AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A FEW POINTS FOR YUUR CONSIDERATION.

Something of Interest to the Farmer, Housewife, Dairyman, Ranchman, Poulterer, and the Beekeeper.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Ornamenting Plain Glass.

MODE of ornamenting plain glass, suggested by *The Decorator and Furnisher*, is to paint the decorative design on silk or linen, and as soon as the surface has been varnished pressing it downward on the glass, after which the back of the linen or silk is gently rubbed, so as to exclude air bubbles. Before using either of these textiles, they must be stretched on a frame, and, if water colors are used, sized with isinglass, but no sizing is required with oil colors. The gloss of the glass will less interfere with the effect if a judicious selection of colors be made, preference being given to those which are subdued. Such paintings, well executed, appear to advantage in the shaded recesses of mantels and cabinets.

A Tried Cure For Insomnia.

Every night, at an early bed-time, take a five-grain pill of asafetida—be careful to take no strong medicine after 3 o'clock in the afternoon; half an hour before getting into bed take a hot foot-bath. Let the water be as hot as can be borne at first, and add a very little hot water as it cools. Be sure to keep well covered up, and to have the feet in the water for a full half hour. A month of this treatment under the most adverse circumstances completely cured the insomnia of a friend who had run the entire gamut of narcotics, stimulants, eating before retiring, and tiring himself out.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Simple Remedies.

Wet tobacco will relieve bee or wasp stings.

For nausea, lay a little pounded ice on the back of the neck.

For neuralgia, bruise horse-radish and apply as a poultice to the wrist.

A couple of figs eaten before breakfast is an excellent laxative, especially for children.

When suffering from overstrained and tired eyes, bathe them in hot water several times a day.

For a slight cut, bind on a piece of common brown wrapping paper—such as butchers use for wrapping meats.

A tea made by pouring boiling water over sweet flag-root will relieve worm sickness in children, and is also good for colic.

For a cold on the lungs, lay a cloth on the chest, which has first been wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine.

Cold water may be drank freely in all fevers, except when the fever is connected with lung troubles, as in such a case it might chill the patient.

Another good remedy for bee or wasp stings is common earth mixed to a mud-paste with water. Apply to the afflicted part immediately, covering with a cloth.

For rheumatism, take half a glassful of lemon juice for ten nights. Always take it when getting into bed at night. Wear flannel next to the skin, and in cold weather sleep in warm blankets.

A good remedy for sore mouth is one teaspoonful each of powdered borax and alum, one-half teespoonful of soda and one teacupful of sage tea. Mix well and rinse the mouth frequently.

A raw cranberry cut in two and one-half of it bound over a corn, is said to be a sure cure. Another cure is, applying a poultice of stale bread which has been soaked in strong vinegar. Apply at night.

A little powdered borax thrown into the bath makes the water very soft, and greatly invigorates and rests the bather. This is particularly beneficial to those who are troubled with nervousness or sleeplessness.—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE FARM.

Pulling Stumps.

Stumps are ugly things in any lot, and particularly in a plow lot. If there are many, especially large, ugly ones, it will pay to buy an extractor; in the absence of this useful machine, the following simple device will prove effective: Get a straight tree about eighteen inches through of sound oak or other rigid timber, about twenty-five or thirty feet long. Get also an extremely strong cable chain—no ordinary ox chain will do. Hitch a strong, steady yoke of cattle to the small end of the lever and draw it to the stump. Now pass your big chain around a large root and the lever at the same time, about three feet from the butt. Fasten the chain tightly and start the team, driving in a circle. A small stump will come out whole, but a large one may split into two or three sections. The above is the plan adopted by a *Prairie Farmer* correspondent. Pile up the stumps and when dry burn.

HOME-MADE STUMP PULLER.

THE STOCK RANCH.

The Color of Young Colts.

The inexperienced breeder is often puzzled to guess what will be the color of a new-born colt when it attains maturity. There is always a great change, but we believe that the final color at full age is nearly always indicated by the color of the eyelashes. The rule holds good with many other young animals, including young children.

Balking Horses.

When a horse has thoroughly learned the habit of balking it is cheaper and better to shoot him on the spot than to try to dispose of him in any other way. A balkly animal usually wastes the time of other horses and of men working him more than the value of his services, besides giving cause for bad temper and profanity, the damage from which cannot easily be calculated.

Educating Colts and Horses.

The *Rural Guardian* gives some very good directions for training a colt, from which we extract the following:

In starting the education of a colt he should be bridle-handled first on one side and then on the other. The trainer should put him about in different directions, forward, backward, to the right and left, and get him to yield to the bit in each of these directions. This should be done both in the stable and yard, and in using the reins for this purpose the trainer should exercise a steady, firm pressure on the bit until the colt yields, when the pressure should be removed at once, in order for him to understand that he has obeyed. When the colt's head can be handled in every conceivable direction, and the muscles of his neck are supple and controlled, then handle the forward feet, then the body, and finish with the hind feet and tail, but if you can't handle him by the head and compel him to do everything you ask, you may be sure you can't handle his heels. When handling the colt's feet, teach him not only to allow you to pick them up and rub and rap on them with a hammer, but to hold them up until you get ready to let them go. Take the tail in your hand carefully, and raise it well up over his back, repeating this until he makes no objection. Take a pole about the size of a sled stake, pole him all over his body, and pry in between his legs until he shows no fear of it. Teach him to stand and allow a harness to be tossed on to and all about him. Handle umbrellas, robes, papers, etc., about his head and body until he is utterly indifferent to all of them. Lead and back him into and over an old pair of shafts repeatedly, and when he is standing in them raise them up and rub his legs with them, and finally bring the crossbar against his haunches gently at first, and then more forcibly, until he cares nothing for it. Every colt should be educated to the crossbar, and it is as easy to do that as it is to educate him to the breeching. All these things should be done to the colt before he is harnessed at all. Besides educating him in these respects, it adds to your control each time you get him to go through some new manoeuvre.

THE APIARY.

Bees for Farmers.

The farmer, above all others, ought to keep a few bees. He need not keep enough of them to make it a burden or a part of his business to care for them, but enough to supply his own table with honey—the purest sweet there is. It is always handy to have in the house. If one has never kept bees he will be unwise to go into bee-keeping rashly or extensively. A few hints, that may help some who are thinking of getting bees this summer, are given by Mrs. L. Harrison:

It is good policy for beginners to purchase bees in boxes and barrels, as transferring is not the best kind of work for a novice. Better buy a good colony or two, not more, of Italians in a movable frame hive. The Langstroth frame is to be preferred, for this reason, two-thirds of the scientific bee-keepers use this frame and bees sell better in hives where this frame is used. Every hive in an apiary should be exactly alike, so that every cover, frame, etc., can be mixed up and all fit when put together. Better choose a hive first, and not get a half dozen different ones to see which is preferable.

Success in bee-culture is attained only by the faithful performance of many little items. Some people never have any "luck" with bees. Why? One year the moths destroyed them, and another season the swarms left while the hives were being made ready, washed with apple-tree leaves and salt. A person who expect to make a success in bee-culture must study their lessons well, learn the habits of these industrious insects and their wants, and supply them. Last year the honey crop was an almost complete failure, owing to the severe drouth, and many colonies this spring had not a day's rations ahead. Let there be a long continued cold storm, and bees in this condition must starve.

Their owner must know their condition, and this is one of the good things of the movable-frame hive. Bees consume stores very fast in the spring because of their rearing so much brood. Scientists tell us that an insect in its larvæ state consumes more food than during the remainder of its life. If a colony is short of honey, the best way to supply it is to remove as quietly as possible an empty frame, and insert a full one in its place. Where no frames of honey are obtainable, feed syrup made of any kind of sugar when bees are flying. Little wooden butter dishes make good feeders, as bees cling to their sides and never drown as they do in glass or earthenware, unless filled with cut straw or shavings.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Preserving Eggs.

At a late meeting of the London Society of Arts, Prof. P. L. Simmonds, F. L. G., read a very interesting and instructive paper on this subject. He said there is not much that can be brought forward as to the preservation of eggs, for this question has been very fully discussed and experimented upon in recent years. Cadet de Vaux suggested the plunging of eggs for twenty-four seconds in boiling water, in order to coagulate that portion of the albumen nearest the shell, and then to pack them in vessels half filled with sifted cinders. This process—which, by-the-by, has been well-known in some parts of Scotland for many years—yields excellent results, but if neglected but for a second or two, the eggs are liable to harden. For home consumption the French peasantry have for ages preserved their eggs in a very simple fashion. They take a wooden case or a large barrel, and pack them in thick layers of sawdust, fine sand, chalk, bran, cinders or coal dust, so that they do not touch each other. In the maritime provinces the peasants use layers of ashes moistened with salt water. The late Dr. F. Grace Calvert found by experiment the following results in the action of different substances in the preservation of eggs. In dry oxygen gas eggs are unaffected unless punctured; moist oxygen decomposes the eggs. In moist hydrogen or nitrogen, eggs will keep three months. Egg pierced or whole are perfectly preserved in carbonic acid, dry or moist. In chlorine water (1 to 500) eggs kept three months in a closed vessel; in solution of dilute chloride of lime, eggs would not keep two days; lime water and sulphate of lime kept them a little longer; carbolic acid (1 to 500) preserved them about six weeks. Eggs immersed in an iodide of calcium solution were, after a month, not to be distinguished by smell or taste from perfectly fresh eggs. M. Durand, a chemist at Blois, steeps them in a solution of silicate of potash. This being very viscous, is kept liquid by adding warm water. The eggs are placed in a vessel containing the silicate and afterwards dried. Then the part upon which the egg rested is covered, because the silicate may have fallen off at this place. When each egg is completely covered all over the eggs are placed in any receptacle, and may be left for a year, if necessary, without any fear of their spoiling. Within recent years egg powder has been produced, not a chemical combination, but the contents of eggs dried or condensed. It is stated that these are for omelettes and other cooking purposes, quite equal to new-laid eggs.

THE DAIRY.

Prize Essay on Butter Making.

The following points are those made by Mrs. W. E. Bush, of Sparta, Wis., in a prize essay at a Dairymen's Convention.

To make good butter, all having care of cows and milk should work interestedly, conscientiously and harmoniously, each determining to "do his best—his very best—and do it every day."

Then having good butter cows, they may adopt the following plans with success:

1. Keep cows in clean, warm, ventilated stables in winter.
2. Treat gently; feed, water, and milk regularly.
3. Food in winter: corn, oats, ground, mix with bran, scald, and salt occasionally; also carrots, pumpkins, good timothy, clover, and cornstalks. Avoid turnips, cabbage, and decaying vegetables.
4. Food in summer: good pasture and fodder-corn.
5. Pure water at all seasons.
6. Scrupulous cleansing of all utensils.
7. Milk rapidly and quietly in pail that strains while milking, or cover pail with folds of mosquito netting; re-strain through both wire and cloth into deep cans.
8. Reduce and hold temperature at 50 degrees.
9. Skim sweet.
10. Keep cream at moderate temperature until thickened, which indicates sufficient acidity.
11. Air by frequent stirring.
12. Churn in summer in early morning every other day, Sundays excepted. In winter not less than semi-weekly. Temperature 60 degrees.
13. Stop churning when in granular state, draw buttermilk and and add weak brine. Place pure white rather thin cloth in large seamless pan, half filled with brine, then remove butter to pan. Gather cloth with hand, repeat until no trace of buttermilk.
14. Butter still in granules, salt (pure dairy one ounce per pound,) by sifting evenly, stirring with ladle and turning on cloth.
15. Pack immediately in tubs, previously filled with hot brine, then thoroughly cooled.
16. Cover neatly with muslin, and set in cool dry place to await shipment.

Dairy Notes.

ANY harsh treatment that excites the cow, lessens the quantity and injures the quality of her milk yield.

TAKE good care of your stock and there will be but a few occasions to injure what is the best medicine for them.

WHILE the milk is warmer than the surrounding air, it may be left uncovered, but when colder it may with advantage be covered.

IF you have an unprofitable cow in the dairy now is the time to begin to get her ready to turn off. Fat her before cold weather.

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 breed of farmers.

ONE of the uses of giving cows salt, especially in hot weather, is that it acts as a preservative in the system. Every one accustomed to test milk can tell by its flavor whether the cows have been getting their salt. There is no doubt, whatever, that the neglect of "salting the cows" spoils the butter and injures the milk for the cheese factory.

AS SOON as an early crop is off a piece of land, before the weeds start, plow it up and sow rye. Here is late pasture for cows this year and early feed next. Plow it under next season, if your stock feeds it past grain-bearing, and put in any crop you choose. The moisture and warmth produced by the decay of green stuff turned under is really wonderful.

THE KITCHEN.

Currant Pie.

Beat together one egg and one cup of sugar; add one cup of currants and bake with two crusts.

Blackberry Pudding.

A pint of flour, a pint of warm water, a pinch of salt; mix flour, water and salt thoroughly; add one quart of blackberries the last thing. Put in pudding bag well floured and boil one hour.

Onion Pomade.

Cut some onions into thin slices and stew them in butter, add a pinch of flour with broth or water, season and stew them again, thicken with the yolks of eggs so as to make a kind of thick sauce.

Suet Pudding.

Three cups of flour, one of raisins, stoned, one-half cup suet, chopped fine, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup milk, two teaspoons cinnamon, one of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoon soda; boil one hour and a half.

Bread Pudding.

Take one pint of bread crumbs soaked in one quart of sweet milk, one-half cup of white sugar, two eggs beaten thoroughly, one cup of raisins if desired, heaping teaspoonful of butter, salt to suit the taste; stir well together and bake.

Excellent Rolls.

Take three pints of warm water in which some peeled Irish potatoes have been boiled, strain your water, add a tablespoonful of butter or lard, one teacupful of warm yeast; thicken it with flour to make a dough. Let it stand to rise, then work into rolls. Let it stand to rise fifteen or twenty minutes, then bake about three-quarters of an hour. You can make this into loaves, as it is a good bread receipe.

Chicken Pie.

Cut the chickens in joints; blanch them with boiling water, season with pepper and salt, a mixed tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms, parsley and onions, or a larger quantity of this seasoning can be used; add a few slices of ham or bacon. A layer below and one above the chicken arranged in the pie dish is best. Fill it up with real gravy, seasoned with a few mushrooms; put in also the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs. A little lemon juice may also be added. Cover with puff, paste and bake rather more than an hour.

ONE THING LACKING.

DR. TALMAGE CONTINUES HIS EVANGELISTIC SERMONS.

The Great Array of Good Things an Average Congregation Can Boast Of, Yet Too Many Lack That Which is Best of All.

Dr. Talmage's text was taken from Mark x, 21: "One thing thou lackest."

The young man of the text was a splendid nature. We fall in love with him at the first glance. He was amiable and frank and earnest and educated and refined and respectable and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have read to you: "One thing thou lackest." I suppose that that text was no more appropriate to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a great multitude of people in this audience. There are many things in which you are not lacking. For instance, you are not lacking in a good home. It is perhaps no more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes in this city. The younger children of the house already asleep, the older ones hearing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you. And in these winter evenings the children at the stand with their lessons, the wife plying the needle and you reading the book or the paper, you feel that you have a good home.

Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, regard and apology. You have an appropriate apparel. I shall wear no better dress at the wedding than when I come to the marriage of the King's son. If I am well clothed on other occasions I will be so in a religious audience. However reckless I may be about my personal appearance at other times, when I come into a consecrated assemblege I shall have on the best dress I have. We all understand the proprieties of everyday life and the proprieties of Sabbath life.

Neither are you lacking in worldly success. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income, or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood, or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when he takes care of us by a surplus of the past as by present success. While there are thousands of men with hunger tearing at the throat with the strength of a tiger's paw, not one of you is hungry. Neither are you lacking in pleasant friendship. You have real good friends, if the scarlet fever should come to-night to your house you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick, one, or, if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in theirs with that peculiar grip which means "I'll stand by you;" and, after the life has fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the next room, and while you are gone to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring to your mind too severely your great loss. Friends? You all have friends.

Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that makes you so angry as to have a man malign Christ. You get red in the face, and you say, "Sir, I want you to understand that though I am not my self a Christian, I don't like such things said as that in my store" and the man goes off, giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly answer him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of religion and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess His faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian.

It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little while, but you would be man enough to say: "My child, that is right. Go on. I am glad you haven't been kept back by my example. I hope some day to join you." You believe all the doctrines of religion. A man out yonder says, "I am a sinner." You respond, "So am I." Some one says, "I believe that Christ came to save the world." You say, "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things about which to congratulate you, and yet I must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference to my last account, "One thing thou lackest."

You need, my friends, in the first place, the element of happiness. Some day you feel wretched. You do not know what is the matter with you. You say, "I did not sleep last night. I think that must be the reason of my restlessness;" or, "I have eaten something that didn't agree with me, and I think that must be the reason." And you are unhappy. Oh, my friends, happiness does not depend upon physical condition. Some of the happiest people I have ever known have been those who have been wrapped in consumption, or stung with neuralgia, or burning with the slow fire of some fever.

I shall never forget one man in my first parish, who in excruciation of body cried out: "Mr. Talmage, I forget all my pain in the love and joy of Jesus Christ. I can't think of my sufferings when I think of Christ." Why, his face was illumined! There are young men in this house who would give testimony to show that there is no happiness outside of Christ, while there is great joy in His service. There are young men who have not been Christians more than six months who would stand up to-night, if I should ask them, and say in the six months they have had more joy and satisfaction than in all the years of their frivolity and dissipation. Go to the door of that gin shop to-night, and when the gang of young men come out ask them whether they are happy. They laugh along the street, and they jeer and they shout, but nobody has any idea that they are happy.

I could call upon the aged men in this house to give testimony. There are aged men here who tried the world, and they tried religion, and they are willing to testify on our side. It was not long ago that an aged man arose in a praying circle and said: "Brethren, I lost my son just as he graduated from college, and it broke my heart, but I am glad now he is gone. He is at rest, escaped from all sorrow and from all trouble. And then, in 1857, I lost all my property, and you see I am getting old, and it is rather hard upon me; but I am sure God will not let me drop out of his hands."

I went into the room of an aged man—his eyesight nearly gone, his hearing nearly gone—and what do you suppose he was talking about? The goodness of God and the joys of religion. He said: "I would like to go over and join my wife on the other side of the flood, and I am waiting until the Lord calls me. I am happy now. I shall be happy there." What is it that gave that aged man so much satisfaction and peace? Physicial exuberance? No, it has all gone. Sunshine? He cannot see it. The voices of friends? He cannot hear them. It is the grace of God, that is brighter than sunshine and that is sweeter than music. If a harpest takes a harp and finds that all the strings are broken but one string he does not try to play upon it. Yet here I will show you an aged man the strings of whose joy are all broken save one, and yet he thrums it with such satisfaction, such melody that the angels of God stop the swift stroke of their wings and hover about the place until the music ceases. Oh, religion's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if you have not the satisfaction that is to be found in Jesus Christ, I must tell you, with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul, "One thing thou lackest."

I remark, again, that you lack the elements of usefulness. Where is your business? You say it is No. 45 such a street, or No. 260 such a street, or No. 300 such a street. My friend immortal, your business is wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a loaf of bread to that starving man in the alley, but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candles to that dark shanty, They want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own heart. You know that the flight of an arrow depends very much upon the strength of the bow, and I have to tell you that the best bow that was ever made was made out of the cross of Christ; and when religion takes a soul and puts it on that, and pulls it back and lets it fly, every time it brings down a Saul or a Goliath.

There are people here of high social position, and large means, and cultivated minds, who, if they would come into the kingdom of God, would set the city on fire with religious awakening. Oh, hear you not the more than million voices of those in these two cities who are unconverted? Voices of those who in these two cities are dying in their sins? They want light. They want bread. They want Christ. They want heaven. Oh, that the Lord would make you a flaming evangel! As for myself, I have sworn before high heaven that I will preach this gospel as well as I can, in all its fullness, until every fiber of my body, and every faculty of my mind, and every passion of my soul is exhausted. But we all have work to do. I cannot do your work, nor can you do my work. God points us out the place where we are to serve, and yet are there not people in this house who are thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty years of age, and yet have not begun the great work for which they were created? With every worldly equipment, "One thing thou lackest."

Again, you lack the element of personal safety. Where are those people who associated with you twenty years ago? Where are those people that fifteen years ago used to cross South ferry or Fulton ferry with you to New York? Walk down the street where you were in business fifteen years ago and see how all the signs have changed. Where are the people gone? How many of them are landed in eternity I cannot say, but many, many. I went to the village of my boyhood. The houses were all changed. I passed one house in which once resided a man who had lived an earnest, useful life, and he is in glory now. In the next house a miser lived. He devoured widows' houses, and spent his whole life in trying to make the world worse and worse. And he is gone—the good man and the miser both gone to the same place. Ah, did they go to the same place? It is an infinite absurdity to suppose them both in the same place. If the miser had a harp what tune did he play on it? Oh, my friends, I commend you to this religion as the only personal safety! When you die, where are you going to? When we leave all these scenes, upon what scenes will we enter? When we were on shipboard, and we all felt that we must go to the bottom, was I right in saying to one next to me, "I wonder if we will reach Heaven if we do go down to-night?" Was I wise or unwise in asking the question? I tell you that man is a fool who never thinks of the great future.

I apply my subject to several classes of people before me. First, to that great multitude of young people in this house. Some of these young men are in boarding-houses. They have but few social advantages. They think that no one cares for their souls. Many of them are on small salaries, and they are cramped and bothered perpetually, and sometimes their heart fails them. Young man, to-night at your bed-room door on the third floor you will hear a knocking. It will be the hand of Jesus Christ, the young man's friend, saying, "Oh, young man, let me come in; I will help thee, I will comfort thee, I will deliver thee." Take the Bible out out of the trunk if it has been hidden away. If you have not the courage to lay it on the shelf or table, take that Bible that was given to you by some loved one, take it out of the trunk and lay it down on the bottom of the chair, then kneel down beside it, and read and pray and pray and read until all your disturbance is gone and you feel that peace which neither earth nor hell can rob you of. Thy father's God, thy mother's God, waits for thee, O young man. "Escape for thy life!" "Escape now!" "One thing thou lackest!"

But I apply this subject to the aged—not many here—not many in any assemblage. People do not live to get old. That is the general rule. Here and there an aged man in the house. I tell you the truth. You have lived long enough in this world to know that it cannot satisfy an immortal nature. I must talk to you more reverentially than I do to these other people, while at the same time I speak with great plainness. O father of the weary step, O mother bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all these years who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! Oh, how many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! O father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their tiny fingers. Has all the goodness that God has been making pass before you produced no change in your feelings, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this, "One thing thou lackest?"

Oh, if you could only feel the hand of Christ smoothing the cares out of wrinkled faces! Oh, if you could only feel th warm arms of Christ steadying your tottering steps! I lift my voice loud enough to break through the deafness of the ear while I cry out, "One thing thou lackest." It was an important appeal a young man made in a prayer meeting when he rose up and said: "Do pray for my old father. He is 70 years of age, and he don't love Christ!" That father passed a few more steps on in life, and then he went down. He never gave any intimation that he had chosen Jesus. It is a very hard thing for an old man to become a Christian. I know it is. It is so hard a thing that it cannot be done by any human work; but God Almighty can do it by His omnipotent grace. He can bring you at the eleventh hour—at half past 11—at one minute of 12 He can bring you to the peace and the joys of the glorious gospel.

I must make application of this subject also to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and cents are no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources, but have you no treasures, no Heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put your dying head on? You have heard people all last week talk about earthly values. Hear a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know it will be worse for you. O prepared man, if you reject Christ, and reject Him finally—that it will be worse for you than those who had it hard in this world, because the contrast will make the discomfiture so much more appalling? As the heart bounds for the water, brooks as the roe speeds down the hillside, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed!"

I must make my application to another class of persons—the poor. When you cannot pay your rent when it is due, have you nobody but the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the bakery, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's charities to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash barrels have no more cinders, who takes care of you? Have you nobody but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of Him who had not where to lay His head. If you lie on the bare floor I want to tell you of Him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot bath was the streaming blood of His own heart.

Oh, you poor man! Oh, you poor woman! Jesus understands your case altogether Talk it right out to Him to-night. Get down on your floor and say: "Lord Jesus Christ, thou wast poor and I am poor. Help me. Thou art rich now, and bring me up to thy riches!" Do you think God would cast you off? Will He? You might as well think that a mother would take the child that feeds on her breast and lash its life out, as to think that God would put aside roughly those who have fled to Him for pity and compassion. Yea, the prophet says, "A woman may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, but I will not forget thee."

If you have ever been on the sea you have been surprised in the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Sometimes you go along two, three, four, five, six and seven days, and do not see a single sail, but when a vessel does come in sight the sea glasses are lifted to the eye, the vessel is watched, and if it come very near then the captain, through the trumpet, cries loudly across the water: "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on this sea of life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met before. Some of us will never meet again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the last great day, and with reference to two great worlds, I cry across the water: "Whither bound? whither bound?"

I know what service that craft was made for, but hast thou thrown overboard the compass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is the ship at the mercy of the tempest? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With priceless treasures—with treasures aboard worth more than all the Indies—will thou never come up out of the trough of the sea? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, thou art needed here. There are so many sins to be pardoned. There are so many wounds to be healed. There are so many souls to be saved. Help, Jesus! Help, Holy Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help, all sweet memories of the past! Help, all prayers for our future deliverance! Oh, that now, in this the accepted time and the day of salvation, you would hear the voice of mercy and live! Taste and see that the Lord is gracious.

In this closing moment of the service, when everything in the house is so favorable, when everything is so still, when God is so loving and heaven is so near, drop your sins and take Jesus. Do not cheat yourself out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake, a voice should rise from the pillow or drop from the throne, uttering just four words—four sad, annihilating words, "One thing thou lackest."

Monkeys' Tricks.

The tigers of India are fond of monkey-meat and the monkeys are not fond of being eaten. They, therefore, match their brains against the tiger's cunning and strength in this way: The monkeys drive away tigers and leopards by assembling in all their strength upon the trees beneath which the tiger is lurking, shaking the branches with might and main and pattering down upon and about their would-be devourer such a shower of dry sticks, twigs and leaves that the latter is forced, with an angry growl, to quit his lair and seek other and quieter quarters. But no peace is he allowed so long as he remains in their vicinity.

The Shepherds Who Saw the Star in the East.

In the "Chester Mysteries," first performed in 1268, the shepherds who saw the star in the east have the homely names of Harvey, Tudd and Trowle, and Trowle's gift to our Savior is "a pair of his wife's old hose." In the same scripture play Noah's wife refuses to go into the ark without her "gossepes everich one," and swears by St. John and Christ. When she is at last forced in by her sons she salutes Noah, on his welcoming her, with a hearty box on the ear.—*Notes and Queries.*