THE FARM AND GARDEN.

THE COLOR OF SOWED CORN.

In passing any piece of sowed corn late in the growing season, it is easy to see what will and what will not make good feed. That which has been thickly sown, especially on poor soil, is a light yellow color, tasteless, and nearly void of nutritive value. That sown in drills and cultivated once or twice, is large, thick-stemmed and dark green in color. Taste it and you find the sweetness that with a little more room and time would be transformed into the starch of the perfected grain.

TURNIPS AND POTATOES FOR POULTRY.

According to P. H. Jacobs, poultry authority, young chicks are partial to potatoes, and adult fowls also eat them readily. Save all the small and unmarketable potatoes and boil them for the hens. It is not necessary to mash them, as the hens know how to eat them without assistance. Turnips also make cheap food for poultry, especially ducks, and will pay as a crop for feeding in that manner. The most successful breeders of ducks use turnips, cooked and thickened with bran, for ducklings, and serve as a very satisfactory diet for geese in winter. But little grain is necessary if poultry are well supplied with cooked oats.

RAIN AND STRAW TOGETHER.

Those who feed oats to cattle can save expense of threshing by giving neat cattle their ration of oats and straw together. For this reason it is well to leave unthreshed such stacks as have best and shortest straw. One year we put the unthreshed oats in the barn, but mice played mischief with them, so that this plan is not to be recommended unless one knows how to circumvent the rodents. Since then we have either carried from stack to stable as wanted, or transferred a stack or more into the barn by way of the cutting-box. Mice or rats cannot burrow in the chopped stuff. So far as we can discover the grain is as thoroughly digested by cows when eaten from the bundle as when the whole is chopped. The advantage of chopping comes from having less waste than when daily carried from the stack, having the fodder under cover and consequent convenience in feeding. The economy lies in saving the expense of threshing and grinding, for when eaten in the straw there is no bolting—so to speak—of the grain, but nearly all is remasticated and assimilated.—*Farm, Stock and Home.*

CELERY.

Celery should be banked soon. Some gardeners are following the practice of tying the tops of each root together before banking. It may take a little more time to tie it first and bank it later, than to have one man handle while two others do the banking, but it has the advantage of keeping the earth out of the centre of the bunch more thoroughly, and there are less stalks broken off in the digging and putting in the pit. It also will pack much closer in the pit. More of the earth can be put up against it with a plow, leaving less to be moved with the shovel. It should not be handled when wet, as this causes rust.

Before there is any chance of the temperature falling below twenty degrees it should be packed as closely as possible, standing upright, and with boards across once in eight or ten rows to prevent any danger of falling over, as if it does not stand upright, it will heat and rot.

The pit should be so covered as to effectually keep out the rain, and have a drainage which will take off any water which may soak in. It should also be ventilated by openings under the peak of the roof, which should be kept open whenever it can be done without danger of freezing, unless it is desired to blanch it out for an early market. Heat and dampness hasten the blanching, but also cause rotting.

As the weather grows colder the pit should be banked up until the sides and ends have a wall nearly four feet thick, and the roof should have not less than one foot of salt hay, or two feet of straw, to protect it from freezing. As the demand for celery is greatest, and the prices better, after the middle of December, those who can keep their celery until that time without danger of freezing or rotting will do well not to hurry the blanching process. It seems that the demand for celery has increased with the increased supply, until the amount sold in our large markets is ten-fold that handled a few years. The better the quality the larger the demand.—*American Cultivator.*

HOW TREES GROW.

There is rarely sufficient room near any tree for all the seeds it produces to germinate or for the seedlings to develop into fully grown individuals. Nature is lavish in sowing seeds that the succession of the plant may be insured. Most trees are gregarious, therefore, in extreme youth, from habit transmitted through many generations. They love company, and really thrive only when closely surrounded. Close planting is essential, therefore, to insure the best results. As the trees grow, the weaker are pushed aside and finally destroyed by the more vigorous, and the plantation is gradually thinned. This is the operation which is always going on in the forest when man does not intervene. It is a slow and expensive operation, however, and the result is attained by a vast expenditure of energy and of good material. The strongest trees come out victorious in the end, but they bear the scars of the contest through life.

The long, bare trunk and the small and misshapen head—the only form of a mature tree found in the virgin forest—tell of years or of centuries of struggle, in which hundreds of weaker individuals may have perished that one giant may survive. But man can intervene, and by judicious and systematic thinning help the strong to destroy the weak more quickly and with less expenditure of vital force. Thick planting is but following the rule of nature, and thinning is only helping nature do what she does herself too slowly, and therefore too expensively. This is why trees in a plantation intended for ornament, like those in a park or pleasure ground, should be planted thickly at first, and why they should then be systematically thinned from time to time; and it is because this systematic thinning is altogether neglected, or put off until the trees are ruined for any purpose of ornament, that it is so rare to find a really fine tree in any public place or private grounds. Of the implements required to produce a fine tree the ax is certainly the first and most important.—*Garden and Forest.*

STRAW, WEEDS AND STUBBLE.

What use shall we make of these waste products of the farm, and how shall we manage them to get the most good at least cost from them? The profits of the farm are not large and we cannot afford to let anything go to loss. If we can by a careful saving of all vegetable matter increase the manure pile so as to transfer a few acres from the unprofitable to the profitable side of the ledger, it is our privilege and duty to do so. The worst possible use a farmer can make of straw is not to use it at all, and strange as it may seem, there are thousand of farmers who do this very thing. They thresh in some remote corner and leave the straw on the ground. I have often counted from five to eight of these straw stacks on a single farm, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, each containing one year's crop of straw. Good, bright wheat or oat straw has considerably more than half the feeding value of an average hay, and either horses or cattle may be wintered in good condition with no other rough feed, with a moderate increase of the grain ration. It is best that this increase shall be of bran, oats and oil meal rather than corn. I have neighbors who bore auger holes in the floor of their horse stall to allow the urine to run through, and yet leave stacks of old straw in the fields. I do not only bed liberally in the stable, but cover my barnyard so that it is never muddy and no liquid runs from it. Weeds, cornstalks, potato vines, clover straw, etc., are all packed into the barnyard. We have just cut and raked up all our wheat stubble for this purpose. From a part of the field we got a full two horse load to the acre. Eight acres of our wheat that had been sown to timothy had made quite a growth, and as the spring was very dry the clover was poor. Consequently foxtail and ragweed made a vigorous start, but we mowed it early and there will not be a foul seed on the field, while the weeds and stubbles will help to keep the barnyard clean and save the urine. The last week in August I visited a neighbor who is a successful wheat grower and found him spreading straw on a field which was plowed and harrowed ready for the drill. He burns this straw and tells me that many years' experience shows him that it pays as well as to manure an equal area. His land is strong and rich in humus, and while this without doubt is good practice for him on thin land it will probably pay better to plow under straw than to burn it. I would always, however, if possible, burn stubble on fields where there has been chinch bugs. It is well on such fields to set the machine to cut high so as to leave enough stubble to burn readily. I have seen excellent effects from burning stubble on land to be plowed for wheat, the wheat in a few weeks after it came up showing to a foot where the stubble had been burned by its strong growth and healthy color.

It is a fact, perhaps not known to all, that one pound of the urine of a horse has a fertilizing power equal to six pounds of the droppings, and the only way we are likely to save this is by free use of absorbents. With good management every farm will furnish enough of these, and it is wise to make tight stable floors and bed freely. Even cornstalks make an excellent absorbent and will decay more quickly than straw. If cut to lengths of from six inches to a foot they make excellent bedding for horses. They crush easily, and the pith of the stalk takes up the liquid better than straw. I scatter the waste of twenty acres of corn fodder over my small barnyard each winter to be tramped and mixed with the straw and manure. By April 1st the manure is in good shape for speading, and only very close inspection would discover a cornstalk in it.

FARM AND GARDEN N[OTES].

Never allow the fowls to go thirsty.

Above all things keep the hen house clean and well ventilated.

Sloppy food, only fit for hogs, and the flock suffering with diarrhœa.

When you hear the hooting owl consider—are the fowls all in the coop?

The fattening stock will lay on flesh twice as fast in mild weather as they will after it becomes cold.

Supply the proper conditions of warmth and variety of food, and fowls will lay in winter as well as summer.

It matters not whether certain weeds are ten or ninety per cent. bad; they all succumb to good culture; all perish by the same process.

The first thing to be done to secure a large flow of winter milk is to make the cows comfortable; the next to feed judiciously and liberally.

There is a never-failing market for poultry and eggs on the farmer's own table, and no farmer can do better than to keep this well supplied.

In churning, stop the churn when the butter is in small granules, wash with brine or clear water, and salt with brine or dry salt as you may prefer.

Cracked corn is good food when newly ground. It will become musty sooner than the whole kernel. It is best when the meal is left in and when scalded to swell the mass.

We are glad to notice that there are dairywomen who are not afraid to exhibit their butter at dairy shows. Good home-made butter will never be crowded out of the market by factory butter. The poor will.

The cow was intended by nature to produce but enough milk to raise her calf. She is now, as a deep milker, the creature of man's handiwork. From experience, we know that the length of time a cow will keep in milk depends much upon her care, feed and handling.

Soak tobacco stems in water to make a strong liquid, then evaporate it on the steam or hot water pipes for keeping off green fly in the greenhouse. Stems cut fine, dampened, and laid about the plants will be preferable for the house, as the vapor and smell is somewhat offensive if evaporated on the stove or register.

A practical test will convince the dairyman that his cows are capable of consuming and digesting a much larger amount of food than the usual allowance. Experiments of this kind will soon denote which of the cows pay the best by noting whether the excess of food is converted into increased quantity of milk or flesh.

Cooking cornmeal does increase its digestibility for fattening hogs, but the increase in food value is not sufficient, with only a few hogs, to pay the expense. Yet, in feeding on a large scale, the cost of cooking the cornmeal, with a proper apparatus and mixing in a little cut clover hay, will be amply paid for in the result.

The most convenient and the easiest way to feed fall pigs is to give them whole new corn. While this is true, it is a most hazardous way to start them, for they are liable to come to winter quarters burned out, lacking in vigor and digestive powers, which makes it exceedingly probable that they will go through the winter without a paying gain.

Two Carriages for an Emperor.

Two magnificent carriages, of Oriental design, have just been built in London for the Emperor of Morocco. One is a hansom cab, of green and gold, which is to be drawn by led mules, as there is no driver's seat. The other is a palanquin, which is to be carried by two mules, instead of by human bearers. The interior is sumptuously decorated with green silk, and the seat is so arranged that the Emperor can sit cross-legged if so disposed. On the right side is a little cupboard, which contains a four-chambered revolver, with gilt barrels and an ivory stock, and a receptacle for ammunition. On the left are a sword-stick and other weapons, and also a letter-box and writing-stand. The palanquin is ingeniously made, so that springs and wheels can at any time be added.

A Washington man buys cat-skins. Shipped to Europe, they sell as rugs, dressing-gown linings, etc.

CASTLE GARDEN.

INTERESTING FIGURES ABOUT NEW YORK'S "BATTERY."

Five Youngsters Who Came Alone From Scotland—A Genuine Circassian Woman—Two Slovacs—Beginning Life at 92.

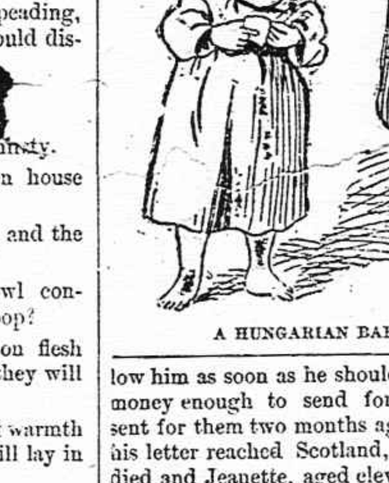
Five little red-cheeked children stood upon the dock at Castle Garden and looked across the waters of the harbor anxiously. Their eyes were red from crying. The attaches of the place, from Superintendent Simpson down, all treated the little ones with marked attention, and saw that everything possible was done to make them comfortable. They had just landed by one of the puffy little steamboats from the steamship Fulda, down the bay. These little folks were the last to come ashore. Upon the breast of each was a yellow tag, bearing an inscription

FROM THE LAND O' CAKES.

in several languages. There were four girls and one boy in the group, and they had come all the way from a little hamlet near Glasgow, Scotland, thus oddly labeled. The tags told who they were, where they were going, to whom they were to be delivered in America, and also certified that their fare had been paid to the steamship company that forwarded them.

The children were looking for the first time at the wonders of the new country into which they had been sent. Only one or two of them were old enough to understand the change from their native land. The camera secured a negative of the interesting group, and it is reproduced above.

The history of the little party is as follows: John Young, a miner at Cool Glen, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, is the father of the girls, he came to this country a few years since from Scotland, and left his wife and family there, to fol-



A HUNGARIAN BABY.

low him as soon as he should have earned money enough to send for them. He sent for them two months ago, but before his letter reached Scotland, his wife had died and Jeanette, aged eleven years, was left in charge of her three little sisters. Of these, Ellen was but a trifle over four years of age; Jane just past eight years, and Katie not quite ten. Alexander King, aged fifteen years, but a boy quite small for his years, was the only acquaintance the orphans had near their home, and boy though he was, he came bravely to their assistance in their hour of need. He wrote a letter to Mr. Young immediately on receipt of his letter summoning his family to America, and informed him that as all five could travel at a less rate than Mrs. Young and the four girls could have done, he proposed, through the aid of the steamship company at Glasgow, to bring the motherless children to America, find their father, and deliver them to him, and then look about for something to do for himself, since he, also, had lost his parents.

THE BABY'S MOTHER.

With the money Mr. Young had sent young King purchased steerage tickets to New York and landed here with money enough left to pay the railroad fares of the party to Cool Glen, Penn., where Mr. Young met them on their arrival. Before the little travelers sailed the agent of the Fulda attached to each a card or tag giving name, age, destination, and route all the way through.

Jeannette said that she got along very well, except that the two youngest children were very sick coming over. She was eager for the meeting with her father, which was to be the greatest event of her life. The party left by the Pennsylvania Railroad for Cool Glen.

"Here are two specimens," said Major Semsey, of the Garden, "the like of whom very rarely come to this country. They are Slovacs, and come from the highlands in the east of Slavonia, in Hungary, on the borders of the land of Galicia, which is an Austrian possession. These men speak the oldest language known to exist to-day. The Slavonic tongue, with its eight or ten dialects, is spoken by these men. We call them Slovacs."

The immigrants referred to came forward from a seat in the large room at the beck of Major Semsey. They were clad in loose-fitting blouses of homespun woolen cloth. They wore fur caps of turban shape upon their heads and were most peculiar looking people. Each of these men speaks several dialects of his own language, besides Latin, Greek and Russian. Yet they have come to America to work in the coal mines of Pennsylvania for $1 to $1.50 per day.

A picture of one of the pretty sights in the Garden is drawn from an instantaneous photograph of a little Hungarian babe, not yet three years old. The child, spectacularly dirty, of course, was rolling about on the dock when the reporter first saw it, perfectly contented and happy and the picture of health. When the reporter whistled to it it looked up and laughed, blinked at the sunlight which streamed in through a window and began counting its toes.

The mother of this rollicking little baby was pretty also. Her husband came

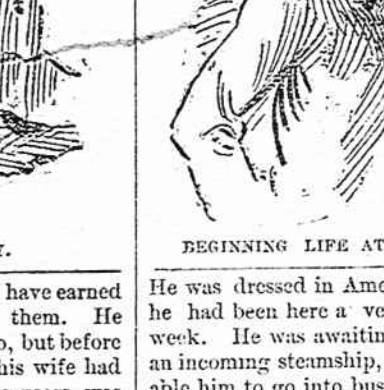
A PAIR OF SLOVACS.

to America a year ago from Hungary. He started a hand-organ route, and gathered in money sufficient to purchase a peanut and fruit stand. Then he bought a fruit store, and to-day is doing a good business on the East Side. His wife and baby were waiting until he should come to meet them. There was a celebration in at least one family in this town last evening, and this happy reunion was the cause of it.

Tell me, Balbus, where, oh where is the Circassian beauty's beer-stiffened hair? Circassian girls in museums always have hair that sticks straight up all over their heads, and it always stands that way; but no one, even though he watched the door of a museum for a month, ever saw a Circassian girl emerge from it after the performances of the day

CIRCASSIANS IN PRIVATE LIFE.

was over. Why? Well, a photograph of a Circassian family at Castle Garden was taken. It shows that the costumes of the woman was pretty and quaint. She wore a plaid shawl over her head and her bodice and skirt were of brilliant colors, but she hadn't stand-up hair. Her hair was long and straight, but soft as silk, and reached to her waist and below. There wasn't the slightest resemblance between her and any museum Circassians ever seen: but she was better looking than any of them. Her husband was a round-faced, tall, lanky individual, with little squinty eyes and short hair.



BEGINNING LIFE AT NINETY-TWO.

He was dressed in American clothes, for he had been here a very long time—a week. He was awaiting remittances by an incoming steamship, which would enable him to go into business in the country. The woman wanted to know how large the river was that flowed through New York, and what held the bridges up on which the railroad trains ran. She imagined that the elevated roads were gigantic bridges. What will she think when she sees the Brooklyn Bridge and its trains of cable cars in motion?

Ivan Godoviski is ninety-two years old, and spry as a man of fifty. His beard is as white as snow and his hair is a good match. Old Ivan has crossed the ocean no less than sixteen times during his life, and now, at the advanced age of almost a century, he comes to our shores as an immigrant. He has but little money, but his stock of pluck and courage is as great as it was before most of the readers of the *Evening Sun* were born, and he says he will go into business in New York and lay up something upon which to live when he becomes too old to work. His former visits to America were made in the interest of his business as a furrier in Odessa, on the Black Sea. He was worth an independent fortune at the age of forty, but, like many other men, sought to increase it. He became involved in political troubles about fifteen years ago, and his property was confiscated. He left Odessa and went to the south of France, but, despairing of success there, returned to his native town and commenced business all over again. Another failure resulted, through no fault of his own, and now, at an age when most men are laid in their graves, he starts out in life anew, in the land of the free.—*New York Sun.*

Jumping at a Conclusion.

—*Texas Siftings.*

A Small Boy's Love Letter.

The following letter, written by an eight-year-old boy, recently fell into the hands of a teacher in one of our rural districts, says the Hartford *Post*. It shows some training in letter writing and the use of words, as well as loving sentiment, fast budding into active exercise:

DEAR LENA: Charlie says you are going to marry him. Are you goin ty? Marry me and we will have him for a hard (hired man.) Your friend. JAMES.

London pays over $12,000,000 annually for Cheddar cheese made on English farms.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., on his embarkation at New York for the Holy Land, by the steamer City of Paris, addressed his millions of friends through the press, taking for his text Acts xx., 38: "And the accompanied him unto the ship." His sermon is printed below in full:

To the more than twenty-five million people in many countries to whom my sermons come week by week, in English tongue and by translation, through the kindness of the newspaper press, I address these words. I dictate them to a stenographer on the eve of my departure for the Holy Land, Palestine. When you read this sermon I will be mid-Atlantic. I go to be gone a few weeks on a religious journey. I go because I want for myself and hearers and readers to see Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Jerusalem, and Calvary, and all the other places connected with my Saviour's life and death, and so re-enforce myself for sermons. I go because I am writing the "Life of Christ," and can be more accurate and graphic when I have been an eye witness of the sacred places. Pray for my successful journeying and my safe return.

I wish on the eve of departure to pronounce a loving benediction upon all my friends in high places and low, upon congregations to whom my sermons are read in absence of pastors, upon groups gathered out on the prairies, and in mining districts, upon all sick and invalid and aged ones who cannot attend churches, but to whom I have long administered through the printed page. My next sermon will be addressed to you from Rome, Italy, for I feel like Paul when he said: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also." The fact is that Paul was ever moving about on land or sea. He was an old sailor—not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship captains. The sailors never scoffed at him for being a "land lubber." If Paul's advice had been taken, the crew would never have gone ashore at Melita.

When the vessel went scudding under bare poles Paul was the only self-possessed man on board, and, turning to the excited crew and despairing passengers, he exclaims, in a voice that sounds above the thunder of the tempest and the wrath of the sea: "Be of good cheer."

The men who now go to sea with maps, and charts, and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthouse, know nothing of the perils of ancient navigation. Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland, and from island to island, and not until long after spread their sail for a voyage across the sea. Before starting, the weather was watched, and the vessel having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off—they, at the last moment, leaping into it.

Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden—the transit of passengers being the exception; for the world was not then migratory, as in our day, when the first desire of a man in one place seems to be to get into another place. The ship from which Jonah was thrown overboard, and in which Paul was carried prisoner, went out chiefly with the idea of taking a cargo. As now, so then, vessels were accustomed to carry a flag. In those times it was inscribed with the name of a heathen deity. A vessel bound for Syracuse had on it the inscription, "Castor and Pollux." The ships were provided with anchors. Anchors were of two kinds—those that were dropped into the sea, and those that were thrown upon to the rocks to hold the vessel fast. This last kind was what Paul alluded to when he said: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail." That was what the sailors call a "hook anchor." The rocks and sand bars, shoals and headlands not being mapped out, vessels carried a plumb line. They would drop it and find the water fifty fathoms, and drop it again and find it forty fathoms, and drop it again and find it thirty fathoms, thus discovering their near approach to the shore.

In the spring, summer and autumn the Mediterranean Sea was white with the wings of ships, but at the first wintry blast they hied themselves to the nearest harbor; although now the world's commerce prospers in January as well as in June, and in midwinter all over the wide and stormy deep there float palaces of light, trampling the billows under foot and showering the sparks of terrible furnaces on the wild wind; and the Christian passenger, tippeted and shawled, sits under the shelter of the smoke-stack, looking off upon the phosphorescent deep, on which is written in scrolls of foam and fire: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!"

It is in those days of early navigation that I see a group of men, women and children on the beach of the Mediterranean. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached, and they are come down to see him off. It is a solemn thing to part. There are so many traps that wait for a man's feet. The solid ground may break through, and the sea—how many dark mysteries it hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a hasty good-by, a last look, and the ropes rattle, and the sails are hoisted, and the planks are hauled in, and Paul is gone. I expect to sail over some of the same waters over which Paul sailed, but before going I want to urge you all to embark for heaven.

The church is the dry dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage, the first need is sound the timber. The floor timbers ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it, vessels that looked able to run their jibbooms into the eye of any tempest, when caught in a storm have been crushed like a wafer. The truths of God's Word are what I mean by floor timbers. Away with your lighter materials. Nothing but oaks, hewn in the forest of divine truth, are stanch enough for this craft.

You must have love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither pride, nor ambition, nor avarice will do for a rudder. Love, not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye and tingling in the hand—love married to work, which many look upon as so homely a bride—love, not like brooks which foam and rattle yet do nothing, but love like a river that runs up the steps of mill wheels and works in the harness of factory bands—love that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not merely saying: "Poor fellow! you are dreadfully hurt," but, like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine and pays his board at the tavern. There must also be a prow, arranged to cut and override the billow. That is Christian perseverance.

There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh and the devil—and that is a well built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have put back and never started again. It is the broadside wave that so often sweeps the deck and fills the hatches; but that which strikes in front is harmless. Meet troubles courageously and you surmount them. Stand on the prow; and, as you wipe off the spray of the split surge, cry out with the apostle: "None of these things move me." Let all your fears stay aft. The right must conquer. Know that Moses, in the ark of bulrushes, can run down a war steamer.

Have a good, strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass, hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father." Do not use the anchor wrongfully. Do not always stay in the same latitude and longitude. You will never ride up the harbor of Eternal Rest if you all the way drag your anchor.

But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the flying jib, the foresail, top-gallant, the skysail, the gaff-sail and other canvas. Faith is our canvas. Hoist it and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than faith will be slit to tatters by the first northeaster. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crash foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior, a crank to the most ponderous wheel, a lever to pry up pyramids, a drum whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery, and sails to waft ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbor of earth to the harbor of heaven.

But you are not yet equipped. You must have what seamen call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew lines and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted nor the canvas in any wise managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tackling you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling at these ropes you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a halliard.

One more arrangement and you will be ready for the sea. You must have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points toward the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog and darkness and storm it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures. "Box the compass."

Let me give you two or three rules for the voyage. Allow your appetites and passions only an under deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on the promenade deck. Mortify your members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steerage passage. Let watchfulness walk the decks as an armed sentinel, and shoot down with great promptness anything like a mutiny of riotous appetites.

Be sure to look out of the forecastle for icebergs. These are cold Christians floating about in the church. The frigid zone professors will sink you. Steer clear of icebergs. Keep a log-book during all the voyage—an account of how many furlongs you make a day. The merchant keeps a day book as well as a ledger. You ought to know every night as well as every year, how things are going. When the express train stops at the depot you hear a hammer sounding on all the wheels, thus testing the safety of the rail train. Bound, as we are, with more than express speed toward a great eternity, ought we not often to try the work of self-examination?

Be sure to keep your colors up! You know the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with a figure of a cross, a crown and a dove; and from the masthead let float the streamers of Immanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass you unharmed as they say: "There goes a Christian, bound for the port of heaven. We will not disturb her, for she has too many guns aboard." Run up your flag on this pulley: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." When driven back, or laboring under great stress of weather—now changing from starboard tack to larboard, and then from larboard to starboard—look above the topgallants, and your heart shall beat like a war drum as the streamers float on the wind. The sign of the cross will make you patient, and the crown will make you glad.

Before you gain port you will smell the land breezes of heaven; and Christ, the Pilot, will meet you as you come into the Narrows of Death, and fasten to you, and say: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Are you ready for such a voyage? Make up your minds. The gang-planks are lifting. The bell rings. All aboard for heaven! The world is not your rest. The chaffinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying to make its nest on the rocking billow. Oh, how I wish that as I embark for the Holy Land in the East, all to whom I preach by tongue or type would embark for heaven. What you all most need is God, and you need Him now. Some of you I leave in trouble. Things are going very rough with you. You have had a hard struggle with poverty, or sickness or persecution or bereavement. Light after light has gone out and it is so dark that you can hardly see any blessing left. May that Jesus, who comforted the widow of Nain, and raised the deceased to life, with His gentle hand of sympathy wipe away your tears. All is well.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amidst all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said: "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

> The hill of Zion yields
> A thousand sacred sweets,
> Before we reach the heavenly fields
> Or walk the golden streets.
>
> Then let our songs abound,
> And every tear be dry;
> We're marching through Immanuel's ground
> To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amidst great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After a while, they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a large flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh! my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails! it is the quails!

I cannot leave you until once more I confess my faith in the Saviour whom I have preached. He is my all in all. I owe more to the grace of God than most men. With this ardent temperament, if I had gone overboard I would have gone to the very depths. You know I can do nothing by halves.

> O to grace how great a debtor
> Daily I'm constrained to be!

I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if any fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight. I have been most unworthy, and would be sorry to think that any one of my friends had been as unworthy a Christian as myself. But God has helped a great many through, and I hope He will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if He is going to rub any of it out, I think He will rub it all out.

And now give us (for I go not alone) your benediction. When you send letters to a friend in a distant land, you say via such a city, or via such a steamer. When you send you good wishes to us, send them via the throne of God. We shall not travel out of the reach of your prayers.

> There is a scene where spirits dwell,
> Where friend holds intercourse with friend;
> Though sundered far, by faith we meet
> Around one common mercy seat.

And now, may the blessing of God come down upon your bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your companions, your children, your brothers and sisters, and your friends! May you be blessed in your business and in your pleasures, in your joys and in your sorrows, in the house and by the way! And if, during our separation, an arrow from the unseen world should strike any of us, may it only hasten on the raptures that God has prepared for those who love Him! I utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak or write. But, considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, an affectionate and a cheerful good-by!

Too Fresh Pork.

A few days ago a large hog belonging to Le Roy Hardy, of Stark, Ga., while the family were all out of the house, went into the house, and after climbing upon a feather bed proceeded to tear the bed and clothing into doll rags. His hogship thought he had found a beautiful playhouse, and in his delight and playfulness tore things up generally. When the inmates of the house came in the floor was literally covered with feathers, and the festive brute ran from the house looking more like one of the feathered tribe than a fat porker.

What Love Does.

An odd poem begins:

> Love in my bosom, like a bee,
> Doth suck his sweete;
> Now with his wings he plays with me;
> Now with his feete.

If the old time bees were anything like their Florida descendants, that poem might better read:

> Love in my bosom, like a bee,
> Doth never quail;
> Not with his wings he stings—not he;
> But with his tail.

—*Florida Times-Union.*

In the neighborhood of Stafford, England, three old men, whose united ages amount to 213 years, have just completed a task of hoeing twelve acres of common turnips, etc. The same men have worked on the same farm and for the same farmer unitedly for 120 years.

TEMPERANCE.

WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

> Thy neighbor? it is he whom thou
> Hast power to aid and bless;
> Whose aching heart or burning brow
> Thy soothing hand may press.
>
> Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor
> Whose eye with want is dim,
> Whom hunger sends from door to door;
> Go thou and succor him.
>
> Thy neighbor? 'tis that drunken man,
> Whose years are at the brim,
> Bent low with poverty and pain;
> Go thou and rescue him.
>
> Thy neighbor? 'tis his wife, bereft
> Of every earthly gem;
> This wife and children helpless left;
> Go thou and shelter them.
>
> Where e'er thou meet'st a human form
> 'Neath drunkeness bent down,
> Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm;
> Thy brother, or thy son.
>
> Pass not, oh pass not heedless by,
> Perhaps thou canst redeem.
> Himself and his from misery;
> Go reason, plead with him.

—*Geo. W. Cook, in Battle-Axe of Temperance.*

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

In Damascus the natives style drunken men as victims of "the English disease."

The Blue Ribbon Society in Christiania, Sweden, now numbers about 500 members.

The retail liquor traffic is now prohibited in seventy-nine municipalities of the province of Manitoba.

Cardinal Manning declares that upon the work of total abstinence depends the greatness of the Nation.

Fortune knocks once at every man's door, but she doesn't go hunting through beer saloons for him if he happens to be out.

A liquor officer, in searching a house in Boston, found behind a large picture an opening in the wall which concealed fifty bottles of lager beer.

Mayor Cregier, of Chicago, recently revoked for one year the licenses of thirteen saloon-keepers for not obeying the Sunday Curtain Closing law.

Eighty Japanese girls at Nagasaki, Japan, are banded together in a Y. W. C. T. U. that is said to be the strongest organization of the kind in the Empire.

It is our observation, says the *Scientific American*, that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity.

A Chicago paper says the danger line is passed as regards the corn crop. Not at all. The danger line will only be reached when the corn is manufactured into whisky.

It is reported that in Louisville, Ky., it is impossible to keep dippers on the public wells because the saloon men have them taken off or destroyed so as to force the thirsty public into their dives.

"If you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, quiet nerves and long life, avoid all drinks but water," says a wise physician. We might add that money can be kept in the pocket, and comfort brought to the home if nothing stronger than water is chosen.

A Mississippi town of 7500 inhabitants provides a large number of saloons for the men to get drunk in, but has repeatedly failed to sustain the existence of even one ice cream parlor for the refreshment of wives and children. The same stream of money could not flow in two opposite directions.

The *International Royal Templar* relates an incident concerning a London drayman that illustrates the real value of a beer-drinker's health. This man was in the habit of showing his great strength by taking a full barrel of beer, raising it and depositing it gently on the dray. One day, while performing this feat, he received a slight scratch on his hand. So thoroughly poisoned by beer was his system that in spite of every effort to save his life he died in three days.

SAY "NO."

The other day I saw a man who is an abject slave of liquor, who did not drink his first glass of wine because he liked it, but because a young lady offered it to him, asking if he was afraid to drink it. One of the most notorious gamblers of this city, when a boy would never have dreamed of gambling, and he did not begin of himself, but a high-toned "friend" led him into it. How many boys there are who have not even got the spunk of the fly who refused to walk into the spider's parlor! It does not take any talent to say "no," it does not take any education. No matter how talented and educated a boy may be, if he has not got the back-bone to say a "no" that means NO, when asked to do a questionable action, he is lacking in a quality that means everything to him. You may think that you just do that which does not seem to you to be right to oblige a friend, but let me tell you, your oblige the devil a great deal more. If somebody else tells you that it is all right to do something that you consider wrong, show a little manly independence and tell him that though it may be all right for him, if his conscience approves, still yours does not approve, and it would be wrong for you. A good big "No" will often save a world of trouble.—*The Witness.*

A man likes to have good neighbors when he must love his neighbor as himself.

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts upon the mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

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The man who is right is seldom left.

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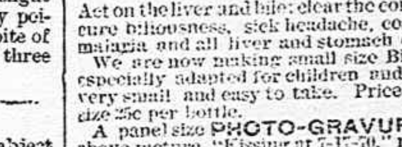

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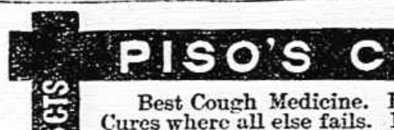

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