DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Valuable Information for the Plowman, Stockman, Poulterer, Nurseryman, and Everybody Connected with the Farm.

THE FARM.

A Valuable Fertilizer.

GOOD farming doesn't stop at the door of the poultry house. It goes inside and gives the fowls as rational care as is bestowed upon the rest of the farm stock. It also takes special pains to preserve every particle of the valuable fertilizer that is made there. It should be remembered that no stock upon the farm is fed such concentrated food as that consumed by fowls, that are properly cared for. The natural result is that their droppings contain more valuable food elements than any other manure made upon the place. I have never realized this so forcibly as during the past season when I used it in my garden side by side with commercial fertilizer. The fact that the poultry manure gave better satisfaction than the artificial compound was probably due to the care which had been taken to properly preserve it. I believe it is an exception to the general rule when proper care is given to this dressing by farmers. It is either allowed to collect in heaps under the roosts, where it may remain for months rendering the air impure, or it is thrown out of doors to be wasted by rains, and its nitrogen (the specially strong and valuable point in this fertilizer) dissipated in the air. My own method is to remove the droppings frequently from the pens and place them in barrels, with a generous supply of dry absorbent, such as road dust, but never wood ashes or lime. Such a plan involves rather more labor perhaps than most farmers would think they could give to the matter, and so I am of the opinion that the very best general plan that can be adopted is to clean out the pens thoroughly, and then cover the floor to the depth of at least six inches with perfectly dry road dust, which can always be obtained during a dry time in the summer, fall, and spring. All the droppings that fall into this dust will be quickly covered and their moisture absorbed by the constant scratching over the whole room, particularly if oats and wheat are thrown down occasionally. By this arrangement there will be no heaps formed beneath the roosts, because the scratching of the fowls will level all, and keep an even mixture over the whole floor.

The finest dust will fill every crack and cranny, and provide a bath each day for the fowls, so that vermin will be unknown. In this way I think the pens need not be cleaned out more than twice a year—in the fall and spring. The manure laden dust will be found to be most excellent dressing, and it will have the merit of not being so concentrated in this form, and so will not be likely to be injudiciously used as frequently happens with the undiluted article, and yet not a particle of its value will be lost, while the pens will be kept sweet throughout the year, and the fowls kept free from the common pest of vermin. Care should be taken if this plan is followed that the drinking water is not spilled, for when road dust under cover becomes wet, it dries very slowly, and dampness in the poultry house is especially to be avoided. —*Webb Donnell, in Practical Farmer.*

THE GARDEN.

Outlook for Gardeners.

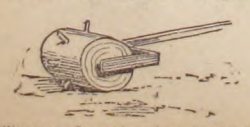
When one has discovered which kinds of crops he can best produce, it is important to hold steadily to raising them, and not on account of fluctuations in the market to shift from one thing to another from year to year. This is the regular movement, ebb and flow, of the great mass of cultivators, and the result is that some crops are always overproduced or underproduced. The onion is a notable example of this sort. Among fruits the strawberry is constantly subject to this shifting movement. Only the steady cultivator gets any benefit by a short crop, while the mass of growers are nearly always met with a full and low-priced market.

Unusual success in any particular crop, by reason of superior local advantages, will often induce many others to undertake similar production, and often with the effect of finding sale with little or no profit at most, or perhaps worse, with an actual loss. Celery growing the past year has been widely extended, and in many cases far beyond the needs of local consumption, leaving heavy stocks to be thrown into the great markets, where but little is realized from them.

A notable instance among fruits in the Northern States at the present time is grape growing. Certain localities favorable to the production of grapes of fine quality, having established a profitable industry after many years of trial and difficulty, now find that their success has encouraged many persons to plant vineyards on grounds with no particular adaptation to them, and with the result of producing a large mass of fruit of inferior grade. The result is not that the good fruit brings the best price, but the price of the fruit of poor quality determines that of the whole, without distinction. Such is the fact.—*Vick's Magazine.*

A Clever Garden Help.

Do not plant a seed unless you wish it to grow, and then remember that plants and pigs are alike in habits, feeding and growth and require the same care. To refuse both food would be to put the pig soonest out of his misery. The plant might survive a few days. Use the best cultivator. One implement of great



utility to gardeners is a cheap hand roller, which is run on the row after it is planted and which may follow the plow as pulverizer. A simple contrivance is a heavy block off an elm or oak log sixteen inches in diameter and twelve to fourteen inches long. It may have a light frame work by which to propel it like a wheelbarrow. For transplanting bore holes the desired distances apart, and insert pins of proper length to punch holes to receive the plants. Push the roller in a straight line, follow with the plants, water them and fill the place with fresh earth at once, leaving it without pressing. The operation is quick and if well done not one in 1,000 plants will die.—*Charles Deland, in Farm and Fireside.*

THE POULTRY YARD.

Potato Parings for Chickens.

Mrs. J. M. Wetherell, Alameda County, California, writes: "Since I have kept poultry, I have pared my potatoes thicker than formerly, and find a balm for my wounded conscience in the thought that what is lost by the family is gained by the poultry. I boil the potato parings, and when they are cooked I put them through a meat grinder. I then mix bran with the ground potatoes until the mass is dry and crumbling, when I feed it to my young chicks while still warm. Sometimes I add before grinding one or two raw onions and a little salt and black pepper. The chicks not only enjoy it, but it is a very nutritious food for them."

Chops for Sitting Hens.

As a precaution against storms and severe cold, all the coops for sitting hens should be placed in the poultry-house or under a shed. When the hens come off with their broods the coops should be carried into the barn during the stormy weather, and they should be so constructed as to permit of carrying the hens and chicks in the coops. No matter how closely a hen may hover her chicks, she cannot protect them in winter when they are exposed to severe cold, and the chicks will sometimes become chilled during the day when they are picking up bits outside of the coop. All coops for hens with broods should be well littered with cut hay, and every care used to have them as warm as can be. When the hen is sitting, her nest should be in a warm place and her food placed where she can reach it without being compelled to go very far from the nest.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

How to Wash Flannels.

Flannel underwear and woolen stockings would last two or three times longer than they ordinarily do if they were properly washed. Many people put them in the general wash, and let them go through the same as any other piece of clothing—from hot water into cold. This is all wrong; one such wash will shrink and stiffen woolens so that they will be very much smaller, and also harsh and thick. If properly washed, there is no necessity for woolen underwear or stockings becoming hard or discolored at all; they should be as soft when worn out as they were when new. White flannels often assume a saffron tint after one bad washing, while with proper care they should remain white till they turn yellow with age.

The first thing to do is to make a lather of lukewarm water and some pure white soap (Castile or borax soap is best); a little borax may be also added, or ammonia, two tablespoonfuls to a pail of water. This will loosen the dirt, and also tend to keep the flannels soft. Put your woolens in this, and rinse up and down a great number of times until the flannels seem clean. Soap should never be rubbed on them, as it leaves a mark or hard streak wherever it is rubbed. Do not use a board; if there are any soiled streaks around the wrists or necks of the shirts, rub between the hands. If the dirt will not move without soap, rub the soap on the palms of the hands (not on the flannels), and then rub the flannels between them. When the flannels are thoroughly clean, squeeze them out carefully and put them into the rinse water. This should be lukewarm (never hot) about the same temperature as the water in which they have been washed. Rinse up and down until they are free from suds; then squeeze between the hands until you get them as dry as posible; never use a wringer, and try to do without even wringing with the hands. Hang up at once, and never let them lie in the clothesbasket. Hang shirts by the shoulders at first, drawers by the belts, and skirts by the waistbands. When they are half dry, reverse the position, and let them finish drying.

Scarlet flannels, if they are of good quality, will keep their color if washed as above and each detail carefully attended to. Some old housekeepers, however, prefer to take the following precaution in regard to red flannels in order to be sure of their not fading: Mix a half cupful of flour with a quart of cold water, place over the fire, and let it boil for fifteen minutes. Stir this into the warm suds in which the flannels are to be washed, and then proceed as above. Salt is sometimes used in washing colored woolen stockings in order to keep them from fading, but we have found it rather harsh, and prefer to wash them, as well as other woolens, as we have just described. In winter the flannels should be washed first before touching the other clothes, so that they may have plenty of time to dry. We prefer not to iron flannels, as they can be smoothed out with the hands and laid into shape. If you prefer to iron them, be sure and use a warm iron (never hot), and press them on the wrong side.

THE DAIRY.

Dairy Notes.

DON'T let a dairy meeting in your neighborhood get away from you, whether you know much or little about the science of dairying.

SEVERAL correspondents have incidentally said recently that they are warming the water, this winter, for their cows are pleased with the result. We are not surprised.

EVERY pound of oleomargarine that is sold takes the place of a pound of genuine butter, and for that reason, if for no other, hotels, and boarding-houses should be forbidden by law, to feed it to their patrons without knowledge.

ONCE in awhile, and oftener, somebody gives the public the benefit of his belief about abortion in the herd, and when we get through reading it, we know just as much as we did before.

THE butterine makers kick like a "bay steer," at the idea of preventing them by legislation, from cramming their dirty products down the throats of those who eat at public eating houses, but they must be made to be decent.

THE practice of the golden rule toward she herd is just as important as its practice toward our fellowmen. Do unto the cow as you would be done by, if you were in her place, is about all there is to the proper management of the herd.

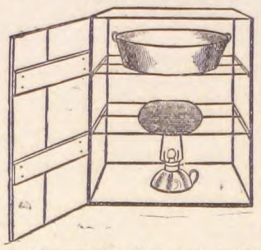
ONE of the leading live stock papers of the West tells it readers, says an exchange, that stunted calves will certainly make, as far as appearance goes, "scrub" animals, and that this will be the case without the slightest regard to the breed which they represent or to the quality of their breeding. This is sound doctrine which all live stock owners will do well to heed. By good care and skillful feeding they can improve the appearance and increase the value of a low grade of stock at its present degree of excellence if the young animals are not well fed or are not given proper attention.

THE KITCHEN.

Kitchen Helps.

In many houses the cause of poor bread can be traced to the bread being set to raise where a draught from a door will strike it, or insufficient steady warmth. In a bakery all this is guarded against, the raising-room never being allowed below a certain temperature.

The accompanying cut, which we take from an exchange, could be made very easily at home, from light timber. It is twenty-three inches square and twenty-eight inches high. The shelves are of wire, and a lamp placed in the lower part

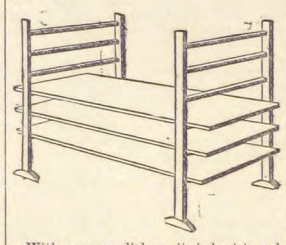


makes the warmth. This must not be one that has too large a flame, or it would cook it. On the shelf above the lamp place a piece of heavy sheet-iron. This will insure your bread an even temperature.

The other cut is a convenience for drying tins.

Did you ever try ticking for dish-towels? Get a light-weight quality and make them a half a yard wide, and use the original width for the length of the towel.

For dish-cloths, Turkish toweling is good, or cheese-cloth taken double and basted. In these days of cheap material it doesn't pay to use a dish-cloth too long. When its days of usefulness are over, burn it.



With greasy dishes, it is best to rub them off with paper and use it to kindle fires with. This saves your dish-cloths and towels, and the dish-water does not clog up the waste-pipes so much. If you just throw water in the yard, it will not contain sediment to litter up the yard.

In the early days of spring, every bit of litter about the yard should be raked together and burned; the articles that will not burn should be carted away. Nothing spoils a place like litter.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

Recipes.

PUMPKIN CUSTARD—Cut a pumpkin into squares, stew slowly until well cooked, then press through a colander or sieve. To every pint of pumpkin add a piece of butter about twice the size of a walnut, half a teaspoonful of salt (scant,) one pint of good milk, half a teaspoon each of mace and cinnamon, one teaspoon of ginger, one cup of sugar, and four well-beaten eggs. Bake in a pudding-dish, without crust, or in pie-tins with a light crust.

GRAHAM BISCUITS.—Put one quart of graham flour into a bowl. Rub into it two ounces of butter. Add a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix and rub again, until thoroughly blended, then add sufficient milk, about a half-pint, to make a soft dough. Turn out on the board, knead lightly, roll it into a sheet about three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut into biscuits. Place in greased pans and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

General Notes.

NO PLANT needs more water than it can drink.

MIXED barnyard manure is better than clear horse manure for most garden crops.

IT is always better to let somebody else test the value of novelties in herb culture.

DON'T pile up trash from the garden and trimmings from the bushes and vines. Burn them.

A LITTLE nitrate of soda placed about the tomato plant before hoeing will increase the yield.

IT is better to plant vegetable seed pretty thick, and thin out. It is more profitable to thin than it is to replant.

WILL cabbage grow on new land? asks "an amateur." Yes. Manure the land well. Guano in the hill is first-rate for cabbage.

AN orchard of 800 acres has recently been set in Osage County, Kansas, by a man who already has one of nearly 450 acres.

WHEN drawing out the manure do not forget that the garden will repay for a liberal top dressing of that that is well rotted.

THE worst thing that can be impressed upon the mind of a farmer is that a complete education is of no advantage to the pursuit of agriculture. On the other hand, the best thing for him is to be thoroughly imbued with the idea and belief that a farmer should be a well informed man, with a well trained mind able to perceive the close connection there is between his practice and the physical science; the value of habits of thought, a retentive memory, and a facility for the perception of the relation of facts to one another. He should be able to use all his mental faculties, well developed by training as well as his hands and muscular strength. He should be taught that the hoped-for-regeneration of his vocation and the most profitable pursuit of the business are to come from the foundation of better rural schools and the better education of his children.

HUMDRUM ABOLISHED.

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

A Stirring Exhortation to Christians to Make Their Religion Lively, Based Upon the Visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon the Great King.

The capacity of the New Brooklyn Tabernacle was fully tested by the vast audience which assembled to hear Dr. Talmage in his handsome and spacious church. His subject was "Humbrum Abolished," and his text II Chronicles ix, 9: "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

What is that building out yonder glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the house of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the Princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico, and a great tower, adorned with one thousand shields of gold, hung on the outside of the tower—five hundred of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, five hundred were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne between twelve lions of statuary, and sits down at the back of the golden bull, the head of the bronze beast turned toward the people. The family and attendants of the king are so many that the caterers of the place have to provide every day one hundred sheep and thirteen oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and pawing of four thousand fine horses in royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at daybreak; and when in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses of all the realm, and followed by mounted archers in purple, as the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem I suppose it was something worth getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning to look at.

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendor of his palace and retinue was eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everthing. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walk, and apes chattered in the trees and deer stalked the parks, and there were aquariums with foreign fish and aviaries with foreign birds, and tradition says these birds were so well tamed that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

More than this, he had a great reputation for the conundrums and riddles that he made and guessed. He and King Hiram, his neighbor, used to sit by the hour and ask riddles, each one paying in money if he could not answer or guess the riddle. The Solomonic navy visited all the world, and the sailors, of course, talked about the wealth of their king, and about the riddles and enigmas that he made and solved, and the news spread until Queen Balkis, away off south, heard of it, and sent messengers with a few riddles that she would like to have Solomon solve, and a few puzzles which she would like to have him find out. She sent among other things to King Solomon, a diamond with a hole so small that a needle could not penetrate it, asking him to thread that diamond. And Solomon took a worm and put it at the opening in the diamond, and the worm crawled through, leaving the thread in the diamond.

The queen also sent a goblet to Solomon, asking him to fill it with water that did not pour from the sky, and that did not rush out from the earth, and immediately Solomon put a slave on the back of a swift horse and galloped him around and around the park until the horse was nigh exhausted, and from the perspiration of the horse the goblet was filled. She also sent King Solomon five hundred boys in girls' dress, and five hundred girls in boys' dress, wondering if he would be acute enough to find out the deception. Immediately Solomon, when he saw them wash their faces, knew from the way they applied the water that it was all a cheat.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon that she said, "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, jingling harness and clattering hoofs, and blazing shields, and flying ensigns, and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon and saffron and calamus and frankincense and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate the armed guard inhale the aroma. "Halt!" cry the charioteers, as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's storehouses, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon, and the boxes of spice are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my text announces, "Of spices, great abundance; neither was there any such spices as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth seeker, and I shall take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard and cassia and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities and angular facts and chronological tables and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon! What many of us most need is to have the humdrum driven out of our life and the humdrum out of our religion. The American and English and Scottish church will die of humdrum unless there be a change.

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insiped. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key, and culturing melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than rapture. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin and death and hell, and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the windpipe and become a tight strangulation instead of exhilaration.

All the infidel books that have been written from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs."

> Then let our songs abound,
> And every tear be dry;
> We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
> To fairer worlds on high.

I have to say, also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching, whether it be in the prayer meeting, or in the Sabbath school, or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs and our heart and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations and fewer sesquipedalion words; and when we talk about shadows, we do not want to say adumbration; and when we mean queerness, we do not want to talk about idiosyncracies; or if a stitch in the back, we do not want to talk of lumbago, but in the plain vernacular preach that gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious and free.

In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice laden dromedaries in all our sermons and prayer meeting exhortations.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread and medicines and the garments you give them, let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah! they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the Queen of Sheba, also send in the spices.

There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle; take it you poor, miserable wretch, and make the most of it. Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good you can do me." Coming in that spirit the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels in that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs, or precentors, or organs, or bass viols, or cornets. I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sabbath schools it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, in most churches nine-tenths of the people do not sing, or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God; but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes "a joyful noise" unto the Rock of Our Salvation. Sometimes when the congregation forgets itself, and is all absorbed in the goodness of God or the glories of Heaven, I get an intimation of what church music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

I promise a high spiritual blessing to any one who will sing in church, and who will sing so heartily that the people all around cannot help but sing. Wake up! all the churches from Bangor to San Francisco and across Christendom. It is not a matter of preference, it is a matter of religious duty. Oh, for fifty times more volume of sound. German chorals in German cathedrals surpass us, and yet Germany has received nothing at the hands of God compared with America; and ought the acclaim in Berlin be louder than that in Brooklyn? Soft, long drawn out music is appropriate for the drawing room and appropriate for the concert, but St. John gives an idea of the sonorous and resonant congregational singing appropriate for churches when, in listening to the temple service of Heaven, he says: "I heard a great noise, as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings. Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Join with me in a crusade, giving me not only your hearts but the mighty uplifting of your voices, and I believe we can, through Christ's grace, sing fifty thousand souls into the kingdom of Christ. An argument they can laugh at, a sermon they may talk down, but a vast audience joining in one anthem is irresistible. Would that Queen Balkis would drive all her spice ladden dromedaries into our church music. "Neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

Now, I want to impress this audience with the fact that religion is sweetness and perfume and spikenard and saffron and cinnamon and cassia and frankincense, and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance; it had for me a repulsion; I held my breath as though it were malodor; I have been appealed at its advance; I have said, if I have any religion at all, I want to have just as little of it as is possible to get through with." Oh, what a mistake you have made, my brother. The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine, and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side, and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain.

It lifted Samuel Rutherford into a revelry of spiritual delight while he was in physical agonies. It helped Richard Baxter until, in the midst of such a complication of diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffered, he wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." And it poured light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of the shining gate of the shining city. And it is good for rheumatism, and for neuralgia, and for low spirits, and for consumption; it is the catholicon for all disorders. Yes, it will heal all your sorrows.

Why did you look so sad to-day when you came in? Alas! for the loneliness and the heartbreak, and the load that is never lifted from your soul. Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote, "If I had another month of such days as I have been spending, I would be impatient to get down into my little narrow crib in the ground like a weary factory child." And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of this life. You have said, "Oh, how sweet to my lips would be the dust of the valley," and wished you could pull over you in your last slumber the coverlet of green grass and daisies. You have said: "Oh, how beautifully quiet it must be in the tomb. I wish I was there." I see all around about me widowhood and orphanage and childlessness; sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those to rise in this audience who have felt no sorrow and been buffeted by no disappointment—if I could ask all such to rise, how many would rise? Not one.

A widowed mother, with her little child went West, hoping to get better wages there, and she was taken sick and died. The overseer of the poor got her body and put it in a box, and put it in a wagon, and started down the street toward the cemetery at full trot. The little child—the only child—ran after it through the streets, bare headed, crying. "Bring me back my mother! bring me back my mother!" And it was said that as the people looked on and saw her crying after that which lay in the box in the wagon—all she loved on earth—it is said the whole village was in tears. And that is what a great many of you are doing—chasing the dead. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and tears. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Across the couches of your sick and across the graves of your dead I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen Balkis, driving up to the pillared portico of the house of cedar, carried no such pungency of perfume as exhales to-day from the Lord's garden. It is sweetness. It is comfort. It is infinite satisfaction, this Gospel I commend to you. Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so calm and happy and hopeful when he had so many trials and sicknesses and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said, "I mean to watch this old scholar and Christian," and he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand and open the Bible and begin to read. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face was all aglow with the tidings from Heaven, and when the clock struck twelve he arose and shut his Bible, and said: "Blessed Lord, we are on the same old terms yet. Good night. Good night."

Oh, you sin parched and you trouble pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction. Will you come and get it? I cannot tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Have you read of the Taj Mahal in India, in some respects the most majestic building on earth? Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it. It cost about sixteen millions of dollars. The walls are of marble, inlaid with carnelian from Bagdad, and turquoise from Thibet, and jasper from the Punjaub, and amethyst from Persia, and all manner of precious stones. A traveler says that it seems to him like the shining of an enchanted castle of burnished silver. The walls are two hundred and forty-five feet high, and from the top of these springs a dome thirty more feet high, and that dome containing the most wonderful echo the world has ever known, so that ever and anon travelers standing below with flutes and drums and harps are testing that echo, and the sounds from below strike up, and then come down, as it were, the voices of angels all around about the building. There is around it a garden of tamarind and banyan and palm and all the floral glories of the ransacked earth.

But that is only a tomb of a dead empress, and it is tame compared with the grandeurs which God has builded for your living and immortal spirit. Oh, home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Capstones of praise! And a dome in which there are echoing and reechoing the hallelujahs of the ages. And around about that mansion is a garden—the garden of God—and all the springing fountains are the bottled tears of the church in the wilderness, and all the crimson of flowers is the deep hue that was caught up from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms, and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints, and the aroma puts into utter forgetfulness the cassia, and the spikenard, and the frankincense, and the world renowned spices which the Queen Balkis, of Abyssinia, flung at the feet of King Solomon.

> When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls
> And pearly, gates behold,
> Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
> And streets of shining gold?

Through obduracy on our part, and through the rejection of that Christ who makes Heaven possible, I wonder if any of us will miss that spectacle? I fear! I fear! The queen of the south will rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, because she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here! May God grant that through your own practical experience you may find that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of peace—that it is perfume now and perfume forever. And there was an abundance of spice; "neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

WHAT is a green grocer that we read about? One who trusts.