HOME AND THE FARM.

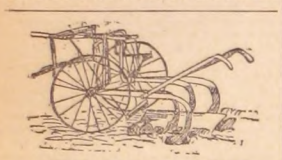
A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

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

THE FARM.

Corn-Listing.

WE list the corn in rows three feet apartr hills one foot apart; one kernel to the hill. This is quite thick, but some will get covered up in cultivating, which is begun when the corn gets weedy. We use a common shoveled cultivator, sometimes taking the inside shovels off and at other times using them. To keep from covering up the corn first time through, we use an inverted V-trough attached as shown in the illustration herewith. To make it, take a 2x4 inch scantling six feet long, chamfer off one edge on each side until the boards fit snug, leaving about six inches of the scantling unchamfered

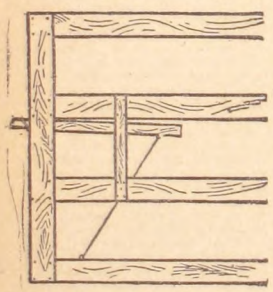


LISTER CULTIVATOR DEVICE.

by which to hitch it to the cultivator. Through the end of this bore a hole and fasten, crossways, by bolt, 2x18 inch piece of wood as indicated so the V-trough will stay in the ditch and not bob out. A small hole is bored in each end of the cross stick, through which wires, ropes or small chains are secured and left long enough to fasten to the inside shanks of the cultivator; thus holding the trough in the ditch, and the trough in turn keeping the shovels out of the ditch. Lengthen or shorten the wires, ropes or chains used, according to size of the corn and the amount of dirt you want in the ditch. We hold the shovels in the ground their full depth and throw dirt all over the trough, covering up as much or as little of the corn as desired; all weeds not extirpated by the shovels are buried under the overthrow. By this method the work is not hard; in fact, it is easier than plowing, planting, etc., by "old style;" and, it is much faster, for you can go on the run if desired. Make the trough strong but light. The second time through we use shields and four big shovels, for third time the same as for regularly planted corn—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

Farm Gate Latch.

A home-made latch for farm gates, one that will never get out of order, is easily made and can be added to most gates now being used is worth having, especially if its construction takes but a few minutes and its operation is automatic and sure. About 1 ft. from the end of the gate nail a cleat on each side, so the latch can slide between these and on the upper edge of a board. Next cut off a 2½ ft. piece of furring and slide it in for a



latch. Drive a light staple in its upper edge and another in the top board and connect the two by a waste piece of bale wire, raising the inner end of the latch an inch or two. The upper staple must be placed at least 1 ft. nearer the end of the gate than its mate in the latch. Then when the latch is forced toward the gate's hinges its inner end is lifted and its own weight forces it back into position. A smooth slot of sufficient size must be cut in the post to receive the latch.—*Farm and Home.*

About Stock.

DO NOT force the cows to stand in filth or to lie in it. Keep the stable clean.

THE horse needs succulent food as well as the cow. A few roots do the horses great good.

THE man who breaks his colts and the politicians as they ought to be broken, is in the right way.

THE time has come when there is scarcely an excuse for using scrub sires. Male animals of all kinds can be purchased cheap.

DO NOT use a scrub stallion, if you can help it, and remember that every horse that is represented as a thoroughbred is not one by a long shot.

WHEN the weather is pleasant, the horse is better outside than inside the stable. Let him out to get the benefit of the sunshine, the pure air and exercise.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us why a certain brand of bacon is always quoted higher than other kinds. The answer to all such questions, as a rule, is because it is a better article.

A MAN was pretty nearly kicked to death the other day by a vicious horse. He had bought the horse for $25 knowing it was vicious. Now the account stands about thus: Horse, $25; doctor's bill, $165, loss of time, at least $60; making a total of $210. That would buy a pretty good horse, eh?

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Feeding for Eggs.

There is much to learn in feeding fowls for egg production in the season when eggs are in demand, for then and only then does the profit justify the extra attention necessary to accomplish this. A good hen should average 120 eggs per year. Some I will admit have laid from 150 to 170, but I am only calculating the average, so as not to scare the inexperienced poultry man, it being nearer the average production. Did you ever stop to consider that 120 eggs represent an aggregate weight of 10lb of nutriment in its most condensed form, and and 150 eggs an aggregate of 20 lb? One-tenth of this, or perhaps a trifle more, is fat. A surplus of material as well as energy in the secretive organs is necessary, so it is a fact that the mere feeding of extra foods will not be sufficient.

It should be borne in mind that vitalized productive eggs are one thing and those used for food another. If it were possible to control the production of the hens, the policy to pursue would cause the breeding stock to produce but one or two chickens. They would be more apt to be fertile and the chicks constitutionally more healthy and vigorous. Usually a fowl starts laying at 8 or 10 months old. She does not lay as constantly and as well at first as she will the second year, but she will demand more food for development the first season and during the period of molting, say from August until November, she will not lay at all. If the winter is excessively cold, unless very warm and comfortable quarters are provided as well as good food, she will seldom favor you with an egg.

In feeding for eggs we must use proper judgment and not gravitate to either extremes. We all know or should know that a hen overfed will not lay well. The fat accumulates about the ovaries, which means a loss of action in the egg organs. Feed well, avoiding such foods as produce fat. Corn is one food of this kind, and sometimes warm cooked food without exercise means the building up of a fatty element foreign to the make-up of a good layer. Do not understand that I mean that corn should never be fed, nor warm feed, but only sparingly. Wheat and bran are egg-producing foods when used in moderation. Rice is also good, as is meat chopped up finely. It matters but little whether the meat contains much fat or not. Ground bone and milk in the morning and evening are excellent for old fowls that lay. Egg shells broken up fine can be fed to them and also lime in the form of old mortar. An excellent mixture for shell material for general digestive properties is made up of 10 parts of ground new oyster shells, 2 of cayenne pepper and 1 of powdered sulphur. Place two full tablespoonsful in soft feed three times a week, which is sufficient for a dozen hens.

J. W. CAUGHEY.

When Is a Hen Too Fat?

A hen is too fat when she is apparently very heavy behind, when she is lazy and cares nothing for work, seeking only to have the owner feed her. She cannot easily fly, soon becomes tired from exertion when chased, does not lay, though in good health, and is very heavy when held in the hands. We do not state that any one of the above causes indicates a fat hen, but to observe her in all of them. Of course, the surest method is to lift her and the weight will be there. Examination of the rear of the body will also show the fat under the skin by its color.

As to what should be the character and quantity of the food required to keep them in a healthy condition, cannot be correctly stated, as no two hens are alike. Leghorns and Brahmas (or other large breeds) should not be kept together. If hens are in good condition, the best food is chopped clover hay (chopped half an inch in length and scalded), all they will eat in the morning, a tablespoonful of ground meat mixed with mashed potatoes; and scatter wheat for them to pick up before going to roost.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints to Housekeepers.

TO PREVENT layer cake from sticking, grease the tins and dust in a little flour.

HARTSHORN usually restores colors that have been taken out by acids of any kind.

SALT sprinkled on any substance that is burning on the stove will stop the smoke and smell.

A LITTLE turpentine mixed with the starch will give a finer gloss to shirt bosoms, collars and cuffs.

HOT milk is a simple means of comfort, and is most reviving to one who is fatigued by overexertion.

BY rubbing with a flannel dipped in whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups which have been used for baking.

Disinfectants are useful posessions in all households. Even the most sanitary plumbing may need the occasional purification of disinfectants.

IT is said that to drink sweet milk after eating onions will purify the breath so that no odor will remain. A cupful of strong coffee is also recommended.

A GERMAN prescription for preventing cold-sores and boils from coming to a head is to paint them five or ten times daily with equal parts of boracic acid and water.

SPONGE carpets occasionally with hot water in which either common salt or powdered alum has been dissolved. This not only brightens the carpet but prevents moths.

LAY a piece of thick Canton flannel under your tablecloth. Even coarse napery will look a much better quality with a sub-cover than if spread directly over the bare table top.

BY applying a little of the best carriage oil varnish carefully with a camel's hair brush to the edges of broken china, the parts being neatly joined together, the fracture will, when thoroughly dry, be hardly perceptible, and the china will stand fire and water.

THE KITCHEN.

Practical Recipes.

EGG SOUP.—Boil four eggs for twenty minutes, let them cool, open them, and grate the yolks, and chop the whites. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour in a saucepan, and stir over the fire until they are thoroughly incorporated; then add one quart each of hot water and milk. Season with pepper, salt and a little nutmeg; add the whites and serve.

FISH WITH CHEESE.—Cut up together a few mushrooms, some parsley and a small onion, and fry them in butter; season highly with salt and pepper. Butter a baking dish and put the fried vegetables on the bottom; then put in a layer of cold cooked flounder or any other fish with large flaky meat. Sprinkle bread crumbs on top, moisten with stock and bake. Serve slices of lemon with this dish.

LARDED LIVER.—Lard a calf's liver with slices of fat bacon. Prepare some vinegar as follows: Take sufficient vinegar to cover the meat, and add thereto a slice of onion, some sage, pepper and salt. Put the liver in this and let it lie for twenty-four hours; then take from the vinegar and roast it, with a little water in the pan. Baste often and serve with brown gravy.

FRIED ONIONS AND POTATOES.—Put two large tablespoonfuls of butter over the fire, and when very hot add two small sliced onions; sprinkle with salt and put a cover over them; when they have cooked ten minutes put in six good-sized potatoes that have been peeled and cut into dice. Stir all together, then add salt and pepper; cover the pan again and let them cook until brown on the bottom, shaking the pan occasionally, but not mixing the potatoes and onions.

CHOCOLATE CUP CUSTARD.—To a quart of milk add the beaten yolks of five or six eggs and two heaping tablespoonfuls of chocolate, vanilla, sugar to taste, and a very little salt. Melt the chocolate in a little hot milk before adding to the other ingredients. Fill cups with this, and set them in a pan of water to bake; they will need about fifteen minutes. Serve cold.

COCOANUT CAKES.—One cup powdered sugar, two cupfuls desiccated cocoanut, two tablespoonfuls flour, whites of two eggs. Mix well, roll into a sheet, cut into small cakes, and bake a light brown.

THE APIARY.

SOME kinds of very thick honey will not granulate.

IT looks now as though alfalfa honey is to lead the world.

MICE will eat bees and pollen and when they get into a hive they usually keep the colony in an uproar and may even eventually cause their death.

THE Convention of the Eastern Iowa Bee-Keepers, will be held in the Dobson Town Clock Building, Maquoketa, Iowa, Feb. 11, 12. Frank Coverdale, Sec., Welton, Iowa.

IN painting hives do not use dark colors for in extreme hot weather the combs in dark colored hives will melt down, while in a hive which is painted white, no damage will be done.

DO NOT be alarmed if you find a number of dead bees about the entrance of the hive. In summer time you do not notice so many because the colony carry their dead away in their daily flight.

THE bees will take care of the empty brood combs in the summer season better than you can do it. In winter they should be boxed up tightly, after being thoroughly fumigated with sulphur, if they have any moth-germs in them.

IN all large apiaries a record of each colony should be kept in a book, as well as on the piece of section under the hive cover. The book may be studied evenings or when it rains and the necessary work systematically planned.

IT seems as if a successful bee keeper must be a very careful, thoughtful man. His constant attention to little things must discipline his mind and make him a useful member of society. It seems also as if his experiences should lead him to communicate with the papers frequently in a generous manner, feeling that he would have others learn at little expense what has cost himself so much effort.

Temperature of Bee Cellars.

It is important that the temperature of the cellars should be looked after carefully. The temperature of the bee cellars bears such an important relation to the health of the bees that it must be kept in mind constantly. In the journals the advice is continually given to beware of the moisture in the cellars. This has been counted as one of the most fatal conditions of such a cellar. The moisture of the air bears an important relation to the temperature, and if the latter is kept right no danger may be expected from the former. Moisture, of course, is continually passing off from the bees, the same as from human bodies, and this must be absorbed by the air. Should the air be saturated with moisture, so that it can contain no more, then this avenue of escape of moisture from the bees will be closed. The air of a bee cellar that is warm and damp would be just as injurious as a moist air without the warmth. A warm air does not thus answer the purpose. The degree of moisture in the air should be ascertained, and a complete record of it kept every day. A wet bulb thermometer can be obtained for a small sum, and one should be kept in the bee cellar all of the time.

It is not so much, then, the temperature of the cellar as it is the degree of saturation. A large colony, well protected and in good condition, can stand more moisture than a small, sickly one. Mold in the cellar is a pretty sure indication of a moisture-laden atmosphere. Its presence may not be injurious to the bees, but it indicates the beginning of conditions which may result unfavorably. But damp cellars need not be the rule, for there are easy methods to prevent such conditions. One bushel of unslaked lime will absorb twenty-eight pounds of water in the process of slaking. If a quantity of unslaked lime is thus kept in the cellar continually, it will absorb the moisture and create a dry atmosphere.—*Annie C. Webster, in American Cultivator.*

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the well-known lecturer on astronomy, once tried the experiment of wearing a corset, and thus describes the result: "When the subject of corset-wearing was under discussion in the pages of the *English Mechanic*, I was struck," he says, "with the apparent weight of evidence in favor of tight lacing. I was in particular struck by the evidence of some as to its use in reducing corpulence. I was corpulent. I also was disposed, as I am still, to take an interest in scientific experiment. I thought I would give this matter a fair trial. I read all the instructions, carefully followed them, and varied the time of applying pressure with that 'perfectly stiff busk' about which correspondents were so enthusiastic. I was foolish enough to try the thing for a matter of four weeks. Then I laughed at myself as a hopeless idiot, and determined to give up the attempt to reduce by artificial means that superabundance of fat on which only starvation and much exercise, or the air of America, has ever had any real reducing influence. But I was reckoning without my host. As the Chinese lady suffers, I am told, when her feet-bindings are taken off, and as the flat-headed baby howls when his head-boards are removed, so for a while was it with me. I found myself manifestly better in stays. I laughed at myself no longer. I was too angry with myself to laugh. I would as soon have condemned myself to using crutches all the time as to wearing always a busk. But for my one month of folly I had to endure three months of discomfort. At the end of about that time I was my own man again."

THE NEW TABERNACLE.

TALMAGE'S GRAPHIC REVIEW OF THE BUILDING.

The Passage of Jordan by the Israelites—The Many Discouragements in Building the New Structure—Stones from Sinai and Athens—A Church for All.

Six thousand persons were present at the dedication of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle, and many thousands were turned away. Text, "What mean ye by these stones?" (Joshua iv. 6).

The Jordan, like the Mississippi, has bluffs on the one side and flats on the other. Here and there a sycamore shadows it. Here and there a willow dips into it. It was only a little over waist deep in December as I waded through it, but in the months of April and May the snows on Mount Lebanon thaw and flow down into the valley, and then the Jordan overflows its banks, Then it is wide, deep, raging and impetuous. At this season of the year I hear the tramp of 40,000 armed men coming down to cross the river. You say, why do they not go up nearer the rise of the river at the old camel ford? Ah! my friends, it is because it is not safe to go around when the Lord tells us to go ahead. The Israelites had been going around forty years, and they had enough of it. I do not know how it is with you, my brethren, but I have always got into trouble when I went around, but always not into safety when I went ahead.

There spreads out the Jordan, a raging torrent, much of it snow water just come down from the mountain top; and I see some of the Israelites shivering at the idea of plunging in, and one soldier says to his comrade, "Joseph, can you swim?" And another says: "If we get across the stream we will get there with wet clothes and with damaged armor, and the Canaanites will slash us to pieces with their swords before we get up the other bank." But it is no time to halt. The great host marches on.

The priests carrying the ark go ahead, the people follow. I hear the tramp of the great multitude. The priests have now come within a stone's throw of the water. Yet still there is no abatement of the flood. Now they have come within four or five feet of the stream; but there is no abatement of the flood. Bad prospect! It seems as if these Israelites that crossed the desert are now going to be drowned in sight of Canaan. But "Forward!" is the cry. The command rings all along the line of the host. "Forward!" Now the priests have come within one step of the river. This time they lift their feet from the solid ground and put them down into the raging stream. No sooner are their feet there than Jordan flies.

On the right hand God piles up a great mountain of floods; on the left, the water flows off toward the sea. The great river for hours halts and rears. The back water not being able to flow over the passing Israelites, pile wave on wave until perhaps a sea bird would find some difficulty in scaling the water cliff. Now the priests and all the people have gone over on dry land. The water on the left hand side by this time has reached the sea; and now that the miraculous passage has been made, stand back and see this stupendous pile of waters leap. God takes his hand from that wall of floods, and like a hundred cataracts they plunge and roar in thunderous triumph to the sea.

How are they to celebrate this passage? Shall it be with music? I suppose the trumpet and cymbals were all worn out before this. Shall it be with banners waving? Oh, no; they are all faded and torn. Joshua cries out, "I will tell you how to celebrate this—build a monument here to commemorate the event;" and every priest puts a heavy stone on his shoulder and marches out, and drops that stone in the divinely appointed place. I see the pile growing in height, in breadth, in significance; and in after years, men went by that spot and saw this monument, and cried out one to another, in fulfillment of the prophecy of the text, "What meant ye by these stones?"

Blessed be God, He did not leave our church in the wilderness! We have been wandering about for a year and a half worshiping in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and the Academy of Music, New York. And some thought we would never reach the promised land. Some said we had better take this route and others that. Some said we had better go back, and some said there were sons of Anak in the way that would eat us up, and before the smoke had cleared away from the sky after our tabernacle had been consumed, people stood on the very site of the place and said, "This church will never again be built." We came down to the bank of Jordan; we looked off upon the waters. Some of the sympathy that was expressed turned out to be snow water melted from the top of Lebanon. Some said, "You had better not go in; you will get your feet wet." But we waded in, pastor and people, farther and farther, and in some way, the Lord only knows how, we got through; and to-night I go all around about this great house, erected by your prayers and sympathies and sacrifices, and cry out in the words of my text, "What mean ye by these stones?"

It is an outrage to build a house like this, so vast and so magnificent, unless there be some tremendous reasons for doing it; and so, my friends, I pursue you to-night with the question of my text, and demand of these trustees and of these elders and of all who have contributed in the building of this structure, "What mean ye by these stones?" But before I get your answer to my question you interrupt me and point to the memorial wall at the side of this pulpit, and say, "Explain that unusual group of memorials. What mean you by those stones?" By permission of the people of my beloved charge I recently visited the Holy Lands, and having in mind by day and night during my absence this rising house of prayer, I bethought myself, "What can I do to make that place significant and glorious?"

On the morning of December the 3d we were at the foot of the most sacred mountain of all the earth, Mount Calvary. There is no more doubt of the locality than of Mount Washington or Mount Blanc. On the bluff of this mountain, which is the shape of the human skull, and so called in the Bible, "The place of a skull," there is room for three crosses. There I saw a stone so suggestive I rolled it down the hill and transported it. It is at the top of this wall, a white stone, with crimson veins running through it—the white typical of purity, the crimson suggestive of the blood that paid the price of our redemption. We place it at the top of the memorial wall, for above all in this church for all time, in sermon and song and prayer, shall be the sacrifice of Mount Calvary. Look at it. That stone was one of the rocks rent at the crucifixion. That heard the cry, "It is finished." Was ever any church on earth honored with such a memorial?

Beneath are two tables of stone, which I had brought from Mount Sinai where the law was given. Three camels were three weeks crossing the desert to fetch them. When at Cairo, Egypt, I proposed to the Christian Arab that he bring one stone from Mount Sinai, he said, "We can easier bring two rocks than one, for one must balance them on the back of the camel," and I did not think until the day of their arrival how much more suggestive would be the two, because the law was writen on two tables of stone. Those stones marked with the words, "Mount Sinai" felt the earthquake that shook the mountains when the law was given. The lower stone of the wall is from Mars Hill, the place where Paul stood when he preached that famous sermon on the brotherhood of the human race, declaring, "God hath made of one blood all nations."

Since Lord Elgin took the famous statuary from the Acropolis, the hill adjoining Mars Hill, the Greek Government makes it impossible to transport to other lands any antiquities, and armed soldiery guard not only the Acropolis but Mars Hill. That stone I obtained by special permission from the Queen of Greece, a most sagacious and brilliant woman, who received us as though we had been old acquaintances, and through Mr. Tricoupis, Prime Minister of Greece, and Mr. Snowden, our American Minister Plenipotentiary, and Dr. Manatt, our American Consul, that suggestive tablet was sawed from the pulpit of rock on which Paul preached. Now you understand why we have marked it "The Gospel." Long after my lips shall utter in this church their last message, these lips of stone will tell of the Law, and the Sacrifices, and the Gospel. This day I present them to this church and to all who shall gaze upon them. Thus you have my answer to the question, "What mean you by these stones?"

But you cannot divert me from the text as I first put it. I have interpreted these four memorials on my right hand, but there are hundreds of stones in these surrounding walls and underneath us, in the foundations, and rising above us in the towers. The quarries of this and transatlantic countries at the call of crowbar and chisel have contributed toward this structure. "What mean ye by these stones?

You mean among other things that they shall be an earthly residence for Christ. Christ did not have much of a house when He was here. Who and where is that child crying? It is Jesus, born in an outhouse. Where is that hard breathing? It is Jesus, asleep on a rock. Who is that in the back part of the fishing smack, with a sailor's rough overcoat thrown over him? It is Jesus the worn out voyager. O Jesus! is it not time that thou hadst a house? We give thee this. Thou didst give it to us first, but we give it back to thee. It is too good for us, but not half good enough for thee. Oh! come in and take the best seat here. Walk up and down all these aisles. Speak through these organ pipes. Throw thine arm over us in these arches. In the flaming of these brackets of fire speak to us, saying, "I am the light of the world." O King! make this thine audience chamber. Here proclaim righteousness and make treaties. We clap our hands, we uncover our heads, we lift our ensigns, we cry with multitudinous acclamation until the place rings and the heavens listen, "O King! live forever!"

Is it not time that He who was born in a stranger's house and buried in a stranger's grave should have an earthly house? Come in, O Jesus! not the corpse of a buried Christ, but a radiant and triumphant Jesus, conqueror of earth and Heaven and hell.

He lives, all glory to His name.
He lives, my Jesus, still the same.
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

Blessed be His glorious name forever! Again, if any one asks the question of the text, "What mean ye by these stones?" the reply is we mean the communion of saints. Do you know that there is not a single denomination of Christians in Brooklyn that has not contributed something toward the building of this house? And if ever, standing in this place, there shall be a man who shall try by anything he says to stir up bitterness between different denominations of Christians, may his tongue falter, and his cheek blanch, and his heart stop! My friends, if there is any church on earth where there is a mingling of all denominations it is our church. I just wish that John Calvin and Arminius, if they were not too busy, would come out on the battlements and see us.

Sometimes in our prayer-meetings I have heard brethren use the phrases of a beautiful liturgy, and we know where they come from; and in the same prayer-meetings I have heard brethren make audible ejaculation, "Amen!" "Praise ye the Lord!" and we did not have to guess twice where they came from. When a man knocks at our church door, if he comes from a sect where they will not give him a certificate, we say: "Come in by confession of faith." While Adoniram Judson the Baptist, and John Wesley the Methodist, and John Knox the glorious old Scotch Presbyterian are shaking hands in Heaven, all churches on earth can afford to come into close communication: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Oh, my brethren, we have had enough of Big Bethel fights—the Fourteenth New York Regiment fighting the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment. Now, let all those who are for Christ and stand on the same side go shoulder to shoulder, and this church, instead of having a sprinkling of the divine blessing, go clear under the wave in one glorious immersion in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

I saw a little child once, in its dying hour, put one arm around its father's neck and the other arm around its mother's neck and bring them close down to its dying lips and give a last kiss. Oh, I said, those two persons will stand very near to each other always after such an interlocking. The dying Christ puts one arm around this denomination of Christians, and the other arm around that denomination of Christians, and He brings them down to His dying lips while He gives them this parting kiss: "My peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you."

How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

I heard a Baptist minister once say that he thought in the millennium it would be all one great Baptist Church, and I heard a Methodist minister say that he thought in the great millennial day it would be all one great Methodist Church; and I have known a Presbyterian minister who thought that in the millennial day it would be all one great Presbyterian Church. Now I think they are all mistaken. I think the millennial church will be a composite church; and just as you may take the best parts of five or six tunes, and under the skillful hands of a Handel, Mozart, or Beethoven entwine them into one grand and overpowering symphony, so, I suppose, in the latter days of the world, God will take the best parts of all denominations of Christians, and weave them into one great ecclesiastical harmony, broad as the earth and high as the Heavens, and that will be the church of the future. Or, as mosaic is made up of jasper and agate and many precious stones cemented together—mosaic a thousand feet square in St. Mark's, or mosaic hoisted in colossal scraphin in St. Sophio—so I suppose God will make, after awhile, one great blending of all creeds, and all faiths, and all Christian sentiments, the amethyst, and the jasper, and the chalcedony of all different experiences and belief, cemented side by side in the great mosaic of the ages; and while the nations look upon the columns and architraves of that stupendous church of the future, and cry out, "What mean ye by these stones?" there shall be innumerable voices to respond, "We mean the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Still further, you mean by these stones the salvation of the people. We did not build this church for mere worldly reforms, or for an educational institution, or as a platform upon which to read essays and philosophical disquisitions, but a place for the tremendous work of soul saving. Oh, I had rather be the means in this church of having one soul prepared for a joyous eternity than five thousand souls prepared for mere worldly success. All churches are in two classes, all communities in two classes, all the race in two classes—believers and unbelievers. To augment the number of the one and subtract from the number of the other we built this church, and toward that supreme and eternal idea we dedicate all our sermons, all our songs, all our prayers, all our Sabbath handshakings. We want to throw defection into the enemy's ranks. We want to make them either surrender unconditionally to Christ or else fly in rout, scattering the way with canteens, blankets, and knapsacks. We want to popularize Christ. We would like to tell the story of His love here until men would feel that they would rather die than live another hour without His sympathy and love and mercy. We want to rouse up an enthusiasm for Him greater than was felt for Nathaniel Lyon when he rode along the ranks; greater than was exibited for Wellington when he came back from Waterloo; greater than was expressed for Napoleon when he stepped ashore from Elba. We really believe in this place Christ will enact the same scenes that were enacted by Him when He landed in the orient, and there will be such an opening of blind eyes and unstopping of deaf ears and casting out of unclean spirits such silencing bestormed Gennesarets as shall make this house memorable five hundred years after you and I are dead and forgotten. Oh, my friends, we want but one revival in this church, that beginning now and running on to the day when the chisel of time, that brings down even St. Paul's and the Pyramids, shall bring this house into the dust.

Oh, that this day of dedication might be the day of emancipation of all imprisoned souls. My friends, do not make the blunder of the ship carpenters in Noah's time, who helped to build the ark, but did not get into it. God forbid that you who have been so generous in building this church should not get under its saving influence. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark? Do you think a man is safe out of Christ? Not one day, not one hour, not one minute, not one second. Three or four years ago, you remember, a rail train broke down a bridge on the way to Albany, and after the catastrophe they were looking around among the timbers of the crushed bridge and the fallen train and found the conductor. He was dying, and had only strength to say one thing, and that was, "Hoist the flag for the next train." So there come to us to-night, from the eternal word, voices of angels, voices of departed spirits, crying: "Lift the warming. Blow the trumpet. Give the alarm. Hoist the flag for the next train."

Oh, that to-night my Lord Jesus would sweep His arm around this great audience and take you all to His holy heart. You will never see so good a time for personal consecration as now. "What mean ye by these stones?" We mean your redemption from sin and death and hell by the power of an omnipotent gospel.

Well, the Brooklyn Tabernacle is erected again. We came here to-night not to dedicate it. That was done this morning. To-night we dedicate ourselves. In the Episcopal and Methodist churches they have a railing around the altar, and the people come and kneel down at that railing and get the sacramental blessing. Well, my friends, it would take more than a night to gather you in circles around this altar. Then just bow where you are for the blessing. Aged men, this is the last church that you will ever dedicate. May the God who comforted Jacob the Patriarch, and Paul the aged, make this house to you the gate of Heaven; and when, in your old days, you put on your spectacles to read the hymn or the Scripture lesson, may you get preparation for that land where you shall no more see through a glass darkly. May the warm sunshine of Heaven thaw the snow off your foreheads!

Men in midlife, do you know that this is the place where you are going to get your fatigues rested and your sorrows appeased and your souls saved? Do you know that at this altar your sons and daughters will take upon themselves the vows of the Christian, and from this place you will carry out, some of you, your precious dead? Between this baptismal font and this communion table you will have some of the tenderest of life's experiences. God bless you, old and young and middle aged. The money you have given to this church to-day will be, I hope, the best financial investment you have ever made. Your worldly investments may depend upon the whims of the money market, or the honesty of business associates, but the money you have given to the house of the Lord shall yield you large percentage, and declare eternal dividends long after the noonday sun shall have gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil and all the stars are dead.

IT is said that one of poor Anna Dickinson's manias is enmity of Mrs. Lealie Carter. She regards Mrs. Carter's conspicuousness on the stage as a personal outrage, and voices her resentment in addresses to imaginary audiences