

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

A Convenient Home—How Fertile is Wasted—How to Build a Horse Stall and Manger—The Poultry Yard—Hints on Horticultural, Household, Etc.

Agricultural Education.

PROF. HUXLEY, while disavowing, in a letter to a society of English farmers, the possession of a practical knowledge on his part of the details of crop production, points out that certain general principles...

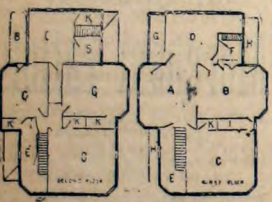
presses truths worth the attention of all would-be instructors, especially those paid to educate "in agriculture and mechanical arts."

"The farmer must be made by thorough farm work. I believe I might be able to give you a fair account of a bean-plant and of the manner and condition of its growth, but I was to try to raise a crop of beans your club would probably laugh consensually at the result. Nevertheless, I believe that you practical people would be all the better for the scientific knowledge which does not enable me to grow beans. It would keep you from attempting hopeless experiments and would enable you to take advantage of the innumerable hints which Dame Nature gives to people who live in direct contact with things. And this leads me to the general principle which I think applies to all technical teaching of school-boys and school-girls, and that is that they should be led from the observation of the commonest facts to general scientific truths."

"If I were called upon to frame a course of elementary instruction preparatory to agriculture, I am not sure that I should attempt chemistry, or botany, or physiology, or geology, as such. It is a method fraught with danger of spending too much time and attention on abstractions and theories, on words and notions, instead of things. The history of a bean, of a grain of wheat, of a turnip, of a sheep, of a pig, or of a cow, properly treated—with the introduction of the elements of chemistry, physiology and so on as they come in—would give all the elements of science which is needed for the comprehension of the processes of agriculture in a form easily assimilated by the youthful mind, which loathes anything in the shape of long words and abstract notions; and small blame to it."

A Convenient Home.

This is what I consider a model of convenience for a farmer's residence, and one can make it as beautiful as the means at hand will permit. The dimensions are as follows:—The living room is 12 by 14, the room marked A is 22 1/2 by 24, and is the sitting room, B dining room, C bedroom, D kitchen, E hall, F pantry, G conservatory, H, H porches, I bathroom, K closet. There could be a small closet under the front staircase, and if a conservatory is not wanted that space can be used for a porch. The pantry has doors to open into the dining room, with drawers underneath to put all table linen in. The second floor has four large chambers, C, C, C, C. H, H, H, H are closets, E hall, S store room, B balcony. A large closet could be made at the end of hall where dotted line is.—Mrs. W. S. Churchill in Farm and Home.



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How Fertile is Wasted.

When I see the water in ravines discolored from the drainage from the corns which border them, I believe everybody is paying dearly for his improvidence and laziness. There may have been some excuse for first settlers locating their feeding yards in sheltered places along the streams, but this practice ought to have been abandoned by farmers long ago. These small yards are cleared of manure for the benefit of the owners, but this incurs a great loss which many do not count. The corrals should be removed from the ravines and placed on high ground. In this way all drainage from them will be of direct benefit to the land. If such places are necessary, they should be made so as to be able to build barns and substantial stables, put up walls and temporary shelters. Keep your stock confined to the yards and stables as much as possible, and bed them well with straw or reese from the hay stacks. Permit no manure to be scattered in the fields, or useless for feeding. Haul it into the yard to increase the size and value of the manure heap. My experience as a farmer tells me that manure made and kept under shelter is worth double that made in the open yard, exposed to drenching rains which takes away its most valuable elements.—T. B. in Farm and Home.

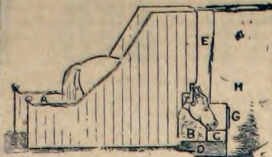
LIVE STOCK.

High Breeds, But Worthless.

The country is full of horses with pedigrees, well bred and deeply bred in trotting lines that for all practical uses for which the horse was intended are worthless; and it is this class of animals that causes the uneasiness in regard to prices which manifests itself every little while. And so long as breeders generally continue this line of breeding the good ones will be of moderate value, but steadily grow higher. It is an admitted fact that no one knows how to breed a great trotter every time, and it is the truth of this great fact that makes proper selection to stand out prominently, and a man more successful in this failure to accomplish it is sought to be attained with all the attention, and thought that one can possibly give the subject.—Wallace's Monthly.

Horse Stalls and Mangers.

A horse, says Renben Moore, in the Practical Farmer, should stand on a level floor, with his head down on his hay and feed when eating. Length of manger should be the entire width of stall, about four feet and a half, and two feet in width, which is sufficient to hold a ration of hay, and a bucket for the feed box in one corner. The bottom of manger should be fifteen inches from the stall floor, its height to top of manger from floor three feet, four inches.



An opening (E) twenty inches wide and of height of stall is sufficient for the horse to put his head in manger to eat. Board up on each side of this so he cannot shove hay out of manger under his feet. A represents stall, four feet six inches wide; B, manger, of same length, two feet wide; C, feed box, in right-hand corner of manger; space under manger, fifteen inches high; E, space in front of horse, twenty inches wide, entire height of stall, for horse to put his head in manger to eat; F, ring to tie horse to; G, slide door through which to put hay and grain in manger; H, room in front of manger to store the temporary supply of hay and grain. I have used this kind and proportion of stall for years, and can recommend it. All styles of mangers, or racks compelling the horse to pull out the hay, involve more or less stirring up of dust, and are objectionable on that account.

Raising Fine Horses.

Raising good horses for the farm or the road is a business which will be likely to pay the small farmer better than any other. The raising of horses for the track is one of the most unprofitable lines of business in which a farmer can engage. He has neither the capital, the facilities, nor the experience and skill requisite for its successful management. It is true that there have been a very few fast horses raised on ordinary farms, but these are extremely rare, and even in these cases the breeders have usually sold the animals before their value was discovered, or else they have paid so much for training and caring for them that but very little profit was left. We would not discourage our farmers from trying to raise good serviceable horses. There is a good field here for careful and intelligent men. But we believe that the ordinary farmer has a good deal better chance of being struck by lightning than he has of raising a Sunol or a Maud S.—American Dairyman.

THE DAIRY.

Feed for a Purpose.

The last lecture delivered by the late F. D. C. Currier, at the home of the late D. C. Currier, at Cuba, N. Y., the subject was "Foods." In this he said: If you feed a cow on straw she will be nothing but vitalized straw, if a calf is fed only whey, a whey calf will be the result, and as whey at its best (sweet) has but little value, the milk sugar and that butter fat which is its most valuable as a food—which the cheese maker allowed to escape, or which he could not prevent in the whey, being all there is of it the calf will be a poor affair. If a pig is fed only cornmeal, a cornmeal pig, all fat, with neither blood, muscle nor bone, will be the result. Study the nature of foods, feed for a purpose and know beforehand what that purpose is.

Packing Butter.

A New York subscriber asks how to pack butter so it will keep till winter. Very much depends on the quality of the butter when packed, how free from buttermilk, etc. Well-made butter packed solid in new, sweet jars or tubs and kept at a cool, even temperature should keep till winter. If a person has not cold storage, a cool spring may be substituted. We have known butter kept in this way till winter. If the jars are not filled quite full and brine is put over the butter it will be better. We have recently seen it suggested that it would pay those who cannot avail themselves of cold storage to pack butter from the churn, while still containing the brine, and in the winter time take it out, churn in buttermilk and work as though fresh churned.

This may be a good plan, yet we believe as with all other farm products it pays nine times out of ten to sell butter when ready for the market—when fresh made.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Duck Keeping.

I shall endeavor to make it clear that ducks, when properly managed, are a source of profit, and even when kept in very confined places. With only an available space of from eight to ten square yards, a pen of ducks can be kept with less loss and cleaner and healthier than a pen of fowls.

There are very many who start keeping ducks that soon give them up through some fault in the system of management, and having failed to keep them in a satisfactory manner, they conclude to sell them as dirty, oily creatures, big eaters, cannot be kept healthy in confined places, are unprofitable, etc., all of which is wholly without foundation.

As regards cleanliness, there is no any creature that takes more time and care in cleaning than a duck. They will preen and dress their feathers by the hour together; therefore if it has the means it will keep itself clean. They will live and thrive upon coarser and less costly food than fowls, and yield a greater weight of eggs. Scraps, potato parings and other refuse will give them food. Most houses is usually thrown into the dustbin; this cooked and mixed with middings (the dressings from wheat flour) will generally be found to be sufficient food for a pen of ducks. Still they should be supplied with clean water.

When keeping Aylesbury, Pekin, or common farmyard ducks, I have always had more than eighty eggs from each during the season, averaging in weight two and one quarter ounces. Some people object to the flavor of the eggs, which comes from the corn they eat. When the ducks are kept and the kind of food supplied to them. The eggs supplied with clean water, sweet and wholesome food, and kept on a smooth hard floor which is kept clean, are entirely different from those from ducks that are fed on mucky ponds and foul ditches. Though my own ducks are kept in rather close confinement, I have never lost one, old or young through disease.

and consequently their state of health has never been a cause of anxiety but a pleasure to contemplate.—W. Fale in Feathered World.

Where the Eggs Come From.

New York city consumes between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 eggs daily. A produce dealer who handles more eggs than any other concern in the country, according to *Columb's Rural World*, says that if the whole surface of the State of New York were covered with hens they could not lay enough eggs to supply New York city.

Of course New York State yields many eggs, but the larger cities of the interior, like Albany, Troy and Syracuse, use most of the eggs the New York State produces. The same is the case with Long Island. The local residents consume the home supply. New Jersey does not produce as many eggs as its citizens consume at home.

Half a dozen Western States supply the bulk of all the eggs which are consumed in New York city. Indiana sends the largest number. Next in the list are Ohio, Michigan and Iowa.

It is estimated that Indiana is the largest egg-producing State in the country. Illinois hens produce many eggs, but they nearly all go to the Chicago market.

Heretofore Canada has shipped into the United States hundreds of carloads of eggs. For the last three or four years Canada has annually shipped about \$2,000,000 worth of eggs to this market. The present duty of foreign eggs promises a practical prohibition against imports.

Previous to the change in the tariff considerable importations of eggs were made from Europe, commencing three or four years ago. These eggs were gathered principally in Southern Germany and Italy, and preserved.

The dealers say that pickled eggs, while not good for poaching or boiling, and that the shells are brittle, yet are useful for many other purposes.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Contrivance for Gathering Apples.

Take a ten foot pole; attach a wire ring with loop for breaking off the apples, and a bag for catching the apples. The wire ring should be large enough to admit a large apple. The loop should be three inches long, and one inch wide. The pole should be such where you cannot reach with your hand.—Practical Farmer.



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The Fen Patch.

In hot weather the pea vines turn yellow. This checks growth, checks the filling of the pods, and soon the whole plant is down. All this is caused by insufficient covering of the roots. Hoe up on each side the row. Keep the plants off the ground (if of the low bush sort). In some cases to be used where you cannot reach with your hand.—Practical Farmer.

Horticultural Hints.

THERE is now a purple-leaved variety of the common catalpa.

TOO MUCH manure on blackberries will induce too much wood.

THE DELAWARE is one of the finest grapes for quince, but is not profitable as for quince.

GARDENING Illustrated advises paraffine oil as a fruit tree cleaner, especially trees infested with insects.

IT is claimed that with proper cultivation and an equal acreage Texas would exceed California in the production of superior fruits.

THE sulphate of iron has proven in some cases to be a fine tonic for plants with weak flower stems. Weak solutions should be given at first.

WHEN red rust appears upon raspberries or blackberries the canes should at once be carefully cut away and burned.

WOULD you have an extraordinary development of fine foliage in cannas, calladiums, castor-oil plants, eulalia, reeds, alliantus, pavonia, etc? Then rely on an abundance of manure in the soil and frequent summer watering. The conditions provided and it is very easy to make a grand success with this class of plants. Try it.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Look After Your Sleep.

Insomnia is rightly regarded as one of the marks of an overworked or worried nervous system, and, conversely, a good night's sleep is a sure sign of reasonable period—say from six to nine hours in the case of adults—is a fair test of nervous competence. Various accidental causes may temporarily interfere with sleep in the healthy; but still the rule holds good, and a normal body will be sure to give up objection to this daily rhythmic variation. Custom can do much to contract one's natural term of sleep, a fact of which we are constantly reminded in these days of high pressure; but the process is too artificial to be employed. Laborious days, with scanty intervals of rest, go far to secure all the needful conditions of insomnia. In alluring hours of sleep, it is impossible to adopt any maxim or uniform custom. The due allowance varies with the individual. Age, constitution, sex, fatigue, exercise, each has its share of influence. Young men are naturally more naturally need and should have more sleep than those who neither grow nor labor. Women have by common consent been assigned a longer period of rest than men, and this arrangement in the event of doing the same work is in accordance with their general physical construction and recurrent infirmities. Absolute rule there is none, and it is of little moment to fix an exact average allowance, provided the recurrence of sleep be regular and its amount sufficient for the next day's exertions. So that fatigue does not result in such nerve prostration and irritability as render healthy rest impossible.—London Lancet.

Hints for the Housewife.

PIECES of licorice laid around where ants run is recommended.

MEMORIES should be put on puddings and other things which are to be baked in the pudding; but the egg will liquefy.

IN cooking vegetables, always remember that boiling water evaporates rapidly on the approach of a storm or when it is raining.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

The Subject Rendered Appropriate by the Fact That They Are Holding an International Fair There—Text of the Sermon, Genesis, xxix, 8.

Drives at the Well.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached in Elmira, N. Y., to an immense multitude that had gathered to attend the National Fair, and Pennsylvania Exposition. His text was Genesis xxix, 8. "And they said, we cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

There are some reasons why it is appropriate that I should accept the invitation to preach at this great Inter-State Fair, and to these throngs of countrymen and citizens—horsemen just come from their fine charrs, the king of beasts, for I take the crown from the lion and put it on the brow of the horse, which is in every way nobler—and speak of sheep. Just come from their flocks—the Lord himself in one place called a Shepherd and in another place called a Lamb, and all the good are sheep—and preach to you cattlemen come up from the herds, your occupation honored by the fact that God himself thinks it worthy of immortal record in the "Annals" "the cattle on a thousand hills."

It is appropriate that I come, because I was a farmer's boy, and never saw a city until I was nearly grown, and, having been born in the country, I never got over it, and would not dwell in cities a day if my work was not appointed there. I got through I will give you my hand, for though I have this summer shaken hands with perhaps 40,000 people in twenty-one States of the Union, all the way through to Colorado and North and South, I will not conclude my summer vacation till I have shaken hands with you. You are a farmer, are you? How you make me think of my father. You are an elderly woman out there with cap and spectacles! How you make me think of my mother!

And now, while the air of these fair grounds is filled with the bleating of sheep, and the neighing of horses, and the lowing of cattle, I cannot find a more appropriate text than the one I read. It is a scene in Mesopotamia, a beautifully pastoral, a well-watered, a field of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with these flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic sports. Look off, and I see old flocks of sheep, and a young man, while Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherd comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married this shepherd's daughter, and she bore him "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept."

It has always been a mystery with me what he found to cry about! But before that scene occurred Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are afraid of our neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are set, and the sheep are satisfied." We cannot, until all the flocks are gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Now, a great flock of sheep to-day are gathered about this Gospel well.

Now, a great flock of sheep to-day are gathered about this Gospel well. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty; and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying: "We cannot, until all these flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they look each other back from the water, but when the flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they all express it by sad bleating—they come together peacefully. We want a great multitude to come around the Gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes a goodly view, but that is not the matter. Not so did the oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it.

And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the streets and the highways, and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the Gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the light that is given to the eyes of the blind. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying as to be omitted. When the fall comes, and the harvest is in, and the suffering, and the bereft, and the lame, and induce their suffrages to the Lord Jesus. Why not gather a great

flock? All America in a flock: all the world in a flock.

This well of the Gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the fourteen hundred million of the race. Do not let the church by a spirit of exclusiveness keep the world out. Let down all the gates, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations: "Who-soever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the heat. Come in furs, come, panting under the sun. Come, come, come. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so now, at this well of salvation Christ our Shepherd will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and He will stretch out His hand in pledge of His affection, while all Heaven will cry out: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered; and I find on the well of salvation, and on the well of life, a stone, which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this Gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are full, coming to a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to Heaven, but it must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train.

You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where 10,000 sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take water of eternal life from the hand of an old man, in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "O Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet. Give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth, and you will push, took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that to-day my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrance to your getting up to the Gospel well. Yes, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like oriental Jacob, will proceed to water the sheep.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under Government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures, but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with the world as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on the margin of the book: "I, who had held up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life."

When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him: "Can't you give me some comfort, while I am dying?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." "Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promises!"

Come, also, to this Gospel well, all ye who are thirsty, and who have not escaped. Compare your view of this life at fifteen years of age with what your view of it is at forty, or sixty, or seventy. What a great contrast of opinion! Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A man of high and exalted station, who has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place the cemetery is from what it used to be! Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the assurance, and you cried in a light way the epitaph.

But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate as you went in with the procession, it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart. You are all here, showing their trouble. God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered and your brain has not been reeled. Trouble, trouble. If I could gather all our griefs and sorrows, and put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say, as a Christian man, "was becoming wealthy, and I don't think that I would like to go back to it. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say; "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a lifeless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do that." Well, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out, "Comfort, give us comfort." For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain of life. The Lord's sick and bereft ones have come.

"Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I have been in the world among old people, and I know how they feel about their falling health, and about their departed friends, and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their soul. After two persons have lived together for many a day, you and one of them is taken away, and you are left alone. I shall not forget the cry of the heart. Rev. Dr. Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his be-

loved wife, and after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open place and said: "Farwell, my husband, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farwell, farwell!" To lean on a prop for fifty years, and then have to go to another room, and then have only two years' difference between the deaths of my father and mother. After my mother's decease my father used to go around as though looking for someone, and he would often get up from one room without any seeming reason and go to another room; and then he would take his cane and start out and someone would say, "Father, where are you going?" and he would answer, "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something. Though he was a tender-hearted man, I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years living together, it was hard to part.

And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect encouragement in the promises of this Gospel. Let them come to the well, and offer them to my arm, or I take them to the well, and then, them to this Gospel well. Sit down, father or mother, sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come, David, the psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the psalmist; "Thou shalt still bring forth fruit, coming to the well. The Lord will flourish, to show that the Lord is on our right. He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in me." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah: "Down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs I will carry thee."

Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your falling eyesight and falling limbs. You get a little worried for fear sometime you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp at you because of your ailments. You don't want to speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? Who do you think the Lord is? Are His granaries empty? Will He feed the raven and the rabbit, and the lion in the desert, and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. The Lord God sees the Lord of heaven and earth has sympathy for the aged, as the fish of the sea? But you say: "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not; if you were of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because He has taken care of you so long? How many years? He thinks more of you to-day than He ever did, because you think more of Him. May the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Paul the aged be your God forever!

But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs any or eighty years? He thinks more of you to-day than He ever did, because you think more of Him. May the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Paul the aged be your God forever!