg producers we ever had were Langshans and Plymouth Rocks. We consider poultry our savings bank, and

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egg is the usual number given to a Plymouth Rock hen, and if she has a few more presented to her by other hens she sometimes succeeds in hatching her original number. I never do much doctoring, but depend on isolating the sick fowls, and when their case becomes hopeless I kill them and bury them deep.

My neighbors usually discount me on egg production and early maturity, if all they say is true, and I do not believe it is. I tie to the Plymouth Rocks for medium results and think I get them. If I were after early maturity only I should use bantams exclusively. If beef at long range was my object I would want Cochins or Brahmas.—F. M. Gunning, in Farmers' Review.

**Why Tuberculin is Opposed.**

There has sprung up a strong opposition in some quarters to the application of the tuberculin test to cattle that may be suspected of having tuberculosis. This might have been looked for, especially in localities where tuberculous herds have been slaughtered. There are few men that feel like destroying their own property for the good of the public. We see the same spirit manifested among people in the case of contagious diseases, such as smallpox. Many people that get it make a strong fight to have the matter hushed up, although they know that in so doing they are exposing the lives of many more to the contagion.

The same is true of tuberculosis. It is an exceedingly dangerous and destructive disease, communicating itself from man to animal and from animal to man. All of the authorities should attempt to stamp it out, but in doing so private interests must be sacrificed to the good of the whole community. The men that oppose it have to have a plea to make their argument effective in the eyes of the public, and their argument is that tuberculin does not correctly diagnose the disease. However, statistics disprove their assertions, and finding a case or two where the test seems to have failed has little argumentative effect on the whole case. We have heard like arguments against the value of vaccination for smallpox; nevertheless, statistics of hospitals, armies and even whole nations are overwhelmingly on the side of vaccination.—Farmers' Review.

**Making Breeds.**—No breed of rich dairy cows, cows yielding rich milk, was ever formed on low, wet lands and coarse, rank food, and the best of breeds grown elsewhere must in a few generations deteriorate under such conditions. That a breed grown under such conditions can, in a long series of generations, be changed from a poor dairy breed to a rich one by removal to upland pastures, and fed on rich food, there can be no doubt, but that it would require a long life-time is no less true. All such attempts are but waste of time, money and labor, when breeds are already to be had built up by nature and improved for centuries by skillful breeding.—Jersey Bulletin.

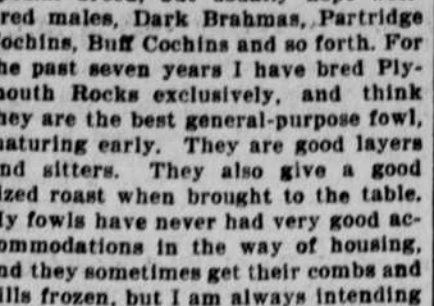
**Welsh Cattle.**

The black Welsh cattle are natives of the counties of Pembroke, Carmarthen and Cardigan, and are more generally known as Pembroke Black, subdivided into Castlemartin and Dewland breeds. From Cardiganshire they also extend along the North Wales coast up to Anglesea, and are then called the North Wales or Anglesea breeds. Whether they were ever indigenous to Radnorshire or Breconshire is not positively known, but they are not generally found in either. They are supposed to have been descended from "Bos Primigius," that is, they were not brought in by settlers, but were found there in a wild state by the earliest inhabitants. They may be described as a horned breed, generally of black color, and frequently with white marks on the udders of the cows, also a few white hairs at the end of the tail. Sometimes a few white hairs are mixed up with the coat, but this is not always hereditary, and only comes out occa-

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sionally. A brown black, approaching a chocolate color, is considered a good color. Occasionally there are some cows striped red and black, also some quite white with black ears, muzzle and feet, but these are becoming very rare. The special characteristics of the blacks, which make them valuable, are hardness of constitution, aptitude for dairy purposes, and docility.

**How Anthrax is Carried.**

Too great care cannot be used in the case of anthrax making itself manifest in any locality. If an animal has died of the disease, the germs may become spread in a number of ways. Even the persons making an examination of the carcasses are likely to carry away the germs on their boots. If the carcass is exposed to vultures, the germs are still more widely spread.

Four years ago there was an outbreak of anthrax on ten farms in Delaware. About 40 cows and 9 horses were affected. Of their owners four persons took the disease. There seemed only two ways for it to have come. One was by the possible introduction by drovers that had, perhaps, been in infected localities. The other possible source was the Morocco leather imported from the old world.

It has been proven in Europe that even scraps of tanned leather and bits of hair can convey the disease. Especially is this possible by means of the manures composed of the sweepings of such factories.

**Thick Udders, Rich Milk.**

At the present time some of the most reliable of dairy authorities are considering the relation of thick udders to rich milk. Those who have most thoroughly investigated the matter are about ready to assert that it is a quite valuable index. The cow whose udder milks down to a thin flabby sack will not usually be found a giver of rich milk. There is doubtless a reason for this in the manner of the production of butter fat from the tissues of the udder, but the process is so little understood that we will not attempt to show the relation between the thickness of tissues and abundance of cream. The idea, however, is not new. We have heard the fact commented on frequently by farmers that did not pretend to find a reason for it. The Farmers' Review would like the observations of its readers on this point.

Half a bushel of potatoes a day for a milk cow, is the limit recommended by Professor Ford. More than that injuriously affects the milk, he says.

She—Why does a woman take a man's name when she marries him?  
He—Why does she take everything else he's got?—Truth.

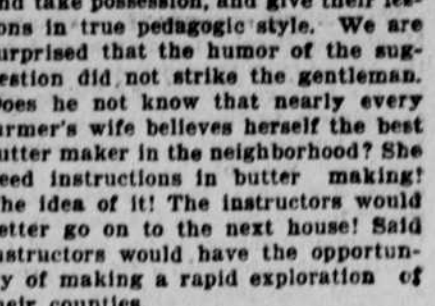
"Glad, Jarley, that neck-tie you have on is out of sight."  
"I wish it was; it's one my wife bought."—Harper's Bazar.

Specials don't run on regular time; likewise genius.

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we draw on it for our money supplies. Corn brings us into debt, as does also wheat and horse raising.—Marcus W. Wood, in Farmers' Review.

**A "Well-Intentioned" Poultry Raiser.**

For about thirty years I have raised poultry, for twenty-three years as an adjunct on the farm, and for the remaining seven years I have been raising them in the city suburbs. On the farm I did not confine myself to any special breed, but usually kept well-bred males, Dark Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, Buff Cochins and so forth. For the past seven years I have bred Plymouth Rocks exclusively, and think they are the best general-purpose fowl, maturing early. They are good layers and sitters. They also give a good sized roast when brought to the table. My fowls have never had very good accommodations in the way of housing, and they sometimes get their combs and gills frozen, but I am always intending to do better by them next winter. For grain feed, corn is my main reliance, supplemented by what table scraps we get. We make a good deal ourselves, and get considerable more from city families. This winter I am supplying them with sugar beets from the cows' rations, which they seem to pick at with great relish.

I find a market for a large part of my flock at \$1 each to be used as breeders, and think I could sell more if I had the pluck to advertise more. Those left over we usually dress and sell to private families, at full retail prices in the shops, which average about 19 cents per pound. Occasionally we sell some early chicks at 12 to 15 cents per pound alive. We do not get many eggs in winter now, but I "expect to next winter," when I get my ideas carried out.

We lose some fowls occasionally from different causes, but have never had what I consider an epidemic of cholera or of any other disease. I have never used an incubator, but have relied on the old method, frequently getting from 12 to 17 chicks in a brood. Seventeen



A WELSH YEARLING BULL AND HEIFER.