HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

The Farm vs. Life in the City—A Simple Yet Practical Device for Keeping a Gate Open—A Movable Pig Sty—Household Hints—Kitchen Recipes, Etc., Etc.

THE FARM.

Farming vs. City Life.

FARMING is just a bominable," I said to myself one fine June morning. "Here I go from 4:30 a. m. until 8 p. m., just as fast as I can fly, and what does it amount to? Plain clothes, plain food, no social advantages, no excursions, no parties, and very little cash in the bank. I am just tired of worrying with contrary hens and calling chickens, with the messing of milk and butter, with trying to be cook, house-maid, seamstress, nurse, dairy-maid, poultry-keeper, and a multitude of other things. There is no time for dress up in the afternoon, no time for social reading or mental advancement. When evening comes every one is too tired to do aught but drop into a chair, lazily run over the weekly news, then off to bed. It's stagnation itself. I wish we lived in town."

I thereupon began to dream how lovely things would be there. My husband would find work at a good salary, or meet with a congenial partner in some business. I'd take boarders, and make ten times as much money as I could fussing with chickens. I would grow intellectual and so would the children, and life would be worth living.

Well, we left the farm and went in town to live, and this is how it all turned out. The city was one of the big ones, so big we had to rent a house three miles from the center to avoid being squeezed into no space at all, and to have the rent reasonable.

I soon found that my shopping trips must be well considered, for car fare soon amounted to a neat little sum. Our mother church was located near the business portion of the town; after walking the distance one Sunday with the children and paying 30 cents in car fare the next, we concluded to give up the long-wished-for privilege and attend a church nearer home.

I began to be told how unhealthy it was. I had not thought of sickness; at once I was sure one of our family would be laid away in the cemetery on the hill. I begged to move back to the farm, but just then the children came down with the whooping cough, and so the poor dears had to be isolated. There was only a small yard with no resources; their only amusement was to sit on the porches and watch what was passing. How they longed for the freedom of the farm, where they could shout, chase the pigs and chickens, ride horse-back, build forts, dig wells, do so much that suited their active nature. The plaintive cry was, "I don't know anything to do." The little boys around would swear and play so roughly I found I could not encourage their coming, and when I heard how little ones were treated at school by the older scholars, I groaned and declared they should not go.

My neighbors were very pleasant, and, not being on a farm I supposed they were all happy—one especially, who was the owner of a pretty house, well furnished, a nice turnout, and her children near by; surely, I said, she must be happy; yet, when I remarked the same to her, she replied, with a sad smile, "I'm far from being happy. I lie awake many nights planning how to make money. I want to be rich, and can't be; so I am just miserable."

The husband of my next door neighbor was a book-keeper, so, having a certain sum to depend upon, I concluded he was satisfied, but when I learned that he left at 6 a. m., and did not return until 10 p. m., eating a cold dinner, I did not wonder that he preferred farm life; and later they rented a farm.

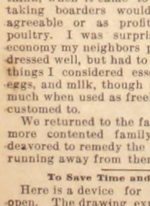
Another was distracted because he had mortgaged his farm to buy city lots. Dull times and no business had used up everything, and he, too, went back to the farm. Many others were similarly situated. I found even those well-established businesses worried by failure of health and the perplexities of hard times.

The partner my husband sought could not be found, nor the salary. I didn't think, when it came to the point, that taking boarders would be any more agreeable or as profitable as raising poultry. I was surprised at the rigid economy my neighbors practiced. They dressed well, but had to do for themselves things I considered essential. Butter, eggs, and milk, though so poor, cost so much when used as freely as I was accustomed to.

We returned to the farm a wiser and a more contented family, and have endeavored to remedy the evils instead of running away from them.

To Save Time and Patience.

Here is a device for keeping a gate open. The drawing explains itself. If the gate swings free from the ground there will be room enough to fasten the



stick to the lower board, and it will drag after the gate and brace it open. Just kick it through and it will drag after it and brace it shut. Try it.—*W. H. Pearce, in Practical Farmer*

THE DAIRY.

TAKE care of the little details.

THE cost of a quart of milk at the New Hampshire station averaged for the herd 2.74 cent. The best cow on good feed made milk for 1.59; milk for the poorest cow on the same food cost 4.26.

MILK that contains more than four pounds of butter-fat should be skimmed two pounds to every 100 pounds of milk, and the surplus made into butter, says H. P. Carpenter in the *American Creamery*.

PRACTICAL New York dairymen claim it has taken at least ten and one-half pounds of milk on the average this season to make a pound of cheese. This is in excess of ordinary years, says the *American Cultivator*.

THE dairy world to-day is not so much in need of new and startling experiences as of the courage and persistency to carry out what it does know already. To accomplish success, we must watch for and try to meet courageously the great army of competition that is warring against us. The successful dairyman has confidence in himself and faith in his cattle. He must farm it 365 days in the year. Our dairymen are fast finding out that the ration that makes one pound of steer beef will also make one pound of butter or two pounds of cheese. No cow was ever a good dairy cow that was not born so, but thousands of cows that were born so have been spoiled by poor and unwise handling.

THE claim has been often made, says the *American Dairyman*, that the milk of the cows in the Northwestern portion of Canada will yield a larger proportion of butter and cheese than that produced elsewhere under similar condition. Last year a very careful test was made at the Jolly creamery in Manitoba, which, as far as butter is concerned, seems to favor this view. The relative result of this and other trials may be briefly stated as follows: For each 100 pounds of milk Manitoba is credited with 4.76 pounds of butter; Quebec with 4.25; the United States with 4.00, and Ontario with 3.75, while the average yield in Europe is only 3.50. What makes the difference really larger than the figures indicate is the fact that the cows tested in Manitoba were all of native stock, while of those in other countries either belonged to improved breeds or were a high class of grades. The results of future tests in this direction will be looked for with interest.

THE PIGGERY.

A Point in Pig Breeding.

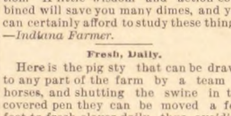
The cost of feeding pigs before and after weaning has been compared by the Wisconsin experiment station and the results appeared in their annual report for 1890. Corn meal, skim-milk and shorts where the feeds that gave the best results and the figures show that the pigs made a more economical growth when fed through the sow. This being true, it is short-sighted policy to starve the dam with the idea that her pigs will pay better for feed after weaning. The sow should be fed as heavily as possibly without endangering her young and at the same time if two pigs should be reserved from the day they are born, feeding the sow heavily and continuing the heavy feeding with the pigs after weaning.

One of the Errors in Swine Breeding.

It is no theory that says a good warm bed, dry and clean and surrounded with clover chaff is a good place for a sow to farrow. Many farmers are not able to prepare costly quarters for this purpose, but they can make a warm, cozy place for them, without any great expense, by the method suggested. It is a very grave error to burn the clover chaff as many farmers do, and allow the sows to farrow in almost any kind of a fence corner, without shelter and without attention. A little wisdom and action combined will save you many dimes, and you can certainly afford to study these things, —*Indiana Farmer.*

Fresh, Daily.

Here is the pig sty that can be drawn to any part of the farm by a team of horses, and shutting the swine in the covered pen they can be moved a few feet to fresh clover daily, thus avoiding all filth and contagion from other hogs.



Anyone can build them, they can face the sun, shelter from the wind and storms and serve for young or fattening swine, breeders or sick animals. The rude runners on which they move may be made of 2x4 plank lumber sawed for sled shoes or rough, light poles cut for the purpose. They must be beveled at one end to ride over obstructions.—*Practical Farmer.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints to Housekeepers.

A FRESH egg will sink in water because of the water in it. It will lie on its side also rather than endwise. Should the yolk be fully distinguishable upon being held up to a strong light, the egg is good.

HALF a teaspoonful of sugar will nearly always revive a dying fire, and, unlike the few drops of oil which servants are so fond of using, and which has caused so many sad accidents, is perfectly safe.

IN making custards and custard pies, heat the milk to the scalding point, before adding it to the beaten eggs and sugar; bake at once in a hot oven. The time required for baking them will thus be reduced one-half.

BLACK satin can be stiffened by sponging with vinegar and water, a tablespoonful of the former to a pint of water. Sponge on the wrong side, then more lightly on the right side and press on the wrong. If there are greese or other spots on it they may be removed by the use of alcohol and ammonia in equal parts, diluting each tablespoonful of the mixture with a pint of water.

TO REMOVE and prevent dandruff a good wash is made from two ounces of pulverized borax, two ounces of gum camphor, broken in small pieces, one quart of boiling water. Bottle and cork tightly. Before each time of using strain a small quantity off and dilute with an equal portion of water. Apply to the head with a flannel cloth or with the hands. Wash the head and hair afterward with soft water.

TEA leaves are good to scatter over carpets before sweeping, not only to freshen the colors, but also to prevent the dust from arising.

AFTER buttering the tins for layer cake, give them a good sprinkling of flour. This will prevent the cake from sticking to the tins, and a little less flour will be required in the making of the cake.

A BULGING appearance of the can, in the case of canned goods, is indicative of decomposition of the contents.

A DRINK which is very refreshing to invalids is made from lime juice and sugar.

RUB together one tablespoonful of butter and three of flour. Roll this into the upper crust of pies; it will render the crust flaky and tender.

BEEF marrow is excellent for frying purposes.

WHEN decanters and carafes become so discolored inside that shot or fine coals will not cleanse them, fill the bottle with finely chopped potato skins, cork tightly, and let the bottle stand for three days, when the skins will ferment. Turn out and rinse. The bottle will be as bright and clean as when new.

Accidents.

FOR a slight cut, press the edges together, and bind with sticking plaster. For choking, give a smart smack with the open hand between the shoulders. To stop bleeding from the nose, stand upright, and raise both arms above the head.

COVER slight burns and scalds with a little common whitening moistened with the white of an egg. If the fire is in the clothes, immediately lay it on the floor, and roll it in the hearth-rug or any other heavy woollen article.

TO PREVENT swelling after a blow, rub the part immediately with butter, or dip a handkerchief in cold water, roll it into a thick pad, press it to the part, and tie it on with a bandage until other remedies can be obtained.

THE KITCHEN.

Practical Recipes.

BOLOGNA SAUSAGE.—Ten pounds of fresh beef, ground or chopped fine, two pounds of fat pork, cut in small pieces, one and one-quarter ounces of mace, and one and one-quarter ounces of cloves, powdered fine; one and one-quarter ounces of black pepper; mix well together and let it lay over night. Stuff in bags; let them lay in ham pickle four or five days, then hang them up to dry.

RAISED CAKE.—Two cups dough, one egg, three-quarter shortening, half lard and half butter, one and one-quarter cups of sugar, one-half cup milk, two tablespoons flour, two teaspoons Royal baking powder, one cup raisins; put baking powder into flour, put this on the raisins the last thing. Put into the oven as soon as made.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup milk, one quarter cup butter, one egg, two teaspoons Royal baking powder, one and one-half cups flour; bake in three layers. For the jelly take one cup sugar, mix with one heaping tablespoonful flour, one egg, one cup water, juice and peel of one lemon. Cook until thick, stirring all the time. Let all get cold then put together.

POTATO YEAST—Take eight or ten medium sized potatoes, boil and strain through a colander, add about one gallon of water to them, then boil a small pinch of hops and pour into the potatoes through the colander; and one cup of fine sugar. One cup of yeast. When cool enough add one cent's worth of yeast and put in a stone jug and set in a warm place without the stopper. As soon as it begins to sink cork up and set in a cool place, ready for use.

SOFT MOLASSES GINGEBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one tablespoonful of butter or lard, a pinch of salt if you use lard. Stir together the lard, soda, ginger and salt, then add the molasses and one pint of sifted flour. Then pour in one-half a cup of boiling water. Bake about one inch deep in a sheet. This is very nice if the water is boiling and the cake well beaten as it is added.

A Happy Life.

A man who has married for love is a happy fellow. He is generally cheerful, and always thinking about the dear ones at home. He prefers to live out of town for the sake of his children. He is rarely late at business, rises early, gardens a little, eats a hearty breakfast, and goes to the necessary labor with a light heart and clean conscience. He often brings home pleasant surprises for his wife and children. You may recognize him in trains loaded with parcels, which he good-naturedly carries with perfect unconcern of what others think—a new bonnet, music, books, a cloak for his wife; while in another parcel the wheels of a cart, a jack-in-the-box, a doll or skipping-rope protrude through the paper, and suggest the nursery. He is brave and kind, though he makes no noise in the world. The humanizing influence of that darling red-cheeked little fellow who calls him father brings a glow and rapture of the purest pleasure earth holds; for the man who has never felt a tiny hand clasp his will always lack something—he will be less human, less blessed than others. This is the noble, the honest, the only form of life that imparts real contentment and joy, that will make a death-bed glorious, and love see peace through its tears. It is so purely unselfish, so tenderly true; it satisfies the highest instincts. It stimulates men to the best deeds they are capable of.

Sarah Battle and Whist.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during the process, as she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been, with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candor, declared that he thought that there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came in the world to do—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterward over a book.—*Charles Lamb.*

IN seasoning casks by the addition of soda to the water more substance is removed from the wood than when acid is employed, but less is removed if the wood is introduced into the cold solution, and the whole thus heated.

A WEDDING INVITATION

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE.

It Was Preceded by the Baptism by the Doctor of a Number of Infants with Water Brought from the River Jordan.

A interesting ceremony was performed in the Brooklyn tabernacle before the sermon was preached. A number of infants who had been brought there by their parents were baptized. The water used was some of that which was brought by Dr. Talmage from the river Jordan. The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Invitation to a Wedding," and the text Luke xiv, 17, "Come, for all things are now ready."

Holy festivities to-day. We gather other sheaves into the spiritual garner. Our joy is like the joy of heaven. Spread the banquet, fill all the chalices. We are met to-day at the funeral of a dead Christ, we are celebrating the marriage of the king's son.

It was an exciting time in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth castle. The clocks in all the towers and throughout the castle were stopped at the moment of her arrival, so continuing to point to that moment as the one surpassing all others in interest.

The doors of the great banqueting hall were opened. The queen marched in to the sound of the trumpets. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests. It was a scene that astonished all nations when they heard of it. Five thousand dishes a day did the banquet last, as it went on day after day. She was greeted to the palace gates with floating islands and torches and the thunders of cannon and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a burst of music that lifted the whole scene into enchantment. Beginning in that way, it went on from joy to joy and from excitement to excitement and from rapture to rapture. That was the great banquet that Lord Leicester spread in Kenilworth castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors in Hampton Court. The best cooks of all the land provided for the table. The guests were kept hunting in the parks all the day, so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening hour they were shown into the banqueting hall, with table aglitter with imperial plate and ablush with the very costliest wines, and the second course of the feast was made of food in all shapes, of men and birds and beasts, and dancing groups, and jousting parties riding upon each other with uplifted lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, their cups gleaming to the brim; drank first to the health of the King of England, and then to the health of the Emperor of France. That was the banquet that Cardinal Wolsey spread in Hampton Court.

But to-day, my brothers and sisters, I invite you to a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, the mighty angels of God are the cupbearers, all the redeemed are the guests; the halls of eternal love frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfading beauty are the banqueting place, the harmonies of eternity are the music, the chalices of God are the plate, and I am one of the servants come out with invitations to all the people, and oh that you might break the seal of the invitation and read in ink of blood, and with the tremulous hand of a dying Christ, "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Sometimes there have been great disappointments at a banquet. The wine has given out, or the servants have been rebellious, or the lights have failed, but I walk all around the banqueting table of my Lord to-day, and find everything complete, and I swing open the door of this banqueting house and I say, "All things are now ready."

Illustrating my text I go on, and in the first place say that the Lord Jesus Christ is ready. Cardinal Wolsey did not come into the banqueting hall until the second course of the feast, and when he entered, booted and spurred, all the guests arose and cheered him, but I have to tell you that our banqueter, the Lord Jesus Christ, comes in at the beginning of the feast. Ay, He has been waiting for His guests, waiting for some of them 1891 years, waiting with mangled feet, waiting with hand on the punctured side, waiting with hand on the lacerated temples, waiting, waiting!

Wonder it is that the banqueter did not get weary and say, "Shut the door, and let the laggards stay out." No, He has been waiting. How much He is in earnest! Shall I show you? I gather up all the tears that flooded His cheek in sympathy, all the blood that channeled His brow and back and hand and foot to purchase our redemption. I gather up all the groans coming from midnight chill, and mounting hunger, and desert loneliness, and I put them into one bitter cry. I gather up all the pangs that shot from cross and spike and spear into one groan. I take one drop of sweat on His brow, and I put it under the glass of the Gospel, and it enlarges to lakes of sorrow, to oceans of agony. That Christ to-day, emaciated and worn and weary, comes here, and with a pathos in which every word is a heartbreak and every sentence a martyrdom, He says to you, and He says to me, "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Ahasuerus made a feast that lasted 180 days. This lasts forever. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and I are invited to this. Yes, He has been waiting—He is waiting now. Other kings wrap themselves in robes of beauty and power before they come into a banquet. So does Christ. Oh, He is the fairest of the fair. In His hand is the omnipotent surgery that opened blind eyes and straightened crooked limbs and hoisted the pillars of Heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Oh, what a Christ—a Christ of beauty, a Christ of Power.

There are not enough cups on earth to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are no ladders to scale these heights of love. Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of Heaven. Oh, thou daybreak of the soul, let all nations clap their hands in thy radiance. Choose Come men and angels and cherubian and seraphim and archangel, all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll on through the heavens in chariots of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosanna, under arches of coronation, by the towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, to Him be glory.

Ah! there is one word of five letters that I would like to write, but I have no sheet fair enough to write it on, and no pencil good enough to inscribe it. Give me a sheet from the heavenly records, and some pencil used by angels in describing a victory, and then with hand struck with supernatural energy, and with pencil dipped in everlasting morning, I will write it out in capitals of love, J-E-S-U-S Jesus! It is this One that is waiting for you and for me, for we are on the same platform before God. How long He waited for me! How long He has waited for you! Waiting as a banqueter waits for his delayed guests, the meats smoking, and the beakers brimming, and the minstrel with his finger on stiff string ready to strike at the first clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting as a mother waits for a boy that ten years ago went off dragging her bleeding heart after him. Waiting, can you not give me some comparison intense enough, importunate enough, high as Heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity? Not expecting that you can help me with such a comparison, I simply say He is waiting as only an all sympathetic Christ knows how to wait for a wandering soul.

Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

But I remark again, not only Christ is waiting, but the Holy Spirit is waiting. Why are some sermons a dead failure? Why are there songs that do not get their wing under the people? Why are there players that go no higher up than a hunter's halo? Because there is a missing link that only the Holy Spirit can make. If that Spirit should come through this assemblage this morning there would be a power felt like that when Saul was unhorsed on the road to Damascus, like as when Lydia's heart was broken in her fine store, like as when three thousand souls were lifted out of midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. Do you think that sometimes that Spirit takes an insignificant agency to save a soul? I think it is very often that at just one passage of Scripture a soul is saved because the Holy Spirit gives it supernatural power.

Do you know what it was that saved Martin Luther? It was that one verse, "The just shall live by faith." Do you know what it was that brought Augustine from his horrible dissipation? It was that one verse, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." Do you know what it was that saved Hedley Vicars, the celebrated soldier? It was the one passage, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do you know what it was that brought Jonathan Edwards to Christ? It was the one passage, "Now unto Him be glory forever and ever."

One Thanksgiving morning in church I read my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good," and a young man stood in the gallery and said to himself: "I have never rendered one acceptable offering of gratitude to God in all my life. Here, Lord I am thine forever." By that one passage of Scripture he was brought into the kingdom, and if I might tell my own experience, I might tell how one Sabbath afternoon I was brought to the peace of the gospel by reading of the Syro-Phœnician's cry to Christ where she said: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." Philosophic sermons never saved anybody. Metaphysical sermons never saved anybody. An earnest plea going right out of the heart blessed of the Holy Ghost, that is what saves, that is what brings people into the kingdom of Christ.

I suppose that the world thought that Thomas Chalmers preached great sermons in his early ministry, but Thomas Chalmers says he never preached at all until years after he had occupied a pulpit he came out of his sick room, and, weak and emaciated, he stood and told the story of Christ to the people. And in the great day of eternity it will be found that not so much the eloquent sermons brought men to Christ as the simple words spoken by those unknown on earth, the simple story of the Saviour's love and mercy, sent by the power of the Holy Ghost straight to the heart. Come, Holy Ghost. Ay, He is here this morning. He fills all the place. I tell you the Holy Ghost is ready.

Then I go on and tell you the church is ready. There are those here who say, "No one cares for my soul." We do care for it. You see a man bowing his head in prayer, and you say, "That man is indifferent." That man bows his head in prayer that the truth may go to every heart. The air is full of prayers. They are going up this morning from this assembly. Hundreds of prayers straight to the throne of a listening God. The air is full of prayers—prayers ascending noon by noon from Fulton street prayer meeting, Friday night by Friday night all over this land, going up from praying circles. Yea, there is not a minute of an hour of any day that there are not supplications ascending to the throne of mercy. The church is ready. And if you should this morning start for your Father's house there would be hundreds and thousands in this assemblage who would say if they knew it, "Make room for that man, make room for him at the holy sacrament; bring the silver bowl for his baptism, give him full right to all the privileges of the church of Jesus Christ."

Oh, I know there are those who say the church is a mass of hypocrites, but they do not really think so. It is a Christ's church. Christ purchased it. Christ built it. Christ swung all its gates. Christ curtained it with upholstery, crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it. Come into it. I do not pick out this man or that man and say, "You may come." I say all may come—whosoever will. "Come with us and you will do good. The Lord hath promised good concerning Israel."

We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little plot inclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wild wilderness.

Do not say you have never been invited. I invite you now to the King's feast. Oh, you say, All! All! But I go further and tell you that the angels are ready. Some people think when we speak about angels we are getting into the region of fancy. They say it is very well for a man when he has just entered the ministry to preach about the angels in Heaven, but after he has gone on further he hardly worth while. My friends, there is not any more evidence in the Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Did they not swarm around Jacob's ladder? When Lazarus' soul went up did they not escort it? Did not David say, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels?" Are they not represented as the reapers in the great harvest of the judgment day? Did not one angel in one night slay one hundred and eighty thousand of Sennacherib's troops?

Oh, yes, our world is in communication with two other worlds. All that communication is by angels. When a bad man is to die, a man who has despised God and rejected the Gospel, the bad spirits come on sulphurous wing and they shackle him, and try to push him off the precipices into the ruin, and they lift a guffaw of diabolical exultation. But there is a line of angels, bright and beautiful and loving angels, mighty angels reaching all the way from earth to Heaven, and when others gather like them I suppose the air is full of them. They hover. They flit about. They push down iniquity from your heart. They are ready to rejoice.

Look! There is an angel from the throne of God. One moment ago it stood before Christ and heard the doxology of the redeemed. It is here now. Bright immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest. The answer comes pealing on the air, "Come, come, for all things are now ready." Angels ready to bear the tidings. Angels ready to drop the benediction. Angels ready to kindle the joy. All ready. Ready, cherubim and seraphim. Ready, thrones and principalities and powers. Ready, Michael the archangel.

Yes, I go further and say that your glorified kindred are ready. I have not any sympathy with modern spiritualism. I believe it is born in perdition. When I see the ravages it makes with human intellects, when I see the homes it has devastated, when I see the bad mortals that very often follow in its wake, I have no faith in modern spiritualism. I think if John Milton and George Whitfield have not anything better to do than to crawl under Rochester tables and rattle the leaves, they had better stay home in glory. But the Bible distinctly teaches that the glorified in Heaven are in sympathy with our redemption.

"There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;" and if the angels hear it do not our departed kindred there hear it? There are those there who toiled for your salvation, and when they bade you goodby in the last hour, and they said, "Meet me in Heaven," there was hovering over the pillow the awful possibility that you might not meet. But, oh, the pathos when that hand was thrust out from the cover and they said goodby. For how long goodby was it?

Now, suppose you should pass into the kingdom of God this morning, suppose you should say: "I'm done with the sins of this world. Fie upon all these follies. Christ! take thee now. I take thy service, I respond to thy love, thine am I forever." Why, before the tear of repentance had dried on your cheek, before your first prayer had closed, the angel standing with the message for thy soul would cry upward, "He is coming!" and angels poising midair would cry upward, "He is coming!" all along the line of light from doorway to doorway the word would wing up on the wings, the news would go upward till it reached the gate, and then it would flash to the house of many mansions and find your kindred out, and those before the throne would say: "Rejoice with me, my prayers are answered. Give me another harp with which to strike the joy. Saved, saved, saved!"

Now, my friends, if Christ is ready, and the Holy Ghost is ready, and the church is ready, and the angels of God are ready, and your glorified kindred are ready, are you ready? I give with the emphasis of my soul the question, "Are you ready?" If you do not get into the King's feast it will be because you do not accept the earnest invitation. Arm stretched out to the socket, the flesh from elbow to finger tip, lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming everlasting love while He says, "Come, come, come, for all things are now ready."

At Kenilworth Castle, I told you, they stopped all the clocks when Queen Elizabeth arrived, that the hand of time might point to that moment as the one most significant and tremendous, but not so with the King who would enter the castle of your soul, well might you stop all the clocks and have the finger of time pointing to this moment as the one most stupendous in all your life. Would that I could come all through these aisles and all through these galleries, not addressing you perfunctorily, but taking you by the hand as a brother, as a brother by the hand, and saying to one and all to each, "Come, come; the door is open, enter now and sit down at the feast."

Old man, God has been waiting for thee long years. Would that some tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek. Has not Christ done enough in feeding thee and clothing thee all these years to win from thee one word of gratitude? And you, the young. Christ is the fairest of the fair. Wait not till thy heart gets hard. Come, the farthest away from Christ. Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of that thirst. He can restore thy broken home. He can break that shackle. Come now, today, and get His pardon and its strength. Libertine, Christ knew where you were last night. He knows all the story of thy sin. Come to Him this day. He will wash away thy sin, and He will throw around thee the robe of His pardon. Harlot, thy feet foul with hell, thy laughter the horror of the street—O Mary Magdalene! Christ waits for thee.

And the one farther off, farther than I have mentioned, a case not so hopeful as any I have mentioned, self righteous man, feeling thyself all right, having no need of Christ, no need of pardon, no need of help—O self righteous man! dost thou think in those rags thou canst enter the feast? Thou canst not. God's servant at the gate would tear off thy robe and leave thee naked at the gate. O self righteous man! the last is come. Come to the feast. Come, repent of thy sin. Come take Christ for thy portion.

Day of grace going away. Shadows on the cliff reaching farther and farther over the plain. The banquet has already begun. Christ has already entered into that banquet to which you are invited. The guests are taking their places. The servant of the king has his hand on the door of the banqueting room, and he begins to swing it shut. Now is your time to go in. Now is my time to enter. I must go in. You must go in. He is swinging the door shut. Now, it is half shut. Now, it is three-fourths shut. Now, it is just ajar. After awhile it will be forever shut!

Why will we waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While in the endless round of thought
The one thing needful is forgot.

THE *Medical Express* relates that at Chester, England, an inquest was held over the body of a man who had been more or less drunk for forty consecutive years. He, his wife and his son had been in the habit of drinking the droppings of various tap houses in the town—a beverage which they purchased for about a shilling a gallon. The curious fact was developed that the only night he had been sober for many years was that upon which he died.

WHEN does a horse become a bookkeeper? When he becomes a "charger."