REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Age of Swindle."

TEXT: "*Whose trust shall be a spider's web.*"—Job viii, 14.

The two most skillful architects in all the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter house for flies. On a bright summer morning, when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for supernational beings to cross on. But alas for the poor fly, which, in the latter part of that very day, ventures on it, and is caught and dungeoned and destroyed. The fly was informed that it was a free bridge, and would cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the toll paid was its own life. The next day there comes a strong wind, and away goes the web, and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. So delicate are the silken threads of the spider's web that many thousands of them are put together before they become visible to the human eye, and it takes 4,000,000 of them to make a thread as large as the human hair. Most cruel as well as most ingenious is the spider. A prisoner in the Bastile, France, had one so trained that at the sound of a violin it every day came for its meal of flies. Job, the author of my text, and the leading scientist of his day, had no doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another, and saw spider and fly swept down with the same broom, or scattered by the same wind. Alas, that the world has so many designing spiders and victimized flies.

There has not been a time when the utter and black irresponsibility of many men having the financial interests of others in charge has been more evident than in these last few years.

The unroofing of banks and disappearance of administrators with the funds of large estates, and the disorder amid postoffice accounts and deficits amid United States officials, have made a pestilence of crime that solemnizes every thoughtful man and woman, and leads every philanthropist and Christian to ask: What shall be done to stay the plague? There is a monsoon abroad, a typhoon, a sirocco. I sometimes ask myself if it would not be better for men making wills to bequeath the property directly to the executors and officers of the court, and appoint the widows and orphans a committee to see that the former got all that did not belong to them. The simple fact is that there are a large number of men sailing yachts and driving fast horses, and members of expensive club houses and controlling country seats who are not worth a dollar if they return to others their just rights. Under some sudden reverse they fail, and with afflicted air seem to retire from the world, and seem almost ready for monastic life, when in two or three years they blossom out again, having compromised with their creditors, that is, paid them nothing but regrets, and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first is that their pictures are Murillos instead of Kensetts, and their horses go a mile in twenty seconds less than their predecessors, and instead of one country seat they have three. I have watched and have noticed that nine out of ten of those who fail in what is called high life, have more means after than before the failure, and in many of the cases failure is only a strategem to escape the payment of honest debts and put the world off the track while they practice a large swindle. There is something woefully wrong in the fact that these things are possible.

First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institutions. It ought not to be possible for a president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried on for two or three years without detection, either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocketed part of the theft, or they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty, for which God will hold them as responsible as he holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial institution, so that unsophisticated people are thereby induced to deposit their money in or buy the scrip thereof, when they, the published directors, are doing nothing for the safety of the institution. It is a case of deception most reprehensible. Many people with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came, and with the overthrow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of widows and orphans, and the hopelessly aged, the directors stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all, and to the arraignment of an indignant public had nothing to say except: "We thought it was all right. We did not know there was anything wrong going on." It was their duty to know. They stood in a position which deluded the people with the idea that they were carefully observant. Calling themselves directors, they did not direct. They had opportunity of auditing accounts and inspecting the books. No time to do so? Then they had no business to accept the position. It seems to be the pride of some moneyed men to be directors in a great many institutions, and all they know is whether or not they get their dividends regularly, and their names are used as decoy ducks to bring others near enough to be made game of. What, first of all, is needed is that five thousand bank directors and insurance company directors resign or attend to their business as directors. The business world will be full of fraud just as long as fraud is so easy. When you arrest the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They are guilty either of neglect or complicity.

We must especially deplore the misfortune of banks in various parts of this country in that they damage the banking institution, which is the great convenience of the centuries, and indispensable to commerce and the advance of nations. With one hand it blesses the lender, and with the other it blesses the borrower. The bank was born of the world's necessities, and is venerable with the marks of thousands of years.

We also deplore abuse of trust funds, because they fly in the face of that divine goodness which seems determined to bless this land. We are having the eighth year of unexampled national harvest. The wheat gamblers get hold of the wheat, and the corn gamblers get hold of the corn. The full tide of God's mercy toward this land is put back by those great dykes of dishonest resistance. When God provides enough food and clothing to feed and apparel this whole nation like Princes, the scramble of dishonest men to get more than their share, and get it at all hazards, keeps everything shaking with uncertainty and everybody asking: "What next?" Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank Presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money, and how many more bank directors are in imbecile silence letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows! My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought that the judgment day was at least 5,000 years off, found it in 1888, 1887 and 1886; and this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other people's pockets. Great businesses built on borrowed capital have been obliterated, and men who had nothing have lost all they had. I believe we are started on a higher career of prosperity than this land has ever seen, if, and if, and if.

There is one word that has deluded more people into bankrupcy and State prison and perdition than any other word in commercial life, and that is the word borrow; that one word is responsible for all the defalcations, and embezzlements, and financial consternations of the last twenty years. When executors conclude to speculate with the funds of an estate committed to their charge, they do not purloin, they say they only borrow; when a banker makes an overdraught upon his institution, he does not commit theft, he only borrows. When the officer of a company, by flaming advertisement in some religious papers, and gilt certificates of stocks, gets a multitude of country people to put their small earnings into an enterprise for carrying on some undeveloped nothing, he does not fraudulently take their money, he only borrows. When a young man with easy access to his employer's money drawer, or the confidential clerk by close propinquity to the account books, takes a few dollars for a Wall street excursion, he expects to put it back; he will put it all back; he will put it all back very soon. He only borrows. What is needed is some man of gigantic limbs to take his place at the curbstone in front of Trinity Church, and when that word borrow comes bounding along, kick it clean through to Wall street ferry boat, and if, striking on that, it bounds clear over till it strikes Brooklyn heights or Brooklyn hill, it will be well for the City of Churches.

Why, when you are going to do wrong, pronounce so long a word as borrow, a word of six letters, when you can get a shorter word more descriptive of the reality, a word of only five letters, the word steal!

There are times when we all borrow, and borrow legitimately, and borrow with the divine blessing, for Christ in His sermon on the mount enjoins: "From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." A young man rightly borrows money to get his education. Purchasing a house and not able to pay all down in cash, the purchaser rightly borrows it on mortgage. Crises come in business when it would be wrong for a man not to borrow. But I roll this warning through all these aisles, over the backs of all these pews, never borrow to speculate; not a dollar, not a cent, not a farthing. Young men, young men, I warn you by your worldly prospects and the value of your immortal souls, do not do it.

If I had only a worldly weapon to use on this subject I would give you the fact fresh from the highest authority, that 90 per cent. of those who go into speculation in Wall street lose all, but I have a better warning than a wordly warning. From the place where men have perished—body, mind and soul—stand of, stand of! Abstract pulpit discussion must aside on this question. Faith and repentence are absolutely necessary, but faith and repentance are no more doctrines of the Bible than commercial integrity. Render to all their dues. Owe no man anything. And while I mean to preach faith and repentence, more and more to preach them, I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the Hittites and Jebusites and Girgasites of Bible times, when there are so many evils right around us destroying men and women for time and for eternity. The greatest evangelistic preacher the world ever saw, a man who died for his evangelism—peerless Paul—wrote to the Romans: "Provide things honest in the sight of all men;" wrote to the Corinthians: "Do that which is honest;" wrote to the Philippians: "Whatsoever things are honest:" wrote to the Hebrews: "Willing in all things to live honestly." The Bible says that faith without works is dead, which being liberally translated, means that if your business life does not correspond with your profession, your religion is a humbug.

Our religion ought to mean just as much on Saturday and Monday as on the day between, and not as a mere periphrasis of sanctity. Our religion ought to first clean our hearts, and then it ought to clean our lives. Religion is not, as some seem to think, a sort of church delectation, a kind of confectionery, a sort of spiritual caramel or holy gumdrop, or sanctified peppermint, or theological anæsthetic. It is an omnipotent principle, all controlling, all conquering. You may get along with something less than that, and you may deceive yourself with it; but you cannot deceive God, and you cannot deceive the world. The keen business man will put on his spectacles, and he will look clear through to the back of your head and see whether your religion is a fiction or a fact. And you cannot hide your samples of sugar, or rice, or tea, or coffee if they are false; you cannot hide them under the cloth of a communion table. All your prayers go for nothing so long as you misrepresent your banking institution, and in the amount of the resources you put down more specie, and more fractional currency, and more clearing house certificates, and more legal tender notes, and more loans, and more discounts than they really are, and when you give an account of your liabilities you do not mention all the unpaid dividends, and the United States bank notes outstanding, and the individual deposits, and the obligations to other banks and bankers. An authority more scrutinizing than that of any bank examiner will go through and through and through your business.

Let me say in the most emphatic manner to all young men, dishonesty will never pay. An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground, and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns, a crop of 200 years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for 200 years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I have also a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman and child does suffer from what goes on in financial scampdom. Society is so bound together that all the misfortunes which good people suffer in business matters come from the misdeeds of others. Bear up under distress, strong in God. He will see you through, though your misfortune should be centupled. Philosophers tell us that a column of air forty-five miles in height rests on every man's head and shoulders. But that is nothing compared with the pressure that business life has put upon many of you. God made up his mind long ago how many or how few dollars it would be best for you to have. Trust to his appointment. The door will soon open to let you out and let you up. What shock of delight for men who for thirty years have been in business anxiety when they shall suddenly awake in everlasting holiday. On the maps of the Arctic regions there are two places whose names are remarkable, given, I suppose, by some Polar expedition: "Cape Farewell" and "Thank God Harbor." At this last the Polaris wintered in 1871, and the Tigress in 1873. Some ships have passed the cape, yet never reached the harbor. But from what I know of many of you, I have concluded that, though your voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, you will in due time reach Cape Farewell and there bid good-bye to all annoyances, and soon after drop anchor in the calm and imperturbable waters of Thank God Harbor. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Temperance News and Notes.

Whisky will take a man down-hill faster than a toboggan.

By Queen Victoria's orders, no intoxicating liquors will in future be allowed upon the premises of the People's Palace, in London.

The man with clean stables and fields, well-housed cattle and implements, and who has dollars for books but not a cent for rum, is a desirable debtor, but he does not borrow often.

The British National Temperance Society has, somewhat awkwardly, been made the legatee for $1,200 by the will of a deceased wine merchant, the money to be given as prizes for the best three essays on total abstinence.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The attention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the United States should be turned without delay to the statement made by Lord Onslow in the House of Lords. Lord Onslow said the attempt to establish an international compact prohibiting the sale of strong drink to the South Sea Islanders had broken down, owing to the refusal of the United States to enter into the agreement.

It is suggested that each State that has a banner announce to its W. C. T. U. local unions that this banner will be given into the custody of the union securing the largest per cent. of increase in membership in 1888, and that the national banner, now in custody of the State of New York, be placed at the next National Convention in care of the State which shall this year most largely increase the per cent. of its membership. This gives an equal chance to the smallest and to the largest State.

Notwithstanding the fact that Milwaukee brewers recommend their beer as "non-intoxicating, healthful, refreshing and invigorating, conducive to health, prosperity and happiness, and beneficial alike for old and young, male and female," the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, whose headquarters are in that city, will not issue a policy to any members or employe of these brewing companies. This position was not taken from a moral standpoint, but because the statistics show that these men die, as a rule, before their time.

City Missionary Press, of Trenton, N. J., who has been at work among the poor and unfortunate in that city for the last ten years, in his report for 1887, says: "I still find the liquor traffic the fruitful cause of most of the evils in our midst and the chief hindrance to the improvement of the morals of the people and the greatest drawback to the prosperity of our city."

Of 1,545 men and boys admitted to Clinton State Prison, between August, 1880, and July 28, 1887, 286 acknowledged they had been habitual drunkards; 1,020 claimed to be moderate drinkers; 221 claimed to be strictly temperate, and 1 evaded or refused to reply.

TEMPERANCE.

On the Road.

The snow is white, the way is stern and sore,
Wide, blinding wastes behind us and before;
And tho' we soon shall see a stiller shore—
The road is long.

The gaunt, gray wolves are famished for
their prey,
But we are bound, and hungrier than they;
The fruit will fall when we ourselves are
clay—
The road is long.

We leave strong hands to cleanse away the
stain.
Tho' we plod on along the shuddering plain
To marching music of the creaking chain—
The road is long.

The sands of Tyranny are slow to run.
Alas! that this and many a morrow's sun
Must see the goal ungained, the work undone—
The road is long.

Our lives were ladder-rungs; the Cause moves
on;
The light shines fair as ever it has shone;
'Twill blaze full bright ere many years be
gone—
The road is long.

We are but bubbles breaking in the sea,
The strong, slow tide that one day will be
free;
We shall not know it—yea, but it will be.
The road is long.

—*Graham R. Tomson, in Independent.*

Is It a Crime?

We mean the liquor traffic. We need not stop to consider the sale and use of alcohol as a medicine, though on scientific authority we may raise grave doubts as to its medicinal value; it is the death-dealing traffic of the saloon, that concerns the family, the church, society, the community and the State. That it is an evil, a vice, and the prolific hot-bed of vices, no one doubts. That it is a crime, we unhesitatingly declare; and as a distinguished writer, Mr. T. W. Higginson, says: "There are not words enough nor strong enough in both Webster and Worcester to describe the enormity of its crime."

Crime, according to Webster, is any violation of law, either human or divine; an omission of a duty which is commanded, or the commission of an act which is forbidden, by law." Again, "a gross offense, in distinction from a misdemeanor or other slight offense. Hence, any aggravated offense against morality or the public welfare; any outrage or great wrong."

And that mightiest creative genius that has ever graced the pages of literature with the fruits of his intellect, Milton, who in his lofty conception of the nature and relation of things, and in grasp of principles, stands unrivaled, says in language that we might apply to the present question:

"Author of evil, how hast thou disturbed
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature bro't
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion!"

Of what good is the liquor traffic the author? It is the undisputed father of many evils in the community and throughout the land. See the offspring, and you may know the parentage. As the boy of whom John B. Gough told, said: "I know Mr. A——'s saloon is finished, because I saw a drunken man come out of there."

Tried by all the rules of justice, morality, virtue and right, the traffic in intoxicating liqurs stands convicted of the darkest crimes that have cast their black and blighting shadow over humanity and stained the records of time. It lays its unholy hands on the most holy and sacred things of life, the Sabbath, the family, character, virtue, truth; and turns to you citizens who love your children and want to see virtue and morality maintained, and sneeringly says: "What are you going to do about it?"

We may consult jurists, physicians, police courts and prison managers, and the united and universal testimony is that "full 85 per cent. of all the convicts give evidence of having in some large degree been prepared and enticed to do criminal acts by the use of alcoholic drinks.

Shall the saloon, the mother of so many criminals, whose only business is to deal in just such crimes as curse the community and as all men hate—shall she belch forth this volume of crimes and yet herself guiltless go? Shall she hold on to the law with one hand while with the other she snatches her victims from our homes and pitches them into the streets, into the courts, into the jails, into the lunatic asylums, into drunkards' graves and a drunkard's hell? Let a multitude of voices respond, "No, never!"—*Rev. L. F. Bickford, in Demorest.*

He Struck for the Woods.

Here is a story that Sam Jones told in the First Methodist pulpit last week, says the *Atlanta Constitution.* He said:

"I was making a prohibition speech in Robertson County, Tennessee, last year, and noticed on the right of the platform a bleared, bloated fellow, who was about three parts drunk—each part a third. As I talked he would screw his fist into his eyes and wipe away the tears. After the speaking I went to a friend's house perfectly exhausted and lay down. The lady of the house called at the door in a few minutes that a man wanted to see me.

"'Tell him I am tired,' I said, 'and please excuse me.'

"'That is all right,' she said, 'anyhow, because he is a drunken, ragged vagabond.'

I said: "If he is that sort of a fellow let him in. I used to belong to that gang myself, and I never go back on them." The man came in, and I found he was the drunken fellow who had listened to me speak.

He said: "Mr. Jones, I don't want any money. Money can do me no good. I am a ruined man. Drink has made me a wreck. A short time ago I had a happy home and household. A few weeks ago I buried my wife, having crushed every drop of blood out of her heart before she died. My two boys are at the Orphan's Home in Nashville. One of them is a little blind fellow. My two girls are in Murfreesboro, and this (here he pulled a little black cap out of his pocket), this is the last thing to remind me that I ever had a household. It is my little blind boy's cap. Now, I do not want any money from you, but I just got an idea from the way you talked that maybe you had some sympathy for me. If you have, pray for me. Good-by." And he started off.

"'Hold on here,' said I, and I called up Mr. Taylor, my secretary, and said: 'Frank, go up town with this man and wash him all over with soap, and put a new suit of clothes on him from head to foot and bring him back.' In an hour or two he came back, and I did not know him. I had to be introduced to him over. I took out $1 and handed it to him and said: 'Railroad fare in this State is three cents a mile—here is $1. Now, you get on a train and ride thirty-three miles, no matter in what direction, and get the conductor to put you off in the woods when your thirty-three miles is out, and then you strike out through the woods for a new life.'

"The fellow did exactly as I told him. I got a letter from him the other day, and he said that he got into the woods and struck for a new life. He got a school, sent for his children, rented him a home, and was doing well."

Drunkenness in Russia.

I saw more drunken men in Petersburg on the day of my arrival than I had seen in all the rest of Europe during a four months' stay, writes W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago *News.* The peasants of Belgium have a poor reputation for temperance, but I saw more drunken men in Petersburg on my way from the station to the hotel the day of my arrival than I saw in all Belgium. Not only does the Russian religion fail to secure sobriety and chastity among the peasants, but it is openly charged that the priests encourage intemperance. They are not accused of pouring liquor down the mouths of their parishioners, nor of exhorting them to get drunk on vodka, but the charge is made, openly and often, that the Russian priests advocate the use of intoxicating liquors as necessary, because of the severity of the climate; that they never reprove drunkenness among the peasants; that they discourage the organization of temperance societies, and that they multiply church feasts, which are little more than drunken carousals. The mujik will get drunk whenever he can; he may be depended upon for that and needs no encouragement; but the motive of the priests for opposing sobriety and resisting temperance work is that the chief men of each parish are generally the manufacturers of spirits, who in many districts allow the priests a regular and often a liberal subsidy for permitting the natural appetite of the peasant for stimulants to go unrestrained. Then, again, the chief revenue of the government is from the sale of liquor, amounting to over $200,000,000 in old Russia alone last year, not counting the sum filched by the collectors, which annually is very large.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Great Captain of Salvation.

Great Captain of Salvation,
Lift up Thy standard high;
Thy truth teach every nation
Beneath the bending sky.
Where'er the night rejoices,
With kindling star on star,
There let the Gospel voices
Go forth to realms afar.

Where'er earth's gladsome waters
Go flashing to the sea,
There let her sons and daughters
Thy willing subjects be.
Where'er the circling ocean
Kisses the peopled shore,
Let men pay their devotion,
And Thee as God adore.

Great Captain of Salvation,
Send Thy last mandates forth;
O South, go, take thy station,
And keep not back, O North.
Soon may the note victorious
Break forth, like sea on sea,
And Thy fair legions glorious
Win this lost world to Thee!

—[J. E. Rankin, D. D., in Indepenpent.

"What Can I Do?"

During a voyage to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" made me spring to my feet.

I heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man.

"What can I do?" I asked myself, and instantly unhooked my lamp. I held it near the top of my cabin, and close to my bull's-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, "It's all right, he's safe!" upon which I put my lamp in its place.

The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

Christian workers, never despond or think there is nothing for you to do, even in dark and weary days. "Looking unto Jesus," lift up your light; let it "so shine" "that men may see," and in the bright resurrection morning, what joy to hear the "Well done!" and to know that you have unawares "saved some soul from death!"—[Selected.

Undertones of Scripture.

Now, just because the scriptures are no cunningly devised fable, but full of the truth of life, they are also full of life's own evanescent phenomena; phenomena as elusive of analysis as a smile, a flush, a glance of the eye, an intonation of the voice. There are in every New Testament book, as in any chapter of real life, fervors, sighs, heart-tones, tears half-discernible, laughter unmistakable, plays upon words, deft and delicate railleries and ironies, the impress of which the Greek tongue, plastic as Pompeian ashes, has preserved. Translate them? Well, yes; when you can dig the fly out of the amber, and write out on paper the song of the sky-lark!

Did I say these untranslatable trifles are important? Yea, verily! As important, as infallibly in place and necessary, as any transient minor third in the heart of a Bethoven symphony, modifying, modulating, sweetening all that went before and all that is to come after. The whole heart of Christ was in that brief but intense look at Peter during the trial, quite as much as in the prolonged and towering denunciation of the Scribes and Pharisees. And just so there are peculiar eddies in the main flow of Greek expression, incidental flashes of meaning as quick and as vanishing as the lightning of the human eye, but almost as emphatic and effective as whole chapters. You remember, for examble, that the sighs which the two sisters uttered over their dead brother at the feet of the Lord, are identical to a syllable in our English version. And even in the Greek, Mary's lament only differs from Martha's in the position of a single word, the possessive "my," but it is obvious enough how that simple transposition discloses the whole contemplative and affectionate side of Mary's nature. Trifles! Nay, the very central fire of the Scriptures sometimes flames out into these changeful photospheres of feeling and fancy, that enswathe the rigid and literal orb of truth.—*Professor Marcus D. Buell.*

Deep Sea Soundings.

The adaptation of animal life in the ocean to surrounding circumstances, while showing the design of a Creator, affords also a striking analogy of the adaptation of the spiritual life, by God's grace, to those various conditions in which a Christian may be placed. Professor Bailey believed that the ocean bed was one vast mortuary, because if the animalcules had lived there their frail little textures would have been subjected in their growth to a pressure upon them of a "column of water 12,000 feet high, equal to the weight of 400 atmospheres." But if we can once prove that animal life does exist, we see in this a striking instance of the universal law of adaptation.

We turn from the kingdom of nature to the kingdom of grace, and we may say to every child of God in the depth of doubts and distresses, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." The history of the church of Christ is one grand illustration of the law of spiritual adaptation. The word, "My grace is sufficient for thee," has been tried by countless children of sorrow, and each has been able to testify to its force and its truth. Every minister of Christ of any experience, and every student of the history of the church of Christ, has seen the child of God supported under a weight of trial which he might deem phenomenal, did he not remember the promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Under the pressure of the heaviest external calamities, many a Christian has said with St. Paul, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, is working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The absolute stillness which reigns in the depths of the sea has its analogy in the silent submission to God's will—the soul rest which has been found in those who have been led into the depths of divine chastening. There is something very impressive in the thought that while the surface of the ocean is ever restless—liable to be tossed by storm and tempest—there is a vast region in the ocean depths where all is still, silent, and at rest. Sir Emilius Bayley observes that the silence of the soul before God is a very high attainment in the spiritual life; and that "only unto God my soul is silence" (literal rendering of the opening sentence of the sixty-second Psalm) expresses the resignation of absolute trust, the perfect acquiescence of the soul in the will of God."—[From Glimpses Through the Veil.

When we come back from the battlefield, weary yet victorious, we may look for our King of Peace coming to meet us with bread and wine and his own priestly blessing, that we may be strengthened and refreshed by himself.—[F. R. Havergal.

The humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appertains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active endeavors to execute the actions which it suggests.—[C. J. Fox.

The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher and historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.—[J. A. Garfield.

Spiritual Facts.

That whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and alms houses.

That brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailings, while beer brings many to the bier.

That champagne is the source of many real pains.

That gin slings have "slewed" more than the slings of old.

Eleven thousand nine hundred and forty-seven British soldiers in India are members of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

"The Trim Little Cow in Red."

They sing of the graceful Jersey,
The queen of the modern churn,
The beautiful cow whose butter
To masses of gold will turn,
We dim not one ray of glory
That over her fame is shed,
But here's to the "little Devon,"
The trim little cow in red.

The beautiful, haughty Shorthorn,
The "red and white and roan,"
The elegant white-faced Hereford,
Will sneer at our cow and groan.
But brave is the little Devon;
She holds up her shapely head,
And stands by her chosen colors,
The trim little cow in red.

—*The Voice.*

Revolutionizing Meat Curing.

The French ministry of agriculture has caused a number of tests to be made recently, all showing that meat can be preserved by sugar in a much more satisfactory manner than by salt. Though the salt is somewhat cheaper, yet its effect is to destroy, to a certain extent, the nutritive qualities of the meat with which it is brought into contact. Meat packed in sugar retains its juices. It is thought that the result of this investigation, combined with what is already known as to the preservative effects of sugar, may lead in time to important changes in the meat-preserving industry.

A Pretty Conceit.

It is related by the *American Garden* how, by simple means, a pretty plant piece may be arranged, by taking a circle of board, the top of a barrel in the model, on which a mound of rich light earth was placed, and covered with pot plants. A white fuchsia was tied to a rod in the middle, two white begonias and Swanley white violets were set alternately half way from it, and delicate wood and climbing fern trained between, the mold being hidden by selaginella fringing the edge. Of course such a pyramid needs to be kept under glass to preserve its beauty, or else it must be kept in a greenhouse and brought out for occasions. The plants were knocked out of small pots, and the balls of earth sunk in the mold without disturbing the roots. The middle fuchsia was not more than twenty-seven inches high, and the other plants carefully graduated in size to keep the pyramidal outline, which was gracefully relieved by the sprays of fern. A dozen small plants could hardly be arranged with better effect.

Apples for Animals.

We used to feed apple pomace to cows, says an Ohio farmer in the New York *Tribune*, and they relished it keenly. Feeding apples to cattle is rather difficult. Too many founder the cows, sometimes, and they dry up for weeks. Some cows choke of them. I have known cows to break in and eat all the apples they wanted, and their flow of milk would much increase. On another occasion half the herd foundered; some of them stretched out and dried nearly up for weeks. Year before last we cut apples until the cattle got used to them; then turned them into the orchard for a short time; but then some of them went back on their milk. Last year we were more successful. I found by allowing them to eat apples for ten minutes twice a day, they did well and the flow of milk increased. Leaving the cows in twelve minutes, one of them foundered a little. One cow choked on apples twice. We tied her nose up and pushed the apple down with a rakehandle. But a cow that chokes will continue to do so, unless she runs in an orchard all the time. Cows will eat apples that hogs will not touch, and to pasture an orchard with cows is a good way, if the trees have been trained high, as they should be.

Plant Early.

Considerable loss comes from neglect of the prompt start for garden crops. The only plausible reason for delay is the fear of frost. But the injury nine times out of ten is greater from drouth of summer than from frost in spring. Peas, roots, lettuce, etc., are so hardy that they seldom suffer, even from a pretty severe frost; corn will bear a slight frost, for if slightly nipped it will continue to grow, and make as good stalks generally as if left untouched by frost. In early planting, although the weather subsequently may not be favorable for the plant's rising so quickly above ground as when the soil is warmer, the seed sends forth roots, and these obtain greater size and strength to push the stalks forward more rapidly when they come up than from later planting. Beans are more tender, but I have occasionally seen them escape frosts which at other times killed them—the reason of which I could not divine, for the circumstances of the two cases were apparently precisely alike. For garden crops, considerable risk may be taken in early planting, for in case of loss by frost it is little labor to replant, and things get so forward before the summer's excessive heat or drouth comes on, that they scarcely suffer to any great extent. For field crops, which are so much larger, it is better to wait planting sufficiently late to ensure the crops from May frosts. Where the soil is naturally rich, or if poor, well fertilized, the crops push up so vigorously as to make them much less susceptible to unfavorable weather of any kind. This shows the necessity of putting the ground in first-rate condition before planting, and adding any fertilizer during the growth of the crops, necessary to ensure a paying yield.

Permanent Pastures.

Numbered with the many excellent papers read at the New York Institute's meetings this winter was one by Mr. Gold, of Connecticut, on "Treatment of Permanent Pastures." In this paper Mr. Gold called attention to the important fact that the way in which pastures are fed, whether closely or otherwise, has much to do with their permanence in value. It is possible to feed a pasture so closely as to dwarf the grass roots and kill the large growing species. Too light stocking favors the growth of coarse and useless vegetation, choking out sweeter and richer grasses. Dairy cows, unless fed some grain, impoverish pasture more than young stock or fattening animals. The fields are apt to be too flush in June and too bare in August. Rather than these extremes, feed some grain or sowed corn in the scant season and do not allow pastures to run into seed in June. Pasture is often benefited by a change of the live stock kept upon it. Sheep will eat and destroy the white daisy and wild carrot. The tread of sheep has a marvellous influence on the physical condition of certain light lands. Horses may be profitable changed around with cattle, consuming much rank growth that is refused by neat stock. Young cattle may be advantageously pastured in connection with dairy cows which have a habit of spending their time about the entrance to the pasture. It is well to have trees in the more elewated parts, thus encouraging the animals to leave their droppings where they are most needed.

For a real permanent pasture we must cherish and retain the very best grasses that are fitted to the soil, the climate and the treatment our pastures receive. Sometimes ploughing and re-seeding is the only resort. But consider other remedies first. Cut the bushes, trees, and destroy such weeds as can be banished without ploughing. Drain and irrigate. Dress with bone or ashes, and do not expect very sudden improvement.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Never allow your domestic animals to be teased or ill-treated.

Really good butter is sometimes spoiled by the use of inferior salt.

Milk scalded with the cornmeal is a good egg-producing food.

Cob-meal ground fine is claimed to be of value in fattening sheep.

Liberal feeding of ashes, salt and charcoal to swine, at all seasons, is very generally believed in.

One farmer claims that he can manure his farm with clover at less cost than to haul manure.

Waste of fodder is pitiful after all the labor and care expended in gathering and saving it for a time of need.

If the cow is a good milker cottonseed meal may be fed to her after she is put on grass as long as she will eat it.

Blooming plants in the greenhouse and window must be screened from the brightest sun in order to retain the bloom.

Hotbeds should be sheltered from winds as much as possible. Do not neglet to screen them, by some means, on the windy side.

Pick over the beans and select good ones to plant. Better sell the poorer ones at a low price than plant them. Plant the best of everything.

If we breed what the market demands, the purchaser will come to us; but if we do not breed what the market calls for, we must search for customers.

To enrich land that is poor we must have manure or its equivalent in vegetable matter, or apply plant food in some shape to induce the growth of vegetation.

The breed of cattle that was supposed forty years ago to do well enough on straw as winter fodder has become extinct, because there is now a better class of farmers.

Sow in hotbed seeds of asters, balsam, Chinese pink, Chinese primrose, cineraria, petunia, phlox drummondii, portulaca, ten weeks' stock, sweet william, verbena, etc.

Grapevines in the garden and vineyard should be pruned. The necessary pruning of all kinds of fruit and hardy ornamental trees can be well performed at this time.

An English poultry keeper reports that five Aylesbury ducks, which had water to drink only, and a panful for a wash sometimes, laid from Feb. 15 to Jan. 10, 478 eggs, eighty per cent. of which produced live birds.

The cheapest way of getting rid of lice in a hen house is to dissolve a pound of soap in a wash boiler of water. Let it come up to a boil, add one quart of kerosene, and sprinkle, while hot, over every part of the hen-house.

Horticulture is taught in the common schools in Germany. The pupils are required to bud, graft, transplant, plant seeds, etc., and they are given instructions on the subject of plant growth, adaptation of varieties to soil, climate, etc.

The discussion of honey plants revealed the fact that Alsike clover is the favorite, being both excellent as a honey producer and a forage plant. One member said that it was a good feed for milch cows, and thus was able to make "the land flow with milk and honey."

Many newly struck bedding plants will now be potted off, and old, woody or half woody plants that have been kept dormant, such as fuchias, pelargoniums, crape myrtles, lantanas, hydrangeas, oleanders, pomegranates, roses, etc., can be re-potted and started into growth.

President Smith, of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, thinks that artificial watering, as ordinarily done, is of very little benefit, and has estimated that to water properly an acre of cabbages or strawberries in a dry time requires at least thirty thousand gallons of water.

For disinfectants about poultry houses and sheds, smoke from a wood fire is one of the best; also sulphur. In using the latter, close every opening and chink where air can escape, place a pound or two of brimstone, in small pieces, in an iron pan, and let it gently burn, leaving the house shut up for the day if possible.

The Isthmus of Panama.

If we are to believe reports that have been current in regard to the mortality among employes on the Isthmus of Panama ever since the beginning of the construction of the Panama Railroad early in the 'fifties, we can but conclude that the isthmus is one of the most insalubrious places on the earth. It has passed into a common saying that for every tie laid in constructing the Panama Railroad the body of a laborer was buried, which, if true, would fix the number of dead in the neighborhood of one hundred and twenty thousand. This story has gained such extensive currency, and has in it so many sensational elements, that it were almost a pity it should ever be spoiled. But beyond doubt, when the truth is brought to light by some authentic historian, it will look so little like the story that has gone abroad that they will scarcely be regarded as holding towards each other even the slightest appearance of kinship.

When the Panama Railroad was taken, contracts were made with intended emigrants to California to carry them to their destination on condition that they would labor a stipulated length of time on the construction of the railroad. These laborers had the California fever in the worst form, and generally took the first opportunity to jump the agreement and make their way to California, and among those who could not get away their impatience bred great dissatisfaction. Those who got away lost no time in spreading the report that they had escaped a veritable death-trap, considering this a good answer to their conscience and public opinion for breaking their contract. Rival lines of travel let pass no opportunity of aiding in the extension of the report, until finally it came to be regarded as an established fact.

Similar influences have been at work in the reports spread in regard to the mortality of laborers on the Panama Canal. Much malaria undoubtedly there is at points along the line, and, like the rest of tropical America, it is subject to disastrous epidemics of yellow fever. The Isthmus of Panama does not bid fair to become at an early day a favorite health resort, but the stories that have gone out, first and last, about the deadly character of the climate are simply exaggerations of the highest degree prompted by opposing interests.—*American Practitioner.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

In determining the distance of stars, angular measurements are made at intervals of six months.

Among the German exports to this country is grease extracted from wool, and shipped as a substitute for glycerine.

Dr. Sturtevant, of New York, says the injurious effects of distillery grains are only seen when fed under unhealthful conditions.

Dr. Hermes and his assistants in the Berlin Aquarium have recently concluded interesting experiments demonstrating the fact that fishes sleep.

A fossil egg in the Paris Academy of Sciences measures 34½ inches one way and 29 inches another. The original is supposed to have been the egg of a bird three times as big as an ostrich.

Chloride of nitrogen is said to be an explosive vastly more terrible than dynamite or melinite, and Dr. Gotterman, of Gottingen, Germany, says that he has got it into a controllable shape.

During the past ten years no less than six species of North American birds have become extinct, and it is claimed that the English sparrow has been the main cause of their disappearance.

Dynamite is a mixture of nitro-glycerine with some more solid material to give body. It can now be bought for twenty-four cents or less per pound for a thirty-five to forty per cent. mixture, which is the quality generally used.

The reason hair curls when wound on a hot iron is that the moisture on the side next the iron being evaporated by the heat, the cells in that part approach each other more closely, and this shrinking of one side causes a bend or curve.

A French scientist advances the theory, in a paper read before the Societe de Biologie, that obesity is a nervous disorder, and should be treated by avoidance of mental and physical fatigue, and a diet of eggs, soup, milk, rice and potatoes.

Messrs. Wm. H. Cramp & Sons., of Pittsburg, Penn., who are now engaged in building the dynamite cruiser, have received a contract from the Italian Government for the construction of a forty foot pneumatic gun. It is to be in three sections, and is to throw a 600 lb. shell.

The nettle is among the substances which science has put to use during the past few years. This weed is even being cultivated in Germany, its fibre having proven valuable for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs on 2½ pounds.

The meteorological phenomena accompanying the building of railroads in Mexico are receiving the attention of scientific men in that country. Recent serious damage done by washouts on the northern section of the Mexican Central Road was due to waterspouts bursting on the track, and it is a curious fact that waterspouts seem to be attracted by the iron track and telegraph wires.

Two observers, a French and an Austrian, have recently shown the curious effect exerted upon the acuteness of any given sense by the simultaneous exercise of any other sense. They show, for instance, that hearing is improved by light, especially red or yellow, and that this action is reciprocal and is exerted on every sense by all others. The results are very curious and interesting.

M. P. Ledeboer said before the Academy of Sciences in Paris that although it had long been known that a magnet raised to a red heat loses its magnetic properties, it had only lately been determined by direct measurement at what actual degree of temperature iron ceases to be a magnetic body. By his experiments he showed that iron remains magnetic up to 650 degrees C., after which a rapid variation is noticed in its magnetic condition. At 750 degrees the magnetic properties are scarcely perceptible, while at 770 degrees they disappear altogether.

A National Museum.

"There is a movement on foot to establish a great national library and museum pertaining to American history," said a New Yorker to a *Commercial Advertiser* reporter. I have just learned that the idea is assuming something of a definite character, and that several wealthy gentlemen have become interested in it and have promised substantial assistance. Briefly, the plan, as outlined, is to establish in New York a great library that shall contain every book or paper relating to American history from the time of the discovery of the continent, covering the military operations, civil administration and travels; the formation of the several states, territories, cities and civil divisions, and everything, in fact, touching all parts of the history of this country.

"The museum is to contain relics, souvenirs, documents and everything of interest relating to the growth and development of the new world that can be secured. These material evidences of historical facts are always interesting and become more valuable as time progresses. The Military Service Institution of the United States, of which Major-General J. M. Schofield, United States army, is president, has already got a rare collection of books, trophies and relics which are at present on Governor's Island, where the war department has set aside for them such rooms as could be spared for the purpose. This collection might, perhaps, become the nucleus of the library museum. Then there is the collection of the New York Historical Society. The society has outgrown its present quarters and is looking for a change of location.

A Horse Dies of a Broken Heart.

An incident illustrating the affectionate nature of a horse is told by the Georgetown (Ky.) *Enterprise:* "Eugene Moore's noted horse, Villain, died last week of loneliness. He was eleven years old, and from the time he was a colt was greatly attached to his master. In winter's cold or summer's heat Villain was always ready to carry his master on his back or draw him in a buggy. Shortly after Christmas he was sent to Kincaid to spend the winter, and his owner failing to put in an appearance for several weeks, the horse pined away, refusing to eat any food, and finally died. He was given a decent burial, and, while no monument will be erected over his remains, his gentle disposition and noble qualities will long be remembered by those who knew Villain."

A Leap Year Artiste.

She played the harp and mandolin,
With most entrancing grace;
An inspiration seized her soul
And glowed from her sweet face.

She played upon the soft guitar.
He heard it and declared
That to the player of the tune
Naught else could be compared.

He felt her further power for when
With these she'd gotten through,
She turned and with exquisite skill
The fair one played him too.

—*Merchant Traveler.*