AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Importance of Stirring the Ground—Concerning Farm Labor—Value of Salt and Ashes for Pigs—The Dairy at the World's Fair—Household and Kitchen.

Keep the Ground Stirred.

EVERY farmer understands the value of a frequent stirring of the soil in the corn field. The value of this practice, however, is greatly increased in seasons of drought. The reasons is that the top of the soil by frequent stirring is made to act the part of a sponge, and arrests the moisture that is being constantly poured into the air above.

Says an agricultural exchange: We once made the following experiment, to obtain an approximate idea of the amount of moisture thus drawn off, and the hindering effect on evaporation through constant stirring of the surface soil.

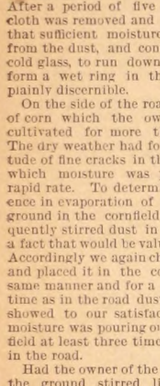
During a prolonged drought a place in a well traveled highway was selected, where the fine dust was several inches deep. A large bell glass (a two-quart Mason fruit jar will answer the same purpose) was well chilled by contact with ice, wiped perfectly dry and placed mouth down on the dust and covered with several thicknesses of white cotton cloth. After a period of five minutes the cloth was removed and it was found that sufficient moisture had arisen from the dust, and condensed on the cold glass, to run down its sides and form a wet ring in the dust, quite plainly discernible.

On the side of the road was a field of corn which the owner had not cultivated for more than a week. The dry weather had formed a multitude of fine cracks in the soil, out of which moisture was passing at a rapid rate. To determine the difference in evaporation of the unstirred ground in the cornfield and the frequently stirred dust in the road was a fact that would be valuable to know. Accordingly we again chilled the glass and placed it in the cornfield in the same manner and for a like period of time as in the road dust. The result showed to our satisfaction that the moisture was pouring out of the cornfield at least three times faster than in the road.

Had the owner of the cornfield kept the ground stirred lightly on top every two or three days he would have arrested this wasting moisture and thereby watered his corn very effectively, besides destroying the noxious weeds. It was worth to us all the time and trouble taken in the experiment to know this principle and learn how thereafter to turn it to valuable account in the cultivation of corn and other crops.

An Immovable Grindstone.

Who has not been annoyed when grinding by the wobbling of the grindstone on its frame, especially when the treadle was in use? I have never found anything equal to the arrangement shown in the cut, writes a correspondent in Farm and Home. Two heavy posts are set in the ground at least three feet. At the proper height they are sawed off level and the grind-



stone bushings secured in place on top of them. Another advantage offered by this frame is that it does not interfere with the grinder or his tools. It should be well braced, if the ground be soft, by placing stones or blocks of wood against the posts at the top and bottom of the hole underground. If a third post is set facing the grindstone and a bracket or narrow shelf attached to it, the can to supply the stone with water may drip from it as shown.

Wages and Treatment of Farm Labor.

The laborer has always resisted the introduction of labor-saving machines at the outset, sometimes to the destruction of the offending innovations, fearing that the demand for his service may decline and wages fall. It is ever a futile opposition and a foolish fear, as the result is always an increase of demand and production, the elevation of labor and increase of wages. Fifty years ago the wages of farm hands employed by the year ranged from $8 to $10 per month, rarely $12 in regions of unusual demand.

The range for labor is now from $20 to $30 per month, in extreme cases somewhat higher. Last year, in the midst of depression, the average wages of New England was $26.64 per month, of the Middle States, $23.62, of the Western States, $22. It has been very steady for years. It was lowest in 1879, when all prices were very low. The labor of colored men has also advanced as it has become more intelligent. The farm labor of the Southern States averaged $14.77 last year. It is a common complaint of farmers that labor is too high. As the burden of rural drudgery is relieved, the proprietor is inclined to take things easier, as he should do, if he can afford it, giving himself more time for reading, study, management, and social duties and privileges. And the laborer is also worthy of his hire.—American Agriculturist.

LIVE STOCK AND DAIRY.

Salt and Ashes for Pigs.

Animals that are confined in close quarters and fed on concentrated food always require certain mineral elements which nature supplies to them in the fields and woods. The need which pigs have for salt and ashes is well known, but it is not so generally practiced and lived up to. When the pigs are roaming about the fields and woods they do not need the ashes, but when confined in their winter quarters and fed concentrated food a weekly supply of wood ashes will be of inestimable value to them. We have not yet found out exactly what element in the ashes they desire, whether it is the charcoal, lime or potash, but it is certain that the ashes themselves are very beneficial.

One of the benefits of feeding them ashes is a better appetite for their rations of meal and fodder. They eat more and steadier, and their food is better digested and assimilated. Experiments at the station with a great number of pigs have proven this fact beyond dispute. Salt does not entirely take the place of ashes, for where food, water and salt were given in abundance, and the ashes omitted, the pigs did not take on as healthy a growth. Where both were omitted the animals became sickly, and seemed to want something which the food and water could not supply.

Corn is a very rich food, and it goes to meat and muscle in a way that no other food does when fed to pigs, but its very richness often clogs the system and prevents the best results. The stomachs of the animals can not digest and assimilate it. The same is true of all the other highly concentrated foods. They generally clog the appetite and prevent the highest results. Ashes and salt come in as splendid articles to prevent such disastrous result. They act as tonics and medicine, clearing the system of effete matter, and giving strength and tone to all of the internal organs. It is probably in this way that ashes help the pigs. They set directly upon the digestive organs, but really add nothing to the body. If corn is making the pigs puffed up, and their appetite is poor, a liberal supply of salt and ashes should be given at once. Hard wood ashes of the best quality should be used for this purpose, as they seem to give the best results. The ashes and salt should be administered in equal quantities, either with the food or kept in a seperate vessel in the pen for the pigs to take when they felt inclined.

The Dairy at the World's Fair.

Rules to govern the conduction of dairy tests of breeds at the Columbian Dairy School have been submitted by the sub-committee of the Executive Committee of the Columbian Association. There will be two breed tests, one for four months, one month of which is to be devoted to cheese-making; the other for seven months, thirty days and six days and under the same committee as the other. Each cattle association competing shall furnish twenty-five registered cows of their breed, except the Red Polled and Brown Swiss associations, which may compete with an entry of fifteen cows each. An accurate account will be kept of all food given their cows for thirty days before and during the test, and all kinds of dairy products so made in the test and charged to the cow so fed at the market value. Owners will be at liberty to feed as they choose, provided ordinary foods are fed to the cattle. Great care will be taken to guard against fraud in every way and the cows will be closely watched as well, also their products, to see that they are exactly as stated. Awards will be made for increase of flesh, the amount of butter or cheese made by individual cows and for the best dairy and also herd of five cows.

Notes.

PROVIDE good winter shelter for all classes of domestic animals.

THE quality of the food has much to do with the quality of milk.

ON account of maintaining animal heat a more fattening ration should be given during the winter than in the summer even with growing pigs.

BE careful of the eyes of animals. They are just as delicate as the eyes of human beings. People often work around stock very carelessly with forks.

BLANKETING a horse in the stable makes his coat short and sleek. This makes him look more valuable, and it is easier to keep him clean than a long-haired horse.

CALVES need the best attention, especially in winter. The growth they have attained during the summer must not be allowed to stop, nor must they be permitted to become poor now.

THOSE who have tested it claim that sweat spirits of niter is the most valuable preventive of milk fever that is known. Give two ounces immediately after calving, and repeat the dose in two or three hours.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if there is a breed of cows that are especially cheese cows? Any cow that gives plenty of good milk is a good cheese cow. The Holstein-Friesian has been supposed, however, to have special merit as a cheese cow.

THE hog is unquestionably proof against diseases to a greater extent than any other living creature. If anything else that breathes were kept in such filthy quarters and fed on such rotten and bad food as thousands of swine are there would be an epidemic.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Purification.

A time and labor saving way to purify the poultry-house is practiced and praised by a writer in the Germantown Telegraph: I attach my spraying pump to a kerosene barrel, and shoot water into every part of the house—cracks, corners, roof and all—and then sweep it, after which I fill the barrel half full of lime-water and spray the inside of the house with it. I think it much better than whitewashing, and more quickly and easily done. The lime gets into spots not possible to reach with a brush, and leaves the inside of the house in good shape.

Wire Fences to Yards.

The wire fence does not keep the winds out of the yards. When such a fence is made, the lower part should be of boards, and they should be put together so as to be close. A fence seven feet high, composed of three feet of boards and four feet of wire, should be high enough to keep nearly all breeds of hens within bounds, and the boards will make the yards much warmer and more comfortable than when wire only is used. It is an advantage for the hens to be outside sometimes, for they will not be content to remain in on clear days: but to send them outside on a cold, windy day, with the yards enclosed only with wire, is to expose them to a very severe test.

A yard should have wind-breaks of some kind if the hens are to occupy them, and this can be accomplished in several ways; one by having boards at the bottom, and another by arranging corn stalks on the north and west sides of the fence. Anything that will break the force of the wind will be found beneficial.—Farm and Fireside.

Points on Poultry.

TAME hens, like other tame and gentle stock, have the advantage of using all their food for business. Fright wastes food in the bird as in the cow, and also frequently causes broken eggs, broken windows in the hennery, and other losses.

CORN is too fattening for fowls as a steady diet in mild weather, but for supper in cold weather nothing is better than a full crop of it heated slightly before it is fed.

APPLES decaying in the cellar, and there are plenty of them this winter, will be used economically by the poultry. Ducks and geese have been wintered on them almost exclusively.

A DISH of dry bran standing constantly in the fowl house, will do the birds good, both in the exercise they will get picking the fine stuff, and in making them drink more. It will not fatten them, while they will improve upon it.

THE incubator has taken the place of the hen on many farms the past season, resulting in many cases in a larger percentage of healthy, vigorous chicks. It is the coming way of hatching.

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN.

Old-Fashioned Remedies.

For sore and inflamed eyes use burnt alum. Place the alum on a hot iron till it stops bubbling; then dissolve it in cold water. It will smart but it will do good. For dysentery or diarrhea, a strong decoction of white oak bark tea is good, a tablespoonful at a time. Two or three doses are usually sufficient. For erysipelas and salt rheum use the oil of tansy. One application cured erysipelas of twelve months' standing and salt rheum after the doctor had given it up. Ten or twelve drops of kerosene oil on sugar, taken on going to bed, will break up a severe cold. It is very healing.

Useful Knowledge.

TO CURE A BURN WITHOUT LEAVING A SCAR.—Mix beeswax and linseed oil together, spread over the burn thick, and let it remain until it comes off.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF SILK.—Mix in a vial two ounces of essence of lemon and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Grease and other spots rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in this wash will disappear.

TINCTURE OF ROSES may be made by taking the leaves of the common rose and placing, without pressing them, in a common bottle, pouring spirits of wine over them, closing the bottle and letting it stand.

TO CLEAN ARTICLES OF WHITE ZEPHYR.—Rub in flour and magnesia, after which shake and hang in the sun.

Kitchen Recipes.

COCOANUT JUMBLES.—One cocoanut, two cups sugar, two cups flour, one cup butter, three-quarters cup thick cream, whites of two eggs.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One cocoanut, one pound sugar, one-half pound butter, six eggs. Leave in the pans until cold.

NICE SPONGE CAKE.—Ten eggs, one pound of sugar, half pound of flour, juice and grated rind of one lemon, teaspoonful of salt.—MRS. C. G. Furbish.

OLD-FASHIONED PUMPKIN PIE.—One quart of steamed pumpkin, two eggs, one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of ginger, one of salt, one of cinnamon, a little flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses. Makes three pies.

SWISS CAKE—One and a half cups of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with rose water.—MRS. C. G. Furbish.

CHOCOLATE COOKIES.—One and a half cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one-half cup of chocolate, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar. Mix stiff and roll thin.—MRS. C. G. Furbish.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ELOQUENT DISCOURSE DELIVERED LAST SUNDAY.

Heavenly Congratulations His Theme. The Nearness of the Celestial and the Terrestrial—Joy in Heaven Over the Repenting of One Sinful Soul.

Preached in Iowa.

Dr. Talmage preached last Sunday at Oskaloosa, Iowa. His text was taken from Luke xv, 7, "Likewise joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

A lost sheep! Nothing can be more thoroughly lost. I look through the window of the shepherd's house at night. The candles are lighted. The shepherd has just placed his staff against the mantel. He has taken off his coat, shaken out of it the dust and hung it up. I see by the candle-light that there are neighbors who have come in. The shepherd, fagged out with the long tramp, sits down on a bench, and the wife and children and the neighbors say to him, "Come, now, tell us how you found the poor thing." "Well," he says, "this morning I went out to the yard to look at the flock. No sooner had I looked over the fence than I saw something wrong. The fact was they did not count right. Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine—only ninety-nine. McDonald, you know we had a hundred. And I wandered which one was gone, and I began again, and I counted ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. Well, I whistled up the dogs, and I started for the fields and across the bridges, and I tracked the moors, and I leaped the gullies, but no bleating of the poor thing did I hear. I said to myself, 'The lamb must have fallen into a ditch, or a pack of wolves from the mountain must have torn it to pieces and sucked its life out.' But I could not give it up. You see I was the lamb. It was that one with the black spot on the right shoulder that used to come and lick my hand as I crossed the field, and somehow I could not give it up. So I went on and on and on until after awhile I heard the dogs bark, and I said, 'What's that?' Then I hastened to the top of the hill, and I looked down and there I saw the poor lamb. It had fallen into the ditch, and as I came where it was and bent over the ditch and stooped down to lift the poor thing out, I wish you could have seen the loving and imploring and tender way it looked at me. I lifted it out, and it was all covered with the slush and the mud. It was an awful thing to do, but I lifted it out, and it was so lame and so weak it could not stand, so I swung it over my shoulder and I started homeward, and the condition of the lamb you may judge from the coat which I have just hung up. But I tramped on and on until it is safe in the yard, poor thing! Thank God, thank God!" Then the shepherd's wife spread the table and brought out the best fare that the cabin could afford, and they sat up very late that night, and they talked, and they laughed, and they sang, and they ate, and they drank, and they danced, and told over and over and over again the story of the lost sheep that was found.

With such tenderness and rusticity of illustration does Christ represent the soul's going off and the soul's coming back, when he says, "Likewise there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." To repent is to feel that you are bad, and to be sorry about it, and to turn over a new leaf, and to pray for forgiveness and help. Just as soon as a man does that, they hear right away of it in Heaven.

There are no quarrels in Heaven going around to chatter and laugh when a man falls, but there are many souls in glory who are glad to run about and tell it when a man is saved. The news goes very quick from gate to gate, and from north wall to south wall, and from east wall to west wall, and in three minutes every citizen of Heaven has heard of it, and there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

I can very easily understand how there should be joy in Heaven over a Pentecost with 3,000 souls saved in one day—no mystery about that; I can understand how there should be joy in Heaven over the Parish of Schotts, when 400 souls were saved under one sermon of Mr. Livingston; I can understand how there should be joy in Heaven over the great awakening in the time of Harland Page, when in one year 400,073 souls were brought to God in the United States; I can understand very easily how there should be joy in Heaven over 500,000 souls converted in 1857, in this country; but when you, my text announces there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one, just one, sinner that repenteth.

Some cathedrals have one tower; some cathedrals have two, three, four towers. Did you ever hear them all ring at once? I am told that the bell in the cathedral of St. Paul rings out in one case, and for instance, at the death or the birth of a king. Have you seen a cathedral with four towers, and have you heard them all strike into one great chime of gladness? Here is a man who is moral. He is an example to a great many professors of religion in some things; he never did a mean thing in his life; he pays all his debts, and is a good citizen and a good neighbor, but he says he is not a Christian.

Some day the Holy Spirit comes into his heart and he sees that he cannot depend upon his morality for salvation. He says: "O Lord God, I have been depending upon my good works; I find I am a sinner, and I want thy salvation. Lord, for Jesus' sake, have mercy on me!" And God pardons him, and immediately one of the towers of Heaven strikes a silvery chime, for there are four towers to the heavenly temple. Here is a man who is bad; he knows he is bad, and everybody else knows he is bad, but he is not an outcast—far from being an outcast. He moves in respectable circles. But one day, by the power of the Holy Ghost, he rouses up to see his sinfulness and he says: "O Lord, have mercy! I am a wanderer, and without Thee I perish." Heaven hears it, God hears him, and immediately two of the towers of Heaven strike a silvery chime.

But here is an outcast. He was picked up last night out of the gutter and carried to the police station. He has been in the penitentiary three times. He is covered and soaked with loathsomeness and abomination. Arousing from his debauch, he cries out: "O God, have mercy on me. Thou who didst pardon the penitent thief, hear me cry for mercy." And the Lord listens and pardons, and no sooner is the poor wretch pardoned than three of the great towers of Heaven strike up a silvery chime. But here is a waif of the street. She passes under the gaslight, and your soul shudders with a great horror. No pity for her. No commiseration for her.

As she passes down the street she hears a song in a midnight mission, and as she listens to that song she hears:

All may come, whoever will.
This Man receives poor sinners still.

She puts into that harbor; she kneels by the rough bench near the door; she says: "O Lord! Thou who didst have mercy on Mary Magdalen, take my blistered feet off the red hot pavement of hell." God says, "My daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Now all the four tours of Heaven strike a silvery chime, and they will pass through the celestial streets and say: "What's that? Why, the worst sinner must have been saved. Hear all the four towers ring and ring and ring!" "And there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

My subject impresses you, I think, with the thought that it is possible for us to augment the happiness of Heaven. People think that souls before the throne are as happy as they can be. I deny it. Look at that mother before the throne of God. When she died she left her son in this world a vagabond. That son repented of his iniquities and came to God. The report of that salvation has reached Heaven. Do you not think the happiness of that mother before the throne of God has not her joy richly augmented? There is many a man in this house to-day who could go out with a torch and kindle a new bonfire of victory on the hills of Heaven. If you would this day repent and come to God, the news of your salvation would reach Heaven, and then back to shout to the ransomed. Your little child went away from you into the good land. While she was here you brought her all kinds of beautiful presents.

Sometimes you came home at nightfall with your pockets full of gifts for her, and no sooner did you put your night key into the latch than she began at you, saying, "Father what have you brought me?" She is now before the throne of God. Can you bring her a gift to-day? You may. Coming to Christ and repenting of sin, the tidings will go up to the throne of God and your child will hear of it. Oh, what a gift for her soul to-day! She will skip with new gladness on the everlasting hills when she hears of it.

I was at Sharpsburg during the war, and one day I saw a sergeant dash past on a lathered horse, the blood dripping from the spurs. I said, "That sergeant must be going on a very important message, he must be carrying a very important dispatch, or he wouldn't ride like that." Here and there the soul sitting through the house, flitting towards the throne in quick dispatch. What is the news? Carrying up the story of souls repentant and forgiven, carrying the news to the throne of God, carrying the news to your kindred who are forever saved. Oh, "there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." And suppose this whole audience should turn to the Lord? Heaven would be filled with doxologies. O Heaven, beat with all thy hammers that the rock may break. O Heaven, strike with all thy gleaming swords that our souls may be free.

"I was reading of a king who, after gaining a great victory, said to his army, "No, shooting; let everything be in quiet; no shouting." But if this hour your soul should come to God, nothing could stop the shouting of the armies of God before the throne, for "there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

In some families they keep a vacant chair and a vacant plate for the departed, but if in some of your households you kept a vacant chair and a vacant plate for those who have gone out of the world into the next world, the vacant chairs and the vacant plates would outnumber those which are occupied. I once said to you there are no vacant chairs in Heaven, but I recall that. Right beside your loved one in that good land there is a vacant chair, not made vacant by death, for death never enters there; it is a vacant chair for you. Will you take it?

My subject also impresses me with the idea that Heaven and earth are in close sympathy. People talk of Heaven as though it were a great way off. They say it is hundreds of thousands of miles before you reach the first star, and then you go hundreds of thousands of miles before you get to the second star, and then it is millions of miles before you reach Heaven. They say Heaven is the center of the universe and we are on the rim of the universe. That is not the idea of my text. I think the heart of Heaven beats very close to our world. We measure distances by the time taken to traverse those distances. This country is said to be a long distance to San Francisco. Many weeks and months were passed before you could reach that city. Now it is six or seven days. It used to be six weeks before you could voyage from here to Liverpool. Now you can go that distance in six or seven days. And so I measure the distance between earth and Heaven, and find it is only a flash. It is one instant here and another instant there. It is very near to-day. Do you not feel the breath of Heaven on your face? Christ says in one place it is not twenty-four hours' distance, when He says to the penitent thief, "This day, this day, shalt thou be with Me in paradise." It is not a day, it is not an hour, it is not a minute, it is not a second.

Oh, how near Heaven is to earth. By oceanic cable you send a message. As it is expensive to send a message, you compress a great deal of meaning in a few words. Sometimes in two words you can put vast meaning. And it seems to me that the angels of God who carry news from earth to Heaven need to take up this hour in regard to your soul, only two words in order to kindle with gladness all the redeemed before the throne, only two words, Father saved," "mother saved," "son saved," "daughter saved," and "there is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

My subject also impresses me with the fact that the salvation of the soul is of vast importance. If you should make $200,000 this year, do you suppose that news would be carried to Heaven? It would not be of enough importance or significance to be carried heavenward. If at the next quadrennial election you are made President of the United States, do you suppose that news would be carried to Heaven? Do you suppose that the news of a revolution in France or Spain would be carried to Heaven? These things are not of enough importance, but there is one item that is sure to be carried. It is the salvation of your soul. It is your repentance before God.

The flying hoofs of God's couriers clash through the gates and the news goes from gate to mansion, an from mansion to temple, and from temple to throne, and "and there is joy in Heaven" among the angels of God over one sinner forgiven. It must be of vast importance to be of any moment in Heaven, your salvation, in that land where gladnesses are the everyday occurrence, in that land where the common stones of the field are jasper and emerald and chrysoprasus and carbuncie and sardonyx. And yet the news of your salvation makes joy before the throne of God.

You remember years ago, a stage driver in the White Mountains became very reckless. He had a large number of passengers on the stage, and the stage was drawn by six horses, wild and ungovernable, and he drove near the precipice, and he drove off, the stage with its precious freight rolling down the embankment, and many were slain, but few were saved. I suppose when they wrote home they wrote with congratulation at their rescue. The angels of God look down and they see men driving on the edges of great precipices of ruin and danger, drawn by wild, leaping, foaming and ungovernable perils in this life, and if any shall escape before they capsize, do you not suppose the angels of God rejoice, crying: "Good, good! Saved from sin, saved from death, saved from hell, saved forever!"

The Supreme Court of the United States does not adjourn for anything trifling. It must be the death of a Cabinet Minister, or the death of a President, or some matter of very great moment. When I find all Heaven adjourning its other joys for this one joy I make up my mind it is of very great importance if Heaven can afford to adjourn all other festivities to celebrate this one triumph.

Do you wonder that so many of these Christian people have tolled night and day in this work of soul-saving, if it is of such vast importance? Do you wonder that Nettleton and Finley and Bishop Asbury and John Wesley and George Whitefield and Paul and angels and Christ and God stripped themselves for the work? Around that one soul circles the mist, the fire, the darkness, the joy, the anthem, the wailing, the hallelujah, and the crash of God's universe. When a soul is saved, then lip comes to trumpet and fingers to harp and hammer to bell and "there is joy among the angels of God over that one soul forgiven." For such a soul I plead.

Having found in my own experience that this religion is a comfort and a joy, I stand here to commend it to you. In the days of my infancy I was carried by Christian parents to the house of God, and consecrated in baptism to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but that did not save me. In after time I was taught to kneel at the Christian family altar with father and mother and brothers and sisters, the most of them now in glory; but that did not save me.

In after time I read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" and Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and all the religious books around my father's household, but that did not save me. But one day the voice of Christ came into my heart saying, "Repent, repent; believe, believe," and I accepted the offer of mercy, and though no doubt there was more joy in Heaven over the conversion of other souls because of their far-reaching influences, I believe when I gave my heart to God there were some spirits in Heaven the gladder for the deed. "There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." "Turn this day to the Lord who bought you. Let this whole audience surrender themselves to Jesus Christ. If for ten, twenty, fifty years you have not prayed, pray now! you may.

"Oh," you say, "I can't pray." Can you not say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" "No," you say, "I can't say that." Then can you not look to the throne of mercy? "No," you say, "I can't look up." Can you not then give some signal like that which was given by the lad in the hospital? He was sick and suffering and dying, and wanted speedily to go away from all suffering and pain, and he said to his comrades in the hospital, "It is strange to me that Jesus doesn't see me when He goes through here nights and takes others to Himself. He goes through here and He doesn't see me. I must be asleep and He doesn't know I want to go.

"Now, I tell you how I'll arrange it. I'll go to sleep with my hand up, and then when Jesus comes through the hospital by night He will see my hand lifted, and He will know by that I want to go with Him." So it was done. For that night Jesus went through the hospital and took the suffering lad, and the next morning the nurse passing through the wards of the hospital saw a dead hand lifted bracket on one side against the pillow, and the left hand holding the elbow of the right arm. Jesus had seen the signal and answered it. Oh, sick soul, wounded soul, dying soul, canst thou not give some signal? Wilt thou not lift one hand or one prayer? God grant that this day there may be joy in Heaven among the angels of God over your soul forgiven!

A Powerful Stumbling Block to Hogs.

Negroes are sometimes very careful not to say anything to injure the reputation of a neighbor. A gentleman stopped at a cabin where an old negro woman lived, and while waiting for one of the children to get a bucket of fresh water entered into conversation with her concerning the crop prospects.

"I did hab fo' or five fine hogs," said the old woman, "but da's dwindled down till I ain't got but one now."

"Somebody steal them?"

"I neber talks 'bout my neighbors, an' I doan like ter say what become of de hogs. I neber make mischief, I doesn't."

"Did the hogs die?"

"De master died; but yer ain't agwine ter git me ter say nuthin' agin my neighbors. De man what libed up dar is dead now, and I ain't agwine ter say nuthin' agin him. De hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin'; but I ain't agwine ter say nuthin' agin him."

"Do you think that he took them?"

"Mister, dat man's dead, and I doan wanter say nuthin' agin' him; but, lemme tell yer, while dat man was libin' he was a powerful stumblin' block ter hogs."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THREE scruples make a drachm, but most of the boys take the drachm first and let the scruples come in at the second table.