HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Some New Appliances for the Farmer—Well Selected Suggestions for the Housewife, the Stockman, the Dairyman, the Poulterer, and the Horticulturist—Notes.

THE FARM.

Second Crops.

THERE are three crops that can be grown as second crops. We might make a fourth by sowing millet, but usually this would be an uncertain crop as it does not make a good start to grow if the weather is too hot and dry, and this is an important item with this crop. But some corn for fodder, buckwheat, and turnips can very oft'n be sownafter a crop of wheat or oats have been harvested, and in this way a very fair amount of feed besecured.

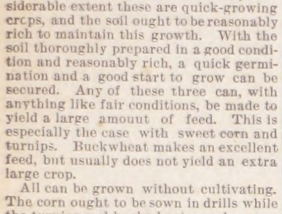
It is quite an item in doing this to have the soil reasonably rich, and then, if from any cause there is a prospect of a short supply of feed, an increased supply can be secured, while to a very considerable extent these are quick-growing crops, and the soil ought to be reasonably rich to maintain this growth. With the soil thoroughly prepared in a good condition and reasonably rich, a quick germination and a good start to grow can be secured. Any of these three can, with anything like fair conditions, be made to yield a large amouut of feed. This is especially the case with sweet corn and turnips. Buckwheat makes an excellent feed, but usually does not yield an extra large crop.

All can be grown without cultivating. The corn ought to be sown in drills while the turnips and buckwheat can be sown broadcast and covered by harrowing thoroughly. In a very dry season such a plan would not be feasible. There should at least be sufficient moisture in the soil to induce a good germination of the seed and a chance to grow. After the plants get started, growing sufficiently to shade the soil thoroughly, they will usually be able to make a fair growth even if the weather continues dry, not as good of course as would be made if the weather was more favorable, but sometimes sufficient to add considerably to the suppy of feed if the supply should be scant, as it is sometimes.

If this plan is attempted preparation should be made to do this work as soon as possible after the crops are harvested and stacked. Turnips can be deferred the latest of all, as it is possible to secure a very fair crop of turnips sown even as late as the 10th of August. Of course with any crop attempted to be grown at this time it cannot be considered as certain as those planted in the spring or fall.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Wooden Well-Curbing.

In sections of the country where stones or brick cannot be obtained the wells are curbed up with boards or timber, and this is an important operation where wells are sunk through sand or friable soil liable to cave in. Herewith is illustrated a method of curbing as fast as the well is deepened. It not only serves as the permanent wall but prevents trouble and accidents from caving in while the



WOODEN WELL CURB.

laborers are at work making the well. Having decided on the diameter of the well, cut boards of uniform length (usually about four feet,) cutting or notching in each end as shown in the engraving. Dig the well square, placing in the boards upon all four sides; as it is deepened two short strips are nailed over each crack to hold the boards in place. After water is reached, or at any time, corner pieces are firmly nailed at each angle to hold the whole firmly and solid, when the short strips may be removed. It is also well to make a ladder, by simply nailing to one of the corner pieces strips one foot apart. They will be one inch from the curb and make a firm and secure hold for both hands and feet in making the ascent and descent.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Convenient Halter.

The small conveniences about the farm make work much more agreeable. Moreover, a little laborsaved in each one of the hundred bits of work that come up in the course of a day makes a large amount in the aggregate. The halter shown in the illustration is much more readily adjusted, since in the old-fashioned halter the mane

ADJUSTABLE HALTER.

and foretop are constantly becoming entangled when this headgear is being arranged. To remove the one illustrated, it is only necessary to unbuckle the strap, when the whole falls to the floor. Again, it is specially convenient to carry upon the road, since it can be adjusted over the bridle by lengthening the strap when buckling. When a halter is used in this way the rope should be passed through the bit-ring, giving much greater control over a horse if he should become frightened while standing at the hitching-post. The snap and rings are a convenient arrangement for lengthening or shortening the amount of rope.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE STOCK-RANCH.

Cattle Breeding.

Mr. W. D. Rutherford, a successful breeder of Jersey cattle, spoke in substance as below, at a meeting of the Farmers' Institute, in Canton, N. Y.:

It is the live stock that keeps up the fertility of our farms, and upon the quality of the stock depends the margin of profit and loss. Every farmer should have a purpose and a system in breeding; yet careless and aimless breeding is the rule with too many farmers. Test your cows and weed out all below the profit line. If you are breeding for butter, use a bull from an extra butter cow of a butter breed. Avoid in-breeding; it tends to delicacy and enfeebled constitution, while by using a bull from another family, possessing the butter qualities in the same degree, you retain the butter tendency and increase the capacity by adding vigor to the offspring.

In selecting breeding stock see that the dam is individually good; that the sire has an unbroken pedigree and is of good strain, and especially that he has a good dam. It is an old saying that "the bull is half the herd." In my own experience I find the influence of the dam on the offspring to be greater than that of the sire.

You often hear it said that "like begets like." As a rule this is true; yet it is on the deviation from this rule that our hopes depend. Some of the offspring will be better than their progenitors; others not so good. Breed only from the best. If you breed from a good dam, and a sire whose dam is good, you have a strong point in breeding. Do not make the mistake of trying to breed for the greatest yield of milk butter, cheese and beef in the same animal. Breed for a purpose. There is no such thing as a general purpose cow, horse or hen. The cow that produces 900 lb of butter in a year makes a very modest showing in milk, and the horse that can trot a mile in 2.10 would make a very poor showing at the plow.

Mr. Rutherford gave an instance where a neighboring farmer, by breeding to good Jersey bulls for fifteen years, had increased the butter product of his dairy over one hundred pounds per cow, and received last year $375 more for butter from seventeen cows and heifers than his neighbor did from twenty-nine common cows.

THE DAIRY.

Cleanliness in the Dairy.

The following suggestions are taken from an article in the Swedish dairy paper, *Nordisk Mejeri-Tidning*, translated for and published in the *Country Gentleman:*

Careful cleanliness in milking is of the greatest importance, and ought to be promoted by all means. If there is not received a clean, fresh, and good-tasting milk the product cannot be sold at a satisfactory price. The public has so long been accustomed to fine butter and cheese, and to pay for these such a price, that this should constitute an inducement to production of the best goods, even to the observance of the smallest details.

To secure pure milk it is necessary to furnish a dry bed, good care and fresh air in the stable. On the dressing and attention of milch cattle depend in a high degree their product.

With care as to a clean and dry stall, the cows ought also to be refreshed daily by combing and brushing. All visible dirt ought quickly to be removed, and the cow's whole body should be clean and glistening. Washing in general, particularly of the udder, is not to be recommended, considering a complete washing must be undertaken with the greatest prudence, and one so difficult should always be thoroughly performed. A badly performed washing is rather a damage than a benefit. When the udder or teats are very dirty, and affected with sores, washing can be recommended, and ought to be done with lukewarm water and some soap. Care should be observed that the washed parts are afterward well dried, and that the animal is not exposed to a draft. In ordinary cases the udder can be most easily kept clean with a soft brush, or by rubbing with a straw brush.

Fresh air is secured in the stable by means of an air shaft, as well as by opening the windows and ventilators in the walk. Avoid, however, exposing the animals to any strong draft. The windows in most stables lie so low that the animals are directly exposed to such a draft. Under such circumstances prudence is required in airing the stable. Hair-cloth windows are recommended, through which fresh air, without any particular draft, can be secured through the warmer months.

It is a great influence on a regular and good product to keep an even temperature in the stable. This should be kept between 54 degrees and 59 degrees F. A constant changing in temperature results in a diminished product from the animals. If it is too cold, then too much feed is required to furnish the animal heat; if too warm, the respiration is too great—in both cases at the cost of the product. So far as possible ought the temperature in the stable to be regulated by a theremometer and constantly kept there.

The arrangement of the stable ought to be such that the animals are not crowded. There should be no stall partitions; without these the animals secure so much more freedom, and have some liberty when they lie down. By this means they may, as far as possible, avoid lying in the dirt.

At milking the following points be observed:

1. All milk vessels, which are best made of tinned iron, must be constantly kept carefully clean.

2. The milking should be performed in a neat dress and with clean hands, for which latter object a pail with warm water and a towel ought to be kept convenient.

3 Before commencing to milk, remove carefully all dirt from the udder and neighboring parts.

If there is left any dirt on the teats it is incorporated so thoroughly in the milk during milking that neither strainer nor strainer-cloth can remove it from the milk. No matter to what extent the milk in this manner may be dirtied, the dirt is removed at the seperating and remains in the grease in the seperator. The grease remaining in the seperator being more or less black shows whether the milking has been performed in a more or less cleanly manner. Immediately after milking strain the milk through a fine cloth strainer. Pay attention that frequently during the process of milking the strainer becomes thoroughly washed. Should this not be done, the constant pouring of milk on the accumulated dirt reduces it to such a degree of fineness that no additional straining can remove it.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Breeds and Incubators.

In the great range of climate and temperature in this country, we can find climatic conditions similar to those from whence certain breeds were imported, and where their peculiar excellence was developed either as meat or as egg-producers. We cannot expect the Leghorn, which comes from Italy, to lay as well in Dakota as in the "Sunny South," or its native clime. Langshans, which originally came from China, would naturally do better in a cold climate than at the South. In all breeds, their habits, amount of plumage, etc., must be carefully considered if one would have as good results from the bird as is claimed for it on its native heath. The past ten years have brought a marked change in the class of people who are raising pure-bred poultry. Men and women of thought and culture have engaged in it, and are bringing up the poultry interests of this country. Thanks to the many good poultry journals in circulation, farmers are becoming a thinking, reading and practically demonstrating class of people. The sitting hen is a "delusion and a snare." She breaks all the eggs she possibly can, crushes the chicks when they are out of the shell, and her first gift to them is "vermin without number." The care of several sitting hens at this season of the year means something, and if they foul the nests, which they so frequently do, they are simply loathsome. In these days, when simply constructed incubators of 100-egg capacity can be had so reasonably, it is a matter of economy, especially if pure-bred eggs are to be hatched. Letters come to us from all parts of the country with grevious complaints about the sitting hen, so she surely must go.

Newly hatched chicks should not be allowed to wander a foot away from the source of heat. The first three or four days' heat is quite as essential to them as food, and if they get a chill at any time, even if they survive it, you need never expect a healthy chick.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Clucks and Cackles.

Broken oyster-shells and bone are both excellent food for hens.

Dampness is invariably the open door to roup. Fill up all hollow places where filthy water accumulates after a rain.

It is much easier to keep disease away than to put it away when once invited and received into the flock.

Charcoal in some form and lime should always be kept convenient where the fowls can help themselves.

Fat hens that do not lay will not produce many eggs after they reach such a condition. Fat is detrimental to egg production. Such hens should be marketed.

THE VINEYARD.

Grape Growers' Maxims.

Prepare the ground in fall; plant in spring.

Give the vine plenty of manure, old and well decomposed, for fresh manure excites the growth, but does not manure it.

Luxuriant growth does not insure fruit.

Dig deep and plow shallow.

Young vines produce beautiful fruit, but old vines produce the richest.

Prune in autumn to insure growth, but in spring to insure fruitfulness.

Plant your vines before you put up your trellises.

Vines, like old soldiers, should have good arms.

Prune spurs to one developed bud, for the nearer the old wood the higher flavored the fruit.

Those who prune long must soon climb.

Vine leaves love the sun; the fruit the shade.

Every leaf has a bud at the base, and either a branch or a tendril opposite it.

A tendril is an abortive fruit bunch—a bunch of fruit a productive tendril.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Bedrooms.

The care of a bedroom is sometimes neglected because of the apparent simplicity of the work. The style in which it is usually accomplished is known to every one.

The coverings are thrown back over the foot of the bed, permitting them to drag on the dusty floor, and the window is left open five or ten minutes, a length of time popularly considered quite sufficient to air the room. The bed-maker may possibly turn the mattress, but in seven cases out of ten the bedclothes are spread up without going through this form, and tucked in snugly at the sides and foot, to prevent the fresh air getting in or the stale air escaping.

The right way of performing this work is not so difficult that one need shrink from it. The covering should first be stripped back over two chairs set at the foot of the bed. The mattress should then be doubled so that the air may get to all parts of it, and left so for from half an hour to an hour. In very severe winter weather the time my be lessened. Each piece of bedclothing should be well shaken before it is restored to its place, and the pillows beaten and patted into shape. The white spread, that should have been removed at bedtime the night before and neatly folded, is now fresh and smooth. If pillow shams are not used, the creased night slips may be exchanged for fresh day cases, and the former laid aside until the evening.

The bed is not all that needs close care in the sleeping-room. The dusting is far more important than many people suspect. Accumulations of fluff and dust form a favorite nesting place for disease germs and unsavory smells. On this account many ornaments are not to be commended in a bed-chamber. The bits of drapery, the brackets, the gay Japanese fans, the photographs and the pieces of bric-a-brac that are admirable in other parts of the house are out of place here. Whatever furniture there is should be carefully wiped off each day with a soft cloth, and this shaken out of the window afterwards.

The room should receive a thorough sweeping at least once a week, and at this time every article in it should be moved, and no nook nor corner left unbrushed. If there are curtains at the windows they should be well shaken, that no dust may linger in their folds.

The receptacles for waste water should be washed out every day and scalded three times a week. In hot weather the scalding should take place every day, and the utensils sunned if possible. Wash-cloths should be wrung out in boiling water every other day. Without this they soon become offensive. Shoes and other articles of apparel should not be left lying about the room to gather dust and look untidy. Soiled clothes should never be left in the sleeping room. They contaminate the atmosphere.

When all these precautions are closely followed there will be no trouble with the close, unpleasant odor that one finds often in even handsome and apparently well-kept bedrooms. Such malodors are not only disgreeable, but positively unwholesome, especially for delicate persons and children.

Hints to Housekeepers.

AFTER washing a wooden bowl place it where it will dry equally on all sides, away from the stove.

EASTER SUNDAY SERMON

"COME, SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY."

Text of the Eloquent Discourse Delivered by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage—Title of the Sermon, "The Split Mausoleum."

The text of Dr. Talmage's discourse was Matthew xxviii, 6, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Visiting any great city, we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt, and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case it is a matter of public interest, in the other it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest. At this sepulcher, I have to tell you—in this sepulcher there was buried a king, a conqueror, an emancipator, a friend, a brother, a Christ. Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate, and I suppose there were broad blanched trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rock into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of klosk and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem court-room, how refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and pomological!

I walk a little further on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess, and I walk down the marble stairs and come to a portico over the doorway —an architecture of fruits and flowers chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico, and on either side there are rooms, two or four or six rooms of rock; in the walls niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting place. What a beautiful plot in which to wait for the resurrection!

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages; catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered, and his body must be thrown out to the dogs and ravens, as was customary with crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think embalmment was omitted. When in olden times they wished to embalm a dead body, the priest with some pretension of medical skill, would show the point between the ribs where the incession was to be made. Then the operator would come and make the incision, and then run for his life else he would be slain for violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt of niter, and cassia, and wine of palm tree, and complete the embalmment. But I think in this case embalmment was omitted lest there be more excitement and another riot. The funeral advances. Present, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico, and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. These men coming forth close the door of rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrim, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the United States government or of the British government, always followed with severe penalties.

A regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonio is detailed to guard that mausoleum. At the door of that tomb a fight took place which decided the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel of God against the military. The body in the crypt begins to move in its shroud of fine linen and slides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ, having left his mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

Then and there was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry cannot mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military received a horrible cut under the angel's spear of flame, and must himself go down at the last—the King of Terrors disappearing before the King of Grace, "The Lord is risen." Hosanna! Hosanna!

O weep no more, your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen; he lives again.

When one of the old Christians was dying he said he saw on the sky the letter "V" and he said, "I cannot understand what that is I see against the sky; it is the letter 'V.'" A Christian standing beside him said, "I know what it means; that letter 'V' stands for 'victory.'" I gather up all these flowers to-day and I strew them over the graves of your Christian dead in the letter "V" for "victory," "R" for "resurrection," "T" for "triumph," "H" for "heaven." The Lord is risen." Hosanna!

While standing around the place where the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that mortuary honors cannot atone for wrongs to the living. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulcher they could have afforded Him a decent earthly residence. Will they give a piece of marble to the dead Christ when they might have given a soft pillow to the living Christ? If they had put half the expense of that mausoleum in the making of Christ's life on earth comfortable the story would not have been so sad. He wanted bread; they gave Him a stone. Christ, like every other benefactor of the world, was better appreciated after He was dead. Westminister Abbey and monumental Greenwood are to a certain extent the world's attempts by mortuary honors to atone for neglects to the living. Poets' Corner in Westminister Abbey is an attempt to pay for the sufferings of Grub street. I go into that Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and there I find the grave of Handel, the musician from whose music we hear today as it goes down reverberating through the ages. While I stand at the costly tomb of Handel I cannot forget the fact that his fellow musicians tried to destroy him with their discords. I go a little farther in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and I find the grave of John Dryden, the great poet. Costly monument, great mortuary honors, but I cannot forget the fact that at seventy years of age he wrote about the oppressions of misfortune, and that he made a contract for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. I go a little farther in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Wonderful monument, costly mortuary honors. Where did he die? In a garret. I move farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of a poet of whom Waller wrote: "An old schoolmaster by the name of John Milton has written a tedious volume on the fall of man. If its length be no virtue it has none." I go a little farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Sheridan. Alas! for Sheridan. Poor Sheridan. Magnificent mortuary honors. What a pity it was he could not have discounted that monument for a mouthful of something to eat! Oh! unfilial children, give your old parents less tombstones and more blankets, less funeral and more bedroom! Five per cent. of the money now expended at Burns' banquets would have made the great Scotch poet comfortable and kept him from being almost harried to death by the drudgery of an excise man. Horace Greeley—outrageously abused while he lived—going out to his tomb was followed by the President of the United States and the leading men of the army and the navy. Some people could not say bitter enough things about him while he lived; all the world rose up to do him honor when he died. Massachusetts at the tomb of Charles Sumner tried to atone for the ignominious resolutions with which her Legislature denounced the living Senator. It was too late. The costly monument at Springfield, Ill., cannot pay for Booth's bullet. Costly mortuary honors on the banks of Lake Erie—honors that cost between $200,000 and $400,000—cannot pay for the assassination of James A. Garfield. Do justice to the living. All the justice you do you will have to do this side the gates of the necropolis. The dead cannot wake up to count the number of carriages in the procession or see the polish on the Aberdeen granite or to read the words of epitaphal commemoration. Costly mausoleum of the gentleman in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot atone for Bethlehem's manger and Calvarean cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary.

Again! Standing in this place where the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that floral and scriptural ornamentation are appropriate for the places of the dead. We are all glad that in the short time of the Saviour's inhumation he lay amid flowers and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers where, amid the announcements and obsequies, the friends request "Send no flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow—I repeat, if your means allow—let there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the hearse, flowers on the grave. Put them on the brow; it means coronation. Put them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in a parterre. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arbortum do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunshiny days twist a garland for her still heart.

Brooklyn has no grander glory than her Greenwood, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain. What shall I say of those country graveyards where the vines have fallen down and the slab is aslant and the mound is caved in and the grass is the pasture ground for the sexton's cattle. Are your father and mother of so little account you have no more respect than that for their bones? Some day gather together and straighten up the fence and lift the slab and bank up the mound and tear out the weeds and plant the shrubs. After a while you yourself will want to lie down to the last slumber. If you have no regard for the bones of your ancestors, your children will have no deference for you bones. Do you say these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your grave yards into gardens.

Standing in this place where the Lord lay I am also impressed with the dignity of unpretending obsequies. Joseph that day was mourner, sexton, liveryman—had the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the Universe. Let this be consolatory to those who, through small means or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead, it is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, casket of costly wood, pall bearers scarfed and gloved are not neccessary.

Christ looks down from heaven at a burial where there are six in attendance, and remembers there are two more than he had at his obsequise. Not recognizing this idea how many small properties are scattered in the funeral rites, and widowhood and orphanage go out to the cold charity of the world. The departed left enough property to have kept the family together until they could take care of themselves, but it is all absorbed in the funeral rites. That went for crape which ought to have gone for bread. A man of small means can hardly afford to die in one of our large cities. Funeral pageantry is not neccessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put into the grave than Christ, but there were only four in the procession.

Again, standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down.

The seal of the Sanhedrim a regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, nich of rock cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up he must. Came out and came up he did. Prefiguration. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certain as you and I go down into the grave, just so certain we will come up again. Though you pile up on the top of us all the bowlders of the mountains you cannot keep us down. Though we be buried under the coral of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean we will rise to the surface.

Ah! my friends, death and the grave are not what they used to be to us, for now, walking around the spot where the Lord lay, we find vines and flowers covering the tomb, and that which we called a place of skulls has become a beautiful garden. Yea, now there are four gardens instead of one—Garden of Eden, Garden of the World's Sepulcher, Garden of Earth's Regeneration, Garden of Heaven.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from Heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb crying: "Make way! Oh, grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption!" Thousands of spirits arising from the field of Sedan, and from the rocks of Gettysburg, and from among the passes of South Mountain. A hundred thousand are crowding Greenwood. On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb! Over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies.

From New York to Liverpool, at every few miles of the sea route, a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude! That is where the Central America sank. And yonder multitude! That is where the Pacific went down. Found at last! That is where the City of Boston sank. And yonder the President went down. A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie. That is where a traveler perished in the snow. The whole air is full of spirits—spirits flying north, spirits flying south, spirits flying east, spirits flying west. Crash! goes Westminister abbey as all its dead kings and orators and poets get up.

Strange commingling of spirits searching among the ruins. William Wilberforce the good, and Queen Elizabeth, the bad. Crash! go the pyramids, and the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the heart of the desert. Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough plowed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men; all the beggars; all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine or simmered in the fire or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! all! Not one straggler left behind. All! all!

And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed. A surgeon told me that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated limbs, throwing them out of the window until the pile reached up to the window sill. All those fragments will have to take their places. Those who were born blind shall have eyes divinely kindled; those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the resurrected not one eye missing, not one foot clogged, not one arm palsied, not one tongue dumb, not one ear deaf.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day, it means peace toward Heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the deserts until it shall blossom like the rose, brade them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections.

Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international goodwill. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of literature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and just and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise our songs and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth's reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Adulterated Wines.

Those who imagine that to get imported wine in the original package means to be sure of getting the genuine article should take note of the measures that are being adopte1 by the German Government to prevent wine adulteration, a practice which appears to have been carried on to such an extent as to necessitate the making of a black list of ingredients whose employment in the future is to be prohibited under severe penalties. Among these are sugar of lead, glucose, alum, salicylic acid and sulphuric acid. The complacent connoisseur who indulges in warm praises of his Liebfraumilch is probably often swallowing a more dangerous decoction than any of the cheap and despised native wines