

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON

Subject: "The Dark Side of City Life."

TEXT: "And the darkness He called night."—Genesis 1, 5.

Two grand divisions of time. The one of sunlight, the other of shadow; the one for work, the other for rest; the one a type of everything glad and beautiful, the other used in all languages as a type of sadness and affliction and sin. These two divisions of time may have nomenclature of human invention, but the darkness held up its dusky brow to the Lord, and He baptized it, the dew dripping from His fingers as He gave it name, "And the darkness He called night."

My subject is midnight in town. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car, the stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccup of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam whistles five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends—midnight in town!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste, the messenger a few steps ahead hurrying on to the household. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwelling. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken. Oh, the midnight in town! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest!

Heavy arm preparing for to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the forehead, fresh from the snow already fallen. Childhood with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care and anxiety and worry and pain.

Let the city sleep; but, my friends, be not deceived. There will be thousands to-night who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you lest you feel the gaoler's hug. Look through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy glastier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for 24 hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse.

"Oh," you say, "they are the vicious poor, and therefore they do not demand our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them. Through their night they twinkle the round, merry stars of hope, and through the broken window pane they see the crystals of heaven, but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying they are so bad that they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, where I give 10 prayers for the innocent who are suffering I will give 20 prayers for the guilty who are suffering.

The fisherman, when he sees a vessel dashing into the breakers, comes out from his hut and wraps the warmest flannels around those who are most chilled and most bruised and most battered in the wreck. And I want you to know that these vicious poor have had two shipwrecks—the shipwreck of the body, shipwreck of the soul—shipwreck for time, shipwreck for eternity. Pity, by all means, the innocent who are suffering, but pity more the guilty.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked." No, it is not locked; it has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now look. Bewitchment and rage. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life.

What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner coming toward you, and as they come near you your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah! this is a babe, not like the beautiful children of your households, or the beautiful children smiling around these altars on a baptismal day. This little one never smiled; it never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. O Heavenly Shepherd fold that little one in Thine arms! Wrap around you your shawl or coat tighter, for the cold night wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah! it is possible that that young woman's scared and bruised face was ever looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities of Brooklyn and New York and all our great cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the midnight. Do you know it is in the midnight that criminals do their worst work?

At half past 8 o'clock you will find them in the drinking saloon, and toward 12 o'clock they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light on the sky and cry of "Fire!" This is an assassin, and to-morrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eyes keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to fly or pursue, they are ready.

Many of these poor creatures were brought up in that way. They were born in a thief's garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's

dark lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They began by robbing boys' pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank and are preparing to blast the gold vault.

Just so long as there are neglected children of the street, just so long we will have these desperadoes. Some one, wishing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of Scripture, expecting to get a Scriptural passage in answer, said to one of these poor lads, cast out and wretched, "When your father and mother forsake you, who then will take you up?" and the boy said, "The police, the police."

In the midnight gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring on more drinks. Put up more stakes. That commercial house that only a little while ago put out a sign of copartnership with this season be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money till that will spring a leak. A Member of Congress gambled with a Member-elect and won \$120,000. The old way of getting a living is so slow. The old way of getting a fortune is so stupid. Come, let us toss up and see who shall have it. And so the work goes on, from the wheezing wretches pitching pennies in a rum grocery up to the millionaire gambler in the stock market.

In the midnight hour pass down the streets of our American cities, and you hear the click of the dice and the sharp, keen tap of the poolroom tucker. At these places merchant princes dismount, and legislators tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime, the importer of foreign silks and the dealer in Chatham street handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away their time while the jury is out.

In Baden-Baden, when that city was the greatest of all gambling places on earth, it was no unusual thing to see next morning in the woods around that city to find the suspended bodies of suicides. Whatever be the splendor of the surroundings, there is no excuse for this crime. The thunders of eternal destruction roll in the deep rumble of that gambling temple alley. When men come out to join the long procession of sin all the drums of war beat the dead march of a thousand souls. In one year in this city of New York there were \$7,000,000 sacrificed at the gaming table.

Perhaps some of your friends have been smitten of this sin. Perhaps some of you have been smitten by it. Perhaps there may be a stranger in the house this morning come from some of the hotels. Look out for those agents of iniquity who tarry around about the hotels and ask you, "Would you like to see the city?" Yes, "Have you ever seen that splendid building uptown?" No, "Then the villain will undertake to show you what he calls the 'lions' and the 'elephants' and after a young man, through morbid curiosity or through badness of soul, has seen the 'lions' and the 'elephants' he will be on an enchanted ground. Look out for these men who move around the hotels with sleek hats—always sleek hats—and patronizing air and unaccountable interest about your welfare and entertainment. You are a fool if you cannot see through it. They want your money.

In Chestnut street, Philadelphia, while I was living in that city, an incident occurred which was familiar to us there. In Chestnut street, a young man went into a gambling saloon, lost all his property, then blew his brains out, and before the blood was washed from the floor by the maid the comrades were shuffling cards again. You see there is more mercy in the highwayman for the belated traveler on whose body he heaps the stones; there is more mercy in the frost for the flower that it kills; there is more mercy in the hurricane that shivers the steamer on the Long Island coast than there is mercy in the heart of a gambler for his victim.

In the midnight hour also, drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous, at 12 the hat falls off and the man falls to the floor asking for more drink. Straws through the drinking saloons of the city—fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, as good as you are by nature, perhaps better.

In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince, if he gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his fellow revelers, who try to get him to bed, or take him home, where he falls flat in the entry. Do not wake up the children. They have had enough. Do not let them know it. Hush it up. But sometimes it cannot be hushed up—when the rum touches the brain and the man becomes thoroughly frenzied.

Oh, if the rum touches the brain, you cannot hush it up. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings a great multitude have been saved. We want a few hundred Christian men and women to come down from the highest circles of society to toil amid these wandering and destitute ones and kindle up a light in the dark alley, even the gladness of heaven.

Do not go from your well filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing of an empty stomach or to warm stockings feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine as well as take prayer. There is a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she ought to love God and serve Him. "Oh," said she, "if you were as poor and cold as I am, and as hungry, you could think of nothing else."

I tell you there is more delight in heaven over one man that gets reformed by the grace of God than over ninety and nine that never got off the track. I could give you the history in a minute of one of the best friends I ever had. Outside of my own family I never had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home at the west. He was of splendid personal appearance, and he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother.

I saw men coming out of the saloons and gambling halls, and they surrounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point, his social nature, and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him, for I never yet saw a man you could not talk with on the subject of his habits if you talked with him in the right way. I said to him, "Why don't you give up your bad habits and become a Christian?" I remember now just how he looked, leaning over his counter, as he replied: "I wish I could. Oh, sir, I should like to be a Christian, but I have gone so far astray I can't get back." So the time went on. After awhile the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sickbed. I hastened. It took me but a very few moments to get there. I was surprised as I went in. I saw him in his ordinary clothes, fully dressed, lying on the top of the bed. I gave him my hand, and he seized it convulsively and said: "Oh, how glad I am to see you! Sit down there." I sat down, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, just where you sit now, my mother sat last night. She has been dead 20 years. Now, I don't want you to think I am out of my mind, or that I am superstitious; but, sir, she sat there last night just as certainly as you sit there now—the same cap, and apron and spectacles. It was my old mother—she sat there."

Then he turned to his wife and said: "I wish you would take these strings off the bed. Somebody is wrapping strings around me all the time. I wish you would stop that annoyance." She said, "There is nothing here." Then I saw it was delirium. He said: "Just where you sit now my mother sat, and she said, 'Roswell, I wish you would do better—I wish you would do better.' I said, 'Mother, I wish I could do better. I try to do better, but I can't. Mother, you used to help me. Why can't you help me now?' And, sir, I got out of bed, for it was reality, and I went to her and threw my arms around her neck, and I said: 'Mother, I will do better, but you must help. I can't do this alone.' I knelt down and prayed. That night his soul went to the Lord that made it.

Arrangements were made for the obsequies. The question was raised whether they should bring him to church. Somebody said, "You can't bring such a disreputable man as that into the church." I said: "You will bring him in the church? He stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when he is dead. Bring him." As I stood in the pulpit and saw them carrying the body up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood.

On one side of the pulpit sat his little child of eight years, a sweet, beautiful little girl that I had seen him hug convulsively in his better moments. He put on her all jewels, all diamonds, and gave her all picture and toys, and then he would go away as if hounded by an evil spirit to his cups and house of shame, a fool to the correction of the stocks. She looked up wonderingly. She knew not what it all meant. She was not old enough to understand the sorrow of an orphan child.

On the other side the pulpit sat the men who had ruined him. They were the men who had poured wormwood into the orphan's cup; they were the men who had bound his hand and foot. I knew them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say, "What a pity that such a generous man should be destroyed?" No. Did they sigh repentingly over what they had done? No; they sat there, looking at vultures look at the carcass of the lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin lid, and I told them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows. Did they reform? I was told they were in the places of iniquity that night after my friend was laid in Oakwood cemetery, and they blasphemed, and they drank. Oh, how merciless heaven is, especially after they have destroyed our help. Do not look to men for comfort or help. Look to God.

But there is a man who will not reform. He says: "I won't reform." Well, then, no many acts are there to a tragedy? I believe five.

Act the First of the Tragedy—A young man starting off from home. Parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the Second—The marriage altar. Full organ. Bright light. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation and exclamation of "How well she looks!"

Act Third—A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window pane. Marks of hardship on the face. The biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect and cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the Fourth—Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh, what a blasting heat of three graves! Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the Fifth—A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. No hope. Anguish coiling its serpents around the heart. Blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. What? I close my eyes to the last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart rejoice in the joys of thy youth, but know now that for all these things God will bring you into judgment." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

RICH FORESTS BURNED.

Many Turpentine Orchards Destroyed in North Carolina.

The greatest forest fires ever known in Moore and Richmond Counties, North Carolina, raged a few days ago, in the heart of the long leaf pine district. The trees had just been bored and thousands of them were destroyed. Many people owning turpentine orchards are ruined.



A BUSHEL OF ONIONS.

The weight of a bushel of onions varies as they may be dry or damp and fresh. Green onions will weigh fifty-six pounds to the bushel, but in the spring the same onions will weigh no more than forty-eight pounds. The largest onions weigh the most; the small seed onions when dry weigh only twenty-four pounds to the bushel. The legal weight of market onions, where there is any standard, is fifty-two pounds a bushel.—New York Tribune.

SETTING AXLES.

In setting axles for carts and carriages the wheels should be a trifle wider apart at the top than at the bottom; also gather a little in the front to prevent pressing on the linchpin or nut holding the wheel on the axle. In the carriage trade these variations from a straight line are called the "swing" and "gather." The latter is the forward inclination of the spindle relatively to the general line of direction of the axle-tree. The swing is the outward inclination of the top of the wheel, and is to meet the requirements of the conical axle, so that the bottom edge of the spindle shall ride about horizontally.—New York Sun.

LARGE AND SMALL FARMS.

Many persons could better their financial condition and relieve themselves from much worry and vexation if they would put the brains, labor and manure on five acres that they now distribute over forty. It is not true, however, that every farmer can do better on a small farm than on a large one. It requires a different order of intellect, and in some ways a larger intellect, to succeed with the small farm. Any successful gardener knows that it requires more brains to market his crops profitably than it does to raise them. In other words, the small farmer, if he expects profitable returns for his work, must have the qualities of a successful merchant and a skillful farmer.—Chicago Times.

HORSE POINTS.

Unless a horse has brains he is not teachable. A horse that has breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes will not act mean or hurt any one. The eye should be full and a hazel color, the ears small and thin and point forward, the face straight with square muzzle and large nostrils. The under side of the head should be well cut under the jaw with jawbone broad, and wide apart under the throatle. The back short and straight and square rump, high withers, shoulders well set back, and broad but not deep into the chest, fore feet short, hind legs pretty straight, fetlocks low down, pastern joint short with a round mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has all these points is almost sure to be slightly graceful, good natured and serviceable.—Tennessee Farmer.

MANAGEMENT OF WORN OUT LAND.

There is a natural fascination about the attempts to take what is seemingly worthless and give it value. Either it is this, or the fact that poor land can always be bought cheaply and usually on the easiest terms makes poor land saleable when property that was certain not to pay in years of any other character could not find a purchaser on any terms. But in most cases, cheap as the poor farm may seem, that in a high state of cultivation will be really cheaper, whatever the price asked for it. The cost of bringing up poor land to the point where it will begin to pay is always greater than is expected. The land that is now paying can generally be depended on to pay under good management as well as it has done. It has a recognized value that can be determined. If the poor land is bought it has to be experimented with, and possibly money has to be sunk before it can be made to pay. The old saying, to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath shall be taken away that he seemeth to have, is quite as true of land as it is of people. Fertility tends to make fertility even more surely than does money make money.—Boston Cultivator.

TO DRESS A BEEF.

A slaughtered beef may be dressed in this way: As soon as it is dead the carcass is turned on its back and the hide is slit up the belly, without cutting through into the interiors. The knife is passed from the brisket up the forelegs to the knee, and this joint is separated and left in the hide for the present. The hind legs are treated in the same way. The skin is then stripped off as far as possible to the back and round the neck. The carcass is then raised partly so as to remove the skin from the rump and down the back, and, as is necessary, it is raised more until the head is free of the ground, when the hide is completely removed, and the head is cut off. When the carcass is half raised it is opened and the intestines removed. It is then hoisted up, and washed down with cold water and left to hang until cool. It may be desirable to split the backbone at the shoulders and open the carcass to hasten the cooling. When well cooled

and quite stiff the meat is cut up, first into halves down the backbone and then into quarters. It is then ready to hang up, and may be further divided as may be convenient. Meat that is to be salted should be hung a few days before it is cut up, it keeps better for it, and any bloody parts, as about the neck, should be well cleaned before the meat is put in the pickle, as any blood in it will make the pickle sour in the warm weather. Pickled meat should be opened in the spring, before the weather is warm, and the pickle drawn off and boiled; by this the albumen which makes the pickle sour will be removed by straining, as it will be become solid. More pickle may be added.

FORMATION OF LAWS.

The gospel of the perfect law includes deep soil, the proper grasses and frequent mowing. In making a lawn too little importance is usually placed on thorough trenching or subsoiling and enriching the land. The surface should be harrowed and hand raked until it is in the finest condition. As to choice of seed, this must vary somewhat with locality and special conditions. Every seedsman has his own special mixture, and a very general one consists in red top and Kentucky blue grass, in equal proportions, with four or five pounds of white clover to the bushel. The seed is sown broadcast, when there is no wind, and lightly rolled in. This in brief is the usual plan.

A method brought to notice by J. B. Olcott, of the Connecticut Experiment Station, and described and discussed at the last annual session of the New Jersey State Horticultural Society, is as follows:—Prepare the ground the same as described for seeding down. Then a selected soil of a fine variety of Rhode Island Bent grass is taken and divided into single plants of one or two spears and these are

inches nine inches apart and also nine inches between the rows, thus requiring sixteen plants to the square yard. These plants are pressed firmly into the soil and afterwards the whole surface rolled with a hard roller. The after care consists in keeping out every weed and plants of white clover, etc.

In three or four months, it is claimed, the ground will be entirely covered with a short, thick moss of grass. During the summer an application of from 200 to 400 pounds of nitrate of soda to the acre, applied in from three to four sowings, will give the plants a fresh start and cause them to assume a bright green hue. If these directions are carefully carried out there will be no need of weedy lawns and the general complaint that grass cannot be made to grow under shade trees according to the advocates for this method. It must be explained that Rhode Island Bent grass as usually seen has long runners with the plants far apart, somewhat like the strawberry runners, while in the peculiar variety in question the plants cover the entire runners and show no naked stems. The season for planting by this method may be either from September to November, or from the last of March to the first of June.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Unless the hen leaves her nest over night the eggs will usually hatch.

For foliage effect, the tulip and the plane trees are among the finest.

Wheat and oats with milk and bran mash are good egg-producing foods.

Potatoes, milk, chopped clover or anything that the hens will eat can be used to make up a variety.

In Meehan's Monthly it is advised not to cut an orange hedge until three years after it is planted.

Have a good place for the goslings and keep them away from the water until they are well feathered.

J. S. Woodward, the Western New York sheep-grower, is an earnest advocate of sheep in the orchard.

Scientific experiments made by the New Jersey Station emphasize the importance of muriate of potash for peaches.

There are three prime causes of chicken cholera—overcrowding, especially in warm weather; filthy quarters and unwholesome food.

Those who have tried it say that Lorett's blackberry is an excellent, all-round berry, being hardy, early, prolific and of good quality.

What can indicate a poor man, a poor farmer, more certainly than poor fences, poor pastures, and a poor, starved, neglected flock of sheep?

Capons are nearly always in demand, whether large or small, and can nearly always be sold at profitable prices; but the larger ones sell best.

Mr. McMillan, authority in such matters, does not think much of ash and beech trees for street planting, except the white and European species.

In selecting breeding stock aim to strike the "happy medium," neither too large nor too light boned. The one is coarse and the other is played out.

Some farmers declare fowls a nuisance, and say they don't pay. This is where they are left to shift for themselves. Would the dairy pay the same way?

It doesn't matter which way you put it clover and sheep; or, sheep and clover. They always go together, and both mean prosperity for the farmer.

One of the advantages of sheep manure over all other barnyard manures is in its freedom from weed seeds. No seed will grow after going through a sheep.