

## OUR RURAL READERS

WILL BE PLEASED WITH THIS DEPARTMENT.

Advantage of Farmers' Clubs and Institutes. Facts of Stock-Raising. Pigs for Profit—General Poultry Notes—Points Pertaining to the Household and Kitchen.

### THE FARM.

Farmers' Clubs and Institutes.

**A**FTER securing the late crops and providing for the physical comforts of his household, as well as the needs of his domestic animals, the rural citizen may enhance his welfare by discharging important duties in connection with his club or institute. During the long season of leisure upon which they are now entering American soil offers rare opportunities to acquire knowledge pertaining to the practice and science of their noble vocation. Among the sources of information relative to the best modes of soil culture and farm management, lectures, essays, and other doings (lectures, essays, etc.) of farmers' clubs and institutes are the most valuable, though rural books and journals merit careful study. Therefore, we urge ruralists to attend every session of a farmers' club or institute held within their reach, and to participate in its proceedings. Many States have provided for holding county institutes the coming season, and it is hoped these will be numerically attended and prove largely beneficial to the agricultural interest. Farmers' clubs are also increasing in numbers and usefulness. Of the great benefits derivable from these clubs there can be no question, and they should receive the encouragement and support of the true friends of rural progress and improvement everywhere.

#### The Farms of the Future.

The Country Gentleman of a recent date prints a letter from Mr. C. Wood Davis on crops per capita, and the conclusion he draws is "that good lands where in the United States there is worth \$100 an acre within five years." This ought to cheer the hearts of the farmers. Mr. Davis asserts that there is an exact ratio between population and production, but that there has not been made manifest for the reason that we have been cultivating too much land and could at any time increase one product at the expense of another without making a "shortened supply of the lessened crop." But this is not to be so another decade. Indeed, he figures the limitation in 1995. His reasoning is exhibited as follows:

We cannot reduce the number of cattle over than milch cows below 530 to 1,000 people without making beef so valuable that the farmers will rush into its production and thus create a shortage in some other product; nor make the milch cows less in number, for the population without making a shortage in some other direction and putting up the price of everything pertaining to the dairy. The balance must be preserved. For each 1,000 units added to the population we must add 230 to 335 milch cows and a corresponding number of calves and for the surplus of beefs now existing we should have to add fifty to fifty-three cattle other than milch cows. For every cow, steer, or horse added we must add about six to seven acres to our farms, and of this two and one-half to three acres must be in corn.

On these figures Mr. Davis, in 1891, believes that home consumption by 1905 will consume all the products of American farms, and that the price of good farm lands in the old Northwestern States will be \$100 an acre.

#### If I Could Be Young Again.

If I were a farmer's boy intending to be a farmer, I think I would study very hard all the forms of "out-door science." Before and after school, and in the long vacations I would keep the run of all farm operations, and learn from my father the reasons for his plans and operations, and try to share in the plans and the results. I would try to become deft and skillful in all the farm processes, such as hand mowing, pitching, plowing, care of stock, milking, shearing, pruning, and handling. I would read every book I could get my hands on, and read some of the best books on farming. As soon as I had a thoroughly good education in the common English branches, I would try to spend four years at a good agricultural and mechanical college. If that were my own plan, I would not do any work for agriculture, or was not thoroughly in sympathy with industrial life, I would try to go to one in some neighboring State where such was the case.

I would study the conservatism of fertility, for with proper cultivation, rotation of crops and proper use of manure, the soil is inexhaustible, and for ages on ages it will yield food for man and beast. The indestructibility of matter is the law that conserves productiveness. But by continued cropping, without sense or reason, certain food elements may be removed from one place to enrich some other lands. If we raise corn and wheat in America to feed Europe for a century or two we shall certainly waste our patrimony and exhaust the resources of fertility in our lands, rich as they are.—*W. L. Chamberlain, in Rural New Yorker.*

#### Fall Plowing.

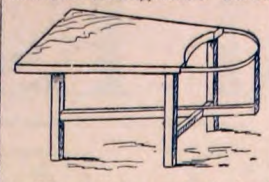
The benefits of fall plowing for all spring crops, and for corn, have already been demonstrated, and its great economy is so apparent to every intelligent farmer that no further discussion of the question is necessary. The inauguration and making of permanent and other improvements should also now receive attention.

Underdrainage, and also surface drainage and the laying of pipes or logs for the conveyance of water, may often be done to advantage at this season, and will prove most valuable improvements. Now, also, is a good time to provide a year's supply of fuel, as well as peas, brush, bean-poles, etc. And it is not too early for gathering the ice crop and making maple sugar, while those who have timber to cut and haul will do well to plan their work without delay. Fore-draining and arranging in advance will greatly facilitate farm operations during the winter.

## THE DAIRY.

Convenient Milking Stool.

Here is a milking stool invented by me, which is light and durable and very convenient, as it holds the pail securely in its place. It is easily made and when finished has a neat appearance. For the



top of the stool take a good oak board about an inch thick and eight or ten inches wide by twelve long, tapering slightly to the front. Next take two pieces of oak or other hard wood about two by three inches and twelve inches long, for legs. The front ones can be made smaller. A is a board half an inch thick and six inches long, fastened to the front by iron notches about a quarter of an inch deep in the leg and securely fastened to it by a couple of small nails. C is a piece of metallic hoop which I have to attach the bucket easily. D is a piece of iron, fastened to X and Y, by rivets.—*G. F. Bostain, in Farm and Home.*

#### What an Ayrshire Cow Does.

An Ayrshire cow generally shows 13 per cent. of solids, 13 to 16 per cent. of cream, and 3½ to 4½ per cent. of butter fat. In the milking competitions of the London Dairy Show and the Oxfordshire and Shropshire Ayrshire shows have stepped far ahead of the Shorthorns, Guernseys, etc., in the quantity and quality of the milk which they yielded. The milk of the Ayrshire is pre-eminently suited for cheese-making from its composition and its homogeneity. All samples of milk under the microscope are seen to be composed of a homogeneous fluid, in which float little globules of butter fat. These globules vary in size, and while in the Jersey they are comparatively large, in the Ayrshire they are small and not rising quickly, but more numerous. The milk of the Ayrshire is also rich in butter, and makes an evenly rich cheese. The quantity of cheese yielded by such animal is about six hundredweights, estimated in so many stones of twenty-four pounds each.

#### THE PIGGERS.

Pigs for Profit.

The most successful poulterer raiser I ever knew, a woman whose sales of poultry and eggs reached \$3,000 a year, laid down as a rule never to be deviated from, to push all stock so as to make the growth as rapid as possible, and sell just as soon as it could be marketed. She has for several years grown 150 pigs yearly, and sold them at six months old, says no farmer can afford to feed a pig longer than this. I have attained a weight of 200 pounds at this age, and found the cost per pound much less than when I fed longer. Such chicks are marketed at 100 pounds or more and the risk of loss from disease is very much less than from older hogs. If pigs are sold at this age the spring litters need not be dropped till cold weather is over, say April 1, and will be marketed before winter weather sets in. A man who has been successful at maintaining vital heat. The fall litters can be dropped in time to get a good start before the cold weather sets in, and in a good hog house can be kept thrifty all winter and sold in early spring. I find it profitable to keep the fall litters till the weather moderates, and then drop spring litters, so as to finish them off for market after the cold weather is over. I find it profitable to raise two litters a year, for mature sows give the largest and most vigorous pigs, and the cost of keeping a full-grown sow is large, and the cost of raising the piglets is small.

To make pig-growing profitable they must be pushed from the start, and at the same time good judgment must be exercised in feeding. Milk is the best and corn the worst feed for pigs during the first few months when they are formed and growing. Yet I can make good first pigs without milk, and can raise fairly good pigs with corn as the main food. Next to milk I prefer bran, oats and oilmeal, and can make fairly good and palatable slop from these, and push a rapid growth. The first thing to be done is to get the pigs to eating before they are a week old. That they grow will not be checked when taken from the mother. Until four months old the growth of frame should be pushed as much as possible, but do not attempt to fatten them, and for this reason the less they eat the better. At four months they are about 100 pounds, and at first, but in ten days you may give them all they will eat, but you will get them as well as fat, and more lean meat, if you keep up the bran-slop until they are ready for market. I believe in feeding three times a day just what they will eat clean, and so they will always grow with a good appetite for the next meal, rather than to keep food by them all the time, as some do. I have for many years fattened my own meat from spring pigs fed in this way, and I think I have a better quality of pork than it would be possible for me to buy.—*New York Tribune.*

#### Notes.

Don't breed more sows than you can properly care for. It is poor policy to keep pigs of all ages and sizes together. See that the sows about to farrow are not left out some cold night, and a lot of dead or dying pigs found in the morning. Don't stint the young sows you intend to breed soon. Oats, wheat middlings, and a little oil-cake will be much better for them than heavy corn feeding. Avoid too close breeding, keep in a good healthy place, and do not feed too much corn, and hog cholera will not be observed. It is the feeding with breeders of pure-bred hogs that within the coming year will be the greatest demand in many hog-growing sections. On account of the scarcity of corn farmers have sold off their stock too close. Of the extent of this error it is impossible to judge. Under pressing necessity the short supply of breeding stock retained will repopulate the farms with wonderful rapidity.

#### THE POULTRY-YARD.

Mating the Breeding Stock.

Unless you desire to hatch chicks, the males can be kept away from the hens. By so doing, a larger number of hens can be kept together. Instead of a male and ten or twelve hens, as is now the case, the same pen, they will probably quarrel and fight, and be rendered useless.

When eggs are desired for incubation, make up a breeding-pen of ten or twelve of the best hens in the flock; select from these the best cock, and with him you will have been free from disease of any kind; with them put a vigorous cockerel, not over eleven months old and of a preferred breed, and the result will be satisfactory.

Do not attempt to raise chicks by using eggs for incubation from the egg-basket, and which are laid by hens that you are not sure are the ones that deposited the eggs in the nest; but make up a breeding-pen, consisting of selected hens, with a selected male with them, and you will then know the kind of chicks to expect, and also know something of their future prospects; but unless this is done, all your efforts will be lost working in the dark.—*Farm and Fireside.*

#### Poultry Notes.

Well-fed pullets will lay much earlier than those allowed to go to roost without a well-filled crop.

No danger of getting the growing stock too fat. There is more liability of not giving them enough.

Fowls are fond of onions chopped up and mixed with their soft food. Onions are a preventive and remedy for many diseases.

The first step towards having eggs in winter is to exterminate the vermin from your flocks and buildings and get your birds in good flesh.

Don't forget to save the best young hen turkeys for breeding purposes. Kill the others for Thanksgiving if you want to keep your stock breeding stock. The best market for the farmer or general poulterer, living near a city to cater to, is retail custom. Have a regular line of housekeepers to whom you deliver eggs fresh once or twice a week, and fowls whenever they are ordered.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints for the Sick Room.

Disinfectants should be used according to the doctor's orders, but it may be well to state that putting saucers of various chemicals around the room will not disinfect it. Whatever is exposed to infection, such as china, or clothing, or bedding, should be thoroughly cleansed and rinsed in some disinfecting fluid. Tin or galvanized iron pails and buckets should be used in preference to wooden ones, and should be washed before they are used. Disinfectants cannot take the place of cleanliness.

Ventilation is of great importance, and is very apt to be either neglected or improperly done. Such rooms will not be free from impurity in the atmosphere of the sick room. The breath of both patient and attendants, the odor of perspiration, any uncleanness of either person or room, imperfect trapping of waste-pipes in the house, a dirty cellar sending its miasma through the registers along with the fresh air, and the foul air produced by burning gas or lamps—all combine to poison the atmosphere and retard the recovery of the sick. The standard of purity is air sufficient to remove any odor, so that a person cannot detect any unpleasant smell. More fresh air is required for the sick than for the well. In cases of infectious diseases, even temperature may be sacrificed for pure air, but in inflammatory diseases, such as pneumonia, the evenness of temperature is of greater importance. Fever patients require cold to the extent usually supposed, and their rooms should be well ventilated. Air should be introduced from out-doors with considerable caution. Never allow a draught of cold or damp air to come in through the registers. Windows should be let down from the top; wire gauze might be used when the wind is blowing, or a tall screen could be placed between the bed and the window. In cases where windows must be opened wide to let out smoke or unpleasant odors, the face and head of the patient should be covered with a light cloth, until the normal temperature of the room is restored. A good thermometer should always be found in the sick-room, and the temperature regulated by the physician's orders.

#### Chemistry of the Laundry.

The laundress will find it useful to "paste this in her hat." Thirty yards of cotton cloth may be bleached in fifteen minutes by one large spoonful of sal soda and one of soda ash dissolved in soft water; after taking out the cloth rinse in soft cold water so that it may not rot. The color of French linen may be preserved by a bath in a strong tea of common hay. Calicoes with pink or green colors will be brightened if vinegar is put in the rinsing water, while soda is used for purple and blue. If it is desired to set colors previous to washing, put a spoonful of ox-gall to a gallon of water and soak the fabrics in the liquid. Colored napkins are put in lye before washing. If the lye is too strong, a piece of black cloth is freshened if it is put in a pail of water containing a tea-cupful of lye.

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

In case of a cut, smother the wound with burned red flannel on which has been placed a small quantity of sugar, then tie up, after sprinkling with sulphur, and it will heal immediately.

An excellent hair restorative is half an ounce pressed molasses, half ounce brandy, one quart soft water; boil until thin molasses; strain thin, add one pint New Orleans molasses; boil a few moments. Dose, one tablespoonful four times a day or after every coughing spell.

Knead salted provisions under brine all the time.

Never have dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration.

In a severe sprain of the ankle immerse the joint as soon as possible in a pail of hot water, and keep it there for fifteen to twenty minutes. Then remove it, keep it warm, and with hot cloths wrung out of water, or rum and water.

Wash sadrons each week before putting them on to heat; there will then be no danger of clothes being soiled in the ironing. The starch is very apt to stick to them, and unless washed off carefully pieces, even if the iron is rubbed free using them.

## DEPARTED VOICES CALL

TALMAGE PREACHES ANOTHER STIRRING SERMON.

The Influence of Empty Chairs—Father's, Mother's, Baby's—All Urge the Living to Lead Better and Nobler Lives—A Powerful Appeal.

Dr. Talmage's subject was the "Vacant Chair," and his text, I Samuel x, 18, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Set on the table the cutlery and the chased silverware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner to-day. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a banquet, the guests are invited to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, perhaps audibly, "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? I invited him, expected him, waited for him. And lo! he is gone! What a vacant chair at the king's banquet!"

The fact was that David, the warrior, had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before Jonathan had coaxed David to go and cheer up his father, and he said to David in the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the other chairs at the banquet.

In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Vatican. That chair—the one you loved and which you admired it. And that hymn-book—you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle—you remember who rocked it. And that Bible—you remember who read out of it. And that bed—you remember who slept in it. And that room—you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty-voiced as the vacant chair.

I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there were great and mighty pickers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table. Millions have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adams's vacant chair in the House of Representatives, and at Henry Wilson's vacant chair in the Vice Presidency, and at Henry Clay's vacant chair in the United States Senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor Castle, and at Thier's vacant chair in the councils of the French nation; but all these chairs are unimportant to us as compared with the vacant chair in your own household. Have you a vacant chair less than I have? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

First I point out to you the father's vacant chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They say, "I feel more at home here, and so do you." And so they do, and so they come into the room, they jump up suddenly and say, "Here, father, here's your chair." The probability is, it is an armchair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. His hair is a little grayer, his teeth are a little weaker, his early days there were not much dentistry. Perhaps a cane chair and old-fashioned apparel, for though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsense. Grandfather never had much admiration for your notions. He was a minister in the table of one of your parishioners, a former congregation; an aged man was at the table, and the son was presiding, and the father somewhat abruptly addressed the son and said, "My son, don't try to show off because the minister is here."

Your father never liked any new customs or manners; he preferred the old way of doing things, and never looked so happy as when with his eyes closed he sat in the armchair in the corner. From the wrinkled brow to the tip of the fingers, what placidity! The wave of his hand, the sweep of his foot, the foot of that chair. Perhaps sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes he would say twice; but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not get very much in the way. Sometimes the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children without the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair, and the old man would get up, clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poor-house, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grave.

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rug, and the good-night kisses, and the longer he stayed the better he liked it. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace, and in the throne room, the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It was a beautiful chair, but the most significant part of it was the letter "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your fondness have embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced? Speak out old armchair.

History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games; and when they came back, these three sons, with their garlands, put them on their father's brow, and the old man was so rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And so you, O man, regard him! He has filled Heaven with that kind of trouble.

A pioneer in California says that, for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada County, there was not a single child in all the State. The Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together, and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration and poem and a boisterous brass band, and while the band was playing an old man's voice was heard, and the members were startled, and the worthy men began to think of their homes on the eastern

coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with homesickness as they heard the baby cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, which was, "It was just as I heard the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how. I can not tell, but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were awayward father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick days of children other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake. It was a mother's chair. That chair knew all the old lullabies, and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined.

"And when I stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that garret to get the intoxicating draft, did you not hear a voice that said, 'My son, go to bed, and sleep, and I will be with you in the morning?' And lo! there was the voice of the place of sinfulness, a voice saying, 'My son, what do you do here?' And when you went into the house of abandonment, a voice saying, 'My son, your mother do you know you were wrong, and now you are provoked with yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you closed your eyes than you were set upon by a prayerless pillow? Man! what is the matter?' This, you are too near your mother's rocking chair.

"Oh, pshaw!" you say, "There's nothing in that; I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born; on three thousand miles off from where I was born; the first music I ever heard. I can not help that; you are too near your mother's rocking chair. 'Oh, you say, 'There can be anything in that, that chair has been vacant a great while. I don't know what it means, but I feel for that; it is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers, it speaks, it weeps, it carols, it mourns, it prays, it warns, it thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and he came back again, and he came into the room where she lay, and looked upon her face, and he cried out: 'Oh, mother! mother! what your life could not do to your death shall I do. This moment I give my heart to God. And he kept his promise. He died, and he went to heaven. With reference to your mother, the words of my text were fulfilled, 'Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.' I go on a little further, and I come to the invalid's chair. What? How long have you been sick? 'Oh, I have been in bed, twenty, thirty, forty years. Is it possible? What a story of endurance! There are in many of the families of my congregation these invalid chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world, but that invalid's chair is the mightiest pulpit from which the gospel has been preached. I trust in God. The first time I preached here at Lakeside, Ohio, amid the throngs present there was nothing that so much impressed me as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her, 'God bless you, my dear sister, and I have been prostrated for thirty years. I lie in the chair. 'Oh,' she replied, 'I have been this way fifteen years.' I said, 'Do you suffer very much?' 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'I suffer very much. I suffer all the time. Part of the time I was blind. I always said, 'Well, I had, I mean, your courage.' 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'I am happy, very happy, indeed.' Her face showed it. She looked the happiest of any one on the ground.

Oh, what a means of grace to the world, these invalid chairs. On that field of human suffering the grace of God is made manifest. I have seen the invalid, and Richard Baxter, the invalid, and Robert Hall, the invalid, and the ten thousand of whom the world has never heard, but of whom all Heaven is cognizant. The most conspicuous thing on earth for God's eye and the eye of angels is the invalid's chair. Of no power, but it is the invalid's chair. These men and women who are always suffering but never complaining—these victims of spinal disease and neuralgia and rheumatic excruciation will answer to the roll call of the martyrs and the saints, and the throne and will wave the martyr's palm.

But when one of these invalids' chairs becomes vacant, how suggestive it is! No more bolstering up of the weary head. No more changing from side to side to get an easy position. No more use of the bandage, and the cataplasm, and the prescription. That invalid's chair is vacant, and the old man is apart, or set away, but it will never lose its queenly power; it will always preach of trust in God and cheerful submission. Suffering all ended now. With respect to that invalid the words of my text have been fulfilled, 'Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.' I pass on and find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied I think it is the most potent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It makes more than David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate, it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldliness of the place and keeps you young to sixty, seventy and eighty years of age! The child is the life of the house, and it will open Heaven to your soul. It will pay its way. Its crowing in the morning will give the day a cheerful starting, and its glee at night will give the day a cheerful close. You do not like children, do you? You have never seen out of Heaven, for there are so many there they would fairly make you crazy! Only about five hundred millions of them! The old crusty Pharisees told the mothers to keep the children away from Christ. You better him, they were wrong. And so you, O man, regard him! He has filled Heaven with that kind of trouble.

A pioneer in California says that, for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada County, there was not a single child in all the State. The Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together, and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration and poem and a boisterous brass band, and while the band was playing an old man's voice was heard, and the members were startled, and the worthy men began to think of their homes on the eastern

coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with homesickness as they heard the baby cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, which was, "It was just as I heard the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how. I can not tell, but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were awayward father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick days of children other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake. It was a mother's chair. That chair knew all the old lullabies, and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined.

In three-fourths of the homes of this congregation there is a vacant high chair. There is no one to put to bed at night; no one to ask strange questions about God and Heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high chair? It is to call you higher. What a driving upward it is to have children in Heaven! And that is a preventive against sin. If a father is going away into sin he leaves his living children with their mother; but if a father is going away into sin what is he going to do with his dead children floating about him and hovering over him? Wayward step? Oh, speak out, vacant high chair, and say: "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldliness. I am watching you. I am waiting for you. With respect to your child, the words of my text have been fulfilled, 'Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.'"

My hearers, I have gathered up the voices of your departed friends and tried to bring them into one invitation upward. I set in array all the vacant chairs of your homes and of your social circle, and I bid them cry out this morning: "Time is short. Eternity is near. Take my Saviour. Be at peace with my God. Come up where I am. We lived together, and we loved each other, and we are together in Heaven." We answer that invitation. We come. Keep a seat for us, as Saul kept a seat for David, but that seat shall not be empty. And oh, when we are all through with this world and the next, when the angels are all around the throne, and all our chairs in the home circle and in the outside world shall be vacant, may we be worshipping God in that place from which we shall go out no more for ever. I thank God there will be no vacant chairs in Heaven.

These vacant chairs, brethren, and talk to them, and tell them of the death of our earthly hearts. How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heart-aches, the loneliness, the sleepless nights, the weeping until you had no more tears, the bright morning death, and the withered and dried up. Story of empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn out never to be worn again, the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke, and you found yourself standing amid room in the midnight—alone.

Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light, and talking to them, and telling them of the death of our earthly hearts. Heaven, beautiful Heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the East they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing, and the dead hear their voices, and the Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne. Some shout with gladness, some weep with grief, some with uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy around the throne. Some of these phantoms strike it on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne of God. The circle grows wider and wider, and hand, joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

The whole of the city is intersected by canals, broad, long and deep, and capable of accommodating vessels of heavy tonnage. These canals divide the city into many islands, united by draw-bridges, swivel-bridges, turning-bridges, and a few stone bridges. The canals are everywhere, and the streets on either side, and trees along the side of almost every street, and more curious still to find that you can never get away from the shipping. In the very heart of the city large ships are discharging their cargoes; the masts of the ships are seen among the houses above the trees, beside the churches, and all along the center of the main thoroughfares. Many of these ships are built expressly for the Rhine and Holland; they are single-masted, broad, stout, and all highly colored and ornamented. The prevailing style is bright green for the hull, with red or white stripes, gilded peaks, varnished or highly polished decks and masts, while buckets, hatches, barrels and other things, are usually painted a bright red, with white or green trimmings. The cabins are of a clean, clean, and built with brightly polished windows, snow-white mullin curtains and pots of flowers. Besides the novelty of finding a fleet imprisoned in the heart of the city, there are many things to attract the attention in the streets of Rotterdam. The houses have pointed facades; are of all shades of brick, from the darkest red to the pinkest of pink; whitewashed; the windows and doors are bordered with broad white stripes; the window sills are generally full of flowers; the windows are provided with little mirrors, by means of which the inmates can see all that takes place up or down the street without being themselves seen; brass plates and brass knobs in a high state of polish; the facades; the windows and doors are bordered with broad white stripes; the window sills are generally full of flowers; the windows are provided with little mirrors, by means of which the inmates can see all that takes place up or down the street without being themselves seen; brass plates and brass knobs in a high state of polish; the facades; the windows and doors are bordered with broad white stripes; the window sills are generally full of flowers; the windows are provided with little mirrors, by means of which the inmates can see all that takes place up or down the street without being themselves seen.