

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

How the Large Farms of this Country are Conducted—Buckling Corn and Tying Up Fodder—Grading Up in Livestock—The Cow Not a Machine.

Favorable Conditions.

PRACTICAL farmers who are continually working upon the soil year after year know that there are certain conditions that must be met upon growing crops. They prepare the ground the same manner as they would the same as nearly as it is possible to do so, and yet the crops from year to year will be as unlike as it is possible to be almost. For instance, last year the onion crop in the early part of the season was one of great promise, but as the season advanced a change seemed to come over the crop from an unknown cause that occasioned, in some sections at least, an almost total failure of the crop. The onions were small, and would not keep as well as usual. We are led to believe that all crops are more or less influenced by atmospheric conditions that are imperceptible to our senses, and are liable to occur at any time. Whether science will ever be able to discover what these influences are, or when they will occur, remains to be seen with the doubt preponderating.

The fact that growing crops are greatly injured or totally destroyed by the recurrence of conditions that science has as yet failed to predict or explain, is a very strong reason why so many farmers are slow to recognize the value of science as applied to agriculture. They fail to recognize the fact that science cannot explain or overcome all difficulties in agriculture any more than in other directions. Farmers deal more extensively with Nature than any other class of laborers, and without understanding all her laws they must not expect to be able to separate all the favorable conditions from the unfavorable to aid them in a successful career.

Germantown, Michigan.

Farm on a Large Scale.

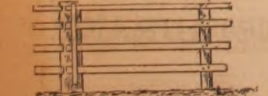
The large farms in this country, of from 5,000 to 30,000 acres, are run on strictly scientific and business principles. They have their book-keeper, superintendent, foreman and employes, who have certain duties and perform them according to the directions of the owners, who sometimes have several such farms. The superintendents report each day the number of hours each man, horse and machine has been occupied, and thus the exact cost of every crop can be calculated. With a force of twenty men, for instance, 320 acres of wheat can be harvested in a day, and in putting it in the ground about 250 acres can be completed in one day, using machine drills. The machines are all worked under the eyes of foremen, each assigned to special work, and thus no time nor labor is lost. From 1,200 to 2,000 bushels of wheat can be threshed in a day. In Ohio and Michigan it costs three times as much to raise wheat as it does in Dakota. Of course Dakota cannot supply wheat for the world and so the prices must go up enough to pay other farmers to raise it, where it costs more than it does in Dakota. The average increase in the world's consumption of wheat is about 40,000,000 bushels.

Buckling Corn and Tying Fodder.

In husking corn it is a good plan to draw four or eight shocks to one pile of corn. After straightening the fodder, says J. W. Stahl, in Farm and Home, I take my position with right hand toward the tops of fodder. In this position the right hand is brought near the pile of corn thus doing away with the motion of looking every time an ear is cast. Strip the ear clean from husks and silk, with but two motions of the hands, right and left; then break the ear from the stalk across the palm of the hand. Husking in this way keeps the hands from getting sore. In cabbling corn, if it is damp, I put in occasionally a few dry bricks or stones, and, if I have them, a few tiles. These act as ventilators and absorbers. I tie the fodder with long, straight timothy, dampened, which I gather, and tie in bundles after the mower in baying time. It makes a splendid tie, far superior to dry straw or twine. Mice rarely cut it; the stock always eat it; thus I am saved the bother of caring for a lot of old bands or a bundle of twine strings.

Securing Board Fences.

A long continuous line of board fence will loosen some of its boards, with every change of the weather, says J. S. Jekis, in the Practical Farmer. A panel, every twenty rods, constructed as shown in the cut, will remedy the evil. Select a broad post,



where the end of the boards will be five or six inches lap. Nail 4-inch boards to the post so as to fill the space between the facing boards. On the outside of these boards, nail the perpendicular strip. One end of the board will thus be loose from the post, fitting in notches like bars, and

It will prevent injury from the expansion and contraction of the fence.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Utilizing Space.

Space costs something. That is, space on the roost, space on the floor and space in the yards. The best way to cheapen the cost of space, says Farm and Home, is to occupy it. Two large hens on the roost will take the space that two small ones could occupy, and as a small hen will lay as many eggs as a large hen, there is a gain of 50 per cent. in having the roost occupied by the right breed.

It is a waste of space to build a poultry-house with a large amount of the cost in the roof when the floor is not important, and it is a loss of space to have the nest boxes and water-fountains sitting in the middle of the floor that the hens require or which to scratch. It is cheaper to build a square poultry-house than to adopt any other plan, because more space can then be enclosed within the walls, and it is often the case that one-third of the space in a poultry-house is taken up by alley-ways that could be dispensed with. Space costs money, and to waste it is as extravagant as to waste food.

Grading Up.

Judging from what I read in the papers and from private correspondence there are thousands of farmers who are making butter dairying more or less an important part of their farming who are working at a great disadvantage from the fact that they have imperfect tools; in other words they have the wrong kind of cows. Grade Short-horns, scrub cows, bred to Short-horn, and pure scrubs seem to predominate. In talking to a man so stocked up you always find that the beef value of the animal receives as much if not more consideration than the butter value.

This is all wrong, both in theory and practice, and it is no wonder that those who keep this kind of stock complain that there is no money in beef or butter. There is no money in anything unless it is good. You may be able to kill two birds with one stone, but as a rule you will have to pick up the stone after killing the first bird before you can kill the second, and so practically it amounts to using two stones. It is the same way in trying to get beef and butter from the same cow; you can't get the beef until after you get the butter, and you don't get very much of either; so it is better to aim at one thing and make sure of that.

Now what shall the man do that finds himself the owner of a lot of common cows? He cannot afford to sell them and buy a herd of better cows. No, but he can afford to buy a good Jersey or Guernsey bull, and grade up his herd to a better standard. This will cost very little money and not very much loss of time. If he cannot possibly get the best idea out of his head, he would better take the Guernsey instead of the Jersey bull, as he will then raise larger cows and steers, for of course he will think it right to keep all his bull calves.

Of one thing he must be sure, and that is to have the bull from registered stock and with a good butter pedigree. He can breed this bull to his own heifers, thereby making a faster gain toward butter than if he did not breed in; but it is bad for the beef. After milking the cows resulting from this cross the beef-and-butter man will be on the road to full conversion, and will begin to preach to his neighbors about the impolicy of keeping scrubs.—A. L. Crosby in National Stockman.

About Hogs.

Young pigs and hogs should be fed middlings and oats to make them grow and thrive rapidly.

The hog is born with a constitution if he has any. It cannot be made strong vitality if the breeding is neglected.

The commission for selling hogs shipped to the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, is in car load lots, 4 cents per hundred pounds.

The sow that will raise two good litters of pigs per year is an animal that pays if one is prepared to keep hogs right and healthy. That includes good clover pasture in season.

A SWINE breeder of long experience, says that pigs grown from old and mature dams, have proved to have much greater vitality and will resist disease. He never has cholera among his hogs, and thinks this one of the reasons of it.

THE DAIRY.

Not a Machine.

Every few days one runs across a paragraph that "the cow is a machine." According to the Practical Farmer this is a great mistake. The cow is an animal with life, instincts, natural powers and besides a most wonderfully sensitive animal. The cow is a mother, and it is by this mother function that dairying is carried on. The maternal gift to her young is appropriated by the man, and to extend this beneficence the cow must be cared for, fed, and treated, not like a machine but a living organism, that out of that mystery of life and its perpetuation, prosperity may come to the owner. A machine may be kept with a hammer; it may be kept out in storm and cold; it may be neglected and all this, but let any of these evils come upon the cow, and a decreased flow of milk tells why the cow is flesh and blood, and endowed with feelings and a sense of justice. No dairyman in the right of the word, can be a successful one that fails to accord to the cow gentle care, full protection from only inclemency, but brutality—men brutes—and given suitable foods for the stimulation of milk. Machines may turn out good butter and cheese; but the fine butter, milk and cheese, are the product of cows, treated as cows, and not made hardy like iron machines.

Dairy Dots.

NINETEEN duties of British courts have decided that dehorning is legal, and four "are again" in this. Looks bad for horns in the British Isles.

A rook mill will often ruin the value of a good cow. Patience and good temper now pay better than in dairying. Raw foreigners set to work as milkers seldom pay.

If a man wants to invest a cow with an aroma of greatness, give her a long name, Fortieth Duchess of Bungleton, Queen Semiramis, or Pride of Beaconsfield's Barnyard. There is a great deal in a name, whether you believe it or not.

Milk Containing more Sugar.

Milk contains more sugar than the cow's milk—so E. W. Stewart says—hence cow's milk for young stock should be sweetened. Ignorance of the composition of animal milk is doubtless the reason why so many young animals die when fed on cow's milk.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FIRST CLOCK OF WHICH THE WORLD HAS KNOWLEDGE.

The Flight of Time—God Rules the Shadow—Daybreak on the Heights of the Mountain Tops—Full Report of a Remarkable Discourse.

Sundial of Ahaz.

Dr. Talmage's text was II Kings xx, 11, "And Isahiah the prophet cried out to the Lord; and he brought the shadow ten degrees back in the dial of Ahaz."

Here is the first clock of which we have any knowledge. But it was a watch that did not tick and a clock that did not chime. It was a sundial, Ahaz, the king, invented it. Between the hours given to statecraft and the cares of office he invented something by which he could tell the time of day. This sundial may have been a great many, and in the shadow of the column reached one point was 9 o'clock a. m., and when it reached another point it was 3 o'clock p. m., and all the 12 hours were so measured. Or it may have been a flight of stairs such as may be found in Hifosian and other old countries, and when the shadow reached one step it was 10 o'clock a. m., or another step it was 4 o'clock p. m., and likewise other hours may have been indicated.

The sundial of Ahaz, the clock followed the sundial, and the sandal followed clepsydra. Then came the candle clock of Alfred the Great, and the candle was marked into three parts, and while the first part was burning he gave himself a rest, and while the second part was burning he gave himself a second part, and while the third part was burning he gave himself a rest. After awhile came the wheel and weight clock, and Pope Sylvester the Second was its most important inventor. And the skill of centuries, of exquisite mechanism, toiled at the timepieces until the world had the Vicks' clock of the Fourteenth century, and Huyghens, the inventor, swung the first pendulum, and Dr. Hooke contrived the recoil escapement.

Ensigns in Barrels.

An inquiry has been made in regard to the use of ensigns in barrels for the use of poultry. If the barrel is strong and will resist the required pressure, there is nothing to prevent the storage of cut corn, green clover, grass, cabbage or any other material; but the pressure must be sufficient to entirely exclude the air, as fermentation, should it result, will destroy the contents of the barrel.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints to Housekeepers.

ELECTRIC-SILICON powder is very nice for polishing brass.

SPRINKLE cayenne pepper in the resorts of rats, and they will leave the premises.

WHITE and pale shades of paint may be beautifully cleaned by using whitening in the water.

PLENTY of cloths should be kept handy. Have a box of these and drop them in the sundance in a while, and then wipe them dry, as they are apt to get dusty and soil the clothes.

MUCH sickness in farmers' families in winter is due to keeping large quantities of potatoes and other vegetables stored under sleeping rooms.

TO CLEAN oil paintings, first brush them, then wash with warm milk, diluted with water; rub with a piece of flannel dipped in turpentine and then with a dry flannel.

GREEN corn and Lima beans deteriorate more quickly than any other vegetables; they should be spread out singly on the cool cellar floor as quickly as possible after they come from the market.

GOOD eggs may be quickly designated by their dull shell and clean appearance. An old or stale egg, as a rule, has a dull, porous-looking shell.

MALARIA is due to microbes, which reach their victims either from the air, by inhalation, or from drinking water which has absorbed them. Boil the water, avoid the night air, sleep in the higher rooms of the houses, and guard against all excesses.

THE KITCHEN.

Cooking Recipes.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, a pinch of salt, mix all together and pour into a large tin. When baked spread jelly on and roll it.

REAL SCOTCH SHORT BREAD.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar. Mix to a smooth paste and roll out half an inch thick, cut into squares, pinch the edges, and prick the top with a fork. Bake in a quick oven.

APPLE SHORTCAKE.—One quart of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pound of butter, milk or cream enough to make a stiff batter; mix all well; roll in one sheet; bake it well; when done split open, butter well, cover with nicely-seasoned apple sauce, some thick cream and nutmeg; place the top half of the cake on top of this, crust side down; butter the top and spread with more apple sauce and cream. This is delicious either as a pudding or for tea. You may fill shortcake with any kind of fresh fruit, peaches, cherries, or berries, and filled with well-seasoned chopped chicken it makes a very nice dish.

FISH CHOWDER.—Two pounds of codfish, three onions, one-half pound of salt pork, one pound of crackers, one-half pint of milk. Cut the pork into very small strips and put in an iron fry pan, and stir, being careful not to burn, until the onions are chopped fine and let them brown five minutes, stirring constantly. Turn out on a plate. Wash the fish and cut into large pieces, put a plate in the bottom of the kettle and on it alternate layers of fish, crackers, pork and onions, season with salt and pepper. Turn in two quarts of boiling water, cover the kettle closely, and simmer gently for half an hour. Pour in the milk and boil ten minutes. Serve very hot. It is an improvement to add fifty salt oysters with the milk.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FIRST CLOCK OF WHICH THE WORLD HAS KNOWLEDGE.

The Flight of Time—God Rules the Shadow—Daybreak on the Heights of the Mountain Tops—Full Report of a Remarkable Discourse.

Sundial of Ahaz.

Dr. Talmage's text was II Kings xx, 11, "And Isahiah the prophet cried out to the Lord; and he brought the shadow ten degrees back in the dial of Ahaz."

Here is the first clock of which we have any knowledge. But it was a watch that did not tick and a clock that did not chime. It was a sundial, Ahaz, the king, invented it. Between the hours given to statecraft and the cares of office he invented something by which he could tell the time of day. This sundial may have been a great many, and in the shadow of the column reached one point was 9 o'clock a. m., and when it reached another point it was 3 o'clock p. m., and all the 12 hours were so measured. Or it may have been a flight of stairs such as may be found in Hifosian and other old countries, and when the shadow reached one step it was 10 o'clock a. m., or another step it was 4 o'clock p. m., and likewise other hours may have been indicated.

The sundial of Ahaz, the clock followed the sundial, and the sandal followed clepsydra. Then came the candle clock of Alfred the Great, and the candle was marked into three parts, and while the first part was burning he gave himself a rest, and while the second part was burning he gave himself a second part, and while the third part was burning he gave himself a rest. After awhile came the wheel and weight clock, and Pope Sylvester the Second was its most important inventor. And the skill of centuries, of exquisite mechanism, toiled at the timepieces until the world had the Vicks' clock of the Fourteenth century, and Huyghens, the inventor, swung the first pendulum, and Dr. Hooke contrived the recoil escapement.

Ensigns in Barrels.

An inquiry has been made in regard to the use of ensigns in barrels for the use of poultry. If the barrel is strong and will resist the required pressure, there is nothing to prevent the storage of cut corn, green clover, grass, cabbage or any other material; but the pressure must be sufficient to entirely exclude the air, as fermentation, should it result, will destroy the contents of the barrel.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints to Housekeepers.

ELECTRIC-SILICON powder is very nice for polishing brass.

SPRINKLE cayenne pepper in the resorts of rats, and they will leave the premises.

WHITE and pale shades of paint may be beautifully cleaned by using whitening in the water.

PLENTY of cloths should be kept handy. Have a box of these and drop them in the sundance in a while, and then wipe them dry, as they are apt to get dusty and soil the clothes.

MUCH sickness in farmers' families in winter is due to keeping large quantities of potatoes and other vegetables stored under sleeping rooms.

TO CLEAN oil paintings, first brush them, then wash with warm milk, diluted with water; rub with a piece of flannel dipped in turpentine and then with a dry flannel.

GREEN corn and Lima beans deteriorate more quickly than any other vegetables; they should be spread out singly on the cool cellar floor as quickly as possible after they come from the market.

GOOD eggs may be quickly designated by their dull shell and clean appearance. An old or stale egg, as a rule, has a dull, porous-looking shell.

MALARIA is due to microbes, which reach their victims either from the air, by inhalation, or from drinking water which has absorbed them. Boil the water, avoid the night air, sleep in the higher rooms of the houses, and guard against all excesses.

THE KITCHEN.

Cooking Recipes.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, a pinch of salt, mix all together and pour into a large tin. When baked spread jelly on and roll it.

REAL SCOTCH SHORT BREAD.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar. Mix to a smooth paste and roll out half an inch thick, cut into squares, pinch the edges, and prick the top with a fork. Bake in a quick oven.

APPLE SHORTCAKE.—One quart of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pound of butter, milk or cream enough to make a stiff batter; mix all well; roll in one sheet; bake it well; when done split open, butter well, cover with nicely-seasoned apple sauce, some thick cream and nutmeg; place the top half of the cake on top of this, crust side down; butter the top and spread with more apple sauce and cream. This is delicious either as a pudding or for tea. You may fill shortcake with any kind of fresh fruit, peaches, cherries, or berries, and filled with well-seasoned chopped chicken it makes a very nice dish.

FISH CHOWDER.—Two pounds of codfish, three onions, one-half pound of salt pork, one pound of crackers, one-half pint of milk. Cut the pork into very small strips and put in an iron fry pan, and stir, being careful not to burn, until the onions are chopped fine and let them brown five minutes, stirring constantly. Turn out on a plate. Wash the fish and cut into large pieces, put a plate in the bottom of the kettle and on it alternate layers of fish, crackers, pork and onions, season with salt and pepper. Turn in two quarts of boiling water, cover the kettle closely, and simmer gently for half an hour. Pour in the milk and boil ten minutes. Serve very hot. It is an improvement to add fifty salt oysters with the milk.

the shadow on the dial of Ahaz, to stop going forward and make it go backward. You think I have a big understanding of the shadow of Ahaz, but the same Lord who reversed the shadow in Hezekiah's courtyard moves upon us.

While looking at the sundial of Hezekiah, and we find the shadow retreating, we ought to learn that God controls the shadow, and we are not ready to acknowledge His majesty and power. We stand in the glow of a bright morning, and we say in our feelings, it is not with so many words: "This life is from God. This warmth is from God." Or we say, "This prosperity, and this success are from God." What a providential thing it was I bought that lot just before the rise of real estate! How grateful to God I am that I made that investment! Why, they may have cleared 10 per cent. dividend! What a mercy it was that I sold my shares before that collapse!

Oh, yes, we acknowledge God in the sunshine of a bright day or the sunshine of a great prosperity. But suppose the clouds come in to light the gas at noon. The sun goes not on all day long. There is nothing but shadow. How slow we are to realize that the storm is from God and the darkness from God and the chill from God. We are slow to see before the market's retreat, or to make an investment that never pays, or we purchase goods that we cannot dispose of, or a crop of grain we sow is ruined by drought or frost, or when we took account of stock on the 31st of January we found ourselves thousands of dollars in debt, and we expected. Who under such circumstances says: "This loss is from God. I must have been allowed to go in that unfortunate enterprise for some good reason; I will control the east wind as well as the west wind."

My friends, I cannot look for one moment on that retrograde shadow on Ahaz's dial without learning that God controls the shadows and that lesson we need all to learn. That He controls the shadow, not only in the matter of money, but anybody can be happy when things go right. When you sleep eight hours a night and rise with an appetite that cannot easily wait for breakfast, and you go over to the store and open your mind to all the goods that you can fill, and in the next letter you find a dividend far larger than you have been promised, and your neighbor comes in to tell you some flattering thing he has just heard said about you, and you find that the rate of interest in which you deal has advanced five per cent. in fact, and on your way home you meet your children in full romp, and there are roses on the center of the tea-table and roses of health in checks all round the table. Did I tell you how you feel?

It is not more do you want of consolation? I did not tell you of the shadow of Ahaz, if you could boss the world. But for those in just opposite circumstances my text comes in with an omnipotence of meaning. The shadow! Oh, the shadow! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of bereavement! Speak out, O sundial of Ahaz, and tell all the people that God manages the shadow!

As Hezekiah sat in his palace window, weeping and weeping, he was surrounded by anodynes and cataplasms, and looked out upon the black hand of the only clock known at that time and saw it move back ten degrees, he learned a lesson that a majority of the human race never get. It is a great lesson that the best friend a man ever had is his shadow. The setbacks are sometimes the best things that can happen.

I never had a setback but it turned out to be a set forward. You never would have become a Christian if you had not had a setback. You never get thrones in Heaven are for the setbacks. In 1861 the shadow of the sundial of this nation was set back and all things seemed going to ruin, and it was set back farther in 1862, and farther in 1863, and still farther in 1865, and yet I met an intelligent and well balanced man, North or South, East or West, but feels it was a setback toward the sunrise.

But I promised to show you how the shadows might be turned back. First, I would ask you, are you a pessimist. In most family circles there are grandchildren. By this divine arrangement most of the people who have passed the meridian of life can compass themselves by juvenility. It is a bad thing for an old man to have grandchildren, and to the vivacity of their grandchildren shouting, "Stop that racket!" Better join in the fun. Let the 80-year-old grandfather join the 8-year-old grandson or granddaughter. My father and mother lived to see over thirty of their grandchildren and great grandchildren, and a more boisterous crew were never turned out on this subinary sphere, and they all seemed to cry to the old folks "Keep young," and they did keep young.

Don't walk with a cane unless you have to, or only as defense in a city afflicted with too many canines. Don't wear glasses stronger than necessary, putting on numbers when eighteen will do as well. Don't go into the country, if you can avoid it, with a complaint about rheumatism and lumbago and shortness of breath and the brevity of human life. It is too much for my gravity to hear an octogenarian talking about the shadow of human life. From my own friends I have seen the shadow, and from present prospects he is always going to stay. Remain young. Hang up your stockings in Christmas time. Help the boys by the kite. Teach the women to sew. Let your grandchildren bring you a new set of your stiff joints and calump tea for your sleepless nights will be a large dose of youthful companionship.

Set back the clock of human life. Make the shadow of the sundial of Ahaz retrograde. You can do it, if you only believe in it. You can do it by always talking about being old and wishing for the good old days which were never as good as these days. From all I can hear the grandchildren are not half as good as the grandparents were. Matters have been lushed up. But if you have ever been in a room adjoining a room where some very old people a little deaf were talking over old times you will find that this age does not compare with that. It is true that the young may now be hard to get young, people are early enough in the morning, but to pulled out of bed.

It is not how you play mischanceous tricks on the unsuspecting, but eighty years ago at school that now venerable man sat down on a crooked pin not accidentally placed there, and purposely drove the sleigh riding party to near the edge of the road. He thought he might see how they would look when tumbled into the snow. And that man who has so little patience with childish exuberance was in olden times put to pranks one-half as good as if he had been an 8-year-old of to-day, would set grand-

father and grandmother crazy. Revive your remembrance of what you were between 5 and 10 years of age, and with patience capable of everything join with the young. Put back the shadow of the dial ten degrees, but fifty and sixty and seventy degrees.

Set back your clocks also by entering on new and absorbing Christian work. In our desire to inspire the young we have in our essays in the past said much about what has been accomplished by the young; of Romulus, who founded Rome when he was 20 years of age; of Cortez, who had conquered Mexico at 30 years; of Pitt, who was Prime Minister of England, at 24 years of age; of Raphael, who died at 37 years of age; of Calvin, who wrote his institutes at 25; of Melancthon, who took a learned professor's chair at 21 years; of Luther, who had conquered Germany for the Reformation by the time he was 31 years of age.

But while looking at this sundial of Ahaz, and I see the shadow of it move I notice that it went back toward the sunrise instead of forward toward the sunset toward the morning instead of toward the night. That thing the world is willing now to do and in many cases has done. To have a great many things been written and spoken about the sunset of life. I have said some of them myself. But my text suggests a better idea. The Lord who moved that day that day going toward sundown and started it toward sunrise is willing to do the same thing for all of us.

The theologians who stick to old religious technicalities until they become tedious of worship, and a young man conversion. I call it a change of going toward sunrise. That man who never tries to unclasp the clasp of evil habit, and who keeps all the sins of the past and the present of the future, and who ignores the one redemption that is given only one who could redeem—if that man will examine the sundial he will find that the shadow is going forward and he is on the way to sundown. His day is on the road to the sunset.

All the watches that tick, all the clocks that strike, all the sandglasses that empty themselves, all the shadows that move on all the sundials indicate the approach of darkness. But now, in answer to prayer, as in my text the change was toward sunrise, the Lord, doing Lord reverses things and the man starts toward sunrise instead of sunset, as turns the other way. The Captain of Salvation gives him the military command: "Attention! Right about face!" He was marching toward sunset, now he is marching toward hardness of heart, marching toward prayerlessness, marching toward sin, marching toward gloom, marching toward death.

Now he turns and marches toward peace, toward hope, toward joy, toward comfort and marches toward high hope and marches toward a triumph stupendous and everlasting, toward hallelujahs that ever hoist and hallelujahs that ever roll. Now if it is the turning of the shadow of the dial of Ahaz, from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise, what is it?

I have seen daybreak over Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, over the heights of Lebanon, over Mount Washington, over the Sierras, and I have seen daybreak the morning after a departed storm, when the billows were liquid Alps and liquid Sierra Nevada, but the sunrise of the soul is more effulgent and more transporting. It bathes all the heights of the soul and it bathes in the depths of the soul, and it whitens the faculties, it realizes the aspirations, all the ambitions, all the hopes with a light that sickness cannot eclipse or death extinguish or eternity do anything but augment and magnify. I praise the sunrise.

But, says some one, all that you say may be true, but that does not hinder the horrors of dissolution. Why, you who are the Lord's are not going to die. All that the grave gets of you as compared with your chief, your immortal nature, is as the clippings of your finger nails as compared with your whole foot. As you run the scissors along the edge of your thumb nail and you cut off that which is of no use but rather a hindrance, you do not mourn over the departure of that fragment which flies away.

Death will be only the scissoring off of that which could be of no use, and the soul has no funeral over that which would be an awful nuisance if we could not get rid of it. This body as it now is, what a mass of waste will be to you if you are going to be as burdened with it in the next world! While others there go 10,000 miles a minute we would take about an hour to walk four miles, and while our neighbor immortals could see a whole city, you would see only ten miles, and the fittest and healthiest of our bodies if seen there would make it necessary to open in Heaven an asylum for cripples.

No, no, one of the best possible things that we can do to us will be the scissoring off of this body when we have no more use for it in its present state. When it shall come up in its resurrected form we will be very glad to get it back again, not as it is now, with all its mutations of bedwardisms innumerable. Sunrise!

There shall I bath my weary soul.

In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Sunrise! But not like one of those mornings after you had come late or did not sleep well, and you get up chilled and yawning, and the morning bath is a repulsion, and you feel like saying to the morning sun shining into your window, "I do not see what you find to do with about you, but this is a mockery." But the sunrise of the next world will be a morning after a sound sleep, a sleep that nothing can disturb, and you will rise, the sunshine in your face, and in your heart morning in Heaven, you will wake up in a new sea of glass mingled with fire, the foam on fire with a splendor you never saw on earth, and the rolling waves are doxologies, and the rocks of that shore are no longer the pebbles of this world, but pearls, and the skies that arch the scene are a commingling of all the colors that St. John saw on the wall of Heaven, the crimson, and the blue, and the saffron, and the orange, and the purple, and the gold, and the green, and the white, and those skies in shape of garlands, of banners, of ladders, of chariots, of crowns, of thrones. What a sunrise! Do you not feel its warmth on your face? See how the clouds are rolling over your Sunday-school, uttered what shall be the peroration of this sermon—"Throw back the shutters and let the sun in!" And so the shadow of Ahaz's sundial turns from sunset to sunrise.

Talk is cheap, when you can send it through a telephone at the rate of 10 cents an hour.