AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Corn Should Be Planted—Selecting Seeds—Combined Roller and Marker—Plea for the General Purpose Horse—Machine for Greasing Poultry.

About Corn.

THE number of stalks in the hill unusually regulates the size of the ear. Ordinarily there are 3,240 hills in an acre of checked corn. Allowing for about 7 per cent. of loss, 5,000 hills, with two stalks each (counting 100 ears to a bushel) produced sixty bushels to the acre. This is the best way to plant if one expects to shell the corn for feeding or for market, providing one is sure of good seed and that the ground is not so foul as to require harrowing during the first two weeks after the young corn is out of the ground to keep down the weeds. If the corn is to be cut and shocked into fodder and fed to cattle without husking, three stalks in the hill are more satisfactory. Three thousand hills would produce sixty bushels of 150 ears each to the acre. The stalks would be finer, too, and would furnish a greater quantity and better quality of fodder for feeding purposes. There are cases where the unsoundness of seed and foulness of the ground, with insufficient time to harrow it thoroughly before planting, necessitates persistent harrowing to suppress the weeds while the young stalks are shooting from the ground, and this makes it advisable to plant three grains to the hill for growing corn for shelling, and four grains for production of fodder corn.—Orange Judd Farmer.

A Preventive of Cut Worms.

At the planting season we were badly troubled with the cutworm on our tomato fields. Of the plants put out in the day we lost 25 per cent. in the night. We tried hand-picking every morning, but with unsatisfactory results. To wage successful war we took tobacco stems, cut in half-inch lengths. After the soil had been cleared away from the stem of the plants to a depth of half an inch, a small quantity of tobacco was taken between the fingers and thumb and placed 'round the stem of the plants and the soil replaced over the tobacco to the depth of from one-fourth to one-half an inch. The juices of the tobacco, saturating the soil, made it very obnoxious to the cutworm, and thus protected the plants from its ravages. Out of 700 plants so treated only one was destroyed by the worm after the tobacco was applied. But wherever the leaf of the plants touched the ground at a distance from the tobacco it was attacked by the cutworm and cut off. The amount of tobacco placed around each plant was about one-half ounce. The total cost of the experiment on the 700 plants was 50 cents for tobacco and $4 for labor. Altogether the experiment was entirely satisfactory, it will be understood that the treatment was not pursued with a view of destroying the worm, but simply to protect the plants. This method is highly recommended.—Bulletin 15, Oregon Experiment Station.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

About Seeds.

Many farmers have an exceedingly bad habit in regard to their annual supply of seeds. They wait until spring is upon them and then go to town and buy from their grocer a quantity of whatever sorts he happens to have. These may or may not be good. One thing is certain, they cannot thus keep abreast with the progress in the agricultural world. As a rule, reliable dealers do not sell their goods on commission in this way. Nothing is saved by buying cheap seed. Nearly all dealers send their catalogues free and thus you can not only have many kinds to select from, but often valuable information is given as to varieties or methods of cultivation. It is a good plan, in some cases, to save one's own seeds. When this is done, only the very best and earliest specimens should be used. Unless this is a rigorous practice, deterioration will certainly follow. For certain kinds, the seed-growers have so much better advantages for saving the best seed that it pays to buy of them. A young man recently tried to get a club for seeds, but in many instances was met by the response that they could get them cheaper. If some of these cheap seeds should fail to grow, very likely it will be because the moon was not in the right quarter.

Combined Roller and Marker.

A neat attachment to a garden roller is the following: Bore holes eight inches apart lengthwise and put in pins. To mark the garden make these pins each hold a small rope encircling the roller by driving them into the holes beside the ends of the

rope. More than one row of holes can be used to change distances. Tack strips lengthwise of the roller to mark place in row for setting plants. —Hollister Sage, in Practical Farmer.

Manuring Fruit Trees.

To place manure at the trunks of trees, is very much as if a man were fed by placing food at his feet. The feeding roots of trees always extend farther than their branches. Long before the branches meet, the roots interlace. The proper way to feed such trees is to deposit the manure in the middle of the rows between the trees where the feeding roots are, rather than at their base where the roots are too large to assimilate nourishment.

LIVE STOCK AND DAIRY.

The Best Farmer's Horse.

No farmer can afford to keep a one-purpose horse The trotting-bred horse is strictly a one-purpose horse. He is too light for general service on the farm and not one in 100 of us is able to develop a trotting bred colt if we have the mare of approved breeding to start with, and but few have. We cannot pay a high fee to breed our common mares to a developed stallion, with the idea of getting a trotter. None but the wealthy can pay from $45 to $60 a month to have their colts trained. The draft horse is for one purpose only—to draw a heavy load. Life is too short to draw grain or hay to market a dozen miles away and then go home on a walk. This pace has to be taken or the draft horse goes to pieces in short order. Put him on a hard road or soft ground and see him give out and rest. It is difficult to bring him to three years old without a blemish.

I have had experience with all breeds and can see from a farmer's standpoint. I have no ax to grind and can therefore see all sides of the question. Looking over the field carefully I am satisfied that the horse that will come the nearest to a general or all purpose horse is the one to raise. I consider this horse to be one that when developed stands sixteen to sixteen and one-half hands high with handsome and commanding appearance, and to weigh from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds, with high knees and back action, legs and feet well under him, denoting readiness for action at all times; long neck, short back, well coupled, well sprung ribs, good chest, deep oblique shoulders, well set long hips, well developed stifles, clean legs, plenty of bone and no feather to catch wind and water.

Keeping Butter.

Now that it is pretty well established that it is the traces of caseine and albumen in butter that spoil, not the butter fats, the chief condition of making butter that will keep, is to first churn cream that is just beginning to turn acid, not sour, and wash out the buttermilk while the butter is in the granular stage. Flavor can not be washed out of butter if the water is pure, and at 55 degrees in any reasonable number of times, but buttermilk flavor can; hence some say the flavor is gone, as they confound the one for the true flavor. It is best to add water to the churn before attempting to remove any of the buttermilk. If two quarts of weak brine is added to the cream just before it begins to "break," the separation will be all the more complete. When washing the butter, add a little salt each time. When worked over, set the butter in a cool place where the temperature changes as little as possible, and the butter itself excluded from the air. Butter should be worked down fairly "dry" for long keeping, yet worked as little as possible while doing it. Press out the water rather than attempt to work it out, which in other words, is to work the buttermilk in and salve the product.

Sunshine for Stock.

The necessity of sunlight for animals cannot be too strongly emphasized. The following experiment related in the Rural World shows this right well. A man took two calves sixty days old, weighing 186 and 182 pounds, both deep red in color, and placed the heavier one in a dark room where the feed could be delivered by a spout The other he placed in a similar room, where it had plenty of sunlight, and both had the same feed three months. At the end of that time the one in the light room weighed 430 pounds and was apparently healthy. The other weighed only 360 pounds and had faded to a dull dirt red, and for a week or two after restoration to light, kept its eyes closed most of the time. It never recovered its former bright color, or from the other effects of its three months in darkness.

There may be some advantage in keeping fattening animals in darkened stables, for it keeps them quiet and they do not worry off flesh. Growing animals, milch cows and all other animals should have plenty of sunlight and pure air. They can both be obtained in the stable without letting the cattle run around a straw stack or leaving cracks and windows open on cold days and nights. How often do we see pigs and hogs shut up in a small pen in one end of the barn away from all light. What are not carried out dead during the winter come out in the spring looking pale and faded and like the "last rose of summer."

THE POULTRY-YARD.

The Poulterer's Friend.

Among the many enemies with which the poultryman has to contend none are so subtle as the parasites which suck away the life-blood of his flock, depriving them first of graceful motion, then of glossy plumage, growth, activity, and finally of existence itself if they be not removed. No flock is exempt from their attacks, however well-bred and handsomely housed it may be, and whether [illegible] by laborer or lord. These insect foes are no respector of persons and will creep in and multiply in unlooked-for ways. Worst of all, the amateur seldom knows what causes his flock to droop, and administers drugs and condition powders without effect. The old poultry-keeper notes the first symptoms; in fact is likely to attribute any difficulty among his birds to these insidious pests, and to get out the lard and kerosene with which to rub the heads and under the wings of his charges. But the owner of several hundred birds dreads the task and, although knowing well its importance, is prone to put it off, believing himself unable to spare the time required to catch and anoint every individual in the yards. Not infrequently it is a process of several days, during which time other things must wait and suffer. Anything to hasten the work he should regard with interest. It was with just this object in view that the simple foot-power contrivance shown was invented. By its use and the aid of two attendants a hundred fowls of any age may be thoroughly "doctored" in a few minutes. It is light and portable, and may be carried from one roosting room to another, over all the premises in one short evening. The machine may be quickly constructed by any person at all accustomed to the use of tools. A carpenter's horse is the first requisite, to which two pieces of four-inch board four feet long are nailed. Next a disc of wood eighteen inches in diameter is made with a grooved edge, and after being centered is attached to the horse. Then two other discs three and a half inches in diameter are made, one having a grooved edge. These are centered on a wooden shaft long enough to allow them to play either side of the upright boards, in which notches are cut for the shaft to run. A belt connects the large and small

MACHINE FOR GREASING POULTRY.

grooved wheel and a simple treadle turns the large one. In the flat edge of the small wheel numerous gimlet holes are bored the size of a lead pencil, in which bristles are inserted. These are held in place by melted sulphur or hard tar, as I have seen many larger flat brushes made for common work. The bristles must be inserted into the wood an inch and project at least two inches to be soft enough to spare the skin of the birds. A small pail of lard, scented with kerosene and thinned with cotton-seed oil, is suspended just above the whirling brush, and drops its contents slowly upon it through an orifice near the bottom, the stream being regulated by a spike.—Hollister Sage, in American Agriculturist.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Tested Recipes.

PLAIN OMELETTE.—Beat four eggs very light. Have ready a pan of hot butter, pour the beaten eggs into it, and fry it till it is of a fine brown on one under side, then lap one-half over the over, and serve it hot. Just before you lap it, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over the top. Chopped parsley or onion may be mixed with the egg before it is fried.

ENGLISH PUDDING (HOUR).—One pound each of currants, raisins (stoned) and suet, one-half pound of citron, one cupful of molases, one pint of boiling milk, one scant teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and salt, one-half teaspoonful of clove, the same of soda and one nutmeg; six eggs, reserving one white for sauce. Boil six hours. Add flour to stiffen, so that a fork will stand upright in the mixture.

BEEF TEA.—Cut in small pieces two pounds weight of fresh, lean beef, add three pints of cold water, when on the eve of boiling, carefully remove the scum, the moment it boils add a pint of cold water, then let it boil up again and remove the scum as before. If by this time it is not perfectly clear, the same quantity of water may be added the second time, which will cause more scum to rise. The same remarks apply to all other broths and gravies, which will always be transparent and finely flavored if the same rule be observed. Beef tea should be allowed to simmer not less than three-quarters of an hour and not more than one hour from the time it is last skimmed.

HOME-MADE CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Home-made charlotte russe is much nicer than that bought at the baker's, and is easy and simple to make. The following recipe will make dessert enough for a family of five: Half a pint of double cream, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and a third of a cupful of granulated sugar. Whip these together, and when stiff add the beaten whites of two eggs and mix thoroughly. Line the bottom and sides of a fancy pudding dish with single lady-fingers—nice crisp ones. It will take about eighteen double ones, giving you thirty-six single strips. It is better to buy these at a good confectioner's than to make them. Pour in the whipped cream and set aside in a cool place. There are ways more involved for making charlotte russe, but the above is entirely satisfactory.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"SURELY THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH IS PAST."

The Brooklyn Preacher Says the Only Objection to This Text Is That a Bad Man Uttered It—Nevertheless It Carries a Useful Lesson.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

Text, I. Samuel xv, 32, "Surely the bitterness of death is past."

So cried Agag, and the only objection I have to this text is that a bad man uttered it. Nevertheless it is true, and in a higher and better sense than that in which it was originally uttered. Years ago a legend something like this was told me: In a hut lived a very poor woman by the name of Misery. In front of her door was a pear tree, which was her only resource for a living. Christ, the Lord, in poor garb was walking through the land, and no one would entertain Him. In vain He knocked at the door of palaces and of humble dwellings. Cold and hungry and insufficiently clad, as He was, none received Him. But coming one day to the hut of this woman, whose name was Misery, she received Him, and offered Him a few crusts and skim milk to warm Himself at the handful of coals, and she set up all night that the wayfarer might have a pillow to rest on.

In the morning this divine being asked her as He departed what she would have Him do in the way of reward, and told her that He owned the universe and would give her what she asked. All she asked was that her pear tree might be protected, and that the boys who stole her fruit, once climbing the tree, might not be able to get down without consent. So it was granted, and all who climbed the tree were compelled to stay there. After awhile Death came along and told the poor woman she must go with him. But she did not want to go, for, however poor one's lot is, no one wants to go with Death. Then she said to Death, "I will go with you if you will first climb up into my pear tree and bring me down a few pears before I start." This he consented to do, but having climbed into the tree he could not again come down.

Then the troubles of the world began, for Death did not come. The physicians had no patients, the undertaker no business, lawyers no wills to make, the people who waited for inheritances could not get them, the old men staid in all the professions and occupations so that there was no room for the young who were coming on, and the earth got overcrowded, and from all the earth the cry went up: "Oh, for Death! Where is Death?" Then the people came to the poor woman and begged her to let Death descend from the tree. In sympathy for the world, she consented to let Death come down on one condition, and that was that he should never molest or take her away, and on that condition Death was allowed to come down, and he kept his word and never removed her, and for that reason we always have Misery with us.

In that allegory some one has set forth the truth that I mean to present on this Easter morning, which celebrates the resurrection of Christ and our coming resurrection—that one of the grandest and mightiest mercies of the earth is our divine permission to quit it. Sixty-four persons every minute step off this planet. Thirty million people every year board this planet. As a steamer must unload before it takes another cargo, and as the passengers of a rail train must leave it in order to have another company of passengers enter it, so with this world.

What would happen to an ocean steamer if a man, taking a stateroom, should stay in it forever? What would happen to a rail train if one who purchases a ticket should always occupy the seat assigned him? And what would happen to this world if all who came into it never departed from it? The grave is as much a benediction as the cradle. What sunk that ship in the Black Sea a few days ago? Too many passengers. What was the matter with that steamer on the Thames which, a few years ago, went down with 600 lives. Too many passengers. Now this world is only a ship which was launched some six thousand years ago. It is sailing at the rate of many thousand miles an hour. It is freighted with mountains and cities, and has in its staterooms and steerage about six hundred million passengers. So many are coming aboard, it is necessary that a good many disembark.

Suppose that all the people that have lived since the days of Adam and Eve were still alive. What a cluttered up place this would be—no elbow room, no place to walk—no privacy—nothing to eat or wear, or if anything were left the human race would, like a shipwrecked crew, have to be put on small rations, each of us having perhaps only a biscuit a day. And what chance would there be for the rising generations? The men and women who started when the world started would keep the modern people back and down, saying: "We are 6,000 years old. Bow down. History is nothing, for we are older than history." What a mercy for the human race was death! Within a few years you can get from this world all there is in it. Death also makes room for improved physical machinery. Our bodies have wondrous powers, but they are very limited. There are beasts that can outrun us, outlift us, outcarry us. The birds have both the earth and air for travel, yet we must stick to the one. In this world, which the human race takes for its own, there are creatures of God that can far surpass us in some things. Death removes this slower and less adroit machinery and makes room for something better. These eyes that can see half a mile will be removed for those that can see from world to world. These ears, which can hear a sound a few feet off, will be removed for ears that can hear from zone to zone. These feet will be removed for powers of locomotion swifter than the reindeer's hoof or eagle's plume of lightning's flash.

Then we have only five senses, and to these we are shut up. Why only five senses? Why not fifty; why not one hundred; why not a thousand? We can have, and we will have them, but not until this present physical machinery is put out of the way. Do not think that this body is the best that God can do for us. God did not half try when He contrived your bodily mechanism. Mind you, I believe with all anatomists and with all physiologists and with all scientists and with the psalmist that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." But I believe and I know that God can and will get us better physical equipment. Is it possible for man to make improvement in almost anything and God not be able to make improvements in man's physical machinery? Shall canal boat give way to limited express train? Shall slow letter give place to telegraphy, that places San Francisco and New York within a minute of communication? Shall the telephone take the sound of a voice sixty miles and instantly bring back another voice, and God, who made the man who does these things, not be able to improve the man himself with infinite velocities and infinite multiplications? Beneficent death comes in and makes the necessary removal to make way for these supernatural improvements. So also our slow processof getting information must have a substitute.

Through prolonged study we learned the alphabet, and then we learned to spell, and then we learned to read. Then the book it put before us and the eye travels from word to word and from page to page, and we take whole days to read the book, and if from that book of four or five hundred pages we have gained one or two profitable ideas we feel we have done well. There must be some better way and more satisfactory way of taking in God's universe of thoughts and facts and emotions and information. But this cannot be done with your brain in its present state. Many a brain gives way under the present facility. This whitish mass in the upper cavity of the skull and at the extremity of the nervous system—this center of perception and sensation cannot endure more than it now endures.

But God can make a better brain, and He sends death to remove this inferior brain that He may put in a superior brain. "Well," you say, "does not that destroy the idea of a resurrection of the present body?" Oh, no. It will be the old factory with new machinery—new driving wheel, new lever, new levers and new powers. Don't you see? So I suppose the dullest human brain after the resurrectionary process will have more knowledge, more acuteness, more brilliancy, more breadth of swing than any Sir William Hamilton or Herschel or Isaac Newton or Faraday or Agassiz ever had in the mortal state or all their intellectual powers combined. You see God has only just begun to build you. The palace of your nature has only the foundation laid and part of the lower story, and only part of window, but the Great Architect has made His draft of what you will be when the Alhambra is completed.

John was right when he said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Blessed be death! for it removes all the hindrances. And who has not all his life run against hindrances?

Then there are the climatological hindrances. We run against unpropitious weather of all sorts. Winter blizzard and summer scorch, and each season seems to hatch a brood of its own disorders. The summer spreads its wings and hatches out fevers and sunstrokes, and spring and autumn spread their wings and hatch out malarias, and winter spreads its wings and hatches out pneumonias and Russian grippes, and the climate of this world is a hindrance to every man and woman and child he has felt. Death is to the good transference to superior weather—weather never fickle, and never too cold, and never too hot, and never too light, and never too dark. Have you any doubt that God can make better weather than is characteristic of this planet? Blessed is death, for it prepares the way for change of zones, yea, it clears the path to a semiomnipresence.

How often we want to be in different places at the same time! How perplexed we get being compelled to choose between invitations, between weddings, between friendly groups, between three or four places we would like to be in the same morning or the same noon or the same evening. While death may not open opportunity to be in many places at the same time, so easy and so quick and so instantaneous will be the transference that it will amount to about the same thing. Quicker than I can speak this sentence you will be among your glorious kindred, among the martyrs, among the apostles, to the gate, to the battlements, at the temple, and now from world to world as soon as a robin hops from one tree branch to another tree branch. Distance no hindrance. Immensity easily compassed. Semiomnipresence!

Now, if Death clears the way for all this, why paint him as a hobgoblin? Why call him the king of terrors? Why think of him as a great spook? Why paint him with skeleton and arrows, and standing on a bank of dark waters? Why have children so frightened at his name that they dare not go to bed alone, and old men have their teeth chatter lest some shortness of breath hand them over to the monster? All the ages have been busy in maligning Death, slandering Death. Oh, for the sweet Easter to come down on the earth. Right after the vernal equinox, and when the flowers are beginning to bloom, well may all nations with song and congratulation and garlands celebrate the resurrection of Christ and our own resurrection when the time is gone by, and the trumpets pour through the flying clouds the harmonies that shall wake the dead.

By the empty niche of Joseph's mausoleum, by the rocks that parted to let the Lord come through, let our ideas of changing words be forever revolutionized. If what I have been saying is true, we should not apparently think of our friends departed. The body they have put off is only as, when entering a hall lighted and resounding with musical bands, you have your hat and cloak in the cloak-room. What would a banqueter do if he had to carry those encumbrances of apparel with him into the brilliant reception room? How would your departed do with their bodies if they had to be encumbered with them in the King's drawing room? Gone into the light! Gone into the music! Gone into the festivity! Gone among kings and queens and conquerors! Gone to meet Elijah and hear him tell of the chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire and the sensation of mounting the sapphire steps! Gone to meet with Moses and hear him describe the pile of black basalt that shook when the law was given! Gone to meet Paul and hear him tell how Felix trembled, and how the ship was broken to pieces in the breakers, and how thick was the darkness in the Mamertine dungeon! Gone to meet John Knox and John Wesley and Hannah More and Frances Havergal. Gone to meet the kindred who preceded them!

Why I should not wonder if they had a larger family among there than they ever had here. Oh, how many of them have got together again! Your father and mother went years apart, but they have got together, and their children that went years ago got together again. Gone where they have more room! Gone where they have more jubilant society! Gone where they have mightier capacity to love you than when they were here! Gone out of hindrances into unbounded liberty! Gone out of January into June! Gone where they talk about you as we always talk about absent friends and say: "I wonder when they will come up here to join us. Hark! the outside door of Heaven swings open. Hark! there are feet on the golden stairs. Perhaps they are coming!"

I was told at Johnstown after the flood that many people who had been for months and years bereft for the first time got comfort when the awful flood came to think that their departed ones were not present to see the catastrophe. As the people were floating down on the housetops they said, "Oh, how glad I am that father and mother are not here," or "How glad I am that the children are not alive to see this horror!" And ought not we who are down here amid the upturning of this life be glad that none of the troubles which submerge us can ever affright our friends ascended?

Before this I warrant our departed ones have been introduced to all the celebrities of Heaven. Some one has said to them: "Let me introduce you to Joshua, the man who, by prayer, stopped two worlds for several hours. Let me make you acquainted with this group of three heroes—John Huss, Philip Melancthon and Martin Luther. Aha! here is Fenelon! Here is Archbishop Leighton! Here are Latimer and Ridley! Here is Matthew Simpson! Here is poet Montgomery and Anna Barbauld and Horatius Bonar and Phoebe Palmer and Lowell Mason."

Were your departed ones fond of music? What oratorios led on by Handel and Hayden. Were they fond of pictures? What Raphaels pointing out skies with all colors wrought in! What chariot wheels, wings of seraphim and coronations. Were they fond of poetry? What eternal rhythms led on by John Milton. Shall we pity our glorified kindred? No, they had better pity us. We, the shipwrecked and on a raft in the hurricane, looking up at them sailing on over calm seas, under skies that never frowned with tempests, we hoppled with chains; they lifted by wings. "Surely the bitterness of death is past."

Further, it what I have been saying is true, we should trust the Lord and be thrilled with the fact that our own day of escape cometh. If our lives were going to end when our heart ceased to pulsate and our lungs to breathe, I would want to take ten million years of life here for the first installment. But, my Christian friends, we cannot afford always to stay down in the cellar of our Father's house. We cannot always be postponing the best things. We cannot always be tuning our violins for the celestial orchestras. We must get our wings out. We must mount. We cannot afford always to stand out here in the vestibule of the house of many mansions, while the windows are illuminated with the loves angelic, and we can hear the laughter of those forever free, and the ground quakes with the bounding feet of those who have entered upon eternal play. Ushers of Heaven! Open the gates! Swing them clear back on their pearly hinges! Let the celestial music rain on us its cadences. Let the hanging gardens of the King breathe on us their aromatics. Let our redeemed ones just look out and give us one glance of their glorified faces. Yes, there they are now! I see them. My eyes cannot stand the vision. Close the gate or our eyes will be quenched with the overpowering brightness. Hold back the song or our ears will never again care for earthly anthem. Withdraw the perfume or we shall swoon in the fragrance that human nostril was never made to breathe.

All these thoughts are suggested as we stand this Easter morn amid the broken rocks of the Savior's tomb Indeed, I know that tomb has not been rebuilt, for I stood in December of 1889 amid the ruins of that, the most famous sepulcher of all time. There are thousands of tombs in our Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn with more polished stone and more elaborate masonry and more heritage surroundings, but as I went down the steps of the supposed tomb of Christ on my return from Mount Calvary, I said to myself: "This is the tomb of all tombs. Around this stand more stupendous incidents than around any grave of all the world since death entered it."

I could not breathe easily for overmastering emotion as I walked down the four crumbling steps till we came abreast of the niche in which I think Christ was buried. I measured the sepulcher and found it fourteen and a half feet long, eight feet high, nine feet wide. It is a family tomb and seems to have been built to hold five bodies. But I rejoice to say that the tomb was empty, and the door of the rock was gone, and the sunlight streamed in. The day that Christ rose and came forth the sepulcher was demolished forever, and no trowel of earthly masonry can ever rebuild it.

And the rupture of those rocks, and the snap of the governmental seal, and the crash of those walls of limestone, and the step of the lacerated but triumphant foot of the risen Jesus we to-day celebrate with acclaim of worshiping thousands, while with all the nations of Christendom, and all the shining hosts of Heaven we chant, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

"And now may the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good word and work." Hallelujah! Amen!

The Wine State.

California is fast coming to the front as the great wine-producing country of America. During the year 1881 the vintage was estimated at 9,000,000 gallons, and in 1882 it was estimated to have been between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 gallons. Considerably more than two-thirds is used at home, while the rest is exported, chiefly to the Eastern cities. The effect of the California vintage is certainly felt in France, as within the last two or three years the falling off in the exports of champagne to the United States has been marked. It is predicted that within ten years a large part of the wine drunk in America will be produced in California.

It is related of the famous baker, Don Jose de Salamanca, who died recently, that in 1858 he gave a single dinner that cost $90,000.

ENGLISH people have developed a taste for United States money, and will seize upon a greenback as readily as a duck will a frog.